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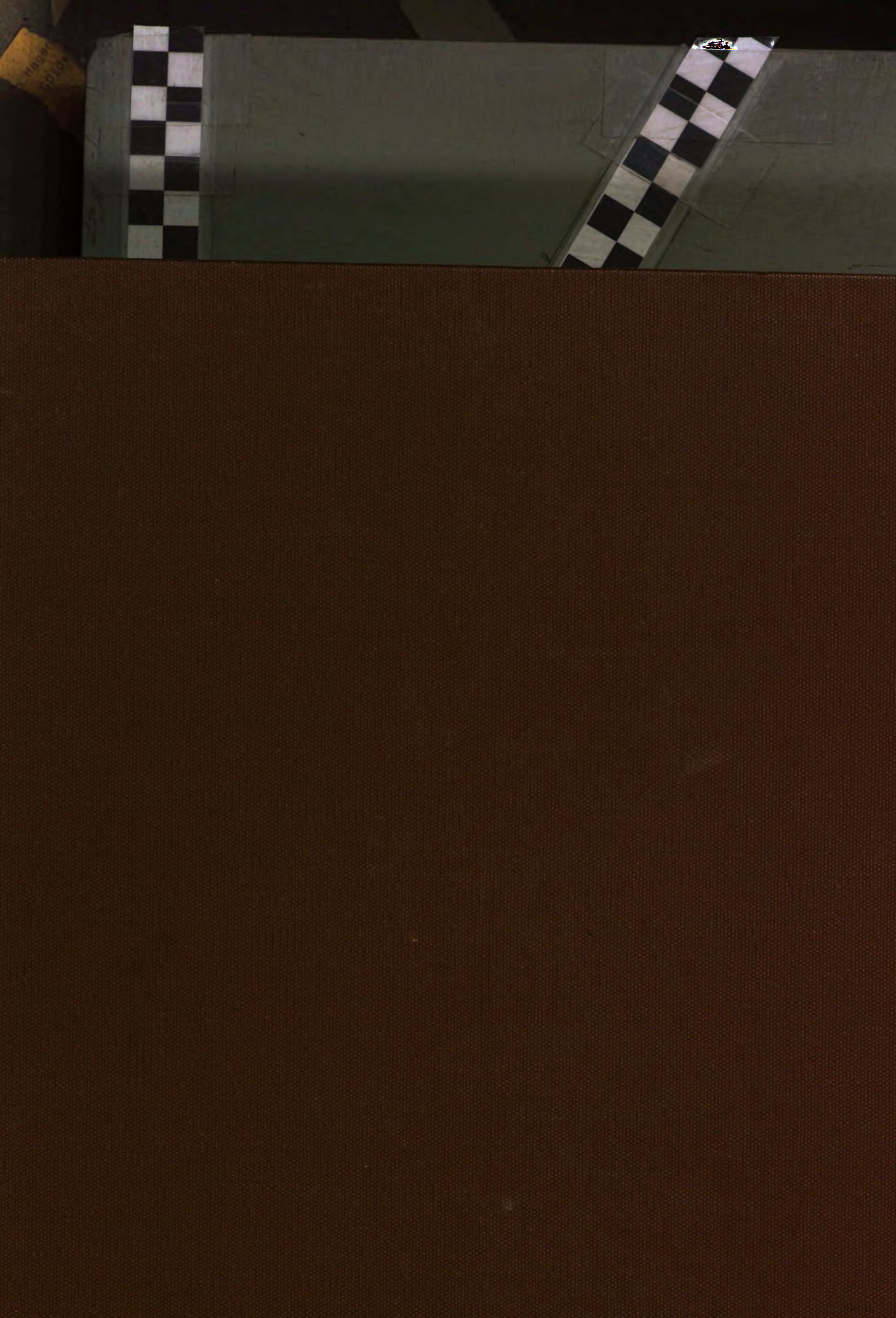
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# THE NEW WORLD,

A

WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC AND THE ARTS,

CONTAINING

THE NEWEST WORKS BY CELEBRATED AUTHORS, SERMONS BY EMINENT DIVINES,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES AND POETRY, &c., &c.

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*"No pent-up Htica contracts our powers,  
The whole unbounded continent is ours."*

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PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

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VOLUME SECOND.—JANUARY TO JULY, 1841.

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# THE NEW

PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.



# WORLD.

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VOLUME II....No. 1.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 31.

## MONEY: A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS; BY SIR E. L. BULWER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF LYONS," "RICHELIEU," "RIENZI," &c.

"It is a very good world we live in,  
To lend, to spend, or to give in;  
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known!"  
*Old Truism.*

Und, es herrscht der Erde Gott, das Geld.—Schiller.

Dedicated to JOHN FORSTER, Esq., author of *The Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth*; a slight memorial of sincere respect and cordial friendship, although (for we are all human!) he has in one instance, and but one, suffered his judgement to be misled by too great a regard for "Money!"  
London, November, 1840.

### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA, AS PERFORMED IN THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET

*Men.*  
LORD GLOSMORE.....Mr. VINING.  
SIR JOHN VESSEY, Bart., Knight of the Guelph,  
F.R.S., F.S.A.....Mr. STRICKLAND.  
SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.....Mr. LACY.  
STOUT.....Mr. D. REES.  
GRAVES.....Mr. WEBSTER.  
EVELYN.....Mr. MCREADY.  
CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.....Mr. WRENCH.  
SHARP.....Mr. WALDEON.  
TOKER.....Mr. OXBERRY.  
FRANKE, Tailor.....Mr. O. SMITH.  
TABOURET, Upholsterer.....Mr. HOWE.  
MACFINCH, Jeweller and Silversmith.....Mr. GOUGH.  
MACBUSTOCCO, Architect.....Mr. MATHEWS.  
KITE, Horse-dealer.....Mr. SENTER.  
CRIMSON, Portrait-painter.....Mr. GALLOT.  
GRAB, Publisher.....Mr. CAULFIELD.  
PATENT, Coach-builder.....Mr. CLARKE.  
*Members of the "Club," Servants, &c.*  
*Women.*  
LADY FRANKLIN, half-sister to Sir John Vessey.....Mrs. GLOVER.  
GEORGINA, daughter to Sir John.....Miss HORTON.  
CLARA, companion to Lady Franklin, cousin to Evelyn.....Miss FAUCIT.  
LADIES, &c.

Scene, London, 1840.

### ACT I.

SCENE I....A drawing-room in SIR JOHN VESSEY'S house; folding-doors, at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right a table, with newspapers, books, &c.; to the left a sofa writing-table.

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

SIR JOHN [reading a letter edged with black]. Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria"—Hum—that 's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

GEOR. Well, as since her death?

SIR JOHN [reading]. "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely. Henry Graves."

GEOR. And you really feel sure that poor Mr. Mordaunt has made me his heir?

SIR JOHN. Ay, the richest heiress in England! Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister! All the time he was making this enormous fortune in India did we ever miss sending him little reminiscences of our disinterested affection? When he was last in England, and you only so high, was not my house his home? Did n't I get a surfeit out of complaisance to his execrable curries and pillaws? Did n't he smoke his hookah—nasty old—that is, poor dear man—in my best drawing-room? And did you ever speak without calling him your "handsome uncle?"—for the excellent creature was as vain as a peacock—

GEOR. And so ugly—

SIR JOHN. The dear deceased! Alas, he was, indeed, like a kangaroo in a jaundice! And if, after all these marks of attachment, you are not his heiress, why then the finest feelings of our nature—the ties of blood—the principles of justice—are implanted in us in vain.

GEOR. Beautiful, sir. Was not that in your last speech at the Freemasons' Tavern upon the great Chimney-sweep Question?

SIR JOHN. Clever girl!—what a memory she has! Sit down, Georgy. Upon this most happy—I mean melancholy—occasion, I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vessey a rich man.

GEOR. And are you not, papa?

SIR JOHN. Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! As you hazard a minnow to hook in a

trout, so one guinea thrown out with address is often the best bait for a hundred. There are two rules in life—First, Men are valued not for what they are, but what they seem to be. SECONDLY, If you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of 400*l.* a-year—on the strength of 400*l.* a-year I took credit for 800*l.*: on the strength of 800*l.* a-year I married your mother with 10,000*l.*: on the strength of 10,000*l.* I took credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a-week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack."

GEOR. Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

SIR JOHN. But a valuable reputation. When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he 's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of 2000*l.* a-year. That 's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear!—all humbug, upon my soul!

GEOR. I must say that you—

SIR JOHN. Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune. As I spend all that I have, I can have nothing to leave you; yet even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of "Stingy Jack." The same with your education. I never grudged anything to make a show—never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that 's the way young ladies are educated now-a-days, in order to become a pride to their parents and a blessing to their husband—that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

GEOR. Ah, papa, he is so charming.

SIR JOHN. He was so, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress such as you will be should look out for a duke. Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

GEOR. I 've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

SIR JOHN. A humorist—a cynic! one never knows how to take him. My private secretary, a poor cousin, has not got a shilling, and yet, hang me if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

GEOR. But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there 's no good to be got by it?

SIR JOHN. There you are wrong; he has a great deal of talent: prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. My report on the last Commission has got me a great deal of fame, and has put me at the head of the new one. Besides, he is our cousin—he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world; and benevolence is an useful virtue, particularly when you can have it for nothing. With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—a mere useless incumbent; so, you see, I got my half-sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

GEOR. How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

SIR JOHN. I do n't know, my dear; the longer the better, for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes.

SCENE II....LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

SIR JOHN. My dear sister, we were just loud in your praises. But how 's this?—not in mourning?

LADY FRANK. Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

SIR JOHN. Still there may be a legacy.

LADY FRANK. Then there 'll be less cause for affliction. Ha! ha! my dear Sir John, I 'm one of those who think feelings a kind of property, and never take credit for them upon false pretences.

SIR JOHN [aside]. Very silly woman! But, Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum; yet you are very, very, very distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think.

CLARA. Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

SIR JOHN. Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

LADY FRANK. So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him! The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

SIR JOHN. The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

LADY FRANK. Ha! ha! we shall see.—[Aside] Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband. Enter EVELYN [seats herself, and takes up a book, unserved.]

SIR JOHN. What a crowd of relations this Will brings to

light: Mr. Stout, the Political Economist—Lord Glossmore—

LADY FRANK. Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for every thing popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

SIR JOHN. Sir Frederick Blount—

LADY FRANK. Sir Fwedewick Blount, who objects to the letter R as being too rough, and therefore dwops its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, entrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does any thing that is silly, or says any thing that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours, provided, on reflection, he does not see "what hasom it could do him" to fall in love with your beauty and expectations. Then, too, our poor cousin the scholar,—Oh, Mr. Evelyn, there you are!

SIR JOHN. Evelyn—the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—Latin you know!—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the Customs?—and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

GEOR. And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last H. B. and the Comic Annual?

LADY FRANK. And did you see what was really the matter with my bay horse?—did you get me the Opera-box?—did you buy my little Charley his peg-top?

EVELYN [always, reading]. Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus—[looking up] Ma'am—Sir—Miss Vessey—you want something of me?—Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings—no apologies—I am quite at your service.

SIR JOHN. Now he 's in one of his humours!

LADY FRANK. You allow him strange liberties, Sir John. Ev. You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else.—I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

LADY FRANK. I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit Sir John, I 'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate that you never allow any one to detect it! [Walks aside.]

Ev. I could not do your commissions to-day—I have been to visit a poor woman, who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, very sick—dying—and she owes six months' rent!

SIR JOHN. You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse—[aside] (some people's nurses are always ill!)—there are so many impostors about!—We 'll talk of it to-morrow. This most mournful occasion takes up all my attention. [Looking at his watch] Bless me! so late! I 've letters to write, and—none of the pens are mended? [Exit.]

GEOR. [taking out her purse]. I think I will give it to him—And yet, if I don't get the fortune after all!—Papa allows me so little!—then I must have those earrings [puts up the purse]. Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

Ev [writes and gives it]. She has a good heart with all her foibles!—Ah! Miss Vessey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn would not have been this beggar to your father.

[CLARA looks over the address.]

GEOR. I will certainly attend to it [aside] if I get the fortune.

SIR JOHN [calling without]. Georgy, I say.

GEOR. Yes, papa.

EVELYN has seated himself again at the table [to the right], and leans his face on his hands.

CLARA. His noble spirit bowed to this!—Ah, at least here I may give him comfort—[sits down to write]. But he will recognise my hand.

LADY FRANK. What bill are you paying, Clara?—putting up a bank-note?

CLARA. Hush!—O Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person—I would not have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it. Would you?—No,—he knows her handwriting also!

LADY FRANK. Will I—what?—give the money myself?—with pleasure! Poor Clara—Why, this covers all your savings—and I am so rich!

CLARA. Nay, I would wish to do all myself!—it is a pride—a duty—it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But, hush!—this way.

[They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.]

Ev. And thus must I grind out my life for ever!—I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down!—I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools!—I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But, no,—if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—

what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter!

LADY FRANK [to CLARA]. Yes, I will get my maid to copy and direct this—she writes well, and her hand will never be discovered. I will have it done and sent instantly. [Exit.]

CLARA advances to the front of the stage, and seats herself—EVELYN reading—Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

SCENE III.... CLARA, EVELYN, SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT. BLOUNT. No one in the room! Oh, Miss Douglass! Pway do n't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey—Georgina? [Taking CLARA's chair as she rises.]

EVELYN [Looking up, gives CLARA a chair, and re-seats himself].

[Aside]. Insolent puppy!

CLARA. Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

BLOUNT. Not for the world—vewy pwetty girl this companion!

CLARA. What did you think of the Panorama the other day, cousin Evelyn?

EVELYN [reading].

"I cannot talk with civet in the room,

A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume!"

Rather good lines these.

BLOUNT. Sir!

EVELYN [offering the book]. Do n't you think so?—Cowper.

BLOUNT [declining the book]. Cowper!

Ev. Cowper.

BLOUNT. [shrugging his shoulders, to CLARA]. Stwange person, Mr. Evelyn! quite ajchawacter! Indeed the Panowama gives you no idea of Naples—a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there ewevy second year—I am vewy fond of twavelling. You'd like Wome (Rome)—bad inna, but vewy fine wuins; gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

Ev. [reading].

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

BLOUNT. [aside]. That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things! Humph! it is beneath me to quawwell.—[Aloud]. It will not take long to wead the will, I suppose. Poor old Mordaunt—I am his nearest male relation. He was vewy eccentric. By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemawk my ewicle? It is bwinging ewicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you would allow me to dwive you out.—Nay—nay—I should, upon my word.

[Trying to take her hand.]

Ev. [starting up]. A wasp! a wasp! just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

BLOUNT. A wasp! where? do n't bwing it this way! some people don't mind them! I've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnably!

Ev. I beg pardon—it's only a gad-fly.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. [Exit Servant.]

BLOUNT. Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina—but if this one would take a fancy to me [thoughtfully].—Well, I don't see what hawm it could do me! Au plaisir! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.... EVELYN, CLARA.

Ev. Clara!

CLARA. Cousin!

Ev. And you too are a dependant!

CLARA. But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

Ev. Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcombry of admiration—more galling than the arrogance of contempt! Look you now—Robe Beauty in silk and cachemire—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds—fence them around with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses, both to peasant and to prince.—Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless; oh, then, the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

CLARA. My cousin, you are cruel!

Ev. Forgive me! There is a something, when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter. Mortification for myself—it has ceased to chafe me. I can mock where I once resented. But you—you, so delicately framed and nurtured—one slight to you—one careless look—one disdainful tone—makes me feel the true curse of the poor man. His pride gives armour to his own breast, but it has no shield to protect another!

CLARA. But I too have pride of my own—I too can smile at the pointless insolence—

Ev. Smile—and he took your hand!—Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you—young—fair—rich—the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. No—speak not!—my heart has broke its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread, purchased by toil, that should have led me to loftier ends: yes, to see you—hear you—breathe the same air—be ever at hand—that if others slighted, from one at least you might receive the luxury of respect! for this—for this I have lingered, suffered and forborne. Oh, Clara! we are orphans both—friendless both; you are all in the world to me: turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I love you.

CLARA. No—Evelyn—Alfred—No! say it not—think it not! it were madness.

Ev. Madness! Nay, hear me yet. I am poor—penniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True!—But I have a heart of iron! I have knowledge—patience—health—and my love for you gives me at last ambition! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved thee! With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smoothe—and I—I, poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand—this hand—shall it not be mine?

CLARA. Ah, Evelyn! Never—never!

Ev. Never!

CLARA. Forget this folly; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both!

Ev. [bitterly]. Because I am poor!

CLARA. And I too! A marriage of privation—of penury—of days that dread the morrow! I have seen such a lot! Never return to this again.

Ev. Enough—you are obeyed. I deceived myself—ha! ha!—I fancied that I too was loved. I, whose youth is already half gone with care and toil!—whose mind is soured—whom nobody can love—who ought to have loved no one!

CLARA. [aside.] And if it were only I to suffer, or perhaps to starve!—Oh, what shall I say? Evelyn—Cousin?

Ev. Madam.

CLARA. Alfred—I—I—

Ev. Reject me!

CLARA. Yes! It is past! [Exit.]

Ev. Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well, courage! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break! And now that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune!

Enter LORD GLOSMORE preceded by SERVANT.

SERV. I will tell Sir John, my Lord!

[EVELYN takes up the newspaper.]

GLOSS. The secretary—hum!—Fine day, sir; any news from the East?

Ev. Yes!—all the wise men have gone back there!

GLOSS. Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

SCENE V.

STOUT, GLOSMORE, EVELYN.

STOUT. Good morning, Glosmore.

GLOSS. Glosmore!—the Parvenu!

STOUT. Alford I might be late—Been detained at the Vestry—Astonishing how ignorant the English poor are! Took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her three shillings a-week was against all the rules of public morality!

Ev. Excellent!—admirable!—your hand, sir!

GLOSS. What! you approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn? Are old women only fit to be starved?

Ev. Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my Lord—to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation!

STOUT. A very superior person that!

GLOSS. Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times when it was the duty of the rich to succour the distressed.

Ev. On second thoughts, you are right, my Lord. I, too, know a poor woman—ill—dying—in want. Shall she, too, perish?

GLOSS. Perish! horrible! in a Christian country. Perish! Heaven forbid!

Ev. [holding out his hand]. What, then, will you give her?

GLOSS. Ehem! Sir—the pariah ought to give.

STOUT. No!—No—No. Certainly not! [with great vehemence.]

GLOSS. No! no! But I say yes! yes! And if the pariah refuse to maintain the poor, the only way left to a man of firmness and resolution, holding the principles that I do, and adhering to the constitution of our fathers, is to force the poor on the pariah by never giving them a farthing oneself.

SCENE VI.... SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA, GLOSMORE, STOUT, EVELYN.

SIR JOHN. How d'ye do! Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased! what a man he was!

BLOUNT. I was whistened Fwedewick after him! He was my first cousin.

SIR JOHN. And Georgina his own niece—next to kin! an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver! I sent him twice a-year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

STOUT. And I, too, sent him the Parliamentary Debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man, and a follower of Malthus: never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now—

Ev. He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

LADY FRANK. Ha! ha! ha!

SIR JOHN. Hush! hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Graves—Mr. Sharp.

SIR JOHN. Oh, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp, the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

SCENE VII.... GRAVES, SHARP, SIR JOHN, &c.

Chorus of SIR JOHN, GLOSMORE, BLOUNT, STOUT.

Ah, Sir—Ah, Mr. Graves!

[GEORGINA holds her handkerchief to her eyes.]

SIR JOHN. A sad occasion!

GRAVES. But every thing in life is sad. Be comforted Miss Vesey. True, you have lost an uncle: but I—I have lost a wife—such a wife!—the first of her sex—and the second cousin of the defunct! Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh.

[Servants hand round wine and sandwiches.]

SIR JOHN. Take some refreshments—a glass of wine.

GRAVES. Thank you! (very fine sherry!) Ah, my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was her wine: everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! you knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now. [Aside]. A monstrous fine woman that!

SIR JOHN. And now to business. Evelyn, you may retire.

SHARP [looking at his notes]. Evelyn—any relation to Alfred Evelyn?

Ev. The same.

SHARP. Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling; all the relations, however distant, should be present.

LADY FRANK. Then Clara is related—I will go for her. [Exit.]

GEOR. Ah, Mr. Evelyn; I hope you will come in for something—a few hundreds, or even more.

SIR JOHN. Silence! Hush! Whugh! ugh! Attention! [While the Lawyer opens the Will, re-enter LADY FRANKLIN and CLARA.]

SHARP. The will is very short—being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

SIR JOHN. I wish there were more like him! [Groans and shakes his head.]

[Chorus groan and shake their heads.]

SHARP [reading]. "I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being, at the present date, of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will, and bequeath—imprimis, to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall-Mall, London—"

[Chorus exhibit lively emotion.]

Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates, with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay—the sum of £14 2s. 4d.

[Chorus breathe more freely.]

STOUT. Eh, what!—£14! Oh, hang the old miser.

SIR JOHN. Decency—decency! Proceed, Sir.

SHARP. "Item.—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative—"

[Chorus exhibit lively emotion.]

BLOUNT. Poor old boy!

GEORGINA puts her arm over BLOUNT's chair.

SHARP. Being, as I am informed, the best dressed young man in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500, to buy a dressing-case.

[Chorus breathe more freely; GEORGINA catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.]

BLOUNT [laughing confusedly]. Ha! Ha! Ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

SIR JOHN. Silence, now, will you?

SHARP. "Item.—To Charles Lord Glosmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John."

[Chorus as before.]

GLOSS. Butterflies! Pedigree! I disown the plebeian!

SIR JOHN [angrily]. Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency—go on.

SHARP. "Item.—To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F. R. S., F. S. A., &c."

[Chorus as before.]

SIR JOHN. Hush! Now it is really interesting!

SHARP. "Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death—I bequeath—the empty bottles."

SIR JOHN. Why, the ungrateful, rascally old—

CHORUS. Decency, Sir John—decency!

SHARP. "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany—"

[Chorus as before.]

GRAVES. Pooh, gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear!

SHARP. "The sum of £5000 in the Three per Cents."

LADY FRANK. I wish you joy!

GRAVES. Joy—pooh! Three per Cents! Funds sure to go! Had it been land, now—though only an acre! just like my luck.

SHARP "Item.—To my niece, Georgina Vesey—"

[Chorus as before.]

SIR JOHN. Ah, now it comes!

SHARP. "The sum of £10,000 India stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess."

SIR JOHN. And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

CHORUS. Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!

SHARP. "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India stocks, Bonds, Exchequer bills, Three per Cents, Consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.,) to Alfred Evelyn, now or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge—"

[Universal excitement.]

SHARP. "Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me, and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth." And now, Sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased—I believe it is important.

Ev. [crossing over to CLARA.] Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

CLARA [turning away]. And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us for ever. [Owens crowd round to congratulate EVELYN.]

SIR JOHN [to GEORGINA]. Go, child—put a good face on it—he's an immense match! My dear fellow, I wish you joy: you are a great man now—a very great man!

Ev. [aside]. And her voice alone is silent!

LORD GLOSS. If I can be of any use to you—

STOUT. Or I, Sir—

BLOUNT. Or I? Shall I put you up at the clubs?

SHARP. You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs.

SIR JOHN. Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home here—always looked on him as a son! Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

Ev. Lend me £10 for my old nurse!

[Chorus put their hands into their pockets.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.... An anteroom in Evelyn's new house; at one corner, behind a large screen, MR. SHARP writing at a desk, books and parchments before him—MR. CRIMBON, the portrait-painter; MR. GRAVE, the publisher; MR. MAC-STUCCO, the architect; MR. TABOURET, the upholsterer; MR. MACFINCH, the silversmith; MR. PATENT, the coach-maker; MR. KITE, the horse-dealer; and MR. FRANTZ, the tailor.—[SERVANTS in livery cross to and fro the stage.]

PAT. [to FRANTZ, showing a drawing.] Yes, sir; this is the Evelyn vis-a-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

FRANTZ. But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's, who take his mea-

sure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noble-men and gentry, where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!

MACSTUCCO. He's a moan o' teesto. Mr. Evelyn. He taulks o' buying a vesela (villa), just to pool dune and build oop again. Ah, Mr. Macfinch, a design for a piece of plete, eh?

MACFINCH. [showing the drawing.] Yees, sir, the shield o' Alexander the Great, to hold ices and lemonade! It will coast two thousand pound!

MACSTUCCO. And it's dirt cheap—ye're Scotch, arn't ye?

MACFINCH. Aberdounshire!—scratch me, and I'll scratch you!

*Door at the back thrown open.—Enter EVELYN.*

Ev. A levee, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

CRIM. Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

Ev. Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

CRIM. Oh, sir, did n't you buy the great Correggio for £4000?

Ev. True—I see. So £4000 makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson—good day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me £5 for my poem?—you are right, it was sad doggrel.

GRAB. Doggrel! Mr. Evelyn it was sublime! But times were bad then.

Ev. Very bad times with me.

GRAB. But, now, sir, if you give me the preference, I'll push it, sir—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed! £500 for the poem, sir!

Ev. £500 when I don't want it, where £5 once would have seemed a fortune.

"Now I am rich, what value in the lines!  
How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

*[Turns to the rest, who surround him.]*

KITE. Thirty young horses from Yorkshire, sir.

PATENT. [showing drawing]. The Evelyn vis-a-vis!

MACFINCH. [showing drawing]. The Evelyn salver.

FRANTZ. [opening his bundle, and with dignity]. Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat—

Ev. Oh, go to—that is, go home. Make me as celebrated for vis-a-vis, salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go!

*[Exit MACFINCH, PATENT, &c.]*

*Enter STOUT.*

Ev. Stout, you look heated.

STOUT. I hear you have just bought the great Grogin-hole property.

Ev. It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

STOUT. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Grogin-hole, can't live another month—but the interest of mankind forbid regret for individuals. The patriot Popkins intends to start for the boro' the instant Hopkins is dead—your interest will secure his election! now is your time!—put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment. By all that is bigoted here comes Glossmore!

SCENE II....STOUT, GLOSSMORE, EVELYN; SHARP, still at his desk.

GLOSS. So lucky to find you at home. Hopkins, of Grogin-hole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentleman-like). Keep your interest for Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

STOUT. Popkins is your man.

Ev. [musingly]. Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I AM puzzled. Stout, I am not known at Grogin-hole.

STOUT. Your property's known there.

Ev. But purity of election—independence of votes—

STOUT. To be sure: Cipher bribes abominably. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins.

Ev. Right! down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except our liberty! That is liberty!

GLOSS. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have £50,000 a-year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of £50,000 a-year will be affected by the motion.

Ev. Right: for, as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That is law!

STOUT. Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker £5000 a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money.

GLOSS. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake to be a leveller.

STOUT. And too much sense to be a bigot.

Ev. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all! Did you ever play at battledore?

BOTH. Battledore!

Ev. Battledore!—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play for yourselves—I'm no hand at it.

STOUT. [aside]. Sad ignorance! Aristocrat!

GLOSS. Heartless principles! Parvenu!

STOUT. Then you don't go against us? I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

GLOSS. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

STOUT. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. *[Exit.]*

GLOSS. I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Grogin-hole. If Cipher fail, the Constitution is gone! *[Exit.]*

Ev. Sharp, come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest; but what is honesty? where does it exist? in what part of us?

SHARP. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Ev. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches' pocket! Observe, I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—impenetrable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin. Is that the fault of the man? no it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it! Fools—knaves—hypocrites!—By the by, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

*Enter GRAVES.*

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is! a cur of a world, that fawns on its master, and bites the beggar. Ah! ha! it fawns on me now, for the beggar has bought the cur.

GRAVES. It is an atrocious world! but it will be burnt one day, and that's some comfort.

Ev. Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for? have you no bowels? why don't you go and see to the brick-layer?

*[Exit SHARP.]*

SCENE III....GRAVES, EVELYN.

Ev. Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

GRAVES. [growing]. Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Ev. Because I am miserable myself!

GRAVES. You! Pahaw! you have not been condemned to lose a wife!

Ev. But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one!—Sit down, and listen. I want a confidant!—Left fatherless, when a yet boy, my poor mother grudged herself food, to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

GRAVES. A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Ev. On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole College! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted. That is the difference between Rich and Poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

GRAVES. And were you loved again?

Ev. I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth, I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

GRAVES. Perfectly: what were the contents?

Ev. After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favor. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice: my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not rest on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide: you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

GRAVES. But now she would accept you!

Ev. And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

GRAVES. But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you ought to do so—yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house—the world observes it: you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes; it is time to decide between her whom you love, and her whom you do not!

Ev. Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life. Oh! such a marriage would be a hell the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

GRAVES. Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous. *[Aside.]* But he has no right to be fastidious: he has never known Maria! *[Aloud.]* Yes, my dear friend, now I

think on it, you will be as wretched as myself! When you are married we will mingle our groans together!

Ev. You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which this will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed, "From an unknown friend of Alfred Evelyn," and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had given only to Georgina.

GRAVES. Why not assure yourself?

Ev. Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! *[taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it.]* No, I can't recognize the hand. Graves, I detest that girl!

GRAVES. Who? Georgina?

Ev. No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven! taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer. *[Whispering.]* I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

GRAVES. And did n't it? How odd, then, not to have mentioned her in his will.

Ev. One of his caprices: besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it!—owes it to me, me whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar—Ha! ha!—there's some spite in that, eh?

GRAVES. You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter, after all.

Ev. Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant!

GRAVES. Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

Ev. No; no; don't think any such thing: women are even worse than men.

GRAVES. True; to love is a boy's madness!

Ev. To feel is to suffer!

GRAVES. To hope is to be deceived.

Ev. I have done with romance!

GRAVES. Mine is buried with Maria!

Ev. If Clara did but write this!

GRAVES. Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears!—a vale of tears!

Ev. A vale of tears, indeed!

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter GRAVES for his hat.*

And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.

SCENE IV....Drawing-rooms at SIR JOHN VESSEY'S, as in Scene I., Act I.

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, SERVANT.

LADY FRANK. Past two, and I have so many places to go to. Tell Philipps I want the carriage directly—instantly.

SERVANT. I beg pardon, my Lady; Philipps told me to say the young horse had fallen lame, and could not be used to-day. *[Exit.]*

LADY FRANK. Well, on second thought, that is lucky; now I have an excuse for not making a great many tedious visits. I must borrow Sir John's horses for the ball to-night. Oh, Clara, you must see my new turban from Carson's—the prettiest thing in the world, and so becoming!

CLARA. Ah, Lady Franklin, you'll be so sorry—but—but—

LADY FRANK. But what?

CLARA. Such a misfortune! poor Smith is in tears—I promised to break it to you. Your little Charley had been writing his copy, and spilt the ink on the table; and Smith not seeing it—and taking out the turban to put in the pearls as you desired—she—she—

LADY FRANK. Ha! ha! laid it on the table, and the ink spoilt it. Ha! ha! how well I can fancy the face she made! Seriously, on the whole, it is fortunate; for I think I look best, after all in the black hat and feathers.

CLARA. Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

LADY FRANK. I hope so—for it's the most becoming turban a woman can wear! Think of that when you marry Oh, talking of marriage, I've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

CLARA. Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

LADY FRANK. For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

CLARA. But why does he regret her?

LADY FRANK. Why? Because he has every thing to make him happy. Easy fortune, good health, respectable character. And since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest—it's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent, pale, unhappy—tears too?

CLARA. No, no, not tears. No!

LADY FRANK. Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you £20,000 every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

CLARA. [with disdain]. Sir Frederick!

LADY FRANK. Ah! Clara, be comforted—I know your secret: I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

CLARA. He did; it is past now. He misconceived me when he was poor; and now he is rich, it is not for me to explain.

LADY FRANK. My dear child, happiness is too rare to be sacrificed to a scruple. Why does he come here so often?

CLARA. Perhaps for Georgina.

*Enter SIR JOHN, and turns over the books &c., on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.*

LADY FRANK. Pooh! Georgina is my niece;—she is handsome and accomplished—but her father's worldliness has spoilt her nature; she is not worthy of Evelyn. Behind the humor of his irony there is something noble—something that may yet be great. For his sake as well as yours, let me at least—

CLARA. Recommend me to his pity. Ah, Lady Franklin! if he addressed me from dictation, I should again refuse him. No; if he cannot read my heart—if he will not seek to read it, let it break unknown.



LADY FRANK. You mistake me, my dear child: let me only tell him that you dictated that letter—that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

CLARA. He would have guessed it, had his love been like mine.

LADY FRANK. Guessed it—nonsense! The handwriting unknown to him—every reason to think it came from Georgina.

SIR JOHN [aside.] Hum! Came from Georgina!

LADY FRANK. Come, let me tell him this. I know the effect it would have upon his choice.

CLARA. Choice! oh, that humiliating word! No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

LADY FRANK. But—

CLARA. No! Promise—faithfully—sacredly.

LADY FRANK. Well, I promise.

CLARA. You know how fearful is my character—no infant is more timid: if a poor spider cross the floor, you often laugh to see me grow pale and tremble; and yet I would lay this hand upon the block—I would walk barefoot over the ploughshare of the old ordeal—to save Alfred Evelyn one moment's pain. But I have refused to share his poverty, and I should die with shame if he thought I had now grown enamored of his wealth. My kind friend, you will keep your promise?

LADY FRANK. Yes, since it must be so.

CLARA. Thanks. I—I—forgive me—I am not well.

[Exit.]

LADY FRANK. What fools these girls are!—they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

SIR JOHN. Have you seen the Times newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can't find the Times newspaper.

LADY FRANK. I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

SIR JOHN. My dear sister—you're the best creature. Do! [Exit LADY FRANKLIN.] Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own family! What can this letter be? Ah! I recollect something.

Enter GEORGINA.

GEOR. Papa, I want—

SIR JOHN. Yes, I know what you want well enough! Tell me—were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

GEOR. No! He gave me the address, and I promised, if—

SIR JOHN. Gave you the address?—that's lucky! Hush!

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Graves—Mr. Evelyn.

SCENE V....GRAVES, EVELYN, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA, LADY FRANKLIN.

LADY FRANK. [returning.] Here is the newspaper.

GRAVES. Ay, read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and wof! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap ware-houses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Petonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the general virtue and health of the nation?—turn to the leading article! and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiom of that half the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution! And that's a newspaper!

LADY FRANK. Ha! ha! your usual vein! always so amusing and good humored!

GRAVES [frowning and very angry]. Ma'am—good humored!

LADY FRANK. Ah! you should always wear that agreeable smile; you look so much younger, so much handsomer, when you smile!

GRAVES [softened]. Ma'am—A charming creature, upon my word!

LADY FRANK. You have not seen the last H. B.? it is excellent. I think it might make you laugh. But, by-the-by, I don't think you can laugh.

GRAVES. Ma'am, I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma—

LADY FRANK. Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because—but you'll be angry?

GRAVES. Angry!—pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let any thing he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because—

LADY FRANK. You have lost your front teeth!

GRAVES. Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! [laughing from ear to ear.]

LADY FRANK. Ha! ha! ha! [They retire in the table in the inner drawing-room.]

EVELYN [aside.] Of course Clara will not appear!—avoids me as usual! But what do I care?—what is she to me? Nothing! I'll swear this is her glove!—no one else has so small a hand. She'll miss it—so—so! Nobody's looking—I'll keep it, just to vex her.

SIR JOHN [to GEORGINA.] Yes, yes, leave me to manage: you took his portrait, as I told you.

GEOR. Yes—but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

SIR JOHN. That girl's always in the way!

Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.

SMOOTH. Good morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey, you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night.

Ev. [examining him curiously while SMOOTH is talking to GEORGINA.] And that's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

SIR JOHN. More commonly called Deadly Smooth!—the finest player at whist, ecarte, billiards, chess, and piquet, between this and the Pyramids—the sweetest manners!—always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play at cards with him!

\* For this melancholy jest Mr. Graves is indebted to a hypocondriacal abbe. The author read it some years ago in one of the French *Ann.*; he cannot remember which.

Ev. He does not cheat, I suppose?

SIR JOHN. Hist! No!—but he always wins! Eats up a brace of lords and a score or two of guardsmen every season, and runs through a man's fortune like a course of the Carlsbad waters. He's an uncommonly clever fellow!

Ev. Clever? yes. When a man steals a loaf, we cry down the knavery; when a man diverts his neighbor's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness. And every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth.

SIR JOHN. Why, who could offend him? the best-bred, civillest creature, and a dead shot. There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

Ev. A study—a study—let me examine him. Such men are living satires on the world.

SMOOTH [passing his arm caressingly over SIR JOHN'S shoulder]. My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life. Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

Ev. Sir, it's an honor I've long ardently desired.

[They bow and shake hands.]

Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

BLOUNT. How d'ye do, Sir John. Ah, Evelyn, I wished so much to see you.

Ev. 'T is my misfortune to be visible.

BLOUNT. A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my addresses to Miss Vesey; but since that wavy eccentric will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a prior attachment—[aside] which I know to be false.

Ev [seeing CLARA]. A prior attachment!—(Ha! Clara!) Well, another time, my dear Blount.

Enter CLARA.

BLOUNT. Stay a moment; I want you to do me a favor with regard to Miss Douglas.

Ev. Miss Douglas!

BLOUNT. Yes; you see, though Georgina has great expectations, and Stingy Jack will leave her all that he has, yet she has only her legacy of £10,000 at the moment—no doubt closely settled on herself too: Clara has £20,000. And, I think, Clara always liked me a little.

Ev. You! I dare say she did.

BLOUNT. It is whispered about that you mean to propose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her prior attachment.

Ev. Indeed!

BLOUNT. Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me! [Aside.] I will punish Georgina for her puerility.

Ev. 'S death, man! speak for yourself! you are just the sort of man for young ladies to like; they understand you; you're of their own level. Pahaw! you're too modest—you want no mediator!

BLOUNT. My dear fellow, you flatter me. I'm well enough in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy everything before you! you're so confoundedly wick!

Ev. [turning to CLARA]. Miss Douglas, what do you think of Sir Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed—young—tolerably handsome [BLOUNT bowing.]—bows with an air—has plenty of small talk—every thing to captivate. Yet he thinks that if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am richer! What say you? Is love an auction? and do women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

CLARA. Their hearts? No!

Ev. But their hands—yes! You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question!

GEOR. [aside]. Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I'll punish him for his perfidy. You are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn!—you, whose wealth is your smallest attraction; you, whom every one admires, so witty, such taste, such talent! Ah, I'm very foolish!

SIR JOHN [clapping him on the shoulder]. You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She has wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

GEOR. No, papa; No! pray, no! Nay, don't!

SIR JOHN. Nonsense, child! it's very odd, but she's more afraid of you than of any one!

SMOOTH [to BLOUNT, taking snuff]. He's an excellent father, our dear John! and supplies the place of a mother to her. [Turns away to LADY FRANKLIN and GRAVES.]

[EVELYN and GEORGINA seat themselves, and look over the drawings; and SIR JOHN leans over them; SIR FREDERICK converses with CLARA; EVELYN watches them.]

Ev. Beautiful!—a view from Tivoli. [Death! she looks down while he speaks to her!] Is there a little fault in that coloring? (She positively blushes!) But this Jupiter is superb. (What a d—d coxcomb it is!) [Rising.] Oh, she certainly loves him—I too can be loved elsewhere—I too can see smiles and blushes on the face of another!

GEOR. Are you not well?

Ev. I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved! Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey? [Takes up the drawings; pays her marked attention in dumb show.]

CLARA. Yes, Sir Frederick, the concert was very crowded! Ah, I see that Georgina consoles him for the past! He has only praises for her, nothing but taunts for me!

BLOUNT. I wish you would take my opewa-box next Saturday—it is the best in the house. I'm not wick, but I spend what I have on myself! I make a point to have everything the best in a quiet way. Best opewa-box—best dogs—best horses—best house of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife!

CLARA [abstractedly]. That will come in good time, Sir Frederick.

Ev. Oh, it will come—will it? Georgina refused the trifter—she courts him [taking up a portrait]. Why, what is this? my own—

GEOR. You must not look at that—you must not indeed. I did not know it was there!

SIR JOHN. Your own portrait, Evelyn. Why, child! I was not aware you took likenesses! That's something new! Upon my word it's a strong resemblance.

GEOR. Oh, no—it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it. [Aside] That odious Sir Frederick!

Ev. Nay, you shall not.

CLARA. So—so—he loves her then! Misery—misery! But he shall not perceive it! No—no—I can be proud too.

Ha! ha!—Sir Frederick—excellent—excellent—you are so entertaining—ha! ha! [laughs hysterically.]

Ev. Oh, the affectation of coquettes—they cannot even laugh naturally! [CLARA looks at him reproachfully, and walks aside with SIR FREDERICK.]

But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey—the one inlaid with tortoise-shell? It is near a year since you set your heart on it, and I do n't see it yet!

SIR JOHN [taking him aside confidentially]. The guitar—oh, to tell you a secret—she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago—the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her—she'd never forgive me!

Ev. Letter! money! What was the name of the person she relieved? not Stanton?

SIR JOHN. I do n't remember indeed.

Ev. [taking out the letter.] This is not her hand!

SIR JOHN. No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to be known, and had employed some one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. But I did not mean to tell you what case of charity it was. I promised Georgy I would not. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address? you never gave it to me!

Ev. I gave it to her, Sir John.

CLARA [at the distance]. Yes, I'll go to the opera, if Lady Franklin will. Do go, dear Lady Franklin! on Saturday, then, Sir Frederick.

Ev. Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of unostentatious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. A good heart—a tender disposition—a charity that shuns the day—a modesty that blushes at its own excellence—an impulse towards something more divine than Mammon; such are the true accomplishments which preserve beauty for ever young. Such I have sought in the partner I would take for life; such I have found—alas! not where I had dreamed! Miss Vesey, I will be honest—I say, then, frankly—[as CLARA approaches, raising his voice and looking fixedly at her]—I have loved another—deeply—truly—bitterly—vainly! I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair first love of the human heart—rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem—if gratitude—if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image; if these can tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence. [CLARA stands motionless, clasping her hands, and then slowly seats herself.]

SIR JOHN. The happiest day of my life. [CLARA falls back in her chair.]

Ev. [darting forward.] [Aside.] She is pale; she faints! What have I done? Oh, heaven! Clara!

CLARA [rising with a smile.] Be happy, my cousin—be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I say it—be happy, Alfred Evelyn!

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I....The drawing-room in SIR JOHN VESSEY'S house.—SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

SIR JOHN. And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day?

GEOR. No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

SIR JOHN. But Evelyn is fifty times as rich!

GEOR. Sir Frederick dresses so well!

SIR JOHN. You'll have magnificent diamonds! But a word with you: I saw you yesterday in the square with Sir Frederick; that must not happen again. When a young lady is engaged to one man, nothing is so indecorous as to flirt with another. It might endanger your marriage itself. Oh, it's highly indecorous!

GEOR. Don't be afraid, papa; he takes up with Clara.

SIR JOHN. Who? Evelyn?

GEOR. Sir Frederick. Heigho! I hate artful girls.

SIR JOHN. The settlements will be splendid! if any thing happens, nothing can be handsomer than your jointure.

GEOR. My own kind papa, you always put things so pleasantly. But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter?

SIR JOHN. No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy.—You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince. His house in London is a palace, and he has bought a great estate in the country. Look how he lives. Balls, banquets, fine arts, fiddlers, charities—and the devil to pay!

GEOR. But if he can afford it—

SIR JOHN. Oh! as long as he stopped there I had no apprehension; but since he proposed for you he is more extravagant than ever. They say he has taken to gambling! and he is always with Captain Smooth. No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth! If he gets into a scrape he may fall off from the settlements. We must press the marriage at once.

GEOR. Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is really attached to Clara?

SIR JOHN. Upon my word I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

GEOR. The jewels! yes—the drive will do me good. So you'll send away Clara?—she's so very deceitful.

SIR JOHN. Never fear—yes—tell her to come to me.

[Exit GEORGINA.]

Yes; I must press on this marriage; Georgina has not wit enough to manage him—at least till he's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. This match will make me a man of prodigious importance. I suspect he'll give me up her ten thousand pounds. I can't think of his taking to gamble, for I love him as a son—and I look on his money as my own.

SCENE II....CLARA, SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN. Clara, my love!

CLARA. Sir.

SIR JOHN. My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness. To the point, then: my poor child, I'm aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn—

CLARA. Sir! my attachment?

SIR JOHN. It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you—I do, indeed! "Now, there's that letter you wrote to his old nurse—it has got about somehow; and the world is so ill-natured. I do not know if I did right; but, after he had proposed to Georgy, (of course not before!) I thought it so unpleasant for you, as a young lady, to be suspected of anything forward with respect to a man who was not attached to you, that I rather let it be supposed that Georgy herself wrote the letter.

"CLARA. Sir, I do not know what right you had to—"  
SIR JOHN. That's very true, my dear; and I've been thinking since that I ought perhaps to tell Mr. Evelyn that the letter was yours—shall I?

"CLARA. No, sir; I beg you will not. I—I"—[weeps.]  
SIR JOHN. My dear Clara, do not take on; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment—

CLARA. Every one? Oh, torture!

SIR JOHN. That it preys on her spirits—it even irritates her temper! You see, though the marriage will take place almost immediately, Mr. Evelyn does not come so often as he ought. In a word, I fear these little jealousies and suspicions will tend to embitter their future union—I'm a father—forgive me.

CLARA. Embitter their union! Oh, never! What would you have me do, sir?

SIR JOHN. Why, you're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. Surely she can't mean to take her money out of the family by some foolish inclination for Mr. Graves! He's always purring and whining about the house, like a black cat in the megrims. What think you, eh?

CLARA. Sir, it was of myself—my unhappy self—you were speaking.

SIR JOHN. Sly! True; true! What I meant to say was this: Lady Franklin persists in staying here: you are your own mistress. Mrs. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

CLARA. It is the very favor I would have asked of you. [Aside.] I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. When does she go?

SIR JOHN. In five days—next Monday. You forgive me?

CLARA. Sir, I thank you.

SIR JOHN [drawing the table]. Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself, and settle it at once?

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

SIR JOHN. "Wait a moment. SHALL I tell Evelyn 'you wrote the letter'?"

CLARA. "No, sir, I implore you."

SIR JOHN. "But it would be awkward for Georgy, if discovered."

CLARA. "It never shall be."

SIR JOHN. "Well, well, as you please. I know nothing could be so painful to a young lady of pride and delicacy." James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I am gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall: if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a week)—say I've hurried off to Garraways to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. And, I say, James, I expect two gentlemen a little before dinner—Mr. Squab the Radical, and Mr. Qualm of the great Marylebone Conservative Association. Show Squab into the study, and be sure to give him the "Weekly True Sun."—Qualm into the back parlor with the "Times" and the "Morning Post." One must have a little management in this world. All humbug! all humbug, upon my soul! [Exit.]

CLARA [folding the letter]. There—it is decided! A few days, and we are parted for ever!—a few weeks, and another will bear his name—his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him—though the whole world should hear her—"I am thine!" And I embitter their lot—I am the cloud upon their joyous sunshine! And yet, O Alfred! if she loves thee—if she knows thee—if she values thee—and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive, as I do—I can bless her, when far away, and join her name in my prayers for thee!

Ev. [without.] Miss Vesey just gone? Well, I will write a line.

### SCENE III....EVELYN, CLARA.

Ev. [Aside.] So, Clara! Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglas.

CLARA [going]. Nay, I have done.

Ev. I see that my presence is always odious to you. It is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, Madam: I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and I shall then go into the country—till—till—in short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter.

CLARA [aside]. The last time!—and we shall then meet no more! And to part thus for ever—in scorn—in anger—I cannot bear it!—[Approaching him.] Alfred, my cousin, it is true this may be the last time we shall meet—I have made my arrangements to quit England.

Ev. To quit England?

CLARA. But, before I go, let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

Ev. [mechanically.] To quit England!

CLARA. I have long wished it: but enough of me.—Evelyn, now that you are betrothed to another—now, without recurring to the past—now, without the fear of mutual error and mistake—something of our old friendship may at least return to us.—And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend—a sister—might presume to say to you.

Ev. [moved.] Miss Douglas—Clara—if there is aught that I could do—if, while hundreds—strangers—beggars—tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice or poverty despair—if—my life—my heart's blood—could render to you one

such service as my gold can give to others—why, speak!—and the past you allude to—yes, even that bitter past—I will cancel and forget!

CLARA [holding out her hand]. We are friends, then!—you are again my cousin!—my brother!

Ev. [dropping her hand.] Brother!—Ah! say on!

CLARA. I speak, then, as a sister—herself weak, inexperienced, ignorant, nothing—might speak to a brother, in whose career she felt the ambition of a man. Oh, Evelyn! when you inherited this vast wealth, I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence—your intellect—your genius!—the ardent mind couched beneath the cold sarcasm of a long-baffled spirit! I saw before me the noble and bright career open to you at last—and I often thought that, in after years, when far away—as I soon shall be—I should hear your name identified, not with what fortune can give the base, but with deeds and ends to which, for the great, fortune is but the instrument;—I often thought that I should say to my own heart—weeping proud and delicious tears—"And once this man loved me!"

Ev. No more, Clara!—oh, heavens!—no more!

CLARA. But has it been so?—have you been true to your own self?—Pomp—parade—luxuries—pleasure—folly!—all these might distinguish others, they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn!—Oh! pardon me—I am too bold—I pain—I offend you.—Ah, I should not have dared thus much had I not thought, at times, that—that—

Ev. That these follies—these vanities—this dalliance with a loftier fate—were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! Perhaps, indeed, after a youth steeped to the lips in the hyssop and gall of penury—perhaps I might have wished royally to know the full value of that dazzling and starry life which, from the last step in the ladder, I had seen indignantly and from afar. But a month—a week—would have sufficed for that experience. Experience!—Oh, how soon we learn that hearts are as cold and souls as vile—no matter whether the sun shine on the noble in his palace, or the rain drench the rags of the beggar cowering at the porch. The extremes of life differ but in this:—Above, Vice smiles and revels—below, Crime frowns and starves. But you—did not you reject me because I was poor? Despair me if you please!—my revenge might be unworthy—I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendor I thought you prized,—to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value the station that, had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain—vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed!

CLARA. A happy fate, Evelyn!—you love!

Ev. And at last I am beloved.—[After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.] Do you doubt it?

CLARA. No, I believe it firmly!—[Aside.] Were it possible for her not to love him?

Ev. Georgina, perhaps, is vain—and light—and—

CLARA. No; think it not! Once removed from the worldly atmosphere of her father's councils, and you will form and raise her to your own level. She is so young yet—she has beauty, cheerfulness and temper; the rest you will give, if you will but yet do justice to your own nature. And, now that there is nothing unkind between us—not even regret—and surely [with a smile] not revenge, my cousin; you will rise to your nobler self; and so, farewell!

Ev. No: stay—one moment; you still feel interest in my fate! Have I been deceived? Oh, why—why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet? Could you still—still—? Distraction; I know not what I say!—my honor pledged to another; my vows accepted and returned! Go, Clara; it is best so! Yet you will miss some one, perhaps, more than me—some one to whose follies you have been more indulgent—some one to whom you would permit a yet tenderer name than that of brother!

CLARA [aside]. It will make him, perhaps, happier I think it! Think so if you will! but part friends.

Ev. Friends—and that is all! Look you, this is life!—The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core; the presence that, like moonlight, shed its own hallowing beauty over the meanest things; a little while—a year—a month—a day—and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all—the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the world! And the one who forgets the soonest; the one who robs your earth for ever of its summer; comes to you with a careless lip, and says—"Let us part friends!"—Go, Clara, go, and be happy if you can!

CLARA [weeping]. Cruel—cruel to the last!—Heaven forgive you, Alfred!

Ev. Soft!—let me recall her words, her tones, her looks. Does she love me? She defends her rival—she did not deny it when I charged her with attachment to another: and yet—and yet—there is a voice at my heart which tells me I have been the rash slave of a jealous anger. But I have made my choice—I must abide the issue!

Enter GRAVES, preceded by SERVANT.

SERV. Lady Franklin is dressing, Sir.

### SCENE IV.

GRAVES, EVELYN.

GRAVES. Well, I'll wait. [Exit Servant.] She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me, that is impossible—but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene. [Seeing EVELYN.] Is that you, Evelyn? I have just heard that the borough of Groginhole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself?—with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

Ev. I, who despise these contests for the color of a straw—this everlasting litigation of Authority versus Man—I to be one of the wranglers? never!

GRAVES. You are quite right, and I beg your pardon.

Ev. [Aside.] And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished. [Aloud.] To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

GRAVES. He does, indeed! [Counting on his fingers.] East winds, Fogs, Rheumatism, Pulmonary complaints, and Taxes—[EVELYN walks about in disorder.] You seem agitated—a quarrel with your intended? Oh! when you've been married a month, you won't know what to do without one!

Ev. You are a pleasant comforter.

GRAVES. Do you deserve a comforter? One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing—(poor Maria often said she detested me)—and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina!

Ev. Clara will easily console herself—thanks to Sir Frederick!

GRAVES. He is young!

Ev. Good looking!

GRAVES. A coxcomb!

Ev. And therefore irresistible!

GRAVES. Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse him. I have it from Lady Franklin, to whom he confided his despair in re-arranging his neckcloth.

Ev. My dear friend—is it possible?

GRAVES. But what! then? You must marry Georgina, who, so believed Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to—your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

Ev. By them—bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. Is it not a strange thing that in matters of reason—of the arithmetic and logic of life—we are sensible, shrewd, prudent men? But touch our hearts, move our passions, take us for an instant from the hard safety of worldly calculation, and the philosopher is duller than the fool! Duped—if I thought it!

GRAVES. To be sure! You tried Clara in your poverty; it was a safe experiment to try Georgina in your wealth.

Ev. Ha! that is true, very true. Go on.

GRAVES. You'll have an excellent father-in-law. Sir John positively weeps when he talks of your income!

Ev. Sir John, possibly; but Georgina?

GRAVES. Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practicing first with Sir Frederick in the morning.

Ev. On your life, sir, be serious; what do you mean?

GRAVES. That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

Ev. Ha! say you so?

GRAVES. What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous; your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

Ev. Ha! ha! Do they say that? A few hundreds lost or won, a cheap opiate, any thing that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks and the rich man gambles—the same motive to both! But you are right; it is a base resource; I will play no more.

GRAVES. I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. To play with him is to advertise yourself a bankrupt. Even Sir John is alarmed. I met him just now in Pall Mall; he made me stop, and implored me to speak to you. By the by, I forgot—do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit and Co.?

Ev. So, Sir John is alarmed? [Aside.] Galled by this coggling charlatan? Aha! I may beat him yet at his own weapons!—Humph! bank with Flash! Why do you ask me?

GRAVES. Because Sir John has just heard that they are in a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

Ev. I'll see to it. So Sir John is alarmed at my gambling?

GRAVES. Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club, this evening, to watch you.

Ev. To watch me!—good—I will be there.

GRAVES. But you will promise not to play.

Ev. Yes—to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up!

GRAVES. No—no! 'S death, man! be as wretched as you please: break your heart, that's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets!

Ev. I will be there—I will play with Captain Smooth—I will lose as much as I please—thousands—millions—billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me if I don't lose Sir John himself into the bargain! [Going out and returning.] I am so absent! What was the bank you mention? Flash, Brisk, and Credit. Bless me, how unlucky! and it's too late to draw out to-day. Tell Sir John I'm very much obliged to him, and he'll find me at the club any time before daybreak hard at work with my friend Smooth! [Exit.]

GRAVES. He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it. What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Lady Franklin's compliments—she will see you in the boudoir, Sir.

GRAVES. In the boudoir!—go, go—I'll come directly. [Exit SERVANT.] My heart beats!—It must be for grief. Poor Maria! [Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.] Not a white one—just like my luck: I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow, and blue abomination from India, which it's even indecent for a disconsolate widower to exhibit. Ah! Fortune never ceases to torment the susceptible. The boudoir!—ha! ha! the boudoir! [Exit.]

### SCENE V....A Boudoir in the same house.

LADY FRANK. Now, if my scheme does not succeed—I can't help laughing to think of it! Mum—here he comes.

Enter GRAVES.

GRAVES [sighing]. Ah, Lady Franklin.

LADY FRANK. [sighing]. Ah, Mr. Graves! [They seat themselves.] Pray excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

GRAVES. An east wind, m'am; but nothing comes amiss to you—it's a happy disposition. Poor Maria! she too was naturally gay.

LADY FRANK. [aside]. Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

GRAVES. Spirit? Yes! nothing could master it. She would have her own way. Ah, there was nobody like her!

LADY FRANK. And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant.

GRAVES. Did not they? Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing.

LADY FRANK. How well she acted in your private theatricals.

GRAVES. You remember her Mrs. Oakley in "The Jealous wife?"—Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

LADY FRANK. Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene,

\* The lines between inverted commas are omitted on the stage.

when she came out with [mimicking] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

GRAVES. No—no! that's not it! more energy. [Mimicking.] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me." Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practice it on me twice a day. Ah! poor dear lamb! [wipes his eyes].

LADY FRANK. And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little French air she was so fond of?

GRAVES. Ha! ha! sprightly! was it not? Let me see—let me see.

LADY FRANK [humming]. Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it.

GRAVES [humming]. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum tum.

BOTH. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum. Ha! ha!

GRAVES [throwing himself back]. Ah! what recollections it revives! It is too affecting.

LADY FRANK [aside]. Now, if I could but get him to dance with me, we should end with being partners for life. It is affecting, but we are all mortal. [Sighs.] And at your Christmas party, at Cyprus Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten.

GRAVES. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

LADY FRANK. Can you think of the step! Some how this was it not? [dancing.]

GRAVES. No—no—quite wrong!—just stand there.—Now then [humming the tune]—La—la-la—la—La, la, &c. [They dance.] That's it—excellent—admirable!

LADY FRANK [aside]. Now it's coming.

[Enter SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, GEORGINA; they stand amazed. LADY FRANKLIN continues to dance.]

GRAVES. Bewitching—irresistible! It's Maria herself that I see before me! Thus—thus—let me clasp—Oh, the devil! Just like my luck! [Stopping opposite SIR JOHN.

LADY FRANKLIN runs off.]

SIR JOHN. Upon my word, Mr. Graves!

GEORG. BLOUNT. Encore—encore! Bravo—bravo!

GRAVES. It's all a mistake! I—I—Sir John. Lady Franklin, you see—that is to say—I.—Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction!

GEORG. Pray go on!

BLOUNT. Don't let us interrupt you.

GRAVES. Interrupt me! I must say that this rudeness—this gross impropriety—to pry into the sorrows of a poor bereaved sufferer, seeking comfort from a sympathizing friend—But such is human nature!

GEOR. But, Mr. Graves!—[following him.]

GRAVES. Heartless!

BLOUNT. My dear Mr. Graves!—[following him.]

GRAVES. Frivolous!

SIR JOHN. Stay and dine!—[following him.]

GRAVES. Unfeeling!

OMNES. Ha!—ha!—ha!

GRAVES. Monsters! Good day to you.\* [Exit, followed by SIR JOHN, &c.]

SCENE VI.... The interior of \* \* \* \* Club; night; lights, &c. Small sofa-tables, with books, papers, tea, coffee, &c. Several members grouped by the fireplace; one member with his legs over the back of his chair; another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the Stage, an old member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card-table, before which CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH is seated, and sipping lemonade; at the bottom of the Stage another card-table.

GLOSSMORE, STOUT.

GLOSS. You do n't come often to the club, Stout?

STOUT. No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

OLD MEMBER [reading the paper.] Waiter!—the snuff-box. [Waiter brings it.]

GLOSS. So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey."

Enter EVELYN; salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the Stage.

Ev. How d'ye do, Glossmore! How are you, Stout?—you do n't play, I think! Political Economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than Rents and Profits, Wages and Labor, High Prices and Low—Cott-laws, Poor-laws, Tithes, Currency—Dot-and-go-one Rates, Puzzles, Taxes, Riddles, and Botheration! Smooth is the man. Aha! Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge!

[Members touch each other significantly; STOUT walks away with the snuff-box: Old Member looks at him savagely.]

SMOOTH. My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[They seat themselves]

OLD MEM. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[Waiter takes it from STOUT, and brings it back to Old Member.]

Enter BLOUNT.

BLOUNT. So, so! Evelyn at it again—eh, Glossmore?

GLOSS. Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth!

BLOUNT. Will you make up a wubber?

GLOSS. Have you got two others?

BLOUNT. Yes; Flat and Green.

GLOSS. Bad players.

BLOUNT. I make it a wule to play with bad players; it is five per cent. in one's favor. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do one any harm.

GLOSS. Clever fellow, that Blount!

[BLOUNT takes up the snuff-box, and walks off with it; Old Member looks at him savagely.]

[BLOUNT, GLOSSMORE, FLAT and GREEN, make up a table at the bottom of the Stage.]

SMOOTH. A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred—ninety repique—ten cards!—game!

Ev. [passing a note to him.] Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

\* For the original idea of this scene the author is indebted to a Note *pro verba*, never, he believes, acted in public.

SMOOTH. *Ce cher Alfred!* He is so droll!

Ev. [writing in his pocket-book.] Forty games a night—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think!

SMOOTH [glancing over the account.] Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

Ev. It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition. Can you keep a secret?

SMOOTH. My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spend less than £4,000 a year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

Ev. Hark ye, then—a word with you—[they whisper].

OLD MEM. Waiter!—the snuff box. [WAITER takes it from BLOUNT, &c.]

Enter SIR JOHN.

Ev. You understand?

SMOOTH. Perfectly; any thing to oblige.

Ev. [cutting]. It is for you to deal. [They go on playing.]

SIR JOHN [grooming]. There's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending my consequence, and making a fool of himself. [Takes up the snuff box; OLD MEMBER looks at him savagely.]

BLOUNT. I'm out. Flat, a poney on the odd twick. That's wight. [Coming up, counting his money.] Well, Sir John, you do n't play?

SIR JOHN. Play? no! Confound him—lost again!

Ev. Hang the cards!—double the stakes!

SMOOTH. Just as you please—done!

SIR JOHN. Done, indeed!

OLD MEM. Waiter!—the snuff box. [WAITER takes it from SIR JOHN.]

BLOUNT. I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set! [Takes up the snuff box; OLD MEMBER as before.]

SIR JOHN. [looking over SMOOTH's hand, and fidgeting backward and forward]. Lord have mercy on us! Smooth has seven for his point! What's the stakes?

Ev. Do n't disturb us—I only throw out four. Stakes, Sir John?—immense! Was ever such luck? not a card for my point. Do stand back, Sir John—I'm getting irritable.

OLD MEM. Waiter! the snuff-box.

[Waiter brings it back.]

BLOUNT. One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn?

SIR JOHN. Nonsense, nonsense—do n't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law!

Ev. One hundred pounds, Blount! Ah! the finest gentlemen is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes, Smooth!

SIR JOHN. I'm on the rack! [seizing the snuff box.] Be cool, Evelyn! take care, my dear boy!—now don't ye, now don't!

Ev. What—what? You have four queens!—five to the king. Confound the cards!—a fresh pack. [Throws the cards behind him over SIR JOHN.]

OLD MEM. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[Different members gather round.]

FIRST MEM. I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

SECOND MEM. Yes, this is interesting!

SIR JOHN. Interesting! there's a wretch!

FIRST MEM. Poor fellow! he'll be ruined in a month!

SIR JOHN. I'm in a cold sweat.

SECOND MEM. Smooth is the very devil.

SIR JOHN. The devil's a joke to him!

GLOSS. [slapping SIR JOHN on the back]. A clever fellow, that Smooth, Sir John, eh? [Takes up the snuff-box; OLD MEMBER as before.] £100 on this game, Evelyn?

Ev. [half turning round]. You! well done, the Constitution! yes, £100!

OLD MEM. Waiter! the snuff-box.

STOUT. I think I'll venture!—£200 on this game, Evelyn?

Ev. [quite turning round]. Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last!

O, Stout, Stout!—great happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—£200—ha! ha! ha!—I deal, Stout. Well done, Political Economy—Ha! ha! ha!

SIR JOHN. Quite hysterical—drivelling! Arn't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins!—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them. [Members indignant.]

STOUT [to Members]. Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter.

FIRST MEM. What, stingy Jack's? oh!

CHORUS OF MEM. Oh! oh!

OLD MEM. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

Ev. [rising in great agitation]. No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount, I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—Death!—this is ruinous! [Seizes the snuff-box; OLD MEMBER as before.]

SIR JOHN. Ruinous? I dare say it is! What has he lost? what has he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh? [Omnes gather round SMOOTH.]

SMOOTH. Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse! We never tell our winnings. [To BLOUNT] How d'ye do, Fred?

[To GLOSSMORE] By the by, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor-square?—£12,000, eh?

GLOSS. Yes, and the furniture at a valuation, About £3000 more.

SMOOTH [looking over his pocket-book]. Um!—Well, we'll talk of it.

SIR JOHN. 12 and 3—£15,000. What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—£15,000, Smooth?

SMOOTH. Oh, the house itself is a trifle, but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

OLD MEM. Waiter, the snuff box! [Scraping it round, and with a very face.] And it's all gone! [Gives it to the WAITER to fill.]

SIR JOHN [turning round]. And it's all gone!

Ev. [starting up and laughing hysterically.] Ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John, you are always in the way. Come to my house!

come! Champagne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it!

SIR JOHN. A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn!

EVELYN!—think what you are about!—think of Georgina's feelings!—think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn!—think of—

Ev. I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you do n't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention! Pahaw—pahaw! Out of the way, do! Come Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it!

[Exit SMOOTH and EVELYN.]

SIR JOHN [following]. You must not, you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn!—he's drunk—he's mad! Will no one send for the police?

MEMBERS. Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Stingy Jack!

OLD MEM. [rising for the first time, and in a great rage.] Waiter, the snuff box!

END OF ACT III.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.... The Anteroom in EVELYN's house, as in Scene I. Act II. TABOURET, MACFINCH, FRANTZ, and other tradesmen.

TAB. [half whispering]. So, I hear that Mr. Evelyn is turned gamester. There are strange reports about to-day; I don't know what to make of it. We must look sharp, Mr. Macfinch, we poor tradesmen, and make hay while the sun shines.

MACFINCH. I wish these geeming-houses were aw at the devil! it's a sheam and a sin for gentlemen to gang and ruin themselves, when we honest tradesmen would do it for them with our muckle advantage to the arts and commerce o' the country!

[Omnes shake their heads approvingly.]

Enter SMOOTH from the inner room, with a pocket book and pencil in his hand.]

SMOOTH [Looking round]. Ham! ha! Fine pictures! [Feeling the curtains]. The new-fashioned velvet, hem! good-proportioned rooms. Yes, this house is better than Glossmore's. Oh, Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer! you furnished these rooms. All of the best? oh!

TAB. Oh, the very best! Mr. Evelyn is not a man to grudge expense, sir.

SMOOTH. He is not indeed. You've been paid, I suppose, Tabouret?

TAB. No, sir, no—I never send in my bills when a customer is rich. [Aside] Bills are like trees, and grow by standing.

SMOOTH. Hump! Not PAID? hump!

[Omnes gather round.]

MACFINCH. I dinna like that hoomph, there's something varra suspicious abun' it.

TAB. [to the tradesmen.] It's the great card-player, Captain Smooth—finest player in Europe—cleaned out the Duke of Silly Val. Uncommonly clever man.

SMOOTH [pacing about the room]. Thirty-six feet by twenty-eight—Um! I think a bow-window there would be an improvement: could it be done easily, Tabouret?

MACFINCH. If Mr. Evelyn wishes to pool about his house, there's no mon like my friend Mr. MacStucco.

SMOOTH. Evelyn? I was speaking of myself. Mr. MacStucco?—hump!

TAB. Yourself? Have you bought the house, sir?

SMOOTH. Bought it?—hum!—ha!—it depends—So you've not been paid yet?—um! Nor you—nor you—nor you? Hum! ah!

TAB. No, sir!—what then? No fear of Mr. EVELYN? Ha! ha!

OMNES [anxiously]. Ha! ha!—what then?

MACFINCH. Ah, sir, what then? I'm a puir mon wi' a family; this way, Captain! You've a leetle account in the buiks; an' we'll ee'n wipe it out altogether, an' you'll say what you mean by that Neom ha!

SMOOTH. Macfinch, my dear fellow, don't oblige me to cane you; I would not have Mr. Evelyn distressed for the world. Poor fellow! he holds very bad cards. So you've not been paid yet? Don't send in your bills on any account—Mind! Yes; I don't dislike the house with some alteration. Good day to you—Hum! ha!

[Exit, looking about him, examining the chairs, tables, &c.]

TAB. Plain as a pikestaff!—staked his very house on an odd trick!

SCENE II.... The foregoing.—Enter SHARP from the inner room, agitated and in hurry.

SHARP. O Lord! O Lord!—who'd have thought it? Cards are the devil's book! John—Thomas!—Harris!—[ringing the bell.]

Enter Two Servants.

Tom, take this letter to Sir John Vesey's. If not at home, find him—he will give you a cheque. Go to his banker's and get it cashed instantly. Quick—quick off with you!

TAB. [seizing Servant.] What's the matter?—what's the matter? How's Mr. Evelyn?

SER. Bad—very bad! Sate up all night with Captain Smooth. [Runs off.]

SHARP [to the other Servant.] Yes, Harris, your poor master! O dear! You will take this note to the Belgian minister, Portland-place. Passport for Ostend! Have the travelling carriage ready at a moment's notice!

MACFINCH [stopping Servant.] Passport! Harkye, my mon; is he gaun to pit the saut seas between us and the siller?

SER. Do n't stop me—something wrong in the chest—change of air—late hours—and Captain Smooth!

[Exit.]

SHARP [walking about.] And if the bank should break!—if the bank is broke, and he can't draw out!—bound to Smooth!

TAB. Bank!—what bank?

SHARP. Flash's bank! Flash, brother-in-law to Captain Smooth! What have you heard?—eh?—eh?

TAB. That there's an awful run on it!

SHARP. I must be off. Go—go—you can't see Mr. Evelyn to-day!

TAB. My account, Sir!

MACFINCH. I've a muckle bairns and a sma' bill!

FRANTZ. O Sarc, de great gentlemen always tink first of de tailor!

SHARP. Call again—call again at Christmas. The bank, the cards—the cards, the bank! O dear! O dear!

[Exit.]

TAB. The bank!

MACFINCH. The passport!

FRANTZ. And all dat vill be seen of de great Evelyn coat



is de back of it. *Donner and hagel!*—I vil arrest him—I vil put de salt on de tail of it!

TAB. *[aside.]* I'll slip down to the city and see how the bank goes!

MACFINCH *[aside.]* I'll ean gang to my coosin de la'yer. Nothing but pestience for us, Mr. Tabouret.

TAB. Ay, ay—stick by each other—share and share alike—that's my way, Sir.

OMNES. Share and share alike. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Servant, GLOSSMORE and BLOUNT.*

SER. My master is not very well, my lord; but I'll let him know. *[Exit.]*

GLOSS. I'm very curious to learn the result of his gambling tete-a-tete.

BLOUNT. Oh, he's so howwidly wick, he can afford even a tete-a-tete with Deadly Smooth!

GLOSS. Poor old Stingy Jack: why, Georgina was your intended.

BLOUNT. Yes; and I really liked the girl, though out of pique I proposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money?

*Enter EVELYN.*

If we could start fair, you'd see whom Georgina would prefer: but she's sacrificed by her father! She as much as told me so!

EV. So, so, gentlemen, we've a little account to settle—one hundred each.

BOTH. De n't talk of it.

EV. Well, I won't!—*[Taking BLOUNT aside.]*—Ha! ha! you'd hardly believe it—but I'd rather not pay you just at present; my money is locked up, and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So! instead of owing you one hundred pounds, suppose I owe you five? You can give me a cheque for the other four. And, harkye! not a word to Glossmore.

BLOUNT. Glossmore! the gweatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted! *[Aside.]* It never does harm to lend to a wick man; one gets it back somehow. By the way, Evelyn, if you want my gwey cab-horse, you may have him for two hundred pounds, and that will make seven!

EV. *[aside.]* That's the fashionable usury: your friend does not take interest—he sells you a horse. *[Aloud.]* Blount, it's a bargain.

BLOUNT *[writing the cheque, and musingly.]* No; I don't see what harm it can do me; that off leg must end in a spavin.

EV. *[to GLOSSMORE.]* That hundred pounds I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property—perhaps you would lend me four or five hundred more, just to go on with!

GLOSS. Certainly! Hopkins is dead: your interest for Cipher would—

EV. Why, I can't promise that at this moment. But as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you'll accept a splendid grey cab-horse I bought to-day—cost two hundred pounds!

GLOSS. Bought to-day!—then I'm safe. My dear fellow! you're always so princely!

EV. Nonsense! just write the cheque; and, harkye!—not a syllable to Blount!

GLOSS. Blount? *[He's the town-crier!]* *[Goes to write.]* BLOUNT. *[giving EVELYN the cheque.]* Wansom's, Pall-mall.

EV. Thank you. So you proposed to Miss Douglas?

BLOUNT. Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, that very day you proposed for Miss Vesey—otherwise Georgina—

EV. Has only half what Miss Douglas has.

BLOUNT. You forget how much Stingy Jack must have saved! But I beg your pardon.

EV. Never mind; but not a word to Sir John, or he'll fancy I'm ruined.

GLOSS. *[giving the cheque.]* Ransom's, Pall-mall. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

EV. Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the bankers. *[Looking at the two cheques.]*

GLOSS. *[aside.]* Why! he's borrowed from Blount too!

BLOUNT *[aside.]* That's a draft from Lord Glossmore!

EV. Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day—seven o'clock. You'll meet Smooth. *[With tears in his voice.]* It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here! My—what am I saying? Oh, merely a joke!—good by—good by. *[Shaking them heartily by the hand. Exit by the inner room.]*

BLOUNT. Glossmore!

GLOSS. Blount!

BLOUNT. I am afraid all's not wight!

GLOSS. I incline to your opinion!

BLOUNT. But I've sold my gwey cab-horse.

GLOSS. Grey cab-horse! you! What is he really worth now?

BLOUNT. Since he is sold, I will tell you—not a sixpence!

GLOSS. Not a sixpence! he gave it to me! *[EVELYN at the door, giving directions to a SERVANT in dumb show.]*

BLOUNT. That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

GLOSS. Nervous? Let us run and stop payment of our drafts. *[EVELYN shuts the door, and SERVANT runs across the stage.]*

BLOUNT. Hollo, John! where so fast?

SER. *[in great haste.]* Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall—Messrs. Ransom. *[Exit.]*

BLOUNT *[solemnly.]* Glossmore we are floored!

GLOSS. Sir, the whole town shall know of it! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV....Enter TOKE and other SERVANTS.

TOKE. Come, come, stir yourselves! we've no time to lose. This room is to be got ready for the shawls. Mrs. Crump and the other ladies of the household are to wait here on the women before they go up to the drawing-room. Take away that desk: don't be lazy! and give me the newspaper. *[TOKE reads himself; the SERVANTS bustle about.]* Strange reports about my patron! and the wally is gone for the passport!

*[Enter FRANTZ with a bundle.]*

FRANTZ. Mr. Toke, my goot Mr. Toke, I've brought you von beetle present.

TOKE. John and Charles, vanish! *[Exeunt SERVANTS.]* I scorns to corrupt them 'ere working clammes!

FRANTZ *[producing a pair of small-clothes, which TOKE examines.]* Your master is von beggar! He wants to run away; we are all in the same vat—you-call-it—de same leetel nasty boat, Mr. Toke! Just let my friend Mr. Clutch up through the area, and I will arrest him dis very day.

TOKE. I accept the abridgments; but you've forgotten to line the pockets!

FRANTZ. Bleesh my soul, so I have! *[giving a note.]*

TOKE. The area gate shall be left undefended. De it quietly; no close, as the French say.

FRANTZ. Goot Mr. Toke—to-morrow I will line de oter pocket. *[Exit.]*

TOKE. My patron does not give me satisfaction!

*Enter FOOTMAN.*

FOOTMAN. What chandeliers are to be lighted, Mr. Toke? it's getting late.

TOKE. Don't disturb me—I'm rum-mynating!—yes, yes, there's no doubt of it! Charles, the area gate is open?

FOOT. And all the plate in the pantry! I'll run and—

TOKE. Not a step! leave it open.

FOOT. But—

TOKE *[with dignity.]* It's for the sake of ventilation! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V....A splendid saloon in EVELYN's house.

*EVELYN, GRAVES.*

GRAVES. You've withdrawn your money from Flash and Briak.

EV. No.

GRAVES. No! then—

*Enter SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, and GEORGINA.*

SIR JOHN. Yen got the cheque for £500, safely? Teo happy to—

EV. *[interrupting him.]* My best thanks! my warmest gratitude! So kind in you! so reasonable!—that £500—you do n't know the value of that £500. I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

SIR JOHN. Gratitude! nobleness! *[Aside:]* I can't have been taken in?

EV. And in a moment of such distress!

SIR JOHN *[aside.]* Such distress! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary!

EV. I've done with Smooth. But I'm still a little crippled, and you must do me another favor. I've only as yet paid the deposit of ten per cent. for the great Groginhole property. I am to pay the rest this week; nay, I fear, tomorrow. I've already sold out the funds; the money lies at the bankers', and of course I can't touch it; for if I do n't pay by a certain day, I forfeit the estate and the deposit.

SIR JOHN. What's coming now, I wonder?

EV. Georgina's fortune is £10,000. I always meant, my dear Sir John, to present you with that little sum.

SIR JOHN. Oh, Evelyn! your generosity is positively touching! *[wipes his eyes.]*

EV. But the news of my losses has frightened my tradesmen! I have so many heavy debts at this moment—that—that— But I see Georgina is listening, and I'll say what I have to say to her.

SIR JOHN. No, no—no no. Girl's do n't understand business!

EV. The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair, not of business, but of feeling. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.

SIR JOHN *[aside.]* Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me!

EV. My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honor.

GEOR. Can you doubt it?

EV. I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment; I have been weak enough to lose money at play, and there are other demands on me. I promise you never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved, but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench.

GEOR. Retrench!

EV. To live perhaps altogether in the country.

GEOR. Altogether in the country!

EV. To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

GEOR. Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming!

EV. And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up—my debts of honor must be settled—you are of age—your 10,000 in your own hands—

SIR JOHN. *[Stout listening as well as SIR JOHN.]* I'm standing on hot iron!

EV. If you could lend it to me for a few weeks—You hesitate! oh! believe the honor of the man you will call your husband before all the calumnies of the fools whom we call the world! Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence, what is wedlock?

SIR JOHN *[aside to her.]* No!—*[Aloud, pointing his glass at the Correggio.]* Yes, the picture may be fine.

STOUT. But you don't like the subject?

GEOR. *[aside.]* He may be only trying me. Best leave it to papa.

EV. Well—

GEOR. You—you shall hear from me to-morrow. *[Aside.]* Ah, there's that dear Sir Frederick!

*[Goes to BLOUNT.]*

*Enter GLOSSMORE and SMOOTH; EVELYN salutes them, paying SMOOTH servile respect.*

LADY FRANK. *[to GRAVES.]* Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday; was it not droll?

GRAVES. Never recur to that humiliating topic!

GLOSS *[to STOUT.]* See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth.

STOUT. How mean in him. Smooth—a professional gambler—a fellow who lives by his wits. I would not know such a man on any account.

SMOOTH *[to GLOSSMORE.]* So Hopkins is dead; you want Cipher to come in for Groginhole, eh?

GLOSS. What! could you manage it?

SMOOTH. Ce Cher Charles! any thing to oblige.

STOUT. Groginhole! What can he have to do with Groginhole! Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

GLOSS. What! the gambler; the fellow who lives by his wits?

STOUT. Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital! I'll introduce myself. How d'ye do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think; I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation? Bad! very bad! no enlightenment! great fall off in the revenue! no knowledge of finance! there's only one man who can save the country!—and that's POPKINS.

SMOOTH. Is he in parliament, Mr. Stout? What's your Christian name, by the by?

STOUT. Benjamin. No; constituencies are so ignorant, they don't understand his value. He's no orator: in fact, he stammers so much—but devilish profound. Could not we insure him for Groginhole?

SMOOTH. My dear Benjamin, it's a thing to be thought on.

EV. *[advancing.]* My friends, pray be seated; I wish to consult you. This day twelve months I succeeded to an immense income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion?

GLOSS. Impossible! excellent taste—beautiful house!

BLOUNT. Vewy good horses—*[aside to GLOSSMORE:]* especially the gwey cab!

LADY FRANK. Splendid pictures!

GRAVES. And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

SMOOTH *[thrusting his hands in his pockets.]* It's my opinion, Alfred—and I'm a judge—that you could not have spent your money better!

OMNES *[except SIR JOHN.]* Very true!

EV. What say you, Sir John? You may think me a little extravagant; but you know that in this world the only way to show one's self thoroughly respectable is to make a thoroughly respectable show.

SIR JOHN. Certainly—certainly! No, you could not have done better. *[Aside.]* I do n't know what to make of it.

GEOR. Certainly. *[Coaxingly.]* Don't retrench, my dear Alfred!

GLOSS. Retrench! nothing so plebeian!

STOUT. Plebeian, sir!—worse than plebeian!—it is against all the rules of public morality. Every one knows, now-a-days, that extravagance is a benefit to the population—encourages art, employs labor, and multiplies spinning-jennies.

EV. You re-assure me!—I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere might have done something better than feast—dress—drink—play—

GLOSS. Nonsense!—we like you the better for it. *[Aside.]* I wish I had my £800 back, though.

EV. And you are as much my friends as when you offered me £10 for my old nurse.

SIR JOHN. A thousand times more so, my dear boy! *[Omnes approve.]*

*Enter SHARP.*

SMOOTH. But who's our new friend?

EV. Who! the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what's the matter, Sharp? *[SHARP whispers EVELYN.]*

EV. *[aloud.]* The bank's broke!

SIR JOHN. Broke!—what bank!

EV. Flash, Briak, and Co.

GLOSS. *[to SMOOTH.]* And Flash was your brother-in-law. I'm very sorry.

SMOOTH *[taking snuff.]* Not all, Charles—I did not bank there.

SIR JOHN. Oh!—Not much in their hands?

EV. Why, I told you the purchase-money for Groginhole was at my bankers'.... But no, no: do n't look so frightened: it was not placed with Flash. It is at Hoare's; it is, indeed. Nay, I assure you, it is. A mere trifle at Flash's—upon my word, now! To-morrow, Sharp, we'll talk of this! One day more—one day, at least, for enjoyment!

SIR JOHN. Oh pretty enjoyment!

BLOUNT. And he borrowed £700 of me!

GLOSS. And £600 of me!

SIR JOHN. And £500 of me!

STOUT. Oh! a regular Jeremy Diddler!

SMOOTH *[to SIR JOHN.]* John, do you know, I think I would take a handsome offer for this house just as it stands—furniture, plate, pictures, books, bronzes, and statues!

SIR JOHN. Powers above!

STOUT *[to SIR JOHN.]* I say, you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. What then?—a daughter's like any other capital—transfer the stock in hand to 'other speculation.

SIR JOHN *[going to GEORGINA.]* Ha! I'm afraid we've been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

*Enter TOKE.*

TOKE *[to EVELYN.]* Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. Macfinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

EV. *[reading.]* How! Sir John, this fellow, Macfinch, has heard of my misfortunes, and insists on being paid;—a lawyer's letter—quite insolent!

TOKE. And, Sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he won't stir till he's paid.

EV. Won't stir till he's paid! What's to be done, Sir John?—Smooth, what is to be done?

SMOOTH. If he won't stir till he's paid, make him up a bed, and I'll take him in the inventory as one of the fixtures, Alfred!

EV. It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But—*Enter Sheriff's Officer, giving a paper to EVELYN, and whispering.*

EV. What's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, you impudent scoundrel! Faith! this is more than I bargained for—Sir John, I'm arrested.

STOUT *[slapping SIR JOHN on the back with glee.]* He's arrested, old gentleman! But I did n't lend him a farthing.

EV. And for a mere song—£150! Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or bail me, or something,—while we go to dinner!

SIR JOHN. Pay—bail—I'll de d—d if I do! Oh, my £500! my £500! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my £500!

GRAVES. I'm going to do a very ailly thing—I shall lose both my friend and my money: just like my luck! Evelyn, go to dinner—I'll settle this for you.

LADY FRANK. I love you for that!

GRAVES. Do you? then I am the happiest. Ah! ma'am, I do not know what I am saying!

[*Exeunt GRAVES and OFFICER.*]

EV. [to GEORGINA.] Do not go by these appearances! I repeat, £10,000 will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

GEORGINA. Yes—yes!

EV. But you're not going? You, too, Glossmore? you, Blount? you, Stout? you, Smooth?

SMOOTH. No; I'll stick by you—as long as you've a guinea to stake!

GLOSS. Oh, this might have been expected from a man of such ambiguous political opinions!

STOUT. Do not stop me, Sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues! laugh!

EV. Why, you all said I could not spend my money better! Ha! ha! ha!—the absurd mistake!—you do not fancy I'm going to prison? Ha! ha! Why do not you laugh, Sir John? Ha! ha! ha!

SIR JOHN. Sir, this horrible levity! Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor, injured, innocent child! Mr. Evelyn, after this extraordinary scene, you can't be surprised that I—I—Zounds! I'm suffocating!

SMOOTH. But, my dear John, they've no right to arrest the dinner!

STOUT [*aside*]. But the election at Groginhole is to-morrow. This news may not arrive before the poll closes! [*Running to EVELYN.*] Sir, Popkins never bribes: but Popkins will bet you £1000 that he do not come in for Groginhole.

GLOSS. This is infamous, Mr. Stout! Cipher is a man who scorns every subterfuge! [*Aside to EVELYN.*] But, for the sake of the Constitution, name your price.

EV. I know the services of Cipher—I know the profundity of Popkins; but it's too late—the borough's engaged!

TOKE. Dinner is served.

GLOSS [*passing*]. Dinner!

STOUT. Dinner!—it's a very good smell!

EV [*to SIR JOHN*]. Turtle and venison too!

[*They stop irresolute.*]

EV. That's right—come along. But, I say, Blount—Stout—Glossmore—Sir John—one word first; will you lend me 10l. for my old nurse?

[*Exeunt omnes, indignantly.*]

SMOOTH and EVELYN. Ha! ha! ha!

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

SCENE I..... \* \* \* \* \* Club; SMOOTH, GLOSSMORE—other Members.

GLOSS. Will his horses be sold, think you?

SMOOTH. Very possibly, Charles!—a fine stud—hum! ha! Waiter, a glass of sherry.

GLOSS. They say he must go abroad!

SMOOTH. Well! it's the best time of year for travelling, Charles.

GLOSS. We are all to be paid to-day; and that looks suspicious!

SMOOTH. Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!

GLOSS. My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the matter: I wish you'd speak out. What have you really won? Is the house itself gone?

SMOOTH. The house is certainly not gone, Charles, for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half past ten—it has not moved an inch!

[*Waiter gives a letter to GLOSSMORE.*]

GLOSS. [*reading*]. From Groginhole—an express! What's this? I'm amazed!!! [*Reading*]. "They've actually at the eleventh hour started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what his politics are! We shall be beat! the constitution is gone!—Cipher!" Oh! this is infamous in Evelyn! Gets into parliament just to keep himself out of the Bench.

SMOOTH. He's capable of it!

GLOSS. Not a doubt of it, Sir! not a doubt of it!

[*Enter SIR JOHN and BLOUNT, talking.*]

SIR JOHN. My dear boy, I'm not flint! I am but a man! if Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she does—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition—she is yours; I told her so this very morning.

BLOUNT. The old humbug!

SIR JOHN. She's the best of daughters! the most obedient artless creature! Oh! she's been properly brought up: a good daughter makes a good wife. Dine with me at seven, and we'll talk of the settlements.

BLOUNT. Yes! I do not care for fortune; but—

SIR JOHN. Her 10,000l. will be settled on herself—that of course.

BLOUNT. All of it, Sir? Weally I—

SIR JOHN. What then, my dear boy? I shall leave you both all I've laid by. Ah! you know I'm a close fellow! "Stingy Jack"—eh? After all, worth makes the man!

SMOOTH. And the more a man's worth, John, the worthier man he must be! [*Exit.*]

BLOUNT. [*aside*]. Yes; he has no other child! She must have all his savings; I do not see what harm it could do me. Still that 10,000l.—I want that 10,000l.: if she would but run off now, one could get rid of the settlements.

[*Enter STOUT (wiping his forehead), and takes SIR JOHN aside.*]

STOUT. Sir John we've been played upon! My secretary is brother to Flash's head clerk; Evelyn had not £300 in the bank!

SIR JOHN. Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then—Deadly Smooth—the arrest—the—oh, he must be done up!

STOUT. As to Smooth, he'd "do any thing to oblige." All a trick, depend on it! Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day's over Evelyn will be member for Groginhole. I've had an express from Popkins; he's in despair! not for himself, but for the country, Sir John; what's to become of the country?

SIR JOHN. But what could be Evelyn's object?

STOUT. Object? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that? A man who has not even any political opinions; Object! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family!

SIR JOHN. Aha! I begin to smell a rat! But it's not too late yet.

STOUT. My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Groginhole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money; and he told me that—

SIR JOHN. What?

STOUT. Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there's no hope for Popkins! England will rue this day!

SIR JOHN. Georgina shall lend him the money! I'll lend him—every man in my house shall lend him—I feel again what it is to be a father-in-law! But stop; I'll be cautious. Stout may be on his side—a trap—not likely; but I'll go first to Spendquick myself. Sir Frederick, excuse me: you can't dine with me to-day. And, on second thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn now he's down in the world. Can't think of it. Very much honored, and happy to see you as a friend.

Waiter! my carriage! Um! What, humbug *Stingy Jack*, will they? Ah! a good joke, indeed! [*Exit.*]

BLOUNT. Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John? Something against my character; I know you have; don't deny it. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction!

STOUT. Satisfaction, Sir Frederick? as if a man of enlightenment had any satisfaction in fighting! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think!—he's no more ruined than you are.

BLOUNT. Not ruined? Aha, now I understand! So, so! Stay, let me see: she's to meet me in the square! [*picks out his watch; a very small one.*]

STOUT [*picking out his own; a very large one*]. I must be off to the vestry.

BLOUNT. Just in time! Ten thousand pounds! Gad, my blood's up, and I won't be treated in this way, if he were fifty times *Stingy Jack*! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II..... The drawing-rooms in SIR JOHN VESSEY'S house.

LADY FRANKLIN, GRAVES.

GRAVES. Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still; but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

LADY FRANK. She has been breaking her heart ever since she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has, could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

GRAVES [*half aside*]. She would only give him his own money if she did. I should like just to sound her.

LADY FRANK. [*ringing the bell*]. And you shall. I take so much interest in her that I forgive your friend every thing but his offer to Georgina. [*Enter SERVANT.*] Where are the young ladies?

SERV. Miss Vessey is, I believe, still in the square; Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

LADY FRANK. What, did she not go out with Miss Vessey?

SERV. No, my lady; I attended her to Drummond's the banker. [*Exit.*]

LADY FRANK. Drummond's! [*Enter CLARA.*] Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

CLARA [*confused*]. Oh, I—that is—I—Ah, Mr. Graves! How is Mr. Evelyn? How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

GRAVES. With an awful calm. I fear all is not right here! [*touching his head*]. The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly—perhaps to-day.

CLARA. Abroad!—to-day!

GRAVES. But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vessey remains true to his misfortunes.

CLARA. Ah! he loves her so much, then!

GRAVES. Um! That's more than I can say.

CLARA. She told me, last night, that he said to the last that £10,000 would free him from all his liabilities—that was the sum, was it not?

GRAVES. Yes; he persisted in the same assertion. Will Miss Vessey lend it?

LADY FRANK. [*aside*]. If she does I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she'd be no child of Sir John's.

GRAVES. I should like to convince myself that my poor friend has nothing to hope for from a woman's generosity.

LADY FRANK. Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

GRAVES. I know one man, at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to a woman who had scorned him.

LADY FRANK. And never told her?

GRAVES. Never! There's no such document at Doctors' Commons, depend on it. You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good day.

CLARA [*following him*]. One word, for mercy's sake!—Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind? Generous Evelyn!

GRAVES. You appreciate and Georgina will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still. If that's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it—hang them!

[*Exit.*]

CLARA. Georgina will desert him. Do you think so? [*Aside.*] Ah, he will soon discover that she never wrote that letter!

LADY FRANK. She told me, last night, that she would never see him again. To do her justice, she's less interested than her father; and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn, she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

CLARA. And he is alone—sad—forsaken—ruined. And I, whom he enriched—I, the creature of his bounty—I, once the woman of his love, I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! Oh, Lady Franklin, have pity on me—on him! We are both of kin to him; as relations we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him—come!

LADY FRANK. No! it would scarcely be right—remember the world—I cannot.

CLARA. All abandon him—then I will go alone!

LADY FRANK. You!—so proud, so sensitive!

CLARA. Pride—when he wants a friend?

LADY FRANK. His misfortunes are his own fault—a gambler!

CLARA. Can you think of his faults now? I have no right to do so. All I have—all—his gift! and I never to have dreamt of it!

LADY FRANK. But if Georgina do indeed release him, if she has already done so—what will he think? What but—

CLARA. What but—that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother.—Where, now, should a sister be?—But—but—I—I—I tremble! If, after all—if—if—in one word—Am I too bold? The world—my conscience can answer that—but do you think that he could despise me?

LADY FRANK. No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue. Something tells me that this meeting may make the happiness of both! You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand—we will go together! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III..... A room in EVELYN'S house.

EV. Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth—I have managed even Sharp; my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha! ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require, and for that time at least I shall hope to be thoroughly ruined. [*Enter GRAVES.*] Well, Graves, and what do people say of me?

GRAVES. Every thing that's bad!

EV. Three days ago I was universally respected. I awoke this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet I'm the same man.

GRAVES. Humph! why gambling—

EV. Can't it be not criminal to gamble—it was criminal to lose. Tat!—will you deny that, if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself, every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man—Man. I've not been rich and poor for nothing! The Vices and the Virtues are written in a language the World cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are—FAILURE and SUCCESS! You alone are unchanged.

GRAVES. There's no merit in that. I am always ready to mingle my tears with any man. [*Aside.*] I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it. Hark ye, Evelyn! I like you—I'm rich; and any thing I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now it's out.

EV. [*touching*]. There's something good in human nature after all! My dear friend, did I want your aid I would accept it, but I can extricate myself yet. Do you think Georgina will give me the same proof of confidence and affection?

GRAVES. Would you break your heart if she did not?

EV. It is in vain to deny that I still love Clara; our last conversation renewed feelings which would task all the energies of my soul to conquer. What then? I am not one of those, the Sybarites of sentiment, who deem it impossible for humanity to conquer love—who call their own weakness the voice of a resistless destiny. Such is the poor excuse of every woman who yields her honor, of every adulterer who betrays his friend. No! the heart was given to the soul as its ally, not as its traitor.

GRAVES. What do you tend to?

EV. This.—If Georgina still adheres to my fortunes (and I will not put her to too harsh trial), if she can face the prospect, not of ruin and poverty, for reports wrong me there, but of a moderate independence; if, in one word, she love me for myself, I will shut Clara for ever from my thought. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfil its vows.

GRAVES. And if she rejects you?

EV. [*joyfully*]. If she do I am free once more! And then—then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonor, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

[*Enter Servant with a letter.*]

EV. [*after reading it*]. The die is cast—the dream is over! Generous girl. Oh, Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

GRAVES. Georgina, is it possible?

EV. And delicacy, the womanhood, the exquisite grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! How, seeing the straws on the surface, we forget that the pearls may lie hid below! I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

GRAVES. And I too!

EV. It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer: I will write at once and to undeceive that generous heart [*writing*].

GRAVES. I would have given 1000l. if that little jade Clara had been beforehand: but just like my luck! if I want a man to marry one woman, he's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me! [*EVELYN rings the bell.*]

[*Enter Servant.*]

EV. Take this instantly to Miss Vessey; say I will call in an hour. [*Exit Servant.*] And now Clara is resigned for ever! Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

GRAVES. You are re-engaged then to Georgina!

EV. Irrevocably.

SCENE IV..... Enter SERVANT, announcing KADY FRANKLIN and MISS DOUGLASS.—EVELYN, GRAVES.

LADY FRANK. My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations—it is reported you are about to leave the country—we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you?

EV. Madam—I—

LADY FRANK. Come, come—do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am: your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him.—[*Aside to GRAVES.*] Let us leave them to themselves.

GRAVES. You're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does. [*They retire into the inner room, which should be partially open.*]

EV. Miss Douglas, I may want words to thank you; this goodness—this sympathy—

\* \* \* \* \* "Errors, like straws," &c.



CLARA (*absorbing herself to her emotion*). Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus!—Goodness! sympathy!—I have learned all—*all*! It is for me to speak of gratitude! What! even when I had so wounded you—when you believed me the mercenary and cold—when you thought that I was blind and base enough not to know your what you are;—even at that time you thought but of my happiness—my fortunes—my fate!—And to you—*you*—I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh, noble Evelyn, this, then, was your revenge!

Ev. You owe me no thanks; that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted you, though you knew it not?—that in things, the pettiest as the greatest, which that gold could buy—the very jewels you wore—the very robe in which to other eyes, you might seem more fair—in all in which you took the woman's young and innocent delight—I had a part—a share? that even if separated for ever—even if another's—even in distant years—perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices, that might call you "mother!"—even then should the uses of that dress bring to your lips one smile—that smile was mine—due to me—due, as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected—to the love that you despised!

CLARA. Despised! See the proof that I despised you!—see: in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forgot the world—my pride—perhaps too much my sex: I remember but your sorrow—I am here!

Ev. (*aside*). O, Heaven! give me strength to bear it! *[Aloud]* And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet—when I asked but one day the hope to call you mine—spoke only of poverty, and answered, "Never?"

CLARA. Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had ensured your misery. Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous; gifted, like you, with genius—ambition; sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done—married one whose only dower was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself!—I saw that ambition wither to despair!—I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man's agony—the bitter life—the early death!—and heard ever his breathless cry my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly to repay you with such a doom?

Ev. Clara, we should have shared it!

CLARA. Shared? Never let the woman who really loves comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, alas, cannot share the struggle—she can but witness the despair! And, therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

Ev. Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then.

CLARA. But I am not poor; we are not so poor. Of this fortune, which is all your own—if, as I hear, one-half would free you from your debts, why, we have the other half still left, Evelyn! It is humble—but it is not penury.

Ev. Cease, cease—you know not how you torture me. Oh, that when hope was possible!—oh, that you had bid me take it to my breast and wait for a brighter day!

CLARA. And so have consumed your life of life upon a hope perhaps delayed till age—shut you from a happier choice, from fairer fortunes—shackled you with vows that, as my youth and its poor attributes decayed, would only have irritated and galled—made your whole existence one long suspense! No, Alfred, even yet you do not know me!

Ev. Know you! Fair angel, too excellent for man's harder nature to understand!—at least it is permitted me to reverse. Why were such blessed words not vouchsafed to me before?—why, why came they now—too late! Oh Heaven—too late!

CLARA. Too late! What, then, have I said?

Ev. Wealth! what is it without you? With you, I recognise its power; to forestall your every wish—to smooth your every path—to make all that life borrows from Grace and Beauty your ministrant and handmaid; and then looking to those eyes, to read there the treasures of a heart that excelled all that things could lavish; why that were to make gold indeed a god! But vain—vain—vain! Bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty and honor, to another!

CLARA. Another! Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this—indeed, I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself! O, shame! he must despise me now!

## SCENE V.

*The foregoing.—Enter SIR JOHN; at the same time GRAVES and LADY FRANKLIN advance from the inner room.*

SIR JOHN (*with dignity and frankness*). Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defence, that—*[as LADY FRANKLIN comes up to listen]* Sister, just shut the door, will you?—that I cannot resist her. What's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the 10,000.

Ev. I know; and have already received it.

SIR JOHN. Already received it! Is he joking? Faith, for the last two days I believe I have been living among the Mysteries of Udolpho! Sister, have you seen Georgina?

LADY FRANK. Not since she went out to walk in the square.

SIR JOHN. (*aside*). She's not in the square nor the house—where the deuce can the girl be?

Ev. I have written to Miss Vesey—I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

SIR JOHN (*joggingly*). Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly—she must be back by this time: take my carriage, it is but a step—you won't be two minutes gone. *[Aside.]* I'd go myself, but I'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he's in such excellent dispositions.

LADY FRANK. (*repulsing CLARA*). No no: stay till I return. *[Exit.]*

SIR JOHN. And don't be downhearted, my dear fellow: if the worst come to the worst, you will have every thing I can leave you. Meantime, if I can in any way help you—

Ev. Ha! you!—you, too? Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey? *[aside]* or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

SIR JOHN. No; on my honor. I only just called at the door on my way from Lord Spend—that is, from the City. Georgina was out;—was ever anything so unlucky?

*[Blow]* (*Hush!*—*Blow for ever!*) What's that?

Enter SHARP.

SHARP. Sir, a deputation from Grogginhole—poll closed in the first hour—you are returned! Hollow, air; hollow!

Ev. And it was to please Clara!

SIR JOHN. Mr. Sharp! Mr. Sharp! I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash and Co.

SHARP. Oh, a great deal Sir; a great deal.

SIR JOHN (*alarmed*). How! a great deal!

Ev. Speak the truth, Sharp; concealment is all over.

SHARP. £223 6s. 3d.; a great sum to throw away.

GRAVES. Ah, I comprehend now! Poor Evelyn, caught in his own trap!

SIR JOHN. Eh! what, my dear boy? what? Ha! ha! all humbug, was it? All humbug, upon my soul! So, Mr. Sharp, is n't he ruined after all? not the least, wee, rascally, little bit in the world, ruined?

SHARP. Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

SIR JOHN. Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms. And that's my sister's knock too.

CLARA. Since I was mistaken, cousin; since, now, you do not need me, forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

Ev. Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled, you would know how little, in the great calamities of life, fortune is really worth. And must we part now—now—when—when—I never wept before, since my mother died!

Enter LADY FRANKLIN and GEORGINA, followed by BLOUNT who looks shy and embarrassed.

GRAVES. Georgina herself—then there's no hope.

SIR JOHN. What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here? Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want you—

Ev. Stand back, Sir John.

SIR JOHN. But I must speak a word to her—I want to—

Ev. Stand back, I say—not a whisper—not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to her heart only will I look for a reply to mine.

LADY FRANK. (*to GEOR*). Speak the truth, niece.

Ev. Georgina, is it true, then, that you trust me with your confidence—your fortune. Is it also true that, when you did so, you believed me ruined? O, pardon the doubt! Answer as if your father stood not there—answer me from that truth the world cannot yet have plucked from your soul—answer as if the we or weal of a life trembling in the balance—answer as the woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted, should answer to one who has trusted to it his all!

GEOR. What can he mean?

SIR JOHN (*making signs*). She won't look this way, she won't!—hang her! Hem!

Ev. You falter. I implore—I adjure you—answer!

LADY FRANK. The truth!

GEOR. Mr. Evelyn; your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

SIR JOHN. Good girl: you hear her, Evelyn?

GEOR. What's money without happiness?

SIR JOHN. Clever creature!—no noble sentiment!

GEOR. And so, as our engagement is now annulled—papa told me so this very morning—I have promised my hand where I have given my heart, to Sir Frederick Blount.

SIR JOHN. I told you, I! No such thing, no such thing; you frighten her out of her wits; she don't know what she's saying.

Ev. Am I awake? But this letter—this letter, received to-day—

LADY FRANK. (*looking over the letter*). Drummond's! from a banker!

Ev. Read, read.

LADY FRANK. "Ten thousand pounds just placed to your account: from the same unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn." Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning!

Ev. Clara! What! and the former one with the same signature, on the faith of which I placed my hand and sacrificed my heart—

LADY FRANK. Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that—

Ev. Look up, look up, Clara; I am free! I am released! you forgive me? you love me? you are mine! We are rich—rich! I can give you fortune, power; I can devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul; I am all yours, Clara, my own, my wife!

SIR JOHN. A pretty mess you've made of it, to humbug your own father! And you, too, Lady Franklin—I am to thank you for this!

LADY FRANK. You've to thank me that she's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick; I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

GEOR. (*half sobbing*). And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill used, and you would settle it all at the club.

BLOUNT. Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device! After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the £10,000—

Ev. I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness?

SIR JOHN. Pahaw—nonsense—stuff! Do n't humbug me.

LADY FRANK. But if you do n't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

SIR JOHN. Hum! there's something in that. *[Aside to EVELYN]* Double it, will you? Then settle it all *tightly* on her. Well—well—my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you. *[Pinching her arm.]* Ugh, you fool!

GRAVES (*to LADY FRANKLIN*). I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we? eh? Shall we? Frankly, now, frankly—

LADY FRANK. Frankly, now, there's my hand, on one condition—that we finish our reel on the wedding-day.

GRAVES. Accepted. Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction.

Enter SMOOTH.

SMOOTH. How d'ye do, Alfred?—I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

BLOUNT. With Sir John, SMOOTH—Georgina's mine, and—

SMOOTH. And our four friends there, apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick.

SIR JOHN. Sir, you're very—Confound the fellow!—and he's a dead shot too!

Enter STOUT and GLOSSMORE *hastily, talking with each other*.

STOUT. I'm sure he's of our side; we've all the intelligence.

GLOSS. I'm sure he's of ours if his fortune is safe, for we've all the property.

STOUT. Just heard of your return, Evelyn! Congratulate you. The great motion of the season is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

GLOSS. Preserve the Constitution!

STOUT. Your money will do wonders for the party!—Advance!

GLOSS. The party respects men of your property! Stick fast!

Ev. I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides of the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys. Now all my politics as yet is to consider what's best for the Stout Gentleman!

SMOOTH. Meaning John Bull. *See dear old John!*

STOUT. I'm as wise as I was before.

GLOSS. Sir, he's a trimmer!

Ev. *[to CLARA.]* Ah, Clara, you—you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends—we must confess it—amidst the humors and the follies, the vanities, deceits, and vices that play their part in the Great Comedy of Life—it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of the *trame*, with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

GRAVES. But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without—

LADY FRANK. Good health;

GRAVES. Good spirits;

CLARA. A good heart;

SMOOTH. An innocent rubber;

BLOUNT. A proper deguee of pudence;

STOUT. Enlightened opinions;

GLOSS. Constitutional principles;

SIR JOHN. Knowledge of the world;

Ev. And—plenty of Money!

THE END.

## MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

## THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

## CHAPTER LI.

The bland and open-hearted proprietor of Bachelor's Hall, slept on amidst the congenial accompaniments of rain, mud, dirt, damp, fog, and rats, until late in the day; when, summoning his valet Tom Scott to assist him to rise, and to prepare breakfast, he quitted his couch, and made his toilet. This duty performed, and his repast ended, he again betook himself to Bevis Marks.

This visit was not intended for Mr. Swiveller, but for his friend and employer Mr. Sampson Brass. Both gentlemen however were from home, nor was the life and light of law, Miss Sally, at her post either. The fact of their joint desertion of the office was made known to all comers by a scrap of paper in the hand-writing of Mr. Swiveller, which was attached to the bell-handle, and which, giving the reader no clue to the time of the day when it was first posted, furnished him with the rather vague and unsatisfactory information that that gentleman would "return in an hour."

"There's a servant, I suppose," said the dwarf, knocking at the house-door. "She'll do."

After a sufficiently long interval, the door was opened, and a small voice immediately accosted him with, "Oh! Please will you leave a card or message?"

"Eh?" said the dwarf, looking down (it was something quite new to him) upon the small servant.

To this, the child, conducting her conversation as upon the occasion of her first interview with Mr. Swiveller, again replied, "Oh, please will you leave a card or message?"

"I'll write a note," said the dwarf, pushing past her into the office; "and mind your master has it directly he comes home." So Mr. Quilp climbed up to the top of a tall stool to write the note, and the small servant carefully tutored for such emergencies, looked on, with her eyes wide open, ready, if he so much as abstracted a wafer, to rush into the street and give the alarm to the police.

As Mr. Quilp folded his note (which was soon written: being a very short one) he encountered the gaze of the small servant. He looked at her long and earnestly.

"How are you?" said the dwarf, moistening a wafer with horrible grimaces.

The small servant, perhaps frightened by his looks, returned no audible reply; but it appeared from the motion of her lips that she was inwardly repeating the same form of expression concerning the note or message.

"Do they use you ill here? is your mistress a Tartar?" said Quilp with a chuckle.

In reply to the last interrogation, the small servant, with a look of infinite cunning, mingled with fear, screwed up her mouth very tight and round, and nodded violently.

Whether there was any thing in the peculiar slyness of her action which fascinated Mr. Quilp, or any thing in the expression of her features at the moment which attracted his attention for some other reason; or whether it merely occurred to him as a pleasant whim to stare the small servant out of countenance; certain it is, that he planted his elbows square and firmly on the desk, and squeezing up his cheeks with his hands, looked at her fixedly.

"Where do you come from?" he said, after a long pause, stroking his chin.

"I do n't know."

"What's your name?"

"Nothing."

"Nonsense!" retorted Quilp. "What does your mistress call you when she wants you?"

"A little devil," said the child.

She added in the same breath, as if fearful of any further questioning, "But please will you leave a card or message?"

These unusual answers might naturally have provoked some further inquiries. Quilp, however, without uttering another word, withdrew his eyes from the small servant, stroked his chin more thoughtfully than before, and then, bending over the note as if to direct it with scrupulous and hair-breadth nicety, looked at her, covertly but very narrowly, from under his bushy eyebrows. The result of this secret survey was, that he shaded his face with his hands, and laughed slyly and noiselessly, until every vein in it was swollen almost to bursting. Pulling his hat over his brow to conceal his mirth and its effects, he tossed the letter to the child, and hastily withdrew.

Once in the street, moved by some secret impulse, he laughed, and held his sides, and laughed again, and tried to peer through the dusty area railings as if to catch another glimpse of the child, until he was quite tired out. At last, he travelled back to the Wilderness, which was within rifle-shot of his bachelor retreat, and ordered tea in the wooden summer-house that afternoon for three persons; an invitation to Miss Sally Brass and her brother to partake of that entertainment at that place, having been the object both of his journey and his note.

It was not precisely the kind of weather in which people usually take tea in summer-houses, far less in summer-houses in an advanced state of decay, and overlooking the slimy banks of a great river at low water. Nevertheless, it was in this choice retreat that Mr. Quilp ordered a cold collation to be prepared, and it was beneath its cracked and leaky roof that he in due course of time received Mr. Sampson and his sister Sally.

"You're fond of the beauties of nature," said Quilp with a grin. "Is this charming, Brass? Is it unusual, unsophisticated, primitive?"

"It's delightful indeed, sir," replied the lawyer.

"Cool?" said Quilp.

"N-not particularly so, I think, sir," rejoined Brass, with his teeth chattering in his head.

"Perhaps a little damp and agree-ish?" said Quilp.

"Just damp enough to be cheerful, sir," rejoined Brass.

"Nothing more, sir, nothing more."

"And Sally?" said the delighted dwarf. "Does she like it?"

"She'll like it better," returned that strong-minded lady, "when she has tea; so let us have it, and do n't bother."

"Sweet Sally!" cried Quilp, extending his arms as if about to embrace her. "Gentle, charming, overwhelming Sally."

"He's a very remarkable man indeed!" soliloquised Mr. Brass. "He's quite a Troubadour, you know; quite a Troubadour!"

These complimentary expressions were uttered in a somewhat absent and distracted manner; for the unfortunate lawyer, besides having a bad cold in his head, had got wet in coming, and would have willingly borne some pecuniary sacrifice if he could have shifted his present raw quarters to a warm room, and have dried himself at a fire. Quilp, however—who, beyond the gratification of his demon whims, owed Sampson some acknowledgment of the part he had played in the morning scene of which he had been a hidden witness—marked the symptoms of uneasiness with a delight past all expression, and derived from them a secret joy which the costliest banquet could never have afforded him.

It is worthy of remark, too, as illustrating a little feature in the character of Miss Sally Brass, that, although on her own account she would have borne the discomforts of the Wilderness with a very ill grace, and would probably, indeed, have walked off before the tea appeared, she no sooner beheld the latent uneasiness and misery of her brother than she developed a grim satisfaction, and began to enjoy herself after her own manner. Though the wet came stealing through the roof and trickling down upon their heads, Miss Brass uttered no complaint, but presided over the tea equipage with imperturbable composure. While Mr. Quilp, in his uproarious hospitality, seated himself upon an empty beer barrel, vaunted the place as the most beautiful and comfortable in the three kingdoms, and elevating his glass, drank to their next merry-meeting in that jovial spot; and Mr. Brass, with the rain plashing down into his tea-cup, made a dismal attempt to pluck up his spirits and appear at his ease; and Tom Scott, who was in waiting at the door under an old umbrella, exulted in his agonies and bade fair to split his sides with laughing; while all this was passing, Miss Sally Brass, unmindful of the wet which dripped down upon her own feminine person and fair apparel, sat placidly behind the tea-board, erect and grizzled, contemplating the unhappiness of her brother with a mind at ease, and content, in her amiable disregard of self, to sit there all night, witnessing the torments which his avaricious and grovelling nature compelled him to endure and forbade him to resent. And this, it must be observed, or the illustration would be incomplete, although in a business point of view, she had the strongest sympathy with Mr. Sampson, and would have been beyond measure indignant, if he had thwarted their client in any one respect.

In the height of his boisterous merriment, Mr. Quilp having on some pretences dismissed his attendant sprite for the moment, resumed his usual manner all at once, dismounted from his cask, and laid his hand upon the lawyer's sleeve.

"A word," said the dwarf, "before we go further. Sally, hark'ee for a minute."

Miss Sally drew closer, as if accustomed to business conferences with their host which were the better for not having air.

"Business," said the dwarf, glancing from brother to sister. "Very private business. Lay your heads together when you're by yourselves."

"Certainly, sir," returned Brass, taking out his pocket-book and pencil. "I'll take down the heads, if you please, sir. Remarkable documents," added the lawyer, raising

his eyes to the ceiling, "most remarkable documents. He states his points so clearly that it's a treat to have 'em! I do n't know any act of parliament that's equal to him in clearness."

"I shall deprive you of a treat," said Quilp, dryly. "Put up your book: We do n't want any documents. So. There's a lad named Kit—"

Miss Sally nodded, implying that she knew of him.

"Kit!" said Mr. Sampson. "Kit! ha! I've heard the name before, but I do n't exactly call to mind—I do n't exactly—"

"You're as slow as a tortoise, and more thick-headed than a rhinoceros," returned his obliging client, with an impatient gesture.

"He's extremely pleasant!" cried the obsequious Sampson. "His acquaintance with Natural History, too, is surprising. Quite a Buffon, quite!"

There is doubt that Mr. Brass intended some compliment or other; and it has been argued with show of reason that he would have said Buffon, but made use of a superfluous vowel. Be this as it may, Quilp gave him no time for correction, as he performed that office himself by more than tapping him on the head with the handle of his umbrella.

"Do n't let's have any wrangling," said Miss Sally, staying his hand. "I've showed you that I know him, and that's enough."

"She's always foremost!" said the dwarf, patting her on the back and looking contemptuously at Sampson. "I do n't like Kit, Sally."

"Nor I," rejoined Miss Brass.

"Nor I," said Sampson.

"Why, that's right!" cried Quilp. "Half our work is done already. This Kit is one of your honest people, one of your fair characters; a prowling, prying hound; a hypocrite; a double-faced, white-livered, sneaking spy; a crouching cur to those that feed and coax him, and a barking, yelping dog to all besides."

"Fearfully eloquent!" said Brass, with a sneeze. "Quite appalling!"

"Come to the point," said Miss Sally, "and do n't talk so much."

"Right again!" exclaimed Quilp, with another contemptuous look at Sampson, "always foremost! I say, Sally, he is a yelping, insolent dog to all besides, and, most of all, to me. In short, I owe him a grudge."

"That's enough sir," said Sampson.

"No, it's not enough, sir," sneered Quilp; "will you hear me out? Besides that I owe him a grudge on that account, he thwarts me at this minute, and stands between me and an end which might otherwise prove a golden one to us all. Apart from that, I repeat that he crosses my humor, and I hate him. Now, you know the lad, and can guess the rest. Devise your own means of putting him out of the way, and execute them. Shall it be done?"

"It shall, sir," said Sampson.

"Then give me your hand," retorted Quilp. "Sally, girl, yours. I rely as much, or more, on you than him. Tom Scott comes back. Lantern, pipes, more grog, and a jolly night of it!"

No other word was spoken, no other look exchanged, which had the slightest reference to this, the real occasion of their meeting. The trio were well accustomed to act together, and were linked to each other by ties of mutual interest and advantage, and nothing more was needed. Resuming his boisterous manner with the same ease with which he had thrown it off, Quilp was in an instant the same uproarious, reckless little savage, he had been a few seconds before. It was ten o'clock at night before the amiable Sally supported her beloved and loving brother from the Wilderness, by which time he needed the utmost support her tender frame could render; his walk being for some unknown reason anything but steady, and his legs constantly doubling up in unexpected places.

Overpowered, notwithstanding his late prolonged stumbers, by the fatigues of the last few days, the dwarf lost no time in creeping to his dainty house, and was soon dreaming in his hammock. Leaving him to visions, in which perhaps the quiet figures we quitted in the old church porch were not without their share, be it our task to rejoin them as they sat and watched.

#### CHAPTER LII.

After a long time, the schoolmaster appeared at the wicket-gate of the churchyard, and hurried toward them; jingling in his hand, as he came along, a bunch of rusty keys. He was quite breathless with pleasure and haste when he reached the porch, and at first could only point toward the old building which the child had been contemplating so earnestly.

"You see those two old houses?" he said at last.

"Yes, surely," replied Nell. "I have been looking at them nearly all the time you have been away."

"And you would have looked at them more curiously yet if you could have guessed what I have to tell you," said her friend. "One of these houses is mine."

Without saying any more, or giving the child time to reply, the schoolmaster took her hand, and, his honest face quite radiant with exultation, led her to the place of which he spoke.

They stopped before its low arched door. After trying several of the keys in vain, the schoolmaster found one to fit the huge lock, which turned back, creaking, and admitted them into the house.

The room into which they entered was a vaulted chamber once nobly ornamented by cunning architects, and still retaining, in its beautiful groined roof and rich stone tracery, choice remnants of its ancient splendor. Foliage carved in the stone, and emulating the mystery of Nature's hand, yet remained to tell how many times the leaves outside had come and gone, while it lived on unchanged. The broken figures supporting the burden of the chimney-piece, though mutilated, were still distinguishable for what they had been—far different from the dust without—and showed sadly by the empty hearth, like creatures who had outlived their kind, and mourned their own too slow decay.

In some old time—for even change was old in that place—a wooden partition had been constructed in one part of the chamber to form a sleeping-closet, into which the light was admitted at the same period by a rude window, or rather niche, cut in the solid wall. This screen, together with two seats in the broad chimney, had at some forgotten date been part of the church or convent; for the oak,

hastily appropriated to its present purpose, had been little altered from its former shape, and presented to the eye a pile of fragments of rich carving from its old monkish stalls.

An open door leading to a small room or cell, dim with the light that came through leaves of ivy, completed the interior of this portion of the ruin. It was not quite destitute of furniture. A few strange chairs, whose arms and legs looked as though they had dwindled away with age; a table, the very spectre of its race; a great old chest that had once held records in the church, with other quaintly-fashioned domestic necessaries, and store of fire-wood for the winter, were scattered around, and gave evident tokens of its occupation as a dwelling-place at no very distant time.

The child looked around her with that solemn feeling with which we contemplate the work of ages that have become but drops of water in the great ocean of eternity. The old man had followed them, but they were all three hushed for a space, and drew their breath softly, as if they feared to break the silence even by so slight a sound.

"It is a very beautiful place!" said the child in a low voice.

"I almost feared you thought otherwise," returned the schoolmaster. "You shivered when we first came in, as if you felt it cold and gloomy."

"It was not that," said Nell, glancing round with a slight shudder. "Indeed I cannot tell you what it was, but when I saw the outside, from the church porch, the same feeling came over me. It is its being so old and gray, perhaps."

"A peaceful place to live in, do n't you think so?" said her friend.

"Oh yes," rejoined the child, clasping her hands earnestly. "A quiet, happy place—a place to live and learn to die in!" She would have said more, but that the energy of her thoughts caused her voice to falter and come in trembling whispers from her lips.

"A place to live and learn to live, and gather health of mind and body in," said the schoolmaster; "for this old house is yours."

"Ours!" cried the child.

"Ay," returned the schoolmaster, gayly, "for many a merry year to come, I hope. I shall be a close neighbor—only next door—but this house is yours."

Having now disburdened himself of his great surprise, the schoolmaster sat down, and drawing Nell to his side, told her how he had learnt that that ancient tenement had been occupied for a very long time by an old person, nearly a hundred years of age, who kept the keys of the church, opened and closed it for the services, and showed it to strangers; how she had died not many weeks ago, and nobody had yet been found to fill the office; how, learning all this in an interview with the sexton, who was confined to his bed by rheumatism, he had been bold to make mention of his fellow-traveller, which had been so favorably received by that high authority, that he had taken courage, acting on his advice, to propound the matter to the clergyman. In a word, the result of his exertions was, that Nell and her grandfather were to be carried before the last-named gentleman next day; and his approval of their conduct and appearance reserved as a matter of form, that they were already appointed to the vacant post.

"There's a small allowance of money," said the schoolmaster. "It is not much, but still enough to live upon in this retired spot. By clubbing out funds together, we shall do bravely; no fear of that."

"Heaven bless and prosper you!" sobbed the child.

"Amen, my dear," returned her friend, cheerfully; "and all of us, as it will, and has, in leading through sorrow and trouble to this tranquil life. But we must look at my house now. Come!"

They repaired to the other tenement; tried the rusty keys as before; at length found the right one; and opened the worm-eaten door. It led into a chamber, vaulted and old, like that from which they had come, but not so spacious, and having only one other little room attached. It was not difficult to divine that the other house was of right the schoolmaster's, and that he had chosen for himself the least commodious, in his care and regard for them. Like the adjoining habitation, it held such old articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, and had its stack of fire-wood.

To make these dwellings as habitable and full of comfort as they could, was now their pleasant care. In a short time, each had its cheerful fire glowing and crackling on the hearth, and reddening the pale old walls with a hale and healthy blush. Nell, busily plying her needle, repaired the tattered window-hangings, drew together the rents that time had worn in the threadbare scraps of carpet, and made them whole and decent. The schoolmaster swept and smoothed the ground before the door, trimmed the long grass, trained the ivy and creeping plants, which hung their drooping heads in melancholy neglect; and gave to the outer walls a cheery air of home. The old man, sometimes by his side and sometimes with the child, lent his aid to both, went here and there on little patient services, and was happy. Neighbors, too, as they came from work, proffered their help; or sent their children with such small presents or loans as the strangers needed most. It was a busy day; and night came on, and found them wondering that there was yet so much to do, and that it should be dark so soon.

They took their supper together in the house which may be henceforth called the child's; and when they had finished their meal drew round the fire, and almost in whispers—their hearts were too quiet and glad for loud expression—discussed their future plans. Before they separated, the schoolmaster read some prayers aloud; and then, full of gratitude and happiness, they parted for the night.

At that silent hour, when her grandfather was sleeping peacefully in his bed, and every sound was hushed, the child lingered before the dying embers, and thought of her past fortunes as if they had been a dream and she only now awake. The glare of the sinking flame, reflected in the oaken panels whose carved tops were dimly seen in the gloom of the dusky roof—the aged walls, where strange shadows came and went with every flickering of the fire—the solemn presence, within, of that decay which falls on every side, of Death—filled her with deep and thoughtful feelings, but which none of terror or alarm. A change had been gradually stealing over her, in the time of her

loneliness and sorrow. With failing strength and heightening resolution, there had sprung up a purified and altered mind; there had grown in her bosom blessed thoughts and hopes, which are the portion of few but the weak and drooping. There were none to see the frail, perishable figure, as it glided from the fire and leaned pensively at the open casement; none but the stars, to look into the upturned face and read its history. The old church bell rang out the hour with a mournful sound, as if it had grown sad from so much communing with the dead and unheeded warning to the living; the fallen leaves rustled; the grass stirred upon the graves; all else was still and sleeping.

Some of the dreamless sleepers lay close within the shadow of the church—touching the wall, as if they clung to it for comfort and protection. Others had chosen to lie beneath the changing shade of trees; others by the path, that footsteps might come near them; others among the graves of little children. Some had desired to rest beneath the very ground they had trodden in their daily walks; some where the setting sun might shine upon their beds; some where its light would fall upon them when it rose—Perhaps not one of the unprisoned souls had been able quite to separate itself in living thought from its old companion. If any had, it had still felt for it a love like that which captives have been known to bear toward the cell in which they have been long confined, and even at parting hung upon its narrow bounds affectionately.

It was long before the child closed the window and approached her bed. Again something of the same sensation as before—an involuntary chill—a momentary feeling akin to fear—but vanishing directly, and leaving no alarm behind. Again, too, dreams of the little scholar; of the roof opening, and a column of bright faces, rising far away into the sky, as she had seen in some old scriptural picture once, and looking down on her, asleep. It was a sweet and happy dream. The quiet spot, outside, seemed to remain the same, save that there was music in the air, and a sound of angel's wings. After a time the sisters came there hand in hand, and stood among the graves. And then the dream grew dim, and faded.

With the brightness and joy of morning came the renewal of yesterday's labors, the revival of its pleasant thoughts, the restoration of its energies, cheerfulness, and hope. They worked gayly in ordering and arranging their houses until noon, and then went to visit the clergyman.

He was a simple-hearted old gentleman, of a shrinking, subdued spirit, accustomed to retirement, and very little acquainted with the world, which he had left many years before to come and settle in that place. His wife had died in the house in which he still lived, and he had long since lost sight of any earthly cares or hopes beyond it.

He received them very kindly, and at once showed an interest in Nell; asking her name, and age, her birth-place, the circumstances which had led her there, and so forth. The schoolmaster had already told her story. They had no other friends or home to leave, he said, and had come to share his fortunes. He loved the child as though she were his own.

"Well, well," said the clergyman. "Let it be as you desire. She is very young."

"Old in adversity and trial, sir," replied the schoolmaster.

"God help her! Let her rest and forget them," said the old gentleman. "But an old church is a dull and gloomy place for one so young as you, my child."

"Oh no, sir," returned Nell. "I have no such thoughts, indeed."

"I would rather see her dancing on the green at night," said the old gentleman, laying his hand upon her head and smiling sadly, "than have her sitting in the shadow of our mouldering arches. You must look to this, and see that her heart does not grow heavy among these solemn ruins. Your request is granted, friend."

After more kind words, they withdrew, and repaired to the child's house, where they were yet in conversation on their happy fortune, when another friend appeared.

This was a little old gentleman, who lived in the parsonage-house, and had resided there (so they learnt soon afterward) ever since the death of the clergyman's wife, which had happened fifteen years before. He had been his college friend, and always his close companion; in the first shock of his grief had come to console and comfort him; and from that time they had never parted company. The little old gentleman was the active spirit of the place; the adjuster of all differences, the promoter of all merry-makings, the dispenser of his friend's bounty and of no small charity of his own beside; the universal mediator, comforter and friend. None of the simple villagers had cared to ask his name, or, when they knew it, to store it in their memory. Perhaps from some vague rumor of his college honors which had been whispered abroad upon his first arrival, perhaps because he was an unmarried, unincumbered gentleman, he had been called the bachelor. The name pleased him, or suited him as well as any other; and the Bachelor he had ever since remained. And the bachelor it was, it may be added, who with his own hands had laid in the stock of fuel which the wanderers had found in their new habitations.

The bachelor, then—to call him by his usual appellation—lifted the latch, showed his little round mild face for a moment at the door, and stepped into the room like one who was no stranger to it.

"You are Mr. Marton, the new schoolmaster?" he said, greeting Nell's kind friend.

"I am, sir."

"You come well recommended, and I am glad to see you. I should have been in the way yesterday, expecting you, but I rode across the country to carry a message from a sick mother to her daughter in service some miles off, and have but just now returned. This is our young church-keeper? You are not the less welcome, friend, for her sake, or for this old man's; nor the worse teacher for having learnt humanity."

"She has been ill, sir, very lately," said the schoolmaster, in answer, in answer to the look with which their visitor regarded Nell when he had kissed her cheek.

"Yes, yes. I know she has," he rejoined. "There have been suffering and heartache here."

"Indeed there have, sir."

The little old gentleman glanced at the grandfather, and back again at the child, whose hand he took tenderly in his, and held.

"You will be happier here," he said; "we will try, at least, to make you so. You have made great improvements here already. Are they the work of your hands?"

"Yes, sir."

"We may make some others—not better in themselves, but, with better means, perhaps," said the bachelor. "Let us see now, let us see."

Nell accompanied him into the other little rooms, and over both the houses, in which he found various small comforts wanting, which he engaged to supply from a certain collection of odds and ends he had at home, and which must have been a very miscellaneous and extensive one, as it comprehended the most opposite articles imaginable. They all came, however, and came without loss of time; for the little old gentleman, disappearing for some five or ten minutes, presently returned, laden with old shelves, rugs, blankets, and other household gear, and followed by a boy bearing a similar load. These being cast on the floor in a promiscuous heap, yielded a quantity of occupation in arranging, erecting, and putting away; the superintendence of which task evidently afforded the old gentleman extreme delight, and engaged him for some time with great briskness and activity. When nothing more was left to be done, he charged the boy to run off and bring his schoolmates to be marshalled before their new master, and solemnly reviewed.

"As good a set of fellows, Marton, as you'd wish to see," he said, turning to the schoolmaster when the boy was gone; "but I do n't let 'em know I think so. That would n't do, at all."

The messenger soon returned at the head of a long row of urchins, great and small, who, being confronted by the bachelor at the house door, fell into various convulsions of politeness; clutching their hats and caps, squeezing them into the smallest possible dimensions, and making all manner of bows and scrapes; which the little old gentleman contemplated with excessive satisfaction, and expressed his approval of by a great many nods and smiles. Indeed, his approbation of the boys was by no means so scrupulously disguised as he had led the schoolmaster to suppose, inasmuch as it broke out in sundry loud whispers and confidential remarks which were perfectly audible to them every one.

"This first boy, schoolmaster," said the bachelor, "is John Owen; a lad of good parts, sir, and frank, honest temper; but too thoughtless, too playful, too light-headed by far. That boy, my good sir, would break his neck with pleasure, and deprive his parents of their chief comfort—and between ourselves when you come to see him at hare and hounds, taking the fence and ditch by the finger-post, and sliding down the face of the little quarry, you'll never forget it. It's beautiful!"

John Owen having been thus rebuked, and being in perfect possession of the speech aside, the bachelor singled out another boy.

"Now, look at that lad, sir," said the bachelor. "You see that fellow? Richard Evans his name is, sir. An amazing boy to learn, blessed with a good memory, and a ready understanding, and moreover with a good voice and ear for psalm-singing, in which he is the best among us. Yet, sir, that boy will come to a bad end; he'll never die in his bed; he's always falling asleep in church in sermon-time—and to tell you the truth, Mr. Marton, I always did the same at his age, and feel quite certain that it was natural to my constitution and I could n't help it."

This hopeful pupil, edified by the above terrible reproof, the bachelor turned to another.

"But if we talk of examples to be shunned," said he, "if we come to boys that should be a warning and a beacon to all their fellows, here's the one, and I hope you won't spare him. This is the lad, sir; this one with the blue eyes and light hair. This is a swimmer, sir, this fellow—a diver, Lord save us! This is a boy, sir, who had a fancy for plunging into eighteen feet of water with his clothes on and bringing up a blind man's dog, who was being drowned by the weight of his chain and collar, while his master stood wringing his hands upon the bank, bewailing the loss of his guide and friend. I sent the boy two guineas anonymously, sir," added the bachelor, in his peculiar whisper, "directly I heard of it; but never mention it on any account, for he has n't the least idea that it came from me."

Having disposed of this culprit, the bachelor turned to another, and from him to another, and so on through the whole array, laying, for their wholesome restriction within due bounds, the same cutting emphasis on such of their propensities as were dearest to his heart and were unquestionably referable to his own precept and example. Thoroughly persuaded in the end that he had made them miserable by his severity, he dismissed them with a small present, and an admonition to walk quietly home, without any leavings, scufflings, or turnings out of the way: which injunction (he informed the schoolmaster in the same audible confidence) he did not think he could have obeyed when he was a boy, had his life depended on it.

Hailing these little tokens of the bachelor's disposition as so many assurances of his own welcome course from that time, the schoolmaster parted from him with a light heart and joyous spirits, and deemed himself one of the happiest men on earth. The windows of the two old houses were ruddy again that night with the reflection of the cheerful fires that burnt within; and the bachelor and his friend, pausing to look upon them as they returned from their evening walk, spoke softly together of the beautiful child, and looked round upon the churchyard with a sigh.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

Nell was stirring early in the morning; and having discharged her household tasks, and put every thing in order for the good schoolmaster (though sorely against his will, for he would have spared her the pains), took down, from its nail by the fireside, a little bundle of keys with which the bachelor had formally invested her on the previous day, and went out alone to visit the old church.

The sky was serene and bright, the air clear, perfumed with the fresh scent of newly-fallen leaves, and grateful to every sense. The neighboring stream sparkled, and rolled onward with a tuneful sound; the dew glistened on the green mounds, like tears shed by Good Spirits over the dead.

Some young children sported among the tombs, and hid from each other, with laughing faces. They had an infant

with them, and had laid it down asleep upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. It was a new grave—the resting-place, perhaps, of some little creature, who, meek and patient in its illness, had often sat and watched them, and now seemed to their minds scarcely changed.

She drew near and asked one of them whose grave it was. The child answered that that was not its name; it was a garden—his brother's. It was greener, he said, than all the other gardens, and the birds loved it better because he had been used to feed them. When he had done speaking, he looked at her with a smile, and kneeling down and nestling for a moment with his cheek against the turf, bounded merrily away.

She passed the church, gazing upward at its old tower, went through the wicket gate, and so into the village. The old sexton, leaning on a crutch, was taking the air at his cottage door, and gave her good morrow.

"You are better?" said the child, stopping to speak with him.

"Ay, surely," returned the old man. "I'm thankful to say, much better."

"You will be quite well soon."

"With Heaven's leave, and a little patience. But come in, come in."

The old man leaped on before, and warning her of the downward step, which he achieved himself with no small difficulty, led the way into his little cottage.

"It is but one room, you see. There is another up above, but the stair has got harder to climb o' late years, and I never use it. I'm thinking of taking to it again next summer, though."

The child wondered how a grey-headed man like him—one of his trade too—could talk of time so easily. He saw her eyes wandering to the tools that hung upon the wall, and smiled.

"I warrant now," he said, "that you think all those are used in making graves."

"Indeed, I wondered that you wanted so many."

"And well you might. I am a gardener. I dig the ground, and plant things that are to live and grow. My works do n't all moulder away and rot in the earth. You see that spade in the centre?"

"The very old one—so notched and worn? Yes."

"That's the sexton's spade, and it's a well-used one, as you see. We're healthy people here, but it has done a power of work. If it could speak now, that spade, it would tell you of many an unexpected job that it and I have done together; but I forget 'em, for my memory's a poor one. That's nothing new," he added hastily. "It always was."

"There are flowers and shrubs to speak to your other work," said the child.

"Oh yes. And tall trees. But they are not so separated from the sexton's labors as you think."

"No!"

"Not in my mind, and recollection—such as it is," said the old man. "Indeed they often help it. For say that I planted such a tree for such a man. There it stands to remind me that he died. When I look at its broad shadow, and remember what it was in his time, it helps me to the age of my other work, and I can tell you pretty nearly when I made his grave."

"But it may remind you of one who is still alive," said the child.

"Of twenty that are dead, in connection with that one who lives, then," rejoined the old man; "wife, husband, parents, brothers, sisters, children, friends—a score at least. So it happens that the sexton's spade gets worn and battered. I shall need a new one—next summer."

The child looked quickly towards him, thinking that he jested with his age and infirmity: but the unconscious sexton was quite in earnest.

"Ah!" he said, after a brief silence. "People never learn. They never learn. It's only we who turn up the ground, where nothing grows and every thing decays, who think of such things as these—who think of them properly, I mean. You have been into the church?"

"I am going there now," the child replied.

"There's an old well there," said the sexton, "right underneath the belfry; a deep, dark, echoing well. Forty years ago, you had only to let down the bucket till the first knot in the rope was free of the windlass, and you heard it splashing in the cold dull water. By little and little the water fell away, so that in ten years after that, a second knot was made, and you must unwind so much rope, or the bucket swung tight and empty at the end. In ten years' time, the water fell again, and a third knot was made. In ten years more the well dried up; and now, if you lower the bucket till your arms are tired and let out nearly all the cord, you'll hear it of a sudden clanking and rattling on the ground below, with a sound of being so deep and so far down, that your heart leaps into your mouth, and you start away as if you were falling in."

"A dreadful place to come on in the dark!" exclaimed the child, who had followed the old man's looks and words until she seemed to stand upon its brink.

"What is it but a grave!" said the sexton. "What else! And which of our old folks, knowing all this, thought, as the spring subside, of their own failing strength, and lessening life? Not one!"

"Are you very old yourself?" asked the child, involuntarily.

"I shall be seventy-nine—next summer."

"You still work when you are well?"

"Work! To be sure. You shall see my gardens hereabout. Look at the window there. I made, and have kept, that plot of ground entirely with my own hands. By this time next year I shall hardly see the sky; the boughs will have grown so thick. I have my winter at night besides."

He opened, as he spoke, a cupboard close to where he sat, and produced some miniature boxes, carved in a homely manner and made of old wood.

"Some gentlefolks who are fond of ancient days, and what belongs to them," he said, "like to buy these keepsakes from our church and ruins. Sometimes I make them of scraps of oak, that turn up here and there; sometimes of bits of coffins which the vaults have long preserved. See here—this is a little chest of the last kind, clasped at the edges with fragments of brass plates that had writings on 'em once, though it would be hard to read it now. I have n't many by me at this time of year, but these shelves will be full—next summer."

The child admired and praised his work, and shortly af-



terwards departed; thinking as she went how strange it was, that this old man, drawing from his pursuits, and every thing around him, one stern moral, never contemplated its application to himself; and, while he dwelt upon the uncertainty of human life, seemed both in word and deed to deem himself immortal. But her musings did not stop here, for she was wise enough to think that by a good and merciful adjustment this must be human nature, and that the old sexton, with his plans for next summer, was but a type of all mankind.

Full of these meditations she reached the church. It was easy to find the key belonging to the outer door, for each was labelled on a scrap of yellow parchment. Its very turning in the lock awoke a hollow sound, and when she entered with a faltering step, the echoes that it raised in closing, made her start.

Every thing in our lives, whether of good or evil, affects us most by contrast. If the peace of the simple village had moved the child more strongly, because of the dark and troubled ways that lay beyond and through which she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building; where the very light, coming through sunken windows, seemed old and grey; and the air, redolent of earth and mould, seemed laden with decay purified by time of all its grosser particles, and sighed through arch and aisle, and clustered pillars, like the breath of ages gone! Here was the broken pavement, worn so long ago by pious feet, that Time, stealing on the pilgrims' steps, had trodden out their track, and left but crumbling stones. Here were the rotten beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb on which no epitaph remained—all—marble, stone, iron, wood, and dust, one common monument of ruin. The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the stateliest and the least imposing—both of Heaven's work and man's—all found one common level here, and told one common tale.

Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with folded hands, cross-legged—those who had fought in the Holy Wars—girded with their swords, and cased in armor as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. Thus violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes, long after those whose worked the desolation are but atoms of earth themselves.

The child sat down in this old, silent place, among the stark figures on the tombs—they made it more quiet there, than elsewhere, to her fancy—and gazing round with a feeling of awe, tempered with a calm delight, felt that now she was happy, and at rest. She took a Bible from the shelf, and read; then laying it down, though of the summer days and the bright spring-time that would come—of the rays of sun that would fall in slant upon the sleeping forms—of the leaves that would flutter at the window, and play in glistening shadows on the pavement—of the songs of birds, and growth of buds and blossoms out of doors—of the sweet air, that would steal in and gently wave the tattered banners overhead. What if the spot awakened thoughts of death! Die who would, it would still remain the same; these sights and sounds would still go on as happily as ever. It would be no pain to sleep amidst them.

She left the chapel—very slowly and often turning back to gaze again—and coming to a low door, which plainly led into the tower, opened it, and climbed the winding stair in darkness; save where she looked down through narrow loopholes on the place she had left, or caught a glimmering vision of the dusty bells. At length she gained the end of the ascent and stood upon the turret top.

Oh! the glory of the sudden burst of light; the freshness of the fields and woods, stretching away on every side and meeting the bright blue sky; the cattle grazing in the pastures; the smoke, that, coming from among the trees, seemed to rise upward from the green earth: the children yet at their gambols down below—all, every thing, so beautiful and happy. It was like passing from death to life; it was drawing nearer Heaven.

The children were gone by the time she emerged into the porch, and locked the door. As she passed the school-house she could hear the busy hum of voices. Her friend had begun his labors only that day. The noise grew louder, and looking back, she saw the boys come trooping out, and disperse themselves with merry shouts and play. "It's a good thing," thought the child. "I am very glad they pass the church." And then she stopped, to fancy how the noise would sound inside, and how gently it would seem to die away upon the ear.

Again that day, yes, twice again, she stole back to the old chapel, and in her former seat read from the same book, or indulged the same quiet train of thought. Even when it had grown dusk, and the shadows of coming night made it more solemn still, the child remained like one rooted to the spot, and had no fear, or thought of stirring.

They found her there at last, and took her home. She looked pale but very happy, until they separated for the night; and then, as the poor schoolmaster stooped down to kiss her cheek, he thought he felt a tear upon his face.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

The bachelor, in his various occupations, found in the old church a constant source of interest and amusement. Taking that pride in it which men conceive for the wonders of their own little world, he had made its history his study; and many a summer day within its walls, and many a winter's night beside the parsonage fire, had found the bachelor still poring over and adding to his goodly store of tale and legend.

As he was not one of those rough spirits who would strip fair Truth of every little shadowy vestment in which time and teeming fancies love to array her—and some of which become her pleasantly enough, serving, like the waters of her well, to add new graces to the charms they half suggest, and to awaken interest and pursuit rather than languor and indifference—as, unlike this stern and obdurate class, he loved to see the goddess crowned with those garlands of wild flowers which tradition wreathes for her gentle wearing, and which are often freshest in their homeliest

shapes,—he trod with a light step and bore with a light hand upon the dust of centuries, unwilling to demolish any of the airy shrines that had been raised above it, if one good feeling or affection of the human heart were hiding thereabouts. Thus, in the case of an ancient coffin of rough stone, supposed for many generations to contain the bones of a certain baron, who, after ravaging, with cut and thrust, and plunder, in foreign lands, came back with a penitent and sorrowing heart to die at home, but which had been lately shown by learned antiquaries to be no such thing, as the baron in question (so they contended) had died hard in battle, gnashing his teeth and cursing with his latest breath,—the bachelor stoutly maintained that the old tale was the true one; that the baron, repenting him of the evil, had done great charities and meekly given up the ghost; and that if ever baron went to heaven, that baron was then at peace. In like manner, when the aforesaid antiquaries did argue and contend that a certain secret vault was not the tomb of a certain grey-haired lady who had been hanged and drawn and quartered by glorious Queen Bess for succouring a wretched priest who fainted of thirst and hunger at her door, the bachelor did solemnly maintain against all comers that the church was hallowed by the said poor lady's ashes; that her remains had been collected in the night from four of the city's gates, and thither in secret brought, and there deposited: and the bachelor did further (being highly excited at such times) deny the glory of Queen Bess, and assert the immeasurably greater glory of the meanest woman in the realm who had a merciful and tender heart. As to the assertion that the flat stone near the door was not the grave of the miser who had disowned his only child and left a sum of money to the church to buy a peal of bells, the bachelor did readily admit the same, and that the place had given birth to no such man. In a word, he would have had every stone and plate of brass, the monument only of deeds whose memory should survive. All others he was willing to forget. They might be buried in consecrated ground, but he would have had them buried deep and never brought to light again.

It was from the lips of such a tutor, that the child learnt her easy task. Already impressed, beyond all telling, by the silent building and the peaceful beauty of the spot in which it stood—majestic age surrounded by perpetual youth—it seemed to her, when she heard these things, sacred to all goodness and virtue. It was another world, where sin and sorrow never came; a tranquil place of rest, where nothing evil entered.

When the bachelor had given her in connection with almost every tomb and flat grave-stone some history of its own, he took her down into the old crypt, now a mere dull vault, and showed her how it had been lighted up in the time of the monks, and how, amid lamps depending from the roof, and swinging censers exhaling scented odors, and habits glittering with gold and silver, and pictures, and precious stuffs, and jewels, all flashing and glistening through the low arches, the chaunt of aged voices had been many a time heard there at midnight in old days, while hooded figures knelt and prayed around, and told their rosaries of beads. Thence, he took her above ground again, and showed her, high up in the old walls, small galleries; where the nuns had been wont to glide along—dimly seen in their dark dresses so far off—or to pause like gloomy shadows, listening to the prayers. He showed her, too, how the warriors, whose figures rested on the tombs, had worn those rotting scraps of armor up above—how this had been a helmet, and that a shield, and that a gauntlet—and how they had wielded the great two-handed swords, and beaten men down with yonder iron mace. All that he told the child she treasured in her mind; and sometimes, when she woke at nights from dreams of those old times, and rising from her bed looked out at the dark church, she almost hoped to see the windows lighted up, and hear the organ's swell, and sound of voices, on the rushing wind.

The old sexton soon got better, and was about again. From him the child learnt many other things, though of a different kind. He was not able to work, but one day there was a grave to be made, and he came to overlook the man who dug it. He was in a talkative mood; and the child, at first standing by his side, and afterwards sitting on the grass at his feet, with her thoughtful face raised toward his, began to converse with him.

Now the man who did the sexton's duty was a little older than he, thought much more active. But he was deaf; and when the sexton (who peradventure, on a pinch, might have walked a mile with great difficulty in half-a-dozen hours) exchanged a remark with him about his work, the child could not help noticing that he did so with an impatient kind of pity for his infirmity, as if he were himself the strongest and heartiest man alive.

"I'm sorry to see there is this to do," said the child, when she approached. "I heard of no one having died."

"She lived in another hamlet, my dear," returned the sexton. "Three mile away."

"Was she young?"

"Ye—yes," said the sexton; "not more than sixty-four, I think. David, was she more than sixty-four?"

David, who was digging hard, heard nothing of the question. The sexton, as he could not reach to touch him with his crutch, and was too infirm to rise without assistance, called his attention by throwing a little mould upon his red nightcap.

"What's the matter now?" said David, looking up.

"How old was Becky Morgan?" asked the sexton.

"Becky Morgan?" repeated David.

"Yes," replied the sexton; adding in a half compassionate, half irritable tone, which the old man could not hear, "you're getting very deaf, Davy, very deaf, to be sure."

The old man stopped in his work, and cleansing his spade with a piece of slate he had by him for the purpose—and scraping off, in the process, the essence of Heaven knows how many Becky Morgans—set himself to consider the subject.

"Let me think," quoth he. "I saw last night what they had put upon the coffin—was it seventy-nine?"

"No, no," said the sexton.

"Ah, yes, it was though," returned the old man with a sigh. "For I remember thinking she was very near our age. Yes, it was seventy-nine."

"Are you sure you didn't mistake a figure, Davy?" asked the sexton, with signs of some emotion.

"What?" said the old man. "Say that again."

"He's very deaf. He's very deaf indeed," cried the sexton, petulantly; "are you sure you're right about the figures?"

"Oh, quite," replied the old man. "Why not?"

"He's exceedingly deaf," muttered the sexton to himself. "I think he's getting foolish."

The child rather wondered what had led him to this belief, as to say the truth the old man seemed quite as sharp as he, and was infinitely more robust. As the sexton said nothing more just then, however, she forgot it for the time, and spoke again.

"You were telling me," she said, "about your garden. Do you ever plant things here?"

"In the churchyard?" returned the sexton. "Not I."

"I have seen some flowers and little shrubs about," the child rejoined; "there are some over there, you see. I thought they were of your rearing, though indeed they grow but poorly."

"They grow as Heaven wills," said the old man; "and it kindly ordains that they shall never flourish here."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, this it is," said the sexton. "They mark the graves of those who had very tender, loving friends."

"I was sure they did!" the child exclaimed. "I am very glad to know they do!"

"Ay," returned the old man, "but stay. Look at them. See how they hang their heads, and droop, and wither. Do you guess the reason?"

"No," the child replied.

"Because the memory of those who lie below, passes away so soon. At first they tend them, morning, noon, and night; they soon begin to come less frequently; from once a day, to once a week; from once a week to once a month; then at long and uncertain intervals; then, not at all. Such tokens seldom flourish long. I have known the briefest summer flowers outlive them."

"I grieve to hear it," said the child.

"Ah! so say the gentlefolks who come down here to look about them," returned the old man, shaking his head, "but I say otherwise. 'Tis a pretty custom you have in this part of the country, they say to me sometimes, 'to plant the graves, but it's melancholy to see these things all withering or dead.' I crave their pardon and tell them that, as I take it, 'tis a good sign for the happiness of the living. And so it is. It's nature."

"Perhaps the mourners learn to look to the blue sky by day, and to the stars by night; and to think that the dead are there, and not in graves," said the child in an earnest voice.

"Perhaps so," replied the old man, doubtfully. "It may be."

"Whether it be as I believe it is, or no," thought the child to herself, "I'll make this place my garden. It will be no harm at least to work here day by day; and pleasant thoughts will come of it, I am sure."

Her glowing cheek and moistened eye passed unnoticed by the sexton, who turned toward old David, and called him by his name. It was plain that Becky Morgan's age still troubled him, though why, the child could scarcely understand.

The second or third repetition of his name attracted the old man's attention. Pausing from his work, he leant upon his spade, and put his hand to his dull ear.

"Did you call?" he said.

"I have been thinking, Davy," replied the sexton, "that she," he pointed to the grave, "must have been a deal older than you or me."

"Seventy-nine," answered the old man with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I tell you that I saw it."

"Saw it?" replied the sexton; "ay, but, Davy, women don't always tell the truth about their age."

"That's true, indeed," said the other old man, with a sudden sparkle in his eye. "She might have been older."

"I'm sure she must have been. Why, only think how old she looked. You and I seemed but boys to her."

"She did look old," rejoined David. "You're right. She did look old."

"Call to mind how old she looked for many a long, long year, and say if she could be but seventy nine at last—only our age," said the sexton.

"Five year older at the very least!" cried the other.

"Five!" retorted the sexton. "Ten. Good eighty-nine. I call to mind the time her daughter died. She was eighty-nine if she was a day, and tries to pass upon us now, for ten year younger. Oh! human vanity!"

The other old man was not behind-hand with some moral reflections on this fruitful theme, and both adduced a mass of evidence; of such weight as to render it doubtful—not whether the deceased was of the age suggested, but whether she had not almost reached the patriarchal term of a hundred. When they had settled this question to their mutual satisfaction, the sexton, with his friend's assistance, rose to go.

"It's chilly, sitting here, and I must be careful—till the summer," he said, as he prepared to limp away.

"What?" asked old David.

"He's very deaf, poor fellow!" cried the sexton. "Good bye."

"Ah!" said old David, looking after him. "He's failing very fast. He ages every day."

And so they parted: each persuaded that the other had less life in him than himself; and both greatly consoled and comforted by the little fiction they had agreed upon, respecting Becky Morgan; whose decease was no longer a precedent of uncomfortable application, and would be no business of theirs for half-a-score of years to come.

The child remained for some minutes, watching the deaf old man as he threw out the earth with his shovel, and, often stopping to cough and fetch his breath, still muttered to himself, with a kind of sober chuckle, that the sexton was wearing fast. At length she turned away, and walking thoughtfully through the churchyard, came unexpectedly upon the schoolmaster, who was sitting on a green grave in the sun, reading.

"Nell here?" he said cheerfully, as he closed his book. "It does me good to see you in the air and light. I feared you were again in the church, where you so often are."

"Feared?" replied the child, sitting down beside him. "Is it not a good place?"

"Yes, yes," said the schoolmaster. "But you must be

gay sometimes—nay, don't shake your head and smile so very sadly."

"Not sadly, if you knew my heart. Do not look at me as if you thought me sorrowful. There is not a happier creature on earth than I am now."

Full of grateful tenderness, the child took his hand, and folded it between her own. "It's God's will!" she said, when they had been silent for some time.

"What?"

"All this," she rejoined; all this about us. But which of us is sad now? You see that I am smiling."

"And so am I," said the schoolmaster; "smiling to think how often we shall laugh in this same place. Were you not talking yonder?"

"Yes," the child rejoined.

"Of something that has made you sorrowful?"

There was a long pause. "What was it," said the schoolmaster, tenderly. "Come. Tell me what it was."

"I rather grieve—I do rather grieve to think," said the child, bursting into tears, "that those who die about us, are so soon forgotten."

"And do you think," said the schoolmaster, marking the glance she had thrown around, "that an unvisited grave, a withered tree, a faded flower or two, are tokens of forgetfulness or cold neglect? Do you think there are no deeds far away from here, in which these dead may be best remembered? Nell, Nell, there may be people busy in the world at this instant, in whose good actions and good thoughts these very graves—neglected as they look to us—are the chief instruments."

"Tell me no more," said the child, quickly. "Tell me no more. I feel, I know it. How could I be unkindful of it, when I thought of you?"

"There is nothing," cried her friend, "no, nothing innocent or good, that dies, and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the Host of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautifully would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

"Yes," said the child, "it is the truth; I know it is. Who should feel its force so much as I, in whom your little scholar lives again! Dear, dear, good friend, if you knew the comfort you have given me."

The poor schoolmaster made her no answer, but bent over her in silence; for his heart was full.

They were yet seated in the same place, when the grandfather approached. Before they had spoken many words together, the church clock struck the hour of school, and their friend withdrew.

"A good man," said the grandfather, looking after him; "a kind man. Surely he will never harm us, Nell. We are safe here, at last—oh! We will never go away from here!"

The child shook her head, and smiled.

"She needs rest," said the old man, patting her cheek; "too pale—too pale. She is not like what she was!"

"When?" asked the child.

"Ha!" said the old man, "to be sure—when? How many weeks ago? Could I count them on my fingers? Let them rest though; they're better gone."

"Much better, dear," replied the child. "We will forget them; or, if we ever call them to mind, it shall be only as some uneasy dream that has passed away."

"Hush!" said the old man, motioning hastily to her with his hand and looking over his shoulder; "no more talk of the dream, and all the miseries it brought. There are no dreams here. 'Tis a quiet place, and they keep away. Let us never think about them, lest they should pursue us again. Sunken eyes and hollow cheeks—wet, cold, and famine—and horrors before them all, that were even worse—we must forget such things if we would be tranquil here."

"Thank Heaven!" inwardly exclaimed the child, "for this most happy change!"

"I will be patient," said the old man, "humble, very thankful and obedient, if you will let me stay. But do not hide from me; do not steal away alone; let me keep beside you. Indeed, I will be very true, and faithful, Nell."

"I steal away alone! why that," replied the child, with assumed gayety, "would be a pleasant jest indeed. See here, dear grandfather, we'll make this place our garden—why not? It is a very good one—and to-morrow we'll begin, and work together, side by side."

"It is a brave thought!" cried her grandfather. "Mind, darling—we begin to-morrow!"

Who so delighted as the old man, when they next day began their labor? [Who so unconscious of all associations connected with the spot, as he? They plucked the long grass and nettles from the tombs, thinned the poor shrubs and roots, made the turf smooth, and cleared it of the leaves and weeds. They were yet in the ardor of their work, when the child, raising her head from the ground over which she bent, observed that the bachelor was sitting on the stile close by, watching them in silence.

"A kind office," said the little gentleman, nodding to Nell as she courtesied to him. "Have you done all that this morning?"

"It is very little, sir," returned the child, with downcast eyes, "to what we mean to do."

"Good work, good work," said the bachelor. "But do you only labor at the graves of children and young people?"

"We shall come to the others in good time, sir," replied Nell, turning her head aside, and speaking softly.

It was a slight incident, and might have been design, or accident, or the child's unconscious sympathy with youth. But it seemed to strike upon her grandfather, though he had not noticed it before. He looked in a hurried manner at the graves, then anxiously at the child, then pressed her to his side, and bade her stop to rest. Something he had long forgotten appeared to struggle faintly in his mind. It did not pass away as weightier things had done; but came upmost again, and yet again, and many times that day, and often afterward. Once, while they were yet at work,

the child, seeing that he often turned and looked uneasily at her, as though he were trying to resolve some painful doubts or collect some scattered thoughts, urged him to tell the reason. But he said it was nothing—nothing—and, laying her head upon his arm, patted her fair cheek with his hand, and muttered that she grew stronger every day, and would be a woman soon.

#### CHAPTER LV.

From that time there sprung up in the old man's mind, a solicitude about the child which never slept or left him. There are chords in the human heart—strange, varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds, there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead, or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view. From that time, the old man never for a moment forgot the weakness and devotion of the child: from the time of that slight incident, he, who had seen her toiling by his side through so much difficulty and suffering, and had scarcely thought of her otherwise than as the partner of miseries which he felt severely in his own person, and deplored for his own sake at least as much as hers, awoke to a sense of what he owed her, and what those miseries had made her. Never, no, never once, in one unguarded moment from that time to the end, did any care for himself, any thought of his own comfort, any selfish consideration or regard, distract his thoughts from the gentle object of his love.

He would follow her up and down, waiting till she should tire and lean upon his arm—he would sit opposite to her in the chimney-corner, content to watch, and look, until she raised her head and smiled upon him as of old—he would discharge, by stealth, those household duties which tasked her powers too heavily—he would rise, in the cold dark nights, to listen to her breathing in her sleep, and sometimes crouch for hours by her bedside only to touch her hand. He who knows all, can only know what hopes, and fears, and thoughts of deep affection, were in that one disordered brain, and what a change had fallen on the poor old man.

Sometimes—weeks had crept on, then—the child, exhausted, though with little fatigue, would pass whole evenings on a couch beside the fire. At such times, the schoolmaster would bring in books, and read to her aloud; and seldom an evening passed, but the bachelor came in, and took his turn of reading. The old man sat and listened—with little understanding for the words, but with his eyes fixed upon the child—and if she smiled or brightened with the story, he would say it was a good one, and conceive a fondness for the very book. When in their evening talk, the bachelor told some tale that pleased her (as his tales were sure to do,) the old man would painfully try to store it in his mind; nay, when the bachelor left them, he would sometimes slip out after him, and humbly beg that he would tell him such a part again, that he might learn to win a smile from Nell.

But these were rare occasions, happily; for the child yearned to be out of doors, and walking in her solemn garden. Parties, too, would come to see the church; and those who came, speaking to others of the child, sent more; so that even at that season of the year they had visitors almost daily. The old man would follow them at a little distance through the building, listening to the voice he loved so well; and when the strangers left, and parted from Nell, he would mingle with them to catch up fragments of their conversation; or he would stand for the same purpose, with his grey head uncovered, at the gate, as they passed through. They always praised the child, her sense and beauty, and he was proud to hear them! But what was that, so often added, which wrung his heart, and made him sob and weep alone, in some dull corner! Alas! even careless strangers—they who had no feeling for her, but the interest of the moment—they who would go away and forget next week that such a being lived—even they saw it—even they pitied her—even they bade him good day compassionately, and whispered as they passed.

The people of the village, too, of whom there was not one but grew to have a fondness for poor Nell; even among them, there was the same feeling; a tenderness toward her—a compassionate regard for her, increasing every day. The very schoolboys, light-hearted and thoughtless as they were, even they cared for her. The roughest among them was sorry if he missed her in the usual place upon his way to school, and would turn out of the path to ask for her at the latticed window. If she were sitting in the church, they perhaps might peep in softly at the open door; but they never spoke to her, unless she rose and went to speak to them. Some feeling was abroad which raised the child above them all.

So, when Sunday came. They were all poor country people in the church, for the castle in which the old family had lived, was an empty ruin, and there were none but humble folks for seven miles around. There, as elsewhere, they had an interest in Nell. They would gather round her in the porch, before and after service; young children would cluster at her skirts; and aged men and women forsake their gossips, to give her kindly greeting. None of them, young or old, thought of passing the child without a friendly word. Many who came from three or four miles distant, brought her little presents; the humblest and rudest had good wishes to bestow.

She had sought out the young children whom she first saw playing in the churchyard. One of these—he who had spoken of his brother—was her little favorite and friend, and often sat by her side in the church, or climbed with her to the tower-top. It was his delight to help her, or to fancy that he did so, and they soon became close companions.

It happened, that, as she was reading in the old spot by herself one day, this child came running in with his eyes full of tears, and after holding her from him and looking at her eagerly for a moment, clasped his little arms passionately around her neck.

"What now?" said Nell, soothing him. "What is the matter?"

"She is not one yet!" cried the boy, embracing her still more closely. "No, no. Not yet."

She looked at him wonderingly, and putting his hair back from his face, and kissing him, asked what he meant.

"You must not be one, dear Nell," cried the boy. "We can't see them. They never come to play with us, or talk to us. Be what you are. You are better so."

"I do not understand you," said the child. "Tell me what you mean."

"Why, they say," replied the boy, looking up into her face, "that you will be an angel, before the birds sing again. But you won't be, will you? Don't leave us Nell, though the sky is bright. Do not leave us!"

The child drooped her head, and put her hands before her face.

"She cannot bear the thought!" cried the boy, exulting through his tears. "You will not go. You know how sorry we should be. Dear Nell, tell me that you'll stay among us. Oh! pray, pray, tell me that you will."

The little creature folded his hands, and knelt down at her feet.

"Only look at me, Nell," said the boy, "and tell me that you'll stop, and then I shall know that they are wrong, and will cry no more. Won't you say yes, Nell?"

Still the drooping head and hidden face, and the child quite silent—save for her sobs.

"After a time," pursued the boy, trying to draw away her hand, "the kind angels will be glad to think that you are not among them, and that you stayed here to be with us. Willy went away, to join them; but if he had known how I should miss him in our little bed at night, he never would have left me, I am sure."

Yet the child could make him no answer, and sobbed as though her heart were bursting.

"Why would you go, dear Nell? I know you would not be happy when you heard that we were crying for your loss. They say that Willy is in Heaven now, and that it's always summer there, and yet I'm sure he grieves when I lie down upon his garden bed, and he cannot turn to kiss me. But if you do go, Nell," said the boy, caressing her, and pressing his face to hers, "be fond of him, for my sake. Tell him how I love him still, and how much I loved you; and when I think that you two are together, and are happy, I'll try to bear it, and never give you a pain by doing wrong—indeed I never will!"

The child suffered him to move her hands, and put them round his neck. There was a tearful silence, but it was not long before she looked upon him with a smile, and promised him, in a very gentle quiet voice, that she would stay, and be his friend, as long as Heaven would let her. He clasped his hands for joy, and thanked her many times; and being charged to tell no person what had passed between them, gave her an earnest promise that he never would.

Nor did he, so far as the child could learn; but was her quiet companion in all her walks and mummings, and never again adverted to the theme, which he felt had given her pain, although he was unconscious of its cause. Something of distrust lingered about him still; for he would often come, even in the dark evenings, and call in a timid voice outside the door to know if she were safe within; and being answered yes, and bade to enter, would take his station on a low stool at her feet, and sit there patiently until they came to seek, and take him home. Sure as the morning came, it found him lingering near the house to ask if she were well; and, morning, noon, or night, go where she would, he would forsake his playmates and his sports to bear her company.

"And a good little friend he is, too," said the old sexton to her once. "When his elder brother died—elder seems a strange word, for he was only seven years old—I remember this one took it sorely to heart."

The child thought of what the schoolmaster had told her, and felt how its truth was shadowed out even in this infant.

"It has given him something of a quiet way, I think," said the old man, "though for that he is merry enough at times. I'd wager now, that you and he have been listening by the old well."

"Indeed we have not," the child replied. "I have been afraid to go near it; for I am not often down in that part of the church, and do not know the ground."

"Come down with me," said the old man. "I have known it from a boy. Come!"

They descended the narrow steps which led into the crypt, and paused among the gloomy arches, in a dim and murky spot.

"This is the place," said the old man. "Give me your hand while you throw back the cover, lest you should stumble and fall in. I am too old—I mean rheumatic—to stoop, myself."

"A black and dreadful place!" exclaimed the child.

"Look in," said the old man, pointing downward with his finger. The child complied, and gazed down into the pit.

"It looks like a grave, itself," said the old man.

"It does," replied the child.

"I have often had the fancy," said the sexton, "that it might have been dug at first to make the old place look more gloomy, and the old monks more religious. It's to be closed up, and built over."

The child still stood, looking thoughtfully into the vault.

"We shall see," said the sexton, "on what gay heads other earth will have closed, when the light is shut out from here. God knows! They'll close it up, next spring."

"The birds sing again in spring," thought the child, as she leant at her casement window, and gazed at the declining sun. "Spring! a beautiful and happy time!"

RATHER PREMATURE.—On Monday morning, at an early hour, the bells at Hackney set up a loud and joyful peal in honor of the birth of a young Prince of Wales. Every body was delighted at the happy news, more especially the school children, who readily obtained the privilege of a holiday. The same bells commenced tolling for the late King two or three days before his Majesty died. It is to be hoped, the church at Hackney is under more discreet management than the steeple.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

Miss Quirk turned pale with astonishment and vexation on seeing this elegant and interesting addition to her album. Titmouse, on the contrary, looked at it with no little pride; for having had a capital pen, and his heart being in his task, he had produced what he conceived to be a very superior specimen of penmanship: in fact, the signature was by far the best he had ever written. When he had gone, Miss Quirk was twenty times on the point of tearing out the leaf which had been so dimly disfigured; but on her father coming home in the evening, he laughed heartily—"and as to tearing it out," said he, "let us first see which way the verdict is."

Titmouse became, after this, a pretty frequent visitor at Alibi House, growing more and more attached to Miss Quirk, who, however, conducted herself toward him with much judgement. His inscription in her album had done a vast deal toward cooling down the ardor with which she had been disposed to regard even the future owner of ten thousand a-year. Poor Snap seemed to have lost all chance, being treated with greater coldness by Miss Quirk on every succeeding visit to Alibi House. At this he was sorely discomfited; for she would have whatever money her father might die possessed of, besides a commanding interest in the partnership business. "T was a difficult thing for him to preserve his temper in his close intimacy with Titmouse, who had so grievously interfered with his prospects.

The indisposition I have been mentioning prevented Titmouse from paying his promised visit to Satin Lodge. On returning to his lodgings, from Alibi House, he found that Tag-rag had either called or sent every day to inquire after him with the most affectionate anxiety; and one or two notes lying on his table apprised him of the lively distress which the ladies of Satin Lodge were enduring on his account, and implored him to lose not a moment in communicating the state of his health and personally assuring them of his safety. Though the image of Miss Quirk was continually before his eyes, Titmouse, nevertheless, had cunning enough not to drop the slightest hint to the Tag-rags of the true state of his feeling. Whenever any inquiry, with ill-disguised anxiety, was made by Mrs. Tag-rag concerning Alibi House and its inmates, Titmouse would, to be sure, mention Miss Quirk, but in such a careless and slighting way as gave great consolation and encouragement to Tag-rag, his wife and daughter. When at Mr. Quirk's, he spoke somewhat unreservedly of the amiable inmates of Satin Lodge. These two mansions were almost the only private residences visited by Titmouse, who spent his time much in the way which I have already described. How he got through his days I can hardly tell. At his lodgings he got up very late and went to bed very late. He never read any thing excepting occasionally a song book lent him by Snap, or a novel, or some such book as "Boxiana," from the circulating library. Dawdling over his dress and his breakfast, then whistling and humming, took up so much of every day as he passed at his lodgings. The rest was spent in idling about the town, looking in at shop windows, and now and then going to some petty exhibition. When evening came, he was generally joined by Snap, when they would spend the night together in the manner I have already described. As often as he dared, he called at Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's office at Saffron Hill, and worried them not a little by inquiries concerning the state of his affairs and the cause of the delay in commencing proceedings. As for Huckaback, by the way, Titmouse cut him entirely, saying that he was a devilish low fellow, and it was no use knowing him. He made many desperate efforts, both personally and by letter, to renew his acquaintance with Titmouse, but in vain. I may as well mention, by the way, that as soon as Snap got scent of the little money transaction between his friend and Huckaback, he called upon the latter and tendering him twelve shillings, demanded up the document which he had extorted from Titmouse. Huckaback held out obstinately for some time; but Snap was too much for him, and such a formidable strain about an indictment for a conspiracy (!) and fraud, that Huckaback at length consented, on receiving twelve shillings, to deliver up the document to Snap, on condition of Snap's destroying it on the spot. This was done, and so ended all intercourse—at least on this side of the grave—between Titmouse and Huckaback.

The sum allowed by Messrs. Quirk and Gammon to Titmouse was amply sufficient to have kept him in comfort; but it never would have enabled him to lead the kind of life which I have described; and he would certainly have got very awkwardly involved had it not been for the kindness of Snap in advancing him, from time to time, such sums as his exigencies required. In fact, matters went on as quietly and smoothly as possible for several months, till about the middle of November, when an event occurred that seemed to threaten the total demolition of all his hopes and expectations.

He had not seen or heard from Messrs. Quirk or Gammon for nearly a fortnight; Snap he had not seen for nearly a week. At length he ventured to make his appearance at Saffron-Hill, and was received with a startling coldness—a stern abruptness of manner, that frightened him out of his wits. All the three partners were alike—as for Snap, the contrast between his present and his former manner was perfectly shocking; he seemed quite another person. The fact was, that the full statement of Titmouse's claims had been laid before Mr. Subtle, the leading counsel retained in his behalf, for his opinion, before actually commencing proceedings, and the partners were indeed thunderstruck on receiving that opinion; for Mr. Subtle pointed out a radical deficiency of proof in a matter which, as soon as their attention was thus pointedly called to it, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were amazed at their having overlooked, and still more at its having escaped the notice of Mr. Tresayle, Mr. Mortmain, and Mr. Frankpledge.

Mr. Quirk hurried with the opinion to the first two gentlemen; and, after a long interview with each, they owned their fears that Mr. Subtle was right, and that the defect seemed incurable; but they showed their agitated clients, that they had been guilty of neither oversight nor ignorance, inasmuch as the matter in question was one of evidence only—one which a *visi prius* lawyer, with a full detail of "proofs" before him, could hardly fail to light upon; but

which, it would be found, had been assumed and taken for granted in the cases laid before conveyancers. They promised to turn it over in their minds, and to let Messrs. Quirk and Gammon know if any thing occurred to vary their impression.

Mr. Tresayle and Mortmain, however, preserved an ominous silence. As for Frankpledge, he had a knack, somehow or another, of always coming to the conclusion wishes and hoped for by his clients; and after prodigious pains, wrote a very long opinion to show that there was nothing in the objection. Neither Mr. Quirk nor Mr. Gammon could understand the process by which Mr. Frankpledge arrived at such a result; but, in despair, they laid his opinion before Mr. Subtle, in the shape of a second case for his opinion. It was, in a few days' time, returned to them, with only a line or two—thus:

"With every respect for the gentleman who wrote this opinion, I cannot perceive what it has to do with the question. I see no reason whatever to depart from the view I have already taken of this case—J. S."

Here was something like a dead lock.

"We're done, Gammon!" said Quirk, with a dismayed air. Gammon seemed lost, and made no answer.

"Does any thing—eh?—Any thing occur to you? Gammon, I will say this for you—you're a long-headed fellow." Still Gammon spoke not.

"Gammon! Gammon!—I really believe—you begin to see something."

"It's to be done, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon at length, with a grave and apprehensive look, and a cheek paler than before.

"Eh? how? Oh, I see!—Know what you mean, Gammon," replied Quirk, with a hurried whisper, glancing at both doors to see that they were safe.

"We must resume our intercourse with Titmouse, and let matters go on as before," said Gammon, with a very anxious, but, at the same time, a determined air.

"I—I wonder if what has occurred to you is what has occurred to me?" inquired Quirk, in an eager whisper.

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Quirk."

"Gammon, dear Gammon, no mystery! You know I have a deep stake in this matter!"

"So have I, Mr. Quirk," replied Gammon, with a sigh. "However,"—Here the partners put their heads close together, and whispered to each other in a low, earnest tone, for some minutes. Quirk rose from his seat and took two or three turns about the room in silence, Gammon watching him calmly.

To his inexpressible relief and joy, within a few hours of the happening of the above colloquy, Titmouse found himself placed on precisely his former footing with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap.

In order to bring on the cause for trial at the next spring assizes, it was necessary that the declaration in ejectment should be served on the tenant in possession before Hilary term; and, in a matter of such magnitude, it was deemed expedient for Snap to go down and personally effect the service in question. In consequence, also, of some very important suggestions as to the evidence, given by the junior in the cause, it was arranged that Snap should go down about a week before the time fixed upon for effecting the service, and make minute inquiries as to one or two facts which it was understood could be established in evidence. As soon as Titmouse heard of this movement, that Snap was going direct to Yatton, the scene of his, Titmouse's, future greatness, he made the most pertinacious and vehement entreaties to Messrs. Quirk and Gammon to be allowed to accompany him, even going down on his knees. There was no resisting this; but they exacted a solemn pledge from him that he would place himself entirely at the disposal of Snap; go under some feigned name, and, in short, neither say nor do any thing tending to disclose their real character or errand.

Snap and Titmouse established themselves at the Hare and Hounds Inn at Grilston; and the former immediately began, cautiously and quietly, to collect such evidence as he could discover. One of the first persons to whom he went was old, blind Bess. His many pressing questions at length stirred up in the old woman's mind recollections of long-forgotten names, persons, places, scenes, and associations, thereby producing an agitation not easily to be got rid of, and which had by no means subsided when Dr. Tatham and Mr. Aubrey paid her the Christmas-day visit, which has been already described.

The reader has had already pretty distinct indications of the manner in which Titmouse and Snap conducted themselves during their stay in Yorkshire, and which, I fear, have not tended to raise either of these gentlemen in the reader's estimation. Titmouse manifested a very natural anxiety to see the present occupants of Yatton; and it was with infinite difficulty that Snap could prevent him from sneaking about in the immediate neighborhood of the hall, with the hope of seeing them. His first encounter with Mr. and Miss Aubrey was entirely accidental, as the reader may remember: and when he found that the lady on horseback near Yatton, and the lady whom he had striven to attract the notice of in Hyde Park, were one and the same beautiful woman, and that that beautiful woman was neither more nor less than the sister of the present owner of Yatton—the marvellous discovery created a mighty poth in his little feelings. The blaze of Kate Aubrey's beauty in an instant summoned the images both of Tabitha Tag-rag and Dora Quirk. It even for a while outshone the splendors of ten thousand a year; such is the inexpressible and incalculable power of woman's beauty over every thing in the shape of man—over even so despicable a sample of him as Tittlebat Titmouse.

While putting in practise some of those abominable tricks, to which, under Snap's tutelage, Titmouse had become accustomed in walking the streets of London, and from which even the rough handling they had got from Farmer Hazel could not turn him, Titmouse at length, as has been seen, most unwittingly fell foul of that fair creature, Catharine Aubrey herself; who seemed truly like an angelic messenger, returning from her errand of sympathy and mercy, and suddenly beset by a little imp of darkness. When Titmouse discovered who was the object of his audacious and revolting advances, his soul was petrified within him; and it was fortunate that the shriek of Miss Aubrey's attendant at length startled him into a recollection of a pair

of heels, to which he was that evening indebted for an escape from a most murderous cudgeling, which might have been attended with one effect not contemplated by him who inflicted it, viz: the retention of the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton! Titmouse ran for nearly half-a-mile on the high road toward Grilston, without stopping. He dared not venture back to Yatton, with the sound of the lusty farmer's voice in his ears, to get back from the Aubrey arms the horse which had brought him that afternoon from Grilston, to which place he walked on, through the snow and darkness; reaching his inn in a perfect panic, from which, at length, a tumbler of stiff brandy and water, with two or three cigars, somewhat relieved him. Forgetful of the solemn pledge which he had given to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, not to disclose his name or errand, and it never once occurring to him that, if he would but keep his own counsel, Miss Aubrey could never identify him with the ruffian who had assailed her, he spent the interval between eight and twelve o'clock, at which latter hour the coach by which he had resolved to return to London would pass through Grilston, in inditing the following letter to Miss Aubrey:

"GRILSTON, January 6th, 18—.

"HONORED MISS: Hoping No Offence Will Be Taken where None is meant, (which am Sure of,) This I send To say Who I Am which, Is the Right And True Owner of Yatton which You Enjoy Amongst You All At This present (Till The Law Give it to Me) Which It quickly Will And which It Ought to Have done When I were First born And Before Yr Respect, Family ever Came into it, And Me which Yr hond. Brother Have so Unlawfully Got Possession Of must Come Back to Them Whose Due It is wh. Is myself as will be Some provd. And wh. am most truly Sorry Of on your Own Acct. (meaning (hond. Miss.) you Alone) as Sure as Yatton is Intirely Mine So My Heart Is yewrs and No Longer My Own Ever since I Saw You first as Can Easily prove but wh. doubtless You Have forgot Seeing You Never New, seeing (as Mr. Gammon, My Solicitor And a Very Great Lawyer, say) Cases Alter Circumstances, what Can I say More Than that I Love you Most Amazing Such as Never Thought Myself Capable of Doing Before and wh. cannot help Ever Since I First saw Yr. most Lovely and Divine and striking Face wh. have Struck in my Mind Ever Since. Day and Night Sleeping and Waking I will Take my Oath Never Of Having Lov'd Any one Else, Though (must Say) have Had a Wonderful Many Offers From Females of The Highest Rank Since My Truly Wonderful Good fortune got Talked About every Where but have Refused them All for yr sake, And Would All the World But you. When I Saw You on Horseback I was All my Sudden confusion in Seeing you (The Other Gent. was One of my Resps, Solicitors) wh. Threw Me off in that Ridiculous Way wh. was a Great Mortification And made My brute Of A horse go on so For I Remembered You and was Wonderful struck with Your Improv'd Appearance (As that same Gent. can Testify) And you was (Hond. Miss) Quite Wrong To Night when You Spoke so Uncommon Angry To Me, seeing If I Had Only Known What Female It Was (meaning yourself which I respect So) only So Late Alone I should Have spoken quite Different So hope You Will think Nothing More of that Truly Unpleasant Event Now (Hond. Madam) What I Have To say Is if You will Please To Condescend To Yield To My Desire We Can Live Most uncommon Comfortable at Yatton Together wh. Place shall Have Great Pleasure in Marrying You From and I may (perhaps) Do Something Handsome for yr respects. Brother And Family, wh. can Often Come to see us And Live in the Neighborhood, if You Refuse me, Will not say What shall Happen to Those which (am Told) Owe me a Precious Long Figure wh. May (perhaps) Make a Handsome Abatement If You And I Hit it.

"Hoping You Will Forget What Have So Much Grieved me, And Write pr. return of Post,

"Am,

"hond. Miss

"Yr most Loving & Devoted Slave

"(Till Death)

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

"(Private.)"

This equally characteristic and disgusting production, its infatuated writer sealed twice, and then left it with sixpence in the hands of the landlady of the Hare and Hounds, to be delivered at Yatton Hall the first thing in the morning. The good woman, however—having no particular wish to oblige such a strange puppy, whom she was only too glad to get rid of, and having a good deal to attend to—laid the letter aside on the chimney-piece, and entirely lost sight of it for nearly a fortnight. Shortly after the lamentable tidings concerning the impending misfortunes of the Aubrey family had been communicated to the inhabitants of Grilston, she forwarded the letter, little dreaming of the character in which its writer was likely, ere long, to reappear at Grilston, with one or two others, a day or two after Miss Aubrey had had the interview with her brother which I have described to the reader; but it lay unnoticed by any one—above all, by the sweet sufferer whose name was indicated on it—among a great number of miscellaneous letters and papers which had been suffered to accumulate on the library table.

Mr. Aubrey entered the library one morning alone, for the purpose of attending to many matters which had been long neglected. He was evidently thinner: his face was pale, and his manner dejected; still there was about him a noble air of calmness and resolution. Through the richly-pictured, old stained-glass window, the mottled sunbeams were streaming in a kind of tender radiance upon the dear old familiar objects around him. All was silent. Having drawn his chair to the table, on which were lying a confused heap of letters and papers, he felt a momentary repugnance to enter upon the task which he had assigned to himself, of opening and attending to them; and walked slowly for some time up and down the room, with folded arms, uttering occasionally profound sighs. At length he sat down, and commenced the disheartening task of opening the many letters before him. One of the first he opened was from Peter Johnson—the old tenant to whom he had lent the sum of two hundred pounds; and it was full of expressions of gratitude and respect. Then came a letter, a fortnight old, bearing the frank of Lord —, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He opened it and read:

"WHITEHALL, 16th January, 18—.

"MY DEAR AUBREY: You will remember that Lord —'s



motion stands for the 28th. We all venture to calculate upon receiving your powerful support in the debate. We expect to be much pressed with the Duke of —'s affair, which you handled shortly before the recess with such signal ability and success. When you return to town, you must expect a renewal of certain offers, which I most sincerely trust, for the benefit of the public service, will not be again declined. Ever yours faithfully,

C.—  
 ("Private and confidential.")

"Charles Aubrey, Esq., M. P."  
 Mr. Aubrey laid down the letter calmly, as soon as he had read it; and, leaning back in his chair, seemed lost in thought for several minutes. Presently he re-applied himself to his task, and opened and glanced over a great many letters: the contents of several of which occasioned him deep emotion. Some were from persons in distress whom he had assisted, and who implored a continuance of his aid; others were from ardent political friends—some sanguine, others desponding—concerning the prospects of the season. Two or three hinted that it was every where reported that he had been offered one of the under secretariats, and had declined; but that it was, at the King's desire, to be pressed upon him. Many letters were on private, and still more on country business; and with one of them he was engaged, when a servant entered with one of that morning's country papers. Tired with his task, Mr. Aubrey rose from his chair as the servant gave him the paper; and, standing before the fire, he unfolded the *Yorkshire Stingo*, and glanced listlessly over its miscellaneous contents. At length his eye hit upon the following paragraph:

"The rumors so deeply affecting a member for a certain borough in this county, and to which we alluded in our last paper but one, turn out to be well founded. A claimant has started up to very large estates at present held by the gentleman in question; and we are very much misinformed if the ensuing spring assizes will not effect a considerable change in the representation of the borough alluded to, by relieving it from the Tory thralldom under which it has been so long oppressed. We have no wish to bear hard upon a falling man; and, therefore, shall make no comment upon the state of mind in which the person may be presumed to be, who must be conscious that he has so long been enjoying the just rights of others. Some extraordinary disclosures may be looked for when the trial comes on. We have heard from a quarter on which we are disposed to place reliance, that the claimant is a gentleman of decided Whig principles, and who will prove a valuable accession to the Liberal cause."

The tears very nearly forced their way out of Mr. Aubrey's eyes on reading this most unfeeling paragraph; but they had, with a strong effort, been dispersed just as Miss Aubrey entered the room. Her brother quietly folded up the paper and laid it aside, fearful lest his sister's feelings should be pierced by so coarse and brutal a paragraph, which, in fact, had been concocted in London in the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, who were, as before stated, interested in the *Sunday Flash*, which was in some sort connected, through the relationship of the editors, with the *Yorkshire Stingo*. The idea had been suggested by Gammon, of attempting to enlist the political feeling of a portion of the county in favor of their client.

"Here are several letters for you, Kate," said her brother, picking several of them out. The very first she took up, it having attracted her attention by the double seal, and the vulgar style of the handwriting, was that from Titmouse, which has just been laid before the reader. With much surprise she opened the letter, her brother being similarly engaged with his own; and her face getting gradually paler and paler as she went on, at length she flung it on the floor with a passionate air, and burst into tears. Her brother, with astonishment, exclaimed: "Dear Kate, what is it?" and he rose and stooped to pick up the letter.

"Do n't—do n't, Charles!" she cried, putting her foot upon it, and flinging her arms round his neck. "It is an audacious letter—a vulgar, a cruel letter, dear Charles!" Her emotion increased as her thoughts recurred to the heartless paragraph concerning her brother with which the letter concluded. "I could have overlooked every thing but that," said she, unwittingly. With gentle force he succeeded in getting hold of the painfully ridiculous and contemptible effusion. He attempted faintly to smile several times as he went on.

"Do n't—do n't, dearest Charles! I can't bear it.—Do n't smile—it's very far from your heart; you do it only to assure me."

Here Mr. Aubrey read the paragraph concerning himself. His face turned a little paler than before, and his lips quivered with suppressed emotion. "He is evidently a very foolish fellow!" he exclaimed, walking toward the window, with his back to his sister, whom he did not wish to see how much he was affected by so petty an incident.

"What does he allude to, Kate, when he talks of your having spoken angrily to him, and that he did not know you?" he inquired, after a few moments' pause, returning to her.

"Oh dear! I am so grieved that you should have noticed it—but since you ask me"—and she told him the occurrence alluded to in the letter. Mr. Aubrey drew himself up unconsciously as Kate went on, and she perceived him becoming still paler than before, and felt the kindling anger of his eye.

"Forget it—forget it, dearest Charles! So despicable a being is really not worth a thought," said Kate, with increasing anxiety: for she had never in her life before witnessed her brother the subject of such powerful emotions as then made rigid his slender frame. At length, drawing a long breath—

"It is fortunate, Kate," said he calmly, "that he is not a gentleman, and that I endeavor to be—a Christian." She flung her arms round him, exclaiming, "There spoke my own noble brother!"

"I shall preserve this letter as a curiosity, Kate," said he presently; and with a pointed significance of manner, that arrested his sister's attention, he added, "It is rather singular, but some time before you came in, I opened a letter in which your name is mentioned—I cannot say in a similar manner, and yet—in short, it is from Lord de la Zouch, enclosing one."

Miss Aubrey suddenly blushed scarlet, and trembled violently.

"Do n't be agitated, my dear Kate, the enclosure is from

Lady de la Zouch; and if it be in the same strain of kindness that pervades Lord de la Zouch's letter to me"—

"I would rather that you opened and read it, Charles"—she faltered, sinking into a chair.

"Come, come, dear Kate—play the woman!" said her brother, with an affectionate air—"To say that there is nothing in these letters that I believe will interest you—very deeply gratify and interest your feelings—would be"—

"I know—I—I suspect—I"—faltered Miss Aubrey, with much agitation—"I shall return."

"Then you shall take these letters with you, and read, or not read them as you like," said her brother, putting the letters into her hand with a fond and sorrowful smile, that soon, however, flitted away—and, leading her to the door, he was once more alone; and, after a brief interval of reverie, he wrote answers to such of the many letters before him as he considered earliest to require them.

Notwithstanding the judgement and tenderness with which Dr. Tatham discharged the very serious duty which, at the entreaty of his afflicted friends, he had undertaken, of breaking to Mrs. Aubrey the calamity with which she and her family were menaced, the effects of the disclosure had been most disastrous. They had paralyzed her; and Mr. Aubrey, who had long been awaiting the issue, in sickening suspense, in an adjoining room, was hastily summoned in to behold a mournful and heart-rending spectacle. His venerable mother—she who had given life at the mortal peril of her own; she whom he cherished with unutterable tenderness and reverence; she who doted upon him as upon the light of her eyes; from whose dear lips he had never heard a word of unkindness or severity; whose heart had never known an impulse but of gentle, noble, unbounded generosity towards all around her—this idolized being now lay suddenly prostrated and blighted before him—

Poor Aubrey yielded to his long and violent agony, in the presence of her who could no longer hear, or see, or be sensible of what was passing in the chamber.

"My son," said Dr. Tatham, after the first burst of his friend's grief was over, and he knelt down beside his mother with her hand grasped in his, "despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction;

"For whom the Lord loveth, he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

"The Lord will not cast off for ever;

"But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.

"For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

It was with great difficulty that Dr. Tatham could render himself audible while murmuring these soothing and solemn passages of scripture in the ear of his distracted friend, beside whom he knelt.

Mrs. Aubrey had suffered a paralytic seizure, and lay motionless and insensible; her features slightly disfigured, but partially concealed beneath her long silvery gray hair, which had, in the suddenness of the fit, strayed from beneath her cap.

"But what am I about?" at length exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, with a languid and alarmed air—"has medical assistance—"

"Dr. Goddard and Mr. Whateley are both sent for by several servants, and will doubtless be very quickly here," replied Dr. Tatham; and while he yet spoke, Mr. Whateley—who, when hastened on by the servant who had been sent for him, was entering the park on a visit to young Mrs. Aubrey, who was also seriously ill and in peculiarly critical circumstances—entered the room, and immediately resorted to the necessary measures. Soon afterwards, also, Dr. Goddard arrived; but, alas, how little could they do for the venerable sufferer!

During the next, and for many ensuing days, the lodge was assailed by very many anxious and sympathizing inquirers, who were answered by Waters, whom Mr. Aubrey—oppressed by the number of friends who hurried up to the hall, and insisted upon seeing him to ascertain the extent to which the dreadful rumors were correct—had stationed there during the day to afford the requisite information. The hall was pervaded by a gloom that could be felt. Every servant had a wo-begone look, and moved about as if a funeral were stirring. Little Charles and Agnes, almost imprisoned in their nursery, seemed quite puzzled and confused at the strange, unusual seriousness, and quietness, and melancholy faces every where about them. Kate romped not with them as had been her wont; but would constantly burst into tears as she held them on her knee or in her arms, trying to evade the continual questioning of Charles. "I think it will be time for me to cry too by-and-by!" said he to her one day, with an air half in earnest, that made poor Kate's tears flow afresh. Sleepless nights and days of sorrow soon told upon her appearance. Her glorious buoyancy of spirits, that erewhile, as it were, had filled the whole hall with gladness—where were they now? Ah, me! the rich bloom had disappeared from her beautiful cheek; but her high spirit, though oppressed, was not broken, and she stood firmly and calmly amid the scowling skies and lowering tempests. You fancied you saw her auburn tresses stirred upon her pale but calm brow by the breath of the approaching storm; and that she also felt it, but trembled not. Her heart might be, indeed, bruised and shaken; but her spirit was, ay, unconquerable. My glorious Kate, how my heart goes forth toward you.

And thou, her brother, who art of kindred spirit; who art supported by philosophy, and exalted by religion, so that thy constancy cannot be shaken or overthrown by the black and ominous swell of trouble which is increasing and closing around thee, I know that thou wilt outlive the storm—and yet it rocks thee!

A month or two may see thee and thine expelled from Old Yatton, and not merely having lost every thing, but with a liability to thy successor that will hang around thy neck like a millstone. What, indeed, is to become of you all? Whither will you go? And your suffering mother, should she survive so long, is her precious form to be borne away from Yatton?

Around thee stand those who, if thou faltest, will perish—and that thou knowest; around thy calm, sorrowful, but erect figure, are a melancholy group—thy afflicted mother—the

wife of thy bosom—thy two little children—thy brave and beautiful sister—Yet think not, Misfortune! that over this man thou art about to achieve thy accustomed triumphs. Here, behold thou hast a MAN to contend with; nay, more, a CHRISTIAN MAN, who hath calmly girded up his loins against the coming fight!

"T was Sabbath evening, some five weeks or so after the happening of the mournful events above commemorated, and Kate, having spent as usual several hours keeping watch beside the silent and motionless figure of her mother, had quitted the chamber for a brief interval, thinking to relieve her oppressed spirits by walking, for a little while, up and down the long gallery. Having slowly paced backwards and forwards once or twice, she rested against the little oriel window at the furthest extremity of the gallery, and gazed, with saddened eye, upon the setting sun, till at length, in calm grandeur, it disappeared beneath the horizon. "T was to Kate a solemn and mournful sign; especially followed as it was by the deepening shadows and gloom of evening. She sighed; and, with her hands crossed on her bosom, gazed, with a tearful eye, into the darkening sky, where glittered the brilliant evening star. Thus she remained, a thousand pensive and tender thoughts passing through her mind, till the increasing chills of evening warned her to retire. "I will go," said she to herself, as she walked slowly along, "and try to play the evening hymn—I may not have many more opportunities!"

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1841.

37- The great length of Bulwer's New Play. "MONEY," which we give this week entire, has excluded many articles, as also a beautiful piece of music, which had been prepared for this number. Its perusal, however, will amply repay the reader's time and attention. We shall not often so far encroach upon the usual variety which we offer to our readers every week.

### NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO. II.

"Pristine vigor and ancient discipline."—PAULDING.

James Fennimore Cooper wrote the Naval History of the United States, bringing it down in some points to the present day: but, owing to a bad judgement at best, he fancied himself bound to treat the subject upon the principle of "Nil mortuis nisi bonum," forgetting the important fact that the living possess the power for good or evil, as their feelings prompt.

His book was a good one for the people: it lulled them into a quiet repose, (the unfailing result of a well-stuffed vanity) by covering over the corruptions of the Navy, and leaving the sores to fester beneath the surface, though occasionally breaking out into, what some have been pleased to term, "the miserable gossip of the officers." He has also shown that there is enough of the ancient material left around which the raw might rally in time of danger; and triumphantly mentions such a one, as holding such a number on the list of Post-Captains. There are, fortunately, however, enough who possess sufficient integrity and discernment, to see through the manifold discrepancies of his book, and to regard it as the ointment of an empyric, that will be attended by the same ephemeral notoriety that has fallen to the share of the other nostrums put forth by him.

It is our province to take up the subject where Mr. Cooper left off, and shew the public that the small and very equivocal services of some of these captains have been presumed upon to a most unlimited extent, and in many instances have served them as a cover under which they have committed acts that would have sent ordinary men to the State Prison.

The continual boring of members of Congress for a Bill to create the grade of Admirals, is based upon the same services; but members of Congress have wisely concluded that those services have long since been cancelled by subsequent acts of outrage upon honor and decency, that have left the aspirants to the dignity, destitute of the necessary qualifications.

We desire that it may be borne in mind that a man who is destitute of honesty and virtue, cannot obtain from those around him, a very great degree of respect and confidence. An old courtesan is always ready to construe each word and gesture into an insinuation against her purity: it is the very consciousness of a want of virtue that creates the unfounded suspicion, and brings on at length an open rupture, which tears the veil from her real character. It is thus with many Captains in the Navy. Unchecked by any law, they have steeped themselves in dishonor and iniquity; and, feeling their own unworthiness of character, they fancy disrespect where none is intended, and from those, perhaps, who are ignorant of their real character. Thus they harrow up their feelings with the phantoms of suspicion, inflict petty, harassing, and unmerited punishments on the supposed offenders; until human nature, oppressed with injustice, turns upon the persecutor. Courts martial follow, and the public wonder at the insubordination of the Navy, and chime in with the cry that the grade of Admirals is necessary for the discipline of the service, and its proper organization, without reflecting upon the immeasurable distance that already lies between the present highest grade, and the real merits of its possessors—the heirs apparent to the dignity, should it ever unfortunately be created.

We address one of this character in direct terms and seek reply!

Are you not aware that, in more than one city of the United States, all gross falsehoods are called by the name you bear, and that your own practice has so stamped them? That the fish, commonly known as the toad fish, which becomes inflated with air when taken from the water, is known on every shore washed by the Atlantic, by the same appellation? That your own ridiculous and pompous inflation, and mean and contemptible collapses have produced the similarity of nature, and the application of the name? Are you not aware that using the contents of a letter, of which you feloniously broke the seal, deprived you of the only plea which an honorable man might have offered in a similar case? Does not this one act dishonor you in the estimation of every honest man? And can you, if even another command should unfortunately devolve upon you, play any other part than that of the old haridan, always suspicious of those around you?—that suspicion prompting you to inflict petty annoyances, and unmerited punishments upon the unfortunate beings under your command, until they turn at last, as a stag at bay, bringing on fresh courts martial, and renewed discontent throughout the service. Will you not then join in the worn out cry of insubordination? And then by false reports try to increase the power to suppress it, when you well know that your own want of honorable principle, integrity and virtue, backed by irresponsible power, produced the result? We warn you, sir, that that act has laid the foundation of more heart-burnings, jealousies, germs of discord, and injuries to the service in your next command, than your pompous, but subsequently counterfeited reply to the English officer, who took from you a prize ship, that you neither attempted to destroy nor defend, can ever smother or redeem.

We turn again to him, who under the cover of friendship—and whose commission as captain in the Navy, should have been a guarantee against a dishonorable act; who pledged the honor of that commission, and his sacred word as a man, to return a sum of borrowed money within the same week, and which after a lapse of fourteen years still remains in his pocket, a brand of living fire, that would long since have consumed honesty to its very spine: he too, has harped upon the insubordination of the junior officers, and complained of the difficulty of exacting from them the respect due to his rank. Do you not know, sir, that the infamous bargain you lately made upon a foreign station with an unnatural mother for the sale of her daughter to yourself has been blazoned throughout every ship that carries the stars and stripes of the American Navy? Is it not notorious that to that act of hellish outrage to God and man, you added the pitiful trick of a mean rogue by swindling the monster out of her unholy and iniquitous wages? And do you expect from all below you in rank the deference that can be yielded only to honor and honesty? Shall they too wallow in the mire of infamy until they accustom them selves to look upon you and your fellow captains with indifference, at least, if not with respect? Think you that the present miserable laws, and usages of the Navy, shall continue to afford your grade opportunities to revel in debauchery and vice, while they furnish you with a powerful engine to grind and oppress your inferiors in rank? Will not Congress listen to this appeal from the younger branches of the Navy? They seek not alms now at the Hall door, neither pay nor promotion; they ask for an outstretched arm to save them from sinking deeper into the slough of despair.

Let the false issue of "Pristine Vigor and Ancient Discipline," set up by Mr. Secretary Paulding, and that miserable thing, called the Navy Board continue for a few years longer, and relief will come too late. Are not the sores and diseases upon the body of the Navy sufficiently manifest to awaken sympathy? Or will Congress wait until it falls into a common leprosy, a loathsome disease from which our countrymen, and the world, will turn in abhorrence and disgust?

#### CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S NEW WORLD.

A letter has been received in this city, dated Belfast, Ireland, from the son-in-law of Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, in which he remarks that he obtained the new tragedy of JOHN OF PROCTOR, published in the New World, at his residence in Belfast, three weeks before he could procure a copy of the original edition published in London. A fact like this hardly needs a word of comment; we relate it with pride as a most satisfactory demonstration of the truth that the New World has won the race and borne the prize away from all competitors. This assertion will elicit splanetic and ill-natured observations—but we appeal to the public to sustain the verity of our statement; and we appeal also to the evidence of this week's paper, in which appears, in advance not only of all the journals here but of the publication in London, *BULWER'S NEW COMEDY OF 'MONEY.'*

Our arrangements are such that we challenge any one to outdo us in the promptness of our republications, or in the character of the original literature, which we shall liberally obtain from the first American writers—LET THE EXPENDITURE BE WHAT IT WILL.

**SCHOOL DISTRICT LIBRARIES.**—The admirable plan of providing for the whole people the means of reading, by establishing in every school district a library of choice books, is, we are happy to perceive, attracting general attention throughout the country. Its very gratifying success in this State, and the invaluable results to be anticipated from its adoption, cannot fail of recommending it to the warmest support of the friends of popular education every where. The Messrs. Harpers are entitled to great praise for the prompt and efficient manner in which they have come forward in aid of this cause. Their enterprise, indeed, may be considered as indispensable in accomplishing the important objects contemplated by the introduction of these libraries; as, without it, or some similar undertaking, conducted on like principles, and with the same spirit and discretion, the supply of books of a suitable character would be entirely inadequate to so extensive a demand. These enterprising publishers have already issued three series, in all 150 volumes, specially selected and prepared for this object, embracing almost every subject of human knowledge, and admirably adapted in all respects to the purpose for which they are designed. The unexampled cheapness of these books is worthy of notice. A fourth series is announced as being in preparation. The example of our own noble State in thus effectively providing for the instruction of her entire population, will, we doubt not, have its effect elsewhere; and we confidently anticipate, that at no distant day every State in our glorious Union will adopt similar measures for the universal diffusion of useful knowledge.

#### Twenty-Sixth Congress.

TUESDAY, OCT. 29, 1840.

IN SENATE, Mr. Anderson of Tenn., announced the death of his colleague, Hon. FELIX GRUNDY, in a few impressive remarks, and was followed by Mr. Benton in a brief testimony to the worth and public services of the deceased. The Senate passed the customary resolutions and immediately adjourned.

In the House, Messrs. Graves of Ky., and Black of Ga., appeared and took their seats.

Mr. Giddings of O., moved that the House do reconsider the vote of yesterday in the consideration of the Navy Pension bill, by which the act of March 3d, 1837, is repealed. A debate arose on this motion and one of Mr. Reed of Mass., on a postponement to Tuesday next, in which Messrs. J. Q. Adams, Tillinghast of R. I. and Saltonstall of Mass. advocated the reconsideration, and Messrs. Thomas of Md., Pickens of S. C., Shepard of N. C. opposed it. While Mr. Shepard was still speaking—

The Senate's message announcing the death of Hon. Felix Grundy was received through its Secretary. Mr. A. V. Brown of Tenn. pronounced an eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased. He concluded with the customary resolutions of respect for the memory of the deceased, which were passed, and the House adjourned.

**ILLINOIS SENATOR.**—Samuel McRoberts (Van Buren) was, on the 16th inst., elected, by the Legislature of Illinois, to be a Senator of the United States from that State for six years from the 3d of March next, when the term of Mr. Senator Robinson will expire. The state of the vote was as follows: For Mr. McRoberts 77; for Cyrus Edwards (Whig) 50 votes.

**KENTUCKY SENATOR.**—Hon. J. J. Crittenden was re-elected to the Senate of the United States from Kentucky, last week, for six years from the 3d day of March next.—The vote stood for Mr. Crittenden 100; for Mr. Guthrie 29.

**Hon. Felix Grundy** died on the 19th inst. at Nashville. His place in the U. S. Senate will be supplied by Executive appointment until the next meeting of the Legislature, which does not take place till about a year from this time. Governor Polk will of course appoint a Democrat. The Legislature is decidedly Whig.

**Three American fishing schooners** have been condemned at Halifax, for encroaching upon the fisheries of that province, under the treaty of 1818.

**GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.**—William C. Dawson, member of Congress, has been nominated by the Whigs; Charles J. Macdonald, the incumbent, is nominated by the Democrats.

**FROM CANTON.**—The ship *Lion*, which sailed from Macao on the 11th July, a few days later than our last accounts has arrived, but she brings no further intelligence of any interest.

**WAYNE COUNTY BANK.**—The Comptroller has given notice that the circulating bills of the Wayne County Bank will continue to be received at par at the Treasury for all state dues; and also that such bills will be redeemed from the safety fund when the Comptroller shall have the requisite order to authorize it.

**KENTUCKY AND A NATIONAL BANK.**—Mr. Bullock's resolutions in favour of Mr. Clay's Land Bill, and also a National Bank, have passed the House of Representatives of that State by a vote of 73 to 18.

#### TO OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received several communications which expostulated with us, because we would not reprint and send to our subscribers certain extra numbers of the Quarto Edition of the New World, which should contain the commencements of all the stories, whose publication was in the last volume and will be, *though for a very short time*, in the present, continued. A few words will show the unreasonableness of any such demands upon us.

When the New World was begun in this form, we printed five thousand copies, thinking that the demand would at least sustain that number. Owing to the increased price, or to a momentary indifference on the part of the public, but fifteen hundred copies were sold. Of course, we printed only fifteen hundred copies of number two. After this number people began to find out what a capital thing it was to be able to get the New World in a shape fit for preservation. The demand suddenly grew surprising; the edition went up rapidly. Now we print TEN THOUSAND copies; double the number with which we set out, but which was then altogether too great.

Suppose that we were to determine to reprint the commencements of "Poor Jack" and "The Tower of London," and "Guy Fawkes," and "Stanley Thorn" in this shape, where should we leave off? At the commencement of the volume just concluded? No! that would be unfair. Where then? At the third number where two thousand copies were printed? at the tenth where four thousand were printed? or at the thirtieth when a number much larger were every week distributed? The impossibility of answering these questions will show the impossibility of incurring the enormous expense which the unreasonable demands of certain subscribers would impose upon us. Each of our nine thousand readers of to-day have as great a right to demand that we should reprint all of our back numbers, as each of our fifteen hundred readers of six months ago have to ask us to print the first chapters of the continued stories.

We would take this occasion to say to our new subscribers that, which our correspondents, above alluded to, know very well, all the commencements of their stories can be procured from us in the Evergreen Magazine, in a form quite as convenient for the library as this edition of the New World. For the sum of ONE DOLLAR, remitted to us free of postage, we will send eight back numbers of the Evergreen containing all the beginnings of the stories published in this paper. Most of these stories, indeed all except "Ten Thousand A Year" and "Master Humphrey's Clock, draw very near to their conclusion. Two or three numbers more will conclude the "Tower of London," and "Guy Fawkes" and "Stanley Thorn" will not loiter far behind. Of those readers who may not wish to peruse these stories we must beg indulgence for the little space they will henceforth occupy.

As the demand for that best of all the stories TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR is very great and constantly increasing; we have, so as to be sure to meet it, re-printed all that has hitherto appeared, in a neat form so as to send it gratis to those yearly subscribers, who may not wish to purchase back numbers of the EVERGREEN or of the QUARTO NEW WORLD,—some of which still remain on hand.

As a farther inducement to new subscribers, we now state that we will give this commencement of TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR, a copy of Knowles's beautiful play of LOVE, and a copy of our new forthcoming Leviathan Sheet, to all new subscribers, who may send us \$3, a year's subscription, in advance, post-paid.

#### AN OFFER.

Any individual who will forward us \$20 free of postage for eight subscribers for the New World, shall receive a copy for one year, and may also retain the balance of the money received for such subscriptions: or in proportion for ten dollars.

Any individual who will send us ten dollars for six subscribers to the EVERGREEN, shall receive a copy for one year, and may retain the balance of the money received on such subscriptions, or in proportion for five dollars. All letters must be post paid or free.

#### Married.

In Tremont, Texawell co., Ill., December 3, Samuel R. Saltonstall and Miss Elizabeth C Harris, daughter of John H Harris, both of that place.

In Sweden, Monroe co., N. Y., Dec 16, by Rev Mr Benedict, Ten Ryck Sutphen, of this city, and Miss Harriet White, daughter of the late Chester White, Esq., of the former place.

On Thursday, 24th December, by Rev D W Patten, William Orr, of this city, and Anna Maria Love, formerly of Baltimore, Md.

December 24, at St Matthew's Church, by Rev F W Geisenheimer, Domingos R Cordeiro and Miss Rosina M Engleheart, grand-daughter of George Arcularius, Esq.

December 21, by Rev W W Everts, Mr John Cross and Miss Eliza Kesee, both of this city.

December 21, by Rev S H Cone, Mr Abraham Steothoff and Miss Elizabeth, second daughter of John D Keating, Esq., all of this city.

December 21, by Rev Wm Adams, Mr J Randolph Brown and Miss Abby Latham, both of Brooklyn.

Hyde Park, Dutchess county, December 22, by Rev Walter Hustace, Charles A Bolton, of this city, and Miss Emeline A Sands, daughter of Philo Sands, of Richmond, Va.

Wallingford, Ct., Dec 22, by Rev Robt Chapman, Mr Alexander Hall, of Portland, Ala., and Miss Mary A., daughter of Randall Cooke, Esq., of the former place.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 32.

## The Pulpit.

CHRIST THE SHELTER AND STRENGTH  
OF HIS PEOPLE :

A Sermon,

BY THE REV. G. C. ROLFE, M.A.

Perpetual Curate of Hailey, Oxfordshire, Eng.

ISAIAH XXXII 2.... "AND A MAN SHALL BE AS A HIDING PLACE FROM THE WIND, AND A COVERT FROM THE TEMPEST; AS RIVERS OF WATER IN A DRY PLACE, AS THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND."

It was the apostle Paul's sentiment, as it is the sentiment of every faithful ambassador of Christ, that all the success of his ministrations must be solely attributed to the agency of an Almighty Power, working mightily in him and by him; and, when there dropped from his lips something which appeared like the confidence of boasting, that he had labored more abundantly than the rest of the apostles, he immediately recalls the words, and acknowledges that all his sufficiency was of God; "yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It was the same apostle's wish, as it is the wish of every true minister of the gospel, "to preach not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord," warning every man, and teaching every man, both publicly and privately, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus at the day of his appearing: it was his first and chief desire for himself, as it is the leading desire of every Christian, who knows his need of a better righteousness than his own wherewith to stand accepted before God, "to win Christ and be found in him;" it was too his humble determination, as it is the determination of every broken-hearted penitent, yet joy-inspired believer, sensible of the freeness and fulness of the salvation wrought out by his compassionate Redeemer, "to glory in nothing save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, the more we imbibe the apostle's spirit, walk in his steps, and aim at attaining his high attainments, the easier will be our pilgrimage through this weary wilderness, and the more triumphant our entrance into the heavenly and eternal land of promise.

The Lord Jesus Christ, then, in his person, his character, and his offices; in his life, his death, and his propitiatory sufferings; in his holy doctrines, his self-denying precepts, and his incomparable example, was the grand theme of the apostle's preached and written discourses; he had the pen of a ready writer, if not the tongue of the eloquent, to show forth the praises of Him, who had miraculously called him out of Jewish darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel. In all the apostle's epistles, which form the main, and most doctrinal part, of the New Testament, every verse is, as it were, a hand-post, pointing out Christ as the way to Heaven, both by example and suffering; his chief object seems to be to build up the believer on the only sure foundation, and to raise a goodly superstructure. In reading the Old Testament—a part of the holy scriptures too much neglected by some, because they can see therein little or nothing of the adorable Immanuel—the apostle was guided by the Spirit of truth to see how abundantly it testified of Christ. In the history of God's chosen people, in the lives of those eminent saints who obtained a good report through faith, and in all the ceremonies and sacrifices of the Mosaic law, he could perceive types and shadows of the nature and blessedness of the gospel; and, what was still more conducive to his spiritual edification, he was taught to understand how copiously, how clearly, and how powerfully "holy men of old," the inspired prophets and the sweet psalmist of Israel, spoke of the sufferings and glory of the Messiah, of the humiliation of his first, and the triumph of his second, coming; of the commencement, the enlargement, and the perpetuity of his kingdom. For instance, we may imagine with what delight and thankfulness the apostle would have read the passage from Isaiah that has been selected as the text; a passage, whose true force, and beauty, and application, may not generally be known to those who read, but do not mark, learn, and inwardly digest the holy scriptures. May that same Spirit, who guided the apostle in his interpretation of the types and prophecies, guide us also to a right and full understanding of the meaning of the text, and enable us to draw from it, in our present meditations, and throughout our future experience, the abundant consolation and the strong encouragement which it holds forth to the believer!

There is something which, at first sight, seems remarkable, in the wording of the text; it is said, "a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind," &c.: now, had the prophet told us that the Lord God of Israel should be such a security, and such a refreshment to his people, the truth and propriety of the sentiment would at once be admitted by all; but, does it not sound strange in our ears, that poor, fallible, perishing man should be proclaimed as so powerful a stay and support to his fellow man? Are we not therein directed to lean on a bruised reed? Does not this language seem to warrant our placing entire dependence, and building all our expectations on a fellow-mortal? How is it to

be reconciled with other passages of scripture, which speak of man as nothing, and of God as every thing? How, for instance, with the psalmist's advice and caution, "it is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence even in princes?" How, with the prophet's exhortation, which speaks of the folly of deriving our hopes and our happiness from the promises of an ever-dying, and an ever-changing mortal, "cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" How, too, is it to be reconciled with another prophet's most terrible denunciation against such a confidence, "cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart, in consequence, departeth from the Lord?" Surely, then, some being far more exalted than ourselves, far differently constituted from ourselves, must be the individual alluded to in the text. Who, then, is meant? Who is the man that is as a hiding-place from the wind, &c.? He is none other than the Man, Christ Jesus, God manifested in the flesh; he, who was with God from the beginning, and was God, but left the bright regions of the heavenly glory on an errand of mercy and love, to tabernacle in this vale of tears; he, who in his divine character was without body, parts, or passions, and yet a miracle of grace, and love, and humility; became bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, to purchase for us an everlasting redemption from the penalties and the tyranny of sin. And here, be it observed, what a force and propriety there is in the language of the text: the mind and heart of the Christian are more powerfully affected on hearing that the Man, Christ Jesus, is such a stay and refreshment, than they would have been had it been simply stated that the Lord Jehovah should be a source of security and comfort. I mean, the Christian delights to contemplate Christ in his human nature. His becoming man, his dying as man, his ascending as man into heaven, are the circumstances which show his astonishing love and compassion to our fallen race. He most strikingly commendeth his love to us, in that he remembered us in our low estate, took not upon him the nature of angels, but the nature of the children of Adam; and in that nature suffered as our surety and representative. As the great Captain of our salvation, then, was made like unto us, sin only excepted, we seem united to him by a tie of brotherhood, and approach the throne of grace with more confidence, feeling assured that our faithful and merciful High Priest can sympathize with us in our sufferings, can compassionate our infirmities, can succor us in our temptations, can extricate us from our difficulties, and can relieve our most pressing wants and necessities, both for the body and the soul.

But let us now, asking for the divine help, without which nothing is holy, nothing is effectual, proceed to consider what is said of the Man, Christ Jesus; or, rather, what are the great privileges of the believer, through the exercise of faith in the Redeemer. They are stated in the text as two-fold: first, his confidence, his deliverance, his safety, as pointed out in the words, "a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;" secondly, his peace, his repose, his refreshment from weariness, as pointed out in the words, "a man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Let us briefly consider the first privilege, the Christian's present and eternal safety through his interest in Christ.—But here, let it be remembered, that the observations made are applicable only to the situation of the true Christian, who has been duly humbled under a sense of his sinfulness, and in the season of anxious inquiry has fled to Christ to lay hold on the hope of eternal life through: let none, then, who are living in ignorance of Christ, and in neglect of his commandment, be saying to themselves, peace, grace, when there is no peace, no safety, no good hope; and cannot possibly be, till they repent, believe, and obey.

The Christian can look back to the time when it was far otherwise with him than at present; his views, his feelings, his hopes and desires, are now different from what they once were: not that his conversion was instantaneous and remarkable, but as in the case of thousands, it might have been quietly wrought, and almost imperceptibly progressive. He, like every son and daughter of Adam, was born in sin, and grew up in sin; every day only added to the number of his transgressions: in this state of alienation from God he was not, perhaps, wholly regardless of moral and religious duties; he might have paid some attention to the observance of the Sabbath, but he did not find the services of that holy day to be a delight and refreshment to his soul; he might have endeavored to walk in the path of the divine commandments, but his obedience was not hearty and uniform, springing from a principle of love; he might have read the scriptures at seasons, but the divine food was not as manna to a hungry soul; he might occasionally, or even regularly, kneel down to prayer, round the family altar, but his petitions were not offered up in faith, and fervor, and sincerity—they were the language of the lips, but not of the heart. The individual we have been supposing, may be chastened by a merciful Providence, with a loss of health, or of property, or of some near and dear friends; or he may be thrown into the society of some truly religious companions; or the divine blessing may more powerfully accom-

pany the preached and written word. What follows? He becomes more and more sensible of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, of the greatness of his own offences, and of his constant need of an intercessor; he comes, with deep self-loathing, in the spirit of the conscience-smitten publican, to God by Christ, seeks to the Saviour, and finds the Saviour, as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest of the wrath of his offended Father.

In this new and happy state, the Christian enjoys great and various privileges; he is justified and accounted righteous through the Lord his righteousness, and sanctified by the Spirit of our God; he is delivered, and delivered for ever from the condemnation and curse of a broken law; the thick clouds of divine wrath are dispersed by the Sun of righteousness, and succeeded by a calm and heavenly sunshine; the gathering tempests of offended justice, so terrible, so overwhelming to the ungodly, have no thunderbolts, no terror for him; he is safe, for ever safe in the sure and only covert, the ark of Christ's church. In that asylum he has discovered a Goshen where no darkness or hail can come, a mountain which the world can never move.

But not only is the Christian, through his knowledge of Christ, delivered from the penal consequences of sin—that is a mercy, an unspeakable mercy, for most assuredly he who has felt the intolerable burden of sin, and found that burden taken away, will cry out of the fulness of his heart, "blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,"—not only has the believer experienced this greatest of all deliverances, but he will find Christ to be a hiding-place and a covert from many temporal and unforeseen calamities; he will be as a wall of fire round about their earthly tabernacles; yea, their "walls are continually before him;" he will cover them in the shadow of his hand—yea, he will keep them as the apple of the eye:—angels too, who fulfil the divine will, and are appointed to be ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, form the believer's body-guard by day and by night, and bear him up in their hands lest at any time he should dash his foot against the stones.

Not only, however, is the believer protected from unforeseen and unknown dangers, but what is a far greater mercy, he is delivered, through a firm trust in Christ, the sure hiding-place, the safe covert, even from the apprehension of evil. We may say with the psalmist, "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." In troublous times, when the judgments of the Almighty are abroad, when the winds of his just indignation are sweeping away the false refuges of the sinner, and the clouds of his hidden face are lowering and threatening to overwhelm them with a fearful desolation; at such gloomy seasons, as well as at all times, the believer's heart standeth sure, and he is not afraid of any evil tidings; come what may, his persuasion is, the Lord is on his side, and will in mercy grant, or in mercy withhold, the expected deliverance. It is not, thank God! an uncommon occurrence to see grace triumphing over constitutional timidity, on ordinary as well as extraordinary occasions, by a constant as well as an occasional operation; and this more especially in that sex, where we may usually see less natural fortitude, but more loveliness of piety.

Again, when we read that Christ is "as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest," we are reminded of this comfortable truth, that the believer, through Christ, is sustained in hope, and patience, and resignation, in the trying scene of personal affliction, when the pestilential winds are let loose from the divine treasury, commissioned to execute the divine purposes of grace, and the lowering tempest menaces to shatter to pieces the frail and corruptible tabernacle of the flesh.

Let this truth, too, never be forgotten, though last to be mentioned yet first to be regarded, Christ is as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest of the assaults of Satanic malignity. The enemy is sometimes permitted to come in like a flood, his evil suggestions rush with a torrent's force into the soul, and with one mighty sweep bear down the barriers of hope and confidence; his chilling blasts freeze to numbness the heart of flesh: he thunders in the ear the threatenings of the Mosaic law, and deafens to the sound of the still small voice of the gospel; yea, his fiery darts flash like lightning into the beclouded mind, and strike terror through the whole inner man. At such a crisis, what is the believer's resource? How can he recover himself? He looks up to Christ, who nobly vanquished in the desert, and looks not up in vain; he arms himself from the divine armory, and goes forth successfully in the strength of the Lord of Hosts; he betakes himself to the ranks of the great Captain of his salvation, and so manfully lifts up a standard against the rulers of the darkness of this world: the Lord is nigh at hand to deliver him, the enemy is routed and driven off the field, and the exhausted, but victorious combatant finds, by experience, that Christ is a sure covert from every tempest, but especially from the desolating tempests of Satanic power, and malice, and subtlety.

But let us now pass on to a brief consideration of the second part of our subject, viz. the believer's peace, and repose, and refreshment from weariness, as intimated in the

latter words of the text, "a man shall be as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

And O! what an important, what an encouraging, what a consolatory declaration is contained in these few words! may we be able henceforth to acknowledge their truth, by the testimony of our own experience! Remember, however, the full force of these heart-stirring words can with difficulty be appreciated by us, who, in this our highly favored land, live in a temperate climate, and are, happily, strangers to the extremes of either heat or cold. To catch the liveliness of the prophet's description, we must transfer ourselves, in imagination at least, to the scenes and the perils of the oriental traveller. The imagery is taken from the nature of the seasons and the character of the seasons in hot eastern countries, which were familiar to the prophet's observation; there, I need not remind you, there are large tracts of sandy, pathless deserts, where the weary traveller may walk mile after mile, and day after day, unsheltered from the burning rays of a vertical sun, the aching eyes unrefreshed by the sight of the lively and verdant green, and the parching thirst unquenched from the waters of the pure and bubbling fountain; there, again, the hurricanes are more fearful in their ravages than in our comparatively tranquil atmosphere, uprooting trees, unroofing houses, and spreading desolation far and near; there, the winds to be dreaded are not like ours, cold and bleak, and freezing, but, what is more to be dreaded, burning with a consuming and pestilential heat, and impregnated with the seeds of death; there, the tempests are, indeed, the soul-thrilling voice of an angry God, terrible in their aspect, and overwhelming in their effects. Remember, then, that the prophet spoke in reference to the winds and the tempests, and the soil of his own and surrounding countries. Remember, too, how appalling, how desolating those winds and tempests are, and the language of the first part of the text will then most powerfully remind us that Jehovah is indeed a consuming fire to his rebellious enemies, whilst at the same time he is a never-failing strength and security to his willing and obedient people.

In order, too, I would add, to conceive the full force of the latter words of the text, picture to your mind's eye the traveller bending his weary steps over such a weary land as has been faintly described; behold him almost ready to sink from the combined oppression of heat, fatigue, and exhaustion of spirits, his valuable stock of provisions, and his still more valuable flask of water, almost exhausted too; imagine, if it be possible, with what thankfulness of heart, with what an ecstasy of joy, when reduced to such a pitiable plight, the traveller would hail the sight of the distant river of water in such a dry and thirsty wilderness, or an approach to the cooling shade of the lofty over-hanging rock, in such a barren and sun-smitten desert. The shade of a tree, or a wall, and more especially the cooling shade of a rock, is always agreeable and reviving to the wearied traveller or laborer; and in a tenfold degree must it be so in the hot eastern countries: he reposes beneath its shadow, and feels himself a new man; he breathes, as it were, a different atmosphere, and finds himself in a different element; he drinks, too, at the passing stream, immediately his strength and his spirits revive, and he prosecutes his journey with renewed hope and alacrity.

Now, as with the eastern traveller, so with the Christian pilgrim, as with the wearied laborer, so with the Christian husbandman; he is, perhaps, distracted with the din of the noise, the tumult, and the bustle of the world, or too much captivated with the pleasures and vanities of life, and his thoughts are thereby taken off from the far more important concerns of the soul and of eternity, and a languor and deadness creep over and benumb the whole spiritual frame; or the mind may be oppressed with a weight of afflictions, bereavements, and trials; or he may be, for a time, overwhelmed with the pressure of the cares and uncertainties of business, and give way to unnecessary apprehensions of future embarrassment, and so suffer unbelief to usurp the dominion of faith, or he may be grievously assaulted for a season with the burning heat of sin and sorrow, which, with their pernicious influence, drank up all spiritual warmth and animation; or the fiery darts of Satan may infuse their deadly venom into the soul, and so destroy all that is healthy and vigorous within; or the warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, may appear, at the present, too arduous, and the Christian combatant is almost tempted to desert the standard of his general, and to throw away the divine armor as useless and cumbersome. At this critical juncture, how is the sinking Christian raised out of the waves of trouble and darkness? how is he strengthened with divine strength, and enabled to throw off the world's trammels? How can he gird up the loins of his mind, so as to persevere with increased diligence in the Christian pilgrimage? Prayer is his resource, the throne of grace is his refuge; the blood-stained mercy-seat is his hiding-place, the atoning sacrifice of Christ is his plea, his only plea, his all-prevailing plea, the promises of a covenant-keeping God, which are all yea and amen in Christ, are his strong encouragement; his hands, his eyes, his heart, are toward the merciful and faithful High Priest in the heavens; his thirsty soul is crying out and gasping for the living God, and he rushes to the fountain opened in Mount Calvary, more healing than Bethesda's pool, or famed Siloam's flood. What is the result? He is privileged to taste the fountain of living waters, and to find the shadow of the Rock of ages; he drinks, and drinks deeply of the inexhaustible river of life; he reposes with renewed peace and hope beneath that refreshing and never-failing shadow; the barren soil is made fruitful, the wilderness blossoms as the Eden of the Lord, the dew of heaven descending, the soul emits the fragrance of a well-watered and richly planted garden; the Christian principle is impregnated with a fresh stimulus, his drooping graces revive, his spiritual health is re-established, his humility is deepened, his love and zeal burn with a purer flame, his faith is strengthened, his hopes are animated, his affections are spiritualized; a calmness of confidence, a liveliness of joy, and a holiness of peace are diffused through the whole inner man.

In one respect, however, there is a dissimilarity in the situation of the eastern traveller and the Christian pilgrim. Thus far we have traced an analogy, but there is one circumstance which will not admit of comparison. The traveller's expectations are sometimes raised—only to be disappointed: not so the Christian's. Through

an optical illusion, peculiar to those countries, the traveller imagines that he can see in the far-distant horizon the long-wished-for sight of a lake or a fountain of water; immediately his hopes revive, his heart is cheered, and his pace quickened only to discover at last that his hope was a mockery, and his imagination a dream. Not so the Christian pilgrim in his search for "the well of water springing up into eternal life," or the rock of his salvation: he never seeks the fountain or the shadow in vain; he is never deceived, never disappointed; yea, he may have more than he expects, desires, or deserves; there is a fullness of blessing, a richness of consolation, an abundance of peace to the anxious, the patient, the believing, thirsty soul. The faithful and true witness hath said, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and "Whosoever will, let him to the waters of life freely;" and again, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground;" yea, he has not only promised, but invited and entreated; for, on the great day of the feast of tabernacles, he cried out and said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water:" in other words, he shall be abundantly and inwardly watered himself, and shall abundantly and inwardly water others.

## Original Articles.

For the New World

### PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF LAFITTE.

BY JAMES REES.

CHAP. VIII. . . . The Bandit's Mountain Home—Social Habits of the Gang—Singfried's Story—Father Nicholas, a legend of the olden time—Bobby's idea of legends, and the Story Telling expressed by his actions.

In a former Passage we introduced the notorious Mason to our readers. It is not generally known that this respectable personage acted as Lafitte's Lieutenant, and occasionally took command of his men on land service, when other and more important matters called the attention of their Chief to the ocean. The broad mountains of the Far West were their abiding place; and one of those numerous caves so celebrated in traditionary love, and subject of wonderment and mystery in history, their home. Immediately after the incidents related in our last Passage, Lafitte sought his *horde*, and, with Rebecca, soon forgot the world—but was not by the world forgotten.

Rebecca seemed the priestess of the cave. There was none of that delicacy about her which would have tended to mar their festivities. She even sat at the table and drank the Brigand's toast—"A wide sea, a good ship, clear ground, and a swift horse."

It was on one of those social occasions, that Rebecca rallied Lafitte on his wild and peculiar doctrine, "that there was in nature the means of prolonging life." Nay, he even contended that the *elixir*, spoken of as fabulous, actually existed.

"Well, Captain," observed one of the men, "tell us that story which you have written in your journal, entitled 'Father Nicholas'—it carries out your favorite theory."

"How do you know there is such a tale in my journal?"

"That's a question to ask a gentleman and a scholar! Why, does n't it lay open on the desk in your room?"

"True, Singfried, now I remember, you once told me that in your youth your education was not, like mine, neglected. Your life, no doubt, would furnish a strange mixture of the serious and ludicrous, crime, and a few virtues. You must tell us your history, for our amusement."

"As regards the matter, Captain, there is that in it which is serious enough, and some things which I would rather keep locked up here," laying his hand impressively on his heart.

"Old Barbeaux's death, for instance," whispered Bob.

"Silence, hell-hound, or I'll throttle you! Imp of Satan, you are my bane—my curse! Beware of my vengeance!"

"Yes, old 'un; but see, the Captain waits."

"As I was saying, Captain, when the bright-headed youth interrupted me, my life is a dark catalogue of crimes, some of which still disturb my rest—but no matter. Do you know, Captain, I once denied the existence of a Supreme Being. It was a battle between myself and Reason. The former conquered, but not until my soul was loaded to the brim with heavy crimes. No man should deny the Deity, Captain, though he be a murderer."

"Is there blood upon your conscience, Singfried?" asked the Captain.

Singfried cast one withering look at Bob: that scion of a noble house was mum!

"Ay, Captain, and innocent blood! In the dark hours of the night, when all around is calm and still—when Nature's self is asleep—these crimes are made manifest: the figures of those I have wronged rise up before me, and mock me with hideous gestures. I writhe upon my bed, still are they before me: I arise and approach them—they move, I follow, they vanish! Oh, Captain, such sights are dreadful!"

"Rebecca, can you listen to such things unmoved?" asked Lafitte.

"I could listen to his story with more interest."

"I do not want to hear old Singfried's story of ghosts," cried a robber; "give us the Captain's story."

"Presently, my men; but I should like to hear a portion of Singfried's—that part of it which led him to adopt a robber's life. What caused you to quit the gay world and all its pleasures for these broad hills, and this barren cave?" Singfried hesitated a moment, cast his eyes around the table, took a full glass of brandy, and, in a low voice, began:

"Captain, I will tell you that, but no more. Remember, only that."

SINGFRIED'S STORY.

My life has been one of crime, the retrospection of which drives me to madness. The thought has frequently struck me that a recapitulation of a few scenes would tend to withdraw my mind from the contemplation of them, and

relieve me of a heavy load of crime which presses with a giant's strength upon my soul. I question, however, if this will avail much. Nothing but the annihilation of thought—the destruction of memory—can give me relief. The mind, that undefined and intuitive seat of reason, that embryo of eternity, with all its fearful imaginings, can call up at a moment's warning the dark, deep deeds of guilt, and hold them up to the mirrored soul, as messengers from the grave. The recital of one event in my life may teach some of you a lesson, and probably draw from some sympathetic eye the tear of pity for my woes. I shall pass over the earlier years of my life, as they contain nothing that would interest you. They were of an infantine nature compared to the ones in which the event occurred I am now about relating. I was in my twenty-second year when I became acquainted with two sisters of the name of Clifford: they were beautiful and highly accomplished—the pride of their parents, the admiration of their friends.

[Some portion purposely omitted.]

\* \* \* I was the monster who crushed all their bright hopes, and sent them to an untimely grave, victims of my hellish arts. Each one bore me a child—a daughter and a son. They separated; one left the city and went no one knew whither; the other died a prostitute in a common brothel in Shippen street, Philadelphia. Her child, my son, was brought up in the poor-house, and turned loose upon the world. At the age of eighteen he was committed to prison for theft. Captain, he is one of your gang! Start not: he is not here now, nor does he know me as his father.

"Where is he?" asked Lafitte.

"On duty—absent on duty. On my return home to my native land, after an absence of eighteen years, (during which time I suffered several years' imprisonment for petty crimes,) I learned the fate of my son. I made inquiry of the Cliffords. They were both dead. My daughter—I never heard of her until—but I will not anticipate you in the interest of my story, if it has any. I pressed my feet once more on my native soil: it was not the pressure of innocence and virtue; it was the heavy tread of guilt." [Here follows several pages taken up with reflections, and vain attempts at true philosophy, which result in his forming an acquaintance with a man of some character, whose name was Gilbert.]

"I married the daughter of my friend Gilbert. She was just twenty-one years of age, handsome and accomplished. I was forty-three; the disparity of our ages seemed not to lessen the power of love. I was now comparatively happy. We lived on the borders of a sweet, romantic lake. Our time was spent in rural and rational enjoyment; my wife was fond of reading, and I of hearing her read. I thought then there was music in it. For hours we have sat together beneath a spreading oak, and read alternately to each other some interesting book.

One afternoon, eight months after our marriage, my wife's delicate situation rendered it impracticable to take our accustomed walk. We were seated in our little parlor, looking over some old papers, trinkets, and such matters. Some of these papers belonged to my wife's mother, and she was intent upon them. To me they were of no value; a miniature fell to the floor, and exposed the features of a most beautiful woman. I snatched it up, and uttered an exclamation of surprise, as I recognised the likeness of Mary Clifford! 'Gracious God, what is this?' My wife, alarmed at the exclamation, turned suddenly around, and, seeing the miniature in my hand—'T is my mother,' she exclaimed, 'and is a good likeness.' 'Your mother! speak, for the sake of my soul's salvation—speak! Helen, who art thou? quick; your name ere I go mad! Was not Gilbert your father? In mercy say that he was!' and I called upon heaven to save me from the damning—the worst of crimes. 'Be calm, dear husband; you look wild; Gilbert was not my father!' 'And your mother—who was your mother?' 'Her name was Clifford—Mary Clifford.' 'Go on—go on—let me hear all. Name him she called husband—your father.' My wife held down her head and hesitated. 'Be calm, my dear husband. Hear me confess a mother's frailty: I was not born in wedlock! I am the offspring of guilt. My father's name was—' 'Hold!' I exclaimed, 'one moment! my brain is on fire! reason is deserting me!—now go on—his name?' 'Was Collins!' 'Miserable girl, you have wedded your own father!—'

I remember nothing. Beyond this all was chaos. Years rolled away, and I was the inmate of a mad-house. Reason, however, once more resumed her seat. I learnt that my daughter died in giving birth to a male child—both lay in one grave! Captain, this is an awful confession. Pity me, comrades, for I am miserable."

The wretched man leaned his head upon the table and groaned audibly. The silence was broken by a voice from the lower end of the table, requesting the Captain to read the story of "Father Nicholas."

"I am afraid the story of Singfried has taken away the desire of listening to mine. His is an 'over true one,' Father Nicholas but the phantom of the mind—a playful fancy of the imagination."

"Let us have it—let us have it!" was the cry. A look of unusual kindness from Rebecca decided him, and in a clear, distinct manner he read from his journal the following strange tale, the production of his idle hours, and intended to carry out the idea of his new theory:—

FATHER NICHOLAS,

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

"I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of herbs; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones." *Shakespeare.*

In a retired lane in the city of London, lived in the year 1330, a man whose outward appearance denoted the extremes of poverty. His beard hung down to his waist, and the abject wretchedness of his person threw around it a wild and unnatural character, which gave rise to dark rumors and deep suspicion of his being a necromancer—a name which allied the individual possessing it, to Satan himself. This man kept a small shop for the sale of herbs, and chemical preparations, the effect of which, upon those who had the courage to take them, was so extraordinary, that it obtained for him the title of the learned doctor. Business, however, came in very slow, and seemingly added

nothing to his worldly gear, or limited household. Of an evening, this singular man was frequently seen gathering herb and plants from churchyards, and it is said that he was once seen to pluck a flower of a peculiar color from the grave of a murderer; and he was known to have given the executioner a large sum of money for the toe nails of a noted malefactor; these, and sundry other unspeakable things, he was known to place in a crucible made of the skull of a child murderer! The neighbors said, that on this occasion he invoked the devil and his angels. Be this as it may, Father Nicholas, for such he was called, pursued the even tenor of his way until the evening when we beg leave to introduce another character to our readers.

It was one of those dark nights peculiar to the city of London, that a little man, dressed in black, presented himself at the dirty counter of Father Nicholas. "Good evening, learned sir," was the stranger's salutation. The doctor raised his eyes, fixed them upon the speaker, and inquired his business.

"You purchase herbs and scarce plants, I understand?"

"Yes; have you any for sale?"

"I have a few handful of"—placing his mouth to the ear of the doctor, he whispered the name.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, the consternation of the poor doctor could not have been greater. He started back, his eyes rolled in his head, his hands relaxed their hold of some glasses, which fell with a crash to the floor.—The stranger in black stood unmoved, and repeated in a careless manner, the former question, "Do you purchase?" "Purchase!" exclaimed Nicholas, "aye, with my soul's salvation, I'll buy them, sir, but speak—where—who—gathered them?"

"Myself," was the answer.

"And there—did you gather them there yourself?—from that spot where mortal footsteps have never trod!"

"Were they are, old man, view them; aye smell them, prepare them, try them upon your whiskered form, ha! ha!" and his wild laugh rang fearful through the house.

"Name your price young man; name it—take it and begone."

"It is easily told, and to be paid this day two hundred years hence on this spot."

"What is the price?"

"Yourself, living or dead."

"And my reward—I mean my gain?"

"The indulgence of life to the fullest extent of your ambition and desires; unbounded wealth and renewed youth!"

A wonderful alteration appeared in the heretofore wretched hovel of Father Nicholas; a splendid new building arose upon the ruins of the old one. It was remarked at the time, that the workmen were forbid to alter, or injure in any manner, the little room wherein the extraordinary scene above described had occurred. The personal appearance of Father Nicholas was also changed; he seemed to be much younger. Riches poured in upon him. At last a dark story was circulated, that the means of its accumulation was dangerous to the morbid institutions of Great Britain. Matters of this kind occurring in the age of which we speak, carried on their front an air of probable witchcraft; then, as well as in after ages, it was looked upon with the utmost horror and detestation. The accumulation of money by any other means than labor, or honest traffic, was at that period considered as alone the work of magic; hence Father Nicholas's sudden rise from the extreme of poverty to the extreme of wealth, became the subject of much conversation among his less fortunate neighbors. It finally reached the ears of England's avaricious king, who summoned the victim of superstition before him: a veil is drawn over this conference. Astonishment, it is said, was depicted on the king's countenance as he was seen suddenly quitting the chamber, and hid himself in his private library for the rest of the day. Father Nicholas was cleared from all imputation heretofore attached to him; he was countenanced by majesty, and taken, as history informs us, into his especial favor!

A short time after this, Father Nicholas decamped in a very mysterious manner, leaving his house under the especial charge of the king, who, to the astonishment of his subjects, gave especial orders that the house of Father Nicholas should stand until it fell of its own accord to the ground!

Strange as this order was, other circumstances of a mysterious nature, led people to believe that Father Nicholas was, or had been leagued with old Nick. The house was looked upon as a doomed one, and one hundred years after the disappearance of the owner, the same old-fashioned uninhabited dwelling stood, the terror of the whole neighborhood and the fruitful subject of many a long winter evening's tale. The grass had grown over the steps, and the running vine completely enveloped its sombre stone in its serpentine folds; it was pointed out by one generation to another, as the place of demons; and posterity did full justice to the old story, by additions rendered ten times more awful by the contrast drawn between the then enlightened age, and the dark one in which such infernal rites were supposed to have been performed. The advancement of knowledge never has, and perhaps, never will clear away that rubbish of superstition from our minds which former ages have been gathering, as it were, for our especial inconvenience; nor does it seem probable that those wild notions of sorcery, magic, &c., will ever be obliterated while the subject forms the theme of some of our ablest writers.

About one hundred years after the sudden and mysterious departure of Father Nicholas from England, a similar character appeared in France, whose immense riches attracted the attention of King Charles, who commissioned his master of requests to enquire into the means by which he became so opulent. The account given by this man differed widely, it is presumed, from the one given by the other. He said that having purchased an old thick book, gilt upon the edges, and written on the bark of a peculiar tree in Latin characters, with a thin cover of copper, on which were sculptured many strange figures and devices—he studied it for twenty-one years without being able to discover more than it was a treatise on the Philosopher's Stone. The book, however, was translated by a converted Jew, named Sanchez, who taught him to decipher the characters. It was the art of turning quicksilver into gold and silver at his pleasure; and he stated that at two different times in the month of April, he had converted a half a pound of quick-

silver into pure silver, and the same quantity into pure gold. This account, we are told, satisfied the two, but raised doubts among the many.

"T was on the evening of the 15th March, 1530, that a little boy, living in an obscure lane in London, ran to his mother in the utmost alarm, and in a hurried manner told her that he saw a man whose description answered exactly to the likeness of old Father Nicholas, which hung in the aisle of an old church close by. He was pushing away the stones and rubbish from the door of the old deserted house, and applied a key which opened it, and went in. The mother dropped some work which she held in her hand, and ran hastily to the spot, and to her astonishment discovered the most evident signs of some one having forced his way into the house. The reader no doubt remembers it as well as we do. The woman, as in duty bound, reported the fact to the next magistrate, who as also in duty bound, convened his officers, and concluded to march "seriatim" to the house of terror. By this time the whole neighborhood was informed of the daring stranger, who had entered the house, and resembled the original owner, who had been gone two hundred years that very day. They reached the place, and as numbers make cowards brave, they rushed in a body through the long entry. Not a sound but the hollow echo of their own footsteps was heard; every thing was falling to decay; the tapestry was dropping piecemeal from the damp walls; pictures had by their weight loosened the nails, and they hung in a falling posture; many of them had fallen and were shattered to pieces on the floor. In the middle of the room, a table was set, with a number of dishes completely filled with dust; one of two bottles of wine stood upright, and uncorked, but no one dared to touch them, thinking that a devil had taken up his quarters in them. A dreadful gloom hung over the scene, and a chilly air rushed through the decayed apartments. In another room stood several tables covered with cards and dice; upon a sideboard stood the remains of a supper, which had been prepared two hundred years ago, for those who had long since become food for worms. Strange as it would seem, every thing had lost its original nature but the bread—it had not even moulded, but was as hard as the marble upon which it had stood; a of curious form fell to pieces at the touch. The company who had thus unceremoniously entered the rooms looked upon one another in silence—not a word was spoken; they passed through the various rooms, every thing had withered beneath the hand of time; the beds had been eaten up by the few living inhabitants of this gloomy mansion, a host of whom attempted to escape, which gave additional fears to the already terrified officers of justice. Another door was pushed open. A cry of horror escaped them. Upon a chair beside the table sat the apparent living Father Nicholas, his head resting upon his hands—his eyes were closed. In one hand he held a small phial—it was empty; before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which was written, "my fate is sealed—the tempter claims his price—the price of the infernal drug—I have drank it—I await the issue—it fails—hell claims its victim!"

He was dead! Life had not been long extinct, for a gentle warmth was felt in the vicinity of the heart. The officers returned, locked up the house, reported the extraordinary circumstance to those more particularly concerned. The succeeding week the house, in despite of the King's prohibition, was pulled down, and not a trace remains of this once beautiful, yet dreaded mansion.

That the reader may not conceive this to be altogether an imaginary sketch on my part, I need only refer to the writings of Godwin and others, who not only wrote upon the subject of the Philosopher's Stone, but actually believed in the wild tale of the "Wandering Jew," who, as one grave writer asserts, is still in existence, and doomed to wander upon the earth, without a local habitation or name.\*

There was a long pause among the stern followers of the writer of this wild tale, which was broken by the sudden entrance of red-headed Bob, who not being over-fond of story-telling had watched his opportunity and sneaked quietly out, "Well, Bob, what's in the wind now, eh?"

"There are four men well mounted, and well-armed too, even now crossing the bridge."

"Ah! say you so? To arms—to arms! Rebecca to your chamber."

"Why should I to my chamber? Think you there are no charms in a mountain skirmish for me?"

"It is not fitting, Rebecca, nor would I have it so."

"If it fit me to go, I will."

"Ha! say you so, proud one? Then let me tell you that Lafitte has no master, or mistress here. I say again, get to your chamber nor dare dispute my orders."

There was that in the flashing eye of Lafitte, and the curling of his haughty lip, which silenced the proud beauty at once, but it laid the foundation of a new passion, opposed in all its ramifications to the one she heretofore felt for Lafitte, and of which he was soon to feel the effects.

\*An imperfect version of the story of Father Nicholas was published in a Philadelphia paper some several years ago.

For the New World.

## STANZAS.

Ubi libertas, ibi Patria.

Freedom, high born of heaven! glorious mother

Of a vast progeny, to whom the earth

In heritage descended from each other,

Pure in its purpose as 't was in its birth—

How is thy glorious mission disregarded,

For this boasting man's ascendant day,

When men presume that heaven by earth is guarded,

And strive to darken thy benignant ray.

Were intellect a waste, still, lone and solemn,

Thou 'd'st sit amid the ruins of the mind,

For thou can'st see no relic of its column

Which has not left some monument behind.

And thus the spirit, even in ruin, leaveth,

Where'er we stray, some sun-path, where we see

Some glimpse-ray of the glory which God gaveth

To the broad wings of missioned liberty.

JNO. A. SHER.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

With this view, she gently opened the drawing-room door, and, glancing around, found that she should be alone. The fire gave the only light. She opened the organ with a sigh, and then sat down before it for some minutes without touching the keys. At length she struck them very gently, as if fearful of disturbing those who, she soon recollected, were too distant to hear her. Ah! how many associations were stirred up as she played over the simple and solemn air! At length, in a low and rather tremulous voice, she began—

"Soon will the evening star, with silver ray,  
Shed its mild radiance o'er the sacred day;  
Resume we, then, ere night and silence reign,  
The rites which holiness and heaven ordain!"

She sung the last line somewhat indistinctly; and, overcome by a flood of tender recollections, ceased playing; then, leaning her head upon her hand, she shed tears. At length she resumed—

"Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile  
Will crown with sweet success our earthly toil—  
And here, on each returning Sabbath, join."

Here poor Kate's voice quivered—and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to sing the next line, she sobbed, and ceased playing. She remained for several minutes, her face buried in her handkerchief, shedding tears. At length, "I'll play the last verse," thought she, "and then sit down before the fire, and read over the evening service, (feeling for her little prayer-book,) before I return to poor mamma." With a firmer hand and voice she proceeded—

"Father of Heaven! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide—  
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,  
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end!"

She played and sung these lines with a kind of solemn energy; and she felt as if a ray of heavenly light had trembled for a moment upon her upturned eye. She had not been, as she had supposed, alone; in the farthest corner of the room had been all the while sitting her brother—too exquisitely touched by the simplicity and goodness of his sweet sister, to apprise her of his presence. Several times his feelings had nearly overpowered him; and as she concluded, he arose from his chair, and approaching her, after her first surprise was over—"Heaven bless you, dear Kate!" said he, taking her little hands in his own. Neither of them spoke for a few moments.

"I could not have sung a line, or played, if I had known that you were here," said she.

"I thought so, Kate."

"I do n't think I shall ever have heart to play again."

"Be assured, Kate, that submission to the will of God," said Mr. Aubrey, as, he with his arm round his sister, they walked slowly to and fro, "is the great lesson to be learned from the troubles of life; and for that purpose they are sent. Let us bear up awhile; the waters will not go over our heads!"

"I hope not," replied his sister, faintly, and in tears.

"How did you leave Agnes, Charles?"

"She was asleep: she is still very feeble."—Here the door was suddenly opened, and Miss Aubrey's maid entered hastily, exclaiming, "Are you here, ma'am?—or sir?"

"Here we are," they replied, hurrying towards her; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, madam is talking! She began speaking all of a sudden. She did indeed, sir. She's talking, and"—continued the girl, almost breathless.

"My mother talking!" exclaimed Aubrey, with an amazed air.

"Oh yes, sir! she is—she is, indeed!"

Miss Aubrey sunk into her brother's arms, overcome for a moment with the sudden and surprising intelligence.

"Rouse yourself, Kate!" he exclaimed with animation; "Did I not tell you that Heaven would not forget us? But I must hasten up stairs, to hear the joyful sounds with my own ears—and do you follow as soon as you can."

Leaving her in the care of her maid, he hastened out of the room up stairs, and was soon at the door of his mother's chamber. He stood for a moment in the doorway, and his straining ears caught the gentle tones of his mother's voice, speaking in a low but cheerful tone. His knees trembled beneath him with joyful excitement. Fearful of trusting himself in her presence till he had become calmer, he noiselessly sunk on the nearest chair, with beating heart and straining ear—ay, every tone of that dear voice thrilled through his heart. But I shall not torture my own or my reader's heart by dwelling upon the scene that ensued.—Alas! the venerable sufferer's tongue was indeed loosed; but reason had fled! He listened—he distinguished her words. She supposed that all her children—dead and alive—were romping about her; she spoke of him and his sister as she had spoken to them twenty years ago.

As soon as he had made this sad discovery, overwhelmed with grief he staggered out of the room; and motioning his sister, who was entering, into an adjoining apartment, communicated to her the mournful condition of her mother.

The chief corner stone suddenly found wanting in the glittering fabric of Mr. Timmouse's fortune, so that to the eyes of its startled architects, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, it seemed momentarily threatening to tumble about their ears, was a certain piece of evidence, which, being a matter-of-fact man, I should like to explain to the reader before we get on any further. In order, however, to do this effectually, I must go back to an earlier period in the history than has been yet called to his attention. If it shall have been unfortunate enough to attract the hasty eye of the superficial and impatient novel reader, I make no doubt that by such a one certain portions of what has gone before, and which could not fail of attracting the attention of long-headed people, as being not thrown in for nothing, (and therefore to be borne in mind with a view to subsequent explanation,) have been entirely overlooked or forgotten.



gotten. Now, I can fancy that the sort of reader whom I have in my eye, as one whose curiosity it is worth some pains to excite and sustain, has more than once asked himself the following question, viz:

How did Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, first come to be acquainted with the precarious tenure by which Mr. Aubrey held the Yatton property? Why, it chanced in this wise.

Mr. Parkinson of Grilston, who has been already introduced to the reader, succeeded to his late father, in one of the most respectable practices, as a country attorney and solicitor in Yorkshire. He was a highly honorable, painstaking man, and deservedly enjoyed the entire confidence of all his numerous and influential clients. Some twelve years before the period at which this history commences, Mr. Parkinson, who was a very kind-hearted nian, had taken into his service an orphan boy of the name of Steggars, at first merely as a sort of errand boy, and to look after the office. He soon, however, displayed so much sharpness, and acquitted himself so creditably in any thing that he happened to be concerned in, a little above the run of his ordinary duties, that in the course of a year or two he became a sort of clerk, and sat and wrote at the desk it had formerly been his sole province to dust. Higher and higher did he rise, in process of time, in his master's estimation; and at length became quite a *factotum*—as such, acquainted with the whole course of business that passed through the office. Many interesting matters connected with the circumstances and connections of the neighboring nobility and gentry were thus constantly brought under his notice, and now and then set him thinking whether the knowledge thus acquired could not, in some way, and at some time or another, be turned to his own advantage; for I am sorry to say that he was utterly unworthy of the kindness and confidence of Mr. Parkinson, who little thought that in Steggars he had to deal with a rogue in grain. Such being his character, and such his opportunities, this worthy made a practice of minuting down, from time to time, any thing of interest or importance in the affairs which thus came under his notice—even laboriously copying long documents, when he thought them of importance enough for his purpose, and had the opportunity of doing so without attracting the attention of Mr. Parkinson. He thus silently acquired a mass of information which might have enabled him to occasion great annoyance, and even inflict serious injury; and the precise object he had in view, was either to force himself, hereafter, into partnership with his employer, (provided he could get regularly introduced into the profession,) or even compel his master's clients to receive him into their confidence, adversely to Mr. Parkinson, making it worth his while to keep the secrets of which he had become possessed. So careful ought to be, and indeed generally are, attorneys and solicitors, as to the characters of those whom they thus receive into their employ. On the occasion of Mr. Aubrey's intended marriage with Miss St. Clair, with a view to the very liberal settlements which he contemplated, a full abstract of his title was laid by Mr. Parkinson before his conveyancer, in order to advise and prepare the necessary instruments. Owing to inquiries suggested by the conveyancer additional statements were laid before him; and produced an opinion of a somewhat unsatisfactory description, from which I shall lay before the reader the following paragraph:

"There seems no reason for supposing that any descendant of Stephen Dreddington is now in existence: still, as it is by no means physically impossible that such a person may be in esse, it would no doubt be important to the security of Mr. Aubrey's title, to establish clearly the validity of the conveyance by way of mortgage, executed by Henry Dreddington, and which was afterwards assigned to Geoffrey Dreddington on his paying off the money borrowed by his deceased uncle; since the descent of Mr. Aubrey from Geoffrey Dreddington would, in that event, clothe him with an indefeasible title at law, by virtue of that deed; and any equitable rights which were originally outstanding, would be barred by lapse of time. But the difficulty occurring to my mind on this part of the case is, that unless Harry Dreddington, who executed that deed of mortgage, survived his father, (a point on which I have no information,) the deed itself would have been mere waste parchment, as the conveyance of a person who never had any interest in the Yatton property—and, of course, neither Geoffrey Dreddington, nor his descendant Mr. Aubrey, could derive any right whatever under such an instrument. In that case, such a contingency as I have above hinted at—I mean the existence of any legitimate descendant of Stephen Dreddington—might have a most serious effect upon the rights of Mr. Aubrey.

Every line of this opinion, and also even of the Abstract of Title upon which it was written, did this quick-sighted young scoundrel copy out, and deposit, as a great prize, in his desk, among other similar notes and memoranda, little wotting his master the while of what he was doing. Some year or two afterward, the relationship subsisting between Mr. Parkinson and his clerk Steggars, was suddenly determined by a somewhat untoward event, viz: by the latter's decamping with the sum of £700 sterling, being the amount of money due in a mortgage which he had been sent to receive from a client of Mr. Parkinson's. Steggars fled for it—but first having bethought himself of the documents to which I have been alluding, and which he carried with him to London. Hot pursuit was made after the unfortunate delinquent, who was taken into custody two or three days after his arrival in town, while he was walking about the streets, with the whole of the sum which he had embezzled, minus a few pounds, upon his person, in bank notes. He quickly found his way into Newgate. His natural sagacity assured him that his case was rather an ugly one; but he hoped not desert him.

"Well, my kiddy," said the grim-visaged, grey-headed turnkey, as soon as he had ushered Steggars into his snug little quarters: "here you are, you see—is n't you?"

"I think I am," replied Steggars, with a sigh.

"Well—and if you want to have a chance of not going across the water till you are many years older, you'll get yourself defended, and the sooner the better, d'ye see.—There's Quirk, Gammon and Snap—my eyes! how they do thin our place, to be sure! The only thing's to get 'em soon; 'cause, ye see, they're so run after. Shall I send them to you?"

Steggars answered eagerly in the affirmative. In order

to account for this spontaneous good-nature on the part of Grasp, (the turnkey in question,) I must explain that old Mr. Quirk had for years secured a large criminal practice, by having in his interest most of the officers attached to the police offices and Newgate, to whom he gave, in fact, systematic gratuities, in order to get their recommendations to the persecuted individuals who came into their power.—Very shortly after Grasp's messenger had reached Saffron Hill, with the intelligence that "there was something new in the trap," old Quirk bustled down to Newgate, and was introduced to Steggars, with whom he was closeted for some time. He took a lively interest in his new companion, whose narrative of his flight and capture he listened to in a very kind and sympathising way, and promised to do for him whatever his little skill and experience could do. He hinted, however, that, as Mr. Steggars must be aware, a little ready money would be required, in order to fee counsel—whereat Steggars looked very dismal indeed, and knowing the state of his exchequer, imagined himself already on shipboard, on his way to Botany Bay. Old Mr. Quirk asked him if he had no friends who would raise a trifle for a "chum in trouble;" and on answering in the negative, he observed the enthusiasm of the respectable old gentleman visibly and rapidly cooling down.

"But I'll tell you what, sir," said poor Steggars, suddenly, "if I have n't money, I may have money's worth at my command; I've a little box, that's at my lodging, which those that got me knew nothing of—and in which there is a trifle or two about the families and fortunes of some of the first folk in Yatton, that would be precious well worth looking after to those that know how to follow up such matters."

Old Quirk hereat pricked up his ears, and asked his young friend how he got possessed of such secrets.

"Oh fie! fie!" said he, gently, as soon as Steggars had told him the practices of which I have already put the reader in possession.

"Ah—you may say fie! fie! if you like," quoth Steggars, earnestly; "but the thing is, not how they were come by, but what can be done with them, now they're got. For example, there's a certain member of parliament in Yorkshire, that, high as he may hold his head, has no more right to the estates that yield him a good ten thousand a year than I have, but keeps some folk out of their own, that could pay some other folk a round sum to be put in the way of getting their own;" and that was only one of the good things he knew of. Here old Quirk rubbed his chin, hemmed, fidgeted about in his seat, took off his glasses, wiped them, replaced them; and presently went through that ceremony again. He then said that he had had the honor of being concerned for a great number of gentlemen in Mr. Steggars's "present embarrassed circumstances," but who had always been able to command at least a five-pound note at starting, to run a heat for liberty.

"Come, come, old gentleman," quoth Steggars, earnestly, "I do n't want to go over the water before my time, if I can help it; and I see you know the value of what I've got! Such a gentleman as you can turn every bit of paper I have in my box into a fifty-pound note."

"All this is moonshine, my young friend," cried old Quirk in an irresolute tone and manner.

"Ah! is it, though? To be able to tell the owner of a fat ten thousand a year, that you can spring a mine under his feet at any moment—eh?—and no one ever know how you came by your knowledge. And if they would n't do what was handsome, couldn't you get at the right heir—and would n't that—Lord! it would make the fortunes of half-a-dozen of the first houses in the profession!" Old Quirk got a little excited.

"But mind, sir—you see," said Steggars, "if I get off, I'm not to be cut out of the thing altogether—eh? I shall look to be taken into your employ, and dealt handsomely by!"

"Oh lord!" exclaimed Quirk, involuntarily—adding quickly—"Yes, yes! to be sure! only fair; but let us first get you out of your present difficulty, you know!" Steggars, having first exacted from him a written promise to use his utmost exertions on his (Steggars's) behalf, and secure him the services of two of the most eminent Old Bailey council, viz: Mr. Bluster and Mr. Slang—gave Mr. Quirk the number of the house where his precious box was, and a written order to the landlord to deliver it up to the bearer; after which Mr. Quirk shook him cordially by the hand, and, having quitted the prison, made his way straight to the house in question, and succeeded in obtaining what he asked for. He faithfully performed his agreement with Steggars; for he retained both Bluster and Slang for him, and got up their briefs with care; but alas! although these eminent men exerted all their great powers, they succeeded not in either bothering the judge, bamboozling the jury, or brow-beating the witnesses, (the principal one of whom was Mr. Parkinson;) Steggars was found guilty, and sentenced to be transported for life. Enraged at this issue, he sent a message the next day to Mr. Quirk, requesting a visit from him. When he arrived, Steggars, in a very violent tone, demanded that his papers should be returned to him. 'Twas in vain that Mr. Quirk explained to him again and again his interesting position with reference to his goods and chattels, and effects, i. e., that, as a convicted felon, he had no further concern with them, and might dismiss all anxiety on that score from his mind. Steggars hereat got more furious than before, and intimated plainly the course he should feel it his duty to pursue—that, if the papers in question were not given up to him as he desired, he should at once write off to his late employer, Mr. Parkinson, and acknowledge how much further he (Steggars) had wronged him and his clients than he supposed of. Old Quirk very feelingly represented to him that he was at liberty to do any thing that he thought calculated to relieve his excited feelings; and then Mr. Quirk took a final farewell of his client, wishing him health and happiness.

"I say, Grasp!" said he, in a whisper, to that grim functionary, as soon as he had secured poor Steggars in his cell, "that bird is a little ruffled just now!"

"Lud, sir, the naturalist thing in the world, considering!"

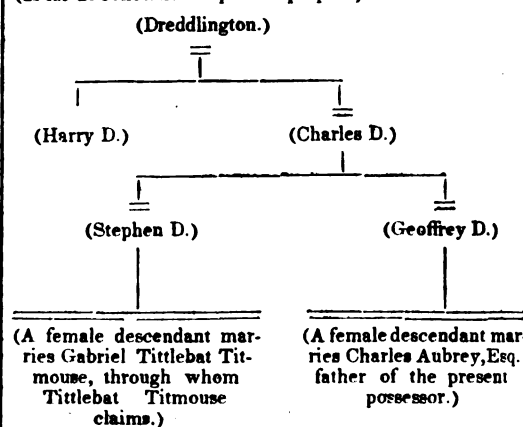
"Well; if he should want a letter taken to any one, whatever he may say to the contrary, you'll send it on to Saffron Hill, eh? Understand? He may be injuring himself, you know;" and old Quirk with one hand clasped the huge arm of Grasp in a familiar way, and with the fore-

finger of the other touched his own nose, and then winked his eye.

"All right!" quoth Grasp, and they parted. Within a very few hours' time Mr. Quirk received, by the hand of a trusty messenger from Grasp, a letter written by Steggars to Mr. Parkinson; a long and eloquent letter to the purport and effect which Steggars had intimated. Mr. Quirk read it with much satisfaction, for it disclosed a truly penitent feeling, and a desire to undo as much mischief as the writer had done. He (Mr. Quirk) was not in the least exasperated by certain very plain terms in which his own name was mentioned; but, making all due allowance, quietly put the letter into the fire as soon as he had read it. In due time Mr. Steggars, whose health had suffered from close confinement, caught frequent whiffs of the fresh sea-breeze, having set out, under most favorable auspices, for Botany Bay; to which distant but happy place, he had been thus fortunate in securing so early, an appointment for life.

Such, then, were the cruel means by which Mr. Quirk became acquainted with the exact state of Mr. Aubrey's title; on first becoming apprised of which Mr. Gammon either felt, or affected great repugnance to taking any part in the affair. He was at length, however, over-persuaded by Quirk into acquiescence; and, that point gained, worked his materials with a caution, skill, energy, and perseverance, which soon led to important results. Guided by the suggestions of acute and experienced counsel, after much pains and considerable expense, they succeeded in discovering that delectable specimen of humanity, Titlebat Titmouse, who hath already figured so prominently in this history. When they came to set down on paper the result of all their researches and inquiries, in order to submit it in the shape of a case for the opinion of Mr. Mortmain and Mr. Frankpledge, in the manner which has been already described, it looked perfect on paper, as many a faulty pedigree and abstract of title had looked before, and will yet look. It was quite possible for even Mr. Treasyle himself to overlook the defect which had been pointed out by Mr. Subtle. That which is stated to a conveyancer as a fact—any particular event, for instance, as of a death, a birth, or a marriage, at a particular time, which the very nature of the case renders highly probable—he may easily assume to be so. But when the same statement comes under the acute and experienced eye of a *visi prius* lawyer, who knows that he will have to prove his case, step by step, the aspect of things is soon changed. The first practitioner at the common law before whom the case came, in its roughest and earliest form, in order that he might "lick it into shape," and "advise generally" preparatory to its "being laid before counsel," was Mr. Traverse, a young pleader, whom Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were disposed to take by the hand. He wrote a very showy, but superficial and delusive opinion; and put the intended *protege* of his clients, as it were by a kind of hop, step, and jump into possession of the Yatton estates. Quirk was quite delighted on reading it; but Gammon shook his head with a somewhat sarcastic smile, and said he would at once prepare a case for the opinion of Mr. Lynx, whom he had pitched upon as the junior counsel in any proceedings which might be instituted in a court of law. Lynx (of whom I shall speak hereafter) was an experienced, hard-headed, vigilant, and accurate lawyer; the very man for such a case, requiring, as it did, most patient and minute examination. With an eye fitted

"To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven," he crawled, as it were, over a case; and thus, like as one can imagine that a beetle creeping over the floor of St. Paul's would detect minute flaws and fissures that would be invisible to the eye of Sir Christopher Wren himself, spied out defects that much nobler optics would have overlooked. To come to plain matter-of-fact, however, I have beside me the original opinion written by Mr. Lynx; and shall treat the reader to a taste of it—giving him sufficient to enable him to appreciate the ticklish position of affairs with Mr. Titmouse. To make it not altogether unintelligible, let us suppose the state of the pedigree to be something like this (as far as concerns our present purpose):



Be pleased, now, unlearned reader, to bear in mind that "Dreddington," at the top of the above table is the common ancestor; having two sons, the elder "Harry D." the younger "Charles D.," which latter has, in like manner, two sons, "Stephen D." the elder son, and "Geoffrey D." the younger son; that Mr. Aubrey, at present in possession, claims under "Geoffrey D." Now it will be incumbent on Titmouse, in the first instance, to establish in himself a clear independent title to the estates; it being sufficient for Mr. Aubrey, (possession being nineteenth of the law,) to falsify Titmouse's proofs, or show them defective—"because," saith a very learned sergeant, who hath writ a text-book upon the Action of Ejectment, "the plaintiff in an action of ejectment must recover upon the strength of his own title, not the weakness of his adversary's."

Now, things standing thus, behold the astute Lynx advising (*inter alia*) in manner following: that is to say:

"It appears clear that the lessor of the plaintiff (i. e. Titlebat Titmouse) will be able to prove that Dreddington (the common ancestor) was seized of the estate at Yatton in the year 1740; that he had two sons, Harry and Charles, the former of whom, after a life of dissipation, appears to have died without issue; and that from the latter (Charles) are descended Stephen, the ancestor of the lessor of the plaintiff, and Geoffrey, the ancestor of the defendant. Assuming, therefore, that the descent of the lessor of the plaintiff from Stephen

can be made out, as there appears every reason to expect (on this point he had written four brief pages), a clear *prima facie* case will be established on the part of the lessor of the plaintiff. As, however, it is suspected that Harry D., during his life time, executed a conveyance in fee of the property in order to secure the loan contracted by him from Aaron Moses, it will be extremely important to ascertain, and, if possible, procure satisfactory evidence, that his decease occurred before the period at which, by his father's death, that conveyance could have become operative upon the property: since it is obvious that should he have survived his father, that instrument, being outstanding, may form a complete answer to the case of the lessor of the plaintiff. The danger will be obviously increased, should the debt to Aaron Moses prove to have been paid off, as is stated to be removed, by Geoffrey D., the younger son of Charles D.: for, should that turn out to be the case, he would probably have taken a conveyance to himself, or to trustees for his benefit, from Aaron Moses—which being in the power of the defendant, Mr. Aubrey, would enable him to make out a title to the property, paramount to that now attempted to be set up on behalf of Mr. Titmouse. Every possible exertion, therefore, should be made to ascertain the precise period of the death of Harry D. The registries of the various parishes in which the family may have at any time resided, should be carefully searched, and an examination made in the churches and churchyards, of all tombstones, escutcheons, &c. belonging, or supposed to belong, to the Dreddington family, and by which any light can be thrown upon this most important point. It appears clear that Dreddington (the common ancestor) died on the 7th August, 1742: the question, therefore, simply is, 'whether the death of his eldest son (Harry) took place prior or subsequent to that period.' It is to be feared that the defendant may be in possession of some better evidence on this point than is possessed by the lessor of the plaintiff. The natural presumption certainly seems to be, that the son, being the younger and stronger man, was the survivor."

The above mentioned opinion of Mr. Lynx, together with that of Mr. Subtle, entirely corroborating it, (and which was alluded to in the last part of this history,) and a pedigree, was lying on the table, one day, at the office at Saffron Hill, before the anxious and perplexed parties, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon.

Gammon was looking attentively, and with a very chagrined air, at the pedigree; and Quirk was looking at Gammon.

"Now, Gammon," said the former, "just let me see again where the exact hitch is—eh? Curse me if I can see it."

"See it, my dear sir? here, here!" replied Gammon with sudden impatience, putting his finger two or three times on the words "Harry D."

"Don't be so sharp with one, Gammon! I know as well as you that that's about where the crack is; but what is the precise thing we're in want of, eh?"

"Proof, my dear sir, of the death of Harry Dreddington some time—no matter when—previous to the 7th August, 1742; and in default thereof, Mr. Quirk, we are all flat on our backs, and had better never have stirred in the business."

"You know, Gammon, you're a decided deal better up in these matters than I—(only because I've not been able to turn my attention to 'm lately)—so just tell me, in a word, what good 's to be got by showing that fellow to have died in his father's lifetime?"

"You do n't show your usual acuteness, Mr. Quirk," replied Gammon, blandly. "It is to make waste paper of that conveyance which he executed, and which Mr. Aubrey has, and with which he may, at a stroke, cut the ground from under our feet."

"The very thought makes one feel quite funny—do n't it, Gammon?" quoth Quirk, with a flustered air.

"It may well do so, Mr. Quirk. Now we are fairly embarked in a cause where success will be attended with so many splendid results, Mr. Quirk—though I'm sure you'll always bear me out in saying how very unwilling I was to take advantage of the villany—hem!"

"Gammon, Gammon, you're always harking back to that—I'm tired of hearing on 't."

"Well, now we're in it, I do n't see why we should allow ourselves to be baffled by trifles. The plain question is, undoubtedly, whether we are to stand still, or go on." Mr. Quirk gazed at Mr. Gammon with an anxious and puzzled look.

"How d'ye make out—in a legal way, you know, Gammon—when a man died—I mean, of a natural death?" inquired Quirk, who was familiar enough with the means of proving the exact hour of certain violent deaths at Debtor's Door.

"Oh! there are various methods of doing so, my dear sir," replied Gammon, carelessly. "Entries in family bibles and prayer-books, registers, tombstones—ay, by the way, an old tombstone," continued Gammon musingly, "that would settle the business!"

"An old tombstone!" echoed Quirk, briskly. "Lord, Gammon, so it would! That's an idea—I call that a decided idea, Gammon." "T would be the very thing!"

"The very thing!" repeated Gammon, pointedly. They remained silent for some moments.

"Snap could not have looked about him sharply enough, when he was down at Yatton!" at length observed Quirk, in a low tone, flushing all over as he uttered the last words, and felt Gammon's cold grey eye settled on him like that of a snake.

"He could not, indeed, my dear sir," replied Gammon, while Quirk continued gazing earnestly at him, now and then wriggling about in his chair, rubbing his chin, and drumming with his fingers on the table. "And now that you've suggested the thing, it's not to be wondered at—you know, it would have been an old tombstone—a sort of fragment of a tombstone, perhaps—so deeply sunk in the ground, probably, as easily to have escaped observation, eh? Does not it strike you so, Mr. Quirk?" All this was said by Gammon in a musing manner, and in a very low tone of voice; and he was delighted to find his words sinking into the eager mind of his companion.

"Ah, Gammon!" exclaimed Quirk, with a sound of partly a sigh, and partly a whistle, (the former being the exponent of the true state of his feelings, i. e. anxiety—the latter of what he wished to appear the state of his feelings, i. e. indifference.)

"Yes, Mr. Quirk?"

"You're a deep devil, Gammon—I will say that for you!" replied Quirk, glancing towards each door, and, as it were, unconsciously drawing his chair a little closer to that of Gammon.

"Nay, my dear sir!" said Gammon, with a deferential and deprecating smile, "you give me credit for an acuteness I feel I do not deserve! If, indeed, I had not had your sagacity to rely upon, ever since I have had the honor of being connected with you—ah, Mr. Quirk, you know you lead—I follow!"

"Gammon, Gammon! Come—your name's Oily!"

"In moments like these, Mr. Quirk, I say nothing that I do not feel," interrupted Gammon, gravely, putting to his nose the least modicum of snuff which he could take with the tip of his finger out of the huge box of Mr. Quirk, who, just then, was thrusting immense pinches every half minute up his nostrils.

"It will cost a great deal of money to find that same tombstone, Gammon!" said Quirk, in almost a whisper, and paused, looking intently at Gammon.

"I think this a different kind of snuff from that which you usually take, Mr. Quirk, is n't it?" inquired Gammon, as he inserted the tips of his fingers into the box.

"The same—the same," replied Quirk, mechanically.

"You are a man better equal to serious emergencies than any man I ever came near," said Gammon; "I perceive that you have hit the nail on the head, as indeed you always do."

"Tut! Stuff, Gammon; you're every bit as good a hand as I am." Gammon smiled, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

"T is that practical sagacity of yours," said Gammon; "you know it as well as I can tell you, that has raised you to your present professional eminence." He paused, and looked very sincerely at his senior partner.

"Well, I must own I think I do know a trick or two."

"Ah, and farther, there are some clever men that can never keep their own counsel; but like a hen that has just laid an egg, and then goes foolishly cackling about every where, and then her egg is taken away."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Quirk; "that's devilish good, Gammon!—Capital! Gad, I think I see the hen! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed Gammon, gently. "But to be serious, Mr. Quirk; what I was going to say was, that I thoroughly appreciate your admirable caution in not confiding to any one—even to me—the exact means by which you intend to extricate us from our present dilemma." Here Quirk got very fidgety.

"Hem! But—hem! Ay—a—," he grunted, looking with an uneasy air at his calm astute companion; "I did n't mean to say so much as all that, either, Gammon; for two heads, in my opinion, are better than one. You must own that, Gammon!" said he, not at all relishing the heavy burden of responsibility which he felt that Gammon was about to devolve upon his (Quirk's) shoulders, exclusively.

"T is undoubtedly rather a serious business on which we are now entering," said Gammon; "and I have always admired a saying which you years ago told me of that great man Machiavel!"

[Oh, Gammon! Gammon! You well knew that poor old Mr. Quirk never heard of the name of that same Machiavel till this moment!]

"That 'when great affairs are stirring, a master-move should be confined to the master-mind that projects it.' I understand! I see! I will not, therefore, inquire into the precise means by which you will make it appear, in due time, (while I am engaged getting up the subordinate, but very harassing details of the general case,) that Henry Dreddington died before the 7th of August, 1742." Here, taking out his watch—"Bless me—two o'clock! I ought to have been at Messrs. Gregson's a quarter of an hour ago."

"Stop—a moment or two can't signify! It—it," said Quirk, hesitatingly, "it was you, was n't it, that thought of the tombstone."

"I! Mr. dear Mr. Quirk," interrupted Gammon, with a look of astonishment.

"Come, come—honor among thieves, you know, Gammon!" said Quirk, trying to laugh.

"No—it shall never be said that I attempted to take the credit of—" said Gammon; when a clerk, entering, put an end to the colloquy between the partners, each of whom, presently, was sitting alone in his room, for Gammon found that he was too late to think of keeping his engagement with Messrs. Gregson; if indeed he had ever made any, which he had not. Mr. Quirk sat in a musing posture for nearly half an hour after he and Gammon had separated. "Gammon is a deep one! I'll be shot if there ever was his equal," said Quirk to himself, at length; and starting off his chair, with his hands crossed behind him, he walked softly to and fro. "I know what he's driving at—though he thought I did n't! He'd let me scratch my hands in getting the blackberries, and then he'd come smiling in to eat 'em! But—share and share alike—share profit, share danger, Master Gammon; you may find that Caleb Quirk is a match for Oily Gammon—I'll have you in for it, one way or another!"

Here occurred a long pause in his thoughts. "Really I doubt the thing's growing unmanageable—the prize can't be worth the risk! Risk indeed, 'fore Gad—'t is neither more nor less than—" Here a certain picture hanging, covered with black crape, in the drawing room at Alibi House, seemed to have glided down from its station, and to stand before his eyes with the crape drawn aside—a ghastly object—ugh! He shuddered, and involuntarily closed his eyes. "Devilish odd that I should just now have happened to think of it!" he inwardly exclaimed, sinking into his chair in a sort of cold sweat.

"D—n the picture!" at length he exclaimed almost aloud, getting more and more flustered, "I'll burn it. It shan't disgrace my drawing-room any longer!" Here Quirk almost fancied that some busy little fiend sat squatting before the grisly picture, writing the words "CALEB QUIRK" at the bottom of it; and a sort of sickness came over him for a moment. Presently he started up, and took down one of several well-worn dingy-looking books that stood on the shelves—a volume of Burns' Justice. Resuming his seat, he put on his glasses, and with a little trepidation turned to the head "Forgery," and glanced over it. At length his eye hit on a paragraph that seemed suddenly to draw his heart up into his throat; producing a sensation that made him involuntarily clap his hand upon his neck.

"Oh, Gammon!" he muttered, drawing off his glasses, sinking back in his chair, and looking toward the door that opened into Gammon's room; in which direction he extended his right arm, and shook his fist. "You precious villain! I've an uncommon inclination," at length thought he, "to go down to Yorkshire—say nothing to any body—make peace with the enemy, and knock up the whole thing!—For a couple of thousand pounds—a trifle to the Aubreys, I'm

sure. Were I in his place, I should n't grudge it; and why should he?—By Jove," he got a little heated, "that would be, as Gammon has it, a master-move! and confined, egad! to the master-mind that thought of it! Why should he ever know of the why in which the thing blew up? Really 't would be worth half the money to do Gammon so hollow for once—by George it would—Gammon, that would slip Caleb Quirk's neck so slyly into the halter, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, suddenly re-entering the room after half an hour's absence, during which he too had, like his senior partner, revolved many things in his mind, "it has occurred to me, that I had better immediately go down to Yatton, alone."

Hereat Mr. Quirk opened both his eyes and his mouth to their very widest; got very red in the face; and stared at his placid partner with a mingled expression of fear and wonder. "Hang me, Gammon!" at length he exclaimed, desperately, slapping his fist upon the table, "if I do n't think you're the very devil himself!" and he sunk back in his chair, verily believing, in the momentary confusion of his thoughts, that what had been passing through his mind was known to Gammon; or that what had been passing through his (Quirk's) mind, had also been occurring to Gammon, who had resolved upon being beforehand in putting his purposes into execution. Gammon was at first completely confounded by Quirk's reception of him, and stood for a few moments, with his hands elevated, in silence. Then he approached the table, and his eye caught the well-thumbed volume of Burns' Justice, open at the head "FORGERY!" and the quick-sighted Gammon saw how matters stood at a glance—the process by which the result he had just witnessed had been arrived at.

"Well, Mr. Quirk, what new vagary, now?" he inquired, with an air of smiling curiosity.

"Vagary be —!" growled old Quirk, sullenly, without moving in his chair.

Gammon stood for a moment or two eyeing him with a keen scrutiny.

"What!" at length he inquired, good-humoredly, "do you then really grudge me any share in the little enterprise?"

"Eh?" quickly interrupted Quirk, pricking up his ears, "Do you intend to play *Machiavel*? eh?"

"What must you go down alone to Yatton for, Gammon?" inquired Quirk, anxiously.

"Why, simply as a sort of pioneer—to reconnoitre the churchyard—eh? I thought it might have been of service, but if—"

"Gammon, Gammon, your hand! I understand," replied Quirk, evidently vastly relieved, most cordially shaking the cold hand of Gammon.

"But understand, Mr. Quirk," said he, in a very peremptory manner, "no one upon earth is to know of my visit to Yatton except yourself."

He received a solemn pledge to that effect; and presently the partners separated, a little better satisfied with each other. Though not a word passed between them for several days afterward on the topic chiefly discussed during the interview above described, the reader may easily imagine that neither of them dropped it from his thoughts. Mr. Quirk paid one or two visits to the neighborhood of Houndsditch, (a perfect hot bed of clients,) where resided two or three gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, who had been placed, from time to time, under considerable obligations by the firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap, in respect of professional services rendered both to themselves and to their friends. One of them, in particular, had a painful consciousness that it was in old Mr. Quirk's power at any time, by a whisper, to place his—the aforesaid Israelite's—neck in an unsightly noose that every now and then might be seen dangling from a beam opposite Debtor's Door, Newgate, about eight o'clock in the morning; him, therefore, every consideration of interest and of gratitude combined to render subservient to the reasonable wishes of Mr. Quirk. He was a most ingenious little fellow, and had a great taste for the imitative arts—so strong a taste in fact, that it had once or twice placed him in some jeopardy with the Goths and Vandals of the law, who characterized the noble art in which he excelled by a very ugly and formidable word, and annexed the most barbarous penalties to its practice. What passed between him and old Quirk on the occasion of their interviews, I know not; but one afternoon the latter, on returning to his office, without saying any thing to any body, having bolted the door, took out of his pocket several little pieces of paper, containing pretty little picturesquedevices of a fragmentary character, with antique letters and figures on them, crumbled pieces of stone, some looking more and some less sunk in the ground, and overgrown with grass; possibly they were designs for ornaments to be added to that tasteful structure, Alibi House—possibly intended to grace Miss Quirk's album. However this might be, after he had looked at them and carefully compared them one with another for some time, he folded them up in a sheet of paper, sealed it up—with certainly not the steadiest hand in the world—and then deposited it in an iron safe.

Yatton, the recovery of which was the object of these secret and formidable movements and preparations, not to say machinations, was all this while the scene of deep affliction. The lamentable condition of his mother plunged Mr. Aubrey, his wife and sister, into profound grief than had been occasioned by the calamity which menaced them all in common. Had he been alone, he would have encountered the sudden storm of adversity with unshrinking, nay cheerful firmness; but could it be so, when he had ever before him those whose ruin was involved in his own?—Poor Mrs. Aubrey, his wife, having been two or three weeks confined to her bed, during which time certain fond hopes of the husband had been blighted, was almost overpowered, when, languid and feeble, supported by Mr. Aubrey and Kate, she first entered the bedroom of the venerable sufferer. What a difference, indeed, was there between the appearance of all of them at that moment, and on the Christmas day when, a happy group, they were cheerfully enjoying the festivities of the season! Kate was now pale, and somewhat thinner; her beautiful features exhibited a careworn expression; yet there was a serene lustre in her blue eye, and a composed resolution in her air, which bespoke the superiority of her soul. What it had cost her to bear with any semblance of self-possession, or fortitude, the sad spectacle now presented by her mo-



ther! What a tender and vigilant nurse was she, to one who could no longer be sensible of, or appreciate, her intentions! How that sweet girl humoured all her mother's little eccentricities and occasional excitement, and accommodated herself to every varying phasis of her mental malady! She had so schooled her sensibilities and feelings as to be able to maintain perfect cheerfulness and composure in her mother's presence, on occasions which forced her brother, and his shaken wife, to turn aside with an eye of agony—overcome by some touching speech or wayward action of the unconscious sufferer, who constantly imagined herself, poor soul! to be living over again her early married life; and that in her little grandchildren she beheld Mr. Aubrey and Kate as in their childhood! She would gently chide Mr. Aubrey, her husband, for his prolonged absence, asking many times a day whether he had returned from London. Every morning old Jacob Jones was shown into her chamber, at the hour at which he had been accustomed, in happier days to attend upon her. The faithful old man's eyes would be blinded with tears, and his voice choked, as he was asked how Peggy got over her yesterday's journey; and listened to questions, messages, and directions, which had been familiar to him twenty years before about villagers and tenants who had long lain mouldering in their humble graves—their way thither cheered and smoothed by her Christian charity and benevolence! 'Twas a touching sight to see her two beautiful grand-children, in whose company she delighted, brought, with a timorous and half-reluctant air, into her presence. How strange must have seemed to them the gaiety of the motionless figure always lying in the bed; a gaiety which though gentle as gentle could be, yet sufficed not to assure the little things, or set them at their ease. Though her mild features ever smiled upon them, and her voice was cheerful, still, 'twas from a prostrate figure that never moved, and was always surrounded by calm, quiet figures, with sorrowful constraint in their countenances and gestures! Charles would stand watching her, with apprehensive eye—the finger of one hand raised to his lip, while the other retained the hand that had brought him in, as if fearful of its quitting hold of him; the few words he could be brought to speak were in a subdued tone and hurried utterance;—and when having been lifted up to kiss his grandmother, he and his sisters were taken out of the chamber, their little breasts would heave a sigh which showed how relieved they were from their recent constraint.

How wofully changed was every thing in the once cheerful old hall! Mr. Aubrey sitting in the library, intently engaged upon books and papers—Mrs. Aubrey and Kate now and then arm in arm, walking slowly up and down the galleries, or one of the rooms, or the hall, not with their former sprightly gaiety, but pensive, and often in tears, and then returning to the chamber of their suffering parent.—All this was sad work, indeed, and seemed, as it were, to herald in coming desolation!

But little variation occurred, for several weeks, in the condition of Mrs. Aubrey, except that she grew visibly feeble. One morning, however, about six weeks after her seizure, from certain symptoms the medical men intimated their opinion that some important change was on the eve of taking place, for which they prepared the family. She had been very restless during the night. After frequent intervals of uneasy sleep, she would awake with evident surprise and bewilderment. Sometimes a peculiar smile would flit over her emaciated features; at others, they would be overcast with gloom, and she would seem struggling to suppress tears. Her voice, too, when she spoke, was feeble and tremulous; and she would sigh, and shake her head mournfully. Old Jacob Jones, not being introduced at the accustomed hour, she asked for him. When he made his appearance, she gazed at him for a moment or two, with a puzzled eye, exclaiming, "Jacob! Jacob! is it you?" in a very low tone; and then she closed her eyes, apparently falling asleep. Thus passed the day; her daughter and daughter-in-law sitting on either side the bed, where they had so long kept their anxious and affectionate vigils—Mr. Aubrey sitting at the foot of the bed—and Dr. Goddard and Mr. Whateley in frequent attendance. Towards the evening, Dr. Tatham also, as had been his daily custom through her illness, appeared, and in a low tone read over the service for the visitation of the sick. Shortly afterwards Mr. Aubrey was obliged to quit the chamber, in order to attend to some very pressing matters of business; and he had been engaged for nearly an hour, intending almost every moment to return to his mother's chamber, when Dr. Tatham entered, as Mr. Aubrey was subscribing his name to a letter, and, with a little earnestness, said—"Come, my friend, let us return to your mother; methinks she is on the eve of some decisive change: the issue is with God." Within a few moments they were both at the bedside of Mrs. Aubrey. A large chamber-lamp, standing on a table at a little distance from the bed, diffused a soft light over the room, rendering visible at a glance the silent and sad group collected round the bed, all with their eyes directed towards the venerable figure who lay upon it. Mr. Aubrey sat beside his wife, close to his mother; and taking her thin, emaciated hand into his own, gently raised it to his lips. She seemed dozing; but his action appeared to rouse her for a moment. Presently she fixed her eye upon him,—its expression, the while, slowly but perceptibly changing, and exciting strange feelings within him. He trembled, and removed not his eye from hers. He turned very pale—for the whole expression of his mother's countenance, which was turned full towards him, was changing. Through the clouded window of the falling fabric, behold! its long-imprisoned tenant, THE SOUL, had arisen from its torpor, and was looking at him. Reason was re-appearing. It was indeed, his mother, and in her right mind, that was gazing at him. His scarcely breathed. At length surprise and apprehension yielded before a gush of tenderness and love. With what an unutterable look was his mother at that moment regarding him! His lip quivered—his eye overflowed—and, as he felt her fingers very gently compressing his own, his tears fell down. Gently leaning forward, he kissed her cheek, and sunk on one knee beside the bed.

"Is it you, my son?" said she, in a very low tone, but in her own voice, and it stirred up instantly a thousand fond recollections almost overpowering him. He kissed her hand with great energy but spoke not. She continued gazing at him with mingled solemnity and fondness. Her eye seemed brightening as it remained fixed upon him.—

Again she spoke, in a very low, but clear voice—every thrilling word being heard by every one around her—"Or ever the silver cord be loosened, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern,—Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." It would be in vain to attempt to describe the manner in which these words were spoken; and which fell upon those who heard them as though they were listening to one from the dead.

"My mother!—my mother!" at length faltered Aubrey. "God bless thee, my son!" said she solemnly. And Catharine, my daughter, God bless thee"—she presently added, gently turning round her head towards the quarter whence a stifled sob issued from Miss Aubrey, who rose, trembling, and, leaning over, kissed her mother. "Agnes, are you here—and your little ones?—God bless"—Her voice got fainter, and her eyes closed. Mr. Whateley gave her a few drops of ether, and she presently revived.

"God hath been very good to you, madam," said Dr. Tatham, observing her eye fixed upon him, "to restore you thus to your children."

"I have been long absent—long!—I wake, my children, but to bid you farewell, for ever, upon earth."

"Say not so, my mother—my precious mother!" exclaimed her son, in vain endeavoring to suppress his emotions.

"I do, my son! Weep not for me; I am old, and am summoned away from among you." She ceased, as if from exhaustion; and no one spoke for some minutes.

"It may be that God hath roused me, as it were, from the dead, to comfort my sorrowful children with words of hope," said Mrs. Aubrey, with much more power and distinctness than before. "Hope ye then in God; for ye shall yet praise him who is the health of your countenance, and your God!"

"We will remember, my mother, your words!" faltered her son.

"Yes, my son—if days of darkness be at hand"—She ceased. Again Mr. Whateley placed to her white lips a glass with some reviving fluid—looking ominously at Mr. Aubrey, as he found that she continued insensible. Miss Aubrey sobbed audibly; indeed all present were powerfully affected. Again Mrs. Aubrey revived, and swallowed a few drops of wine and water. A heavenly serenity diffused itself over her emaciated features.

"We shall meet again, my loves! I can no longer see you with the eyes of"—Mr. Whateley observing a sudden change, came nearer to her.

"Peace! peace!" she murmured, almost inarticulately. A dead silence ensued, interrupted only by smothered sobs. Her children sunk on their knees, and buried their faces in their hands, trembling.

Mr. Whateley made a silent signal to Dr. Tatham, that life had ceased—that the beloved spirit had passed away.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" said Dr. Tatham, with tremulous solemnity. Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, no longer able to restrain their feelings, wept bitterly; and overpowered with grief, were supported out of the room by Dr. Tatham and Mr. Aubrey. As soon as it was known that the venerable mother of Mr. Aubrey was no more, universal reverence was testified for her memory, and sympathy for the afflicted survivors, by even those, high and low, in the remotest parts of the neighborhood, who had no personal acquaintance with the family. Two or three days afterwards, Mr. Plume the undertaker, who had received orders from Mr. Aubrey to provide a simple and unexpensive funeral, submitted to him a list of more than thirty names of the nobility and gentry of the country, who had sent to him to know whether it would be agreeable to the family for them to be allowed to attend Mrs. Aubrey's remains to the grave. After much consideration, Mr. Aubrey accepted the spontaneous tribute of respect to the memory of his mother. 'Twas a memorable and melancholy day on which the interment took place—one never to be forgotten at Yatton. What can be more chilling than the gloomy bustle of a great funeral, especially in the country? and when the deceased is one whose memory is enshrined in the holiest feelings of all who knew her? What person was there, for miles around, who could not speak of the courtesies, the charities, the goodness of Madam Aubrey?

"When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her:

"Because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

"She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame.

"She was a mother to the poor."

Pale as death, the chief mourner, wrapped in his black cloak, is stepping into the mourning-coach. No one speaks to him; his face is buried in his handkerchief; his heart seems breaking. He thinks of her whose dear dust is before him; then of the beloved beings whom he has left alone in their agony till his return—his wife and sister. The procession is moving slowly on—long, silent rows of the tenantry and villagers, old and young, male and female—not a dry eye among them, not a syllable spoken—stand on each side of the way; no sound heard but of horses' feet, and wheels crushing along the wet gravel—for the day was most gloomy and inclement. As they quit the gates, carriage after carriage followed in the rear; and the sorrowful crowd increases around him. Many have in the hands the Bibles and prayer-books which had been given them by her who now lies in yonder hearse; and few can recollect the day when the late lord of Yatton led her along from the church to the hall, his young and blooming bride, in pride and joy—and they are now going to lay her beside him again. They enter the little churchyard, and are met by good Dr. Tatham, in his surplice, bareheaded, and with book in hand; with full eye and quivering lip he slowly precedes the body into the church. His voice frequently trembles, and sometimes he pauses, while reading the service. Now they are standing bareheaded at the vault's mouth—the last sad rites are being performed; and probably, as is thinking the chief mourner, over the last of his race in that tomb!

Long after the solemn ceremony was over, the little churchyard remained filled with mournful groups of villagers and tenants, who pressed forward to the dark mouth of the vault, to take their last look of the coffin which contained the remains of her whose memory would live long in

all their hearts. "Ah, dear old madam," quoth Jonas Higgs to himself, as he finished his dreary day's labor, by temporarily closing up the mouth of the vault, "they might have turned thee by-and-by, out of yonder hall, but they shall not touch thee here!"

Thus died, and was buried, Madam Aubrey; and she is not yet forgotten.

How desolate seemed the hall, the next morning, when, dressed in deep mourning, they met at the cheerless breakfast table! Aubrey kissed his wife and sister—who could hardly answer his brief inquiries. The gloom occasioned through out the hall, for the last ten days, by the blinds being constantly drawn down, now that they were drawn up, had given way to a staring light and distinctness, that almost startled and offended the eyes of those whose hearts were dark with sorrow as ever. Every object reminded them of the absence of one—whose chair stood empty in its accustomed place. There, also, was her Bible, on the little round table near the window. The mourners seemed relieved by the entrance, by-and-by, of the children: but they also were in mourning! Let us, however, withdraw from the scene of suffering, where every object, every recollection, every association, causes the wounded heart to bleed afresh.

Great troubles seemed coming upon them; and now that they have buried their dead out of their sight, and when time shall begin to pour his balm into their present smarting wounds, doubt not that they will look those troubles in the face, calmly and with fortitude, not forgetful of the last words of her for whom they now mourn so bitterly, and whom, beloved and venerable being! God hath mercifully taken away from the evil days that are to come.

After much and anxious consideration, they resolved to go, on the ensuing Sunday morning, to church, where neither Mrs. Aubrey nor Kate had been since the illness of her mother. The little church was crowded; almost every one present, beside wearing a saddened countenance, exhibited some outward mark of respect, in their dress—some badge of mourning—such as their little means admitted of. The pulpit and reading-desk were hung in black, as also was Mr. Aubrey's pew—an object of deep interest to the congregation, who expected to see, at least, some member of the family at the Hall. They were not disappointed. A little before Dr. Tatham took his place in the reading-desk, the well-known sound of the family carriage wheels were heard, as it drew up before the gate, and presently Mr. Aubrey appeared at the church door, with his wife and sister on either arm; all of them, of course, in the deepest mourning. Mrs. and Miss Aubrey's countenances concealed beneath their long crape veils. For some time after taking their seats, they seemed oppressed with emotion, evidently weeping. Mr. Aubrey, however, exhibited great composure, though his countenance bore the traces of the suffering he had undergone. Mrs. Aubrey seldom rose from her seat; but Kate stood up, from time to time, with the rest of the congregation; her white handkerchief, however, might be seen frequently raised to her eyes, beneath her black veil; and thus, for a few minutes, exhibited a countenance inexpressibly beautiful. She could not, however, long bear to face a congregation, every one of whom she felt to be looking on her, and those beside her, with affectionate sympathy; and rather quickly drew her veil again over her face, without again removing it. There was one person present, on whom the brief glimpse of her beauty had produced a prodigious impression. As he gazed at her, the color gradually deserted his cheek; and his eye remained fixed upon her, even after she had drawn down her veil. He experienced emotions such as he had never known before. So that was Miss Aubrey!

Gammon—for he it was, and he had gone thither under the expectation of seeing, for the first time, some of the Aubrey family—generally passed for a cold-blooded person; and in fact few men living had more control over their feeling, or more systematically checked any manifestations of them; but there was something in the person and circumstances of Miss Aubrey—for by a hurried inquiry of the person next to him he learned that it was she—which excited new feeling in him. Her slightest motion his eye watched with intense eagerness; and faint half-formed schemes, purposes, and hopes, passed in rapid confusion through his mind, as he foresaw that circumstances would hereafter arise by means of which—

"Good God! how very—very beautiful she is!" said he to himself, as, the service over, her graceful figure, following her brother and his wife with slow, sad step, approached the pew in which he was standing, on her way to the door. He felt a sort of cold shudder, as her black dress rustled past, actually touching him. What was he doing and meditating against that lovely being? And for whom—disgusting reptile!—for Titmouse? He almost blushed with a conflict of emotions, as he followed almost immediately after Miss Aubrey, never losing sight of her till her brother, having handed her into the carriage, got in after her, and they drove off towards the Hall. The reader will not be at a loss to account for the presence of Gammon on this occasion, nor to connect it with a great trial at the approaching York assizes. As he walked back to Griston to his solitary dinner, he was lost in thought; and on arriving at the inn, repaired at once to his room, where he found a copy of the *Sunday Flash*, which had, according to orders, been sent to him from town, under his assumed name—"Gibson." He ate but little, and that mechanically; and seemed to feel, for once, little or no interest in his newspaper. He had never paid the least attention to the eulogia upon Miss Aubrey of the little idiot Titmouse, nor of Snap, of whom he entertained but a very little higher opinion than that of Titmouse. One thing was clear, that from that moment, Miss Aubrey formed a new element in Gammon's calculations; and, for aught I know, may occasion very different results from these originally contemplated by that calm and crafty person.

As it proved a moonlight night, he resolved at once to set about the important business which had brought him into Yorkshire; and for that purpose set off about eight o'clock on his walk to Yatton. About ten o'clock he might have been seen gliding into the churchyard, like a dangerous snake. The moon continued to shine—and at intervals with brightness sufficient for his purpose, which was simply to reconnoitre, as closely as possible, the little churchyard—to ascertain what it might contain, and what were its capabilities. At length he approached the old yew-tree, against whose huge trunk he leaned with folded arms, apparently in

a reverie. Hearing a noise as if some one opening the gate by which he had entered, he glided further into the gloom behind him; and turning his head in the direction whence the sound came, he beheld some one entering the churchyard. His heart beat quickly; and he suspected that he had been watched; yet there was surely no harm in being seen, at 10 o'clock at night, looking about him in a country churchyard. It was a gentleman who entered, dressed in deep mourning; and Gammon quickly recognized in him Mr. Aubrey—the brother of her whose beautiful image still shone before his mind's eye. What could he be wanting there?—at that time of night? Gammon was not kept long in doubt; for the stranger slowly bent his steps towards a large high tomb, in fact the central object, next to the yew-tree, in the churchyard—and stood gazing at it in silence for some time.

"That is, no doubt, where Mrs. Aubrey was buried the other day," thought he, watching the movements of the stranger, who presently raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and for some moments seemed indulging in great grief. Gammon distinctly heard either a sob or a sigh. "He must have been very fond of her," thought Gammon; "Well, if we succeed, the excellent old lady will have escaped a great deal of trouble—that's all." "If we succeed!" That reminded him of what he had for a few moments lost sight of, namely, his own object in coming thither; and he felt a sudden chill of remorse, which increased upon him till he almost trembled, as his eye continued fixed on Mr. Aubrey, and he thought also of Miss Aubrey—and the misery—the utter ruin into which he was seeking to plunge them both—the unhallowed means which they—which he—contemplated resorting to for that purpose.

Gammon's condition was becoming every moment more serious; for virtue, in the shape of Miss Aubrey, began to shine every moment in more radiant loveliness before him—and he felt an inclination to sacrifice every person connected with the enterprise in which he was engaged, if it would give him a chance of winning the favor of Miss Aubrey. Presently, however, Mr. Aubrey, evidently heaving a deep sigh, bent his steps slowly back again, and quitted the churchyard. Gammon watched his figure out of sight, and then, for the first time, since Mr. Aubrey's appearance, breathed freely. Relieved from the pressure of his presence, Gammon began to take calmer and juster views of his position; and he reflected, that if he pushed on the present affair to a successful issue, he should be much more likely than by prematurely ending it, to gain his objects. He therefore resumed the survey of the scene around him; and which presented appearances highly satisfactory, judging from the expression which now and then animated his countenance. At length he wandered round to the other end of the church, where a crumbling wall, half covered with ivy, indicated that these had formerly stood some building apparently of earlier date than the church. Such was the fact; Gammon found himself standing in a sort of inclosure, which had once been the site of an old chapel. And here he had not been long making his observations, before he achieved a discovery of so extraordinary a nature; one so unlikely, under the circumstances, to have happened; one so calculated to baffle the ordinary calculations concerning the course of events, that the reader may well disbelieve what I am going to tell him, and treat it as absurdly improbable.

In short, not to keep him in suspense, Gammon positively discovered evidence of the death of Harry Dreddington in his father's lifetime; by means of just such a looking tombstone as he had long imaged to himself; and as he had resolved that old Quirk should have got prepared, before the cause came into court. He almost stumbled over it. "T was an old slanting stone, scarce two feet above the ground, partly covered with moss, and partly hid by rubbish and old, damp grass. The moon shone brightly enough to enable Gammon, kneeling down, to decipher, beyond all doubt, what was requisite to establish that part of the case which had been wanting. For a moment or two he was disposed to doubt whether he was not dreaming. When, at length, he took out pencil and paper, his hands trembled so much that he felt some difficulty in making an exact copy of the inestimable inscription. Having done this, he drew a long breath as he replaced the pencil and paper in his pocket-book, and almost fancied he heard a whispering sound in the air—"Verdict for the plaintiff." Quitting the churchyard, he walked back to Grilston at a much quicker rate than that at which he had come, his discovery having wonderfully elated him, and pushed all other thoughts entirely out of his mind. But, thought he, doubtless the other side are aware of the existence of this tombstone—they can hardly be supposed ignorant of it; they must have looked up their evidence as well as we—and their attention has been challenged to the existence or non-existence of proof of the time of the death of Harry Dreddington:—well—if they are aware of it, they know that it cuts the ground from under them, and turns their conveyance, on which, doubtless, they are relying, into waste paper; if they are not, and are under the impression that that deed is valid and effectual, our proof will fall on them like a thunder-bolt. God!"—he held his breath, and stopped in the middle of the road—"how immensely important is this little piece of evidence! Why, if they knew of it—why, in Heaven's name is it there still? What easier than to have got rid of it?—why, they may still: what can that stupid fellow Parkinson have been about? Yet, is it because it has become unimportant, on account of their being in possession of other evidence? What can they have against so plain a case as ours is, with this evidence? Gad, I'll not lose one day's time; but I'll have half-a-dozen competent witnesses to inspect, and to speak to that same tombstone in court." Such were some of the thoughts which passed through his mind as he hastened homeward; and on his arrival, late as it was—only the yawning order being up to let him in—he sat down to write a letter off to Mr. Quirk, and made it into a parcel to go by the mail in the morning, acquainting him with the truly providential discovery he had just made, and urging him to set about getting up the briefs for the trial, without delay; he, himself, purposing to stop at Grilston a day or two longer, to complete one or two other arrangements of an important nature. As soon as Mr. Quirk had read this letter, he devoutly thanked God for his goodness; and, hurrying to his strong-box, unlocked it, took out a small sealed packet, and committed it to the flames.

Mr. Aubrey, as soon as he had recovered from the first

shock occasioned by the communication by Mr. Parkinson of the proceedings against him, set about acquainting himself, as minutely as he could, with the true state of the case. He had requested Mr. Parkinson to obtain from one of the counsel in London, Mr. Crystal, a full account of the case, in an elementary form, for his own guidance; and on obtaining a remarkably clear and luminous statement, and also consulting the various authorities cited in it—such, at least, as could be supplied to him by Mr. Parkinson—the vigorous practical understanding of Mr. Aubrey, aided by his patient application, soon mastered the whole case, and enabled him to appreciate the peril in which he was placed.

## Recent Literature.

### MRS BARTHOLOMEW WINKS'S "PLEASURE PARTY."

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUIL.

To begin at the beginning, I'll tell you how I became acquainted with the Winkses. I was standing one rainy night in the lobby of Drury Lane Theatre, ogling a pretty black-eyed girl, one of a party of three, when a fat old Surrey-side-looking fellow came elbowing his way towards the place where we stood. "Ah, my dear!" cried the old lady of the group, who turned out to be my inamorata's mamma, "have you found the carriage?" and the lady laid an evident stress on the *the*; as who should say, "own coach and horses, with fat coachmen up in front, and slim footmen behind." "No, my love," responded the old gentleman, who turned out to be my inamorata's papa; "no, my love, I can't get one at no price."

The lady's countenance at this moment I shall never forget. Taking advantage of her embarrassment, I ventured to make an offer of my cab, giving the black-eyed one pretty plainly to understand by a look that the sacrifice was made entirely to her charms. Mamma, however, who had evidently no other idea of a cab than what she had gained from the coach-stand at the bank, and who took me probably for the tiger of one those elegant vehicles, peremptorily declined; saying that she had never been in the habit of riding in cabs—nor yet in hansom-cabs—and that, for her part, she didn't care twopence for the rain, nor the gels nather; and, much obliged to me, they could walk. The night however becoming perfectly zoological—that is to say, raining cats and dogs—and my offer being gallantly repeated, the old lady, after sundry whisperings with her spouse and daughters, at length consented to accept it.

"We are going to sleep in the city to-night," said she at parting, "but our place is at Blackheath—Queen Elizabeth villa, we call it—where we shall be uncommon 'appy," &c. &c. &c.

The next day accordingly I made my way to Queen Elizabeth villa, which I assailed with my best double-rap. After waiting some time, while the man who was at work in the garden, was summoned by an unseen hand to doff his leathern apron, and don his livery coat, I was at length admitted into the bower of my Dulcinea. The ladies were gone to the infant school, said the horticultural footman, but would be back directly, and master would be with me in a moment. I accordingly took a stare out of the window, and began to speculate upon the results of my adventure, when suddenly from an inner room I heard the voice of old Winks.

"Siddown, siddown, James. There, never mind your hat. And so you say the 'orses are going on pretty well, eh?"

"Oh, uncommon well your honor; never see anythink look so green and nice in all my life."

"And how does Brown get on with the peacocks?" continued the first speaker, "if he ain't done it already, let him get his shears and trim their tails nicely, as I expect a gentleman down from London shortly, and should like 'em to look rather decentish."

Good heavens! though we, what next? green horses, and peacocks' tails trimmed to the pattern of fighting cocks! Were we dreaming: or had we stepped by accident into St. Luke's?

"And where have you put the monkey?" went on 'mine host.

"Close agen the two beehives," answered the factotum.

"And the Indian Ox?"

"Werry honfortinat," replied the interrogatee with a whimper, "werry honfortinat, but am sorry to tell 'ee sir, old Brown has gone and cut off his hump, 'cause vy, says he, who ever heard of sech a thing as a cow with her holders a-growin atop of her shoulders?"

"An infernal ass!" cried Winks, raising his voice to meet the occasion.

"And I'm sorry to hadd," continued James "as how the quagga has been honlocky enough to have von of its ears cut off—not but that'll grow again—and vorse than all, your honor, the high vind of last night blowin off the hephant's trunk close agen his snout."

"The devil," exclaimed Winks, as well as he could for choking.

"But am 'appy to say," went on the other in a soothing-syrupy tone, "werry 'appy to tell you that the camel has arrived safe from Birkhamptead, and his hump's so huncommon big as Brown and me both thinks may without much trouble werry well convert into a hephant with a castle on his back."

If I had been amazed at the enormity of clipping a peacock's tail—if I had been puzzled at the idea of a stud of green horses—if I had been mystified at the notion of a quagga's ear growing again—if I had been startled at the intelligence of a high wind blowing off an elephant's trunk—how much more amazed, puzzled, mystified, and startled was I at the announcement of a metamorphosis like the present! Hitherto I had kept my countenance with the gravity of a zoological gardener, but the last coup of the beef-eater (such I concluded him to be) would have moved the chairman of an anti-risibility society. I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; Winks appeared inquiringly at the open door, and I of course hastened to apologize for my apparent rudeness; stating that I had been an unwilling listener to his zoological conference, that I was not at

all aware of Queen Elizabeth villa's possessing so extensive a menagerie, and still less was I able to comprehend the extraordinary facts alluded to in the account of his head keeper.

"Ha ha ha! menagerie! hextraordinary facts! logical conference! head keeper! ha, ha, ha! well, that's a good one, however. Why, ha, ha, ha! why bless you, ha, ha, ha! it's nothing but hi, hi, hi! nothing in the world but ho, ho, ho! only ha, ha! only hi, hi! only my yew trees!"

Winks's foible, it seems—for what man, let alone what rich retired sugar-baker, has not his foible! Winks's foible is an unbounded attachment to old yew trees. A large field behind his house (the park Mrs. Winks calls it) is entirely filled with these evergreens. There you have them of all possible—and almost impossible shapes, from a castle down to a beehive; for, with Winks, a yew tree in its natural state, or "a yew tree in the raw," as he calls it, is not fit to grow. He will lecture for a twelvemonth on the beauties of his favourite tree, and clips his arguments into as fantastic shapes as his timber. Insist on the exquisite grace of unrestrained branches, he'll ask you why you send your children to school. Talk to him of the absurdity of thus outraging nature, "It is the nature of yew-trees," he will say, "to be clipped." He idolizes his yews, and is as nervous on a windy night as the most hypochondriac underwriter at Lloyd's. If you would win his esteem, accompany him in what he calls "a walk over his trees." If you would gain his affections, send him a yew monster, or a temple in clipped work. The avenue to his heart is, without a word of metaphor, an avenue of yews. His children, whether accidentally or not I cannot pretend to say, partake of the general predilections; for one of the girls is named Eu-phemia, and the youngest boy has been christened Hugh. Whether it is one of those extraordinary coincidences that chance pleases herself now and then to bring about, or whether it is still the effect of Winks's ruling passion, I know not; but certain it is, that our valued friend's religious faith seems to participate in the general mania. Winks is a decided yew-nitarian.

So much for Winks; or "my Bartlemy," as his wife always calls him. Of that wife and her two blooming daughters I shall say little. Their characters—if they have any—must develop themselves in the course of my narrative. Suffice it at present to know, that Mrs. Winks was, in her younger days, a pains-taking, unmanaging, motherly woman, who mended her own stockings and ironed her own caps; but has been changed, by prosperity and the march of mind, into a fine lady, who washes out, and wears kid gloves at breakfast. Her daughters, whose "united ages," as the longevity-mongers say, don't amount to forty, are as dissimilar in their manners and appearance as a Hottentot and Esquimaux. The one (Kate, my inamorata) is all life and spirits, with black laughing eyes, and a face made up of the usual compound of ivory, and roses, and pearls, and lilies. Euphemia, on the contrary, is a mute swan; never uttering two words where one will suffice, nor one where silence may with any degree of decency be substituted. She is as unlike her sister in face and figure as in manners and disposition. Kate is dark, Euphemia is pale; Kate is plump and elastic, Euphemia is bony and slow in her paces. Both have had what Mrs. Winks calls "good schoolings"; that is to say, have read through Telemachus and the family Decameron; and played through Cramer's Studio and Hertz's Preludes; and danced through Strauss's Waltzes, and the Dublin Lancers; sung through the Solfeggio; and tittered through a course of astronomical lectures at the Town Hall: and read by stealth through some hundreds of love novels, smuggled into school by one of the day-scholars from an adjacent circulating library; and, in short, done all that is usually done in those bustling and erudite establishments, called Preparatory and Finishing Schools for young ladies.

So much for Mrs. and the Miss Winks's. And now for the fete announced at the head of this paper. Modesty and want of space forbid me to say how successfully I attacked the hearts and won the esteem of all the inmates of Queen Elizabeth Villa; how I accompanied old Winks "over his trees;" how I discussed the merits and claims to gentility of the inhabitants of Black Heath and its neighborhood, with Mrs. Bartholomew; how I drew landscapes and lace patterns for the lively Kate; or held skeins of cotton in mute admiration, while the fair Euphemia wound them into balls in solemn silence; how I romped with little Hugh when he came home from school on Sundays; and talked of fishing and boating with the elder male branches of the establishment. Suffice it to say that I was become a frequent and a welcome guest at the Villa, and included in all the Winksonian parties—dinner, supper, and pic-nic.

"Next Monday is my wedding day," began Mrs. Winks one fine sunny morning last June, "and Kate and me has been thinking of a pleasure party to Eel Pie Island. My two b'ys will be at home from the university (London University, where one of them was studying for the peale and mortar, and the other for any thing that might turn up); and there's Sir Humphry Duggins, and Captain Cobb, and a few other of our old particulars, I'm sure they'll be 'appy to come, and we shall have the pleasantest do—oh dear me, I wish it was here!—and of course you'll jine, won't you? both the gels'll be there, shan't you loves?"

"O yes, ma!" said Kate. Euphemia nodded assent.

"And we mean to hire a boat express, and row ourselves; without any of your nasty vulgar boatmen eating up all your things, and overhearing all you say. We shall take our own eating and drinking, and the gels have promised to take their music with 'em, and—oh! we shall be so gay, and so 'appy!—do promise, to come, there's a dear."

You see to what a pitch I had arrived in the good graces of Mrs. Winks.

"Aye, do come!" said Kate. Euphemia said nothing; but she looked! In short I consented.

Well; the day arrived. The sun shone, the birds chirped, (singing some people call it,) the thermometer was up to I don't-know-how-many in the shade, and all gave token of a pleasant and a happy day. The place of rendezvous was Winks's house in the city; for though, in fact, retired from business, Winks's name and some of his capital were yet in the concern, and the old house in Knightrider-street still in his occupation. There, in a little back parlor, Mrs. Winks's pleasure-party was assembled. There were her-



self and spouse, "the gels," and her sons from the University, of whom two words *en passant*. The eldest, Dick, or "the doctor," as his father always calls him, is the most thorough scape-grace that ever drew breath; the other, Walter, is the very opposite of his brother, as dull and heavy as a treatise on metaphysics. And if that is the scape-grace, this may well be called the scape-goat. In one thing they do agree—their love of the bottle. "The doctor" is generally the ring-leader in their jollifications; but as he can stand his one or two bottles without any manifest effect on his manners, and the other loses his reason at the end of the first pint, Dick gets all the praise of a temperate young man, while his brother has obtained the reputation of a confirmed drunkard. With this Dick I had taken care to establish a strict *liason*; for with a practical joker one must of necessity become either victim or accomplice. As it was from him that I got my first notions of the present company, I cannot do better than describe them in his words.

"Did you ever see such a quiz of a party as mother's got together?" he began, getting me into a dark corner of the little back parlor; "did you ever? there's that old fool, Sir Humphrey Duggins—old Marybone Duggins, as we call him—I'll tell you why, he once had occasion to give his evidence on some point in the conduct of one of the candidates at a contested election, and as he had no vote, he was put in nomination to qualify him to speak, and the old fellow has talked of nothing else ever since, firmly believing that he was within an ace of being made an M. P. Such a subject for a pic-nic party! mother chose him, I'm sure, for nothing but his knighthood, which he got for taking up an address from his ward on some victory or other in the war times. And Cobb the same, Sir Humphrey Duggins and Captain Cobb she thought would sound grand, and astonish the weak minds of the rest of her party. Cobb—you know Cobb, I dare say, he's the skipper of one of the Boulogne steam-packets, but pretends to have been all over the world, and if you'll listen to him, will spin you yarns as long as from here to the North Pole and back again, or, as Jonathan says, from July to eternity. Then there's those two infernal old maids, the Miss Crabtrees, pulling to pieces every body and every thing they come near to; they're my aunts, and as rich as Jews both of 'em, but if I wouldn't walk forty miles in the snow to see 'em hanged, my name's not Dick. Then look at that quiz, Hicks—Alonso Hicks, I believe they call him, he's the greatest fool that ever was born, let the other be who he may.

"Then why invite him?" I asked.

"We didn't invite him," said the doctor.

"Not invite him?"

"No; we didn't invite him. We invited his horn; but as it was necessary to have somebody to blow it, Hicks was included. The girl he is talking to in the corner is as great a bore as himself. Miss Arathea Dix is the name she answers to; and it's just as much as she can do to answer to her own name. She has n't a single idea in her head; but—she can sing. Then there are the Thomsons, and the Johnsons, and—

Here the doctor was interrupted by old Winks bouncing into the room to announce that every thing was ready for starting.

We arrived safely at the boat, without accident or adventure, where we proceeded to stow ourselves away in the interstices of sundry packages, already occupying the interior of *The Rose in June*. My mischief loving friend, Dick, was last in the boat, having suffered the whole party to be seated before him, in order that none might escape the fright incidental on his nearly capsizeing her, by jumping with all his weight upon her heaviest side. Shrieks having gone round among the ladies, and the boat having regained its equilibrium, Dick and Captain Cobb took each a pair of oars, and sat down to work, it having been agreed that the gentlemen should row alternately, or, as Mrs. Bartholomew Winks had it, "take turn and turn about." The boat's head having been got round, after some slight discussion as to which was the head, we pulled away into the stream, amidst the gibes of the waterman on the neighboring stairs, and three cheers from the little boys on the bridge; Sir Humphrey Duggins observing, by the way, that if he had succeeded in obtaining a seat for Marybone, he would have taken care to bring in a bill for the better regulation of the manners of watermen in general, and of Thames watermen in particular. Waterloo Bridge was passed in excellent style—the Adelphi was left behind—Hungerford Market was "made" and commented upon—Westminster Bridge was admired, and the Abbey criticised. Mrs. Winks was in ecstasies of delight at the success of her pleasure-party. Bartholomew himself, who retained his habits of thrift, and always liked to have his pennies worth, began to think the money well laid out. Sir Humphrey Duggins indulged in senatorial reminiscences, *apropos* of the Houses of Parliament, which we had just passed. In short, every thing went swimmingly; nothing occurring to mar our enjoyment—except an occasional shower-bath from the doctor's oars, which created considerable dismay among the ladies, whose ribbons were not proof against spotting.

Lambeth Palace past, two fresh hands were called to the oars, the former retiring with an ample allowance of blisters. The exchange having been effected—providentially without upsetting the boat—Mr. Hicks begged leave to call for a song, and fixed upon Miss Jemima. Miss Jemima, who had been brought up to always do as she was bid, immediately untied her reticule, and drew forth a patent accordion, after a few ups and downs upon which, she sallied forth in *The Deep, Deep Sea*. Her efforts, however, were no little impeded by the awkward conduct of our new pair of rowers, viz. young Mr. Walter Winks, and Mr. Julius Duodecim Thompson, who being now, for the first time in their lives, entrusted with the management of two pair of oars, made sad duck-and-drake work of it, as you may well suppose. Miss Jemima, however, went on:

"Oh, come with me, my love,  
And our fairy home shall be  
Where the water spirits rove,  
In the deep, deep sea."

I wish you would n't spittle so!

"In the deep, deep sea,  
Hopes as fond as thou wouldst prove,  
Faith as bright as e'er was told."

Heart as warm as those above,  
Dwell under the waters cold.

I declare I'm quite wet through!

Then come and be my love,  
Come, come—

"Come, Mr. Thompson! I wish you'd mind what you're about!

Come, come—

"Mr. Thompson, I say!"

--and be my love  
In the deep, deep sea,  
In the deep—"

"*Aciouh!* Good heavens, Mr. Winks, you've quite drenched me! I declare I won't stir another step if somebody else don't take the rowers! and if other people choose to sit and be soaked to the skin—"

The rest of Miss Jemima's speech was lost in the apologies of the young gentlemen, and in the complaints of numerous ladies "following on the same side." The result of the altercation was the dismissal of Duodecim Thompson and Walter, and the substitution of fresh hands, who, however, did no more than the first, unless the losing of one of the oars, which floated away beyond "come again," may be taken as an exception in their favor. We were now obliged to fall back on our first organs of locomotion, namely, the doctor and the captain, who, taking an oar a-piece, pulled away with most exemplary zeal till we got near Fulham. Here, however, the doctor again threw up under accumulation of blisters; and the captain, after a little while longer sustaining the whole brunt of the business in his own hands, was glad to follow his example. In vain we drafted the boat for fresh performers; in vain Thompson and Walter Winks again volunteered their services—the ladies would n't hear of it. We were at a regular stand-still. Mrs. Winks began to think her pleasure-party would n't turn out such a hit after all; her husband gave way to his regrets at so much money being thrown away on such nonsense, and wished himself at home amongst his yews. In a word, things looked downright bad, and we all began to regard Eel Pie Island as a second Atlantis, bright but unattainable, when suddenly our hopes were restored, and our joys renewed, by the appearance of the "nick of time" steamer, which was fizzing up the river with a cargo of ruralists for Richmond and Twickenham. She was soon within hail; and, having taken off the kettle while a bargain was struck between old Winks and the skipper, she threw us a rope, and away we went up the river at the rate of—I don't know how many knots an hour.

We passed on without any adventure, and in a little while the wished-for island was in view. We parted company with our convoy, and made the land forthwith. Cobb undertook the disembarkation of the ladies, while Winks hastened to bargain with the landlord of "the house" for such supplies as it was not within the province of a pleasure-boat to provide. As soon as the worthy Bartholomew had completed his arrangements with the Eel Pie House, he returned to the boat, and seizing a wheel-like package, hauled it ashore; and afterwards, with the assistance of "John" the servant man (who had been forwarded by a bus), carried it off to the interior of the island, and there proceeded to unfold it with all the satisfaction of a book-worm unpacking his last bookseller's parcel. I confess I felt no little curiosity to see the solution of the mystery; and I believe my anxiety was pretty generally shared by the company. Winks meanwhile continued to unpack it in solemn silence. Ropes and folds of canvass were displayed and unravelled. "Oh! I know what it is!" cried some one at length, sharper than the rest; "it's a balloon." "No; it ain't a balloon," said Winks with a smirk, "but I'll tell you what it is—take hold of that rope, Isaac—John, I mean—it's my own thought, and my own contrivance; now get up into that 'ere tree; and now every one of you get 'old of one of these 'ere cords—there, hold tight, and stand in a round ring; and now, John, pull away—there! did you ever see a better tent in your life—all my own scheming, and as simple as simple—nothing but pieces of canvass sewed together in a point at the top, and a dozen cords at the bottom to peg it to the ground with, and another at the top to tie it to the branch of a tree—all my own invention, and cost next to nothing; had the canvass by us, and Isaac—John, I mean, and me did all the stitching and sewing. I've no doubt we shall be as comfortable under it as if we'd had one of Benjamin Edgington's grandest marquees; and at one-fifth the expense."

Having expressed our admiration of Mr. Winks's genius for tent building, we proceeded to promenade about the island; leaving our host and his man John to land the eatables and drinkables, and make all snug under the tent. The young ladies were of course all delight, and the young gentlemen all politeness. Mr. Julius Duodecim Thompson, who, it seems, was the ardent admirer of Miss Jemima Johnson (Jemmy Johnson, as the doctor waggishly abbreviated her), carried off that young lady to the most secluded part of the island to entertain her with his amorous cooings. Hicks, the trumpeter, was most harmoniously engaged with the tuneless Arathea Dix, gallantly comparing her to all manner of nightingales, throats, and canary-birds. Captain Cobb, being an old sailor, and not particularly smitten with any one, saw that his best game would be to ingratiate himself with the givers of the party, and accordingly devoted himself especially to the service of Miss Euphemia Winks, who received his numerous tales, battle and murder with silent astonishment. Sir Humphrey Duggins, who had scraped an acquaintance with the landlord, was engaged at "the bar of the house," giving a circumstantial account of his nomination for Marybone. The two Miss Crabtrees divided themselves into equal parts, and made themselves as disagreeable as possible by hooking themselves on to couples of lovers who wished—or looked as if they wished—to be alone. The elders of the party—all fat—had taken refuge in one of the arbors to rest themselves after the fatigues of the passage up the river, all but Mrs. Winks, who of course was busy superintending the arrangement of the banquet under the home-made tent. The brothers Winks were, according to custom, gone to get a rummer a-piece of "cold without" at the inn. Where the lovely Kate was, I leave the reader to guess.

After every epithet of delight and admiration had been lavished on the trees, the water, the prospects, and other

agreements of the place, the captain came round to propose a set of quadrilles. Of course the ladies jumped at the offer; at least those that had n't got beaux; those that had, cried "bother!" and jumped after them. But who was to play? Mr. Alonso Hicks gallantly stepped forward with his bugle. And where was the music? Captain Cobb soon rumaged up a copy of *The Macbeth Quadrilles*, wittily remarking, that nothing could be more fit than *Lock's* music for the key bugle. Hicks, however, objected playing by himself—he wanted to get Miss Arathea Dix into the concern—so Thompson kindly offered to join with his flute; and Miss Jemima Johnson, who "hated dancing" (she had something the matter with her hip), handsomely volunteered the services of her accordion; and Miss Arathea Dix, who had only held back so long to save appearances, now gladly joined with her "light guitar."

"Lovely island this!" observed Miss Seraphina Thompson, while the symphony was going on.

"Yes, lovely indeed!" echoed half-a-dozen voices.

"Talking of islands," said Captain Cobb, "did I ever tell you of a most extraordinary adventure that happened to me once off the coast of Iceland. The night was as dark as pitch, the sea ran mountains high, the wind blew a hurricane, the ship was without mast or rudder, the lightning blazed about our heads, and the crew ran—"

"Right and left!" cried his *vis-à-vis*, Miss Terpaichore Tibbs, rushing at him with all the ardor of a Buechante, and whirling him through the mazes of *Le Pantaloon*. The figure concluded, the Captain resumed his tale.

"As I was saying, the ship was reduced to a mere log, drifting about at the mercy of the wind and waves, the boats were all washed overboard, the old chaplain was called to say prayers—and, by the bye, said grace instead—the compass whirled round like a spinning-wheel—the pumps refused to work—there was five feet water in the hold, and every wave seemed to—"

"Advance and retire, captain!" The captain advanced and retired as he was bid, and went through all the rest of the manoeuvres incidental to that most complicated figure, *L'Éc.*

"Mount Hecla," he resumed, almost out of breath with exertion, "Mount Hecla was blazing away in the distance, water-spouts were hissing all round us, the thunder roared louder and louder, the mountains were tumbling head over heels along the coast, for there was a terrible earthquake ashore, when down went the vessel, and every soul on board perished, except myself, who had been washed overboard just two minutes before—and there I was, miles and miles from shore, without so much as a stick to lay hold of, or a rock to swim to—my strength was soon spent, and I gave myself up for lost, when, what do you think? why—"

"Two opposite crows over," cried the resolute Miss Terpaichore Tibbs, taking hold of the gallant navigator's right hand, and never ceasing to torment him till he had gone through the whole of *La Poule* under her immediate superintendence.

The conclusion of the captain's narrative, as well as that of the quadrilles, was prevented by the arrival of John, alias Isaac, to announce that dinner was ready under the tent. The dowagers, tired of sitting mumchance staring at the dancers, and hungry with the exertions of the morning, gladly snapped at John's offer; and I am sorry to say the young couples fell into their views with rather more alacrity than was quite consistent with sentiment. In ten minutes we were all forming ourselves into what Mrs. Winks lucidly termed "a round ring" in the inside of the tent: all but the doctor and his hopeful brother, who could nowhere be found; but who, I happened to know, were cozily engaged in making up and dispatching certain half-pint "mixtures as before," at the Eel-pie house.

"Come, set down, set down, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Winks, "this is our wedding day, you know, and me and my Bartlemy, which we have been married now just twenty-seven 'ear this very day, we're as glad to see you all—as glad as glad! and I only wish what we've got for you to eat was better worth setting down to. But such as it is—and I'm sure I don't know what it is, for Winks has had it all his own way—What is there, Winks? why do n't you tell the ladies and gentlemen what you've got for 'em to eat."

"Why, my love there's that there pie in the middle, I think you will all agree with me in its being *apropos*."

"*Apropos!*" "An *apropos* pie!" "Lor, what's that?" and "Oh! do give me a bit of *apropos* pie!" were the exclamations which followed this announcement.

"What I mean," resumed Winks, "is being *apropos* to the place where we are in, namely an eel pie."

A roar of delight welcomed this explanation.

"And next to the eel pie is a pigeon pie, and next to the pigeon pie is another pigeon pie: and this is Doctor Baillie's breakfast bacon, and there is Thorn's Potted Yarmouth Bloaters, and this is Dr. Kitchen's Zest, and this the King of Oude's favorite sarce, and there's 'am and chickens for such as likes 'em, and outside 's a charcoal stove to keep us in hot water, and—but it's no use talking—you see what there is—so, Mrs. Thompson, allow me to 'elp you to a bit of eel pie to begin with."

"Thank you, I'll take a little *apropos* pie," wittily replied Mrs. Thompson: and all the company fell back in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Lor, Winks, how awkward you are!" exclaimed his gentler self, taking the knife and fork out of his hands, "you 'andle the pie as a bear would a plumcake. (Fresh bursts of laughter at Mrs. Winks's *spirituelle* remark.) Allow me, Mrs. Thompson, dear," and Mrs. Winks daintily cut a slice of the lilywhite crust, and daintily placed it on Mrs. Thompson dear's blue and white plate.

Every thing now went on very smoothly; the ladies having really never ate so much in all their lives before, and the gentlemen being positively ashamed to trouble one another for "another wing of that fowl," or "another slice of that ham."

"Some wine, Isaac—John, I mean!" cried Winks to his factotum. Mrs. Johnson, may I have the honor—red or white?"

"First, and foremost, I beg leave to propose that we drink Mrs. Winks's good health in a round robin," suggested Captain Cobb.

"Hear, hear!" from Sir Humphrey Duggins; and cries of "Brayvo!" and "Very good!" from the unparliamentary part of the company.



"Bumpers!" added Cobb.

Bumpers were filled! of red to the men, of white to the ladies. "Mrs. Winks!" "Mrs. Winks's good health!" resounded from all sides.

"Good heavens! this is walnut catsup!" cried half-a-dozen male voices.

"Oh, lawk!" and this is Chili Vinegar!" shrieked half-a-dozen female.

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!" horse-laughed the doctor through a slit in the tent.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Winks, who had been contemplating a speech of thanks to the company, "what a torment that Dick is! I declare he's quite spoilt my pleasure-party with his confounded nonsense. Winks, why do n't you get up and say something to him. He do n't mind me. He would you—You're his father."

"I do n't know that," replied Winks, referring to the penultimate sentence. The equivocal, however, was irresistible, and had this happy effect, that it set us all a laughing, and laughing set us all in good humor again.

"Well, never mind, ladies," said our hostess, "there's some made-wine locked up in the cellar, and we can get some other, I suppose, for the gentlemen, from the house yonder."

But the gentlemen all protested they preferred made-wine; and a bottle of brandy having, by good fortune, been found among it, the banquet once again looked bright and gay.

"A few nuts, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Thankee, cappen—and the nut-cracks, if you please."

"Let me give you some almonds and raisins, Mrs. Johnson."

"I'll trouble you, Sir 'Umphry."

"Oh, lawk! I've blew my mouth up!" cried Mrs. Thompson.

"Oh, Lord, I'm poisoned!" shrieked Mrs. Johnson.

The fact was, the almonds were all bitter ones, and the nuts had got detonating balls in 'em. The rest of the desert was of the same nature. Seville oranges had been substituted for sweet ones, and a fine plate of American apples had been replaced by a dish of quinces. The jellies turned out to be coagulated gravy; the marmalade to be carpenter's glue; and the damson cheese to be Warren's paste blacking. But the gentlemen all declared they did n't like desserts, and the ladies all said, they never ate sweets; so the blacking and glue were quietly put on one side.

"Once again, then, ladies and gentlemen," began Capt. Cobb, "Once again, I say, let me beg of you to fill your glasses [glasses here filled—and sipped, to be sure of 'em], and let me have the honor—with Sir Humphrey Duggins's permission—the delight—the—the—the honor of proposing the health of a lady—of a lady, ladies and gentlemen..."

What all this might have led to, it is impossible to say; but fortunately, the doctor having just then climbed the tree to which our tent was tied, and cut in sunder the cord thereof, down came the "glorious canopy," about our ears, and effectually put a stop to the Captain's oration. The first effect of this *coup de theatre*, was to make us empty our wine-glasses into each other's faces. The next to set us scrambling and kicking one another's shins, in vain endeavors at extrication. Some of the old ladies who had fainted on the first alarm, tumbled into the vacuum of a half-demolished pigeon-pie; others, rolling about in heedless agony, fell squashed among the catsup bottles; the younger branches, flying equally from the gushing fluids, and their ponderous mammae, sought refuge in the arms of the young men; and the young men nothing loth, took such means of reassuring the young ladies, as the circumstances of the case would admit.

"How are we to get out? Winks, which is the way out?" were the first words distinguishable from the general howl. It was the maternal voice of Mrs. Winks.

"The devil knows!" shouted Winks, in a paroxysm; "I can't find the opening," never, likely, for the doctor, who had confided the whole plan to me, had taken advantage of our first commotion, to sew it firmly up.

"It's Dick's done it all!" cried Mrs. Winks, with a groan; "my poor pleasure-party!"

"Ours the lad!" cried Winks; "give me a knife."

"Good heavens!" shrieked Mrs. Winks, "seize him! hold him! take the knife from him; he's going to kill his own child!"

Winks was going to do no such thing. He only wanted to cut his own way out. A rush was made upon him, however, and the knife wrested out of his hands, amidst renewed commotion. The doctor, meantime, seeing the first of his trick succeed so well, hastened to complete it. He upset the charcoal stove, helped the cinders to set fire to the tent, knocked down John, who wanted to rescue his master and missis from their unpleasant situation, and then, having seen the whole fairly lighted, retired to a distance, and began to play upon it with a garden engine, which he had provided for the purpose; his brother Walter working the pump, and himself guiding the pipe. Sir Humphrey Duggins was the first to poke out his head from among the smoking tent, and was immediately saluted with a jet of Thames water full in his face. Captain Cobb next made his appearance, and met with a like reception. Most of the others came in for a salute of the same kind; the Miss Crabtree's, in particular, getting such a regular sousing that they looked like two drowned rats—or rather cats. The gentlemen having liberated themselves from the burning mass, and performed a like office for the ladies, now turned their attention toward the malicious cause of their mishaps. Captain Cobb was the first to rush up to the engine, and demand of Walter (Dick had already slipped off) "what the devil he meant?" Young Thompson and Alonzo Hicks, repeated the question with increased asperity. Sir Humphrey Duggins echoed the terms of the query, and went the length of seizing the young man by the collar.—Poor Walter, who was completely tipsy, had no more idea of what he meant than they themselves, and so he would have told them, only a sudden fit of the hiccup prevented him from speaking. If he had lost the use of his tongue, however, he had retained that of his arms; and no sooner had Sir Humphrey Duggins laid hands upon him, than the young man put himself in a fighting attitude, and sent the old fellow spinning back towards the tent like an over-fed tee-totum. A general idea of war taking place of the simple notion of assault in the mind of Walter, that valorous

youth now attacked indiscriminately all who came in his way; and having silenced Captain Cobb, and upset both aunts, he finally tripped himself up over a stray wheelbarrow, and was carried off kicking and roaring to the Eel Pie House.

Poor Mrs. Winks was all this while in tears. She'd never come a pleasure-partying again. All the rest looked very dolorous, and it was unanimously resolved that the *fete* "do cease and determine." The ruins of the banquet were hastily huddled together in the remnant of the extemporized tent, and the beaux and belles, damp and dispirited, tumbled themselves into the *mis-named* pleasure-boat, at the bottom of which was laid out the unhappy Walter, with the cellaret under his head by way of a pillow. All were now seated except our friend Winks, who had gone into the house to settle "the little bill." That worthy soon reappeared at the door, followed by "mine host" and the head waiter.

"Corks! I'll see you d——d first!" cried Mr. Winks. "Me pay a sovereign for drawing corks! I'll see you and your corks at the bottom of the Thames first."

"Quite reg'lar, sir," said the waiter, with as much equanimity as if he was ordering "von beef and van new potatoes." "Quite reg'lar, sir, I assure you. Ven gentlemen bring their own wine, v always charges for drawing the corks."

"But you did n't draw the corks."

"No, sir; but it's all as von as if I had. Quite reg'lar, sir, I do assure you. Twenty; hempty bottles, vich I 'elped the servant to pack 'em up."

"Yes, and most of 'em catsup bottles."

"Catsup! Vell, if gentlemen likes to drink catsup; but, begging your pardon, sir, it do n't stand to reason that gentlemen'd come a picknicking with such stuff as that. But, in course, if the ladies likes it"—(with a sneering look towards the ladies.) This brought up Mrs. Winks in a great fury, and her liege lord losing all patience under the imputation of lying, and feeding ladies with walnut ketchup, such a storm of words ensued as it is not easy to conceive—impossible to describe. Suffice it to say, that Winks was resolute in his determination to resist payment, not, as he said, that he cared two-pence about the money, but it was the extortion that he looked at. The landlord, of course, could not brook the term—extortion, and despatched a messenger to Twickenham for a constable. That worthy appearing on the opposite bank, things began to look truly tragical, and the ladies began to put themselves into fainting attitudes, when the doctor suddenly entering upon the scene, pushed his father into the boat, jumped in after him, thrust the boat from the side, and began to pull away lustily for home. The constable, accompanied by the head waiter, was sent after us in the other boat, and thus attended, we proceeded down the river, Winks still holding firm against the corks, and Mrs. Bartholomew deploring the failure of her pleasure party. "Only to think, them that oughted to have been so 'appy and comfortable, and to be axually running away like thieves and vagabonds, pursued by the mermaids of justice!"

Having conveyed our friend the catchpole almost as far as Blackfriars Bridge, the doctor now drew the attention of the neighboring watermen to the nature of his employ, and they, with that loving kindness which gentlemen of their rank of life generally exhibit towards the humbler servants of the law, made him the butt of all manner of amphibious jokes and petty annoyances. The doctor, now delegating the conduct of our boat to Captain Cobb, begged to be taken on board that of our pursuer, to see if some plan could not be devised to put an end to this unpleasant business. The limb of the law, brightening up at the prospect of a fee, readily consented, and Dick accordingly stepped into the other boat. We now pulled towards land, and the doctor, watching his opportunity, gave the waiter, who was rowing, a pull backward over the benches, sent the oars right and left into the river, jumped in after them, and quietly swam to the neighboring stairs, the poor knight of the napkin and our friend the "mermaid of justice" floating helplessly down the stream, amidst the jibes and jeers of the delighted watermen.

Thus ended Mrs. Bartholomew Winks's pleasure party.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Book the Second.... Mary the Queen.

XXX....How Queen Mary comforted herself during the siege; how Lord Daulford Gudeley was captured; and how Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Duke of Suffolk were routed.

Throughout the whole of the siege, the Queen maintained her accustomed firmness; and to her indomitable courage, and the effect produced by it upon her followers, the successful issue of the conflict to the royalist party is mainly to be attributed. Startled from her slumbers by the roar of the artillery, Mary arose, and hastily arrayed herself, quitted the palace with Gardiner, Renard, and a few other attendants, who had flown to her on the first rumor of the attack, and repaired to the lieutenant's lodgings, where she found Sir Henry Bedingfeld in the entrance hall, surrounded by armed men, busied in giving them instructions, and despatching messages to the officers in command of the different fortifications.

At the Queen's appearance, the old knight would have flung himself at her feet, but she motioned him not to heed her, and contented herself with saying, as each messenger departed: "Tell my soldiers that I will share their danger. I will visit every fortification in turn, and I doubt not I shall find its defenders at their posts. No courageous action shall pass unrequited: and as I will severely punish these rebels, so I will reward those who signalise themselves in their defeat. Bid them fight for their Queen—for the daughter of the English Henry, whose august spirit is abroad to watch over and direct them. He who brings me Wyatt's head, shall receive knighthood at my hands, together with the traitor's forfeited estates. Let this be proclaimed. And now fight—and valiantly—for you fight for the truth."

Charged with animating addresses like these, the soldiers hurried to their various leaders. The consequence may be easily imagined. Aware that they were under the

immediate eye of their sovereign, and anticipating her coming each moment, the men, eager to distinguish themselves, fought with the utmost order; and such was the loyalty awakened by Mary's energy and spirit, that even those secretly inclined toward the opposite party, of whom there were not a few, did not dare to avow their real sentiments.

While Mary remained in the lieutenant's lodgings, word was brought that the fortress was attacked on all sides, and the thunder of the ordnance now resounding from the whole line of ramparts, and answered by the guns of the besiegers, confirmed the statement. As she heard these tidings, and listened to the fearful tumult without, her whole countenance underwent a change; and those who remembered her kingly sire, recognised his most terrible expression, and felt the same awe they had formerly experienced in his presence.

"Oh! that I had been born a man!" she cried, "that with my own hand I might punish these traitors. But they shall find, though they have a woman to deal with, they have no feeble and faint-hearted antagonist. I cannot wield a sword; but I will stand by those who can. Sir Henry Bedingfeld, take these orders from me, and they are final. Let the siege go how it may, I will make no terms with the rebels, nor hold further parley with them. Show them no quarter—exterminate them utterly. I no longer regard them as subjects—children; but as aliens—foes. Deal with them as such. And look you yield not this fortress—for by God's grace! I never will yield it. Where is your own post, Sir Henry?"

"At the By-ward Tower, your highness," replied Bedingfeld. "The traitor Wyatt directs the attack in that quarter; and he is most to be feared of all our opponents. I will not quit the fortification with my life. But who shall succeed me if I fall?"

"The Queen," replied Mary. "But you will not fall, good Bedingfeld. You are appointed by Heaven to be my preserver. Go to your post; and keep it, in my name. Go, and fight for your royal mistress, and for the holy Catholic faith which we both of us profess, and which these rebels—these heretics, would overthrow. Go, and the Virgin prosper you, and strengthen your arm."

"I obey your majesty," replied Bedingfeld; "and yet I cannot but feel that my place is by your side."

"Ah! do you loiter, sir?" cried Mary fiercely. "You have tarried here too long already. Do you not hear you loud-voiced cannon summon you hence? Are you deaf to those cries? To you post, sir—and quit it not for your head. Stay!" she added, as the knight was about to obey her. "I meant not this. I have been over-hasty. But you will bear with me. Go. I have no fears, and have much to do. Success be with you. We meet again as victors, or we meet no more."

"We shall meet ere day-break," replied the knight. And, quitting the presence, he hurried to the By-ward Tower.

"In case fate declares itself against your highness, and the insurgents win the fortress," observed Renard, "I can convey you beyond their reach. I am acquainted with a subterranean passage communicating with the farther side of the moat, and have stationed a trusty guard at its entrance."

"In the event your excellency anticipates," returned Mary, sternly, "but which I am assured will never occur, I will not fly. While one stone of that citadel stands upon another it shall never be surrendered: and while life remains to her, Mary of England will never desert it. In your next despatch to the prince your master, tell him his proposed consort proved herself worthy—in resolution, at least—of the alliance."

"I will report your intrepid conduct to the prince," replied Renard. "But I would, for his sake, if not for your own, gracious madam, that you would not further expose yourself."

"To the ramparts!" cried Mary, disregarding him. "Let those follow me, who are not afraid to face these traitors."

Quitting the entrance-hall, she mounted a broad staircase of carved oak, and traversing a long gallery, entered a passage leading to the Bell Tower—a fortification already described as standing on the west of the lieutenant's lodgings, and connected with them. The room to which the passage brought her, situated on the upper story, and now used as part of the domestic offices of the governor, was crowded with soldiers, busily employed in active defensive preparations. Some were discharging their calivers through the loopholes at the besiegers, while others were carrying ammunition to the roof of the building.

Addressing a few words of encouragement to them, and, crossing the room, Mary commanded an officer to conduct her to the walls. Seeing from her manner that remonstrance would be useless, the officer obeyed. As she emerged from the low arched doorway opening upon the ballium wall, the range of wooden houses on the opposite side of the moat burst into flames, and the light of the conflagration, while it revealed the number of her enemies and their plan of attack, rendered her situation infinitely more perilous, inasmuch as it betrayed her to general observation. Directed by the shouts, the besiegers speedily discovered the occasion of the clamor; and though Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was engaged at the moment in personally directing the assault on the Bulwark Gate, commanded his men to cease firing in that quarter, his injunctions were wholly disregarded, and several shots struck the battlements close to the Queen. Seriously alarmed, Gardiner earnestly entreated her to retire, but she peremptorily refused, and continued her course as slowly as if no danger beset her—ever and anon pausing to watch the movements of the besiegers, or to encourage and direct her own men. Before she reached the Beauchamp Tower, the Bulwark Gate was carried, and the triumphant shouts of the insurgents drew from her an exclamation of bitter anger.

"It is but a small advantage gained, your highness," remarked the officer, "they will be speedily repulsed."

"Small as it is, sir," rejoined the Queen, "I would rather have lost the richest jewel from my crown than they had gained so much. Look! they are gathering together before the Lion's Gate. They are thundering against it with sledge-hammers, battering-rams, and other engines. I can hear the din of their blows above all this tumult. And see! other troops are advancing to their aid. By their banners and

white coats, I know they are the London trained-bands, headed by Bret. Heaven confound the traitor! He who will bring him to me, dead or alive, shall have whatever he asks. Ah, God's death! they have forced the Lion's Gate, they drive all before them. Recreants! why do you not dispute it inch by inch, and you may regain what you have lost? Confusion! Wyatt and his rebel band press onward, and the others fly. They pass through the Middle Tower. Ah! that shout—those fearful cries! They put my faithful subjects to the sword. They are in possession of the Middle Tower, and direct its guns on the By-ward Tower. Wyatt and his band are on the bridge. The press forward, the others retreat. Retreat! ah, cowards that you are, you must fight now, if you have a spark of loyalty left. They fly. They have neither nor valor. Where is Bedingfield—where is my lieutenant?—why does he not rally forth upon them? If I were there, I would myself lead the attack."

"Your majesty's desires are fulfilled," remarked the officer; "a sally is made by a party from the gate—the rebels are checked."

"I see it!" exclaimed the Queen, joyfully; "but what valiant men are they who thus turn the tide? Ah! I know them now, they are my famous giants—my loyal warders. Look how the rebel ranks are cleared by the sweep of their mighty arms. Brave yeomen! you have fought as no belted knights have hitherto fought, and have proved the truth of your royal descent. Ah! Wyatt is down. Stay him! spare him not, brave giant! his lands, his title are yours. Heaven's curse upon him, the traitor has escaped! I can bear this no longer," she added, turning to her conductor. "Lead on: I would see what they are doing elsewhere."

The command was obeyed, but the officer had not proceeded many yards when a shot struck him, and he fell mortally wounded at the queen's feet.

"I fear you are hurt, sir," said Mary, anxiously.

"To death, madam," gasped the officer. I should not care to die, had I lived to see you victorious. When all others were clamoring for the usurper Jane, my voice was raised for you, my rightful queen; and now my last shout shall be for you."

"Your name?" demanded Mary, bending over him.

"Gilbert," replied the officer—"I am the grandson of Gunnora Brasse."

"Live, Gilbert," rejoined Mary—"live for my sake!"

Raising himself upon one arm, with a dying effort, Gilbert waved his sword over his head, and cried, "God save Queen Mary, and confusion to her enemies!" And with these words, he fell backwards, and instantly expired. The queen gazed for a moment wistfully at the body.

"How is it," she mused, as she suffered herself to be led onward by Renard, "that, when hundreds of my subjects are perishing around me, this man's death should affect me so strongly?—I know not. Yet, so it is."

Her attention, however, was speedily attracted to other matters. Passing through the Beauchamp Tower, she proceeded to the next fortification.

The main attacks of the besiegers, as has been previously stated, were directed against the Brass Mount, Saint Thomas's Tower, and the By-ward Tower—the western and north-western ramparts, including the Leg Mount, a large bastion corresponding with the Brass Mount, being comparatively unmolested. Taking up a position on the roof of the Devilin Tower, which flanked the north-west angle of the ballium wall, Mary commanded two sides of the fortress, and the view on either hand was terrific and sublime. On the left, the blazing habitations, which being of highly-combustible material were now, in a great measure, consumed, cast a red and lurid glare on the moat, lighting up the ramparts, the fortifications behind them, and those on the bridge—two of which, she was aware, were in the possession of the besiegers. In this quarter the firing had ceased; and it seemed that both parties had by mutual consent suspended hostilities, to renew them in a short time with greater animosity than ever. On the right, however, the assault continued with unabated fury. A constant fire was kept up from the temporary batteries placed before the postern gate; clouds of arrows whizzed through the air, shot by the archers stationed on the banks of the moat; and another ladder having been placed against the ramparts, several of the scaling party had obtained a footing, and were engaged hand to hand with the besieged. Ever and anon, amid this tumultuous roar was heard a loud splash, proclaiming that some miserable wretch had been hurled into the moat.

After contemplating the spectacle for some time in silence, Mary proceeded to the Flint Tower—a fortification about ninety feet nearer the scene of strife. Here the alarming intelligence was brought her that Lord Guilford Dudley was in possession of the Brass Mount, and that other advantages had been gained by the insurgents in that quarter. The fight raged so fiercely, it was added, that it would be tempting Providence in her majesty to proceed further. Yielding, at length, to the solicitations of her attendants, Mary descended from the walls, and shaped her course toward the White Tower; while Renard, by her command, hastened to the Martin Tower (now the Jewel Tower) to ascertain how matters stood. His first step was to ascend the roof of this structure, which, standing immediately behind the Brass Mount, completely overlooked it.

It must be borne in mind that the Tower is surrounded by a double line of defences, and that the ballium wall and its fortifications are much loftier than the outer ramparts. Renard found the roof of the Martin Tower thronged with soldiers, who were bringing their guns to bear upon the present possessors of the Brass Mount. They were assisted in their efforts to dislodge them by the occupants of the Brick Tower and the Constable Tower; and notwithstanding the advantage gained by the insurgents, they sustained severe loss from the constant fire directed against them. Renard's glance sought out Lord Guilford Dudley; and after a few moments' search, guided by the shouts, he perceived him with Cholmondeley driving a party of royalists before him down the steps leading to the eastern ramparts. Here he was concealed from view, and protected by the roofs of a range of habitations from the guns on the ballium wall.

A few moments afterwards, intelligence was conveyed by the soldiers on the Broad Arrow Tower to those on the

Constable Tower, and thence from fortification to fortification, that Dudley having broken into one of the houses covering the ramparts, was descending with his forces into the eastern ward.

Renard saw that not a moment was to be lost. Ordering the soldiers not to relax their fire for an instant, he put himself at the head of a body of men, and hurrying down a spiral stone staircase, which brought him to a subterranean chamber, unlocked a door in it, and traversing with lightning swiftness a long narrow passage, speedily reached another vaulted room. At first no outlet was perceptible; but snatching a torch from one of his band, Renard touched a knob of iron in the wall, and a stone dropping from its place discovered a flight of stairs, up which they mounted. These brought them to a wider passage, terminated by a strong door clamped with iron, and forming a small sally-port opening upon the eastern ward, a little lower down than Lord Guilford Dudley and his party had gained admittance to it. Commanding his men to obey his injunctions implicitly, Renard flung open the sally-port, and dashed through it at their head.

Dudley was pressing forward in the direction of the Iron Gate when Renard appeared. Both parties were pretty equally matched in point of number, though neither leader could boast more than twenty followers. Still, multitudes were hastening to them from every quarter. A detachment of royalists were issuing from a portal near the Salt Tower; while a host of insurgents were breaking through the house lately forced by Lord Guilford Dudley, and hurrying to his assistance. In a few seconds, the parties met. By the light of the torches, Dudley recognized Renard; and, uttering a shout of exultation, advanced to the attack.

As soon as it was known to the insurgents that the abhorred Spanish ambassador was before them, with one accord they turned their weapons against him, and if their leader had not interposed, would have inevitably slain him.

"Leave him to me," cried Dudley, "and I will deliver my country from this detested traitor. Fellow soldiers," he added, addressing Renard's companions, "will you fight for Spain, for the Inquisition, for the idolatries of Rome, when swords are drawn for your country—and for the Reformed religion? We are come to free you from the yoke under which you labor. Join us, and fight for your liberties, your laws—for the gospel, and for Queen Jane."

"Ay, fight for Jane, and the gospel!" shouted Cholmondeley. "Down with Renard and the See of Rome. No Spanish match! no Inquisition!"

"Who are you fighting for? Who is your leader?" continued Dudley—"a base Spanish traitor. Who are you fighting against?—Englishmen, your friends, your countrymen, your brothers—members of the same faith, of the same family."

This last appeal proved effectual. Most of the royalists went over to the insurgents, shouting, "No Spanish match! no Inquisition! Down with Renard!"

"Ay, down with Renard!" cried Dudley. "I will no longer oppose your just vengeance. Slay him, and we will fix his head upon a spear. It will serve to strike terror into our enemies."

Even in this extremity, Renard's constitutional bravery did not desert him; and, quickly retreating, he placed his back against the wall. The few faithful followers who stood by him, endeavored to defend him, but they were soon slain, and he could only oppose his single sword against the array of partizans and pikes raised against him. His destruction appeared inevitable, and he had already given himself up for lost, when a rescue arrived.

The detachment of soldiers, headed by Sir Thomas Brydges, already described as issuing from the gate near the Salt Tower; seeing a skirmish taking place, hurried forward, and reached the scene of strife just in time to save the ambassador, whose assailants were compelled to quit him to wield their weapons in their own defence. Thus set free, Renard sprang like a tiger upon his foes, and, aided by the new-comers, occasioned fearful havoc among them. But his deadliest fury was directed against those who had deserted him, and he spared none of them whom he could reach with his sword.

Lord Guilford Dudley and his esquire performed prodigies of valor. The former made many efforts to reach Renard, but, such was the confusion around him, that he was constantly foiled in his purpose. At length, seeing it was in vain to contend against such superior force, and that his men would be speedily cut in pieces, and himself captured, he gave the word to retreat, and fled towards the north-east angle of the ward. The royalists started after them; but such was the speed at which the fugitives ran, that they could not overtake them. A few stragglers ineffectually attempted to check their progress, and the soldiers on the walls above did not dare to fire upon them, for fear of injuring their own party. In this way, they passed the Martin Tower, and were approaching the Brick Tower, when a large detachment of soldiers were seen advancing towards them.

[Continued next week.]

LONGEVITY.—One evening, the other week, a small party sat down to an entertainment in Mr. Mollison's Hotel, there being two persons in the company whose united ages amounted to one hundred and ninety years. One of them was an intelligent and healthy old gentleman of eight-five, who was obliged to confess himself a mere youth in comparison with the other veteran, Alexander Duncan, who was born in the year 1736, and is now in his hundred and fifth year, in the possession of good health, and only somewhat troubled with deafness. Duncan served in the army, but has been a dear bargain to the Crown, having persisted in drawing a pension for the last sixty years—for which, on this occasion, he very cordially drank Queen Victoria's health "and a happy time to her." He had, he said, been an early riser in the mornings, and had been a temperate man, though he never, as he added, "gaed the length o' the tee-totalers." In the course of the evening a number of old stories were raked up, and the greatest sociality prevailed. On the breaking up of the party, at a respectably late hour, Duncan, with the aid of his staff, took the lead in going out; one of the gentlemen present remarking, that he had seen many young men coming down the stairs of a hotel, after a party, far less steadily than the old soldier. —[Aberdeen Journal.]

## New Work by Boz.

### MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER LVI.

A day or two after the Quilp tea-party at the Wilderness, Mr. Swiveller walked into Sampson Brass's office at the usual hour, and being alone in that Temple of Probity, placed his hat upon the desk, and taking from his pocket a small parcel of black crape, applied himself to folding and pinning the same upon it, after the manner of a hatband. Having completed the construction of this appendage, he surveyed his work with great complacency, and put his hat on again—very much over one eye, to increase the mournfulness of the effect. These arrangements perfected to his entire satisfaction, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked up and down the office with measured steps.

"It has always been the same with me," said Mr. Swiveller, "always. 'Twas ever thus—from childhood's hour I've seen my fondest hopes decay, I never loved a tree or flower but 'twas the first to fade away. I never nursed a dear gazelle, to glad me with its soft black eye, but when it came to know me well, and love me, it was sure to marry a market-gardener."

Overpowered by these reflections, Mr. Swiveller stopped short at the client's chair, and flung himself into its open arms.

"And this," said Mr. Swiveller, with a kind of bantering composure, "is life, I believe. Oh, certainly. Why not? I'm quite satisfied. I shall wear," added Richard, taking off his hat again and looking hard at it, as if he were only deterred by pecuniary considerations from spurning it with his foot, "I shall wear this emblem of woman's perfidy, in remembrance of her with whom I shall never again thread the windings of the mazy; whom I shall never more pledge in the rosy; who, during the short remainder of my existence, will murder the balmy. Ha, ha, ha!"

It may be necessary to observe, lest there should appear any incongruity in the close of this soliloquy, that Mr. Swiveller did not wind up with a cheerful hilarious laugh, which would have been undoubtedly at variance with his solemn reflections, but that, being in a theatrical mood, he merely achieved that performance which is designated in melo-dramas "laughing like a fiend,"—for it seems that your fiends always laugh in syllables, and always in three syllables, never more nor less, which is a remarkable property in such gentry, and one worthy of remembrance.

The baleful sounds had hardly died away, and Mr. Swiveller was still sitting in a very grim state in the client's chair, when there came a ring—or, if we may adapt the sound to his then humor, a knell—at the office bell. Opening the door with all speed, he beheld the expressive countenance of Mr. Chuckster, between whom and himself a fraternal greeting ensued.

"You're devilish early at this pestiferous old slaughter-house," said that gentleman, poisoning himself on one leg, and shaking the other in an easy manner.

"Rather," returned Dick.

"Rather!" retorted Mr. Chuckster, with that air of graceful trifling which so well became him. "I should think so. Why, my good feller, do you know what o'clock it is—half-past nine a. m. in the morning?"

"Won't you come in!" said Dick. "All alone. Swiveller solus. 'Tis now the witching—"

"Hour of night!"

"When churchyards yawn,"

"And graves give up their dead."

At the end of this quotation in dialogue, each gentleman struck an attitude, and immediately subsiding into prose, walked into the office. Such morsels of enthusiasm were common among the Glorious Apollos, and were indeed the links that bound them together, and raised them above the cold dull earth.

"Well, and how are you my buck?" said Mr. Chuckster, taking a stool. "I was forced to come into the city upon some little private matters of my own, and could n't pass the corner of the street without looking in, but upon my soul I did n't expect to find you. It is so everlastingly early."

Mr. Swiveller expressed his acknowledgments; and it appearing on further conversation that he was in good health, and that Mr. Chuckster was in the like enviable condition, both gentlemen, in compliance with a solemn custom of the ancient Brotherhood to which they belonged, joined in a fragment of the popular duet of "All's Well," with a long shake at the end.

"And what's the news?" said Richard.

"The town's as flat, my dear feller," replied Mr. Chuckster, "as the surface of a Dutch oven. There's no news. By-the-bye, that lodger of yours is a most extraordinary person. He quite eludes the most vigorous comprehension you know. Never was such a feller!"

"What has he been doing now?" said Dick.

"By Jove, sir," returned Mr. Chuckster, taking out an oblong snuff-box, the lid whereof was ornamented with a fox's head, curiously carved in brass, "that man is an unfathomable. Sir, that man has made friends with our articulated clerk. There's no harm in him, but he is so amazingly slow and soft. Now, if he wanted a friend, why could n't he have one that knew a thing or two, and could do him some good by his manners and conversation. I have my faults to, sir," said Mr. Chuckster.

"No, no," interposed Mr. Swiveller.

"Oh yes I have, I have my faults, no man knows his faults better than I know mine. But," said Mr. Chuckster, "I'm not meek. My worst enemies—every man has his enemies, sir, and I have mine—never accused me of being meek. And I tell you what, sir, if I had n't more of these qualities that commonly endear man to man, than our articulated clerk has, I'd steal a Cheshire cheese, tie it round my neck, and drown myself. I'd die degraded, as I had lived. I would upon my honor."

Mr. Chuckster paused, rapped the fox's head exactly on the nose with the knuckle of the fore-finger, took a pinch of snuff, and looked steadily at Mr. Swiveller, as much as

to say that if he thought he was going to sneeze, he would find himself mistaken.

"Not contented, sir," said Mr. Chuckster, "with making friends with Abel, he has cultivated the acquaintance of his father and mother. Since he came home from that wild-goose chase, he has been there—actually been there. He patronizes young Snobby besides; you'll find that he'll be constantly coming backwards and forwards to this place: yet I do not suppose that beyond the common forms of civility, he has ever exchanged half-a-dozen words with me. Now, upon my soul, you know," said Mr. Chuckster, shaking his head gravely, "this is altogether such a low-minded affair, that if I did not feel for the governor, and knew that he could never get on without me, I should be obliged to cut the connexion. I should have no alternative."

Mr. Swiveller, who sat on another stool opposite to his friend, stirred the fire to an excess of sympathy, but said nothing.

"As to young Snob, sir," pursued Mr. Chuckster with a prophetic look, "you'll find he'll turn out bad. In our profession we know something of human nature, and take my word for it, that the feller that come back to work out that shilling, will show himself one of these days in his true colors. He's a low thief, sir. He must be."

Mr. Chuckster being roused, would probably have pursued this subject further, and in more emphatic language, but for a tap at the door, which seemed to announce the arrival of somebody on business, caused him to assume a greater appearance of meekness than was perhaps quite consistent with his late declaration. Mr. Swiveller, hearing the same sound, caused his stool to revolve rapidly on one leg until it brought him to his desk, into which, having forgotten in the sudden flurry of his spirits to part with the poker, he thrust it as he cried "Come in!"

Who should present himself but that very Kit who had been the theme of Mr. Chuckster's wrath! Never did man pluck up his courage so quickly, or look so fierce, as Mr. Chuckster when he found it was he. Mr. Swiveller stared at him for a moment, and then leaping from his stool, and drawing out the poker from its place of concealment, performed the broadsword exercise with all the cuts and guards complete, in a species of frenzy.

"Is the gentleman at home?" said Kit, rather astonished by this uncommon reception.

Before Mr. Swiveller could make any reply, Mr. Chuckster took occasion to enter his indignant protest against this form of inquiry; which he held to be of a disrespectful and snobbish tendency, inasmuch as the inquirer, seeing two gentlemen then and there present, should have spoken of the other gentleman; or rather (for it was not impossible that the object of his search might be of inferior quality) should have mentioned his name, leaving it to his hearers to determine his degree as they thought proper. Mr. Chuckster further remarked, that he had some reason to believe this form of address was personal to himself, and that he was not a man to be trifled with, as certain snobs (whom he did not more particularly mention or describe) might find to their cost.

"I mean the gentleman up stairs," said Kit, turning to Richard Swiveller, "Is he at home?"

"Why?" rejoined Dick.

"Because, if he is, I have a letter for him."

"From whom?" said Dick.

"From Mr. Garland."

"Oh!" said Dick, with extreme politeness. "Then you may hand it over, sir. And if you're to wait for an answer, sir, you may wait in the passage, sir, which is an airy and well-ventilated apartment, sir."

"Thank you," returned Kit. "But I am to give it to himself, if you please."

The excessive audacity of this retort so overpowered Mr. Chuckster, and so moved his tender regard for his friend's honor, that he declared, if he were not restrained by official considerations, he must certainly have annihilated Kit upon the spot; a resentment of the affront which he did consider, under the extraordinary circumstances of aggravation attending it, could not but have met with the proper sanction and approval of a jury of Englishmen, who, he had no doubt, would have returned a verdict of Justifiable Homicide, coupled with a high testimony to the morals and character of the Avenger. Mr. Swiveller, without being quite so hot upon the matter, was rather ashamed by his friend's excitement, and not a little puzzled how to act (Kit being quite cool and good-humored,) when the single gentleman was heard to call violently down the stairs.

"Did not I see somebody for me, come in?" cried the lodger.

"Yes, sir," replied Dick. "Certainly, sir."

"Then where is he?" roared the single gentleman.

"He's here, sir," rejoined Mr. Swiveller. "Now young man, don't you hear you're to go up stairs? Are you deaf?"

Kit did not appear to think it worth his while to enter into any further altercation, but hurried off and left the Glorious Apollos gazing at each other in silence.

"Did not I tell you so?" said Mr. Chuckster. "What do you think of that?"

Mr. Swiveller being in the main a good-natured fellow, and not perceiving in the conduct of Kit any villany of enormous magnitude, scarcely knew what answer to return. He was relieved from his perplexity, however, by the entrance of Mr. Sampson and his sister, Sally, at sight of whom Mr. Chuckster precipitately retired.

Mr. Brass and his lovely companion appeared to have been holding a consultation over their temperate breakfast, upon some matter of great interest and importance. On the occasion of such conferences, they generally appeared in the office some half an hour after their usual time, and in a very smiling state, as though their late plots and designs had tranquillized their minds and shed a light upon their toilsome way. In the present instance, they seemed particularly gay. Miss Sally's aspect being only kind, and Mr. Brass rubbing his hand in an exceedingly jocose and light-hearted manner.

"Well, Mr. Richard," said Brass. "How are we this morning? Are we pretty fresh and cheerful, sir—eh, Mr. Richard?"

"Pretty well, sir," replied Dick.

"That's well," said Brass. "Ha! ha! We should be gay as larks Mr. Richard—why not? It's a pleasant world

to live in, sir, a very pleasant world. There are bad people in it, Mr. Richard, but if there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers. Ha, ha! Any letters by the post this morning, Mr. Richard?"

Mr. Swiveller answered in the negative.

"Ha!" said Brass, "no matter. If there's little business to-day, there'll be more to-morrow. A contented spirit, Mr. Richard, is the sweetness of existence. Any body been here, sir?"

"Only my friend"—replied Dick. "May we ne'er want a—"

"Friend," Brass chimed in quickly. "or a bottle to give him. Ha, ha! That's the way the song runs, is it? A very good song, Mr. Richard, very good. I like the sentiment of it. Ha, ha! Your friend's the young man from Witherden's office, I think—yes—May we ne'er want a—Nobody else at all, been, Mr. Richard?"

"Only somebody to the lodger," replied Mr. Swiveller. "Oh indeed!" cried Brass. "Somebody to the lodger, eh? Ha, ha! May we ne'er want a friend, or a—Somebody to the lodger, eh Mr. Richard?"

"Yes," said Dick, a little disconcerted by the excessive buoyancy of spirits which his employer displayed. "With him now."

"With him now!" cried Brass; "Ha, ha! There let 'em be, merry and free, toor rul lollie. Eh, Mr. Richard? Ha, ha!"

"Oh certainly," replied Dick.

"And who," said Brass, shuffling among his papers, "who is the lodger's visitor—not a lady visitor I hope, eh, Mr. Richard? The morals of the Marks you know, sir—when lovely woman stoops to folly—and all that—eh, Mr. Richard?"

"Another young man, who belongs to Witherden's too, or half belongs there," returned Richard. "Kit, they call him."

"Kit, eh!" said Brass. "Strange name—name of a dancing-master's fiddle, eh, Mr. Richard? Ha, ha! Kit's there, is he? Oh!"

Dick looked at Miss Sally, wondering that she did not check this uncommon exuberance on the part of Mr. Sampson; but as she made no attempt to do so, and rather appeared to exhibit a tacit acquiescence in it, he concluded that they had just been cheating somebody, and receiving the bill.

"Will you have the goodness, Mr. Richard," said Brass, taking a letter from his desk, "just to step over to Peckham Rye with that? There's no answer, but it's rather particular and should go by hand. Charge the office with your coach hire back, you know; do not spare the office; get as much out of it as you can—clerk's motto—Eh, Mr. Richard? Ha, ha!"

Mr. Swiveller solemnly doffed the aquatic jacket, put on his coat, took down his hat from its peg, pocketed the letter, and departed. Directly he was gone, uprose Miss Sally Brass, and smiling sweetly at her brother (who nodded and smote his nose in return) withdrew also.

Sampson Brass was no sooner left alone, than he set the office door wide open, and establishing himself at his desk directly opposite, so that he could not fail to see any body who came down stairs and passed out at the street door, began to write with extreme cheerfulness and assiduity; humming as he did so, in a voice that was any thing but musical, certain vocal snatches which appeared to have reference to the union between Church and State, inasmuch as they were compounded of the Evening Hymn and God save the King.

Thus, the attorney of Bevis Marks sat, and wrote, and hummed, for a long time, except when he stopped to listen with a very cunning face, and hearing nothing, went humming louder, and writing slower than ever. At length, in one of those pauses, he heard his lodger's door opened and shut, and footsteps coming down the stairs. Then Mr. Brass left off writing entirely, and with his pen in his hand hummed his very loudest; shaking his head meanwhile from side to side like a man whose whole soul was in the music, and smiling in a manner quite seraphic.

It was towards this moving spectacle that the staircase and the sweet sounds guided Kit, on whose arrival before his door, Mr. Brass stopped his singing, but not his smiling, and nodded affably, at the same time beckoning to him with his pen.

"Kit," said Mr. Brass, in the pleasantest way imaginable, "how do you do?"

Kit being rather shy of his friend, made a suitable reply, and had his hand upon the lock of the street door when Mr. Brass called him softly back.

"You are not to go, if you please, Kit," said the attorney in a mysterious and yet business-like way. "You are to step in here, if you please. Dear me, dear me! When I look at you," said the lawyer, quitting his stool, and standing before the fire with his back towards it, "I am reminded of the sweetest little face that ever my eyes beheld. I remember your coming there twice or thrice when we were in possession. Ah Kit, my dear fellow, gentlemen in my profession have such painful duties to perform sometimes that you need not envy us—you need not indeed!"

"I don't, sir," said Kit, "though it isn't for the like of me to judge."

"Our only consolation, Kit," pursued the lawyer, looking at him in a sort of pensive abstraction, "is, that although we cannot turn away the wind, we can soften it; we can temper it, if I may say so, to the shorn lambs."

"Shorn indeed!" thought Kit. "Pretty close!" But he did not say so.

"On that occasion, Kit," said Mr. Brass, "on that occasion that I have just alluded to, I had a hard battle with Mr. Quilp (for Mr. Quilp is a very hard man) to obtain them the indulgence they had. It might have cost me a client. But suffering virtue inspired me, and I prevailed."

"He's not so bad after all," thought honest Kit, as the attorney pursed up his lips and looked like a man who was struggling with his better feelings.

"I respect you, Kit," said Brass with emotion. "I saw enough of your conduct at that time to respect you, though your station is humble, and your fortune lowly. It isn't the waistcoat that I look at. It is the heart. The checks in the waistcoat are but the wires of the cage. But the heart is the bird. Ah! How many such birds are perpetually moulted, and putting their beaks through the wires to peck at all mankind!"

This poetic figure, which Kit took to be in special allusion to his own checked waistcoat, quite overcame him; Mr. Brass's voice and manner added not a little to its effect, for he discoursed with all the mild austerity of a hermit, and wanted but a cord round the waist of his rusty surt-out, and a skull on the chimney-piece, to be completely set up in that line of business.

"Well, well," said Sampson, smiling as good men smile when they compassionate their own weakness or that of their fellow creatures, "this is wide of the bull's-eye. You're to take that, if you please." As he spoke, he pointed to a couple of half-crowns upon the desk.

Kit looked at the coins, and then at Sampson, and hesitated.

"For yourself," said Brass.

"From—"

"No matter about the person they came from," replied the lawyer. "Say me, if you like. We have eccentric friends overhead, Kit, and we mustn't ask questions or talk too much—you understand. You're to take them, that's all; and between you and me, I don't think they'll be the last you'll have to take from the same place. I hope not. Good bye, Kit. Good bye!"

With many thanks, and many more self-reproaches for having on such slight grounds suspected one who in their very first conversation turned out such a different man from what he had supposed, Kit took the money and made the best of his way home. Mr. Brass remained airing himself at the fire; and resumed his vocal exercise, and his seraphic smile, simultaneously.

"May I come in?" said Miss Sally, peeping.

"Oh yes, you may come in," returned her brother.

"Ahem!" coughed Miss Brass, interrogatively.

"Yes," returned Sampson, "I should say as good as done."

#### CHAPTER LVII.

Mr. Chuckster's indignant apprehensions were not without foundation. Certainly the friendship between the single gentleman and Mr. Garland was not suffered to cool, but had a rapid growth and flourished exceedingly. They were soon in habits of constant intercourse and communication; and the single gentleman laboring at this time under a slight attack of illness—the consequence most probably of his late excited feelings and subsequent disappointment—furnished a reason for their holding yet more frequent correspondence; so that some one of the inmates of Abel Gottage, Finchley, came backwards and forwards between that place and Bevis Marks, almost every day.

As the pony had now thrown off all disguise, and without any mincing of the matter or beating about the bush, studiously refused to be driven by anybody but Kit, it generally happened that whether old Mr. Garland came, or Mr. Abel, Kit was of the party. Of all messages and inquiries, Kit was in right of his position the bearer; thus it came about that, while the single gentleman remained indisposed, Kit turned into Bevis Marks every morning with nearly as much regularity as the General Postman.

Mr. Sampson Brass, who no doubt had his reasons for looking sharply about him, soon learnt to distinguish the pony's trot and the clatter of the little chaise at the corner of the street. Whenever this sound reached his ears, he would immediately lay down his pen and fall to rubbing his hands and exhibiting the greatest glee.

"Ha, ha!" he would cry. "Here's the pony again. Most remarkable pony, extremely docile, eh, Mr. Richard, eh, sir?"

Dick would return some matter-of-course reply, and Mr. Brass, standing on the bottom rail of his stool, so as to get a view of the street over the top of the window-blind, would take an observation of the visitors.

"The old gentleman again!" he would exclaim, "a very prepossessing old gentleman, Mr. Richard—charming countenance—extremely calm—benevolence in every feature, sir. He quite realises my idea of King Lear, as he appeared when in possession of his kingdom, Mr. Richard—the same good-humor, the same white hair and partial baldness, the same liability to be imposed upon. Ah! A sweet subject for contemplation sir, very sweet!"

Then, Mr. Garland, having alighted and gone up-stairs, Sampson would nod and smile to Kit from the window, and presently walk out into the street to greet him, when some such conversation as the following would ensue.

"Admirably groomed, Kit"—Mr. Brass is patting the pony—"does you great credit—amazingly sleek and bright to be sure. He literally looks as if he had been varnished all over."

Kit touches his hat, smiles, pats the pony himself, and expresses his conviction, "that Mr. Brass will not find many like him."

"A beautiful animal indeed!" cries Brass. "Sagacious too!"

"Bless you!" replies Kit, "he knows what you say to him as well as a Christian does."

"Does he indeed?" cries Brass, who has heard the same thing in the same place from the same person in the same words a dozen times, but is paralysed with astonishment notwithstanding. "Dear me!"

"I little thought the first time I saw him, sir," says Kit, pleased with the attorney's strong interest in his favorite, "that I should come to be as intimate with him as I am now."

"Ah!" rejoins Mr. Brass, brim-full of moral precepts and love of virtue. "A charming subject of reflection for you, very charming. A subject of proper pride and congratulation, Christopher. Honesty is the best policy. I always find it so myself. I lost forty-seven pound ten by being honest this morning. But it's all gain, it's all gain!"

Mr. Brass slyly tickles nose with his pen, and looks at Kit with the water standing in his eyes. Kit thinks that if ever there was a good man who belied his appearance, that man is Sampson Brass.

"A man," says Sampson, "who loses forty-seven pound ten in one morning by his honesty, is a man to be envied. If it had been eighty pound, the luxuriousness of feeling would have been increased. Every pound lost would have been a hundred weight of happiness gained. The still, small voice, Christopher," cries Brass smiling, and tapping himself on the bosom, "is a singing comic songs within me, and all is happiness and joy!"

Kit is so improved by the conversation, and finds it go so completely home to his feelings, that he is considering what



he shall say, when Mr. Garland appears. The old gentleman is helped into the chaise with great obsequiousness by Mr. Sampson Brass; and the pony, after shaking his head several times, and standing for three or four minutes with all his four legs planted firmly on the ground as if he had made up his mind never to stir from that spot, but there to live and die, suddenly darts off without the smallest notice, at the rate of twelve English miles an hour. Then Mr. Brass and his sister (who has joined him at the door) exchange an odd kind of smile—not at all a pleasant one in its expression—and return to the society of Mr. Richard Swiveller, who, during their absence, has been regaling himself with various feats of pantomime, and is discovered at his desk, in a very flushed and heated condition, violently scratching out nothing with half a penknife.

Whenever Kit came alone, and without the chaise, it always happened that Sampson Brass was reminded of some mission, calling Mr. Swiveller, if not to Peckham Rye again, at all events to some pretty distant place from which he could not be expected to return for two or three hours, or in all probability a much longer period, as that gentleman was not, to say the truth, renowned for using great expedition on such occasions, but rather for protracting and spinning out the time to the very utmost limit of possibility. Mr. Swiveller out of sight, Miss Sally immediately withdrew. Mr. Brass would then set the office-door wide open, hum his old tune with great gayety of heart, and smile seraphically as before. Kit coming down-stairs would be called in; entertained with some moral and agreeable conversation; perhaps entreated to mind the office for an instant while Mr. Brass stepped over the way; and afterward presented with one or two half-crowns as the case might be. This occurred so often, that Kit, nothing doubting but that they came from the single gentleman, who had already rewarded his mother with great liberality, could not enough admire his generosity; and bought so many cheap presents for her, and for little Jacob, and for the baby, and for Barbara to boot, that one or other of them was having some new trifle every day of their lives.

While these acts and deeds were in progress in and out of the office of Sampson Brass, Richard Swiveller, being often left alone therein, began to find the time hang heavy on his hands. For the better preservation of his cheerfulness therefore, and to prevent his faculties from rusting, he provided himself with a cribbage-board and pack of cards, and accustomed himself to play at cribbage with a dummy, for twenty, thirty, or sometimes even fifty thousand pounds a side, besides many hazardous bets to a considerable amount. As these games were very silently conducted, notwithstanding the magnitude of the interests involved, Mr. Swiveller began to think that on those evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were out (and they often went out now) he heard a kind of snorting or hard-breathing sound in the direction of the door, which it occurred to him, after some reflection, must proceed from the small servant, who always had a cold from damp living. Looking intently that way one night, he plainly distinguished an eye gleaming and glistening at the keyhole; and having now no thought that his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and pounced upon her before she was aware of his approach.

"Oh! I did n't mean any harm, indeed. Upon my word I did n't," cried the small servant, struggling like a much larger one. "It's so very dull, down stairs. Please do n't tell upon me; please do n't."

"Tell upon you!" said Dick. "Do you mean to say you were looking through the keyhole for company?"

"Yes, upon my word I was," replied the small servant. "How long have you been cooling your eye there?" said Dick.

"Oh, ever since you first began to play them cards, and long before."

Vague recollections of several fantastic exercises with which he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of business, and to all of which, no doubt, the small servant was a party, rather disconcerted Mr. Swiveller; but he was not very sensitive on such points, and recovered himself speedily.

"Well—come in"—he said, after a little consideration. "Here—sit down, and I'll teach you how to play."

"Oh! I durst n't do it," rejoined the small servant; "Miss Sally 'd kill me, if she know'd I came up here."

"Have you got a fire down stairs?" said Dick. "A very little one," replied the small servant.

"Miss Sally could n't kill me if she know'd I went down there, so I'll come," said Richard, putting the cards into his pocket. "Why how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"It ain't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?" said Dick, taking down his hat. "Yes! Ah! I thought so. Did you ever taste beer?"

"I had a sip of it once," said the small servant.

"Here's a state of things!" cried Mr. Swiveller, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "She never tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip! Why, how old are you?"

"I do n't know."

Mr. Swiveller opened his eyes very wide, and appeared thoughtful for a moment; then bidding the child mind the door until he came back, vanished straightway.

Presently he returned, followed by the boy from the public house, who bore in one hand a plate of bread and beef, and in the other a great pot, filled with some very fragrant compound, which sent forth a grateful steam, and was indeed choice purl, made after a particular recipe which Mr. Swiveller had imparted to the landlord at a period when he was deep in his books and desirous to conciliate his friendship. Relieving the boy of his burden at the door, and charging his little companion to fasten it to prevent surprise, Mr. Swiveller followed her into the kitchen.

"There!" said Richard, putting the plate before her. "First of all, clear that off, and then you'll see what's next."

The small servant needed no second bidding, and the plate was soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing the purl, "take a pull at that; but moderate your transports, you know, for you're not used to it. Well, is it good?"

"Oh! is n't it?" said the small servant.

Mr. Swiveller appeared gratified beyond all expression by this reply, and took a long draught himself, steadfastly regarding his companion while he did so. These preliminaries disposed of, he applied himself to teaching her the

game, which she soon learnt tolerably well, being both sharp-witted and cunning.

"Now," said Mr. Swiveller, putting two sixpences into a saucer, and trimming the wretched candle, when the cards had been cut and dealt, "those are the stakes. If you win, you get 'em all. If I win, I get 'em. To make it seem more real and pleasant, I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

The small servant nodded.

"Then, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "fire away!"

The Marchioness, holding her cards very tight in both hands, considered which to play, and Mr. Swiveller, assuming the gay and fashionable air which such society required, took another pull at the tankard, and waited for her lead.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841

[G.] We have been deeply impressed and gratified with the kind and liberal manner in which our literary enterprises have been noticed by our brethren of the press in various parts of the country. We wish that we could possibly command any facility of expression, by which our grateful sentiments could be conveyed to them. We shall hail any opportunity of reciprocation with the most sincere pleasure. We would travel many a weary mile to take our noble-hearted contemporaries by the hand, and say to them, "Gentlemen, from our heart of hearts we thank you. You have conferred great benefits upon us. God bless you—friends; and a happy New Year to you all!"

### GOV. SEWARD'S MESSAGE.

The message of the Governor to the Legislature of New-York was delivered at Albany on Tuesday at 1 o'clock, P. M., and received in this city by express at 2 o'clock A. M. on Wednesday. It is an able and interesting document, but its great length (eight close columns of the Albany Argus) forbids its insertion entire in our columns. We devote some time and patience to the gleanings of its most important facts and recommendations.

After a clever preliminary flourish, the Governor gives the following statement (substantially) of the finances and pecuniary condition of the State:

1. *Revenue for 1840.*—Auction duties.....\$164,621 38  
Salt do..... 156,961 16

This is a falling off from the receipts of last year of \$60,780 46 on Auctions, and \$33,301 96 on Salt, owing to the general depression of business. But three new salt Springs of the best quality have been discovered at Salina, and one at Montezuma, which will probably induce an increase of the quantity manufactured.

2. *Canals.* The Canal Tolls and Water Rents of 1840 amounted in all to.....\$1,006,827 45

Deduct Superintendence, Repairs, &c., (except interest)..... 598 011 87

And the net revenue remaining was.....\$1,020,815 58

Falling below the net revenue of 1839 by.. 36,981 18

The total Canal Receipts of 1840 are.....1,775,747 57

Being an increase on 1839 of..... 159,365 55

3. *Literature and School Funds.*—School Fund, Jan. 1st, 1840.....2,033,897 95

Interest on U. S. Deposit Fund for 1840.... 165,000 09

Total School Fund Revenue for 1840, inclusive..... 268,400 85

Total paid out for the support of Common Schools..... 275,010 10

Capital of the Literature Fund..... 268,777 99

Revenue of do. incl. \$28,000 from U. S. Deposit..... 46,935 84

Amount paid out of do. in 1840..... 47,871 97

4. *Scholars.* The number of students in all the colleges of New-York is 662: viz., Columbia, 120; New-York University, 115; Union, 273; Hamilton, 94; Geneva, 60.

Number of students in all the Academies of the State. 34,803

Do. in the Common Schools, about.....570,000

Whole number of children in the State between 5 and 16.....600,000

Number of School Districts in the State, about.....11,000

Average duration of schools, eight months in the year.

The School District Libraries are warmly and justly commended by the Governor. He estimates that 1,000,000 volumes have through them already been distributed through the State.

The Asylum for the Insane (at Utica) will be completed so as to be ready to go into operation next season. It will accommodate 250 persons.

The Geological survey of the State will be completed next June. The state offices will by that time be transferred to the new State Hall, and the old one be fitted up for the reception of Botanical, Mineralogical and Geological specimens. The collection will be larger than any ever before gathered in this country.

The Governor thinks the currency bill of last session, requiring all the banks of the State to redeem their notes in New York or Albany, has had a good effect. The state currency has generally been kept in good condition.

Of the Bank Safety Fund \$282,333 83, with \$52,795 17 received from the contributing Banks, have been applied to the redemption of the notes of the broken City Bank of Buffalo, now in the process of liquidation. The Wayne County Bank has lately been placed under injunction, but its notes are redeemed at the State Treasury, out of the Safety Fund. The remaining capital of that Fund is \$556,486 76.

The number of convicts in the Auburn State Prison on the 30th Sept. last was 667; 215 received during the preceding year, 12 died, 35 were pardoned, and of 134 the terms expired. Receipts for labor during the year, \$61,355 35; expenses of the prison (including improvements and the payment of debts), \$57,928 10. Excess of earnings over ordinary expenses, \$6,917 39.

The number of convicts in the Sing-Sing prison at the same time was 832; admitted during the year, 356; discharged by death, 16; pardon, 20; expiration of term, 192; earnings, \$83,504 14; expenses, \$77,460.

"The fiscal condition of the prisons is highly satisfactory, and their discipline has been improved. The complaints of cruelty which heretofore engaged public sympathy, and brought our penitentiary system into disrepute, have altogether ceased. Sunday schools have been maintained; and in pursuance of my recommendation, the cell of each prisoner is always supplied with a volume of the School District Library. This measure was followed by a gratifying improvement in the conduct of the prisoners. Many wearisome hours of solitary confinement are beguiled, resolutions of repentance and reformation are formed, and the minds of the unhappy convicts, accustomed to the contemplation of virtue and expanded by knowledge, are gradually prepared to resist the temptations which await them on their return to society."

The number of pardons granted during the last two years have been much less than in former years. Sixteen persons have been convicted of murder during these two years, of whom nine have suffered the penalty of the law, and two more now await the same fate. The sentences of three have been commuted to imprisonment for life, one reversed by the Court Errors, and one (who plead guilty) has been proved insane. The Governor recommends a consideration of the policy of inflicting the punishment of death.

The Commissioners appointed to mediate between the patroon and tenants of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, have attended to their duties, and will soon submit a report.

The canals were navigable during 1840 from the 20th of April to the 4th of December, with very little interruption. The repair of the dam across the Hudson at Troy and other important constructions has increased the cost of repairs during the last year.

The enlargement of the Erie Canal is prosecuted with vigor. The total amount expended upon it prior to 1840, was \$4,669,661; appropriation of 1840, \$2,500,000; surplus canal revenue of do. applicable to the same purpose, \$369,171. Thus between January 1st, 1840, and March 1, 1841, \$2,569,171, will have been expended on this work making an aggregate of \$7,538,832. It is believed by the present Canal Commissioners that the work can be completed at a cost not exceeding the corrected estimates of their predecessors—viz: \$23,112,766. Of course, the sum required to complete the work is \$15,573,934. It may be finished from Albany to Rome in 1843; thence to Rochester in 1845; and thence to Buffalo in 1847.

The Black River Canal is estimated to cost \$2,431,699, of which about \$1,200,000 has been expended.

The Genesee Valley Canal is estimated to cost \$4,900,122, of which sum \$2,500,000 will have been expended by 1st of March next. This work is partly in operation.

Of the New York and Erie Railroad, 45 miles, reaching from Piermont on the Hudson to Goshen, will be put in operation within the present month. Seventy-one miles further are graded, ninety-one more under contract, and the company are about closing contracts for one hundred and eighty-eight miles further. The whole length of the road will be four hundred and forty-six miles, and the company hope to complete it in two years more, at an aggregate expense of \$9,000,000. They solicit further aid from the State.

The Auburn and Rochester Railroad will be completed within eighteen months, leaving only forty miles wanting, (from Batavia to Buffalo,) to a complete Railroad communication from the Hudson to Lake Erie.

The Commissioners have completed their survey of the route of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad. The Governor recommends this work, as calculated to aid in developing the vast mineral resources of the Northern region of the State.

All the Railroad and other Companies aided by the State have promptly paid their interest and fulfilled their engagements to the State during the past year.

The following is the aggregate liability of the State, not including the old canal debt, which is regarded as paid by the accumulation and appropriation of funds for that purpose, nor the received loans of the credit of the State in aid of works of Internal Improvement:

Debt of the general fund, exclusive of what is called the permanent loan to the Treasury from the canal revenues..... \$1,412,961 62  
Debts for the lateral canals that are completed, including the recent loan for the Chemung canal..... 3,551,784 71  
Debts contracted for unfinished works, viz: For the enlargement of the Erie canal.... 6,500,000 00  
For the Black River canal..... 1,050,000 00  
For the Genesee Valley canal..... 2,500,000 00  
For the Oneida River improvement..... 50,000 00  
Aggregate State debt.....\$15,064,746 33  
The nett revenues of all the canals during the last fiscal year, after deducting all

expenditures, and the deficiencies of the lateral canals, were.....	\$1,020,815 57
Leaving a clear surplus, after paying an interest on the debt for the enlargement of the Erie canal, and the \$400,000 annually loaned to the Treasury, of.....	\$398,095 95
The commissioners of the canal fund estimate that the clear surplus of the current fiscal year will be.....	\$570,000 00
The expenditures from the general fund, during the fiscal year, exclusive of the deficiencies of the lateral canals, were..	\$779,324 36
The receipts from the sources provided by law were.....	\$379,211 01
From the payment of the balance due the preceding year from the canal fund, and from other sources.....	\$400,113 35

The enrolled Militia of the State amount to 193,100 men, of whom 7,336 are cavalry, and 9,052 artillery.

The Governor strenuously objects to any withdrawing of the United States surplus revenue of 1837 deposited with the States; recommends a reduction of the salt duties; a review and revision of the subject of legal reform; the establishment of schools in our prisons; the refusal of our jails for the imprisonment of debtors arrested under process from Federal Courts; a revision of our Election Laws; and the establishment of new safeguards for the Elective Franchise, especially that wilful voting, or registering illegally be punished as felony; special efforts to secure the education of the Children of Foreigners; a decisive settlement and declaration of the policy of the State with regard to Internal Improvements; the reduction of Militia duty to a single yearly parade of companies; a relief of the Society of Friends from the penalties to which they are liable for refusing to do military duty; and zealously urges the Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands among the States, &c. &c. We have less misgivings in curtailing these recommendations, as we feel certain that a great proportion of our New York readers will have already perused or will otherwise receive the Message. They will find it richly deserving an earnest and careful perusal.

Our articles upon the Navy of the United States have excited much observation and comment. Their truth no less than their severity has been acknowledged. There is no doubt but that they will arouse public attention to a subject most important to our national welfare and our national honor. The American flag has been too long disgraced by the conduct of those who should have been prompt to yield up their lives sooner than suffer stain or blot to rest upon a single stripe or star in its ample folds. These high officers can no longer escape exposure; their injustice, their oppression, their cruelties, their iniquities, their vices—so practised and persevered in as to put the service to open shame—will no longer be suffered to rot in obscurity, but they shall be unseparated and displayed, till their very putrescence shall compel an immediate abatement and removal.

We invite all to whom the respectability of the Navy is dear, to aid in our efforts in destroying this nuisance, by free and unreserved communications. Let us be informed of every case of tyranny, every mean and contemptible assumption of authority, every instance of villainy, and we will publish them, and bring down a popular retribution, if not official punishment, on the heads of the perpetrators. Let it be borne in mind, however, that we can give circulation to no facts which are *anonymously* conveyed; we must know the names of our correspondents. *They may rely upon our observing the strictest secrecy.* Fully aware of the persecutions to which the junior officers would be liable, if they were known to assist in any exposition of the crimes of their superiors, we shall scrupulously conceal the sources from which all our information has been or is to be derived. Simple names attached to letters will not be sufficient; we must have either direct personal interviews with the writers, or with those who can attest their credibility. The reasonableness of this requisition on our part cannot fail to be understood and acknowledged, when we state that we are subject to deceptions, and that hoaxes will undoubtedly be attempted to be practised upon us by fools who try to be funny, or by enemies, who may wish to injure our cause by casting it into ridicule. We shall vigilantly guard against any such impositions. We have engaged in this labor for the good of the Navy; and though we may be accused of incompetency to effect what we have undertaken, nobody shall reproach us for a lack of perseverance.

THE EVERGREEN, published by J. Winchester.—The January number of this cheap and generous Magazine is ready for subscribers. It is the first of the second volume. Some of the novels which were commenced last year are continued; but the matter is for the most part as new as it is interesting. Of the tales that are continued, the commencements can be obtained: and, in no other form, can so copious a quantity of entertaining reading be procured at so reasonable a charge. (Price 18 3-4 cents a single number, \$2 a year.)

COLD.—The thermometer at Northampton, Mass., on the morning of the 5th inst. stood at 26 degrees below zero.

## The Old World.

### LATER FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship ENGLAND, Capt. Waite, arrived Wednesday evening from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 9th ult. She brings London dates to the evening of the 8th—five days later than our previous advices. The intelligence is favorable and interesting.

Full particulars of all important occurrences will be found in the letters of our attentive correspondents. Our best thanks, and those of our readers, are due to them both for the promptitude and fidelity with which such interesting intelligence is communicated.

#### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Monday evening, Dec. 7, 1840.

EGYPT, SYRIA, AND TURKEY.

We have received intelligence this morning of a late date from Egypt, Syria and Turkey, but the overland mail from India, should there be one for this month, has not yet reached town, although hourly expected. The news from Alexandria reach down to the 17th, at which time no formal submission of the Pacha was known, but at Constantinople on the 18th it was believed currently that a despatch had arrived making some proposals which might possibly be accepted. These were—that Mehemet Ali would deliver up the Turkish fleet and recall his troops from Syria, but, with the sole condition of his being allowed hereditary possession of Egypt. In the meantime the fleet at Alexandria have been to a certain extent dismantled, their sails unbent, their ammunition withdrawn, and most of their crews landed to assist in defending the batteries. The blockade announced for the 21st, as far as known, will be rigorously enforced, and fifteen vessels belonging to the Allies had already congregated, but many believe that some cessation of hostilities had been applied for to the English Admiral, who was looked for every moment. The Pacha has concluded that the friendship of France would be of little assistance in his extremities, and high words had passed between him and M. Cochelet, the Consul General. The breach had however been again smoothed over.

Three days after the fall of Acre another magazine exploded from some cause which still is undiscovered. About 280 persons were killed and maimed, more than half of whom were native women and children. There were only a small number of the English in the immediate vicinity of the explosion, who escaped with the loss of about twenty men and two or three officers wounded. Ibrahim Pacha was, at last accounts, at Zaachally, a valley close to the Lebanon hills. The forces under his control including those of Solymann and Hussein Pachas, are stated at 12,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry. The coast road is in the possession of the Allies, and there is but one way left for his retreat, by Tiberias, which may also be cut off by the Napoleonse mountaineers, who are believed to have risen against him. Under any circumstances he can only escape with great loss of men and abandonment of his artillery and materials.

#### FRANCE.

The address to the King of France by the Chambers has been carried by a large majority. This matter has occupied the attention of the House during the past fortnight, and in discussing its wordings much angry and impolitic language has been used against the recent course of England. The new Ministry have withstood the ordeal well, and in proportion to the dignity maintained by M. Guizot. The miserable charlatan, Thiers, has been exposed and degraded in the eyes of all honorable men. Towards the close of the debate, his own personal honor was severely brought in question by one of the Deputies, in which the coincidence of a fall of five per cent. at the Bourse on the funds, was remarked as taking place when arming ordinances had been signed, *but withheld for four days from publication.* "True," said the accuser, "a mock enquiry was instituted, but the curtain is still drawn over this disgraceful affair." But this is nothing to the duplicity which has been revealed as to the ex-Minister's diplomatic conduct. For a season we were to have an armed peace, but in the approaching spring, should the allies persevere in the East, the intention of the French Government were distinctly to extend their provinces to the Rhine. It was also openly acknowledged that the fleet were ordered from the Levant to cover, in case of difficulties, the Balearic Islands, and if war occurred with England, to take them for a stronghold, as part and parcel of French territory. What will Spain say to this, and what must Austria and Germany?

The virulence against England as delivered in the French Chambers has, on one or two days of the past week, operated on the English funds, but they have now rallied and stand about the highest point at which they have lately been quoted. This afternoon they close at 89 to 89 1-3 ex-dividend for the January account, but in the morning they opened at less prices from some renewed fears of the contemplated loan for France. The French funds continue about the same, the five per cents 110.80. No fears are felt as to any outbreak at the funeral pageant of the 15th, but strong bodies of military have been collected in Paris and

likewise planted on the line from Cherbourg. Louis Napoleon, it is stated, will on that day be released from his imprisonment.

LONDON, Tuesday Evening, December 8, 1840.

The overland mail from India has been received this morning by extraordinary express. The news is of the utmost importance.

#### EGYPT.

By this conveyance dates are received from Alexandria to the 26th. The blockade which was to have commenced on the 21st had been recalled, and on the 22d a communication was conveyed from Commodore Napier to the Pacha, informing him of the Sultan's willingness to restore him the hereditary Pachalic of Egypt if the fleet was immediately restored and the troops withdrawn from Syria. This has been officially acceded to, and the war in the Levant has now terminated. The arrangements were not finally concluded until the 26th, the main difference being as to the manner of evacuating Syria. The Pacha wished to march his army homeward by land, but Commodore Napier insisted on their being transported by sea under his own immediate inspection. This the Pacha has submitted to. The port of embarkation is not yet, however, publicly announced, but most probably Beyrout has been agreed on.

#### CHINA.

From Bombay this mail brings dates to the 31st October and Macao to the 4th of August. The island of Chusan was taken by the English on the 5th of July, the Chinese having fled on the discharge of two broadsides. The squadron anchored in the harbor the day previous, opposite the chief town. A conference was held with the leading Mandarins, who, on being told they must surrender, promised an answer next morning, at the same time stating that they dare not for their own safety give up the place without some contest. As no communication was received on the following day, a shot was fired over the town. This the Chinese answered by discharging their batteries and war junks. A couple of broadsides from the fleet produced a general scamper, and the British flag was soon hoisted on the fortifications. The loss of the Chinese was but trifling, not exceeding 25 killed, among whom was the Governor of the island. The English sustained no damage of any description excepting the *Mellville* frigate, which struck on a sunken rock, and will probably be sent to Bombay for repairs. Admiral and Captain Elliot went a few days afterwards to Ning-po, a large town in the neighborhood, where they were courteously received by the Mandarins, but who declined to forward an official letter to the Emperor. It is since stated that they were preparing to go to Peking themselves.

A proclamation has been issued from one of Lin's sub-governors calling on the people to go out and destroy the English rebels. Likewise to cut off the heads of all Englishmen, on producing which a handsome bonus will be given. Honors, rewards, and happiness will be the lot of the Chinese patriots, and why, says Lin, "will you continue poor and servile when by one effort you may be rich and honored." An order has also been issued compelling the Hong merchants to enlist soldiers to the number of five thousand whom they must support, in conjunction with the salt monopolists and Chin-chew dealers. Several men of war were sent to the Bogue forts at the Macao entrance on the 3d of August, the day before this intelligence left, to reduce the batteries and clear the channel. Some dissatisfaction has been stated at this proceeding being deferred so long as a greater moral effect might have been easier produced on the Chinese people. We see no accounts whether the American merchants were at Macao.

#### INDIA.

The Indian news also possesses strong interest, by intelligence of the defeat of Dost Mahomed, near Berneau, on the 18th Sept. The Dost, supported by the Walee of Kohistan, had collected from 7,000 to 10,000 men, to make one more desperate attempt to recover his throne, and was fast advancing on Cabul. The British troops, numbering only 700, and these swarthy natives made an attack, which they executed with such precision as to throw the enemy into immediate confusion. They soon rallied, however, and charged in the most ferocious manner. The British stood the shock with great coolness, and after an action of several hours, forced the enemies' troops to flight, leaving 500 men dead on the field, and all their camp equipage, and all the heavy pieces of ordnance in their possession. They carried their wounded with them, which are reckoned at 1500, among whom the Dost himself, and who has since fled into Kohistan, with only a few followers. The loss on the British side is said to be 18 killed and wounded. This signal defeat is most important in a political point of view, and will certainly prevent any further attempts from the same quarter.

A general feeling of satisfaction has been felt throughout the city to-day, by the news received per the London mail and which is considered to add fresh lustre to British valor and British statesmanship. We hope sincerely the results may conduce to the peace of the world. Every one must feel grieved at the late sickening details of war and bloodshed.

## FRANCE.

We have nothing of importance from Paris. The preparations for the reception of Napoleon's remains go on actively, and will be in readiness by the 15th. General Mentholon, now a prisoner in Ham, has addressed Marshal Soult, entreating his liberty for that day, to attend the ceremony. His appeal dare not be refused.

## COMMERCIAL.

LONDON, Monday Evening, Dec. 7.

The tightness of the money market which we spoke of by the steamer of the 3d has been somewhat relieved and at the close of the week, the rates of discounts had fallen a half per cent. A large amount of bills falling due on the 10th, may account for this improvement and it is remarked that these engagements were honored with unusual promptness. The ruling rates on first class paper may now be quoted at five and a half to three quarters for four months, and a quarter per cent less on sixty day bills.

The foreign exchanges last Friday, looked somewhat better than on the previous post day, and there now exists but little inducement to continue any shipments of bullion. Still the Bank Directors have great anxiety on this score, and the recovering balance with the continent may be very severely retarded should the foreign loans now agitated be carried into effect. The French issue of £24,000,000 is not yet announced officially, but during the present week when the secret service money will be granted, we shall be able to see the intentions across the channel. Turkey, Belgium and the Brazils are also ready with their issues, and this state of matters must keep the Bank of England from any extension of the currency until events shall have shewn themselves.

The Cotton Market at Liverpool, maintains its briskness and gives promise of still further improvement. In Manchester the trade has increased, and on some description of yarns an advance has taken place. Since last August the prices of this article for export, has fallen eight to ten per cent., caused by the stoppage of the Levant trade and the very trifling shipments to India. Within a fortnight a fresh spur has been given to the market by parties speculating in anticipation of large orders by the overland mail, which, from all that may be judged, will likely be supported. An estimate has been lately published of the spinning business of the Continent, from which we observe that 6,500,000 spindles are now in operation, 3,500,000 of which are in France, and the wages of labor is stated to be 7s. there to 10s. 6d. in England. The Havre market is looking better, and last week's sales were 3766 bales. The stock there is now estimated at 106,000 bales. No improvement in prices is however yet noted.

LONDON, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 8.

The English securities have improved to-day to some extent. Last evening they closed at 89 to 1-8 and are this afternoon 89 1-2 ex-dividend for January. They will go up still higher unless the money market should be more discouraging.

The news from China has somewhat affected the tea trade, which at the public sales this morning opened very dull. They have partially recovered and we may quote Company's congons at 29 3 1-4d. to 20 3 1-2d.

The exchanges for to-nights mail are about the same range as our last quotations.

## FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1840.

On Thursday last, the greatest surprise was excited throughout the metropolis on learning that a boy had been found under a sofa in her Majesty's dressing room. He was immediately given into custody. He stated on being questioned, that he had, on Monday night, at nine o'clock, scaled the wall at Constitution Hill, and, having reached the palace, effected an entrance at one of the windows. He had not, however, been long inside before he considered it unsafe to stay, as he heard the steps of several persons moving about; and he therefore left by the same mode as he entered.

The next day (Tuesday), about nine o'clock in the evening, he again effected an entrance over the wall on Constitution-hill, and by a window, in the same manner as on the previous night; and he went on to state that he remained in the Palace the whole of Tuesday night, the whole day on Wednesday, and up till one o'clock on Thursday morning, when he was discovered under a sofa in her Majesty's dressing-room, as above described. The prisoner pointed out, as we are told, all the passages and places he had gone through previous to his arrival at the room in which he was discovered and apprehended, and there appears no reason to doubt his statement. The hiding place of the intruder was first discovered by one of her Majesty's pages, and when he was asked what brought him there, he replied, as we heard in an audible tone of voice, that he wanted to see what was going forward in the Palace, that he might write about it, and if he was discovered he should be as well off as Oxford, who fared better in Bedlam than he (prisoner) did out of it. He was also asked, we are told, if, during the time he was in the Palace, he saw the Queen or the infant Princess, and he replied that he did not, but that he had heard a noise, which he thought came from her Majesty's room.

The prisoner name is Jones. His age is about 17. He is the same youth who effected an entrance into Buckingham Palace, under somewhat similar circumstances two years ago. He has worked with his father for some time as a tailor, but had latterly acted as boy in the shop of a chemist in Westminster. His father thinks he is of unsound mind. A more repulsive looking young man is rarely seen. At his examination at the Home office he assumed very consequential airs, desiring the police and others to address him in a respectful manner. As no weapons were found on him, he was sentenced to three months imprisonment in the House of Correction as a rogue and a vagabond. The greatest secrecy has been enjoined on the police and other persons present, as to what took place at the prisoner's examination at the Home office.

The general impression is that the French government are in possession of the submission of Mehemet Ali.

The latest intelligence from Spain represents that country as being still in a very unsettled state, owing to the dissensions which exist in the government.

The remains of Napoleon have arrived at Cherbourg, in France. They reached that place on the 30th ult. The voyage was performed with greater expedition than was expected. The funeral ceremony is fixed for Thursday next, the 10th inst. It will be a memorable occasion in the estimation of all Frenchmen, and in the history of France.

Advices were yesterday received from the Cape of Good Hope, up to the 20th of September, from which it would appear that some further trouble on the frontier is anticipated, the Caffres having manifested a restless and predatory spirit. The poor farmers in the Wineberg and Fish River districts are so dreadfully harassed by them, that they have found it necessary to apply to Government for protection.

On Wednesday an accident occurred on the Birmingham and Derby railway, owing to the train coming in contact with a truck. The carriages were thrown off the line into the fields, and one of the passengers was killed by the occurrence. Another passenger was severely injured. The accident, it appears, was caused by some unaccountable impropriety of conduct on the part of two persons on the line.

The Queen is now considered perfectly recovered. The Princess Royal continues in the best health.

Mr. Macready has so far recovered from the grief caused by the death of his daughter as to allow his appearance on Monday evening next in Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new drama, to be announced in the playbills. Mr. Charles Kemble is lying seriously ill in London. His friends are apprehensive of the worst. He is attended by Mr. Liston, the celebrated surgeon, and two other medical men.

Louis Philippe, King of the French, it is understood, a sufferer to a considerable extent by the failure of Messrs. Wright & Co., bankers, Huntratta street.

We have just seen a gentleman who has been with the father of the young man who entered Buckingham Palace, and he states that he has received the most rigid injunction from the Home Office as to the preservation of secrecy respecting his examination here. He mentions, however, that he believes the cause of the conduct of his son is a wish to bring himself into notice, as Oxford did by firing at the Queen. Her Majesty was a good deal discomposed for two or three hours after the discovery of the youth having been under the sofa in her dressing room, was made known to her; but she has not felt any other inconvenience from the circumstance.

## New-York Legislature.

The Legislature of this State assembled at Albany yesterday. Lieut. Governor BRADISH took the chair of the Senate *ex officio*, and the old officers continued without re-election.

In the House, PETER B. PORTER, Jr. of Niagara co. was chosen Speaker, over Levi S. Chatfield, (V. B.) PHILANDER B. PRINGLE of Chenango co. was re-elected Clerk. Daniel H. Bromley of Albany was chosen Sergeant-at-Arms; Joseph S. Lockwood of Chautauque Door keeper, and Abiel W. Howard of Washington co. Assistant Door-keeper—all Whigs, of course.

FATAL DISEASE.—A disease, most fatal in its attacks, has made its appearance in Tennessee. The Paris Press of the 4th inst. records four deaths in one family, and a number of others had taken place. The victims were taken with a dull, heavy pain across the forehead, accompanied with some difficulty in breathing, and soreness of the throat, a slight, vague shudder of the system that could scarcely be called a chill, followed by a general and rapid prostration of the nervous system, which terminated in death in the course of a few hours.

GEORGIA.—The Legislature of Georgia adjourned on the 22d inst. The day before the adjournment the bill quarantining vessels from the ports of Maine was passed with an amendment proposed by the Senate. The amendment provides that whenever the Governor of the State of Maine shall comply with his constitutional obligations to the State of Georgia, the Governor of Georgia shall suspend the operation of the law.

## Congressional.

THURSDAY, Dec. 31, 1840.

A message was received from the President in answer to the call of the House of the 21st of this month, for copies of all papers not already communicated, concerning the burning of the steamboat Caroline on the Niagara frontier, two years ago. Mr. Fillmore moved the printing a large extra number of this document. On this motion a very animated debate arose, in which Mr. Alford of Georgia, speaking of the conduct of Great Britain, took occasion to condemn the conduct of the Administration in relation to an intercourse with that nation, and observed that "the American Eagle had too long cowered to the British Lion." Mr. Holmes of South Carolina seized upon this expression as an indication of the course which Gen. Harrison's Administration intended to pursue—that is, the policy was to be warlike. Mr. Alford explained—he spoke only for himself—he had never been consulted, and was glad of it, as it relieved him from responsibility, &c.

Mr. Cushing took the floor, and made an exciting speech against the course of British officers. The extra numbers were ordered.

Mr. Mason, of Ohio, got leave to introduce his resolution, calling on the Secretary of War for a full account of all that has been done under that part of the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, with the Choctaw Indians, which provides a very large fund for the education of Indian youths.

Mr. Barnard tried to get in his bill for a General Bankrupt Law, but it was objected to till it was in order to introduce it.

The Navy Pension Fund then came up in order, the question was taken without further debate on the motion to reconsider the repeal of the act of the 3d March 1837, granting pensions to widows and orphans. The House refused to reconsider, 61 Ayes—106 Noes—So, so far as the House is concerned the law will stand repealed.

MONDAY, Jan. 4, 1841.

In SENATE, a bill making compensation to the State of Maine for the services of her militia in the Aroostook troubles, passed the Committee of the Whole.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Francis Mallory, new member from Virginia, appeared and took his seat.

A great number of memorials, reports, &c. were received; and Mr. Barnard, of New-York, spoke about half an hour in support of his call on the Secretary of the Treasury for a clearer statement of the National Finances; when he was interrupted by a call for the orders of the day, to which the House passed of course. A message from the President, concerning certain documents in relation to the burning of the Caroline, was received, and a debate ensued on its contents, which lasted until the hour of adjournment.

## THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

## BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

The following Official Correspondence has been transmitted to Congress, by the President, in answer to a call of the House for documents connected with or growing out of the Burning of the Caroline, and the recent arrest of McLeod. It will be seen that they are of grave importance. We publish those portions only of the debate thereon which are of strongest interest.

Mr. Fox to Mr. Forsyth.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13, 1840.

SIR: I am informed by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, that Mr. Alexander McLeod, a British subject, and late deputy sheriff of the Niagara district in Upper Canada, was arrested at Lewiston, in the State of New-York, on the 12th of last month, on a pretended charge of murder and arson, as having been engaged in the capture and destruction of the piratical steamboat "Caroline," in the month of December, 1837. After a tedious and vexatious examination, Mr. McLeod was committed for trial, and he is now imprisoned in Lockport jail.

I feel it my duty to call upon the Government of the United States to take prompt and effectual steps for the liberation of Mr. McLeod. It is well known that the destruction of the steamboat "Caroline" was a public act of persons in her Majesty's service, obeying the order of their superior authorities. That act, therefore, according to the usages of nations, can only be the subject of discussion between the two National Governments; it cannot justly be made the ground of legal proceedings in the United States against the individuals concerned, who were bound to obey the authorities appointed by their own Government.

I may add that I believe it is quite notorious that Mr. McLeod was not one of the party engaged in the destruction of the steamboat "Caroline;" and that the pretended charge upon which he has been imprisoned rests only upon the perjured testimony of certain Canadian outlaws and their abettors, who, unfortunately for the peace of that neighborhood, are still permitted by the authorities of the State of New-York to infest the Canadian frontier.

The question, however, of whether Mr. McLeod was or was not concerned in the destruction of the "Caroline," is beside the purpose of the present communication. That act was the public act of persons obeying the constituted authorities of her Majesty's Province. The National Government of the United States thought themselves called upon to remonstrate against it; and a remonstrance which the President did accordingly address to her Majesty's Government is still, I believe, a pending subject of diplomatic discussion between her Majesty's Government and the



United States Legation in London. I feel, therefore, justified in expecting that the President's Government will see the justice and the necessity of causing the present immediate release of Mr. McLeod, as well as of taking such steps as may be requisite for preventing others of her Majesty's subjects from being persecuted or molested in the United States in a similar manner for the future.

It appears that Mr. McLeod was arrested on the 12th ult.; that, after the examination of witnesses, he was finally committed for trial on the 18th, and placed in confinement in the jail of Lockport, awaiting the assizes, which will be held there in February next. As the case is naturally occasioning a great degree of excitement and indignation within the British frontier, I earnestly hope that it may be in your power to give me an early and satisfactory answer to the present representation.

I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration. H. S. Fox.  
Hon. JOHN FORSYTH, &c.

Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Fox.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, December 26, 1840.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge, and have laid before the President, your letter of the 13th inst., touching the arrest and imprisonment of Alexander McLeod, a British subject, and late Deputy Sheriff of the Niagara District, in Upper Canada, on a charge of murder and arson, as having been engaged in the capture and destruction of the steamboat "Caroline," in the month of December, 1837; in respect to which you state that you feel it your duty to call upon the Government of the United States to take prompt and effectual steps for the liberation of Mr. McLeod, and to prevent others of the subjects of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain from being persecuted or molested in a similar manner for the future.

This demand, with the grounds upon which it is made, has been duly considered by the President, with a sincere desire to give to it such a reply as will not only manifest a proper regard for the character and rights of the United States, but, at the same time, tend to preserve the amicable relations which so advantageously for both, subsist between this country and England. Of the reality of this disposition, and of the uniformity with which it has been evinced in the many delicate and difficult questions which have arisen between the two countries in the last few years, no one can be more convinced than yourself. It is then with unfeigned regret that the President finds himself unable to recognise the validity of a demand, a compliance with which you deem so material to the preservation of the good understanding which has been hitherto manifested between the two countries.

The jurisdiction of the several States which constitute the Union is, within its appropriate sphere, perfectly independent of the Federal Government. The offence with which Mr. McLeod is charged, was committed within the territory, and against the laws and citizens of the State of New York, and is one that comes clearly within the competency of her tribunals. It does not, therefore, present an occasion where, under the Constitution and laws of the Union, the interposition called for would be proper, or for which a warrant can be found in the powers with which the Federal Executive is invested. Nor would the circumstances to which you have referred, or the reasons you have urged, justify the exertion of such a power, if it existed. The transaction out of which the question arises, presents the case of a most unjustifiable invasion, in time of peace, of a portion of the territory of the United States, by a band of armed men from the adjacent territory of Canada, the forcible capture by them within our own waters, and the subsequent destruction of a steamboat, the property of a citizen of the United States, and the murder of one or more American citizens. If arrested at the time, the offenders might unquestionably have been brought to justice by the judicial authorities of the State within whose acknowledged territory these crimes were committed; and their subsequent voluntary entrance within that territory places them in the same situation.

The President is not aware of any principle of international law, or, indeed, of reason and justice, which entitles such offenders to impunity before the legal tribunals, when coming voluntarily within their independent and undoubted jurisdiction, because they acted in obedience to their superior authorities, or because their acts have become the subject of diplomatic discussion between the two Governments. These methods of redress, the legal prosecution of the offenders, and the application of their Government for satisfaction, are independent of each other, and may be separately and simultaneously pursued. The avowal or justification of the outrage by the British authorities might be a ground of complaint with the Government of the United States distinct from the violation of the territory and laws of the State of New York. The application of the Government of the Union to that of Great Britain, for the redress of an authorized outrage of the peace, dignity, and right of the United States, cannot deprive the State of New York of her undoubted right of vindicating, through the exercise of her judicial power, the property and lives of her citizens. You have very properly regarded the alleged absence of Mr. McLeod from the scene of the offence at the time when it was committed, as not material to the decision of the present question. This is a matter to be decided by legal evidence; and the sincere desire of the President is, that it may be satisfactorily established. If the destruction of the Caroline was a public act of persons in her Majesty's service, obeying the order of their superior authorities, this fact has not been before communicated to the Government of the United States by a person authorized to make the admission; and it will be for the court which has taken cognizance of the offence with which Mr. McLeod is charged, to decide upon its validity when legally established before it.

The President deems this to be a proper occasion to remind the Government of Her Britannic Majesty that the case of the "Caroline" has been long since brought to the attention of her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, up to this day, has not communicated its decision thereupon. It is hoped that the Government of her Majesty will perceive the importance of no longer leaving the Government of the United States uninformed of its views and intentions upon a subject which has naturally

produced much exasperation, and which has led to such grave consequences.

I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

H. S. FOX, Esq., &c. &c.

JOHN FORSYTH.

Mr. Fox to Mr. Forsyth.

WASHINGTON, December 29, 1840.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th instant, in which, in reply to a letter which I had addressed to you on the 13th, you acquaint me that the President is not prepared to comply with my demand for the liberation of Mr. Alexander McLeod of Upper Canada, now imprisoned at Lockport, in the State of New York, on a pretended charge of murder and arson, as having been engaged in the destruction of the steamboat Caroline, on the 29th of December, 1837.

I learn with deep regret that such is the decision of the President of the United States; and I cannot but foresee the very grave and serious consequences that must ensue, if, besides the injury already inflicted upon Mr. McLeod, of a vexatious and unjust imprisonment, any further harm may be done to him in the progress of this extraordinary proceeding.

I have lost no time in forwarding to her Majesty's Government in England, the correspondence that has taken place, and I shall await the further orders of her Majesty's Government with respect to the important question which that correspondence involves.

But I feel it my duty not to close this communication without likewise testifying my vast regret and surprise at the expressions which I find repeated in your letter with reference to the destruction of the steamboat Caroline. I had confidently hoped that the first erroneous impressions of the character of that event, imposed upon the mind of the United States Government by partial and exaggerated representations, would, long since, have been effaced by a more strict and accurate examination of the facts. Such an investigation must even yet, I am willing to believe, lead the United States Government to the same conviction with which her Majesty's authorities on the spot were impressed, that the act was one, in the strictest sense, of self-defence, rendered absolutely necessary by the circumstances of the occasion, for the safety and protection of her Majesty's subjects, and justified by the same motives and principles which, upon similar and well known occasions, have governed the conduct of illustrious officers of the United States. The steamboat Caroline was a hostile vessel, engaged in piratical war against her Majesty's people; hired from her owners for that express purpose, and known to be so beyond the possibility of doubt. The place where it was destroyed was nominally, it is true, within the territory of a friendly power; but the friendly power had been deprived, through overbearing, piratical violence, of the use of its proper authority over that vast portion of territory. The authorities of New York had not even been able to prevent the artillery of the State from being carried off publicly at mid-day, to be used as instruments of war against her Majesty's subjects. It was under such circumstances, which, it is to be hoped, will never recur, that the vessel was attacked by a party of her Majesty's people, captured, and destroyed. A remonstrance against the act in question has been addressed by the United States to her Majesty's Government in England. I am not authorized to pronounce the decision of her Majesty's Government upon that remonstrance; but I have felt myself bound to record, in the mean time, the above opinion, in order to protest in the most solemn manner against the spirited and loyal conduct of her Majesty's officers and people being qualified, through an unfortunate misapprehension, as I believe, of the facts, with the appellation of outrage or of murder.

I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

H. S. FOX.

Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Fox.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Dec. 31, 1840.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 29th inst. in reply to mine of the 26th, on the subject of the arrest and detention of Alexander McLeod, as one of the perpetrators of the outrage committed in New-York when the steamer Caroline was seized and burnt. Full evidence of that outrage has been presented to her Britannic Majesty's Government, with a demand for redress, and of course no discussion of the circumstances here can be either useful or proper; nor can I suppose it to be your desire to invite it. I take leave of this subject with this single remark, that the opinion so strongly expressed by you on the facts and principles involved in the demand for reparation on her Majesty's Government by the United States, would hardly have been hazarded, had you been possessed of the carefully collected testimony which has been presented to your Government in support of this demand.

I avail myself of the occasion to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

JOHN FORSYTH.

SPECIAL ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—At the regular election in Massachusetts, there was no choice for Member of Congress in the Bristol District: Mr. Borden, Whig lacking 77 votes and Mr. Williams, V. B. a much less number of a clear majority. A second trial took place on Monday the 4th inst. which resulted in the election of Hon. N. B. Borden, Whig. The following is the complete vote:

Borden, Williams scattering.	
Nov. 1840.....	4991 4995 73
Jan. 1840.....	4320 3730 202

The Whigs have now 11 Members to 1 (Mr. Parmenter) in the Delegation to the next Congress from Massachusetts.

Hon. JOHN LEEDS KERR, of Easton, Cecil Co. has been elected by the Legislature of Maryland a Senator of the United States in place of Hon. Spenser, deceased. The vote in joint ballot was for Kerr, (Whig) 70; blanks 19; scattering 3.

THE BARRY CASE.—The Court for the Correction of Errors, by a vote of 19 to 3, have reversed the decision of the Supreme Court in this case, and affirmed that of Judge Inglish—thus giving to the mother the custody of the infant.

The following was the vote of the court:

FOR REVERSAL.—The Chancellor, and Messrs. A. B. Dickinson, Dixon, Edwards, Ely, Furman, Hopkins, Hull, Humphrey, Hunt, Hunter, H. A. Livingston, Mosely, Paige, Tallmadge, Van Dyck, Verplanck, Wager and Works—19.  
FOR AFFIRMANCE.—The Lieut. Governor, and Messrs. Root and Skinner—3.

## ANOTHER LEVIATHAN SHEET.

The demand for this splendid sheet has been so far beyond our ability to supply, that we have determined to issue another, as soon as the necessary preparations can be completed for getting it out, in a magnificent style. Of the day of publication due notice will be given. We have now on hand a great number of orders from all parts of the United States, and are receiving them by every mail, though the edition has been entirely exhausted for more than ten days past.

All these orders are placed on file for the next number of the *Leviathan*, or the remittances otherwise held subject to the disposal of the persons remitting, to be applied as they may direct.

To prevent disappointment, and to give us a knowledge of the edition which will be required, it is requested that orders for the NEW LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD be sent in as early as possible. As the *Leviathan New World* will be an extra from the regular edition, it will be sold to subscribers and non-subscribers at \$8 per 100 copies; 10 copies for \$1; or 124 cents single. Address, post paid,

J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to beg of those who favor us with their communications, to bear in mind that we make it a positive rule to take no letter from the Post Office in this city on which the postage is unpaid. We mention this because of having been obliged to reject a large number of letters during the past few weeks for this reason alone, and to inform the writers thereof why their communications are unanswered. They yet remain in the Post-Office.

## MISSING NUMBERS.

We receive complaints by the dozen every week of the loss or miscarriage of the New Worlds forwarded to its subscribers, which is annoying to them and vexing to us; especially as unusual care is taken to have them correctly mailed and put in the Post-Office in season—never later than Fridays. We assure our subscribers that the fault is not in our office; but, still, being disposed to obviate the difficulty to the fullest extent in our power, we will supply all missing numbers, so far as we have them on hand, if the request comes to us free of expense. We trust they will be satisfied with our disposition to oblige them, though at much cost to ourselves.

## AN OFFER.

Any individual who will forward us \$20 free of postage for eight subscribers for the NEW WORLD, shall receive a copy for one year, and may also retain the balance of the money received for such subscriptions: or in proportion for ten dollars.

Any individual who will send us ten dollars for six subscribers to the EVERGREEN, shall receive a copy for one year, and may retain the balance of the money received on such subscriptions, or in proportion for five dollars. All letters must be post paid or free.

## A PREMIUM.

All new subscribers to the NEW WORLD, from the 1st of January, 1841, who shall have remitted \$3 for one year in advance, previous to the publication of the next *Leviathan*, will have a copy sent gratis. Also, the commencement of Ten Thousand a Year, in pamphlet form, will be given to all new yearly subscribers to the Quarto, being all that has appeared in the New World up to the 1st of January.

## Married.

On Wednesday morning, at the Dutch Church in Washington square, by Rev Dr Mathews, BENJAMIN SEWARD, of Wrentham, Chautauque county, and Miss MARY LOUISA, daughter of John I Mumford, of this city.

Jan 4, by Rev Mr Stillwell, Mr Charles W Knapp, of Greenwich, Conn., and Miss Mary Jane Speight, of this city.

On New-Year's Eve, by Rev Mr Rice, Freeborn G Luckey, Esq., and Miss Mary G., daughter of Jesse Brush, Esq., all of this city.

At St James's Church, on the 3d instant, Michael Brien and Miss Ann Carty.

Dec 29, by Rev H A Rowland, Ephraim H Howell and Miss A Cecilia Swift, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by Rev T J Sawyer, Mr James Hamilton and Miss Eliza Morris.

## Died.

In this city, 5th instant, Ezeanah, wife of Z Moor Taylor, and second daughter of Gen Henry Storms.

On the 5th instant, Mary, widow of the late James Wallace.

In this city, on the 2d instant, Mr George L Middlebrook, aged 35.

On the 3d, of scarlet fever, Peter R., only son of Peter F and Sarah E Livingston, in his 3d year.

December 26, Abel G Caldwell, aged 27, formerly of Amherst, N.H. Boston papers will please copy.

January 2, of consumption, Cornelia C Maston, widow of the late Jacob Maston, aged 56.

Jan 3, Ann Lantry, wife of Patrick Q Lantry, native of Ireland, 43.

Jan 2, Mary, wife of John Greigg, Esq., and daughter of the late Joshua Fell, aged 71.

## OH! WHAT IS LOVE?

## A BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CHARLES GRENVILLE, OF BATH, ENGLAND—COMPOSED BY HENRY C. WATSON.

ANDANTINO CON MOLTO DOLORE.

FIRST VERSE.—Oh, what is Love? 'Tis but the  
SECOND VERSE.—'Tis dou-bly sweet to think those

Poco Ritard.

SVA.....

dream, The sun-ny dream of youth; A me-teor on Life's change-ful stream, A vis-ion void of truth! 'Tis sweet, oh, ve-ry sweet to  
eyes Are bright for one a lone; To hope the form we dear-ly prize, May yet be all our own! But, oh! it is a faith-less

gaze Up-on some form of grace— To watch some dark eye's sparkling blaze, And Beau-ty's charm to trace! Oh, what is Love? 'Tis but the  
dream! A fond—a fool-ish thought! A me-teor on Life's changeful stream, By fan-cy's ma-gic wrought. Oh, what is Love? 'Tis but the

dream, The sun-ny dream of youth; A me-teor on Life's change-ful stream, A vis-ion void of truth! The sun-ny dream of  
dream, The sun-ny dream of youth! A me-teor on Life's change-ful stream, A vis-ion void of truth! The sun-ny dream of

Cres.

Molto. Rall. A tempo.

youth, A vis-ion void of truth!  
youth, A vis-ion void of truth!

SVA.....

Colla Voce. *p* *f* Poco Ritard.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, 1111 N. 111 P.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

QUARTO EDITION.

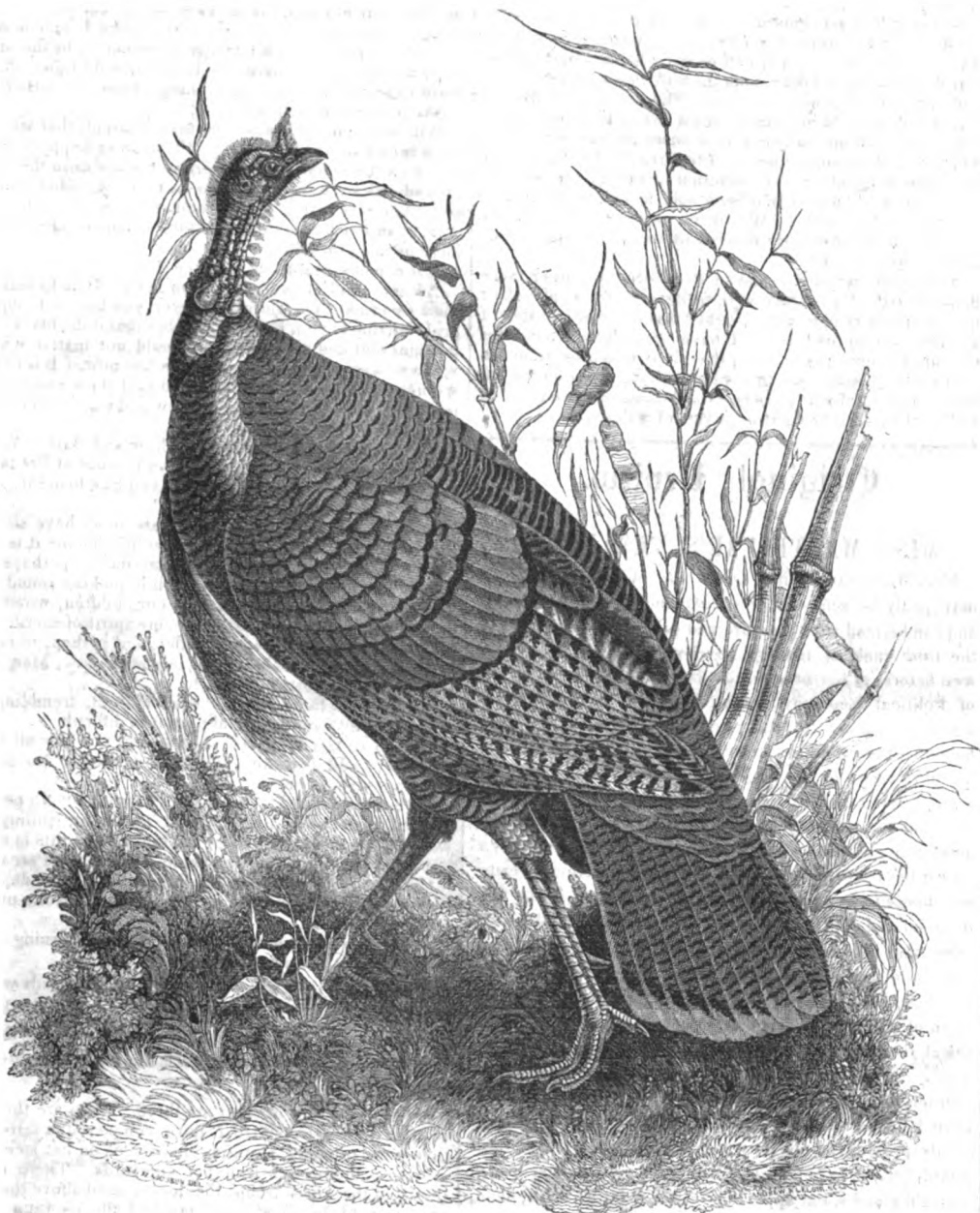
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\$3 PER ANNUM.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 33.



THE WILD TURKEY.

## Audubon's Ornithology.

## THE WILD TURKEY.\*

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, F. R. SS. L. &amp; E.

The great size and beauty of the wild turkey, its value as a delicate and highly prized article of food, and the circumstance of its being the origin of the domestic race now generally dispersed over both continents, render it one of the most interesting of the birds indigenous to the United States of America.

The unsettled parts of the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana, an immense extent of country to the North-West of these districts, upon the Mississippi and Missouri, and the vast regions drained by these rivers from their confluence to Louisiana, including the wooded parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama, are the most abundantly supplied with this magnificent bird. It is less plentiful in Georgia and the Carolinas, becomes still scarcer in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is now very rarely seen to the eastward of the last mentioned States. In the course of my rambles through Long Island, the State of New-York, and the country around the Lakes, I did not meet with a single individual, although I was informed that some exist

\* From the Ornithological Biography; Or an Account of the Habit of the Birds of the United States of America.

in those parts. Turkeys are still to be found along the whole line of the Alleghany Mountains, where they have become so wary as to be approached only with extreme difficulty. While in the Great Pine Forest, in 1829, I found a single feather that had been dropped from the tail of a female, but saw no bird of the kind. Farther eastward I do not think they are now to be found. I shall describe the manners of this bird as observed in the countries where it is most abundant, and having resided for many years in Kentucky and Louisiana, may be understood as referring chiefly to them.

The Turkey is irregularly migratory, as well as irregularly gregarious. With reference to the first of these circumstances, I have to state, that whenever the *most* of one portion of the country happens greatly to exceed that of another, the turkeys are insensibly led toward that spot, by gradually meeting in their haunts with more fruit the nearer they advance toward the place where it is most plentiful. In this manner flock follows after flock, until one district is entirely deserted, while another is, as it were, overflowed by them. But as these migrations are irregular, and extend over a vast expanse of country, it is necessary that I should describe the manner in which they take place.

About the beginning of October, when scarcely any of seeds and fruits have yet fallen from the trees, these birds assemble in flocks, and gradually move toward the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. The males, or, as

† In America, the term *most* is not confined to the fruit of the beach, but is used as a general name for all kinds of forest fruits, including even grapes and berries.

they are more commonly called, the *gobblers*, associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and search for food apart from the females; while the latter are seen either advancing singly, each with its brood of young, then about two-thirds grown, or in connection with other families, forming parties often amounting to seventy or eighty individuals, all intent on shunning the old cocks, which, even when the young birds have attained this size, will fight with, and often destroy them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course, and on foot, unless their progress be interrupted by a river, or the hunter's dog force them to take wing. When they come upon a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminences, and there often remain a whole day, or sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation. During this time the males are heard *gobbling*, calling, and making much ado, and are seen strutting about, as if to raise their courage to a pitch befitting the emergency. Even the females and young assume something of the same pompous demeanor, spread out their tails, and run round each other, *purring* loudly, and performing extravagant leaps. At length, when the weather appears settled, and all around is quiet, the whole party mounts to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal, consisting of a single *cluck*, given by a leader, the flock takes flight for the opposite shore. The old and fat birds easily get over, even should the river be a mile in breadth; but the younger and less robust frequently fall into the water—not to be drowned, however, as might be imagined. They bring their wings close to their body, spread out their tail as a support, stretch forward their neck, and, striking out their legs with great vigor, proceed rapidly toward the shore; on approaching which, should they find it too steep for landing, they cease their exertions for a few moments, float down the stream until they come to an accessible part, and, by a violent effort, generally extricate themselves from the water. It is remarkable, that immediately after thus crossing a large stream, they ramble about for some time, as if bewildered. In this state they fall an easy prey to the hunter.

Good dogs scent the turkeys, when in large flocks, at extraordinary distances—I think I may venture to say half a mile. Should the dog be well trained to this sport, he sets off at full speed, and in silence, until he sees the birds, when he instantly barks, and pushing as much as possible into the centre of the flock, forces the whole to take wing in different directions. This is of great advantage to the hunter, for should the turkeys all go one way, they would soon leave their perches and run again. But when they separate in this manner, and the weather happens to be calm and lowering, a person accustomed to this kind of sport finds the birds with ease, and shoots them at pleasure.

When turkeys alight on a tree, it is sometimes very difficult to see them, which is owing to their standing perfectly motionless. Should you discover one, when it is down on its legs upon the branch, you may approach it with less care. But if it is standing erect, the greatest precaution is necessary, for should it discover you, it instantly flies off, frequently to such a distance that it would be in vain to follow.

When a turkey is merely winged by a shot, it falls quickly to the ground in a slanting direction. Then, instead of losing time by tumbling and rolling over, as other birds often do when wounded, it runs off at such a rate, that unless the hunter be provided with a swift dog, he may bid farewell to it. I recollect coming on one shot in this manner more than a mile from the tree where it had been perched, my dog having traced it to this distance, through one of those thick canebrakes that cover many portions of our rich alluvial lands near the banks of our Western rivers. Turkeys are easily killed if shot in the head, the neck, or the upper part of the breast; but if hit in the hind parts only, they often fly so far as to be lost to the hunter. During winter, many of our *real* hunters shoot them by moonlight, on the roosts, where these birds will frequently stand a repetition of the reports of a rifle, although they would fly from the attack of an owl, or even perhaps from his presence. Thus sometimes nearly a whole flock is secured by men capable of using these guns in such circumstances. They are often destroyed in great numbers when most worthless, that is, early in the fall or autumn, when many are killed in their attempt to cross the rivers, or immediately after they reach the shore.

While speaking of the shooting of turkeys, I feel no hesitation in relating the following circumstance, which happened to myself. While in search of game, one afternoon late in autumn, when the males go together, and the females are by themselves also, I heard the clucking of one of the latter, and immediately finding her perched on a fence, made toward her. Advancing slowly and cautiously, I heard the yelping notes of some gobblers, when I stopped and listened in order to ascertain the direction in which they came. I then ran to meet the birds, hid myself by the side of a large, fallen tree, cocked my gun, and waited with impatience for a good opportunity. The gobblers continued yelping in answer to the female, which all this while remained on the fence. I looked over the log, and saw about thirty fine cocks advancing rather cautiously toward the very spot where I lay concealed. They came so near the



the light of their eyes could easily be perceived, when I fired one barrel and killed three. The rest, instead of flying off, fell a strutting around their dead companions, and had I not looked on shooting again as murder without necessity, I might have secured at least another. So I shewed myself, and marching to the place where the dead birds were, drove away the survivors. I may also mention, that a friend of mine shot a fine hen, from his horse, with a pistol, as the poor thing was probably returning to her nest to lay.

Should you, good-natured reader, be a sportsman, and now and then have been fortunate in the exercise of your craft, the following incident, which I shall relate to you as I had it from the mouth of an honest farmer, may prove interesting. Turkeys were very abundant in his neighborhood, and, resorting to his corn fields, at the period when the maize had just shot up from the ground, destroyed great quantities of it. This induced him to swear vengeance against the species. He cut a long trench in a favorable situation, put a great quantity of corn in it, and having heavily loaded a famous duck gun of his, placed it so as that he could pull the trigger by means of a string, when quite concealed from the birds. The turkeys soon discovered the corn in the trench, and quickly disposed of it, at the same time continuing their ravages in the fields. He filled the trench again, and one day seeing it quite black with the turkeys, whistled loudly, on which all the birds raised their heads, when he pulled the trigger by the long string fastened to it. The explosion followed of course, and the turkeys were seen scampering off in all directions, in utter discomfiture and dismay. On running to the trench, he found nine of them extended in it. The rest did not consider it expedient to visit his corn again for that season.

During spring, turkeys are called, as it is termed, by drawing the air in a particular way through one of the second joint bones of a wing of that bird, which produces a sound resembling the voice of the female, on hearing which the male comes up, and is shot. In managing this, however, no fault must be committed, for turkeys are quick in distinguishing counterfeit sounds, and when half civilised are very wary and cunning. I have known many to answer to this kind of call, without moving a step, and thus entirely defeat the scheme of the hunter, who dared not move from his hiding place, lest a single glance of the gobbler's eye should frustrate all further attempts to decoy him. Many are shot when at roost, in this season, by answering with a rolling gobble to a sound in imitation of the cry of the barred owl.

But the most common method of procuring wild turkeys, is by means of pens. These are placed in parts of the woods where turkeys have been frequently observed to roost, and are constructed in the following manner. Young trees of four or five inches diameter are cut down, and divided into pieces of the length of twelve or fourteen feet. Two of these are laid on the ground parallel to each other, at a distance of ten or twelve feet. Two other pieces are laid across the ends of these, at right angles to them; and in this manner successive layers are added, until the fabric is raised to the height of about four feet. It is then covered with similar pieces of wood, placed three or four inches apart, and loaded with one or two heavy logs to render the whole firm. This done, a trench about eighteen inches in depth and width is cut under one side of the cage, into which it opens slantingly and rather abruptly. It is continued on its outside to some distance, so as gradually to attain the level of the surrounding ground. Over the part of this trench within the pen, and close to the wall, some sticks are placed so as to form a kind of bridge about a foot in breadth. The trap being now finished, the owner places a quantity of Indian corn in its centre, as well as in the trench, and as he walks off drops here and there a few grains in the woods, sometimes to the distance of a mile. This is repeated at every visit to the trap, after the turkeys have found it. Sometimes two trenches are cut, in which case the trenches enter on opposite sides of the trap, and are both strewn with corn. No sooner has a turkey discovered the train of corn, than it communicates the circumstance to the flock by a cluck, when all of them come up, and searching for the grains scattered about, at length come upon the trench, which they follow, squeezing themselves one after another through the passage under the bridge. In this manner the whole flock sometimes enters, but more commonly six or seven only, as they are alarmed by the least noise, even the cracking of a tree in frosty weather. Those within, having gorged themselves, raise their heads, and try to force their way through the top or sides of the pen, passing and repassing on the bridge, but never for a moment looking down, or attempting to escape through the passage by which they entered. Thus they remain until the owner of the trap arriving, closes the trench, and secures his captives. I have heard of eighteen turkeys having been caught in this manner at a single visit to the trap. I have had many of these pens myself, but never found more than seven in them at a time. One winter I kept an account of the produce of a pen which I visited daily, and found that seventy-six had been caught in it, in about two months. When these birds are abundant, the owners of the pens sometimes become satiated with their flesh, and neglect to visit the pens for several days, in some cases for weeks. The poor captives thus perish for want of food; for, strange as it may seem, they scarcely ever regain their liberty, by descending into the trench and retracing their steps. I have, more than once, found four or five, and even ten, dead in a pen through inattention. When wolves or lynxes are numerous, they are apt to secure the prize before the owner of the trap arrives. One morning I had the pleasure of securing in one of my pens a fine, black wolf, which, on seeing me, squatted, supposing me to be passing in another direction.

Wild turkeys often approach and associate with tame ones, or fight with them, and drive them off from their food. The cocks sometimes pay their addresses to the domesticated females, and are generally received by them with great pleasure, as well as by their owners, who are well aware of the advantages resulting from such intrusions, the half-breed being much more hardy than the tame, and, consequently, more easily reared.

While at Henderson, on the Ohio, I had, among many other wild birds, a fine, male turkey, which had been reared from its earliest youth under my care, it having been caught by me when probably not more than two or three days old.

It became so tame that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favorite of the little village. Yet it would never roost with the tame turkeys, but regularly took itself at night to the roof of the house, where it remained until dawn. When two years old, it began to fly to the woods, where it remained for a considerable part of the day, to return to the enclosure as night approached. It continued this practice until the following spring, when I saw it several times fly from its roosting place to the top of a high cotton tree, on the bank of the Ohio, from which, after resting a little, it would sail to the opposite shore, the river being there nearly half a mile wide, and return toward night. One morning I saw it fly off at a very early hour to the woods, in another direction, and took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going toward some lakes near Green River to shoot, when, having walked about five miles, I saw a fine, large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along. Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table, I ordered my dog to chase it and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and as it approached the turkey, I saw, with great surprise, that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped and turned her head toward me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favorite bird, and discovered that it had recognised the dog and would not fly from it; although the sight of a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once. A friend of mine happening to be in search of a wounded deer, took the bird on his saddle before him and carried it home for me. The following spring it was accidentally shot, having been taken for a wild bird, and brought to me on being recognised by the red ribbon which it had around its neck. Pray, reader, by what word will you designate the recognition made by my favorite turkey of a dog which had been long associated with it in the yard and grounds? Was it the result of instinct or of reason—an unconsciously revived impression, or the act of an intelligent mind?

At the time when I removed to Kentucky, rather more than a fourth of a century ago, turkeys were so abundant that the price of one in the market was not equal to that of a common barn fowl now. I have seen them offered for the sum of three pence each, the birds weighing from ten to twelve pounds. A first rate turkey, weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds avoirdupois, was considered well sold when it brought a quarter of a dollar.

## Original Review.

### MISS MARTINEAU'S NEW WORK.

Miss Martineau, by her *Deerbrook*—a story of which it may justly be said that every sentence is worth reading, and can be read with pleasure and profit—placed herself in the front rank of modern novel-writers. We knew her well before, in her little works illustrative of the principles of Political Economy, as an ingenious story-teller, but we did not know that she possessed those great narrative powers which she has since exhibited. In consequence of her ultra views on the subject of abolition—a *res mala* and a *res prohibita* in America—prejudices the most unenlightened and the most unjust, are entertained toward her. We absolutely are weak enough to prohibit our minds from enjoying the fruits of her exuberant talents in fiction, because we choose to be offended with their productions in the field of social and political opinions. Let us abjure so absurd an error, and take up her forthcoming work with the willingness to be gratified by its narrative, and by its descriptive passages, even though it may trench upon the dreadful domain of slavery. We are as determinately opposed to political abolition as our most strenuous Southern friends; but we cannot think that its very mention, even the remotest allusion to it, should be suppressed. The harm of the rattlesnake is diminished by the sound which gives warning of its proximity; as long as disorganization makes itself heard, little is to be apprehended—the most danger lies in a stealthy and silent approach. Do not let us strive, then, so earnestly to shut the mouths of the abolitionists—their talking will do no harm.

We all know what Miss Martineau's sentiments are: she has forewarned us, therefore we are forewarned. Even though her new novel be loaded with anti-slavery to the very muzzle, let us approach it with courage, quite resolved to gratify our curiosity to see what it is all about—and there are ten chances to one that we shall not be blown to atoms, and that the country, which has been on the brink of ruin anytime these sixty-four years, will remain there, and not be tumbled into the gulf.

The title of Miss Martineau's new novel is, "The Hour and the Man." Toussaint L'Ouverture is The Man, and The Hour is that remarkable period when the slaves at St. Domingo first declared themselves freemen. The picture drawn by Miss Martineau is one of great moral interest; and she has treated the subject, as she was sure to treat it, with care and ability. In giving our extracts, we say only just enough to show what they are about; supplying, as it were, only a thread to hold them together.

After Fortune had showered her highest favors on Toussaint in his new course, he still exhibits the same quiet, unselfish spirit of endurance in his palace that had sustained him in a hotel. In the following scene he speaks with his wife, Margot:—

Margot stopped, as a turn in the walk brought them in view of the house. The long ranges of verandah stood in the moonlight, checkered with the still shadows of the

neighboring trees. Every window of the large white mansion gave out a stream of yellow light, to contrast with the silvery shining of the moon. "This is very unlike the hut we went to when we were married, Toussaint. Yet I was quite happy and contented. It is, indeed, the greatest thing to be loved."

"And have you not that greatest thing here too? Do I not love you, my Margot?"

"O yes! Yes, indeed, we love each other as much as we did then—in that single room, with its earthen floor, and its cribs against the wall, and the iron-pot in the fire-place, and the hen pecking before the door. But, Toussaint, look at the difference now! Look at this beautiful house, and all the gardens and cane-pieces—and think of our palace at Port-au-Prince—and think of the girls as they look at church, or in the boat to-day—and how the country is up, rejoicing, wherever you go—and how the Assembly consider you—think of all that has happened since that wedding-day of ours at Breda! It is so fine—so wonderful, that you shall not frighten me about anything that can happen. I am sure the blessing of God is upon you, my husband; and you shall not make me afraid."

"I would have none be afraid while God reigns, Margot. May you ever say that you will not fear! The blessing of God may be on us now, love; but it was never more so than when we went home to our huts at Breda. When I lay under the trees at noon, taking care of the cattle, how many things I used to think of to say to you when I came home!"

"And so did I, as I kneeled at my washing by the brook-side, and you were driving M. Bayou twenty miles off, and were expected home in the evening. How much there was to say at the end of those days!"

"It was not for ourselves, then, Margot, that we have been raised to what we are. We were as happy drawing water in the wood, and gathering plaintains in the negro-grounds, as we have ever been in these shrubberies. We were as merry in that single room at Breda as in this mansion, or in our palace. It is not for our own sakes that we have been so raised."

"It is pleasant for our children."

"It is. And it is good for our race. It is to make us their servants. O! Margot, if ever you find a thought of pride stirring at your heart, remember that if the blacks were less ignorant and more wise, it would not matter whether we lived as we used to do, or as we live now. It is because we negroes are vain and corrupted that show and state are necessary: and the sight of our show and state should, therefore, humble us."

"I am sure you are not fond of show and state. You eat and drink, and wait upon yourself, as you did at Breda: and your uniform is the only fine dress you like to wear. I am sure you had rather have no court."

"Very true. I submit to such state as we have about us, for the sake of the negroes who need it. To me it is a sacrifice; but Margot we must make sacrifices—perhaps some which you may little dream of, while looking round upon our possessions and our rank, and our children, worshipped as they are. We must carry the same spirit of sacrifice into all our acts; and be ready to suffer, and perhaps to fall, for the sake of the blacks. The less pride now, Margot, the less shame and sorrow then!"

"I wish not to be proud," said Margot, trembling—"I pray that I may not be proud; but it is difficult."

"Hark! there is a footstep. Let us turn into this alley."

"Nay," said Toussaint, "it is M. Pascal. No doubt I am wanted."

"For ever wanted!" exclaimed Margot. "No peace!"

"It was not so at Breda," said Toussaint, smiling. "I was just speaking of sacrifice you know; and this is not the last night that the moon will shine.—News, M. Pascal?"

"News from Cap," replied M. Pascal, in a depressed tone. "Bad news! Here are despatches. Not a moment is to be lost."

"There is light enough," said Toussaint, turning so that the moonlight fell upon the page.

When his fortunes lower again, and he stands with his friend and comrade, Christophe, within view of the fleet that Bonaparte had sent from France to strangle the nascent liberties of his race—this is the high thoughted language he holds:

"I see who they are that are there. There are the troops of the Rhine—troops that have conquered a fairer river than our Artibonite, storming the castles on her steep, and crowning themselves from her vineyards. There are the troops of the Alps—troops that have soared above the eagle, and stormed the clouds, and plucked the ice-king by the beard upon his throne. There are the troops of Italy—troops that have trodden the old Roman ways, and fought over again the old Roman wars—that have drunk of the Tiber, and once more conquered the armies of the Danube. There are the troops of Egypt—troops that have heard the war-cry of the desert tribes, and encamped in the shadow of the pyramids."

"Yet he is not afraid," said Henri to himself, as he watched the countenance of his friend.

"All these," continued Toussaint, "all these are brought hither against a poor, depressed, insulted, ignorant race;—brought as conquerors, eager for the spoil before a blow is struck. They come to disembarass our paradise of us, as they would clear a fragrant and fruitful wood of apes and reptiles. And if they find that it takes longer than they supposed to crush and disperse us, France has more thousands ready to come and help. The laborer will leave his plough at a word, and the vine-dresser his harvest, and the artisan his shop—France will pour out the youth of all her villages, to seize upon the delights of the tropics, and the wealth of the savages, as they are represented by the emigrants who will not take me for a friend, but eat their own hearts far away, with hatred and jealousy. All France is coming to St Domingo!"

"But," interposed Christophe.

"But, Henri," interrupted his friend, laying his hand on his shoulder, "not all France, with her troops of the Rhine, of the Alps, of the Nile, nor with all Europe to help her, can extinguish the soul of Africa. That soul, when once the soul of a man, and no longer that of a slave, can overthrow the pyramids and the Alps themselves, sooner than be again crushed down into slavery."

"With God's help," said Christophe, crossing himself.

"With God's help," repeated Toussaint. "See here,"

he continued, taking up a handful of earth from the broken ground on which they stood, "see here what God has done! See, here are shells from the depth of yonder ocean, lying on the mountain top. Cannot he who thus uprears the dust of his ocean floor, and lifts it above the clouds, create the societies of men anew, and set their lowest order but a little below the stars?"

"He can," said Christophe, again crossing himself.

"Then let all France come to St. Domingo!"

When, from the depths of the murderous prison into which the treachery of Napoleon has cast him, his voice struggles across the sea to his wife and children, its tone of quiet and unselfish faith is still the same:

"My wife, my children! I may name you all now—name you in my thoughts and in my song. Placide! are you rousing the nations to ask the tyrant where I am? Henri! have you buried the dead whites yet in St. Domingo? and have your rains done weeping the treason of those dead against freedom? Let it be so, Henri! Your rains have washed out the blood of this treason; and your dews have brought forth the verdure of your plains, to cover the graves of the guilty and fallen. Take this lesson home, Henri! Forget—not me, for you must remember me in carrying on my work—but forget how you lost me. Believe that I fell in the moans, and that you buried me there; believe this, rather than shed one drop of blood for me. Learn of God, not of Bonaparte, how to bless our race. Poison their souls no more with blood! The sword and the fever have done their work, and tamed your tyrants. As for the rest, act with God for our people! Give them harvests to their hands; and open the universe of knowledge before their eyes. Give them rest and stillness in the summer heats; and shelter them in virtuous and busy homes from the sheeted rains. It is enough that blood was the price of freedom—a heavy price, which has been paid. Let there be no such barter for vengeance! My children, hear me! Wherever you are, in the court of our tyrant, or on the wide sea, or on the mountain-top, where the very storms cannot make themselves heard so high, yet let your father's voice reach you from his living grave! No vengeance! Freedom, freedom to the last drop of blood in the veins of our race! Let our island be left to the wild herds and the reptiles, rather than be the habitation of slaves; but if you have established freedom there, it is holy ground, and no vengeance must profane it. If you love me and my race, you must forgive my murderers. Yes, murderers," he pursued in thought, after dwelling awhile on the images of home and familiar faces—"murderers they already are, doubtless, in intent. I should have been sent hence long ago, but for the hope of reaching my counsels through Mars Plaisir. From the eyes of the world I have already disappeared; and nothing hinders the riddance of me now. Feeble as I am, the waiting for death may yet be tedious. If tedious for him who has this day done with me, how tedious for me, who have done with him and with all the world!—done with them, except as to the affections with which one may look back upon them from the clear heights on the other side of the dark valley. That I should pine and shiver long in the shadows of that valley would be tedious to him who drove me there before my time, and to me. He has never submitted to what is tedious, and he will not now.

And the same is his last vindication, before he uncomplainingly sinks into death:

"It is true that I erred, according to the common estimate of affairs, in not making myself a king and separating my country from France, as France herself is compelling her to separate at last. It is true, I might now have been reigning there, instead of dying here; and, what is more worthy of meditation, my people might now have been laying aside their arms, and beginning a long career of peace. It might possibly have been so: but at what cost! Their career of freedom (if freedom it could then have been called) would have begun in treason and in murder; and the stain would have polluted my race for ever. Now, they will have freedom still;—they cannot but have it, though it is delayed. And upon this freedom will rest the blessing of Heaven. We have not sought for dominion, nor for plunder; nor, as far as I could govern the passions of men, for revenge. We began our career of freedom in fidelity, in obedience, and in reverence towards the whites; and therefore may we take to ourselves the blessing of Him who made us to be free, and demands that we be so with clean hands and a pure heart. Therefore will the freedom of St. Domingo be but the beginning of freedom to the negro race. Therefore may we hope that in this race will the spirit of Christianity appear more fully than it has yet shown itself among the proud whites;—show itself in its gentleness, its fidelity, its disinterestedness, and its simple trust. The proud whites may scorn this hope, and point to the ignorance and the passions of my people, and say, 'Is this your exhibition of the spirit of the Gospel?' But not for this will we give up our hope. This ignorance, these passions, are natural to all men, and are in us aggravated and protracted by our slavery. Remove them by the discipline and the stimulus of freedom, begun in obedience to God and fidelity to men, and there remain the love that embraces all—the meek faith that can bear to be betrayed, but is ashamed to doubt—the generosity that can forgive offences seventy and seven times renewed—the simple, open, joyous spirit which marks such as are of the kingdom of heaven. Lord! I thank thee that thou hast made me the servant of this race!"

It needs no more to show, how richly this book, will reward a right perusal. We will only subjoin another extract, in proof that Miss Martineau's well known powers of graphic and animated description remain quite unimpaired. She introduces Toussaint in one of his rapid journeys on horseback between distant parts of the Colony:

"He had cleared the plain, with his trumpet at his heels, before the woods and fields had melted together into the purple haze of evening; and the laborers returning from the cane pieces, with their tools on their shoulders, offered their homage to him as he swept by. Some shouted, some ran beside him, some knelt in the road and blessed him, or asked his blessing. He came to the river, and found the ford lined by a party of negroes, who, having heard and

known his horse's tread above the music of pipe and drum, had thrown themselves into the water to point out the ford, and save his precious moments. He dashed through uncovered, and was lost in the twilight before their greeting was done. The evening star was just bright enough to show its image in the still small lake, when he met the expected relay, on the verge of the mountain woods. Thence the ascent was so steep, that he was obliged to relax his speed. He had observed the birds winging home to these woods; they had reached it before him, and the chirp of their welcome to their nests was sinking into silence; but the whirring beetles were abroad. The frogs were scarcely heard from the marshes below; but the lizards and crickets vied with the young monkeys in noise, while the wood was all alight with luminous insects. Wherever a twisted fantastic cotton tree, or a drooping wild fig, stood out from the thicket and apart, it appeared to send forth streams of green flame from every branch; so incessantly did the fire-flies radiate from every projecting twig.

As he ascended, the change was great. At length, there was no more sound; there were no more fitting fires. Still as sleep rose the mountain peaks to the night. Still as sleep lay the woods below. Still as sleep was the outspread western sea, silvered by the steady stars which shone, still as sleep in the purple depths of heaven. Such was the starlight on that pinnacle, so large and round the silver globes, so bright in the transparent atmosphere were their arrowy rays, that the whole vault was as one constellation of little moons, and the horse and his rider saw their own shadows in the white sands of their path. The ridge passed, down plunged the horseman, hurrying to the valley and the plain; like rocks loosened by the thunder from the mountain top. The hunter, resting on the heights from his day's chase of the wild goats, started from his sleep, to listen to what he took for a threatening of storm. In a little while, the child in the cottage in the valley nestled close to its mother, scared at the flying tramp; while the trembling mother herself prayed for the shield of the Virgin's grace against the night-fiends that were abroad. Here, there was a solitary light in the plain; there beside the river; and yonder behind the village; and at each of these stations were fresh horses, the best in the region, and smiling faces to tender their use. The panting animals that were left behind were caressed for the sake of the burden they had carried, and of the few kind words dropped by their rider during his momentary pause.

Thus was the plain beyond Mirbalais passed soon after midnight. In the dark, the horsemen swam the Artibonite, and leaped the sources of the Petite Rivere. The eastern sky was beginning to brighten as they mounted the highest steep above Atalaye; and, from the loftiest point, the features of the wide landscape became distinct in the cool grey dawn. Toussaint looked no longer at the fading stars. He looked eastward, where the green savannahs spread beyond the reach of human eye. He looked northward, where towns and villages lay in the skirts of the mountains, and upon the verge of the rivers, and in the green recesses where the springs burst from the hill-sides. He looked westwards, where the broad and full Artibonite gushed into the sea, and where the yellow bays were thronged with shipping, and every green promontory was occupied by its plantation or fishing hamlet. He paused, for one instant, while he surveyed what he well knew to be virtually his dominions. He said to himself that with him it rested to keep out strife from this paradise—to detect whatever devilish cunning might lurk in its by-ways, and rebuke whatever malice and revenge might linger within its bounds. With the thought he again sprang forward, again plunged down the steep, scudded over the wilds, and splashed through the streams; not losing another moment till his horse stood trembling and foaming under the hot sun, now touching the Haut-du-Cap, where the riders had at length pulled up."

"The Hour and the Man" has just been published by Harper and Brothers.

## New Work by Boz.

### MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CAPATER LXVIII.

Mr. Swiveller and his partner played several rubbers with varying success, until the loss of three sixpences, the gradual sinking of the purl, and the striking of ten o'clock, combined to render that gentleman mindful of the flight of Time, and the expediency of withdrawing before Mr. Sampson and Miss Sally Brass returned.

"With which object in view, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller gravely, "I shall ask your ladyship's permission to put the board in my pocket, and to retire from the presence when I have finished this tankard; merely observing, Marchioness, that since life like a river is flowing, I care not how fast it rolls on, ma'am, on, while such purl on the bank still is growing, and such eyes light the waves as they run. Marchioness, your health. You will excuse my wearing my hat, but the palace is damp, and the marble floor is—if I may be allowed the expression—sloppy."

As a precaution against this latter inconvenience, Mr. Swiveller had been sitting for some time with his feet on the hob, in which attitude he now gave utterance to these apologetic observations, and slowly sipped the last choice drops of nectar.

"The Baron Sampson Brass and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play?" said Mr. Swiveller, leaning his left arm heavily upon the table, and raising his voice and his right leg after the manner of a theatrical bandit.

The Marchioness nodded.

"Ha!" said Mr. Swiveller, with a portentous frown.

"Tis well. Marchioness—but no matter. Some wine there. Ho!" He illustrated these melo-dramatic morsels by handing the tankard to himself with great humility, receiving it haughtily, drinking from it thirstily, and smacking his lips fiercely.

The small servant, who was not so well acquainted with theatrical conventionalities as Mr. Swiveller (having indeed never seen a play, or heard one spoken of, except by chance through chinks of doors and in other forbidden

places), was rather alarmed by demonstrations so novel in their nature, and showed her concern so plainly in her looks, that Mr. Swiveller felt it necessary to discharge his brigand manner for one more suitable to private life, as he asked:

"Do they often go where glory waits 'em, and leave you here?"

"Oh, yes; I believe you they do," returned the small servant. "Miss Sally's such a one-er for that, she is."

"Such a what?" said Dick.

"Such a one-er," returned the Marchioness.

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Swiveller determined to forego his responsible duty of settling her right, and to suffer her to talk on; as it was evident that her tongue was loosened by the purl, and her opportunities for conversation were not so frequent as to render a momentary check of little consequence.

"They sometimes go to see Mr. Quilp," said the small servant with a shrewd look; "they go to a many places, bless you."

"Is Mr. Brass a winner?" said Dick.

"Not half what Miss Sally is, he isn't," replied the small servant, shaking her head. "Bless you, he'd never do anything without her."

"Oh! He wouldn't wouldn't he?" said Dick.

"Miss Sally keeps him in such order," said the small servant; "he always asks her advice, he does; and he catches it sometimes. Bless you, you wouldn't believe how much he catches it."

"I suppose," said Dick, "that they consult together a good deal, and talk about a great many people—about me, for instance, sometimes, eh, Marchioness?"

The Marchioness nodded amazingly.

"Complimentary?" said Mr. Swiveller.

The Marchioness changed the motion of her head, which had not yet left off nodding, and suddenly began to shake it from side to side with a vehemence which threatened to dislocate her neck.

"Humph!" Dick muttered. "Would it be any breach of confidence, Marchioness, to relate what they say of the humble individual who has now the honor to?"

"Miss Sally says you're a funny chap," replied his friend.

"Well, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "that's not uncomplimentary. Merriment, Marchioness, is not a bad or degrading quality. Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we may put any faith in the pages of history."

"But she says," pursued his companion, "that you an't to be trusted."

"Why, really, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thoughtfully; "several ladies and gentlemen—not exactly professional persons, but tradespeople, ma'am, tradespeople—have made the same remark. The obscure citizen who keeps the hotel over the way, inclined strongly to that opinion to-night when I ordered him to prepare the banquet. It's a popular prejudice, Marchioness; and yet I am sure I don't know why, for I have been trusted in my time to a considerable amount, and I can safely say that I never forsook my trust until it deserted me—never. Mr. Brass is of the same opinion, I suppose?"

His friend nodded again, with a cunning look, which seemed to hint that Mr. Brass held stronger opinions on the subject than his sister; and seeming to recollect herself, added imploringly, "But don't you ever tell upon me, or I shall be beat to death."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, rising, "the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond—sometimes better; as in the present case, where his bond might prove but a doubtful sort of security. I am your friend, and I hope we shall play many more rubbers together in this same saloon. But, Marchioness," added Richard, stopping in his way to the door, and wheeling slowly round upon the small servant, who was following with the candle; "it occurs to me that you must be in the constant habit of airing your eye at keyholes, to know all this."

"I only wanted," replied the trembling Marchioness, "to know where the key of the safe was hid; that was all; and I wouldn't have taken much, if I had found it—only enough to quench my hunger."

"You didn't find it, then?" said Dick. "But of course you did n't, or you'd be plumper. Good night, Marchioness. Fare thee well, and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well—and put up the chain, Marchioness, in case of accidents."

With this parting injunction, Mr. Swiveller emerged from the house; and feeling that he had by this time taken quite as much to drink as promised to be good for his constitution, (purl being a rather strong and heady compound,) wisely resolved to betake himself to his lodgings, and to bed at once. Homeward he went therefore; and his apartments (for he still retained the plural fiction) being at no great distance from the office, he was soon seated in his own bed-chamber, where, having pulled off one boot and forgotten the other, he fell into deep cogitation.

"This Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, folding his arms, is a very extraordinary person—surrounded by mysteries, ignorant of the taste of beer, unacquainted with her own name (which is less remarkable,) and taking a limited view of society through the keyholes of the doors—can these things be her destiny, or has some unknown person started an opposition to the degrees of fate? It is a most inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer!"

When his meditations had attained this satisfactory point, he became aware of his remaining boot, of which, with unimpaired solemnity he proceeded to divest himself; shaking his head with exceeding gravity all the time, and sighing deeply.

"These rubbers," said Mr. Swiveller, putting on his night-cap in exactly the same style as he wore his hat, "remind me of the matrimonial fireside. Chegg's wife plays cribbage; all-fours likewise. She rings the changes on 'em now. From sport to sport they hurry her, to banish her regrets, and when they win a smile from her, they think that she forgets—but she don't. By this time, I should say," added Richard, getting his left cheek into profile, and looking complacently at the reflection of a very little scrap of whisker in the looking-glass; "by this time, I should say, the iron has entered into her soul. It serves her right!"

Melting from this stern and obdurate, into the tender and pathetic mood, Mr. Swiveller groaned a little, walked wildly up and down, and even made a show of tearing his hair,

which however he thought better of, and wrenched the tassel from his nightcap instead. At last, undressing himself with a gloomy resolution, he got into bed.

Some men in his blighted position would have taken to drinking; but as Mr. Swiveller had taken to that before, he only took, on receiving the news that Sophy Wackles was lost to him for ever, to playing the flute; thinking after mature consideration that it was a good, sound, dismal occupation, not only in unison with his own sad thoughts, but calculated to awaken a fellow-feeling in the bosoms of his neighbors. In pursuance of this resolution, he now drew a little table to his bedside, and arranging the light and a small oblong music-book to the best advantage, took his flute from its box, and began to play most mournfully.

The air was "Away with melancholy"—a composition, which, when it is played very slowly on the flute in bed, with the further disadvantage of being by a gentleman but imperfectly acquainted with the instrument, who repeats one note a great many times before he can find the next, has not a lively effect. Yet for half the night, or more, Mr. Swiveller, lying sometimes on his back with his eyes upon the ceiling, and sometimes half out of bed to correct himself by the book, played this unhappy tune over and over again; never leaving off, save for a minute or two at a time, to take breath and soliloquize about the Marchioness and then beginning again with renewed vigor. It was not until he had quite exhausted his several subjects of meditation, and had breathed into the flute the whole sentiment of the purl down to its very dregs, and had nearly maddened the people of the house, and at both the next doors, and over the way,—that he shut up the music-book, extinguished the candle, and finding himself greatly lightened and relieved in his mind, turned round, and fell asleep.

He awoke in the morning, much refreshed; and having taken half an hour's exercise on the flute, and graciously received a notice to quit from his landlady, who had been in waiting on the stairs for that purpose since the dawn of day, repaired to Bevis Marks; where the beautiful Sally was already at her post, bearing in her looks a radiance mild as that which beareth from the virgin moon.

Mr. Swiveller acknowledged her presence by a nod, and exchanged his coat for the aquatic jacket; which usually took some time fitting on, for in consequence of a tightness in the sleeves, it was only to be got into by a series of struggles. This difficulty overcome, he took his seat at the desk.

"Isay," quoth Miss Brass, abruptly breaking silence, "you have 'nt seen a silver pencil-case this morning, have you?"

"I did n't meet many in the street," rejoined Mr. Swiveller. "I saw one—a stout pencil-case of respectable appearance—but as he was in company with an elderly penknife and a young toothpick, with whom he was in earnest conversation, I felt a delicacy in speaking to him."

"No, but have you?" returned Miss Brass. "Seriously, you know."

"What a dull dog you must be to ask me such a question seriously," said Mr. Swiveller. "Have a't I this moment come?"

"Well, all I know is," replied Miss Sally, "that it's not to be found, and that it disappeared one day this week, when I left it on the desk."

"Halloa!" thought Richard, "I hope the Marchioness has n't been at work here."

"There was a knife too," said Miss Sally, "of the same pattern. They were given to me by my father, years ago, and are both gone. You have n't missed any thing yourself, have you?"

Mr. Swiveller involuntarily clapped his hands to the jacket to be quite sure that it was a jacket and not a skirted coat; and having satisfied himself of the safety of this, his only moveable in Bevis Marks, made answer in the negative.

"It's a very unpleasant thing, Dick," said Miss Brass, pulling out the tin box and refreshing herself with a pinch of snuff; but between you and me—between friends you know, for if Sammy knew it, I should never hear the last of it—some of the office money, too, that has been left about, has gone in the same way. In particular, I have missed three half-crowns at three different times."

"You do n't mean that," cried Dick. "Be careful what you say, old boy, for this is a serious matter. 'Are you quite sure? Is there no mistake?'"

"It is so, and there can't be any mistake at all," rejoined Miss Brass emphatically.

"Then by Jove," thought Richard, laying down his pen, "I am afraid the Marchioness is done over!"

The more he discussed the subject in his thoughts, the more probable it appeared to Dick that the miserable little servant was the culprit. When he considered on what a spare allowance of food she lived, how neglected and untaught she was, and how her natural cunning had been sharpened by necessity and privation, he scarcely doubted it. And yet he pitied her so much, and felt so unwilling to have a matter of such gravity disturbing the oldity of their acquaintance, that he thought, and thought truly, that rather than receive fifty pounds down, he would have the Marchioness proved innocent.

While he was plunged in very profound and serious meditation upon this theme, Miss Sally sat shaking her head with an air of great mystery and doubt, when the voice of her brother Sampson, carolling a cheerful strain, was heard in the passage, and the gentleman himself, beaming with virtuous smiles, appeared.

"Mr. Richard, sir, good morning. Here we are again, sir, entering upon another day, with our bodies strengthened by slumber and breakfast, and our spirits fresh and flowing. Here we are, Mr. Richard, rising with the sun to run our little course—our course of duty, sir—and like him get through our day's work with credit to ourselves and advantage to our fellow creatures. A charming reflection, sir, very charming!"

While he addressed his clerk in these words, Mr. Brass was somewhat ostentatiously engaged in minutely examining and holding up against the light a five-pound bank note, which he had brought in, in his hand.

Mr. Richard not receiving his remarks with any thing like enthusiasm, his employer turned his eyes to his face, and observed that it wore a troubled expression.

"You're out of spirits, sir," said Brass. "Mr. Richard

sir, we should fall to work cheerfully, and not in a despondent state. It becomes us, Mr. Richard, sir, to—"

Here the chaste Sarah heaved a loud sigh. "Dear me!" said Mr. Sampson, "you too! Is anything the matter? Mr. Richard, sir—"

Dick, glancing at Miss Sally, saw that she was making signals to him, to acquaint her brother with the subject of their recent conversation. As his own position was not a very pleasant one until the matter was set at rest one way or other, he did so; and Miss Brass, plying her snuff-box at a most wasteful rate, corroborated his account.

The countenance of Sampson fell, and anxiety overspread his features. Instead of passionately bewailing the loss of his money, as Miss Sally had expected, he walked on tiptoe to the door, opened it, looked outside, shut it softly, returned on tiptoe, and said in a whisper,

"This is a most extraordinary and painful circumstance—Mr. Richard, sir, a most painful circumstance. The fact is, that I myself have missed several small sums from the desk of late, and have refrained from mentioning it, hoping that accident would discover the offender—it has not done so. Sally—Mr. Richard, sir—this is a particularly distressing affair!"

As Sampson spoke, he laid the bank-note upon the desk among some papers, in an absent manner, and thrust his hands into his pockets. Richard Swiveller pointed to it, and admonished him to take it up.

"No, Mr. Richard sir," rejoined Brass with emotion, "I will not take it up. I will let it lie there, sir. To take it up, Mr. Richard sir, would imply a doubt of you; and in you sir, I have unlimited confidence. We will let it lie there sir, if you please, and we will not take it up by any means." With that, Mr. Brass patted him twice or thrice upon the shoulder, in a most friendly manner, and entreated him to believe that he had as much faith in his honesty as he had in his own.

Although at another time Mr. Swiveller might have looked upon this as a doubtful compliment, he felt it, under the then-existing circumstances, a great relief to be assured that he was not wrongfully suspected. When he had made a suitable reply, Mr. Brass wrung him by the hand, and fell into a brown study, as did Miss Sally likewise. Richard too remained in a thoughtful state; fearing every moment to hear the Marchioness impeached, and unable to resist the conviction that she must be guilty.

When they had severally remained in this condition for some minutes, Miss Sally all at once gave a loud rap upon the desk with her clenched fist, and cried, "I've hit it!"—as indeed she had, and chipped a piece out of it too; but that was not her meaning.

"Well," cried Brass anxiously. "Go on, will you?"

"Why," replied his sister with an air of triumph, "has n't there been somebody always coming in and out of this office for the last three or four weeks; has n't that somebody been left alone in it sometimes—thanks to you; and do you mean to tell me that somebody is n't the thief?"

"What somebody?" blustered Brass.

"Why, what do you call him—Kit?"

Mr. Garland's young man?"

"To be sure."

"Never!" cried Brass. "Never. I'll not hear of it. Do n't tell me—" said Sampson, shaking his head, and working with both his hands as if he were clearing away ten thousand cobwebs. "I'll never believe it of him. Never."

"I say," repeated Miss Brass, taking another pinch of snuff, "that he's the thief."

"I say," returned Sampson violently, "that he is not. What do you mean? How dare you? Are characters to be whispered away like this? Do you know that he's the honestest and faithfulest fellow that ever lived, and that he has an irreproachable good name? Come in, come in."

These last words were not addressed to Miss Sally, though they partook of the tone in which the indignant remonstrances that preceded them had been uttered. They were addressed to some person who had knocked at the office-door; and they had hardly passed the lips of Mr. Brass, when this very Kit himself looked in.

"Is the gentleman up-stairs sir, if you please?"

"Yes, Kit," said Brass, still fired with an honest indignation, and frowning with knotted brows upon his sister; "Yes Kit, he is. I am glad to see you Kit, I am rejoiced to see you. Look in again as you come down-stairs, Kit. That lad a robber!" cried Brass when he had withdrawn,

"with that frank and open countenance. I'd trust him with untold gold. Mr. Richard sir, have the goodness to step directly to Wrasp and Co.'s in Broad Street, and inquire if they have had instructions to appear in Carkem and Painter. That lad a robber," sneered Sampson, flushed and heated with his wrath. "Am I blind, deaf, silly; do I know nothing of human nature when I see it before me? Kit a robber! Bah!"

Flinging this final interjection at Miss Sally with immeasurable scorn and contempt, Sampson Brass thrust his head into his desk as if to shut the base world from his view, and breathed defiance from under its half-closed lid.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

When Kit, having discharged his errand, came down stairs from the single gentleman's apartment, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or so, Mr. Sampson Brass was alone in his office. He was not singing as usual, nor was he seated at his desk. The open door showed him standing before the fire with his back towards it, and looking so very strange that Kit supposed he must have been suddenly taken ill.

"Is any thing the matter, sir?" said Kit.

"Matter!" cried Brass. "No. Why any thing the matter?"

"You are so very pale," said Kit "that I should hardly have known you."

"Pooh, pooh! mere fancy," cried Brass, stopping to throw up the cinders. "Never better Kit, never better in all my life. Merry too. Ha, ha! How's our friend, above stairs, eh?"

"A good deal better," said Kit.

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoined Brass; "thankful, I may say. An excellent gentleman—worthy, liberal, generous, gives very little trouble—an admirable lodger. Ha! ha!

Mr. Garland—he's well, I hope, Kit—and the pony—my friend, my particular friend, you know. Ha! ha!"

Kit gave a satisfactory account of all the little household at the Abel Cottage. Mr. Brass, who seemed remarkably inattentive and impatient, mounted on his stool, and beckoning him to come nearer, took him by the button-hole.

"I have been thinking, Kit," said the lawyer, "that I could throw some little emoluments into your mother's way—You have a mother, I think? If I recollect right, you told me—"

"Oh yes sir, yes certainly."

"A widow I think? an industrious widow?"

"A harder-working woman or a better mother never lived, sir."

"Ah!" cried Brass. "That's affecting, truly affecting! A poor widow struggling to maintain her orphans in decency and comfort, is a delicious picture of human goodness. Put down your hat, Kit."

"Thank you sir, I must be going directly."

"Put it down while you stay, at any rate," said Brass, taking it from him, and making some confusion among the papers, in finding a place for it on the desk. "I was thinking, Kit, that we have often houses to let for people we are concerned for. Now you know we're obliged to put people into those houses to take care of 'em—very often underserving people, that we can't depend upon. What's to prevent our having a person that we can depend upon, and enjoying the delight of doing a good action at the same time? Isay, what's to prevent our employing this worthy woman, your mother? What with one job and another, there's lodging—and good lodging too—pretty well all the year round, rent free, and a weekly allowance besides, Kit, that would provide them with a great many comforts they do n't at present enjoy. Now what do you think of that? Do you see any objection? My only desire is to serve you, Kit; therefore if you do, say so freely."

"As Brass spoke, he moved the hat twice or thrice, and shuffled among the papers again, as if in search of something."

"How can I see any objection to such a kind offer sir?" replied Kit with his whole heart. "I don't know how to thank you, sir, I do n't indeed."

"Why then," said Brass, suddenly turning upon him and thrusting his face close to Kit's with such a repulsive smile that the latter, even in the very height of his gratitude, drew back quite startled. "Why, then, it's done?"

Kit looked at him in some confusion.

"Done, I say," added Sampson, rubbing his hands and veiling himself again in his usual oily manner. "Ha! ha! and so you shall find Kit, so you shall find. But dear me," said Brass, "what a time Mr. Richard is gone! A sad loiterer to be sure! Will you mind the office one minute, while I run up stairs? Only one minute. I'll not detain you an instant longer, on any account, Kit."

Talking as he went, Mr. Brass bustled out of the office, and in a very short time returned. Mr. Swiveller came back almost at the same instant; and as Kit was leaving the room hastily, to make up for lost time, Miss Brass herself encountered him in the doorway.

"Oh!" sneered Sally, looking after him, as she entered. "There goes your pet, Sammy, eh?"

"Ah! there he goes," replied Brass. "My pet, if you please. An honest fellow, Mr. Richard, sir, a worthy fellow indeed!"

"Hem!" coughed Miss Brass.

"I tell you, you aggravating vagabond," said the angry Sampson, "that I'd stake my life upon his honesty. Am I always to be baited, and beset, by your mean suspicions? Have you no regard for true merit, you malignant fellow? If you come to that, I'd sooner suspect your honesty than his."

Miss Sally pulled out the tin snuff-box, and took a long, slow pinch, regarding her brother with a steady gaze all the time.

"She drives me wild, Mr. Richard, sir," said Brass, "she exasperates me beyond all bearing. I am heated and excited, sir, I know I am. These are not business manners, sir, nor business looks, but she carries me out of myself."

"Why do n't you leave him alone?" said Dick.

"Because she can't sir, retorted Brass; because to chafe and vex me is a part of her nature, sir, and she will and must do it, or I don't believe she'd have her health. But never mind," said Brass, "never mind. I've carried my point. I've shown my confidence in the lad. He has minded the office again. Ha ha! Ugh, you viper!"

The beautiful virgin took another pinch, and put the snuff-box in her pocket; still looking at her brother with perfect composure.

"He has minded the office again," said Brass triumphantly; "he has had my confidence, and he shall continue to have it; he—why, where's the—"

"What have you lost?" inquired Mr. Swiveller.

"Dear me!" said Brass, slapping all his pockets one after another, and looking into his desk, and under it, and upon it, and wildly tossing the papers about, "the note, Mr. Richard, sir, the five-pound note—what can have become of it? I laid it down here—God bless me!"

"What!" cried Miss Sally, starting up, clapping her hands, and scattering the papers on the floor. "Gone! Now who's right? Now who's got it? Never mind five pounds—what's five pounds? He's honest you know, quite honest. It would be mean to suspect him. Do n't run after him. No, no, not for the world!"

"Is it really gone though?" said Dick, looking at Brass, with a face as pale as his own.

"Upon my word, Mr. Richard, sir," replied the lawyer, feeling in all his pockets, with looks of the greatest agitation, "I fear this is a black business. It's certainly gone, sir. What's to be done?"

"Do n't run after him," said Miss Sally, taking more snuff. "Do n't run after him on any account. Give him time to get rid of it, you know. It would be cruel to find him out!"

Mr. Swiveller and Sampson Brass looked from Miss Sally to each other in a state of utter bewilderment, and then, as by one impulse, caught up their hats and rushed into the street—darting along in the middle of the road, and dashing aside all obstructions, as though they were running for their lives.

It happened that Kit had been running too, though not



so fast, and having the start of them by some few minutes, was a good distance ahead. As they were pretty certain of the road he must have taken, however, and kept on at a great pace, they came up with him, at the very moment when he had taken breath, and was breaking into a run again.

"Stop!" cried Sampson, laying his hand on one shoulder, while Mr. Swiveller pounced upon the other. "Not so fast sir. You're in a hurry?"

"Yes, I am," said Kit, looking from one to the other, in great surprise.

"I—I—can hardly believe it," panted Sampson, "but something of value is missing from the office. I hope you do not know what."

"Know what! good Heaven, Mr. Brass!" cried Kit, trembling from head to foot; "you don't suppose—"

"No, no," rejoined Brass quickly, "I don't suppose anything. Don't say I said you did. You'll come back quietly, I hope?"

"Of course I will," returned Kit. "Why not?"

"To be sure!" said Brass. "Why not? I hope there may turn out to be no why not. If you knew the trouble I've been in this morning through taking your part, Christopher, you'd be sorry for it."

"And I am sure you'll be sorry for having suspected me sir," replied Kit. "Come. Let us make haste back."

"Certainly!" cried Brass, "the quicker, the better. Mr. Richard—have the goodness, sir, to take that arm. I'll take this one. It's not easy walking three abreast, but under these circumstances it must be done sir; there's no help for it."

Kit did turn from white to red, and from red to white again, when they secured him thus, and for a moment seemed disposed to resist. But quickly recollecting himself, and remembering that if he made any struggle, he would perhaps be dragged by the collar through the public streets, he only repeated, with great earnestness and with the tears standing in his eyes, that they would be sorry for this—and suffered them to lead him off. While they were on the way back, Mr. Swiveller, upon whom his present functions sat very irksomely, took an opportunity of whispering in his ear that if he would confess his guilt, even by so much as a nod, and promise not to do so any more, he would connive at his kicking Sampson Brass on the shins and escaping up a court; but Kit indignantly rejecting this proposal, Mr. Richard had nothing for it, but to hold him tight until they reached Bevis Marks, and ushered him into the presence of the charming Sarah, who immediately took the precaution of locking the door.

"Now you know," said Brass, "if this is a case of innocence, it is a case of that description, Christopher, where the fullest disclosure is the best satisfaction for every body. Therefore if you'll consent to an examination," he demonstrated what kind of examination he meant by turning back the cuffs of his coat, "it will be a comfortable and pleasant thing for all parties."

"Search me," said Kit, proudly, holding up his arms. "But mind, sir—I know you'll be sorry for this, to the last day of your life."

"It is certainly a very painful occurrence," said Brass, with a sigh, as he dived into one of Kit's pockets, and fished up a miscellaneous collection of small articles: "very painful. Nothing here, Mr. Richard, sir, all perfectly satisfactory. Nor here, sir. Nor in the waistcoat, Mr. Richard, nor in the coat tails. So far I am rejoiced, I am sure."

Richard Swiveller, holding Kit's hat in his hand, was watching the proceedings with great interest, and bore upon his face the slightest possible indication of a smile, as Brass, shutting one of his eyes, looked with the other up the inside of one of the poor fellow's sleeves, as if it were a telescope, when Sampson turning hastily to him, bade him search the hat.

"Here's a handkerchief," said Dick.

"No harm in that, sir," rejoined Brass, applying his eye to the other sleeve, and speaking in the voice of one who was contemplating an immense extent of prospect. "No harm in a handkerchief, sir, whatever. The faculty do not consider it a healthy custom, I believe, Mr. Richard, to carry one's handkerchief in one's hat—I have heard that it keeps the head too warm—but in every other point of view, it's being there, is extremely satisfactory—extremely so."

An exclamation, at once from Richard Swiveller, Miss Sally, and Kit himself, cut the lawyer short. He turned his head, and saw Dick standing with the bank note in his hand.

"In the hat?" cried Brass, in a sort of shriek.

"Under the handkerchief, and tucked beneath the lining," said Dick, aghast at the discovery.

Mr. Brass looked at him, at his sister, at the walls, at the ceiling, at the floor—every where but at Kit, who stood quite stupefied and motionless.

"And this," cried Sampson, clasping his hands, "is the world that turns upon its own axis, and has Lunar influences, and revolutions round Heavenly Bodies, and various games of that sort! This is human nature, is it? Oh nature, nature! This is the miscreant that I was going to benefit with all my little arts, and that even now I feel so much for, as to wish to let him go!" But, added Mr. Brass with greater fortitude, "I am myself a lawyer, and bound to set an example in carrying the laws of my happy country into effect. Sally my dear, forgive me, and catch hold of him on the other side. Mr. Richard, sir, have the goodness to run and fetch a constable. The weakness is past and over, sir, and moral strength returns. A constable, sir, if you please!"

**SELF-CRITICISM.**—It has been said, that the best means to correct our faults is to remove our work out of sight for some space of time, that we may hereafter review it, as it were, with other eyes, or as the effort of another. Our own productions do but too much flatter us: they are always too pleasing, and it is impossible not to be partial to them at the moment of their conception: they are children of a tender age, which are not capable of drawing our hatred on them. It is supposed that apes keep their eyes constantly fixed on their new-born offspring, and are never weary of admiring their beauty; yet a few weeks bring satiety and indifference. Nature doats upon her productions, but nature herself is changeable—if we let some weeks, or at least days, pass over our heads without looking at our compositions, that intermission will faithfully point out the faults and bring to light the real beauties if such exist.

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

### THE CID AND THE LEPER.

[Like our own Robert the Bruce, the great Spanish hero is represented as exhibiting, on many occasions, great gentleness of disposition and compassion. But while old Barbour is contented with such simple anecdotes as that of a poor landress being suddenly taken ill with the pains of childbirth, and the King stopping the march of his army rather than leave her unprotected, the minstrels of Spain, never losing an opportunity of gratifying the superstitious propensities of their audience, are sure to let no similar incident in their champion's history pass without a miracle.]

I.  
He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,  
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;  
To Compostello, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,  
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

II.  
Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor;  
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;  
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,  
His hand was ever bountiful! great was his joy therein.

III.  
And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;  
In a deep slough the leper lay, none would to help come near.  
With a loud voice he thence did cry, "For God our Saviour's sake,  
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

IV.  
When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;  
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion;  
He reached his hand to pick him forth, of fear was no account,  
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper

V.  
Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelry  
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;  
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,  
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay

VI.  
All at the mid hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,  
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept;  
Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that  
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

VII.  
He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,  
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;  
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,  
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

VIII.  
He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexed sore  
With that which had befallen—when lo! his face before,  
There stood a man, all clothed in vesture shining white:  
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"

IX.  
"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,  
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow!"  
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;  
I am the same poor leper thou say'st for charity."

X.  
"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;  
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestern.

There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,  
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

XI.  
"Strong enemies shall not prevail, thy greatness to undo;  
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians  
and Moslem too;  
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,  
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."

XII.  
When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.  
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning  
Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,  
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

## Selected Miscellany.

From the Boston Book.

### PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN.

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN.

From Jonathan Dunsell of New York, to Mr. Herman Krauff.

Sir:—Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer 1830. I sailed in the packet to Providence and when I arrived there, I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours, or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. We had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?"

"No," said I; why do you ask?  
"You will want one soon," said he. "Do you observe the ears of all the horses?"

"Yes," and was just about to ask the reason.  
"They see the storm breeder, and we shall see him soon."

At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after, a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself—much more than is known to the world."

Presently a man with a child beside him, with a black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up, and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met.

"Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble."

"Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was travelling direct from town, that of late I have refused any communication with him; and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look."

"But does he never stop any where?"

"I have never known him to stop any where, longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned.

"Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came; that is the place to look. The storm never overtakes him, it follows him."

We presently approached another hill; and when at the height the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat—"There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder and lightning."

And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers, for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular net work, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud: he said that every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world. In the mean time the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand; and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike towards Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder clap broke directly over the man's head, and seemed to envelope both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed; and as well as I could judge, he travelled just as fast as the thundercloud."

While this man was speaking, a pedlar with a cart of tin merchandize came up, all dripping; and on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different states; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston, and that a thunder shower, like the present, had each time deluged his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, &c., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most, was the strange conduct of his horse, for that long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road, and flung back his ears. "In short," said the pedlar, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as though they belonged to this world."

This was all I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me, "like one of those things which had never happened," had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett's hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg, can never be deceived as to his identity.

"Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?"

"That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all janholders, for he never stops to eat, drink or sleep. I wonder why the government do not employ him to carry the mail."

"Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take in that case to send a letter to Boston, for Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place."

"But," said I, "does the man never stop any where; does he never converse with any one? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man."

"Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man, say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or a trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors, I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge."

"You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you

have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?"

"Why, yes. He looks as though he never ate, drank or slept; and his child looks older than himself, and he looks like time broke off from eternity, and anxious to gain a resting place."

"And how does his horse look?" said I.

"As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me, he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles."

"Why," said he, "how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to mislead a traveller. I have lost my way. Pray direct me the nearest way to Boston."

I repeated, it is one hundred miles.

"How can you say so?" said he. "I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night."

"But," said I, "you are travelling from Boston. You must turn back."

"Alas," said he, "it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east—another, to the west. And the guide-posts, too—they all point the wrong way."

"But will you not stop and rest?" said I. "You seem wet and weary."

"Yes," said he, "it has been foul weather since I left home."

"Stop, then, and refresh yourself."

"I must not stop. I must reach home to-night, if possible; though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston."

He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards, I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twelve miles an hour.

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?"

"I know not, but presume he will not deny his name: you can ask him—for see, he has turned his horse, and is passing this way."

In a moment, a dark colored, high spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached, I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg?"

"My name is Peter Rugg," said he. "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston."

"You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?"

"In Middle street."

"When did you leave Boston?"

"I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time."

"But how did you and your child become so wet? It has not rained here to-day."

"It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?"

"Why the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven."

"How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveller; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston."

"But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford."

"Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following, the Merrimack?"

"No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut."

He wrung his hands and looked incredulous.

"Have the rivers, too, changed their courses, as the cities have changed places? But see! the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!"

He would tarry no longer; his impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings, he seemed to devour all before him, and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this:

The last summer, a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died in a good old age, more than twenty years before that time.

The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door."

"Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft."

The stranger paused and looked up and down the street, and said,—"Though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house."

"Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk."

"But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, every thing here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and what is strangest of all, Catharine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," continued the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg."

"Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?"

"Just above, here, in Orange Tree lane."

"There is no such place in this neighbourhood."

"What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange Tree lane is at the head of Hanover street, near Pemberton's Hill."

"There is no such lane now."

"Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless

know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange lane, near King street."

"I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King street in this town."

"No such street as King street! Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary, I must find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market."

"Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets."

"You know there is but one market near the Town dock."

"Oh, the old market; but no such person has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and uttered to himself quite audibly—"Strange mistake, how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle street."

"Then," said he, "madam, can you direct me to Boston?"

"Why this is Boston, the city of Boston; I know of no other Boston."

"City of Boston it may be; but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect, now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that I just came over?"

"It is Charles River bridge."

"I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown; there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I were in Boston, my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows, by his impatience, that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! it is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy it must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it."

At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet. The stranger seemed a little bewildered and said, "no home to-night;" and giving the reins to his horse passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged, had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion, and Rugg and his child, horse, and chair, were soon forgotten.

"It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice."

"Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him."

"Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man, I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child; for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston Massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living, is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any body."

Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him, on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

Master Rugg, thought I, has been travelling since the Boston massacre, there is no reason why he should not as until the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold of this world.

In the course of the evening, I related my adventure in Hammond street.

"Peter!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he really believed his own story."

"Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with that of my own."

"Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle street in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances: had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily, his temper, at times, was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a pannel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tennypenny nail in halves. In those days, every body, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane, that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language. Others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp; as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to command a placid temper as Peter."

"It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg, in his

own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why Mr. Rugg, said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in the open chair, the tempest is increasing.' 'Let the storm increase,' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, 'I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest! or may I never see home.' At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy."

For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly, that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turned towards his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain.

The next day, the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the streets. And this is credible, if indeed Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team, in passing, will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterwards watched; some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing.

Thus Rugg, and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten: and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

There was indeed a rumor, that Rugg afterwards was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country with headlong speed. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut—the next, they heard of him winding round the hills of New Hampshire and soon after a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg, was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing, except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse; and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell—and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day.

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF PETER RUGG, BY JONATHAN DONWELL.

In the autumn of 1835, I attended the races at Richmond in Virginia. As two new horses of great promise were run, the race ground was never better attended, nor was expectation ever more deeply excited. The partisans of Dart and Lightning, the two race horses, were equally anxious, and equally dubious of the result. To an indifferent spectator, it was impossible to perceive any difference. They were equally beautiful to behold, alike in color and height, and as they stood side by side, they measured from heel to fore feet within half an inch of each other. The eyes of each were full, prominent and resolute; and when at times they regarded each other, they assumed a lofty demeanor, seemed to shorten their necks, project their eyes, and rest their bodies equally on their four hoofs. They certainly discovered signs of intelligence, and displayed a courtesy to each other, unusual even with stallions.

It was now nearly 12 o'clock, the hour of expectation, doubt and anxiety. The riders mounted their horses; and so trim, light and airy they sat on the animals, they seemed a part of them. The spectators, many deep, in a solid column, had taken their places; and as many thousand breathing statues were there as spectators. All eyes were turned to Dart and Lightning, and their two fairy riders. There was nothing to disturb this calm, except a busy woodpecker on a neighboring tree. The signal was given, and Dart and Lightning answered the signal with ready intelligence. At first they proceed on a slow trot, then they quicken to a canter, and then a gallop. Presently they sweep the plain; both horses lay themselves flat on the ground, and their riders bending forward, and resting their chins between their horses' ears. Had not the ground been perfectly level, had there been any undulation, the least rise or fall, the spectator, every moment, for a moment, would have lost sight of both horses and riders.

While these horses, side by side, thus appeared, flying without wings, flat as a hare, and neither gained on the other, all eyes were diverted to a new spectacle. Directly

in the rear of Dart and Lightning, a majestic black horse, of unusual size, drawing an old weather-beaten chair, strode over the plain; and, although he appeared to make no effort, for he maintained a steady trot, before Dart and Lightning approached the goal, the black horse and chair had overtaken the racers, who, on perceiving this new competitor pass them, threw back their ears, and suddenly stopped in their course. Thus neither Dart nor Lightning carried away the purse.

The spectators now were exceedingly curious to learn whence came the black horse and chair. With many it was the opinion that nobody was in the vehicle. Indeed this began to be the prevalent opinion, for those at a short distance, so fleet was the black horse, could not easily discern who, if any body, was in the carriage. But both the riders, whom the black horse passed very nearly, agreed in this particular, that a sad looking man with a little girl, was in the chair. When they stated this, I was satisfied it was Peter Rugg. But what caused no little surprise, John Spring, one of the riders, he who rode Lightning, asserted that no earthly horse without breaking his trot, could, in a carriage, outstrip his race horse: and he persisted with some passion that it was not a horse, he was sure it was not a horse, but a large black ox. "What a great black ox can do," said John, "I cannot pretend to say; but no race horse, not even Flying Childers, could out-trot Lightning in a fair race."

This opinion of John Spring excited no little merriment, for it was clearly obvious to every one, that it was a powerful black horse that interrupted the race; but John Spring, jealous of Lightning's reputation as a horse, would rather have it thought than any other beast, even an ox, had been the victor. However, the horse-laugh at John Spring's expense was soon suppressed; for as soon as Dart and Lightning began to breathe more freely, it was observed that both of them walked deliberately to the tract of the race ground, and putting their heads to the earth, they suddenly raised them again, and began to snort. They repeated this, till John Spring said, "These horses have discovered something strange; they suspect foul play; but let me go and talk with Lightning."

And he went up to Lightning and took hold of his mane; and Lightning put his nose toward the ground, and smelt of the earth without touching it, and then reared his head very high, and snorted so loudly, that the sound echoed from the next hill. Dart did the same. John Spring stooped, down to examine the spot where Lightning smelt. In a moment he raised himself up, and the countenance of the man was changed; his strength failed him, and he sidled against Lightning.

At length John Spring recovered from his stupor, and exclaimed, "it was an ox! I told you it was an ox; no real horse ever yet beat Lightning."

And now on a close inspection of the black horse's tracks in the paths it was evident to every one, that the fore feet of the black horse were cloven. Notwithstanding these appearances, to me it was evident that the strange horse was in reality a horse. Yet when the people left the race ground, I presume one half of all those present, would have testified that a large black ox had distanced two of the fleetest coursers that ever trod the Virginia turf. So uncertain are all things called historical facts.

While I was proceeding to my lodgings, pondering on the events of the day, a stranger rode up to me, and accosted me thus—"I think your name is Dunwell, sir?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Did I not see you a year or two since in Boston, at the Marlborough Hotel?"

"Very likely, sir, for I was there."

"And you heard a story about one Peter Rugg?"

"I recollect it all," said I.

"The account you heard in Boston must be true, for here he was to-day. The man has found his way to Virginia, and for aught that appears, has been to Cape Horn. I have seen him before to-day, but never saw him travel with such fearful velocity. Pray, sir, where does Peter Rugg spend his winters? for I have seen him only in summer, and always in foul weather, except at this time."

I replied, "No one knows where Peter Rugg spends his winters; where or when he eats, drinks, sleeps or lodges. He seems to have an indistinct idea of day and night, time and space, storm and sunshine. His only object is Boston. It appears to me that Rugg's horse has some control of the chair; and that Rugg himself is, in some sort, under the control of his horse."

I then inquired of the stranger, where he first saw the man and horse.

"Why, sir," said he, "in the summer of 1824, I travelled to the North for my health; and soon after I saw you at the Marlborough Hotel, I returned homeward to Virginia, and, if my memory is correct, I saw this man and horse in every state between here and Massachusetts. Sometimes he would meet me, but oftener overtake me. He never spoke but once, and that once was in Delaware. On his approach, he checked his horse with some difficulty. A more beautiful horse I never saw; his hide was as fair, and round, and glossy as the skin of a Congo beauty. When Rugg's horse approached mine, he reined in his neck, bent his ears forward until they met, and looked my horse full in the face. My horse immediately withered into half a horse; his hide curled up like a piece of burnt leather; spell-bound, he was fixed to the earth as though a nail had been driven through each hoof."

"Sir," said Rugg, "perhaps you are travelling to Boston; and if so, I should be happy to accompany you, for I have lost my way, and I must reach home to-night. See how sleepy this little girl looks. Poor thing, she is a picture of patience."

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible for you to reach home to-night, for you are in Concord, in the county of Sussex, in the state of Delaware."

"What do you mean," said he, "by the state of Delaware? If I was in Concord, that is only twenty miles from Boston, and my horse Lightfoot could carry me to Charleston ferry in two hours. You mistake, sir. You are a stranger here. This town is nothing like Concord. I am well acquainted with Concord. I went to Concord when I left Boston."

"But," said I, "you are in Concord, in the state of Delaware."

"What do you mean by state," said Rugg.

"Why, one of the United States."

"States!" said he, in a low voice; "the man is a wag,

and would persuade me I am in Holland." Then raising his voice, he said, "You seem, sir, to be a gentleman, and I entreat you to mislead me not. Tell me, quickly, for pity's sake, the right road to Boston; for you see my horse will swallow his bits, for he has eaten nothing since I left Concord."

"Sir," said I, "this town is Concord, Concord in Delaware, not Concord in Massachusetts; and you are now five hundred miles from Boston."

"Rugg looked at me for a moment more in sorrow than resentment, and then repeated, 'Five hundred miles!—unhappy man! who would have thought he had been so deranged! But nothing is so deceitful as appearances, in this world. Five hundred miles!—this beats Connecticut river.'

"What he meant by Connecticut river, I knew not. His horse broke away, and Rugg disappeared in a moment."

I explained to the stranger the meaning of Rugg's expression, "Connecticut river," and the incident respecting him, that occurred at Hartford, as I stood on the door stone of Mr. Bennett's excellent hotel. We both agreed that the man we had seen that day was the true Peter Rugg.

Soon after, I saw Rugg again, at the toll-gate on the turnpike between Alexandria and Middleburgh. While I was paying the toll, I observed to the toll-gatherer, that the drought was more severe in his vicinity than farther south.

"Yes," said he, "the drought is excessive; but if I had not heard yesterday, by a traveller, that the man with the black horse was seen in Kentucky a day or two since, I should be sure of a shower in a few minutes."

I looked all around the horizon, and could not discern a cloud that could hold a pint of water.

"Look, sir," said the toll-gatherer, "you perceive to the eastward, just rising that hill, a small black cloud not bigger than a blackberry, and while I am speaking it is doubling and trebling itself, and rolling up the turnpike steadily, as if its sole design was to deluge some object."

"True," said I, "I do perceive it; but what connexion is there between a thunder cloud and a man and horse?"

"More than you imagine, or I can tell you;—but stop a moment, sir, I may need your assistance. I know that cloud; I have seen it several times before, and can testify to its identity. You will soon see a man and black horse under it."

While he was speaking, true enough, we began to hear the distant thunder, and soon the chain lightning performed all the figures of a country dance. About a mile distant, we saw the man and black horse under the cloud; but before he arrived at the toll-gate, the thunder cloud had spent itself, and not even a sprinkle fell near us.

As the man whom I instantly knew to be Rugg, attempted to pass, the toll-gatherer swung the gate across the road, seized Rugg's horse by the reins; and demanded two dollars.

Feeling some little regard for Rugg, I interfered, and began to question the toll-gatherer, and requested him not to be wroth with the man.

The toll-gatherer replied he had just cause, for the man had run his toll ten times, and moreover that the horse had discharged a cannon ball at him, to the great danger of his life; that the man had always before approached so rapidly that he was too quick for the rusty hinges of the toll-gate; but that now he would have full satisfaction.

Rugg looked wistfully at me, and said, "I entreat you, sir, to delay me not: I have found at length the direct road to Boston, and shall not reach home before night if you detain me; you see I am dripping wet, and ought to change my clothes."

The toll-gatherer then demanded why he had run the toll so many times?

"Toll! why," said Rugg, "do you demand toll? There is no toll to pay on the king's highway."

"King's highway! do you not perceive this is a turnpike?"

"Turnpike! there are no turnpikes in Massachusetts."

"That may be, but we have several in Virginia."

"Virginia! do you pretend I am in Virginia?"

Rugg then appealing to me asked how far it was to Boston?

Said I, "Mr. Rugg, I perceive you are bewildered, and am sorry to see you so far away from home; you are indeed in Virginia."

"You know me, then, sir, it seems, and you say I am in Virginia; Give me leave to tell you, sir, you are the most impudent man alive; for I was never forty miles from Boston, and I never saw a Virginian in my life. This beats Delaware!"

"Your toll sir, your toll!"

"I will not pay you a penny," said Rugg; "you are both of you highway robbers, there are no turnpikes in this country. Take toll on the king's highway! Robbers take toll on the king's highway." Then in a low tone he said, "here is evidently a conspiracy against me; alas, I shall never see Boston! The highways refuse me a passage, the rivers change their courses, and there is no faith in the gate, and you will get it again."

I then questioned the toll-gatherer respecting his knowledge of this man; and he related the following particulars:

"The first time," said he, "that man ever passed this toll-gate was in the year 1806, at the moment of the great eclipse. I thought the horse was frightened at the sudden darkness, and concluded he had run away with the man. But within a few days after, the same man and horse repassed with equal speed, without the least respect to the toll-gate or to me, except by a vacant stare. Some few years afterwards during the late war, I saw the same man approaching again and I resolved to check his career. Accordingly I stepped into the middle of the road, and stretched wide both of my arms, and cried stop, sir, on your peril! At this, the man said, 'Now, Lightfoot, confound the robber!' at the same time, he gave the whip liberally to the flank of his horse, who bounded off with such force, that it appeared to me, two such horses, gave them a place to stand, would check the diurnal motion of the earth. An ammunition compass."

But Rugg's horse had no idea of stopping more than one minute, for in the midst of this altercation, the horse, whose nose was resting on the upper bar of the turnpike gate, seized it between his teeth, lifted it gently off its staples,

and trotted off with it. The toll-gatherer, confounded, strained his eyes after his gate.

"Let him go," said I, "the horse will soon drop your wagon which had just passed on to Baltimore, had dropped an eighteen pounder in the road; this unlucky ball lay in the way of the horse's heels, and the beast, with the sagacity of a demon, clenched it with one of his heels, and hurled it behind him. I feel dizzy in relating the fact, but so nearly did the ball pass my head, that the wind thereof blew off my hat, and the ball bedded itself in the gate post, as you may see, if you will cast your eye to the post. I have permitted it to remain there in memory of the occurrence, as the people of Boston, I am told, preserve the eighteen pounder, which is now to be seen half bedded in Brattle street church."

I then took leave of the toll-gatherer, and promised him, if I saw or heard of his gate, I would send him notice.

A strong inclination had possessed me to arrest Rugg, and search his pockets, thinking great discoveries might be made in the examination; but what I saw and heard that day convinced me that no human force could detain Peter Rugg against his consent. I therefore determined if I ever saw Rugg again to treat him in the gentlest manner.

In pursuing my way to New York, I entered the turnpike in Trenton; and when I arrived at New Brunswick, I perceived the road was newly McAdamized. The small stones had just been laid thereon. As I passed this piece of road, I observed at regular distances of about eight feet, the stones entirely displaced from spots as large as the circumference of a half bushel measure. This singular appearance induced me to inquire the cause of it at the turnpike gate.

"Sir," said the toll-gatherer, "I wonder not at the question, but I am unable to give you a satisfactory answer. Indeed, sir, I believe I am bewitched, and that the turnpike is under a spell of enchantment: for what appeared to me last night cannot be a real transaction; otherwise a turnpike gate is a useless thing."

"I do not believe in witchcraft or enchantment," said I, "and if you will relate circumstantially what happened last night, I will endeavor to account for it by natural means."

"You may recollect, the night was uncommonly dark. Well, sir, just after I had closed the gate for the night, down the turnpike, as far as my eye could reach, I beheld, what at first appeared to me, two armies engaged. The report of the musketry and the flashes of their firelocks were incessant and continuous. As this strange spectacle approached me with the fury of a tornado, the noise increased, and the appearance rolled on in one compact body over the surface of the ground. The most splendid fireworks rose out of the earth, and encircled this moving spectacle. The divers tints of the rainbow, the most brilliant dyes that the sun lays on the lap of spring, added to the whole family of gems, could not display a more beautiful, radiant, and dazzling spectacle, than accompanied the black horse. You would have thought all the stars of heaven had met in merriment on the turnpike. In the midst of this luminous configuration sat a man, distinctly to be seen, in a miserable looking chair, drawn by a black horse. The turnpike gate ought, by the laws of nature and the laws of the state, to have made a wreck of the whole, and have dissolved the enchantment; but no! the horse, without an effort, passed over the gate, and drew the man and chair horizontally after him without touching the bar. This was what I call enchantment—what think you, sir?"

"My friend," said I, "you have grossly magnified a natural occurrence. The man was Peter Rugg, on his way to Boston. It is true, his horse travelled with unequalled speed, but as he reared high his fore feet, he could not help displacing the thousand small stones on which he trod, which flying in all directions struck each other, and resounded and scintillated. The top bar of your gate is not more than two feet from the ground, and Rugg's horse at every vault could easily lift the carriage over that gate."

This satisfied Mr. McDoubt, and I was pleased at that occurrence; for otherwise Mr. McDoubt, who is a worthy man late from the Highlands, might have added to his calendar of superstitions. Having thus disenchanting the McAdamized road and the turnpike gate, and also Mr. McDoubt, I pursued my journey homeward to New York.

Little did I expect to see or hear any thing further of Mr. Rugg, for he was now more than twelve hours in advance of me. I could hear nothing of him on my way to Elizabethtown. I therefore concluded that during the past night he had turned off from the turnpike and pursued a westerly direction. But just before I arrived at Powles Hook, I observed a considerable number of passengers in the ferry boat, all standing motionless, and steadily looking at the same object. One of the ferrymen, Mr. Hardy, who well knew me, observing my approach, delayed a minute, in order to afford me a passage, and coming up, said, "Mr. Dunwell, we have got a curiosity on board that would puzzle Dr. Mitchell."

"Some strange fish, I suppose, has found its way into the Hudson."

"No," said he, "it is a man, who looks as if he had lain in the ark, and had just now ventured out. He has a little girl with him, the counterpart of himself; and the finest horse you ever saw, harnessed to the queerest looking carriage that ever was made."

"Ah, Mr. Hardy," said I, "you have, indeed, hooked a prize; no one before you could ever detain Peter Rugg long enough to examine him."

"Do you know the man?" said Mr. Hardy.

"No, nobody knows him, but every body has seen him. Detain him as long as possible; delay the boat under any pretence; cut the gear of the horse; do any thing to detain him."

As I entered the ferry boat, I was struck at the spectacle before me; there, indeed, sat Peter Rugg and Jenny Rugg in the chair, and there stood the black horse, all as quiet as lambs, surrounded by more than fifty men and women, who seemed to have lost all their senses but one. Not a motion, not a breath, not a nestle. They were all eye. Rugg appeared to them to be a man not of this world, and they appeared to Rugg a strange generation of men. Rugg spoke not, and they spoke not; nor was I disposed to disturb the calm; satisfied to reconnoitre Rugg in a state of rest. Presently, Rugg observed in a low voice, ad-



dressed to nobody, "a new contrivance—horses instead of oars; Boston folks are full of notions."

It was plain that Rugg was of Dutch extract. He had on three pair of small clothes, called in former days of simplicity, breeches, not much the worse for wear; but time had proved the fabric, and shrunk each of them more than the other, so that they discovered at the knees, their different qualities and colors. His several waistcoats, the flaps of all which rested on his knees, gave him an appearance rather corpulent. His capacious drab coat would supply the stuff for half a dozen modern ones. The sleeves were like meal bags—in the cuffs of which you might nurse a child to sleep. His hat, probably once black, now of a drab color, was neither round nor crooked, but much in shape like the one President Monroe wore on his late tour. This dress gave the rotund face of Rugg an antiquated dignity. The man, though deeply sunburnt, did not appear to be more than thirty years of age. He had lost his sad and anxious look, was quite composed, and seemed happy. The chair in which Rugg sat, was very capacious, evidently made for service, and calculated to last for ages. The timber would supply material for three modern carriages. This chair, like a Nantucket coach, would answer for every thing that ever went on wheels. The horse, too, was an object of curiosity. His majestic height, his natural mane and tail, gave him a commanding appearance, and his large open nostrils indicated inexhaustible wind. It was apparent that the hoofs of his fore feet had been split, probably on some newly McAdamized road, and were now growing together again; so that John Spring was not altogether in the wrong.

How long this dumb scene would otherwise have continued, I cannot tell. Rugg discovered no sign of impatience. But Rugg's horse having been quiet more than five minutes, had no idea of standing idle; he began to whinny, and in a moment after, with his right foot he started a plank. Said Rugg, "My horse is impatient, he sees the North End. You must be quick, or he will be ungovernable."

At these words, the horse raised his left fore foot; and when he laid it down, every inch of the ferry boat trembled. Two men immediately seized Rugg's horse by the nostrils. The horse nodded, and both of them were in the Hudson. While we were fishing up the men, the horse was perfectly quiet.

"Fret not the horse," said Rugg, "and he will do no harm. He is only anxious, like myself, to arrive at yonder beautiful shore. He sees the North Church, and smells his own stable."

"Sir," said I to Rugg, practising a little deception, "pray tell me, for I am a stranger here, what river is this, and what city is that opposite? for you seem to be an inhabitant of it."

"This river, sir, is called Mystic river, and this is Win-nisimmet ferry—we have retained the Indian names—and that town is Boston. You must, indeed, be a stranger in these parts, not to know that yonder is Boston, the capita of the New England provinces."

"Pray, sir, how long have you been absent from Boston?"

"Why, that I cannot exactly tell. I lately went with this little girl of mine to Concord to see my friends, and I am ashamed to tell you, in returning, lost the way, and have been travelling ever since. No one would direct me right. It is cruel to mislead a traveller. My horse, Lightfoot, has boxed the compass, and it seems to me he has boxed it back again. But, sir, you perceive my horse is uneasy; Lightfoot, as yet, has only given a hint and a nod. I cannot be answerable for his heels."

At these words Lightfoot reared his long tail, and snapped it as you would a whip lash. The Hudson reverberated with the sound. Instantly the six horses began to move the boat. The Hudson was a sea of glass, smooth as oil, not a ripple. The horses, from a smart trot, soon pressed into a gallop; water now ran over the gunwale: the ferry boat was soon buried in an ocean of foam, and the noise of the spray was like the roaring of many waters. When we arrived at New York, you might see the beautiful white wake of the ferry boat across the Hudson.

Though Rugg refused to pay toll at turnpikes, when Mr. Hardy reached his hand for the ferrage, Rugg readily put his hand into one of his many pockets, and took out a piece of silver, and handed it to Hardy.

"What is this?" said Mr. Hardy.

"It is thirty shillings," said Rugg.

"It might have been once thirty shillings, old tenor," said Mr. Hardy, "but it is not at present."

"The money is good English coin," said Rugg; "my grandfather brought a bag of them from England, and had them hot from the mint." Hearing this, I approached near to Rugg, and asked permission to see the coin. It was a half crown, coined by the English Parliament, dated in the year 1649. On one side, "The Commonwealth of England" and St. George's cross encircled with a wreath of laurel. On the other, "God with us," and a harp and St. George's cross united. I winked to Mr. Hardy, and pronounced it good current money; and said loudly, I would not permit the gentleman to be imposed on, for I would exchange the money myself. On this, Rugg spoke—"Please to give me your name, sir."

"My name is Dunwell, sir," I replied.

"Mr. Dunwell, you are the only honest man I have seen since I left Boston. As you are a stranger here, my house is your home; dame Rugg will be happy to see her husband's friend. Step into my chair, sir, there is room enough; move a little, Jenny, for the gentleman, and we will be in Middle street in a minute."

Accordingly I took a seat by Peter Rugg.

"Were you never in Boston before?" said Rugg.

"No," said I.

"Well, now you will see the queen of New England, a town second only to Philadelphia in all North America."

"You forget New York," said I.

"Poh, New York is nothing; though I never was there. I am told you might put all New York in our Mill pond. No, sir, New York, I assure you, is but a sorry affair, no more to be compared to Boston than a wigwam to a palace."

As Rugg's horse turned into Pearl street, I looked Rugg as fully in the face as good manners would allow, and

said, "Sir, if this is Boston, I acknowledge New York is not worthy to be one of its suburbs."

Before we had proceeded far in Pearl street, Rugg's countenance changed; he began to twitter under his ears; his eyes trembled in their sockets; he was evidently bewildered. "What is the matter, Mr. Rugg; you seem disturbed."

"This surpasses all human comprehension; if you know, sir, where we are, I beseech you to tell me."

"If this place," I replied, "is not Boston it must be New York."

"No, sir, it is not Boston; nor can it be New York. How could I be in New York, which is nearly two hundred miles from Boston?"

By this time we had passed into Broadway, and then Rugg, in truth, discovered a chaotic mind. "There is no such place as this in North America; this is all the effect of enchantment; this is a grand delusion, nothing real; here is seemingly a great city, magnificent houses, shops and goods, men and women innumerable, and as busy as in real life, all sprang up in one night from the wilderness. Or what is more probable, some tremendous convulsion of nature has thrown London or Amsterdam on the shores of New England. Or, possibly, I may be dreaming, though the night seems rather long; but before now I have sailed in one night to Amsterdam, bought goods of Voodoo, and returned to Boston before morning."

At this moment, a hue and cry was heard, "Stop the madmen, they will endanger the lives of thousands!" In vain hundreds attempted to stop Rugg's horse. Lightfoot interfered with nothing; his course was straight as a shooting star. But on my part, fearful that before night I should find myself behind the Alleghenies, I addressed Mr. Rugg in a tone of entreaty, and requested him to restrain the horse and permit me to alight.

"My friend," said he, "we shall be in Boston before dark, and dame Rugg will be most exceeding glad to see us."

"Mr. Rugg," said I, "you must excuse me, pray look to the west, see that thunder cloud swelling with rage, as if in pursuit of us."

"Ah," said Rugg, "it is vain to attempt to escape; I know that cloud is collecting new wrath to spend on my head." Then checking his horse, he permitted me to descend, saying, "farewell Mr. Dunwell, I shall be happy to see you in Boston; I live in Middle street."

It is uncertain in what direction Mr. Rugg pursued his course, after he disappeared in Broadway; but one thing is sufficiently known to every body, that in the course of two months after he was seen in New York, he found his way most opportunely to Boston.

It seems the estate of Peter Rugg had recently escheated to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for want of heirs; and the legislature had ordered the Solicitor General to advertise and sell it at public auction. Happening to be in Boston at the time, and observing his advertisement, which described a considerable extent of land, I felt a kindly curiosity to see the spot where Rugg once lived. Taking the advertisement in my hand, I wandered a little way down Middle street, and, without asking a question of any one, when I came to a certain spot, I said to myself, "This is Rugg's estate—I will proceed no further—this must be the spot; it is a counterpart of Peter Rugg." The premises, indeed, looked as if they had accomplished a sad prophecy. Fronting on Middle street, they extended in the rear to Ann street, and embraced about half an acre of land. It was not uncommon in former times to have half an acre for a house lot; for an acre of land then, in many parts of Boston, was not more valuable than a foot in some places at present. The old mansion house had become a powder-post, and had been blown away. One other building, uninhabited, stood ominous, courting dilapidation. The street had been so much raised, that the bed chamber had descended to the kitchen, and was level with the street. The house seemed conscious of its fate and, as though tired of standing there, the front was fast retreating from the rear, and waiting the next south wind to project itself into the street. If the most weary animals had sought a place of refuge, here they would have rendezvoused. Here, under the ridge-pole, the crow would have perched in security; and in the recesses below, you might have caught the fox and the weasel asleep. The hand of destiny, said I, has pressed heavy on this spot; still heavier on the former owners. Strange that so large a lot of land as this should want an heir! Yet Peter Rugg, at this day, might pass by his own door stone, and ask, "who once lived there?"

The auctioneer, appointed by the Solicitor to sell this estate, was a man of eloquence, as many of the auctioneers of Boston are. The occasion seemed to warrant, and his duty urged him to make a display. He addressed his audience as follows:

"The estate, gentlemen, which we offer you this day, was once the property of a family now extinct. It has escheated to the Commonwealth for the want of heirs. Let any one of you should be deterred from bidding on so large an estate as this, for fear of a disputed title, I am authorized, by the Solicitor General, to proclaim that the purchaser shall have the best of all titles, a warranty deed from the Commonwealth. I state this, gentlemen, because I know there is an idle rumor in this vicinity, that one Peter Rugg, the original owner of this estate, is still living. This rumor, gentlemen, has no foundation, and can have no foundation in the nature of things. It originated about two years since, from the incredible story of one Jonathan Dunwell, of New York. Mrs. Croft, indeed, whose husband I see present, and whose mouth waters for this estate, has countenanced this fiction. But gentlemen, was it ever known that any estate, especially an estate of this value, lay unclaimed for nearly half a century, if any heir, ever so remote, was existing? For, gentlemen, all agree, that old Peter Rugg, if living, would be at least one hundred years of age. It is said that he and his daughter, with a horse and chaise, were missed more than half a century ago; and because they never returned home, forsooth, they must be now living, and will, some day, come and claim this great estate. Such logic, gentlemen, never led to a good investment. Let not this idle story cross the noble purpose of consigning these ruins to the genius of architecture. If such a contingency could check the spirit of enterprise, farewell to all mercantile excitement. Your surplus money, instead of refreshing your sleep with the golden dreams of new sources of speculation, would turn to the

nightmare. A man's money, if not employed, serves only to disturb his rest. Look, then, to the prospect before you. Here is half an acre of land, more than twenty thousand square feet, a corner lot, with wonderful capabilities; none of your contracted lots of forty feet by fifty, where, in dog days, you can breathe only through your scuttles. On the contrary, an architect cannot contemplate this extensive lot without rapture, for here is room enough for his genius to shame the temple of Solomon. Then, the prospect, how commanding! To the east, so near to the Atlantic, that Neptune, freighted with the select treasures of the whole earth, can knock at your door with his trident. From the west, all the produce of the river of paradise, the Connecticut, will soon, by the blessings of steam, rail ways and canals, pass under your windows; and thus, on this spot, Neptune shall marry Ceres, and Pomona from Roxbury, and Flora from Cambridge, shall dance at the wedding.

Gentlemen of science, men of taste, ye of the Literary Emporium, for I perceive many of you present: to you, this is holy ground. If the spot over which, in times past, a hero left only the print of a footstep, is now sacred, of what price is the birth-place of one, who, all the world knows, was born in Middle street, directly opposite to this lot; and who, if his birth-place was not well known, would now be claimed by more than seven cities. To you, then, the value of these premises must be incalculable. For, ere long, there will arise in front view of the edifice to be erected here, a monument, the wonder and veneration of the world. A column shall spring to the clouds; and on that column will be engraven one word, that will convey all that is wise in intellect, useful in science, good in morals, prudent in counsel, and benevolent in principle; a name, when living, the patron of the poor, the delight of the cottage, and the admiration of kings; now dead, worth the whole seven wise men of Greece. Need I tell you his name? He fixed the thunder and guided the lightning.

Men of the North End! Need I appeal to your patriotism, in order to enhance the value of this lot? The earth affords no such scenery as this; there, around that corner, lived James Otis; here, Samuel Adams; there, Joseph Warren; and around that other corner, Josiah Quincy. Here was the birth-place of Freedom; here, Liberty was born, and nursed, and grew to manhood. Here, man was new created. Here is the nursery of American Independence—I am too modest—here commenced the emancipation of the world! A thousand generations hence, millions of men will cross the Atlantic, just to look at the North End of Boston. Your fathers—what do I say? Yourself, yes, this moment I behold several attending this auction who lent a hand to rock the cradle of Independence.

Men of speculation! Ye who are deaf to every thing except the sound of money, you, I know, will give me both of your ears when I tell you, the city of Boston must have a piece of this estate, in order to widen Ann street. Do you hear me? Do you all hear me? I say the city must have a large piece of this land in order to widen Ann street. What a chance! The city scorns to take a man's land for nothing. If they seize your property, they are generous beyond the dreams of avarice. The only oppression is, you are in danger of being smothered under a load of wealth. Witness the old lady who lately died of a broken heart, when the Mayor paid her for a piece of her kitchen garden. All the faculty agreed that the sight of the treasure, which the Mayor incautiously paid her in dazzling dollars, warm from the mint, sped joyfully all the blood of her body into her heart, and rent it in raptures. Therefore, let him who purchases this estate, fear his good fortune, and not Peter Rugg. Bid, then, liberally, and do not let the name of Rugg damp your ardor. How much will you give per foot for this estate?

Thus spoke the auctioneer, and gracefully waved his ivory hammer. From fifty to seventy-five cents per foot, were offered in a few moments. It labored from seventy-five to ninety. At length one dollar was offered. The auctioneer seemed satisfied; and looking at his watch, said he would knock off the estate in five minutes, if no one offered more.

There was a deep silence during this short period. While the hammer was suspended, a strange rumbling noise was heard, which arrested the attention of every one.

Presently it was like the sound of many ship-wrights driving home the bolts of a seventy-four. As the sound approached nearer, some exclaimed, "the buildings in the new market are falling in promiscuous ruins." Others said not so; the sound proceeds from Hanover street, and approaches nearer; and this proved true, for presently Peter Rugg was in the midst of us.

"Alas, Jenny," said Peter, "I am ruined; our house has been burnt, and here are all our neighbors around the ruins. Heaven grant your mother dame Rugg is safe."

"They don't look like our neighbors," said Jenny; "but sure enough our house is burnt, and nothing left but the door stone, and the old cedar post—do ask where mother is!"

In the mean time more than a thousand men had surrounded Rugg, and his horse and chair. Yet neither Rugg, personally, nor his horse and carriage attracted more attention than the auctioneer. The confident look and searching eye of Rugg, to every one present, carried more conviction, that the estate was his, than could any parchment or paper with signature and seal. The impression which the auctioneer had just made on the company was effaced in a moment: and although the latter words of the auctioneer were, "fear not Peter Rugg," the moment the auctioneer met the eye of Rugg, his occupation was gone, his arm fell down to his hips, his late lively hammer hung heavy in his hand, and the auction was forgotten. The black horse, too, gave his evidence. He knew his journey was ended, for he stretched himself into a horse and a half, rested his cheek bone over the cedar post and whinced thrice, causing his harness to tremble from headstall to crupper.

Rugg then stood upright in his chair, and asked with some authority, "Who has demolished my house, in my absence, for I see no signs of a conflagration? I demand by what accident this has happened and wherefore this collection of strange people has assembled before my doorstep? I thought I knew every man in Boston, but you appear to me as a new generation of men. Yet I am familiar with many of the countenances here present, and I can call some of you by name; but in truth I do not recollect that before this moment, I ever saw any one of you."

There, I am certain, is a Winslow, and here a Sargent; there stands a Sewall, and next to him a Dudley. Will none of you speak to me? Or is this all a delusion? I see indeed many forms of men, and no want of eyes, but of motion, speech and hearing, you seem to be destitute. Strange! will no one inform me who has demolished my house?"

Then spake a voice from the crowd, whence it came I could not discern. "There is nothing strange here but yourself, Mr. Rugg. Time which destroys and renews all things, has dilapidated your house, and placed us here. You have suffered many years under an illusion. The tempest which you profanely defied at Menotomy has at length subsided; but you will never see home; for your house and wife and neighbors have all disappeared.

Your estate indeed remains, but no home. You were cut off from the last age, and you can never be fitted to the present. Your home is gone and you can never have another home in this world."

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

Since he could derive no title through the conveyance of Harry Dreddlington (which had been got in by Geoffrey Dreddlington,) owing to the death of the former in his father's lifetime, as he (Mr. Aubrey) understood from his advisers could be easily proved by the present claimant of the property; the right of accession of Geoffrey Dreddlington's descendants depended entirely upon the fact whether or not Stephen Dreddlington had really died without issue; and as to that, certain anxious and extensive inquiries instituted by Messrs. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson, in pursuance of the suggestions of their able and experienced counsel, had led them to entertain serious doubts concerning the right of Geoffrey's descendants to enter into possession. By what means his opponents had obtained their clue to the state of his title, neither he nor any of his advisers could frame a plausible conjecture. It was certainly possible that Stephen Dreddlington, who was known to have been a man, like his uncle Harry, of wild and eccentric habits, and to have been supposed to leave no issue, might have married privately some woman of inferior station, and left issue by her, who, living in obscurity, and at a distance from the seat of the family property, could have no opportunity of inquiring into or ascertaining their position with reference to the estates, till some acute and enterprising attorneys, like Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, happening to get hold of them, and family papers in their possession, had taken up their case. When, with impressions such as these, Mr. Aubrey perused and re-perused the opinions of the conveyancer given on the occasion of his (Mr. Aubrey's) marriage, he was confounded at the supineness and indifference which he had even twice exhibited, and felt disposed now greatly to overvalue the importance of every adverse circumstance. The boldness, again, and systematic energy with which the case of the claimant was prosecuted, and the eminent legal opinions which were alleged, and with every appearance of truth, to concur in his favor, afforded additional grounds for rational apprehension. He looked the danger, however, full in the face, and as far as lay in his power, prepared for the evil day which might so soon come upon him. Certain extensive and somewhat costly alterations which he had been on the point of commencing at Yatton, he abandoned. But for the earnest interference of friends, he would have at once given up his establishment in Grosvenor street, and applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to retire from political life. Considering the possibility of his soon being declared the wrongful holder of the property, he contracted his expenditure as far as he could, without challenging unnecessary public attention; and paid into his banker's hands all his Christmas rents, sacredly resolving to abstain from drawing out one farthing of what might soon be proved to belong to another. At every point occurred the dreadful question—If I am declared never to have been the rightful owner of the property, how am I to discharge my frightful liabilities to him who is? Mr. Aubrey had nothing, except the Yatton property. He had but an insignificant sum in the funds; Mrs. Aubrey's settlement was out of lands at Yatton, as also was the little income bequeathed to Kate by her father. Could any thing, now, be conceived more dreadful, under these circumstances, than the mere danger—the slightest probability—of their being deprived of Yatton?—and with a debt of at the very least *sixty thousand pounds*, due to him who had been wrongfully kept out of his property? That was the millstone which seemed to drag them all to the bottom. Against that, what could the kindness of the most generous friends, what could his own most desperate exertions, avail? All this had poor Aubrey constantly before his eyes, together with—his wife, his sister, his children. What was to become of them? It was long before the real nature and extent of his danger became known amongst his friends and neighbors. When, however, they were made aware of it, an extraordinary interest and sympathy were excited throughout almost the whole county. Whenever his attorney, Mr. Parkinson, appeared in public, he was besieged by most anxious inquiries concerning his distinguished client, whose manly modesty and fortitude, under the pressure of his sudden and almost unprecedented difficulty and peril, endeared him more than ever to all who had an opportunity of appreciating his position. With what intense and absorbing interest were the ensuing *assizes* looked for! At length they arrived.

The ancient city of York exhibited, on the commission day of the Spring Assizes for the year 18—, the usual scene of animation and excitement. The High Sheriff, attended by an imposing retinue, went out to meet the Judges, and escorted them, amidst the shrill clangor of trumpets, to the Castle, where the commission was opened with the usual formalities. The Judges were Lord Widdrington, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Mr. Justice Grayley, a pious judge of the same court—both admirable lawyers. The former was possessed of the more powerful intellect. He was what may be called a great scientific lawyer, referring every thing to principle, as extracted from

precedent. Mr. Justice Grayley was almost unrivalled in his knowledge of the details of the law; his governing maxim being *ita lex scripta*. Here his knowledge was equally minute and accurate, and most readily applied to every case brought before him. Never sat there upon the bench a more pains-taking judge—one more anxious to do right equally in great things as in small. Both were men of rigid integrity: 'tis a glorious thing to be able to add—when, for centuries, have other than men of rigid integrity sat upon the English Bench? Lord Widdrington, however, in temper was stern, arbitrary, and overbearing, and his manners were tinged with not a little coarseness; while his companion was a man of exemplary amiability, affability, and forbearance. Lord Widdrington presided at the Civil Court (where, of course, would come on the important cause in which we are interested), and Mr. Justice Grayley in the Criminal Court.

Soon after the sitting of the court, on the ensuing morning—"Will your lordship allow me," rose and inquired the sleek, smiling, and portly Mr. Subtle, dead silence prevailing as soon as he had mentioned the name of the cause about which he was inquiring, "to call your attention to a cause of *Doe on the demise of Titmouse v. Joller*—a special jury cause, in which there are a great many witnesses to be examined on both sides—and to ask that a day may be fixed for it to come on?"

"Whom do you appear for, Mr. Subtle?" inquired his Lordship.

"For the plaintiff, my Lord."

"And who appears for the defendant?"

"The Attorney-General leads for the defendant, my Lord," replied Mr. Sterling, who, with Mr. Crystal, was also retained for the defendant.

"Well, perhaps you can agree between yourselves upon a day, and in the mean time similar arrangements may be made for any other special jury causes that may require it." After due consultation, Monday week was agreed upon by the parties, and fixed by his lordship, for the trial of the cause. During the Sunday preceding it, York was crowded with persons of the highest distinction from all parts of the county, who felt interested in the result of the great cause of the assizes. About mid-day a dusty travelling carriage and four dashed into the streets from the London road, and drove up to the principal inn; it contained the Attorney-General (who had just finished reading his brief as he entered York,) and his clerk. The Attorney-General was a man of striking and highly intellectual countenance; but he looked, on alighting, somewhat fatigued with his long journey. He was a man of extraordinary natural talents, and also a first-rate lawyer—one whose right to take the woolpack, whenever it should become vacant, was recognised by all the profession. His professional celebrity, and his coming down special on the present occasion, added to the circumstance of his being well known to be a personal friend of his client, Mr. Aubrey—whence it might be inferred that his great powers would be exerted to their utmost—was well calculated to enhance the interest, if that were possible, of the occasion which had brought him down at so great an expense, and to sustain so heavy a responsibility as the conduct of a cause of such magnitude.

He came to lead against a formidable opponent. Mr. Subtle was the leader of the Northern circuit, a man of matchless tact and practical sagacity, and most consummately skilful in the conduct of a cause. The only thing he ever looked at was the verdict, to the gaining of which he directed all his energies, and sacrificed every other consideration. As for display, he despised it. A speech, as such, was his aversion. He entered into a friendly, but exquisitely crafty conversation with the jury; for he was so quick at perceiving the effect of his address on the mind of each of the twelve, and dexterous in accommodating himself to what he detected to be the passing mood of each, that they felt as if they were all the while reasoning with, and being convinced by him. His placid, smiling, handsome countenance, his gentlemanly bearing and inimitable address, full of good-natured, cheerful confidence in his cause, were irresistible. He flattered, he soothed, he fascinated the jury, producing an effect upon their minds which they often felt indignant at his opponent's attempting to efface. In fact, as a *visi prius* leader he was unrivalled, as well in stating as in arguing a case, as well in examining as cross examining a witness. It required no little practical skill to form an adequate estimate of Mr. Subtle's skill in the management of a cause; for he did every thing with such a smiling, careless, unconcerned air, in the great pinch and strain of a case, equally as in the pettiest details, that you would be apt to suspect that none but the easiest and most straight-forward cases fell to his lot.

Titmouse, Titmouse, methinks the fates favored you in assigning to you Mr. Subtle!

Next came Mr. Quicksilver, a man of great but wild energy, who received what may be called a *suffring* retainer. What a contrast was he to Mr. Subtle! The first and the last thing he thought of in a cause, was—himself. His delight was to make the jury feel as if a whirlwind was raging about them, and he the spirit who had raised it. His object was either to dazzle or terrify them. He wrapped himself round in the gleaming garment of display; the gaudy patchwork of multifarious superficial acquirements: this was the strange, noisy object, flinging about wildly, in all directions, the firebrands and arrows of sarcasm and invective, that occupied their eye and ear till he had ceased; neither he nor they were thinking all the while of his dismayed and injured client, till reminded of him by the adverse charge of the judge, accompanied by a slight sneer and shrug of the shoulders from Mr. Subtle. As for law, probably there was no man in court, wearing wig and gown, who was not his superior, or at least his equal. Why, then, was such a man retained in the cause? 'Twas a fancy of Quirk's, a vast political admirer of Quicksilver's who had made one or two most splendid speeches for him in libel cases brought against the *Sunday Flash*. Gammon most earnestly expostulated, but Quirk was inexorable; and himself carried his retainer to Mr. Quicksilver. Gammon, however, was somewhat consoled by the reflection, that this wild elephant would be in a manner held in check by Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx, who, he hoped, would prevent any serious mischief from happening. Lynx possessed the qualities which his name would sug-

gest to you. I have partly described him already. He was a man of minute accuracy; and "got up" every case in which he was engaged as if his life had depended on the result. Nothing escaped him. He kept his mind constantly even with the current of the cause. He was a man to steer a leader, if ever that leader should get, for an instant, on the wrong tack, or be uncertain as to his course. His suggestion and interference—rare, indeed, with such a man as Mr. Subtle, incessant with Mr. Quicksilver—were always worth attending to, and consequently received with deference.

For Mr. Aubrey also was retained a formidable bar. Mr. Attorney-General was a man much superior in point of intellect and legal knowledge, to Mr. Subtle. His mind was distinguished by its tranquil power. He had a rare and invaluable faculty of arraying before his mind's eye all the facts and bearings of the most intricate case, and contemplating them, as it were, not successively, but simultaneously. His perception was quick as light; and, at the same time—rare, most rare accomplishment!—his judgement sound, his memory signally retentive. Inferior, possibly, to Mr. Subtle in rapid and delicate appreciation of momentary advantages, he was sagacious where Mr. Subtle was only ingenious. Mr. Attorney-General had as much weight with the judge as Mr. Subtle with the jury. With the former, there was a candor and straightforwardness—a dignified simplicity—which insensibly won the confidence of the judge: who, on the other hand, felt himself obliged to be ever on his guard against the slippery sophistries of Mr. Subtle, whom he thus got to regard with constant suspicion.

Mr. Sterling, the second counsel for the defendant, was a king's counsel, add a rival of Mr. Subtle upon the circuit. He was a man of great power; and, on important occasions, no man at the bar could acquit himself with more distinction. As a speaker, he was eloquent and impressive, perhaps deficient in vivacity; but he was a man of clear and powerful intellect; prompt in seizing the bearings of a case; a capital lawyer; and possessing, even on the most trying occasions, imperturbable self-possession.

Mr. Crystal, with all his faults of manner and bearing, was an honorable high-minded man; clear-sighted and strong-headed; an accurate and ready lawyer; vigilant and acute—but of him I have spoken before.

See, then, the combatants: for Titmouse—Mr. Subtle, Mr. Quicksilver, Mr. Lynx: for Mr. Aubrey—Mr. Attorney-General, Mr. Sterling, Mr. Crystal.

The consultation of each party was long and anxious.

About eight o'clock on the Sunday evening, at Mr. Subtle's lodgings, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, accompanied by Mr. Mortmain, whom they had brought down to watch the case, made their appearance shortly after Mr. Quicksilver and Mr. Lynx.

"Our case seems complete, now," said Mr. Subtle, casting a penetrating and most significant glance at Messrs. Quirk and Gammon, and then at his juniors, to whom, before the arrival of their clients and Mr. Mortmain, he had been mentioning the essential link which, a month before, he had pointed out as missing, and the marvellous good fortune by which they had been able to supply it at the eleventh hour.

"That Tombstone's a godsend, Subtle, is n't it?" said Quicksilver, with a grim smile. Lynx neither smiled nor spoke. He was a very matter-of-fact person. So as the case came out clear and nice in court, he cared about nothing more. But whatever might be the insinuation or suspicion implied in the observation of Mr. Subtle, the reader must, by this time, be well aware how little it was warranted by the facts.

"I shall open it very quietly," said Mr. Subtle, putting into his pocket his penknife, with which he had been paring his nails, while Mr. Quicksilver had been talking very fast. "What do you think, Mr. Lynx? Had I better allude boldly to the conveyance executed by Harry Dreddlington, and which becomes useless as soon as we prove his death in his father's life-time?"

"Ah! there's that blessed tombstone again," interposed Quicksilver.

"Or," resumed Mr. Subtle, "content myself with barely making out our pedigree, and let it come from the other side?"

"I think, perhaps, that the latter would be the quieter and safer course," replied Lynx.

"By the way, gentlemen," said Mr. Subtle, suddenly, addressing Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, "how do we come to know any thing about the mortgage executed by Harry Dreddlington?"

"Oh! that you know," replied Quirk quickly, "we first got scent of in Mr. —" Here he paused suddenly, and turned quite red.

"It was suggested," said Gammon calmly, "by one of the gentlemen whose opinions we have taken in the case—I forget by whom—that, from some recital, it was probable that there existed some such an instrument; and that put us on making inquiry."

"Nothing more likely," added Mortmain, "than that it, or an abstract, or minute of it, should get into Stephen Dreddlington's hands."

"Ah! well! well!—I must say there's rather an air of mystery about the case. But—about the tombstone—what sort of witnesses will speak?"

"Will that evidence be requisite," inquired Lynx, "in the plaintiff's case? All we shall have to do, will be to prove the fact that Harry died without issue, of which there's satisfactory evidence; and as to the time of his death, that will become material only if they put in the conveyance of Harry."

"True—true; ah! I'll turn that over in my mind. Rely upon it, I'll give Mr. Attorney-General as little to lay hold of as possible. Thank you, Mr. Lynx, for the hint. Now, gentlemen, one other question. What kind of looking people are the witnesses who prove the later steps of the pedigree of Mr. Titmouse? Respectable? Eh? You know a great deal will depend on the credit they will obtain with the jury."

"They're very decent, creditable persons, you will find, sir," said Gammon.

"Good, good. Who struck the special jury?"

"We did, sir."

"Well, I must say that was a very prudent step for you to take! considering the rank in life and circumstances of the respective parties! However, to be sure, if you did n't,



they would—so—well; good night, gentlemen, good night." So the consultation broke up; and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap returned home to their inn, in a very serious and anxious mood.

"You're a marvellous prudent person, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, in a somewhat fierce whisper, as they walked along, "I suppose you would have gone on to explain the little matter of Steggers, and so have had our brief thrown at our heads."

"Well, well, that was a slip." Here they reached their inn. Titmouse was staying there; and in Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's absence, he had got very drunk, and was quarrelling under the archway with Boots; so they ordered him to bed, they themselves sitting up till a very late hour in the morning.

The consultation at the Attorney-General's had taken place about three o'clock in the afternoon, within an hour after his arrival; and had been attended by Messrs. Sterling, Crystal and Mansfield—by Mr. Runnington and by Mr. Parkinson, and by Mr. Aubrey, whom the Attorney-General received with the most earnest expressions of sympathy and friendship; listening to every question and every observation of his with the utmost deference.

"It would be both idle and unkind to disguise from you, Aubrey," said he, "that our position is somewhat precarious. It depends entirely on the chance we may have of breaking down the plaintiff's case; for we have but a slender case of our own. I suppose they can bring proof of the death of Harry Dreddlington in his father's lifetime?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Mr. Parkinson, "there is an old tombstone behind Yatton church which establishes that fact beyond all doubt; and a week or two ago no fewer than five or six persons have been carefully inspecting it; doubtless they will be called as witnesses to-morrow."

"I feared as much. Then are ours more than watching briefs. Depend upon it, they would not have carried on the affair with so high a hand, if they had not pretty firm ground under foot! Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap are tolerably well known in town—not over-scrupulous, eh, Mr. Runnington?"

"Indeed, Mr. Attorney, you are right. I do not doubt they are prepared to go all lengths."

"Well, we'll sift their evidence pretty closely at any rate. So you really have reason to fear, as you intimated when you entered the room, that they have valid evidence of Stephen Dreddlington having left issue?"

"Mr. Snap told me," said Mr. Parkinson, "this morning, that they would prove issue of Stephen Dreddlington, and issue of that issue, as clean as a whistle—that was his phrase."

"We must not take all for gospel that he would say."

"They've got two houses filled with witnesses, I understand," said Mr. Runnington.

"Do they seem Yorkshire people, or strangers?"

"Why, most of them that I have seen," replied Parkinson, "seem strangers."

"Ah, they will prove, I suppose, the later steps of the pedigree, when Stephen Dreddlington married at a distance from his native country."

They then entered into a very full and minute examination of the case; after which, "Well," said the Attorney-General, evidently fatigued with his long journey, and rising from his chair, "we must trust to what will turn up in the chapter of accidents to-morrow. I shall be expected to dine with the bar to-day," he added, "but immediately after dinner—say at seven o'clock, I shall be here, and at your service, if any thing should be required." Then the consultation broke up. Mr. Aubrey had, at their earnest entreaty, brought Mrs. Aubrey and Kate from Yatton, on Saturday; for they declared themselves unable to bear the dreadful suspense in which they should be left at Yatton. Yielding, therefore, to these their very reasonable wishes, he had engaged private lodgings at the outskirts of the town. On quitting the consultation, which, without at the same time affecting over-strictness, he had regretted being fixed on Sunday—but the necessity of the case appeared to warrant it—he repaired to the magnificent minister, where the evening prayers were being read, and where were Mrs. Aubrey and Kate. They were chanting the prayers as he entered, and was placed in a stall nearly opposite to where those he loved so fondly were standing. The psalms allotted for the evening were those in which the royal sufferer, David, was pouring forth the deepest sorrows of his heart; and their appropriateness to his own state of mind, added to the effect produced by the melting melody in which they were conveyed to his ears, excited in him, and he perceived also, in those opposite, the deepest emotion. The glorious pile was beginning to grow dusky with the stealing shadows of evening; and the solemn and sublime strains of the organ, during the playing of the anthem, filled the minds of all present who had any pretensions to sensibility, with mingled feelings of tenderness and awe. Those in whom we are so deeply interested felt their minds at once subdued and elevated; and as they quitted the darkening fabric through which the pealing tones of the organ were yet reverberating, they could not help inquiring, should they ever enter it again, and in what altered circumstances it might be?

To return, however—though it is, indeed, like descending from the holy mountain into the bustle and hubbub of the city at its foot—Mr. Parkinson being most unexpectedly and unfortunately summoned to Grilston that afternoon, in order to send up some deeds of one of his distinguished clients to London, for the purpose of immediately effecting a mortgage, set off in a post-chaise, at top speed, in a very unenviable frame of mind; and by seven o'clock was seated in his office at Grilston, busily turning over a great number of deeds and papers, in a large tin-case, with the words "Right Honorable the Earl of Yelverton," painted on the outside. Having turned over almost every thing inside, and found all that he wanted, he was going to toss back again all the deeds which were not requisite for his immediate purpose, when he happened to see one lying at the very bottom, which he had not before observed. It was not a large, but an old deed—and he took it up and hastily examined it.

We have seen a piece of unexpected good fortune on the part of Gammon and his client; and the reader will not be disappointed at finding something of a similar kind befalling Mr. Aubrey, even at the eleventh hour. Mr. Parkinson's journey, which he had execrated a hundred times over as

he came down, produced a discovery which made him tremble all over with agitation and excitement, and begin to look upon it as almost owing to an interference of Providence. The deed he looked at bore an endorsement of the name of "Dreddlington." After a hasty glance over its contents, he tried to recollect by what accident a document belonging to Mr. Aubrey, could have found its way into the box containing Lord Yelverton's deeds; and it at length occurred to him that, about a twelvemonth before, Mr. Aubrey had proposed advancing several thousand pounds to Lord Yelverton, on mortgage of a portion of his lordship's property—but which negotiation had afterwards been broken off; that Mr. Aubrey's title-deeds happened to be at the same time open and loose in his office—and he recollected having considerable trouble in separating the respective documents which had got mixed together. This one, after all, had been, by some accident, overlooked, till it turned up in this most timely and extraordinary manner! Having hastily effected the object which had brought him back to Grilston, he ordered a post-chaise and four, and within a quarter of an hour was thundering back, at top speed, on his way to York, which, the horses reeking and foaming, he reached a little after ten o'clock. He jumped out, with the precious deed in his pocket, the instant that his chaise-door was opened, and ran off, without saying more than—"I'm gone to the Attorney-General's." This was heard by many passers-by and persons standing round; and it spread far and wide that something of the utmost importance had transpired, with reference to the great ejection case of Mr. Aubrey. Soon afterward messengers and clerks belonging to Mr. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson, were to be seen running to and fro, summoning Mr. Sterling, Mr. Crystal, Mr. Mansfield, and also Mr. Aubrey, to a second consultation at the Attorney-General's. About eleven o'clock they were all assembled. The deed which had occasioned all this excitement, was one calculated indeed to produce that effect; and it filled the minds of all present with astonishment and delight. In a word, it was a deed of confirmation by old Dreddlington, the father of Harry Dreddlington, of the conveyance by the latter to Geoffrey Dreddlington, who, in the manner already mentioned to the reader, had got an assignment of that conveyance to himself. After the Attorney-General had satisfied himself as to the account to be given of the deed—the custody from whence it came, namely, the attorney for the defendant; Mr. Parkinson undertaking to swear, without any hesitation, that whatever deeds of Mr. Aubrey's he possessed he had taken from the manor-house at Yatton, the second consultation broke up. Mr. Aubrey, on hearing the nature and effect of the instrument explained by the Attorney-General, and Mr. Mansfield—and all his counsel, in short concurring in opinion as to the triumphant effect which this instrument would produce on the morrow, may be pardoned for regarding it, in the excitement of the moment, as almost a direct interference of Providence.

A few minutes before nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, the occasional shrill blasts of the trumpets announced that the judges were on their way to the castle, the approaches to which were crowded with carriages and pedestrians of a highly respectable appearance. As the clock finished striking nine, Lord Widdrington took his seat, and the swearing of the special jury commenced. The court was crowded almost to suffocation; all the chief places being filled with persons of distinction in the county. The benches on each side of the judge were occupied by ladies, who—especially the Countess of Oldacre, and Lady De La Zouch—evinced a painful degree of anxiety and excitement in their countenances and demeanor. The bar also mustered in great force; the crown court being quite deserted, although a great murder case was going on there. The civil court was, on the present occasion, the point of attraction, not only on account of the interesting nature of the case to be tried, but of the keen contest that was expected between the Attorney-General and Mr. Subtle. The former, as he entered—his commanding features gazed at by many an anxious eye with hope, and a feeling that on his skill and learning depended that day the destination of the Yatton property—bowed to the judge, and then nodded and shook hands with several of the counsel nearest to him; then he sat down, and opening his bag, took out his huge brief, and began turning over its leaves with a calm and attentive air, occasionally turning round and conversing with his juniors. Every one present observed that the defendant's counsel and attorneys wore the confident looks of winning men; while their opponents, quick-sighted enough, also observed the circumstance, and looked, on that account alone, a shade more anxious than when they had entered the court. Mr. Subtle requested Gammon, whose ability he had soon detected, to sit immediately beneath him; next to Gammon sat Quirk, then Snap, and beside him, Mr. Titmouse, with a staring sky-blue flowered silk handkerchief round his neck, a gaudy waistcoat, a tight surtout, and white kid gloves. He looked exceedingly pale, and dared hardly interchange a word with even Snap, who was just as irritable and excited as his senior partners.

It was quickly known all over the court who Titmouse was. Mr. Aubrey scarcely showed himself in court all day, though he stood at the door near the bench, and could hear all that passed; Lord De la Zouch, and one or two other personal friends, standing with him, engaged, from time to time, in anxious conversation. The jury having been sworn, Mr. Lynx rose, and in a few hurried sentences, intimated the nature of the pleadings in the cause. The Attorney-General then rose, and requested that all the witnesses might leave the court. As soon as the little disturbance occasioned by this move had ceased, Mr. Subtle rose, and in a low but distinct tone, said, "May it please your Lordship—Gentlemen of the Jury—in this cause I have the honor to appear before you as counsel for the plaintiff; and it now becomes my duty to state, as briefly as I can, the nature of his case. It is impossible, gentlemen, not to notice the unusual interest excited by the cause; and which may be accounted for by the very large estates in this county which are sought this day to be transferred to a comparative stranger, from the family who have long enjoyed them, and of whom I am anxious to say every thing respectful; for you will very soon find that the name on the record is that of only the nominal defendant: and although all that is professed to be this day sought for, is a very trifling portion of the property, your verdict will undoubtedly decide the question as to the true ownership and enjoyment

of the large estates now held by the gentleman who is the substantial defendant—I mean Mr. Aubrey, the member of Parliament for the borough of Yatton." Aware of the watchful and formidable opponent who would in due time answer him, and also of being himself entitled to the general reply—to the last word—Mr. Subtle proceeded to state the nature of the plaintiff's case with the utmost brevity and clearness. Scarcely any sound was heard but that of the pens of the short-hand writers, and of the counsel taking their notes. Mr. Subtle, having handed up two or three copies of the pedigree which he held in his hand to the judge and jury, pointed out with distinctness and precision every link in the chain of evidence which he intended to lay before the jury; and having done this—having presented as few salient points of attack to his opponent as he possibly could—he sat down, professing his entire ignorance of what case could be set up in answer to that which he had opened. He had not been on his legs quite half an hour; and when he ceased—how he had disappointed every one present, except the judge and the bar! Instead of a speech befitting so great an occasion—impressive and eloquent—here had been a brief, dry statement of a few uninteresting facts—dates, births, deaths, marriages—without a single touch of feeling or ray of eloquence. The momentary feeling of disappointment in the audience, however—almost all of whom, it may easily be believed, were in the interest of the Aubreys—quickly yielded to one of satisfaction and relief; as they thought they might regard so meagre a speech as heralding in as meagre a case. As soon as he had sat down, Mr. Quicksilver rose, and called the first witness. "We're safe!" whispered the Attorney-General to Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal; and the witness having been sworn they resumed their seats and their writing. He and the subsequent one established one or two preliminary and formal points—the Attorney-General scarcely rising to put a question to them. The third witness was examined by Mr. Subtle, with apparent unconcern, but really with exquisite anxiety. From the earnestness and attention with which the words of the witness were watched, and taken down by both the judge and the counsel, who knew much better than the audience where the strain of the case commenced, it must have appeared to the latter, that either Mr. Subtle underestimated, or his opponents overestimated, the value of the evidence now in process of being extracted by Mr. Subtle, in short, easy, pointed questions, and with a smiling countenance.

"Not so fast, sir," gruffly interposed Lord Widdrington, addressing the witness.

"Take time, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Subtle, blandly, fearful of ruffling or discomposing an important witness. The Attorney-General rose to cross-examine; he pressed him quietly but closely; varied the shape of his questions; now he soothed, then he flattered; but sat down, evidently having produced no impression. Thus it was with one or two succeeding witnesses; the Attorney-General, on each occasion, resuming his seat after his abortive efforts with perfect composure. At length, however, by a very admirable and well-sustained fire of cross-questioning, he completely demolished a material witness; and the hopes of all interested in behalf of his clients rose high. Mr. Subtle, who had been all the while paring his nails, and from time to time smiling with a careless air, (though you might as safely have touched a tigress sucking her cub, as attempted at that moment to disturb Mr. Subtle, so absorbed was he with intense anxiety,) knowing that he could establish the same facts by another and, as he believed, a better witness, did not re-examine; but calling that other, with an air of nonchalance, succeeded in extracting from him all that the other had failed in, and in baffling all the attempts of the Attorney-General to affect his credit, or disturb his equanimity. At length, another witness being in the box—

"My Lord, I object to that question," said Mr. Attorney-General, as Mr. Subtle, amidst many indifferent and apparently irrelevant questions, quietly slipped in one of the greatest possible importance, had it been answered as he desired. "It was quite delightful to see the Attorney-General and his experienced and watchful juniors, all rise at one and the same instant; showing how vain were the tricks and ingenuity of their sly opponent. Mr. Attorney-General stated his objection briefly and pointedly; Mr. Subtle answered him, followed by Quicksilver and Lynx; and then Mr. Attorney-General replied, with great force and clearness. This keen encounter of their wits over—

"I shall allow the question to be put," said Lord Widdrington, after a pause: "But I have great doubts as to its propriety. I will therefore take a note of Mr. Attorney-General's objection."

Four or five similar conflicts arose during the course of the plaintiff's case: now concerning the competency of a witness—then as to the admissibility of a document, or the propriety of a particular question. On each of these occasions there were displayed on both sides consummate logical skill and acuteness, especially by the two leaders. Distinctions the most delicate were suggested with suddenness, and as promptly encountered; the most artful manoeuvres to secure dangerous admissions resorted to, and baffled; the more recondite principles of evidence brought to bear with admirable readiness on both sides. To deal with them, required indeed the practised, penetrating, and powerful intellect of Lord Widdrington. Some points he disposed of promptly, to the satisfaction of both parties; on others he hesitated, and at length reserved them. Though none but the more experienced and able members of the bar could in the least degree enter into and appreciate the nature of these conflicts, they were watched with untiring attention and eagerness by all present, both ladies and gentlemen—by the lowly and the distinguished. And though the intensity of the feelings of all was manifest by a mere glimpse round the court, yet any momentary display of eccentricity on the part of a witness, or petulance or repartee on the part of counsel, would occasion a momentary merriement that really served only as a sort of relief to the strained feelings, and instantly disappeared. The tomb-stone part of the case was got through easily: scarce any attempt being made on the part of Mr. Aubrey's counsel, to resist or interfere with it. But the great—the hottest part of the fight—occurred at that point of the case, where Titmouse's descent from Stephen Dreddlington was sought to be established. This gentleman, who had been a very wild person, whose movements were very difficult to be traced or accounted for, had entered the navy, and ultimately died at



sea, as had always been imagined, single and childless. It was proved, however, that so far from such being the case, he had married a person at Portsmouth, of inferior station; and that by her he had a daughter, only two years before his death, which happened at sea, as has been stated. Both mother and daughter, after undergoing great privation, and no notice being taken of the mother by any of her late husband's family, removed to the house of a humble and distant relative, in Cumberland, and afterward died, leaving her daughter only fifteen years old. When she grew up, she lived in some menial capacity at Cumberland, and ultimately married one Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; who, after living for some years a cordwainer at Whitehaven, found his way to Grilston, in Yorkshire, in the neighborhood of which town he had lived for some years, in very humble circumstances. There he had married; and about two years afterward his wife died, leaving a son—our friend Tittlebat Titmouse. Both of them afterward came to London; where, in four or five years' time, the father died, leaving the little Titmouse to flutter and hop about in the wide world as best he could. The little documentary evidence of which Gammon, at his first interview with Titmouse, found him possessed, proved, at the trial, as Gammon had foreseen, of essential importance. The evidence in support of this part of the case, and which took till two o'clock on the ensuing afternoon to get through, was subjected to a most determined and skilful opposition by the Attorney General, but in vain. The case had been got up with the utmost care, under the excellent management of Lynx; and Mr. Subtle's consummate tact and ability brought it, at length, fully and distinctly out before the jury.

"That, my lord," said he, as he sat down after re-examining his last witness, "is the case on the part of the plaintiff." On this the judge and jury withdrew for a short time, to obtain refreshments. During their absence, the Attorney-General, Mr. Sterling, Mr. Crystal, and Mr. Mansfield, might have been seen, with their heads laid close together, engaged in anxious consultation—a group gazed at by the eager eyes of many a spectator whose beating heart wished their cause god-speed. The Attorney-General then withdrew for a few moments, also to seek refreshments; and returning at the same time with the judge, after a moment's pause, rose and opened the defendant's case. His manner was calm and impressive; his person was dignified; and his clear, distinct voice fell on the listening ear like the sound of silver. After an exceedingly graceful and simple allusion to the distinguished character of his friend and client, Mr. Aubrey, to whose eminent position in the House of Commons he bore his personal testimony, and the magnitude of the interest at stake, he proceeded—"On every account, therefore, I feel sensible, gentlemen, to an unusual and most painful extent, of the very great responsibility now resting upon my learned friends and myself; lest any miscarriage of mine should prejudice in any degree the important interests committed to us, or impair the strength of the case which I am about to submit to you on the part of Mr. Aubrey; a case which, I assure you, unless some extraordinary mischance should befall us, will, I believe, annihilate that which, with so much pains and ability, has just been laid before you by my learned friend Mr. Subtle, and establish the defendant in the safe possession of that large property which is the subject of the present most unexpected litigation. But, gentlemen, before proceeding so far as that, it is fitting that I should call your attention to the nature of the case set upon the part of the plaintiff, and the sort of evidence by which it has been attempted to be supported; and I am very sanguine of success, in showing you that the plaintiff's witnesses are not entitled to the credit to which they lay claim; and, consequently, that there is no case made out for the defendant to answer." He then entered into a rigorous analysis of the plaintiff's evidence, contrasting each conflicting portion with the other, with singular force and cogency; and commented with powerful severity upon the demeanor and character of many of the witnesses. On proceeding, at length, to open the case of the defendant—"And here, gentlemen," said he, "I am reminded of the observation with which my learned friend concluded—that he was entirely ignorant of the case which I meant to set up in answer to that which he had opened on the part of the plaintiff. Gentlemen, it would have been curious, indeed, had it been otherwise—had my friend's penetrating eye been able to inspect the contents of our strong-box—and so become acquainted with the evidence on which my client rests his title to the property. He has, however, succeeded in entitling himself to information on the point; and he shall have it—and to his heart's content." Here Mr. Subtle cast a glance of smiling incredulity towards the jury, and defiance toward the Attorney-General: he took his pen into his hand, however, and his juniors looked very anxious.

ANECDOTE OF M. PAER.—In the Rue Poissonniere is a small cafe, which is used as a sort of bureau, or house of call for musicians out of employment, and where persons engaging performers for balls and concerts are in the habit of resorting, with the certainty of finding a supply of artists. Not many years ago, one of these purveyors of harmony entered the coffee-house, and announced that he wanted a violin player for the Sunday's dance at Ranelagh. A little decrepit old man stepped forward and offered his services; but the purveyor declined them on the ground of his age. "You shall see," said the fiddler, brushing from the breast of his coat a quantity of snuff which had fallen upon it. "Give me three francs and you shall not regret your bargain." The orchestral director, allured by the lowness of the price, and the apparent confidence of the applicant, suffered himself to be persuaded, and two hours afterward the little old man of the bow was installed with the rest of the orchestra, in the open air, at the Bois de Boulogne. Only a few bars had been played, when all eyes and ears were turned with astonishment and delight to the most pure and melodious tones issuing from a source whence, ordinarily nothing but sounds of harshness, if not actual discord, were uttered. All at once a law student, who was a frequent visitor in higher circles, although he was then dancing with a pretty modiste, recognised and proclaimed the magic creator of the unaccustomed harmony, to be M. Paer, the composer. The amiable and gay old man, who often cracked jokes of this kind, laughed till the tears ran from his eyes at the hubbub he had created, and was carried out of the orchestra in triumph by the company.

## Recent Literature.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Book the Second.... Mary the Queen.

"Long live Queen Jane!" shouted Dudley and his companions, vainly hoping they were friends.

"Long live Queen Mary, and death to the rebels!" responded the others.

At the cry, Dudley and his little band halted. They were hemmed in on all sides, without the possibility of escape; and the royalists on the fortifications above being now able to mark them, opened a devastating fire upon them. By this time, Renard and his party had turned the angle of the wall, and the voice of the ambassador was heard crying—"Cut them in pieces! Spare no one but their leader. Take him alive!"

Hearing the shout, Dudley observed to Cholmondeley—"You have ever been my faithful esquire, and I claim one last service from you. If I am in danger of being taken, slay me. I will not survive defeat."

"Nay, my lord, live," cried Cholmondeley. "Wyat or the Duke of Suffolk may be victorious, and deliver you."

"No," replied Dudley, "I will not run the risk of being placed again in Mary's power. Obey my last injunctions. Show me escape, fly to Jane. You know where to find her. Bid her embark instantly for France, and say her husband with his last breath blessed her."

At this moment, he was interrupted by Cholmondeley, who pointed out an open door in the ramparts opposite them. Eagerly availing himself of the chance, Dudley called to his men to follow him, and dashed through it, uncertain whither it led, but determined to sell his life dearly. The doorway admitted them into a low vaulted chamber, in which were two or three soldiers, and a stand of arms and ammunition. The men fled at their approach along a dark, narrow passage, and endeavored to fasten the inner door, but the others were too close upon them to permit it. As Dudley and his band advanced, they found themselves at the foot of a short flight of steps, and rushing up them, entered a semi-circular passage, about six feet wide, with a vaulted roof, and deep embrasures in the walls, in which cannon were planted. It was, in fact, the casemate of the Brass Mount. By the side of the cannon stood the gunners, and the passage was filled with smoke. Alarmed by the cries of their companions, and the shouts of Dudley and his band, these men, who were in utter ignorance of what had passed, except that they were made aware that the summit of the bastion was carried, threw down their arms, and sued for quarters.

"You shall have it friends," cried Dudley, "provided you will fight for Queen Jane."

"Agreed!" replied the gunners. "Long live Queen Jane."

"Stand by me," returned Dudley, "and these stout walls shall either prove our safeguard, or our tomb."

The gunners then saw how matters stood, but they could not retract; and they awaited a favourable opportunity to turn against their new masters.

Perceiving the course taken by Dudley and his companions, Renard felt certain of their capture, and repeated his injunctions to the soldiers to take him alive if possible, but on no account to suffer him to escape.

Dudley, meanwhile, endeavored with Cholmondeley to drag one of the large pieces of ordnance out of the embrasure in which it was placed, with the view of pointing it against their foes. But before this could be accomplished, the attack commenced. Darting to the head of the steps, Dudley valiantly defended the pass for some time; and the royalist soldiers, obedient to the injunctions of Renard, forbore to strike him, and sought only his capture. The arched roof rang with the clash of weapons, with the reports of shot, and with the groans of the wounded and dying. The floor beneath them soon became slippery with blood. Still, Dudley kept his ground. All at once, he staggered and fell. A blow had been dealt him from behind by one of the gunners, who had contrived to approach him unawares.

"It is over," he groaned to his esquire, "finish me, and fly, if you can, to Jane."

Cholmondeley raised his sword to comply with his lord's injunctions, but the blow was arrested by the strong arm of Renard, who bestriding his prey, cried, in a voice of exultation, "He is mine! Bear him to the Queen before he expires."

Cholmondeley heard no more, but darting backwards, sprang into the embrasure whence he had endeavored to drag the cannon, and forcing himself through the aperture, dropped from the dizzy height into the moat.

While this was passing, Mary proceeded to Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower. It was brilliantly illuminated, and high mass was being performed by Bonner, and the whole of the priesthood assembled within the fortress. The transition from the roar and tumult without to this calm and sacred scene was singularly striking, and calculated to produce a strong effect on the feelings. There, all was strife and clamor; the air, filled with smoke, was almost stifling; and such places as were not lighted up by the blaze of the conflagration or the flashing of the ordnance and musquetry, were buried in profound gloom. Here, all was light, order, serenity, sanctity. Without, fierce bands were engaged in deadly fight—nothing was heard but the clash of arms, the thunder of cannon, the shouts of the victorious, the groans of the dying. Within, holy men were celebrating their religious rites, undisturbed by the terrible struggle around them, and apparently unconscious of it; tapers shone from every pillar; the atmosphere was heavy with incense; and the choral hymn mingled with the scarce-heard roar of cannon. Mary was so affected by the scene, that for the first time she appeared moved. Her bosom heaved, and a tear started to her eye.

"How peaceful is the holy place," she observed to Gardiner, "and what a contrast it presents to the scene we have just quitted! I could almost wish that Heaven had destined me to the cloister instead of the throne, that I might pass my days in the exercise of my religion."

"Heaven has destined you to be the restorer and defen-

der of our religion, madam," replied Gardiner. "Had you not been called to the high station you occupy, the Catholic worship, so long discontinued in these holy walls, would not now be celebrated. To you we owe its restoration;—to you we must owe its continuance."

As Mary advanced to the altar, the anthem ceased, and silence prevailed throughout the sacred structure. Prostrating herself, she prayed for a few moments fervently, and in an audible voice. She then arose, and observed to Gardiner, "I feel so much comforted, that I am assured Heaven will support me and our holy religion."

As she spoke, solemn music resounded through the chapel, the anthem was again chanted, and the priests resumed their holy rites. With a heart strengthened and elated, Mary ascended the staircase behind the altar, and passing through the gallery proceeded to the council-chamber, where she was informed that Xit, having captured a prisoner of importance, waited without to ascertain her pleasure concerning him. Mary ordered the dwarf to be brought into her presence with his captive, and in a few moments he was introduced with Bret, who was guarded by a couple of halberdiers.

On no previous occasion had Xit exhibited so much consequence as the present, and his accoutrements and fantastically plumed casque added to his ludicrous appearance. He advanced slowly and majestically towards the chair of State in which Mary was seated, ever and anon turning his head to see that Bret was close behind him, and when within a short distance of the royal person he made a profound salutation. Unluckily, in doing so, his helmet fell from his head and rolled to the queen's feet. Slightly discomposed by the accident, and still more by Mary's frown, he picked up his helmet, and stammered forth—

"I am come to inform your highness that I have taken a prisoner—taken him with my own hands!"

"Who is it?" interrupted Mary, glancing sternly at the captive, who remained with his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes cast upon the floor. "Who is it?" she asked, in an imperious tone.

"The arch traitor Bret," answered Xit—"the captain London of the Trained Bands, who revolted from the Duke of Norfolk, and joined the rebels at Rochester."

"Bret!" ejaculated Mary, in a tone that made Xit recoil several steps with fright, while the prisoner himself looked up. "Aha! is the traitor then within our power? Take him without, and let the headman deal with him!"

"Your highness!" cried Bret, prostrating himself.

"Away with him!" interrupted Mary. "Do you, my lord," she added to Gardiner, "see that my commands are obeyed."

The prisoner was accordingly removed, and Xit, who was completely awed by the Queen's furious looks, was about to slink off, when she commanded him to remain.

"Stay!" she cried. "I have promised on my Queenly word, that whoso brought this traitor Bret to me, should have whatever he demanded. Art thou in good truth his captor? Take heed thou triflest not with me. I am in no mood for jesting."

"So I perceive, gracious madam," replied Xit. "But I swear to you, I took him with my own hand, in fair and open combat. My companion Magog, if he survives the fray, will vouch for the truth of my statement—nay, Bret himself will not gainsay it."

"Bret will gainsay little more," rejoined Mary sternly; "his brain will contrive no further treason against us, nor his tongue give utterance to it. But I believe thee—the rather that I am persuaded thou dar'st not deceive me. Make thy request—it is granted."

"If I dared to raise my hopes so high," said Xit, bashfully.

"What means the knave?" cried Mary. "I have said the request shall be granted."

"Whatever I ask?" inquired Xit.

"Whatever thou mayest ask in reason, sirrah!" returned Mary, somewhat perplexed.

"Well, then," replied Xit, "I should have claimed a dukedom. But as your highness might possibly think the demand unreasonable, I will limit myself to knighthood."

In spite of herself, Mary could not repress a smile at the dwarf's extravagant request, and the terms in which it was couched.

"I have made many efforts to obtain this distinction," pursued Xit—"and for a while unsuccessfully. But fortune, or rather my bravery, has at length favored me. I desire knighthood at your Majesty's hands."

"Thou shalt have it," replied Mary; "and it will be a lesson to me to make no rash promises in future. Hereafter, when affairs are settled, thou wilt not fail to remind me of my promise."

"Your highness may depend upon it, I will not fail to do so," replied Xit, bowing and retiring. "Huzza!" he cried, as soon as he gained the antechamber. "Huzza!" he repeated, skipping in the air, and cutting as many capers as his armor would allow him, "at length, I have reached the height of my ambition. I shall be knighted. The Queen has promised it. Aha! my three noble giants, I am now a taller man than any of you. My lofty title will make up for my want of stature. Sir Xit!—that does not sound well. I must change my name for one more euphonious, or at least find out my surname. Who am I? It is strange I never thought of tracing out my history before. I feel I am of illustrious origin. I must clear up this point before I am knighted. Stand aside, base grooms," he continued to the grinning and jeering attendants, "and let me pass."

While pushing through them, a sudden bustle was heard behind, and he was very unceremoniously thrust back by Simon Renard, who was conducting Dudley to the Queen's presence.

"Another prisoner!" exclaimed Xit. "I wonder what Renard will get for his pains. If I could but take Wyat, my fortune were indeed made. First, I will go and see what has become of Bret; and then, if I can do so without much risk, I will venture outside the portcullis of the Byward Tower. Who knows but I may come in for another good thing!"

Thus communing with himself, Xit went in search of the unfortunate captain of the Trained Bands, while Renard entered the council chamber with Dudley. The latter, though faint from loss of blood, on finding himself in the Queen's presence, exerted all his strength, and stood erect and unsupported.

"So far your highness is victorious," said Renard; "one of the rebel leaders is in your power, and ere long all will be so. Will it please you to question him? or shall I bid Mauger to take off his head at once?"

"Let me reflect a moment," replied Mary, thoughtfully. "He shall die," she added, after a pause; "but not yet."

"It were better to behead him now," rejoined Renard.

"I do not think so," replied Mary. "Let him be removed to some place of safe confinement—the dungeon beneath Saint John's Chapel."

"The only grace I ask from your highness is speedy death," said Dudley.

"Therefore I will not grant it," replied Mary. "No, traitor! you shall perish with your wife."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dudley, "I have destroyed her."

And as the words were pronounced, he reeled backwards, and would have fallen, if the attendants had not caught him.

"Your Majesty has spared Mauger a labor," observed Renard, sarcastically.

"He is not dead," replied Mary; "and if he were so, it would not grieve me. Remove him; and do with him as I have commanded."

Her injunctions were obeyed, and the inanimate body of Dudley was carried away.

Renard was proceeding to inform the Queen that the insurgents had been driven from the Brass Mount, when a messenger arrived, with tidings that another success had been gained—Sir Henry Jerningham having encountered the detachment under the Duke of Suffolk, and driven them back to their vessels, was about to assist the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Henry Bedingfield in a sally upon Sir Thomas Wyatt's party. This news so enchanted Mary, that she took a valuable ring from her finger and presented it to the messenger, saying: "I will double thy fee, good fellow, if thou wilt bring me word that Wyatt is slain, and his traitorous band utterly routed."

Scarcely had the messenger departed, when another appeared. He brought word that several vessels had arrived off the Tower, and attacked the squadron under the command of Admiral Winter; that all the vessels, with the exception of one, on board which the Duke of Suffolk had taken refuge, had struck; and that her majesty might now feel assured of a speedy conquest. At this news, Mary immediately fell on her knees, and cried: "I thank thee, O Lord! not that thou hast vouchsafed me a victory over my enemies, but that thou hast enabled me to triumph over thine."

"The next tidings your highness receives will be that the siege is raised," observed Renard, as the Queen arose; "and, with your permission, I will be the messenger to bring it."

"Be it so," replied Mary. "I would now gladly be alone."

As Renard issued from the principal entrance of the White Tower, and was about to cross the Green, he perceived a small group collected before Saint Peter's Chapel, and at once guessing its meaning, he hastened toward it. It was just beginning to grow light, and objects could be imperfectly distinguished. As Renard drew nigh, he perceived a circle formed round a soldier whose breast-plate, doublet, and ruff had been removed, and who was kneeling with his arms crossed upon his breast beside a billet of wood. Near him, on the left, stood Mauger, with his axe upon his shoulder, and on the right, Gardiner holding a crucifix toward him, and earnestly entreating him to die in the faith of Rome; promising him, in case of compliance, a complete remission of his sins. But, for he it was, made no answer, but appeared, from the convulsive movement of his lips, to be muttering a prayer. Out of patience, at length Gardiner gave the signal to Mauger, and the latter motioned the rebel captain to lay his head upon the piece of timber. The practised executioner performed his task with so much celerity that a minute had not elapsed before the head was stricken from the body, and placed on the point of a spear. While the apparatus of death and the blood-streaming trunk were removed, Xit, who was one of the spectators, seized the spear with its grisly burden, and, bending beneath the load, bore it toward the Byward Tower. A man-at-arms preceded him, shouting in a loud voice, "Thus perish all traitors!"

Having seen this punishment inflicted, Renard hastened toward the Byward Tower, and avoiding the concourse that flocked round Xit and his sanguinary trophy, took a shorter cut, and arrived there before them. He found Pembroke and Bedingfield, as the messenger had stated, prepared with a large force to make a sally upon the insurgents. The signal was given by renewed firing from the roof and loopholes of the Middle Tower. Wyatt, who had retired under the gateway of that fortification, and had drawn up his men in the open space behind it, now advanced at their head to the attack. At this moment, the portcullis of the Byward Tower was again raised, and the royalists issued from it. Foremost among them were the giants. The meeting of the two hosts took place in the centre of the bridge, and the shock was tremendous. For a short time, the result appeared doubtful. But the superior numbers, better arms, and discipline, of the Queen's party, soon made it evident on which side victory would incline.

If conquest could have been obtained by personal bravery, Wyatt would have been triumphant. Wherever the battle raged most fiercely he was to be found. He sought out Bedingfield, and failing in reaching him, cut his way to the Earl of Pembroke, whom he engaged and would have slain, if Ogl had not driven him off with his extraordinary mace. The tremendous prowess of the gigantic brethren, indeed, contributed in no slight degree to the speedy termination of the fight. Their blows were resistless, and struck such terror into their opponents, that a retreat was soon begun, which Wyatt found it impossible to check. Gnashing his teeth with anger, and uttering ejaculations of rage, he was compelled to follow his flying forces. His anger was vented against Gog. He aimed a terrible blow at him, and cut through his partizan, but his sword shivered against his morion. A momentary rally was attempted in the court between the Lion's Gate and the Bulwark Gate; but the insurgents were speedily driven out. On reaching Tower Hill, Wyatt succeeded in checking them; and though he could not compel them to maintain their ground, he endeavored, with a faithful band, to cover the retreat of the main body to London Bridge. Perceiving his aim, Pem-

broke sent off a detachment under Bedingfield, by Tower street, to intercept the front ranks while he attacked the rear. But Wyatt beat off his assailants, made a rapid retreat down Thames street, and after a skirmish with Bedingfield at the entrance of the bridge, in which he gained a decided advantage, contrived to get his troops safely across it, with much less loss than might have been anticipated. Nor was this all. He destroyed the planks which had afforded him passage, and took his measures so well and so expeditiously on the Southwark side, that Pembroke hesitated to cross the bridge and attack him.

The Tower, however, was delivered from its assailants. The three giants pursued the flying foe to the Bulwark Gate, and then returned to the Middle Tower, which was yet occupied by a number of Wyatt's party, and summoned them to surrender. The command was refused, unless accompanied by a pardon. The giants said nothing more, but glanced significantly at each other. Magog seized a ram, which had been left by the assailants, and dashed it against the door on the left of the gateway. A few tremendous blows sufficed to burst it open. Finding no one within the lower chamber, they ascended the winding stone staircase, their progress up which was opposed, but ineffectually, by the insurgents. Magog pushed forward like a huge bull, driving his foes from step to step till they reached the roof, where a short but furious encounter took place. The gigantic brethren fought back to back, and committed such devastation among their foes, that those who were left alive threw down their arms, and begged for quarter. Disregarding the entreaties, the giants hurled them over the battlements. Some were drowned in the moat, while others were dashed to pieces in the court below.

"It is thus," observed Magog with a grim smile to his brethren, as the work of destruction was ended, "that the sons of the Tower avenge the insults offered to their parent."

On descending, they found Xit stationed in the centre of the bridge, carrying the spear with Bret's head upon it. The dwarf eagerly inquired whether they had taken Wyatt; and being answered in the negative, expressed his satisfaction.

"The achievement is reserved for me," he cried; "no more laughter, my masters—no more familiarity. I am about to receive knighthood from the queen." This announcement, however, so far from checking the merriment of the giants, increased it to such a degree, that the irascible mannikin dashed the gory head in their faces, and would have attacked them with the spear, if they had not disarmed him.

By this time Sir Henry Bedingfield had returned from the pursuit of the rebels. Many prisoners had been taken, and conveyed, by his directions, to a secure part of the fortress. Exerting himself to the utmost, and employing a large body of men in the work, the damages done to the different defences of the fortress were speedily repaired, the bodies of the slain thrown into the river, and all rendered as secure as before. The crews on board Winter's squadron had surrendered; but their commander, together with the Duke of Suffolk, had escaped, having been put ashore in a small boat. Conceiving all lost, and completely panic-stricken, the Duke obtained horses for himself and a few companions, and riding to Shene, where he had appointed a meeting with his brother, Lord Thomas Grey, set off with him, at full speed, for Coventry, the inhabitants of which city he imagined were devoted to him. But he soon found out his error. Abandoned by his adherents, and betrayed into the hands of the Earl of Huntingdon, who had been sent after him, he was shortly afterward brought a prisoner to the Tower.

Not to anticipate events, such was the expedition used that in less than an hour, Bedingfield conveyed to the queen the intelligence that all damage done by the besiegers was repaired, and that her loss had been trifling compared with that of her enemies. He found her surrounded by her nobles; and on his appearance she arose, and advanced a few steps to meet him.

"You have discharged your office right well, Sir Henry," she said; "and if we deprive you of it for a while, it is because we mean to intrust you with a post of yet greater importance."

"Whatever office your majesty may intrust me with, I will gladly accept it," replied Bedingfield.

"It is my pleasure, then, that you set out instantly with the Earl of Sussex to Ashbridge," returned Mary, "and attach the person of the Princess Elizabeth. Here is your warrant. Bring her alive or dead."

"Alas!" exclaimed Bedingfield, "is this the task your highness has reserved for me?"

"It is," replied Mary; and she added in a lower tone, "you are the only man to whom I could confide it."

"I must perforce obey, since your majesty wills it—but—"

"You must set out at once," interrupted Mary—"Sir Thomas Brydges shall be lieutenant of the Tower in your stead. We reserve you for greater dignities."

Bedingfield would have remonstrated, but seeing the Queen was immovable, he signified his compliance, and having received further instructions, quitted the presence to make preparations for his departure.

The last efforts of the insurgents must be briefly told. After allowing his men a few hours' rest, Wyatt made a forced march to Kingston, and hastily repairing the bridge, which had been broken down, with planks, ladders, and beams tied together, passed over it with his ordnance and troops in safety, and proceeded towards London. In consequence of a delay that occurred on the road, his plan was discovered, and the Earl of Pembroke, having by this time collected a considerable army, drew up his forces in Saint James's fields to give him battle.

A desperate skirmish took place, in which the insurgents, disheartened by their previous defeat, were speedily worsted. Another detachment, under the command of Knevet, were met and dispersed at Charing Cross, by Sir Henry Jerningham, and would have been utterly destroyed, but that they could not be distinguished from the royalists, except by their muddy apparel, which occasioned the cry among the victors of "Down with the drizzle-tails."

Wyatt himself, who was bent upon entering the city, where he expected to meet with great aid from Throckmorton, dashed through all opposition, and rode as far as

the Belle Sauvage (even then a noted hostel), near Ludgate. Finding the gate shut, and strongly defended, he rode back as quickly as he came to Temple Bar, where he was encountered by Sir Maurice Berkeley, who summoned him to surrender, and seeing it was useless to struggle further, for all his companions had deserted him, he complied. His captor carried him to the Earl of Pembroke; and as soon as it was known that the rebel-leader was taken, the army was disbanded, and every man ordered to return to his home. Proclamation was next made that no one, on pain of death, should harbor any of Wyatt's faction, but should instantly deliver them up to the authorities.

That same night Wyatt, together with Knevet, Cobham, and others of his captains, were taken to the Tower by water. As Wyatt, who was the last to disembark, ascended the steps of Traitor's Gate, Sir Henry Brydges, the new lieutenant, seized him by the collar, crying, "Oh! thou base and unhappy traitor! how couldst thou find in thy heart to work such detestable treason against the Queen's majesty? Were it not that the law must pass upon thee, I would stab thee with my dagger."

Holding his arms to his side, and looking at him, as the old chroniclers report, "grievously, with a grim look," Wyatt answered, "It is no mastery now." Upon which, he was conveyed with the others to the Beauchamp Tower.

CHAPTER XXXI.—How Jane surrendered herself a prisoner; and how she brought Queen Mary to spare her husband.

Towards the close of the day following that on which the rebels were defeated, a boat, rowed by a single waterman, shot London Bridge, and swiftly approached the Tower wharf. It contained two persons, one of whom, apparently a female, was so closely muffled in a cloak that her features could not be discerned; while her companion, a youthful soldier, equipped in his full accoutrements, whose noble features were clouded with sorrow, made no attempt at concealment. As they drew near the stairs, evidently intending to disembark, the sentinels presented their arquebuses at them, and ordered them to keep off; but the young man immediately arose, and said that having been concerned in the late insurrection, they were come to submit themselves to the Queen's mercy. This declaration excited some surprise among the soldiers, who were inclined to discredit it, and would not have suffered them to land, if an officer of the guard, attracted by what was passing, had not interfered, and granted the request. By his command, they were taken across the draw-bridge opposite the stairs, and placed within the guard-room near the Byward Tower. Here the officer who had accompanied them demanded their names and condition, in order to report them to the lieutenant.

"I am called Cuthbert Cholmondeley," replied the young man, "somewhere esquire to Lord Guilford Dudley."

"You bore that rebel lord's standard in the attack on the Brass Mount—did you not?" demanded the officer, sternly.

"I did," replied Cholmondeley.

"Then you have delivered yourself to certain death, young man," rejoined the officer. "What madness has brought you hither? The Queen will show you no mercy; and blood enough will flow upon the scaffold without yours being added to the stream."

"I desire only to die with my master," replied Cholmondeley.

"Where is Lord Guilford Dudley?" demanded the muffled female, in a tone of the deepest emotion.

"Confined in one of the secret dungeons—but I may not answer you further, madam," replied the officer.

"Are his wounds dangerous?" she continued, in a tone of the deepest anxiety.

"They are not mortal, madam," he answered. "He will live long enough to expiate his offences on the scaffold."

"Ah!" she exclaimed with difficulty, repressing a scream.

"No more of this—if you are a man, cried Cholmondeley, fiercely. "You know not whom you address."

"I partly guess," replied the officer, with a compassionate look. "I respect your sorrows, noble lady—but oh! why—why are you here? I would willingly serve you—nay, save you—but it is out of my power."

"My presence here must show you, sir, that I have no wish to avoid the punishment I have incurred," she replied. "I am come to submit myself to the Queen. But if you would serve me—serve me, without danger to yourself, or departure from your duty—you will convey this letter without delay to her highness's own hand."

"It may be matter of difficulty," rejoined the officer, "for her majesty is at this moment engaged in a secret conference in the Ball Tower, with the chancellor and the Spanish ambassador. Nay, though I would not further wound your feelings, madam, she is about to sign the death warrants of the rebels."

"The more reason, then," she replied, in accents of supplicating eagerness, "that it should be delivered instantly. Will you take it?"

The officer replied in the affirmative.

"Heaven's blessing upon you!" she fervently ejaculated.

Committing the captives to the guard, and desiring that every attention, consistent with their situation, should be shown them, the officer departed. Half an hour elapsed before his return, and during the interval but few words were exchanged between Cholmondeley and his companion. When the officer re-appeared, she rushed toward him, and inquired what answer he brought.

"Your request is granted, madam," he replied. "I am commanded to bring you to the Queen's presence; and may your suit with her highness prove as successful as your letter. You are to be delivered to the chief jailor, sir," he added to Cholmondeley, "and placed in close custody."

As he spoke, Nightgall entered the guard-room. At the sight of his hated rival, an angry flush rose to the esquire's countenance—nor was his wrath diminished by the other's exulting looks.

"You will not have much further power over me," he observed, in answer to the jailor's taunts. "Cicely, like Alexia, is out of the reach of your malice. And I shall speedily join them."

"You are mistaken," retorted Nightgall, bitterly. "Cicely yet lives; and I will wed her on the day of your execution. Bring him away," he added, to his assistants. "I shall take him, in the first place, to the torture-chamber,

and thence to the subterranean dungeons. I have an order to rack him."

"Farewell, madam," said the esquire, turning from him, and prostrating himself before his companion, who appeared in the deepest anguish; "we shall meet no more on earth."

"I have destroyed you," she cried. "But for your devotion to me, you might now be in safety."

"Think not of me, madam, I have nothing to live for," replied the esquire, pressing her hand to his lips. "Heaven support you in this your last, and greatest, and—as I can bear witness—most unmerited trial. Farewell, for ever!"

"Ay, for ever!" repeated the lady. And she followed the officer; while Cholmondeley was conveyed by Night-gall and his assistants to the secret entrance of the subterranean dungeons near the Devilin Tower.

Accompanied by his charge, who was guarded by two halberdiers, the officer proceeded along the southern ward, in the direction of the Hall Tower—a vast circular structure, standing on the east of Bloody Tower. This fabric, (sometimes called the Wakefield Tower from the prisoners confined within it, after the battle of that name in 1460, and more recently the Record Tower, from the use to which it has been put,) is one of the oldest in the fortress, and though not coeval with the White Tower, dates back as far as the reign of William Rufus, by whom it was erected. It contains two large octagonal chambers—that on the upper story being extremely lofty, with eight deep and high embrasures, surmounted by pointed arches, and separated by thin columns, springing from the groined arches formerly supporting the ceiling, which, though unfortunately destroyed, corresponded, no doubt, with the massive and majestic character of the apartment. In this room tradition asserts that

—"the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sank in the ground."

—it being the supposed scene of the murder of Henry the Sixth by the ruthless Gloster. And whatever doubts may be entertained as to the truth of that dark legend, it cannot be denied that the chamber itself seems stamped with the gloomy character of the occurrence. In recent times, it has been devoted to a more peaceful purpose, and is now fitted up with presses, containing the most ancient records of the kingdom. The room on the basement floor is of smaller dimensions, and much less lofty. The recesses, however, are equally deep, though not so high, and are headed by semicircular arches. At high tides it is flooded, and a contrivance for the escape of the water has been made in the floor.

Passing through an arched doorway on the east of this structure, where the entrance to the Record Office now stands, the officer conducted his prisoner up a spiral stone staircase, and left her in a small antechamber, while he announced her arrival. The unhappy lady still kept herself closely muffled. But though her features and figure were hidden, it was evident she trembled violently. In another moment, the officer reappeared, and motioning her to follow him, led the way along a narrow passage, at the end of which hangings were drawn aside by two ushers, and she found herself in the presence of the Queen.

Mary was seated at a table, near which stood Gardiner and Renard, and at the new-comer's appearance she instantly arose.

The interview about to be related took place in the large octagonal chamber previously described. It was sumptuously furnished: the walls were hung with arras from the looms of Flanders, and the deep recesses occupied with couches, or side-beards loaded with costly cups and vessels.

Hastily advancing towards the Queen, the lady prostrated herself at her feet, and, throwing aside her disguise, revealed the features of Jane. She extended her hands supplicatingly towards Mary, and fixed her streaming eyes upon her, but was for some moments unable to speak.

"I am come to submit myself to your highness's mercy," she said, as soon as she could find utterance.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mary, scornfully. "You shall receive justice, but no mercy."

"Neither deserve nor desire it," replied Jane. "I have deeply, but not wilfully—Heaven is my witness!—offended your majesty, and I will willingly pay the penalty of my fault."

"What would you with me?" demanded Mary. "I have acceded to this interview in consideration of your voluntary submission. But be brief. I have important business before me, and my heart is steeled to tears and supplications."

"Say not so, gracious madam," rejoined Jane. "A woman's heart can never be closed to the pleadings of the unfortunate of her own sex, still less the heart of one so compassionate as your highness. I do not sue for myself."

"For whom, then?" demanded the Queen.

"For my husband," replied Jane.

"I am about to sign his death-warrant," replied Mary, in a freezing tone.

"I will not attempt to exculpate him, madam," returned Jane, restraining her emotion by a powerful effort, "for his offence cannot be extenuated. Nay, I deplore his rashness as much as your highness can condemn it. But I am well aware that vindictiveness is no part of your royal nature—that you disdain to crush a fallen foe—and that, when the purposes of justice are answered, no sentiments but those of clemency will sway your bosom. I myself, contrary to my own wishes, have been the pretext for the late insurrection, and it is right I should suffer, because while my life remains, your highness may not feel secure. But my husband has no claims, pretended or otherwise, to the throne, and when I am removed, all fear of him will be at an end. Let what I have done speak my sincerity. I could have escaped to France, if I had chosen. But I did not choose to accept safety on such terms. Well knowing with whom I had to deal—knowing also that my life is of more importance than my husband's, I have come to offer myself for him. If your highness has any pity for me, extend it to him, and heap his faults on my head."

"Jane," said Mary, much moved—"you love your husband devotedly."

"I need not say that I love him better than my life, madam," replied Jane, "for my present conduct will prove that I do so. But I love him so well that even his treason to your highness, to whom he already owes his life, cannot shake it. Oh, madam! as you hope to be happy in your

union with the Prince of Spain—as you trust to be blessed with a progeny which shall continue on the throne of this kingdom—spare my husband—spare him for my sake."

"For your sake, Jane, I would spare him," replied Mary, in a tone of great emotion, "but I cannot."

"Cannot, madam!" replied Jane, "you are an absolute Queen, and who shall say you nay? Not your council—not your nobles—not your people—not your own heart. Your majesty can and will pardon him. Nay, I read your gracious purpose in your looks. You will pardon him, and your clemency shall do more to strengthen your authority than the utmost severity could do."

"By Saint Paul!" whispered Renard to Gardiner, who had listened with great interest to the conference, and now saw with apprehension the effect produced on Mary, "she will gain her point if we do not interfere."

"Leave it to me," replied Gardiner. "Your majesty will do well to accede to the Lady Jane's request," he remarked aloud to the Queen, "provided she will comply with your former proposition, and embrace the faith of Rome."

"Ay," replied Mary, her features suddenly lighting up, "on these terms I will spare him. But your reconciliation with our holy church," she added to Jane, "must be public."

"Your highness will not impose these fatal conditions upon me?" cried Jane, distractedly.

"On no other will I accede," replied Mary, peremptorily.

"Nay, I have gone too far already. But my strong sympathy for you as a wife, and my zeal for my religion, are my inducements. Embrace our faith, and I pardon your husband."

"I cannot," replied Jane, in accents of despair; "I will die for him, but I cannot destroy my soul alive."

"Then you shall perish together," replied Mary, fiercely.

"What he! guards. Let the Lady Grey be conveyed to the Brick Tower, and kept a close prisoner during our pleasure."

And, waving her hand, Jane was removed by the attendants, while Mary seated herself at the table, and took up some of the papers, with which it was strewn, to conceal her agitation.

"You struck the right key, my lord—bigotry," observed Renard, in an under tone to Gardiner.

XXXII. . . . . How the Princess Elizabeth was brought a prisoner to the Tower.

Charged with the painful and highly responsible commission imposed upon him by the Queen, Sir Henry Bedingfeld, accompanied by the Earl of Sussex and three others of the Council, Sir Richard Southwell, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, with a large retinue, and a troop of two hundred and fifty horse, set out for Ashbridge, where Elizabeth had shut herself up previously to the outbreak of Wyatt's insurrection. On their arrival, they found her confined to her room with real or feigned indisposition, and she refused to appear; but as their mission did not admit the delay, they were compelled to force their way to her chamber. The haughty princess, whose indignation was roused to the highest pitch by the freedom, received them in such manner as to leave no doubt how she would sway the reins of government, if they should ever come within her grasp.

"I am guiltless of all design against my sister," she said, "and I shall easily convince her of my innocence. And then look well, sirs—you that have abused her authority—that I requite not your scandalous treatment."

"I would have willingly declined the office," replied Bedingfeld; "but the Queen was peremptory. It will rejoice me to find you can clear yourself with her highness, and I am right well assured, when you think calmly of the matter, you will acquit me and my companions of blame."

And he formed no erroneous estimate of Elizabeth's character. With all her proneness to anger, she had the strongest sense of justice. Soon after her accession, she visited the old knight at his seat, Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, still in the possession of his lineal descendant, the present Sir Henry Bedingfeld, and one of the noblest mansions in the county, and, notwithstanding his adherence to his ancient faith, manifested the utmost regard for him, playfully terming him "her jailor."

Early the next morning Elizabeth was placed in a litter, with her female attendants; and whether from the violence of her passion, or that she had not exaggerated her condition, she swooned, and on her recovery appeared so weak that they were obliged to proceed slowly. During the whole of the journey, which occupied five days, though it might have been easily accomplished in one, she was strictly guarded; the greatest apprehension being entertained of an attempt at rescue by some of her party. On the last day, she robed herself in white, in token of her innocence; and on her way to Whitehall, where the Queen was staying, she drew aside the curtains of her litter, and displayed a countenance, described in Renard's despatches to the Emperor, as "proud, lofty and superbly disdainful—an expression assumed to disguise her mortification." On her arrival at the palace, she earnestly entreated an audience of her majesty, but the request was refused.

That night Elizabeth underwent a rigorous examination by Gardiner and nineteen of the Council, touching her privacy to the conspiracy of De Noailles, and her suspected correspondence with Wyatt. She admitted having received letters from the French ambassador on behalf of Courtenay, for whom, notwithstanding his unworthy conduct, she still owned she entertained the warmest affection, but denied any participation in his treasonable practices, and expressed the utmost abhorrence of Wyatt's proceedings. Her assertions, though stoutly delivered, did not convince her interrogators, and Gardiner told her that Wyatt had confessed on the rack that he had written to her, and received an answer.

"Ah! says the traitor so?" cried Elizabeth. "Confront me with him, and if he will affirm as much to my face, I will own myself guilty."

"The Earl of Devonshire has likewise confessed, and has offered to resign all pretensions to your hand, and to go into exile, provided the Queen will spare his life," rejoined Gardiner.

"Courtenay faithless!" exclaimed the princess, all her haughtiness vanishing, and her head declining upon her bosom, "then it is time I went to the Tower. You may

spare yourselves the trouble of questioning me further, my lords, for by my faith I will not answer you another word—no, not even if you employ the rack."

Upon this, the Council departed. Strict watch was kept over her during the night. Above a hundred of the guard were stationed within the palace-gardens, and a great fire was lighted in the hall, before which Sir Henry Bedingfeld and the Earl of Sussex, with a large band of armed men, remained till day-break. At nine o'clock, word was brought to the princess that the tide suited for her conveyance to the Tower. It was raining heavily, and Elizabeth refused to stir forth on the score of her indisposition. But Bedingfeld told her the Queen's commands were peremptory, and besought her not to compel him to use force. Seeing resistance was in vain, she consented with an ill grace, and as she passed through the garden to the water-side, she cast her eyes toward the windows of the palace, in the hope of seeing Mary, but was disappointed.

The rain continued during the whole of her passage, and the appearance of every thing on the river was as dismal and depressing as her own thoughts. But Elizabeth was not of a nature to be easily subdued. Ransacking all her latent energy, she bore up firmly against her distress. An accident had well nigh occurred as they shot London Bridge. She had delayed her departure so long that the fall was considerable, and the prow of the boat struck upon the ground with such force as almost to upset it, and it was some time before it righted. Elizabeth was wholly unmoved by their perilous situation, and only remarked that "She would that the torrent had sunk them." Terrible as the stern old fortress appeared to those who approached it under similar circumstances, to Elizabeth it assumed its most appalling aspect. Gloomy at all times, it looked gloomier than usual now, with the rain driving against it in heavy scuds, and the wind, whistling round its ramparts and fortifications, making the flag-staff and the vanes on the White Tower creak, and chilling the sentinels exposed to its fury to the bone. The storm agitated the river, and the waves more than once washed over the sides of the boat.

"You are not making for Traitor's Gate," cried Elizabeth, seeing that the skiff was steering in that direction; "it is not fit that the daughter of Henry the Eighth should land at those steps."

"Such are the Queen's commands," replied Bedingfeld, sorrowfully. "I dare not for my head disobey."

"I will leap overboard sooner," rejoined Elizabeth.

"I pray your highness to have patience," returned Bedingfeld, restraining her. "It would be unworthy of you—of your great father, to take so desperate a step."

Elizabeth compressed her lips and looked sternly at the old knight, who made a sign to the rowers to use their utmost despatch; and, in another moment, they shot beneath the gloomy gateway. The awful effect of passing under this dreadful arch has already been described, and Elizabeth, though she concealed her emotion, experienced its full horrors. The Water-gate revolved on its massive hinges, and the boat struck against the foot of the steps. Sussex and Bedingfeld, and the rest of the guard and her attendants, then landed, while Sir Thomas Brydges, the new lieutenant, with several warders, advanced to the top of the steps to receive her. But she would not move, but continued obstinately in the boat, saying, "I am no traitor, and do not choose to land here."

"You shall not choose, madam," replied Bedingfeld, authoritatively. "The Queen's orders must, and shall be obeyed. Disembark, I pray you, without more ado, or it will go hardly with you."

"This from you, Bedingfeld," rejoined Elizabeth, reproachfully, "and at such a time, too?"

"I have no alternative," replied the knight.

"Well then, I will not put you to further shame," replied the Princess rising.

"Will it please you to take my cloak as a protection against the rain?" said Bedingfeld, offering it to her. But she pushed it aside "with a good dash," as old Fox relates; and springing on the steps, cried in a loud voice, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever set foot on these stairs. And before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee."

"Your highness is unjust," replied Bedingfeld, who stood bare-headed beside her; "you have many friends, and amongst them none more zealous than myself. And if I counsel you to place some restraint upon your conduct, it is because I am afraid it may be disadvantageously reported to the Queen."

"Say what you please of me, sirs," replied Elizabeth; "I will not be told how to act by you, or any one."

"At least move forward, madam," implored Bedingfeld; "you will be drenched to the skin if you tarry here longer, and will fearfully increase your fever."

"What matters it if I do?" replied Elizabeth, seating herself on the damp step, while the shower descended in torrents upon her. "I will move forward at my own pleasure—not at your bidding. And let us see whether you will dare use force towards me."

"Nay, madame, if you forget yourself, I will not forget what is due to your father's daughter," replied Bedingfeld, "you shall have ample time for reflection."

The deeply-commiserating and almost paternal tone in which this reproof was delivered touched the Princess sensibly; and glancing round, she was further moved by the mournful looks of her attendants, many of whom were deeply affected, and wept audibly. As soon as her better feelings conquered, she immediately yielded to them; and, presenting her hand to the old knight, said,

"You are right, and I am wrong, Bedingfeld. Take me to my dungeon."

#### TAGLIONI.

The white snow, drifting in its soundless showers;  
The young bird, resting on a summer bough;  
The South wind, bending down the opening flowers;  
The clear wave, lifted with a gentle flow;  
All things in Nature that have gentlest motion,  
That are most perfect in their natural grace—  
Whether they float upon the glassy ocean,  
Rest on the earth, or soar through azure space,  
Come to the mind as types of mazy dancing,  
While THOU dost move with light elastic tread,—  
Like her, the fabled nymph, whose step, scarce glancing,  
Past on, and left unbruised the flower's bright head,



## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841

## NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO. III.

We resume to-day our articles upon the Navy, by continuing our exposure of other abuses. The cases, which we shall now instance, will farther establish what has been already asserted, and show with what impunity officers high in rank may violate the laws and regulations which have been made for its government. They will show how slight the protection the commanded has from the tyrannical and oppressive acts of the commander—in consequence of the corrupt and unjust manner in which complaints are investigated when preferred by the subordinate against his superior—and that dishonesty, in its broadest sense, is practised because shielded by rank and high command.

The Captain, a few of whose misdeeds (to use a mild term) we are about to bring before the bar of public opinion, cannot now, it is true, be accused of disgracing his uniform by indecent and reckless exposure in brothels, or by his amours with courtezans; nor can he, to our knowledge, be charged with having forfeited his pledged honor to the payment of money borrowed. No—with him such offences are highly criminal on account of their easy detection and probable consequent exposure. He has thus far succeeded in managing so to conduct himself as to be only strongly suspected. But with all his cunning and hypocritical pretensions to honesty, he has failed to conceal certain grave facts which occurred so recently on board the large ship he commands, as to be within the recollection of many officers.

The Captain had on board his ship, as one of the crew, a colored boy, who had been bound to him as an apprentice. This boy he was in the habit of punishing frequently and severely. A last act of cruelty was so unprovoked as to induce either the boy or some of the men on board, to appeal for redress in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, in which were stated the fact that for some slight offence, the Captain had inflicted the unlawful punishment of three dozen lashes on the bare back; that the wages allowed to him by the Government, as Captain's steward, were taken by the Captain, although he was made to receipt for the money on the books of the ship in the same manner as if the payments had been actually made to him.

This letter of complaint the Secretary enclosed to the immediate superior of the Captain, requiring him fully to investigate the matter; since the laws prohibit both the infliction of greater punishment, except by sentence of courts martial, than one dozen lashes, and the employment in public vessels of any person held either as an apprentice or as a slave. The Commodore in his turn passed the letter to the very officer against whom the complaint was made, requesting an explanation; and this was given by simply stating that the letter was pronounced a forgery by the supposed author. And yet this answer was received by the corrupt superior and imbecile Secretary as satisfactory; and thus the matter ended, and the offender against the laws of the land and of humanity triumphed! Now, is not all this truly farcical? When would offences be punished, if conviction depended upon the confessions of the accused?

Admitting that the boy did deny having written or authorized the complaint, are the charges thereby disproved or denied? This was not even alluded to by the Captain. But is it to be supposed that a person so utterly at another's mercy, would confess a knowledge of the letter when questioned by his base and despotic commander and master, knowing that if he did so, the most severe punishment must be the result? A decent regard for the preservation of the laws, and the protection of those entrusted to his command, should, we think, have induced the superior to have made some inquiries of the officers of the ship, and not have placed the investigation into the very hands most interested to disprove the charges.

The love of money is so strong in this naval hero as often to lead him into petty acts of swindling,—acts that cause one to blush in alluding to them. In this number we shall particularize one instance. A lad on board his ship was ordered to be discharged by the Secretary of the Navy, upon the settlement of his accounts. On reference to the books the balance against him was found to be five or six dollars. In addition to the payment of this amount, the father of the lad was required and made to refund three months' pay; and the reason offered by the Captain for this unjust exaction was, that this was the sum originally advanced to the lad. The fact that it had been cancelled by services rendered, was entirely overlooked. The amount, however, passed to the credit of the Government was no more than the actual balance of five or six dollars. The three months' pay which the Captain made a poor man disburse, yet remains in his pocket unaccounted for.

We shall now proceed to detail another item in the character of the officer under consideration. Soon after taking command of his ship, he directed the Purser to transfer to him the balance then in his hands belonging to the

"Slush Fund." The amount of about fifty dollars was accordingly paid. Since that time the "slush" has been sold under the Captain's direction, and the entire proceeds received by him. A moderate estimate of the slush, sold since he has had the direction of it, can certainly not be less than \$800. This money he holds without control or responsibility. No one will be at a loss to account for the motive in taking out of the hands of a disbursing and responsible officer the custody of a fund belonging to the public service, if not to the crew of the ship exclusively. The practice of the navy from its first establishment has, without exception, we believe, always placed under the charge of the purser of the ship all monies accruing from the sale of "slush." They were by him disbursed upon due authority, and he was held responsible for the just and honest discharge of his duty charge by the Captain of the ship.

But now to whom is the Captain to render an account, or by whom is he held responsible?

We are unwilling unjustly to impute improper motives to the conduct of any one; yet, since as all the circumstances connected with this business are necessary to enable our readers to judge rightly, we will further state that up to the time when he assumed the command of the ship, the men had invariably been allowed fresh beef four days in the week. By his order this old and well-established custom was changed, and on three days only is fresh beef given; on the other day, pork is substituted. For the information of that portion of our readers unacquainted with such matters, we will state that the slush on board ships is extracted from pork in process of boiling.

We shall not now stop to inquire into general misapplication in the Navy of the money which has accrued from a portion of the ration allowed by the Government to the crew of a ship, or whether the crew are not justly and fully entitled to the proceeds of the sale. We leave the subject, suggesting only the establishment of some regulation whereby an honest and just disposition may be made of the "slush fund" on board ships of war.

In connection with this source of emolument to this high-minded Captain, we would ask whether he has yet rendered an account to the proper agent of the empty beef, pork and other barrels, which, contrary to the regulations, he was in the habit of selling in such large numbers? Are the proceeds of these also, like the slush, appropriated and disposed of without accountability?

The practice which has improperly obtained among some of the Captains of rating their sons as Captain's Clerks, at the annual salary of \$572, ration included, and making some of the ship's company perform the duties, has not been overlooked by the officer of whom we have been speaking. He has fully availed himself of it by giving his son the rate, while the youth has been quietly pursuing his studies at school, and an ordinary seaman has performed his duties on board the ship. In speaking of the Navy, a highly distinguished member of Congress very justly remarked that little good could be expected of it, so long as the command of our finest ships were given to such corrupt men.

We shall at an early day take occasion again to refer to some other equally honorable acts of the hero of this number, while he was on a foreign station. We shall detail how he was made to disgorge eight hundred dollars of which he wished to defraud the Government, and his subsequent equally dishonest practices whilst attached to a Navy Yard. We shall then bring forward, the acts of a tyrant, during his command of a petty schooner in the West Indies. These are so monstrous as to induce us to hesitate whether to place them before the public, lest they should be deemed too inhuman to credit. Yet there are officers who well remember the scenes enacted in that little vessel, and in whose ears still ring the cries for mercy of the lacerated wretches under his command. They will tell those who may ask that it was one continued scream of agony and suffering.

COMMEMORATIVE STATUES.—We often see in English journals that Sir Francis Chantry, or some other sculptor of note, has been engaged to model statues of great men. Lord Eldon has just ordered of Sir Francis two statues—one of his grandfather, Lord Eldon, and one of his grand uncle, Lord Stowell—and the University of Edinburgh a statue from the same hand, of James Watt, which will make the sixth erected to the memory of that truly great man in the country of his birth. Why is it that we seldom or never hear of any similar encouragement extended to the noble art of sculpture in our Republic? Congress did well by giving to Greenough the power to perpetuate his name in a colossal statue of the illustrious Washington; this was meritorious as a national act, and we sincerely hope to see it imitated by individuals and by societies of men. We wish also that our states and cities would adorn their capitols and halls with the effigies of their distinguished sons. Surely there are many nobly worthy of such commemoration.

We need not go beyond our own countrymen for artists sufficiently skilful to undertake the best works—young men not only of promise but of achievement. Greenough is well known, and from all that we hear of his *magnum opus*, whose safe arrival we trust that we shall soon announce,

it will add largely to the measure of his renown. Powers and Clevenger—buckeyes from Ohio—are in Italy, winning golden things more substantial than "golden opinions from all sorts of people." We are glad to know that these artists have received present and prospective patronage sufficient to enable them to defy that ugly old beldame *Res Augusta* for years to come. Crawford is also in the "land of great bards and mighty men"—in Rome, at present. He has just completed a group that is said by judicious lovers of his art, to rival the beautiful *antique*. He is devoted to his elevating pursuit; toiling day and night with "a love that casteth out fear" of earping want. He is a Knickerbocker boy, born and brought up in New York.

In the midst of us there are also young men of genius, who have done quite enough already to show that any great tasks may safely be entrusted to them. Mr. C. B. Ives, a gentleman of whom we made favorable mention several days since, has, in the course of a few years' practice, acquired a mastery in the art, which elicits the most decided approbation from sound judges—from those who have walked the gallery of the Louvre and pondered in the Vatican. His workmanship exhibits the most elaborate finish—delicacy of touch combined with freedom and boldness. Mr. Brackett has also received just and liberal commendations, and is, no less than his compeer, worthy to call forth that encouragement for the art of sculpture which we heartily desire to see extended.

HER MAJESTY'S CONFIDENCE IN PRINCE ALBERT.—Her gracious Majesty of England, having been graciously pleased to bring into this breathing world a small infant Princess, her Majesty has given infinite delight to her loving subjects, who have been thrown into such a paroxysm of ecstasy in consequence, that the most serious apprehensions are entertained for them, though none whatever are entertained for her Majesty; her Majesty having signified her gracious pleasure to be bulletined "as well as could be expected." Had her Majesty given birth to a Prince, instead of a Princess, it is difficult to conjecture what her loving subjects would have done in the very tempest, and, as we may say, whirlwind of their joy. The probability is that female babies would not have been tolerated at all. Those that had them, would have changed them at nurse, by way of testifying their loyalty. As things are now, male infants are quite out of fashion; when they are born, they are concealed like Moses in the bulrushes.

By and by, matters will be different, as her gracious Majesty has already *delicately* insinuated to her Royal Consort. The following appears officially in the London Morning Post. Such an instance of "Royal Self-Possession," and, as we may add, Royal Determination and Perseverance, and Royal Confidence in the grand maxim of "better luck next time," cannot be furnished in the history of the civilized world.

ROYAL SELF-POSSESSION.—During the first interview that Prince Albert had with the Queen immediately after Her Majesty's *accouchement*, his Royal Highness, with great delicacy of feeling, expressed a fear lest the nation might experience some disappointment when it should become known that the Royal Infant was not a Prince. Her Majesty, notwithstanding the necessary exhaustion under which she must have labored, replied, with great *naivete*, "Never mind, Albert, the next shall be a boy!"

MR. AUDUBON'S WORK ON ORNITHOLOGY.—The tasteful reader will not fail to appreciate the beautiful engraving we have this week given from Mr. Audubon's magnificent work. It is executed with exquisite skill and finish on copper, and the picture is prepared so as to be printed on a Napier press, and is the finest specimen of copperplate printing in this manner. It is "worked"—to use an expression of the press room—admirably.

Owing to the quantity of matter, which had been prepared for the paper, we were obliged to content ourselves with giving only a small part of the description of the Wild Turkey. It is delightfully written, as are all the productions of this distinguished naturalist.

We learn that Mr. Audubon has a new edition of his work in the press in a less expensive form than the present. It ought to be displayed in the library of every American.

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—A total eclipse of the moon will take place on the 5th of February next, commencing in New-York at 9 minutes past 7 o'clock P. M. Total darkness begins at 6 minutes past 8; eclipse ends at 39 minutes past 10. This will be the 19th periodical return of an eclipse which occurs every nineteen years; it having first been observed on the 30th of June, 1498. Its next return will be in the year 1859, on the 17th of February, at which time the moon will set partially eclipsed. It will continue to return periodically until the year 2219, at which time it will cease and not again return till a period of 12,257 years shall have elapsed. The eclipse of the 5th of February will be visible to all parts of the United States, the Canadas, the greater part of Mexico, the whole of South America, Europe, and as far East as Bombay at which place the moon will go down partially eclipsed. The moon will set totally eclipsed at Arabia, Egypt, Moscow, and the countries adjacent to the Caspian Sea.

## The Old World.

### LOSS OF THE PACKET SHIP GARRICK. SIX DAYS LATER.

The ship Garrick, Capt. Palmer, which left Liverpool on the 13th ult. struck, on Wednesday the 6th inst. at five o'clock A. M. on the Jersey shore, about 20 miles South of Sandy Hook. They were in the act of wearing the ship when she struck in 16 feet water. The Garrick is a fine ship of 1,000 tons, and had on board a valuable cargo of dry goods worth about \$450,000, a large portion of which, together with the ship which is valued at \$70,000, is insured in New York. Most of the cargo has been saved, although in a damaged state. The passengers and crew were saved without injury, but the vessel will be a total loss.

### FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

London, Saturday Evening, Dec. 12, 1840.

The greatest interest continues to be felt in Paris in the approaching funeral of Napoleon's remains. Preparations are making for rendering the ceremony one of the most imposing on record, either in ancient or modern history. It is expected that the interment will take place about a fortnight hence.

The Queen has now perfectly recovered from the effects of her late accouchement. She now attends to public pursuits as usual.

There is no longer any doubt, that if there is no apostasy from the Tory ranks, they will have a majority on all vital questions, in the ensuing session of Parliament, which is to meet for the despatch of business on the 26th of next month.

The war cry in France is now virtually over. The submission of Mehemet Ali, now formally made to the British Government through Commodore Napier, may be regarded as the re-establishment of peace.

The French Ministry appear to be acquiring a firmer hold on public opinion every day. M. Guizot stands particularly high in the estimation of Europe at this moment.

Mr. O'Connell has returned to Dublin from Derrynane for the purpose of recommencing the agitation of the repea question.

The small pox is committing fearful ravages in some parts of the provinces.

A new work in 3 vols. under the title of "The Playfair Papers: or Brother Jonathan," has just made its appearance. It is the republication in a new form, of a periodical which was brought out a few months ago in shilling numbers, and which was a dead failure. Only four or five numbers appeared, and of these 300 copies were not sold. The author has brought it out in the present form in the hope that with the title altered from "Brother Jonathan," which was the original one, to that of "The Playfair Papers," the public might be misled as to the identity of the book. It is a coarse caricature of American manners, and has not even the merit of being cleverly done. It will not excite the least interest in this country—nor, indeed, in any country.

Your correspondent has just been with Mr. Blackwood, the proprietor of Blackwood's Magazine, who is in London just now to make an arrangement for opening a branch of business here. "Ten Thousand a-Year" will be continued through six more numbers, though possibly not in every instance consecutive numbers. The story will be resumed in the number for the new year, and will be one of the best of the chapters which have appeared.

Mr. Ainsworth having completed his "Tower of London," is to commence a new work in January, in the *Sunday Times*, newspaper. This is a new mode of publication for popular authors; and it is generally thought that it must prove very injurious to Mr. Ainsworth's reputation. Captain Marryatt, following Mr. Ainsworth's example, is to commence a new tale called "The Preacher," in the *Era* newspaper, a very obscure publication, though conducted with respectable talent. The universal impression is, that the gallant captain will neither do himself nor the *Era* good by this new literary expedient.

A volume of poems, price 15 shillings, by the late Lady Flora Hastings, will appear towards the end of the present month. It is to be edited by her sister. I speak from private information of undoubted authenticity when I say, that no allusion whatever will be made in the volume to the melancholy circumstances which preceded Lady Flora's death. There is an impression here that new light will be thrown, by the volume, on the court story respecting her alleged pregnancy: all who expect scandal or gossip of any kind from it, will be grievously disappointed.

Macready appeared at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday last for the first time since the death of his child. On the following evening he sustained the principal part in Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new play—"Money," and acted well: the piece is only moderately successful.

### LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Oxford, Capt. Rathbone, arrived on Sunday from Liverpool, in the very short passage of twenty-one days, having sailed, on the 20th ultimo. The London dates received by her are to the 19th of last month.

The interment of the remains of NAPOLEON had been consummated at Paris, and no popular commotion accompanied the ceremony. Reports had been current in London, that the Sultan had refused to ratify the convention concluded between Mehemet Ali and Commodore Napier, giving to the Pasha, the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt.

## Twenty-Sixth Congress.

SATURDAY, Jan. 9, 1840.

The SENATE did not sit to-day.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Jones of Va. reported from the Committee of Ways and Means a bill authorising the immediate issue of more Treasury Notes, to an amount not exceeding \$5,000,000. It was sent to a Committee of the Whole.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1841.

In SENATE, Hon. A. O. P. NICHOLSON, a new Senator from Tennessee, appeared and took his seat.

Mr. CLAY, of Ky., gave notice that he would call up his Anti-Sub-Treasury resolution as soon as the Senate was full.

A number of memorials in favor of a General Bankrupt Law were presented. Also, one from this city for the remission of the duties on goods destroyed by fire.

TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1841.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Sergeant of Pa. reported from the Judiciary Committee without amendment the bill abolishing what remains of imprisonment for debt. Various difficulties and objections were started by several members, but the House overruled them all, voted down the amendment proposed, ordered and sustained the previous question, ordered the bill to a third reading, and passed it, without a division.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.—The Cincinnati Republican of Monday says: "General Harrison is still at North Bend. He has been detained several days by the indisposition of Mrs. Harrison, but we are happy in being able to state that she is convalescent, and will probably be in the city to-day. We have not yet learned when he will start for the East, but we presume about the 15th or 20th of this month."

§3. In the case of Stokes and others, vs. Amos Kendall, on the 12th inst., at noon, the jury came into Court with a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs for \$12,085 40, on the third count of the declaration. Exceptions were taken to the verdict, and the case will go to the Supreme Court.

FRENCH SPOILIATIONS.—The Legislature of North Carolina have adopted resolutions recommending their Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote for the bill to pay the spoiliations by the French previous to 1800.

§3. Henry Elliott has petitioned the Legislature of Maryland for a divorce from the celebrated danseuse, Mad. Celeste, who is now in France.

TENNESSEE SENATOR.—We learn from the Globe that the Governor of Tennessee has appointed the Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Maury county, to supply the vacancy in Congress occasioned by the death of Mr. Grady. Mr. Nicholson is a Van Buren man.

§3. The Circuit Court of Illinois has decided that aliens not naturalized, who have resided in that State six months next preceding an election, have a right to vote. The case has been carried up to the Supreme Court.

§3. The income of Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland, is one thousand pounds sterling—five thousand dollars a day. John Jacob Astor would probably pronounce him better off than a rich man, since he has been known to remark "a man with five hundred thousand dollars is as well off as a rich man."

THE PENSION LIST.—By the Report of the Secretary of War, it appears that the number of persons receiving pensions under the several acts of the years 1818, '28, '32, '36 and '38, is 40,105. The number of invalid pensioners is 4,289, of which 414 have been added since November, 1833—the increase owing the Secretary says, to the dangers and hardships to which the regular and militia troops have been exposed in the several campaigns in the Florida war.

The number of Revolutionary pensioners, under the act of March 18, 1818, which was originally upwards of 20,000, has decreased to 7,947.

The number of widows who have received pensions, under the act of July 7, 1838, granting them for five years, was 5,912; but it is now reduced by deaths, to 5,536, and during the current year all of those now on the rolls, under that act, will be dropped; as their pensions will expire, by law, on the 4th of March next.

The amount drawn from the Treasury, during the past year, to pay pensions, is \$2,048,663 09, exclusive, however, of pensions paid from the Navy Pension Fund.—[Jour. of Com.]

BALTIMORE BANKS—THE RESUMPTION.—We learn that at a meeting of the Presidents of the several Banks in city of Baltimore, on Monday evening, the question of the resumption of specie payments came up—when a resolution was adopted by a decided vote, that it was inexpedient for the Banks of this city to resume, unless there was a simultaneous act of resumption on the part of the Banks of Virginia. This vote, we take it for granted, settles the question, that there will be no resumption south of Pennsylvania, at the present time.—[Baltimore American of Wednesday.]

SAVANNAH, Jan. 6.  
IMPORTANT FROM FLORIDA.—We have melancholy news from Florida, and yet a prospect that most of the Indians will submit.

A correspondent writes us from Fort Holmes, E. F., that the "express has just arrived from the West, and says, that a wagon going from Micanopy to Wakakuta, escorted by ten men, was attacked by Indians, and Lieut. Sherwood, and Mrs. Lieut. Montgomery, Sergt. Carle and three privates killed."

FLORIDA.—The following is a letter from Judge Marvin to the editors of the Tallahassee Floridian, giving some additional particulars of the expedition of Col. Harney:

On board brig Waculla,

St. MARK'S, December 31st, 1840.

DEAR SIR: News had arrived at Key West before my leaving there, that Col. Harney, of the U. S. A. about the 15th instant, had a rencontre with the Indians in the interior of the everglades. With a force of about ninety men, he entered the everglades in canoes, guided by John, a negro who was captured by the Indians in 1835 from his master, Dr. Crews, and who escaped and came into the camp at Cape Florida, a few months since. The negro conducted the Colonel through the everglades to the Indian town, and he surrounded it and fired upon them, killing one or two Indians, and taking thirty-eight prisoners. In the assault, the chief of the band, Chai-ki-ka, escaped, but was pursued several miles by one of the dragoons, and overtaken and shot. Among the prisoners taken were ten warriors, nine of whom were hung; the life of the tenth being saved for a future guide. The rest of the prisoners were women and children, and were all spared and taken to the post at Cape Florida.

This band of Indians is known as the Spanish band, and the same who murdered Mr. Cooley's family, and several others at Cape Florida, and Captain Walton of the light ship, and Doctor Crews. They are the same Indians too, who surprised Col. Harney a year since, at Caloosahatche, under McComb's treaty of peace; and the same who recently burned and destroyed the settlements on Indian Key, killing men, women and children, and mutilating their bodies in a most barbarous manner. This band of Indians, with this same Chai-ki-ka at their head, has been the terror of the South for years, and has probably drank as much white blood as any in the Territory.

The Colonel re-captured thirteen or fourteen of Colt's rifles, taken from him at Caloosahatche by the Indians, and two thousand dollars worth of goods, carried off by the Indians from Indian Key.

This affair of Col. Harney's will do more to strike terror into the Indians, and to bring about a real peace, than any thing that has occurred for a long time. The everglade is no longer the refuge of the Indian. His own fastnesses are penetrated by the white man.

Col. Harney is about again to penetrate the everglades in pursuit of Sam Jones, he now having a guide to conduct him to his town. He is to be joined by several officers of the navy, and a company of marines, who are now upon the coast. Energy like this will soon end the war, and with less loss of life than temporizing measures.

§3 The Washington Globe states that the first intimation received at Micanopy of the disaster which befel Lieut. Sherwood and his escort, was the return of some of the horses of the unfortunate party. The garrison immediately sallied out, and within three miles of the fort found the bleeding corpse of Mrs. Montgomery (wife of Lieut. Montgomery), with a soldier, still breathing, lying by her, with just strength to say to her agonized husband, who threw himself on the ground by his wife's bleeding body, "Lieutenant, I fought for your wife as long as I could." Lieut. Sherwood was well mounted, and might have escaped, but he would not abandon his fair charge. This barbarous act is believed to have been committed by a band of Micasuckies.

§3 As many inquiries are made of us, and great curiosity seems to be felt concerning the time when we shall issue the next number of our LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD, we would state, that so numerous are the preparations necessary, and so extensive the preliminary arrangements, that several weeks will probably elapse before it can be published. In the meantime, we solicit orders from city and country, so that the exact extent of the edition requisite may be ascertained. In consequence of the demand for the first Leviathan having been far greater than our most sanguine expectations, we have been unable to supply one half the orders which have been received. There is this inducement for the sending in of early orders: those who are the first to order will be the first to receive their papers.

The New Quarto volume having just commenced—two numbers only having been issued—the present is the best time for those who prefer the paper in this shape to commence their subscriptions. The New World, during the present year, will contain more than its usual abundance of new and stirring articles; comprising romances, dramas, periodical papers selected from the best sources at home and abroad, as well as original articles by the most approved native authors.

As the Leviathan New World will be an EXTRA from the regular edition, it will be sold to subscribers and non-subscribers at \$3 per hundred copies; ten copies for \$1, or 12 1-2 cents single.

J. WINCHESTER, Publisher,

## GREAT FRESHETS.

The great quantity of rain which fell during the last week and the sudden melting of the snow have caused an immense destruction of property by freshets in various parts of the country. The following particulars of the damage sustained from the flood on the Croton, in Westchester county, w copy from the Journal of Commerce, of last Friday :

From the Journal of Commerce of Friday.  
We understand that letters were received in town last evening by the Water Commissioners, stating that about one half of the Croton Dam was carried away by the freshet, which has been unprecedented, and that the several mills below the dam have been also carried away, as has been the new bridge crossing the river above the dam, also erected by the Water Commissioners. We further understand that the three bridges below the dam, one of which is crossed by the New York and Albany post road, are destroyed.

Several dwelling houses, both below and above the dam have been carried away, and we regret to understand that three lives have been lost. The flood came so rapidly, and in the night, that persons escaped from their dwellings in their night-clothes, and got into trees for security.

The storm which caused this extraordinary rise in the Croton river, commenced on Tuesday evening, and continued without cessation from that time until Thursday night at 12 o'clock.

The ground at the commencement was covered with snow about 18 inches thick, which being all carried off with the rain, caused this unprecedented rise of water, higher, it is said, than it is remembered to have been by the oldest inhabitants.

The mason work of the dam remains uninjured ; but the earth embankment, with the heavy stone protection wall of twenty feet thickness at its base, is all carried away. The water entered the aqueduct discharging at a waste weir at Sing Sing, without damage to the aqueduct, but the loss at the dam and new bridge is a serious one to the city.

This work has been upwards of two years in its construction, and was all but completed last autumn.

A gentleman from New Haven informs us that the ice in the Connecticut and Housatonic rivers, for some distance from their mouths, is broken up. The snow has entirely disappeared.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

The great quantity of rain that has fallen during the last few days, and consequent breaking up of the ice, has caused quite a freshet in the Schuylkill. The ice began to break up below on Wednesday, and commenced coming down yesterday at noon. At 10 o'clock last night, the wharves were overflowed, and the cellars of the warehouses both above and below the Permanent Bridge, filled. The water continued to rise till four o'clock this morning, when it was five or six feet above high tide. A considerable fall has since taken place.

Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 9.

**GREAT FRESHET.**—The great fall of rain on Wednesday and Thursday last, and the consequent melting of the snow on our mountains, which has almost entirely disappeared, has caused one of the greatest freshets known in this section of country since 1810, when the water was probably a few ins. higher than it was on Thursday night. The destruction of property has been considerable by the filling up of cellars, &c., in this Borough, which in some instances was so sudden that the merchants had not time to remove their goods. Our friends in Coal street had their communication with the rest of the town completely cut off by the water in Norwegian, which completely inundated nearly all the houses bordering on the stream. Part of the embankment of the Greenwood Canal has been swept away below the aqueduct, and the houses on the island were all completely surrounded with water. The families from some were carried out when the water was middle deep.

The Schuylkill bridge below this borough is so much injured that it is considered dangerous to pass over it.

The Railroads in this region are all more or less injured by the destruction of Bridges, undermining, &c. &c.

The town of Port Carbon was completely inundated—the water reached up almost as far as the Bank ; but two bridges are left standing.

Mr. John Pott's dam, at his iron works, on the West Branch, has been swept away, and his works considerably injured.

At Schuylkill Haven, the damage has also been very great. Several of the coal wharves have been washed away, and the balance filled up. Mr. Louis Dougherty, we learn, lost several rail road wagons. The coal has also disappeared from the wharves.

The Tumbling Run Dam narrowly escaped from being carried away—the water had made a passage inside the wing wall of the waste-way—fortunately it was discovered in time—otherwise the dam would have been swept away, and Mount Carbon would have suffered severely.

The destruction of boats has been very great, and the whole course of the streams in this neighborhood presented a frightful appearance yesterday. Fortunately no lives were lost as far as we can learn—but there have been some narrow escapes. If the damage to property is as great in proportion on the whole line of the Schuylkill, as it has been at this place, the loss will be immense.

From the Pennsylvanian.  
ALLENTOWN, (Pa.) Jan. 2.

About one o'clock, last night, the new and beautiful bridge recently erected over the Lehigh at this place, though standing on piers some fifteen or twenty feet above the usual water mark, was swept down the stream. The store houses on the wharves were covered with water to the second story, and it is feared, as the flood subsides, that they will fall. One new brick storehouse belonging to the Lehigh Transportation Company, stands, as it were, in the middle of the river, and has been much damaged by the ice. It is impossible to estimate the loss along the Lehigh. Two bridges at least, above us, are injured, if not destroyed.

About midnight a family who lives in a house above the Company's dam, which was and is still in the middle of the torrent, were removed in boats, having attracted the attention of the spectators by firing several musket shots from an upper window. It was a bold undertaking, for the current was strong, and the surface of the water covered with timber and ice.

EASTON, Pa., Jan. 8, 1841.

To the Editors of the Pennsylvanian :

**GENTLEMEN:** This place has been visited with one of the most ruinous and disastrous freshets that has ever occurred in this region. The thaw has raised the water to a height never before known since the country was settled. The Delaware and Lehigh rose to about thirty-five feet above low water mark, and the destruction thereby occasioned is terrible indeed. The bridges over the Lehigh at this place, at Freemansburg, at Bethlehem, at Allentown, at Brerys and at Singfried have all been swept away. The splendid bridge on the Delaware at Rugselsville, eight miles below this place, built two years since, the piers of which were thirty feet above low water, has also been swept away. Dwelling houses, barns, stables, canal boats, store houses, &c., &c., have been boated off and destroyed, and some lives lost. Last night, Elam Lowrey, who keeps the grand lock at Coleman's dam, three miles above this place, together with his son were on the abutment of the dam at that place, when it gave way and they were precipitated into the river. The son is believed to be drowned. Mr. Lowrey got hold of a log and floated down to this place, when he was taken off by Mr. John Beam, an intrepid citizen of our borough, in a batteau, at the risk of his life. He deserves to be immortalized for the heroic act. No one except an eye-witness can realize the irresistible force and destructive character of the flood.

The canal basin is cut out. The canal itself overflowed for miles and it is feared that all the aqueducts and culverts for many miles down the river on the canal are gone. It would require prompt and immediate action to get the canal in navigable order by June or July.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser of Saturday evening.

Four of the six bridges over the Passaic river, were entirely swept away yesterday, viz: the bridge at Weazel, near Paterson, the Acquackonk and Belleville bridges, and the old Newark bridge, belonging to the Passaic and Hackensack Bridge Company, being the only communication with the Turpike or old Causeway to Jersey City. This bridge has been recently rebuilt at the expense of \$10,000, and the whole edifice was carried away by the flood and ice, which came down the river and with fearful force about half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The railroad bridge, a few hundred yards further south, withstood the freshet firmly, and is we believe uninjured. The Paterson Railroad bridge, we are happy to learn, also stands firm, and these are now the only bridges left over the Passaic. The bridge at Belleville was a corporation, or toll bridge, and the others were county bridges, belonging to Bergen and Passaic counties.

From the Reading Gazette.

**GREAT AND DESTRUCTIVE FRESHET.**—We have been visited by another freshet more alarming and calamitous than any that has occurred within the recollection of our oldest inhabitants. We have had for several days past continued rains, which, together with the heavy snows before lying on the ground, swelled the course of the numerous mountain rills by which our river is fed. Our citizens residing on the banks, and near the course of the river, were early advised of their danger, and doubtless many perished by their preparations to avoid it.

On the morning of Thursday the river lay placid, coated by a thick bed of ice. To look over its smooth surface, and to wonder that no rise was yet perceptible, was the first thought of each one. It lay calm as wind and weather before a hurricane. In the afternoon, as if despising its narrow bed, it commenced rising; toward night it came increasing, sweeping and rushing in its mad career, and threatening to carry all before it. About two hours past midnight it was at its maximum height, from 15 to 20 feet above low water mark! Thus it remained until 7 o'clock.

Houses, boats, sheds, bridges, lumber, fragments of timber, &c. &c., were carried along in its course, and the destruction of property must be immense, and fall severely on many. The lower part of the town was completely inundated. Boats plied from house to house to rescue the inmates, who, although loth to leave their dwellings, were induced from considerations of personal safety to abandon their little all to the angry and impetuous spirit of the flood.

**FRESHET.**—The thaw which commenced on Wednesday last, after several days of the severest cold weather known for many years, has taken off most of the great body of snow which was upon the ground, and of consequence produced a sudden flood in our streams and rivers which has done considerable damage to property of various kinds. At Derby, the confluence of the Naugatuc and Housatonic, the water was higher than has been known before for many years, the rise being 18 feet. The bridges there withstood the shock, but several hundred dollars worth of ship timber, with quantities of wood and lumber, were carried off. In several of the adjacent towns more or less damage was done to dams, roads and bridges. In Hamden four small bridges were removed, and the roads were impeded by the flood.

**A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.**—The freshet has caused a number of serious accidents; but the most interesting one which we have heard of, occurred at Norristown. The circumstances are as follows:—A fine new canal boat drifted from some place above Norristown, and struck the shore just above the town. Seven men boarded her, with the intention of taking her to a place of greater safety, and therefore commenced pushing her off from the shore with poles; but no sooner was she free from the land, than the current swept her rapidly down the stream. A long rope which was on board was thrown out to some men on the shore, who caught it, and made it fast around the trunk of a tree; but it was parted in an instant, and the boat drifted swiftly down the stream towards the bridge, under which the water was running to within six inches of the floor. Two men who were near the bridge saw the boat coming down, and hearing the cries of the men, ran swiftly round to the bridge, and succeeded in removing several weather boards from the side before the boat reached it. The boat came down bow foremost, and struck with much violence against the bridge, directly opposite one of the openings which had been made, and heeled slowly round, giving time to the men to leap through the opening. A moment after they had got safely out, the boat sunk under the bridge, and came out on the other side completely broken in half. Had not the two persons last named removed the boards from the side of

the bridge, there is no doubt that the whole seven men would have been killed.—[Phil. U. S. Gazette.

**A NARROW ESCAPE.**—Among the incidents of the late freshet in the Delaware, one is the narrow escape of Mr. George Fell, of Centreville, above New Hope. He was standing on the bridge at that place, looking at the turbulent waters, when crash went the bridge and he along with it, and dashing down the current on one of its timbers, he was carried under and past New Hope bridge, and was not extricated from his perilous situation until he reached Yardleyville a distance of 16 miles from where he started. A few minutes afterwards the New Hope bridge itself was cut in two, the Centreville bridge going clear through it, carrying away three arches and two abutments.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

Those new subscribers who wish the commencement of this justly celebrated and thrilling story in a form to be bound up with the second volume of the Quarto, are informed that we have a few sets of back numbers, (from No. 16 to 30,) and they would do well to order the back numbers from that time. We shall not be able to supply the commencement of this story in the quarto form but a few weeks longer.

Those who have sent in their orders for the first LEVIATHAN, are informed that we have not a copy left; but we have placed them on file for the forthcoming sheet, provided no subsequent directions are given for the application of the money.

## MISSING NUMBERS.

We receive complaints by the dozen every week of the loss or miscarriage of the New Worlds forwarded to its subscribers, which is annoying to them and vexing to us; especially as unusual care is taken to have them correctly mailed and put in the Post-Office in season—never later than Fridays. We assure our subscribers that the fault is not in our office; but, still, being disposed to obviate the difficulty to the fullest extent in our power, we will supply all missing numbers, so far as we have them on hand, if the request comes to us free of expense. We trust they will be satisfied with our disposition to oblige them, though at much cost to ourselves.

## TO AGENTS.

Those of our Agents who have surplus numbers of the QUARTO edition of Nos. 25 and 28, will please return the same to the office without delay.

Also, we wish as many as they can spare of the first number of the second volume, quarto, January 2, of which we are unexpectedly short several hundred copies.

Those who intend to subscribe for the Quarto commencing with the second volume must not delay their orders, as the numbers we have are going off rapidly.

## AN OFFER.

Any individual who will forward us \$20 free of postage for eight subscribers for the NEW WORLD, shall receive a copy for one year, and may also retain the balance of the money received for such subscriptions: or in proportion for ten dollars.

Any individual who will send us ten dollars for six subscribers to the EVERGREEN, shall receive a copy for one year, and may retain the balance of the money received on such subscriptions, or in proportion for five dollars. All letters must be post paid or free.

All Postmasters are authorized to act as Agents for THE NEW WORLD and THE EVERGREEN.

## Married.

At Halseyville, N. Y., December 21, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Dr. Madison Mills, U. S. Army, and Miss Margaret, daughter of Hon. Nicol Halsey.  
At Williamsburg, L. I. January 14, by the Rev. Mr. Demarest. Mr. Hiram Bingham, of New York, and Miss Jane E. daughter of Davis Johnson, Esq. of the former place.  
January 7, by Rev. Mr. Smith, H. Williamson, merchant, and Miss Margaret Eaton, all of this city.  
January 6, by Rev. Frederick F. Cornell, Mr. William Walker and Margaret, daughter of James Morgan, Esq. of this city.  
January 12, by Alderman Purdy, Joseph R. Titus and Ruth Amelia Titus, both of this city, formerly of Dutchess county.  
January 7, by Rev. Mr. McLane, John Collins and Miss Eliza Clare, both of this city.  
On the 7th inst., at St Thomas's Church, by Rev Dr Hawks, Chas W Mead and Helena, daughter of the late Abraham Stagg.  
At Berlin, Conn., Jan. 6, Mr. N. E. James, of this city, and Miss Mary J. Eddy, daughter of the late Jesse Eddy, Esq. of the former place.  
At Boston, Jan. 6, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Hamblin Blake, of this city, and Miss Elizabeth D. Dexter, of Boston.

## Died.

January 4, at the residence of his father, near Dresden, Ohio, of dropsy in the chest, Charles Lee Cass, jr., aged 24 years, eldest son of Capt. Charles L. Cass.  
January 12, Hannah, wife of Bryan Ward, aged 43.  
January 10, Joseph Rogers, aged 47.  
At Cincinnati, of consumption, John Gaby, one of the Brotherton tribe of Indians, of Oneida Co., aged 22.  
At Lanama, Cuba, Nev. 28, Mr. William Clark, formerly a merchant of this city.  
In Brooklyn, on the 9th instant, John, son of Henry G. and Elizabeth Daggars, aged 5 years and 6 months.  
In this city, January 9, of apoplexy, J. B. Prat, from St Domingo, aged 78.  
January 9, Mr. William Brown, aged 50.  
January 9, Miss Sarah Morris, late of Morrisania, aged 63.  
January 9, Abner Osborn, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 78.  
January 9, of consumption, Harriet Anna, wife of Nicholas W. West, aged 28.  
At St. Francisville, of pulmonary affection, Mr. William Stevenson, printer, a native of Albany, aged about 28.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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WHOLE NUMBER 34.

## Original Review.

## THOMAS CRANMER.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS CRANMER, by the Author of 'Three Experiments of Living,' 'Life and Times of Martin Luther,' &c. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 377.

We have read this volume through at a sitting. It has afforded us unqualified gratification. The task of the new historian was to throw a graceful drapery around certain familiar forms of an important era; and her success has been commensurate with the felicity of the idea. Her style is very alluring; it is sufficiently chaste to satisfy the most fastidious; though simple, it is never childish, and it often rises into a vigorous freedom of expression, rare in the writings of a female. Such works as this fall like invigorating ains, on the arid pathway of editorial toil, and we feel a sentiment of gratitude as they freshen and revive our minds, worn and weary even to exhaustion with the "never-ending, still beginning" labors of the pen.

Though hearing much of the "Three Experiments of Living," and somewhat of the "Life and Times of Martin Luther," we have been so fortunate as not to read either of those books—we say fortunate, because we now feel well assured of a lively pleasure in reserve. We are indebted for the "Life and Times of Thomas Cranmer," to the authoress, Mrs. George Lee, of Boston; we thank her for such kind consideration the more heartily, because, judging from the past, we never should have received a copy from her publishers. The booksellers of "the Literary Emporium" seem to cherish an unaccountable dislike to any broad dissemination of their publications; they prefer to confine them to Boston and its vicinity, or to their own shelves, there to moulder in dusty obscurity. New-York critics are seldom allowed to bask in the mental effulgence which is said to be poured all bountifully from the fountains of New England genius. It becomes us, however, in this place, to record the remarkable fact, that one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer* was favored with the last number of the *North American Review*—a piece of remarkable liberality which should secure to the publishers such commendation as we can give them, were we not, unluckily, ignorant of their names.

To return to the book before us—we have, while delightfully perusing its white and fairly-printed pages, noticed so many passages for extract, that we are quite at a loss to choose among them all. Let us take the first propagation of the Bible in England.

The Holy Scriptures were translated into our mother-tongue by Coverdale and Tyndal, and published under the auspices of Archbishop Cranmer.

"The Bible was distributed in every direction, and one was chained to the desk of each of the parochial churches. The zeal with which it was read and sought after was surprising. Assemblies of mechanics and laborers collected to listen. Youth and age discovered equal eagerness. Often the motley group were seen seated on the green sward around the lecturer; for not only Bibles were rare, but readers too. There might be seen the old man bending forward, with his grey locks, and his aged partner in her snowy kerchief, with decent cuff thrown back, lest a word should fall unheeded on the dull ear of age. In groups behind, sat youths and maidens, their little interests and mutual sympathies suspended, with lips unclosed and eager eyes fixed on the reader, who usually chanted forth the words of Scripture, and sometimes quickened their attention by involuntary stops at strange names, or unfamiliar words. Nor must childhood be left out of the group. Infants in their mothers' arms, and children too young to remain behind, the solitary tenants of the cottage—thoughtless little beings who listen for a few moments, and then sleep or play.

"Often, too, when the services of the Sabbath were over, which were prolonged till sunset, a group collected to hear the Bible read in the grave-yard, seating themselves on the mossy stones, or the new mounds covered with fresh springing grass. Desolate mourners were there, the widowed partner, the bereaved mother who had buried her last hope, and the orphan thrown on the wide world. Oh! what to them must have been the joy, as they listened! 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' And is this book so changed, that we now read and hear it 'as a tale that is told'! Must we have novelty to stimulate us? or are its

precepts and its promises so familiar to us, that they no longer come like "tidings of great joy"?

Various attempts were made to prejudice King Henry against his favorite Counsellor and the primate of England. As an issue to a conspiracy—which was set on foot by many noble Lords, and which they exultingly deemed to have been effective in the ruin of the great and good man, against whom till now many machinations had been vainly directed—we have a scene full of dramatic interest.

"It was eleven at night before the King determined in what manner to act. He then despatched Sir Anthony Denny to Lambeth with an order that Cranmer should instantly attend him at Westminster.

"He arrived late at night at Lambeth, and found the inhabitants of the palace buried in sleep. The habits of the Archbishop were uniform, and the hour of retirement early, both for himself and his household. Such an unusual summons must have filled him with surprise. He arose from his bed and repaired to the King, whom he found traversing the gallery in great apparent agitation.

"You have come," said his Majesty, "to hear serious charges against yourself, alleged by the Council. They demand that you shall be committed to the Tower, and I have acceded to their request."

"As it pleaseth your Majesty," said Cranmer; "I am in all respects willing to be committed to the Tower, only humbly entreating that I may be permitted to face my accusers, and defend myself against them."

"O Lord God!" said Henry, bursting forth with an impetuosity he was unable to restrain, "what simplicity is yours, to submit to an imprisonment that must end in your ruin! Do you not know, that, no sooner shall you be in the Tower, false knaves will instantly come forward to arraign you, who, if you were at liberty, would not dare to show their faces? No, no; not so, my Lord Canterbury. Go you to the Council to-morrow, and when you appear before them, demand to be confronted with your accusers. Should there be a moment's hesitation, produce this ring; the sight of it will instantly bring the matter before me."

With a mind harrassed by anxiety, and the consciousness of enemies ready to spring upon him, the Archbishop, after a sleepless night, at eight o'clock was in attendance upon the Council.

The men who had solicited his imprisonment, were sitting in divan discussing the articles of his impeachment. When told he was in waiting, there was a luxury in humiliating the Primate that added to the expected triumph. "Let him wait our leisure," was the universal sentiment.

The Archbishop found himself in the anti-room, surrounded by lackeys and serving-men, waiting the orders of their masters. It was a spectacle worth looking at for its novelty, and many a one stopped to gaze upon the Primate as he passed. There was one, however, that did not look upon him with sentiments of triumph or of pity, but with indignation. This was Doctor Butts, the King's physician, who was on his morning errand to his majesty. When he entered the royal apartment he said "I have seen so strange a sight this morning, that I think it worth mentioning to your Majesty."

"What is it?" inquired the King.

"The first man in England is become a serving man, and has been standing for an hour among his fellow-lackeys at the door of the Council-chamber."

"Ha! is it so?" exclaimed Henry; "the varlets! they shall hear of it before long."

"Still, however, Henry remained quiet, to the surprise of Dr. Butts.

"In the mean time, Cranmer waited till he was summoned to the Council-chamber. The complaint was made in rude terms. He listened with meekness, and required that his accusers might be called into his presence and confronted with him. The just request was made in vain. "No, my Lord," was the reply; "we have liberty to commit you immediately to the Tower; then, justify yourself yourself if you can."

Cranmer, finding his request unheeded, drew from his bosom a ring and handed it to them.

"It was the King's! The august assembly were thrown into the greatest agitation, while Lord Russell exclaimed; 'Said I not true, my Lords, that the King would never endure that my Lord of Canterbury should be impeached and disgraced for less than high treason?'

"The matter was now immediately before the King. 'I thought,' said Henry, 'that I had a discreet Council. But what am I to say now? Is my Lord of Canterbury a slave, that you should keep him at the door of your chamber like a serving-man? What would you say if an indignity like this were offered to any of you? I fully believe that the realm of England contains not a more faithful subject than I have ever found in my Lord of Canterbury, and he that pretends attachment to me, must show respect and honor to him.'

"It was in vain they apologized and explained. The wrath of Henry was not easily appeased. They assured the King, that they only wished the Archbishop committed to

the Tower that he might come forth from his confinement with augmented reputation and glory.

"Is it even so?" said Henry, sarcastically. 'Think ye that I do not see the malice of your motives, that which sets you one against another? that I do not discern how the world geeth among ye? I counsel you, let this be avoided out of hand, and never again let my friends receive such usage as this at your hands.'

"With these words he left them. The scene that followed was too disgusting to describe—an exhibition of the low propensities of human nature. The men who had hoped to bring Cranmer to the scaffold, now crowded round him, congratulating him 'on having such convincing testimonies of his innocence, and besought him to harbor no enmity towards them.' The placable Archbishop accepted their apologies, and the King, who was well satisfied with his own exhibition of power, and the success of the little farce he had planned, desired the primate to invite them to dine at Lambeth palace."

When the life of Henry the Eighth was drawing to its close, his peculiar views became the bane of the innocent. He was more than ever revengeful and suspicious. It was reported that a certain nobleman aspired to the hand of the imperious Princess, Mary. There is a whole tragedy in the following spirited and affecting episode:

"At length his suspicions found a point on which to rest. The Earl of Surry, son of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Treasurer of England, was a young man of great wit and learning; his manners were refined and graceful, his deportment noble and commanding. He had passed much of his time on the continent, and acquired a degree of gallantry in his deportment towards woman, that was scarcely understood in England. A lover of the fine arts, accomplished in the literature of the day, and adept in music, and performing himself with the grace of an amateur and the decision of an artist, he became the "glass of fashion" to the young. At every masque and tournament he was the hero. His lance and his pen were equally successful. His romantic gallantry flowed in madrigals and sonnets, and he stood forth one of the troubadours of the earlier ages. When Boulogne was taken by Henry, the young Earl, then scarcely at the age of manhood, was left Governor of the place. Led away by the impetuosity and bravery of his natural temperament, he ventured upon some rencounters with the French, which proved unsuccessful, and the King sent over Hertford to command in his place, ordering Surry to resign.

The young man did not take this affront meekly, and, when Hertford offered him his daughter in marriage, waved the proposal. He had already selected the lady of his love, and the manner of negotiating an alliance, even if his heart had been disengaged, was wholly opposed to his chivalrous feelings. He returned to the English court, and was even so imprudent as to utter his indignation aloud at what he conceived to be unjust treatment. When there, he laid aside the pomp of arms, and threw open his house to people of rank and distinguished foreigners. Among these were Italians, a nation hateful to the King, and constantly the object of his suspicions. He always believed them to be in concert with his ancient enemy, Cardinal Pole, and employed as spies. Another evil under which Surry labored, arose from his relationship to Catherine Howard, which operated as a secret cause of disgust to the King.

The Earl was wholly unapprized of these existing prejudices against him, and bore himself with a nobility of demeanor that was reported to the King by his enemies.—Henry was now confined to his room, irascible and overbearing; all the evil passions of nature forming his torment and punishment. The echoes which occasionally met his ear, of the elegance, accomplishments, and deportment of Surry, were operating like poison upon his mind, and he conceived, or pretended to entertain, the absurd suspicion that the Earl inspired to the hand of the Princess Mary, and meant to dispute the succession of Edward to the crown, and secure it to himself.

While these things were brewing in the King's mind, and adding to the torture of severe bodily disease, the unconscious Surry was preparing a splendid entertainment in honor of the Princess Mary. All the decorations of taste and art were collected, and it was more than suspected, that the professed object of the *fete* had signified her willingness that it should be given. Never had the rigid muscles of Mary's face more benignantly relaxed than on this occasion. Surry was not waiting in any of the attentions of a *preux chevalier*; he danced, he sang, and knelt to the Princess, but his eye perpetually wandered to one light and graceful form in the distant group. When their eyes met, it was observed by Pasquil, his Italian jester, that "his hand moved to his heart." This was the true object of his affection; and well she deserved it. With a natural love for all that was beautiful and cultivated, she had singled out Surry from her troop of admirers, and caught the inspiration of his genius. Never were two hearts more in unison, and a long life of similar pursuits, of elegant literature, and of domestic and conjugal faith, rose in perspective.

"The next morning, by order of the King, the Earl was

arraigned for high treason. His trial took place in Guildhall, in London, before the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, and other commissioners. The chief accusation against him was assuming the arms of Edward the Confessor. He fully proved that these were justified by the sacration of the King's heralds.

"Mr. Richard Southwell was confronted with him, and charged him with having uttered disloyal words. Surry denied them, and desired to be admitted to fight him, according to martial law. This was not permitted. He defended himself with a keen wit and undaunted spirit, often confounding his adversaries. At length a witness was brought against him, who deposed, that, in reply to an observation of Surry's, he had said at the time 'My Lord, this is high treason.'"

"The Earl folded his arms, and looking at him with ineffable contempt, replied, 'I leave it to the jury to decide, whether the Earl of Surry would suffer this man to speak such words to him, without felling him to the earth.'"

"He uniformly pleaded not guilty, and his eye never for a moment lost its undaunted courage. The jury (a common inquest, not of Peers,) condemned him, judgement of death was given, and he was conveyed to the Tower. When he arrived there, he found that his father, the Duke of Norfolk, had been also committed on the charge of high treason.

"The evening preceding the execution of Surry, a young page was admitted to his cell by the keeper, on condition that the interview should last but fifteen minutes, and himself be present. It mattered not to the parties who was there; it was one long, one last embrace. The same spirit animated both; a spirit of undying constancy and truth. The last words they uttered when they parted were, 'For a moment of suffering on earth, an eternity of happiness in heaven.'"

"The next day, in the grey twilight of the morning, the elegant, the accomplished, the envied Earl of Surry, was beheaded on Tower-hill."

The story of the young King Edward, "the good, the gentle and the beautiful—the child of light and genius," who perished

"Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn  
Robes in its golden hues;"

and who, in contrast with his wicked father, illustrated the lines of Wordsworth:

"The good die first,  
But they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust  
Burn to the socket."

his story is throughout pathetically told. In contemplating it, we confess indeed

"Whom the Gods love die young"

Read this account of his character, when a mere child.

"The day on which Hertford was appointed Protector, Edward was informed of it in presence of the Council, and that it was done by unanimous agreement. He pulled off his cap, and bowing gracefully round, said, 'We heartily thank you my Lords, all; and hereafter, in all that ye shall have to do with us for any suit or causes, ye shall be heartily welcome.'"

"The dignity, yet sweetness of his deportment, in a boy not quite ten, astonished every one. He spoke and conducted himself with perfect self-possession, not that which arises from an over-weening sense of power, but from a mind fully conscious of the high office he was called to fill, and so absorbed in the sense of duty and responsibility as to forget himself. Yet there were times, when the light-hearted and innocent gaiety of a child animated his boyish sports, when tops and marbles, hoops and balls, succeeded his hours of serious study. Then was his clear, musical voice, heard in the shout and laugh, that make the welkin ring. Then his light, agile form was first in those exercises that required activity of purpose, rather than animal strength and vigor. In these last, he early gave indications of debility, and often, after having won the prize for feats of activity, he would seat himself, panting and exhausted, at the foot of a tree, throw off his cap, and, while his curls clustered round his damp forehead, and his face was pale (for, alas, there was none of the animated glow of health,) from exhaustion, he would take his Virgil from his pocket, and replenish his mind while his frame was recruiting its powers.

"Among his companions, royalty was forgotten. They were fellow associates and equals. Nor would he permit any privilege to be given to himself which they did not share. Yet there was that in his deportment which restrained rudeness or riot. If his companions forgot themselves, he silently withdrew to a distance, and they felt at once that the spirit of love and purity was gone. The deference they paid to him was voluntary; it was not given to the Prince, to the heir of Henry the Eighth, but to Edward, the royal and rightful inheritor of the virtues of Jane Seymour, on whom seemed to have descended her sweetness and refinement. With her early death, Edward had naturally connected those tender and melancholy associations, that in such cases sometimes occur to a peculiarly sensitive and feeling child. She had died in giving birth to him, and he had an indefinite sense of responsibility resting upon him, that, as far as was possible, he was to make her place good, and keep alive her virtues. All that she numbered of her poor, he made his; and his pocket-money was often expended in deeds of benevolence.

"The discrimination of his mind between acting and feeling was very remarkable; he early comprehended that good thoughts and resolutions were only valuable as they produced active results. On this account he was reserved as to his own emotions. They did not flow out spontaneously, as we usually see in childhood, and often in riper years. They were seeds that sprung up, and brought forth fruits. Had his disposition been less gentle and kind, this reserve might have been mistaken for pride or coolness. But his life was filled with good deeds, and no one could mistake any little peculiarities of manner. The questions which Cardan tells us he asked him in his fifteenth year, will give an idea of the philosophical turn of his mind. We are to remember that he was then a monarch, surrounded with regal splendor. How meekly he sat upon the throne, and how quietly he wore the crown, proves that he prized it lightly, when compared with the immortal one he sought to win."

After the execution of the famous protector Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, father of Dudley, the husband of the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, acquired a power over the young King's person, which separated him from the communion of his friends and harassed his tender spirit. The star of his sweet life was near its extinguishment.

"But a more invincible enemy than Northumberland was attacking the vital powers of Edward. Of this there were fearful indications in the almost supernatural brightness of his eye, the hectic of his cheek, and his short and rapid manner of breathing. Yet at times he seemed to cast off all debility, and his spirit, lightened of its load, gave deceptive promise of health. Sometimes the princely boy would spring from his couch, and gaze on his fair realm around him with a sanguine feeling, that he should yet live to govern it.

"And could there not be found one in all his wide domain to rescue its youthful monarch from an early grave? Where were the united claims of Lancaster and York? Where the nobles of the land? The Parliament, too, who found it so easy to sign a warrant of death, could they not sign one of life? Of all the flatterers, who had surrounded him, and who cried 'God save the King!' was there none to avert the blow? Seymour and Somerset had contended for his favor, and, ere the struggle was ended, had trod the dark valley of death. Northumberland was now bowing the knee, and successfully excluded from the royal presence all rivals. But there was one enemy more powerful, more vigilant than the Earl; one, whose icy hand was outstretched, and who laughed so scorn all human efforts. To him the bribes of countless wealth were nothing. Slowly and noiselessly he came, but not to stealthily as to deceive Edward. He saw his approach with an undaunted eye, for he knew that death could only open the portals to immortal life; and, beyond, he beheld 'flowery vales and dewy meads,' inviting his 'fainting steps.'"

More, many more passages, as acceptable to the appreciative reader, as the foregoing, might be presented; but surely those, which we have quoted, are enough to show that this is a book, from which a pure mind cannot fail to derive much profit and delight.

## Original Articles.

For the New World.

### PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF LAFITTE.

BY JAMES REES.

[Concluded]

CHAP. VIII. . . . Some account of Bridges—Legends attached thereto—Appearance of the four Travellers spoken of by Bobby—The Attack—The Result.

All bridges—we make no exceptions—are more or less the resort of fairies, elves, witches, hobgoblins, sprites, spirits, &c. &c. They are better calculated for these phantom ladies and gentlemen to play their freaks in and about, than the more gloomy recesses of a forest, or the ruins of some old antiquated castle, where, in "by-gone days," some horrid deed was committed. On a moonlight night, when stars are struggling through the silver mist, and vainly trying to eclipse the queen of half the world, a rustic bridge bending its solid form over a rivulet or meandering stream, winding its way through a rich and fertile country, presents to the eye a scene more grand and picturesque, more poetic—or, at least, more romantic—than the high turreted castle, in the most superstitious country in the world; and when we ask why it is so? the answer is to be found in the thousand and one legends which are treasured up by the old, and narrated by the young. Beneath the arches of some lone, out of the way bridge, fairies, it is said, hold their nightly revels, witches and sprites their midnight orgies, and robbers select the bridge for their deeds of blood and plunder. Even the plain simply-constructed bridge (I do not mean the new one) over a little stream of water which empties itself into the Cumberland river, a short distance below Nashville, Tenn., is not exempt from this popular superstition.

Cumberland river, one of the largest in Kentucky, takes its rise from the Cumberland mountains, and interlocks with the head waters of Clinch and Kentucky rivers, and thence flowing through the State, westwardly, more than two hundred miles, it enters the State of Tennessee, and, after meandering one hundred and twenty miles, reaches Nashville nearly in latitude 35 N. From thence, flowing N. W. one hundred and twenty miles, it joins the Ohio, nearly opposite Dog Island, once the hiding place of the celebrated Meason. As I observed, the bridge is not, or rather was not, exempt from the wild legends of robbers, and ghosts, and of strange sights which were seen there at divers times. These stories, however, go further back than the present generation can well remember, or they can remember only such portions as were gleaned from the nursery, that school wherein superstition builds its power, so that the combined efforts of Common Sense and Religion cannot pull it down. It may be said that these relations of the wild and wonderful, originated from a morbid state of feeling, actuated by fear. It may be: but their frequent repetition established the belief in the minds of the people beyond the possibility of a doubt. Old Ben Wilson, well known to the old settlers of the "Far West," swears, to this day, that he saw numerous black and white dogs emerging from the eastern side of this bridge. Wild, and as he says, "anathematically" announced their departure, and hideous screams welcomed their return! He also swears—Ben will swear—that on one occasion he saw a beautiful young lady sitting on a large stone immediately in the centre of the bridge, who, at his approach, suddenly disappeared. The huge stone next morning was not to be seen! Horses, in passing over the sandy hill at a late hour of night, stopped suddenly in their career, and when the alarmed traveler looked down to ascertain the cause, a huge snake was discovered twining itself around the animal's feet, and holding him immovable. Many have remained standing in this position, with the monster hissing up his venom in their very faces, until day-break, when the snake unwound himself, and left the traveler to pursue his journey unmolested. Ben, the chronicler of these, the "wild and wonderful," further swears, that whole troops of headless men, women, and children, were frequently seen

dancing in the green meadows, and, if molested, would seek shelter under the bridge! I myself remember a young man, who in after years lived near the lime-kilns in the upper country, and who having drank very freely at old Sam Walker's tavern, was, as he stated, tempted to join this unnatural band of dancers. He was never known to smile or drink a drop afterwards. His wife says to this day it was a spiritual blessing. . . . We might write a volume upon this subject, but here we stop for the present.

Over this bridge, on a beautiful evening in the month of August, four horsemen were seen to pass. On the opposite side they stopped for a moment to gaze upon the beauty of the scenery. It was truly a pleasing sight. The rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the water, and tinted with golden hues the mountain tops. The murmur of insects became louder as the day-wind went down with the sun. All nature looked as pure as the limpid stream that gurgled from a rock, and mingled its chrystal waters with those of the dark Cumberland.

"Look yonder, Smith," exclaimed one of the company, "is not that a fitting subject for the pencil of an artist?"

"Indeed it is, and one that I will not pass without taking a sketch." In an instant the artist, for such indeed he was, was at work.

"It lacks but a company of brigands to render it an Italian scene," observed a third.

"It is said," remarked the fourth, "that the wildest and most beautiful parts of Italy are the haunts of banditti; and yet it is not strange that we should associate with the Italian brigands deeds of heroism and romance? The robbers of all other countries have no interest for us, unless it be those of Germany, and they only exist in the many old legends which have been translated, as it were, for our special wonder."

"True," observed the painter—"novelists have done much for the Italian brigands, and one of our own writers has thrown around them a degree of interest which is only excelled by the beauty and elegance of his style of narration: I allude to Washington Irving—his, indeed, is a gifted pen. But look yonder! what can be more beautiful? That form lacks but the human form to render it second only to the Paræ—Ha! what do I see?"

"What do you see, Smith?" was the general exclamation.

"By heavens, gentlemen, I saw glaring at me through the underbrush a pair of as rascally-looking eyes as the most fastidious Lavater would wish to study from."

"It must be a panther: they abound hereabout."

"No, gentlemen—they were those of a boy that I saw."

"Nonsense."

"There, I see his head: it is like a bunch of carrots."

"It is a fox, Smith. Stand back—I'll fire."

"Hold, for heaven's sake! There, I see a man—we are among banditti!"

And so they were. In a moment the spot where the boy was first seen was covered with armed men.

"Silence, men—not a word—not a motion—leave this business to me. Stand close."

They obeyed, while their Captain walked leisurely down the hill. When he came within hearing distance, the eldest of the four travellers commanded him to stop. There was in the sound of his voice a something that carried awe along with it. To Lafitte it was not fearful, but it emanated from one his equal in courage and daring.

"Stop, I say, or by the Eternal! you die," and the pistol was on a dead level with the robber's breast.

Lafitte spoke—"With me, gentlemen, it is needless to contend: I am surrounded by men who know not what danger is, men of the most reckless daring—men, if you please, of crime. So yield, sirs, without hesitation."

"Trifler!" exclaimed he who had now assumed a degree of command over his companions, "do you think that I am to be intimidated by Lafitte—the successful pirate and robber? out of my path, or I'll crush you," and he dashed his horse toward the spot where Lafitte stood for the purpose of taking a route leading around the base of the mountain, and in a direction from the spot where stood the giant figures of the robbers. His three companions followed. Lafitte darted to the centre of the road, gave a shrill whistle and—the next moment lay bleeding on the ground. The unerring aim of the stranger took him, as the sailors say, between "wind and water." A dozen rifles blazed forth their fiery contents, but without effect, and the four travellers were seen in the far distance leaning over the necks of their horses, which were going at a rate that defied pursuit.

The band gathered around their fallen leader: he was wounded severely. "Stop the pursuit, Brown: had I known the man at first I would have acted differently."

"Who are they? to whom do you allude?"

"His name is—raise me up, gently, gently, boys—his name is—easy, boys, I am badly hurt—his aim is deadly—that man—the one I mean who fired at me, was GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON."

There was a dead pause—every eye fell to the ground, and Lafitte was carried on the shoulders of four of his men into an inner room of the cave.

CHAP. IX. . . . Sick bed—Love and treason—Hatching mischief—Bobby's usefulness—The last scene—The drop curtain to these passages.

Lafitte lay on a bed in a chamber of the cave, suffering almost the agonies of death. The wound was a severe one, and added to mental suffering, it rendered his situation truly distressing. Where was Rebecca, the Jewess? Did her presence cheer the sick man's spirits? Did her smile lull the pain, or her delicate fingers dress and solace his wounds? No! there was a mystery about her—a change had come over her reality of life; her actions appeared to Lafitte of the most extraordinary nature. She seldom visited him, and when she did, it was with a sullen air, and reluctant step. Still, was Lafitte kind to her; and for this kindness she became still more mysterious in her conduct toward him. The business of robbing went on as usual; a man by the name of Brown acted as Captain. Brown was a much younger man than Lafitte, tall and athletic; and in his youth had received a liberal education. Brown committed a forgery to show his knack in the free use of the pen—before he was one-and-twenty, killed his particular friend in a duel—before he was twenty-two, assassinated a man in Girod street, New Orleans, and



performed numerous other acts which, if he had lived in any other country except this, would have raised him to a considerable eminence in the eyes of the law. Brown was a base villain: he had not a redeeming trait. Lafitte knew this, but such were the men to suit his purposes, while he was able to command them, but not when he lay on a sick bed. It is said that honor exists among thieves; so it does, but it is that kind of honor which lives only in the atmosphere of fear and dread; for, now that the chief was unable to govern, there was not a man but would have slit his windpipe for the sake of his gold, and the prospect his death would hold out of getting command.

Brown and Rebecca were seen together frequently; their conferences were long, and seemingly interesting; there were also, mysterious whisperings among the crew. All this did not escape the lynx eye of Lafitte; he looked upon Rebecca as one, to use the words of old Solomon, already "doomed." If he was apparently asleep to this evident infidelity on her part—or careless as regarded the subject upon which they seem to dwell in earnest and sometimes loud conversation—there was one who watched them with more interest and exercised a cunning in his vocation which would have done honor to the wildest politician of the age. This spy on the actions of Rebecca and her paramour was "Red-headed Bob."

Night had drawn its curtains close around the earth—the lamps of heaven had gone out one by one, and the great chandelier of creation had been quietly lowered down, its pale rays still lingering in the west. The wind swept over the hills, and murmured mournfully in the valleys. The waters of the Cumberland rolled away toward the Ohio, while the wolf howled through the forest, sole monarch of the American woods. Jonas lay thinking—such nights as these were calculated to harass his wounds and render him fitfully unhappy.

"Who's there? Close the door quick, Bob—it is you is it?"

"Yes sir,"—and Bob carefully secured the door. "Sir, does not this secret door lead through the rock to the top of the mountain?"

"It does, why do you ask?"

"Is the passage known to any of the men—is it known to Rebecca?"

"No—not even to her—and how you became acquainted with it, is to be explained."

"That will I—but not now—you are in danger, sir."

"I know it."

"Know it—and lay here so calm and contented?"

"I have warm friends in the band."

"No sir—no one but him who stands before you."

"Ha! say you so? Place that iron bar over the door hinges—that way, now keep me up—there, gently boy—where are my pistols—fix a pair—that's right—boy, your fortune is made, whether I die or live. Hand me pen, ink and paper—see, I sign these checks—if I fall, fill them up to the amount I have in bank—it is yours—if I live, we will enjoy it together. So! there is nothing like business."

"But, sir—why think of such things now?"

"Business, boy, before pleasure—I am glad the treachery of Brown is made manifest—equally so, that my men are ungrateful. Now tell me how you found it out: hand me that flint—there—now the powder horn. See that your pistols are in order—if they come, boy, we will be prepared. Now proceed—tell me all about it, eh, go on."

It was evident that the mind of Lafitte was wandering. So thought Bob, who, during the time Jonas was talking and fixing his pistols—was gazing upon him with lack lustre eyes, scarcely knowing what to say or do. Being called upon, however, to account for his knowledge—he spoke as follows:

"I need not tell you, Captain, how Miss Rebecca and Brown have been kissing each other all about the cave, 'fore the men and behind their backs—I need not tell you this, nor need I tell you much more of what I see'd. But this kissing I considers as nothing, for it is an innocent amusement—but when it smacks of treason and murder—"

"Murder—murder, Bob—eh?"

"Yes, sir, murder. I overheard Brown say to the men at table, that your lungs were all shot away—that you would never rise from off this 'ere bed. But you are risin' ain't you? And then he said as how you must be stabbed to the heart to put you out of pain, and make him Captain."

"The h—ll, I must!"

"And who do you suppose was to do it?"

"Brown himself?"

"No!"

"Smith?"

"No!"

"Jenkins?"

"No—none on 'em—why, Miss Rebecca!"

"It cannot be!"

"True."

"Did she consent?"

"Not then, because as how she was not there; but I followed Brown out—he sought her—they held a long conversation. I could not hear it all; but this I heard—'A cup of poison, administered by your hand.'"

"Umph!—Bob, I wish you to mix among the men; give them to understand that I cannot live;—to-morrow we will quit this place and mode of life for ever. I will seek a city, and try to live honestly, if I can. I would leave my men as they are—willing to serve under another, and that other, Brown. I will not see one of them, no not one; new leave me—but go out of the secret door, and be cautious. The horses you can have ready by early dawn."

"And Rebecca?"

"Can go to the devil."

Before the sun was up on the morning after the above conversation, Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf, the terror of the west, with his friend, red-headed Bob, were far away from the Robber's Cave.

In a lonely mansion, (bearing evidences of wealth about it), situated on a little rising ground, a few minutes walk from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, lay the body of a man, resembling more the picture of death, than the stern reality of expiring life. His eyes were fixed, and his once stern features relaxed, although bearing strong evidence of much mental and physical suffering. The time was December 19, 1819.

"I say, Bob, it is all up with me now."

"I am afraid so, sir. I cannot flatter you as I have for the last ten days."

"So Brown, you say, was hanged in New Orleans last week?"

"Yes, sir, as I told you—for the murder of Rebecca."

"Hush, Bob, do not mention her name; it is associated with many a dark deed committed on the high seas. Bob, listen! I know her history; know how and when old Solomon became her guardian; it is a long story; let it pass. She is gone, where—if preachers tell truth—I too must render up a fearful account. Talking of accounts, has the lawyer finished the papers?"

"All finished and recorded."

"Then, Bob, you are a wealthy man."

"Thanks to your kindness, and our industry, I am."

"Ha! ha! Bob—I cannot help laughing when I think of our pardon. We fought though, fought like men, did n't we? We are *honest* now in the eyes of the law. Government has pardoned us. Ha! ha! But, Bob, do you know that for years after the battle of New Orleans, I felt as if I would much rather have been at the head of a few bold spirits, and sailing under the bloody flag on the high sea. It was my element, Bob, and damn me, if I don't think I ought to be buried there. Ha! what a pang that was! Bob, I am dying. Death is doing its work here—here, Bob, hand me that glass. I cannot drink; my throat is choked up—there's another broadside from Death's battery. My eyes grow weak—Bob, your hand, I'm cold—chilly; shut that window. Hark! I hear the cry of Pirates!—up with the black flag! Ha! they prepare. No quarter, men, let no one escape to tell the tale! Clear the deck! hoist the Death's head! no quarter! Be in at the death. Ha! ha!—Here the wretched man fell back, completely exhausted; the man he called Bob raised him up—then laid him gently down."

"He is dead," were the words he uttered; and red-haired Bob gazed for the last time on the features of LAFITTE, THE PIRATE OF THE GULF.

For the New World.

## TO MY MUSE.

Come gentle muse! thou has been absent long,  
A truant from my humble home and me;  
To woo thee I have left life's moving throng,  
And give myself to solitude and thee.  
The notes lie mute and trembling on the strings,  
Nor will be won from thy restrictive charm;  
Oh! hover o'er them with thy silver wings,  
And into life the tuneful embryo warm.

Be still my heart—my struggling breath, Oh, hush—  
My prayer is heard; sweet daughter of the skies,  
I feel thy presence through thy being guah,  
Brimming my soul with blissful extatics!  
Broken the spell! from the unfettered mind,  
Th' imprisoned melody flows swift along,  
And it and honeyed harmony combined  
Are fond yoke-followers in my votive song.

HENRY C. WATSON.

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

### COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

Mr. Bouterweck has analyzed this ballad, and commented upon it at some length, in his History of Spanish Literature. See Book I. Section I.

He bestows particular praise upon a passage, which the reader will find attempted in the fourth line of stanza xxii. of the following version—

"Dedes me aya este hijo amamare por despedida."

"What modern poet," says he, "would have dared to imagine that trait, at once so natural and so touching?"

Mr. Bouterweck seems to be of opinion that the story of the ballad had been taken from some prose romance of chivalry; but I have not been able to find any trace of it.

I.  
Alone, as was her wont, she sat—within her bower alone—  
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,  
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,  
And she be never woo'd to wife nor see a bridal day.

II.  
Thus said the sad Infanta: "I will not hide my grief;  
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."  
The King, when he beheld her near, "Alas! my child,"  
said he, [to me.]  
"What means this melancholy cheer? Reveal thy grief."

III.  
"Good King," she said, "my mother was buried long ago;  
She left me to thy keeping; none else my griefs shall know.  
I fain would have a husband; 't is time that I should wed.  
Forgive the words I utter; with mickle shame they're said."

IV.  
"T was thus the King made answer: "This fault is none of mine;  
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;  
Yet round us here where lives your peer? Nay, name him  
if you can—

Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man."

"Ask the Count Alarcos if of yore he did not plight  
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?  
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break.  
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse for a false lover's sake."

VI.  
The good King sat confounded in silence for some space.  
At length he made this answer, with very troubled face:  
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;  
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed,  
both I and you."

VII.  
"If it be true that you have said, our honor's lost and gone;  
And while the Countess is in life, remedied for us is none.  
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not  
spare. [ceased my care.]  
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead whose counsel

VIII.

"How can I give you counsel? but little wit have I;  
But certes, Count Alarcos may make his Countess die:  
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,  
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.  
What pass'd between us long ago, of that be nothing said  
Thus none shall our dishonor know—in honor I shall wed."

IX.

The Count was standing with his friends; thus in the midst  
he spake: [man's sake!]  
"What fools we be! what pains men dree for a fair wo-  
I loved a fair one long ago: though I'm a married man,  
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began."

X.

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came  
full near;  
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.  
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me to-day,  
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."

XI.

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the  
mass;  
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass.  
Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one.  
When all were gone and they alone, 't was thus the King  
began:

XII.

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did  
plight,  
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?  
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the  
truth;  
But shamed is my grey head, alas! and scorn'd Solisa's youth."

XIII.

"I have a heavy word to speak: a lady fair doth lie  
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must  
die.

Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,  
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your  
wife.

What pass'd between you long ago, of that be nothing said:  
Thus, none shall my dishonor know; in honor you shall  
wed."

XIV.

Thus spake the Count Alarcos: "The truth I'll not deny;  
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;  
I fear'd my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair  
daughter; [ter.]  
But, oh! spare her that's innocent; avoid that sinful laugh-

XV.

"She dies, she dies," the King replies: "from thine own  
sin it springs, [of Kings.]  
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood  
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the  
deed, [meed.]  
Else thou on shameful block must bend—thereof is no re-

XVI.

"Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason  
blots my name! [blame!]  
I'll take the life of my dear wife—(God! mine be not the  
Alas! that young and sinless heart for others' sin should  
bleed! [speed!]  
Good King, in sorrow I depart."—"May God your errand

XVII.

In sorrow he departed; dejectedly he rode  
The weary journey from that place unto his own abode.  
He grieved for his fair Countess—dear as his life was she—  
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

XVIII.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,  
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;  
The others were young children that had but little wit,  
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

XIX.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a little space,  
"How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?  
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,  
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!"

XX.

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear—  
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near).  
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life!—Alas! you droop  
your head: [so red?]  
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife what makes your eyes

XXI.

"I'll tell you all, I'll tell you all—it is not yet the hour—  
We'll sup together in the hall; I'll tell you in your bower."  
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him  
sat;

He sat beside her, pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate

XXII.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so);  
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did  
flow. [cos said:]

"I fain would sleep, I fain would sleep," the Count Alar-  
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their  
bed.

XXIII.

They came together to the bower where they were used to  
rest,  
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast.  
The Count had barr'd the chamber doors—they ne'er were  
barr'd till then:

"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

XXIV.

"Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband and my  
life,  
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos's wife."  
"Alas! unhappy lady, 't is but little that you know,  
For in that very word you've said is gather'd all your wo-

XXV.

"Long since I loved a lady; long since I oaths did plight  
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night.  
Her father is our lord the King: to him the thing is known;  
And now, that I the news should bring! she claims me for  
her own."

XXVI.  
"Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side: Ere I had seen your face, she was betrothed my bride; But—oh! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie, It is the bidding of our lord that this night you must die."

XXVII.  
"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal? Oh! kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel! But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee; [three.] There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children."

XXVIII.  
"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die!"

"Oh! well 't is seen how all alone upon the earth am I: My father is an old frail man; my mother's in her grave; And dead is stout Don Garcia—Alas! my brother brave!"

XXIX.  
"T was at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear, And now I'm helpless in the land. It is not death I fear, But loth, loth am I to depart and leave my children so. Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."

XXX.  
"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast: the rest thou may'st not see."

"I fain would say an Ave."—"Then say it speedily." She knelt her down upon her knee: "Oh, Lord! behold my case: [grace.] Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great"

XXXI.  
When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose: "Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose— And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold, That he may drink one farewell drink before my breast be cold."

XXX.  
"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep. [peep.]— Prepare, dear wife; there is no time; the dawn begins to 'Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free; pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've loved thee."

XXXIII.  
"But they have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter: The curse of God be on them for this unchristian slaughter! I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone, To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"

XXXIV.  
He drew a kerchief round her neck—he drew it tight and strong, Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along. He laid her then within the sheets, and kneeling by her side, To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

XXXV.  
Then call'd he for his esquires: oh! deep was their dismay When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay. Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong; But God took heed of their offence: his vengeance stay'd not long.

XXXVI.  
Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta pass'd away; The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day; Alarcos followed ere the Moon had made her round complete: [ment seat.] Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judge-

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

"Gentlemen, I will now concede to him every inch of the case which he has been endeavoring to make out; that he has completely established his pedigree. Mind, gentlemen, I concede this only for the purpose of the case which I am about to lay before you." He then mentioned the conveyance by Harry Dreddlington of all his interests—"You forget that he died in his father's lifetime, Mr. Attorney-General," interposed Mr. Subtle, with a placid smile, and the air of a man who is suddenly relieved from a vast pressure of anxiety.

"Not a bit of it, gentlemen, not a bit of it—'t is a part of my case. My learned friend is quite right; Harry Dreddlington did die in his father's lifetime:—but—" Here Mr. Subtle gazed at the Attorney-General with unaffected curiosity; and, when the latter came to mention "the Deed of Confirmation by the father of Harry Dreddlington," an acute observer might have observed a slight change of color in Mr. Subtle. Mr. Quicksilver went on writing—for he was entirely out of his depth, and therefore occupied himself with thinking over an article he was writing for some political review. Mr. Lynx looked at the Attorney-General as if he expected every instant to receive a musket-ball in his breast.

"What! 'confirm' a nullity, Mr. Attorney General?" interrupted Mr. Subtle, laying down his pen with a smile of derision; but a moment or two afterwards, "Mr. Mortmain," said he in a hasty whisper, "what do you think of this? Tell me—in four words"—Mortmain, his eye glued to the face of the Attorney-General the while, muttered hastily something about—operating as a new grant—as a new conveyance.

"Pshaw! I mean what's the answer to it?" muttered Mr. Subtle, impatiently; but his countenance preserved its expression of smiling nonchalance.

"You'll oblige me, Mr. Mortmain," he by-and-by whispered, in a quiet but peremptory tone, "by giving your utmost attention to the question as to the effect of this deed—so that I may shape my objection to it properly when it is tendered in evidence. If it really have the legal effect attributed to it, and which I suspect is the case, we may as

well shut up our briefs. I thought there must be something or other in the background."

Gammien saw the real state of Mr. Subtle's mind, and his cheek turned pale, but he preserved a smile on his countenance, as he sat with his arms folded. Quirk eyed him with undisguised agitation, scarce daring to look up at Mr. Subtle. Titmouse, seeing a little dismay in his camp, turned very white and cold, and sat still, scarce daring to breathe. Snap looked like a terrier going to have his teeth pulled out. At length the Attorney-General, after stating that, in addition to the case which he had intimated, as resting mainly on the deed of confirmation, he should proceed to prove the pedigree of Mr. Aubrey, sat down, having spoken about two hours and a half, expressing his conviction that when the defendant's evidence should have been closed, the jury, under his Lordship's direction, would return a verdict for the defendant, and without leaving the jury-box, where, by their long and patient attention, they had so honorably acquitted themselves of the important duty imposed upon them by the constitution.

"James Parkinson?" exclaimed Mr. Sterling, quietly but distinctly, as the Attorney-General sat down. "Do you produce," inquired Mr. Sterling, as soon as the witness has been sworn, "a conveyance, specifying that by Harry Dreddlington to Moses Aaron," &c. It was proved and put in, without much opposition. So also was another—the assignment from Moses Aaron to Geoffrey Dreddlington.

"Do you also produce a deed between Harry Dreddlington the elder and Geoffrey Dreddlington?" and he mentioned the date and names of all the parties. Mr. Parkinson handed in the important document.

"Stay, stay; where did you get that deed, Mr. Parkinson?" inquired Mr. Subtle.

"From my office at Griston, where I keep many of Mr. Aubrey's title deeds."

"When did you bring it hither?"

"About ten o'clock last night, for the purpose of this trial."

"How long has it been at your office?"

"Ever since I fetched it, a year or two ago, with other deeds, from the muniment-room of Yatton Hall."

"How long have you been solicitor to Mr. Aubrey?"

"For this ten years; and my father was solicitor to his father for twenty-five years."

"Will you swear that this deed was at your office before the proceedings in this action were brought to your notice?"

"I have not the slightest doubt in the world. It never attracted any more notice from me than any other of Mr. Aubrey's deeds, till my attention was drawn to it in consequence of these proceedings."

"Has any one access to Mr. Aubrey's deeds at your office but yourself?"

"None that I know of; I keep all the deeds of my clients that are at my office in their respective boxes, and allow no one access to them, except under my immediate notice and in my presence."

Then Mr. Subtle sat down.

"My Lord, we now propose to put in this deed," said the Attorney-General, unfolding it.

"Allow me to look at it, Mr. Attorney," said Mr. Subtle. It was handed to him; and his juniors and Mr. Mortmain, rising, were engaged most anxiously in scrutinizing it for some minutes. Mortmain having looked at the stamp, sat down, and opening his bag, hastily drew out an old well worn volume which contained all the stamp acts that had ever been passed from the time of William the Third, when, I believe, the first of those blessings was conferred upon this country. First he looked at the deed—then at his book—then at the deed again; and at length might be seen, with earnest gestures, putting Mr. Subtle in possession of his opinion on the subject. "My Lord," said Subtle, at length, "I object to this instrument being received in evidence, on account of the insufficiency of the stamp." He then mentioned the character of the stamp affixed to the deed, and read the act which was in force at the time that the deed bore date; and, after a few additional observations, sat down, and was followed by Mr. Quicksilver and Mr. Lynx. Then arose the Attorney-General, having in the meantime carefully looked at the Act of Parliament, and submitted to his lordship that the stamp was sufficient; being followed by his juniors. Mr. Subtle replied at some length.

"I entertain some difficulty on the point," said his lordship, "and will consult with my brother Grayley." Taking with him the deed, and Mr. Mortmain's Stamp Acts, his lordship left the court, and was absent a quarter of an hour; half an hour—three-quarters of an hour; and at length returned.

"I have consulted," said he, as soon as he had taken his seat, amidst the profoundest silence, "my brother Grayley, and we have very fully considered the point. My brother happens, fortunately, to have by him a manuscript note of a case in which he was counsel, about eighteen years ago, and in which the exact point arose which exists in the present case." He then read out of a thick manuscript book, which he had brought with him from Mr. Justice Grayley, the particulars of the case alluded to, and which were certainly precisely similar to those then before him. In the case referred to, the stamp had been sufficient; and so he and his brother, Grayley, were of opinion was the stamp in the deed then before him. The cloud which had settled upon the countenances of the Attorney-General and his party, here flitted over to those of his opponents. "Your lordship will perhaps take a note of the objection," said Mr. Subtle, somewhat chagrined. The judge did so.

"Now, then, we propose to put in and read this deed," said the Attorney-General, with a smile, holding out his hand towards Mr. Lynx, who was spelling over it very eagerly—"I presume my learned friend will require only the operative parts"—here Lynx, with some excitement, called his leader's attention to something which had occurred to him in the deed:—up got Quicksilver and Mortmain; and presently—

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Attorney, if you please," said Mr. Subtle, with a little elation of manner—"I have another, and I apprehend a clearly fatal objection to the admissibility of this deed, till my learned friend shall have accounted for an erasure!"

"Erasure!" echoed the Attorney-General, with much

surprise—"Allow me to see the deed;" and he took it with an incredulous smile, which, however, disappeared as he looked more and more closely at the instrument; Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal also looking extremely serious.

"I've hit them now," said Mr. Subtle, to those behind him, as he leaned back, and looked with no little triumph at his opponents. From what apparently inadequate and trifling causes often flow great results! The plain fact of the case was merely this. The attorney's clerk, in copying out the deed, which was one of considerable length, had written four or five words by mistake; and fearing to exasperate his master, by rendering necessary a new deed and stamp, and occasioning trouble and delay, neatly scratched out the erroneous words, and over the erasure wrote the correct ones. As he was the party who was entrusted with seeing to and witnessing the execution of the instrument, he of course took no notice of the alteration, and—see the result! The ownership of an estate of ten thousand a-year about to turn upon the effect of this erasure!

"Hand me up the deed," said the Judge; and inspected it minutely for a minute or two.

"Has any one a magnifying-glass in court?" inquired the Attorney-General, with a look of increasing anxiety. No one happened to have one.

"Is it necessary, Mr. Attorney?" said Lord Widdrington, handing down the instrument to him with an ominous look.

"Well—you object, of course, Mr. Subtle—as I understand you—that this deed is void, on account of an erasure in a material part of it?" inquired Lord Widdrington.

"That is my objection, my lord," said Mr. Subtle, sitting down.

"Now, Mr. Attorney," continued the Judge, turning to the Attorney-General, prepared to take a note of any observations he might offer. The spectators—the whole court—were aware that the great crisis of the case had arrived; and there was a sickening silence. The Attorney-General, with perfect calmness and self-possession, immediately addressed the court in answer to the objection. That there was an erasure, which, owing to the hurry with which the instrument had been looked at, had been overlooked, was indisputable; of course the Attorney-General's argument was, that it was an erasure in a part not material; but it was easy to see that he spoke with the air of a man who argues *contra spem*. What he said, however, was pertinent and forcible; the same might be said of Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal; but they were all plainly gravelled. Mr. Subtle replied with cruel cogency: Mr. Quicksilver seized the opportunity—not choosing to see that the Judge was with them—to make a most dangerous but showy speech; Mr. Subtle sitting beside him in the utmost distress, looking as if he could have withered him with a word. In consequence of some very unguarded admissions of Quicksilver, down came upon him Lord Widdrington; and Mr. Subtle—the only time during the whole cause in which he lost his self-command—uttered a half-stifled curse at the folly of Quicksilver, that could be heard by half the bar, perhaps even by the Judge, who greatly relished the exposure he was making of Quicksilver's indiscretion. At length he sat down, with a somewhat foolish air, Mr. Subtle turning his back full upon him before the whole court; but when Lynx rose, and, in a business-like way, with only a word or two, put the point again fully before Lord Widdrington, the scowl gradually disappeared from the brow of Mr. Subtle.

"Well," said Lord Widdrington, when Mr. Lynx had done, "I own I feel no doubt at all upon the matter; but as it is certainly of the greatest possible importance, I will just see how it strikes my brother Grayley." With this he took the deed in his hand, and quitted the court. He touched Mr. Aubrey, in passing to his private room, holding the deed before him. After an absence of about ten minutes, Lord Widdrington returned.

"Silence! silence there!" bawled the crier; and the bustle had soon subsided into profound silence.

"I entertain no doubt, nor does my brother Grayley," said Lord Widdrington, "that I ought not to receive this deed in evidence, without accounting for an erasure occurring in a mainly essential part of it. Unless, therefore, you are prepared, Mr. Attorney, with any evidence as to this point, I shall not receive the deed."

There was a faint buzz all over the court—a buzz of excitement, anxiety, and disappointment. The Attorney-General consulted for a moment or two with his friends.

"Undoubtedly, my Lord, we are not prepared with any evidence to explain an appearance which has taken us entirely by surprise. After this length of time, my Lord, of course—"

"Certainly—it is a great misfortune for the parties—a great misfortune. Of course you tender the deed in evidence?" he continued, taking a note.

"We do, my Lord, certainly."

You should have seen the faces of Messrs. Quirk, Gammien and Snap, as they looked at Mr. Parkinson, with an agitated air, returning the rejected deed to the bag from which it had been lately taken with so confident and triumphant an air!—The remainder of the case, which had been opened by the Attorney-General on behalf of Mr. Aubrey, was then proceeded with; but in spite of all their assumed calmness, the disappointment and distress of his counsel were perceptible to all. They were now dejected—they felt that the cause was lost, unless some extraordinary good fortune should yet befall them. They were not long in establishing the descent of Mr. Aubrey from Geoffrey Dreddlington. It was necessary to do so; for grievously as they had been disappointed in failing to establish the title paramount, founded upon the deed of confirmation of Mr. Aubrey, it was yet an important question for the jury, whether they believed the evidence adduced by the plaintiff to show title in himself.

"That, my Lord, is the defendant's case," said the Attorney-General, as his last witness left the box; and Mr. Subtle then rose to reply. He felt how unpopular was his cause; that almost every countenance around him bore a hostile expression. Privately, he loathed his case when he saw the sort of person for whom he was struggling. All his sympathies—for he was a very proud, haughty man—were on behalf of Mr. Aubrey, whom by name and reputation he well knew; with whom he had often sate in the House of Commons. Now, conspicuous before him, sate



his little monkey-client, Titmouse—a ridiculous object; and calculated, if there were any scope for the influence of prejudice, to ruin his own cause by the exhibition of himself before the jury. That was the vulgar idiot who was to turn the admirable Aubreys out of Yatton, and send them beggared into the world!—But Mr. Subtle was a high-minded English advocate; and if he had seen Miss Aubrey in all her loveliness, and knew how all depended upon his exertions, he could hardly have exerted himself more successfully than he did on the present occasion. And such, at length, was the effect which that exquisitely skilful advocate produced, in his address to the jury, that he began to bring about a change in the feelings of most around him; even the eye of scornful beauty began to direct fewer glances of indignation and disgust upon Titmouse, as Mr. Subtle's irresistible rhetoric drew upon their sympathies in his behalf. "My learned friend, the Attorney-General, gentlemen, dropped one or two expressions of a somewhat disparaging tendency, in alluding to my client, Mr. Titmouse; and shadowed forth a disadvantageous contrast between the obscure and ignorant plaintiff, and the gifted defendant. Good God, gentlemen! and is my humble client's misfortune to become his fault? If he be obscure and ignorant, unacquainted with the usages of society, deprived of the blessings of a superior education—if he have contracted vulgarity, whose fault is it? Who has occasioned it? Who plunged him and his parents before him into an unjust poverty and obscurity, from which Providence is about this day to rescue him, and put him in possession of his own? Gentlemen, if topics like these must be introduced into this case, I ask you who is accountable for the present condition of my unfortunate client? Is he, or are those who have been, perhaps unconsciously, but still unjustly, so long revelling in the wealth that is his? Gentlemen, in the name of every thing that is manly and generous, I challenge your sympathy, your commiseration for my client."

Here, Titmouse, who had been staring up open-mouthed for some time at his eloquent advocate, and could be kept quiet no longer by the most vehement efforts of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, rose up, in an excited manner, exclaiming, "Bravo! bravo! bravo! sir! 'Pon my life, capital! It's quite true—bravo! sir!" His astounded advocate paused at this unprecedented interruption. "Take the puppy out of court, sir, or I will not utter one word more," said he, in a fierce whisper to Mr. Gammon.

"Who is that? Leave the court, sir! Your conduct is most indecent, sir! I have a great mind to commit you, sir!" said Lord Widdrington, directing an awful look down to the offender, who had turned of a ghastly white.

"Have mercy upon me, my Lord! I'll never do it again," he groaned, clasping his hands, and verily believing that Lord Widdrington was going to take the estate away from him.

Snap at length succeeded in getting him out of court, and after the excitement occasioned by this irregular interruption had subsided, Mr. Subtle resumed:

"Gentlemen," said he, in a low tone, "I perceive that you are moved by this little incident; and it is characteristic of your superior feelings. Inferior persons, destitute of sensibility or refinement, might have smiled at eccentricities which occasion your only feelings of greater commiseration. I protest, gentlemen"—his voice trembled for a moment, but he soon resumed his self-possession; and, after a long and admirable address, sat down confident of the verdict.

"If we lose the verdict, sir," said he, bending down, and whispering into the ear of Gammon, "we may thank that execrable little puppy for it." Gammon changed color, but made no reply.

Lord Widdrington then commenced summing up the case to the jury, with his usual care and perspicacity. Nothing could be more beautiful than the ease with which he extricated the facts of the case from the meshes in which they had been involved by Mr. Subtle and the Attorney-General. As soon as he had explained to them the general principles of law applicable to the case, he placed before them the facts proved by the plaintiff, and the answer of the defendant: every one in court trembling for the result, if the jury took the same view which they felt themselves compelled to take. He suggested that they should retire to consider the case, taking with them the pedigrees which had been handed in to them; and added that, if they should require his assistance, he should remain in his private room for an hour or two. Both judge and jury then retired, it being about eight o'clock. Candles were lit in the court, which continued crowded to suffocation. Few doubted which way the verdict would go. Fatigued as must have been most of the spectators with a two days' confinement and excitement—ladies as well as gentlemen—scarce a person thought of quitting till the verdict had been pronounced. After an hour and a half's absence, a cry was heard—"Clear the way for the jury;" and one or two officers, with their wands, obeyed the directions. As the jury were re-entering their box, struggling with a little difficulty through the crowd, Lord Widdrington resumed his seat upon the bench.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have the goodness," said the associate, "to answer to your names. Sir Godolphin Fitzherbert;" and, while their names were thus called over, all the counsel took their pens, and turning over their briefs with an air of anxiety, prepared to endorse on them the verdict. As soon as all the jurymen had answered, a profound silence ensued.

"Gentlemen of the jury," inquired the associate, "are you agreed upon your verdict? Do you find verdict for the plaintiff, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff," replied the foreman; on which the officer, amidst a kind of blank dismayed silence, making at the same time some hieroglyphics upon the record, muttered—"Verdict for plaintiff. Damages one shilling. Costs, forty shillings;" while another functionary bawled out, amidst the increasing buzz in the court: "Have the goodness to wait, gentlemen of the jury. You will be paid immediately." Whereupon, to the disgust and indignation of the unlearned spectators, and the astonishment of some of the gentlemen of the jury themselves—many of the very first men in the county—Snap jumped up on the form, pulled out his purse with an air of exultation, and proceeded to remunerate Sir Godolphin Fitzherbert and the rest of his

companions with the sum of one guinea. Proclamation was then made, and the court adjourned.

"The Attorney-General did his work very fairly, I thought—eh, Lynx?" said Mr. Subtle, as, arm-in-arm with Mr. Lynx, he quitted the castle-gates, each of them on his way to their respective lodgings, to prepare for their next day's work.

"Yes—he's a keen enough hand, to be sure: he's given us all work enough; and, I must say, it's been a capital set-to between you. I'm very glad you got the verdict!"

"It would n't have done to be beaten on my own dunghill, as it were—eh? By the way, Lynx, that was a good hit of yours about the erasure—I ought, really, if it had occurred to me at the time, to have given you the credit of it—it was entirely yours, Lynx, I must say."

"Oh, no," replied Lynx, modestly. He knew that Mr. Subtle would be Attorney-General one day; and would then require the services of a certain grim functionary—to wit, a devil—"It was a mere accident my lighting on it; the merit was, the use you made of it!"

"To think of ten thousand a-year turning on that same trumpery erasure."

"But are you sure of your verdict on that ground, Mr. Subtle? Do you think Widdrington was right in rejecting that deed?"

"Right? To be sure he was! But I own I got rather uneasy at the way the Attorney-General put it—that the estate had once been vested, and could not be subsequently de-vested by an alteration or blemish in the instrument evidencing the passing of the estate—eh? That was a good point, Lynx."

"Aye, but as Lord Widdrington put it—that could be only where the defect was proved to exist after a complete and valid deed had been once established."

"True—true; that's the answer, Lynx: here you see, he dees is disgraced in the first instance; no proof, in fact, that it ever ~~was~~ a deed—therefore, mere waste paper."

"To be sure, possession has gone along with it? What then!—that is to say, the man who has altered it, to benefit himself and his heirs, keeps it snugly in his own chest—and then that is of itself sufficient to—"

"Yes—and again, you know, is n't it the general rule that the party producing an instrument must account for the appearance of erasure or alteration to encounter the presumption of fraud? it seems good sense enough."

"By the way, did you ever see any thing like Quicksilver in that matter? I knew he'd bring Widdrington down on him—I sate frying, I assure you! To hear one's cases spoiled—but—well! it's all over now, however! It's really been a very interesting cause."

"Very. Some capital points—that of Mortmain's on the stamp-act—"

"Pish, Lynx! there's nothing in it! I meant the cause itself has been an interesting one—uncommonly."

Mr. Subtle suddenly paused, and stood still. "God bless my soul, Lynx, I've made a blunder!"

"Eh!"

"Yes—by Jove, a blunder! Never did such a thing since I've led a cause before."

"A blunder? Impossible!—What is it?" inquired Lynx, briskly, picking up his ears.

"It will be at least thirty or forty pounds out of our client's pocket. I forgot to ask Widdrington for the certificate for the cost of the special jury. I protest I never did such a thing before—I'm quite annoyed—I hate to overlook any thing."

"Oh! is that all?" inquired Lynx, much relieved—"then it's all right! While you were speaking to Mr. Gammon, immediately after the verdict had been given, I turned towards Quicksilver to get him to ask for a certificate—but he had seen a man with the 'New Times' containing the division on the Catholic claims, and had set off after him—so I took the liberty, as you seemed very earnestly talking to Mr. Gammon, to name it to the judge—and it's all right."

"Capital! Then there is n't a point missed? And in a good two days' fight that's something."

"D'ye think we shall keep the verdict, and get its fruits, Mr. Subtle?"

"We shall keep the verdict, I've no doubt; there's nothing in Widdrington's notes that we need be afraid of—but of course they'll put us to bring another ejectment, perhaps several."

"Yes—certainly—there must be a good deal of fighting before such a property as Yatton changes hands," replied Lynx, with a complacent air: for he saw a few pleasant pickings in store for him. "By the way," he continued, "our client's a sweet specimen of humanity, is n't he?"

"Fudge! odious little reptile! And did you ever in all your life witness such a scene as when he interrupted me in the way he did?"

"Ha, ha! Never! But, upon my honor, what an exquisite turn you gave the thing—it was worth more than called it forth—it was admirable."

"Pooh—Lynx!" said Mr. Subtle, with a gratified air; "knack—mere knack—nothing more. My voice trembled—eh?—at least so I intended."

"Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I almost thought you were for the moment overcome, and going to shed tears."

"Ah, ha, ha!—Delightful! I was convulsed with inward laughter! ~~shed tears~~!! Did the Bar take it, Lynx?" inquired Mr. Subtle; for though he hated display, he loved appreciation, and by competent persons. "By the way, Lynx, the way in which you've got up the whole case does you vast credit—that opinion of yours on the evidence was—upon my word—the most masterly"—here he suddenly ceased and squeezed his companion's arm, motioning him thereby to silence. They had come up with two gentlemen, walking slowly, and conversing in a low tone, but with much earnestness of manner. They were, in fact, Mr. Aubrey and Lord De la Zouch. Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx crossed over to the other side of the narrow street, and quickened their pace, so as soon to be out of sight and hearing of the persons they seemed desirous of avoiding. Mr. Subtle was, indeed, unable to bear the sight of the man whom his strenuous and splendid exertions during the last two days had tended to strip of his all—to thrust from the bright domain of wealth, prosperity, distinction, into—as it were—outer darkness—the outer darkness of poverty—of destitution.

"It's a bore for Mr. Aubrey, is n't it?" quoth the matter-of-fact Lynx.

"It's quite frightful!"—replied Mr. Subtle, in a tone of voice and with a manner which showed how deeply he felt what he uttered. "And it's not only what he will lose, but what he will be liable to—the meane profits—sixty thousand pounds."

"Oh!—you think, then, that we can't go beyond the statute of limitation?—Eh?—is that so clear?" Mr. Subtle looked sharply at Lynx, with an expression it would be difficult to describe. "Well," continued the impenetrable Lynx—"at all events I'll look into it." He felt about as much sentiment in the matter as a pig eating acorns would feel interest in the antiquity of the oak from which they fell, and under whose venerable shade he was munching and stuffing himself.

"By the way, Lynx—a'n't you with me in Higson and Mellington?"

"Yes—and it stands first for to-morrow morning."

"What's it about? I've not opened my papers, and—why, we've a consultation fixed for ten to-night."

"It's libel against a newspaper editor—the POMPHREY COCKATRICE; and our client's a clergyman."

"What about?"

"Tithes—grasping, cruelty, and so forth!"

"Justification?"

"No—not guilty only."

"Who leads for the defendant?"

"Mr. Quicksilver."

"Oh!—we can dispense with the consultation then. I shall send my clerk to fix to-morrow morning, at court—five minutes before the sitting of the court. I'm rather tired to-night." With this the great leader shook hands with his modest, learned, laborious junior—and entered his lodgings.

As soon as Titmouse had been ejected from the court, in the summary way which the reader will remember, merely on account of his having, with slight indecorum, yielded to the mighty impulse of his agitated feelings, he began to cry bitterly, wringing his hands, and asking every one about him if they thought he could get in again, because it was his case that was going on. His eyes were red and swollen with weeping: and his little breast throbbed violently as he walked to and fro from one door of the court to the other. "Oh, gents, will you get me in again?" said he, in passionate tones, approaching two gentlemen, who, with a very anxious and oppressed air, were standing together at the outside of one of the doors—in fact, Lord De la Zouch and Mr. Aubrey; and they quickly recognized in Titmouse the gentleman whose claims were being at that instant mooted within the court. "Will you get me in? You seem such respectable gents. 'Pon my soul I'm going mad! It's my case that's going on! I'm Mr. Titmouse."

"We have no power, sir, to get you in," replied Lord De la Zouch, haughtily: so coldly and sternly as to cause Titmouse involuntarily to shrink from him.

"The court is crowded to the very door, sir—and we really have no more right to be present at court, or to get others into court, than you have," said Mr. Aubrey, with mildness and dignity.

"Thank you, sir! Thank you!" quoth Titmouse, moving with an apprehensive air away from Lord De la Zouch, towards Mr. Aubrey. "Know quite well who you are, sir! 'Pon my solemn soul, sir, sorry to do all this; but law's law, and right's right, all the world over."

"I desire you to leave us, sir," said Lord De la Zouch, with irrepressible sternness; "you are very intrusive. How can we catch a syllable of what is going on while you are chattering in this way?" Titmouse saw that Mr. Aubrey looked towards him with a very different expression from that exhibited by his forbidding companion, and would perhaps have stood his ground, but for a glimpse he caught of a huge, powdered, broad-shouldered footman, in a splendid livery, one of Lord De la Zouch's servants, who, with a great thick cane in his hand, was standing at a little distance behind, in attendance on the carriage, which was standing in the castle-yard. This man's face looked so ready for mischief, that Titmouse slowly walked off. There was a good many standers-by, who seemed all to look with dislike and distrust at Titmouse. He made many ineffectual attempts to persuade the doorkeeper, who had assisted in his extrusion, to re-admit him; but the incorruptible janitor was proof against a sixpence—even against a shilling: and at length Titmouse gave himself up to despair, and thought himself the most miserable man in the whole world—as very probably, indeed, he was: for consider what a horrid interval of suspense he had to endure, from the closing of Mr. Subtle's speech till the delivery of the verdict. But at length, through this portentous and apparently impenetrable cloud, burst the rich sunlight of success.

"Mr. Titmouse!—Mr. Titmouse!—Mr. Tit!"

"Here! Here I am! Here!"—exclaimed the little fellow, jumping off the window-seat on which he had been sitting for the last hour in the dark, half-stupified with grief and exhaustion. The voice that called him was a blessed voice—a familiar voice—the voice of Mr. Gammon; who, as soon as the jury began to come back, on some pretence or other had quitted his seat between Quirk and Snap, in order, if the verdict should be for the plaintiff, to be the very first to communicate it to him. In a moment or two Mr. Gammon had grasped both Mr. Titmouse's hands. "My dear, dear Mr. Titmouse, I congratulate you! You are victorious! God grant you long life to enjoy your good fortune! God bless you, Titmouse!" He wrung Titmouse's hands—and his voice trembled with the intensity of his emotions. Mr. Titmouse had gone very white, and for a while spoke not, but stood staring at Mr. Gammon, as if he was hardly aware of the import of his communication.

"No—but—is it so? Honor bright!" at length he stammered.

"It is, indeed! My long labors are at length crowned with success! Hurrah, hurrah, Mr. Titmouse!"

"I've really won? It a'n't a joke or a dream?" inquired Titmouse with quickly increasing excitement, and a joyous expression bursting over his features, which became suddenly flushed.

"A joke?—the best you'll ever have. A dream?—that will last your life. Thank God, Mr. Titmouse, the battle's ours; we've defeated all their villany!"

"Tol de rol! Tol de rol! Tol de lol, lol, rido! Ah," he added, in a loud, truculent tone, as Lord De la Zouch and Mr. Aubrey slowly passed him—"done for you now—'pon my life!—turned the tables!—that for you!" said he,

snapping his fingers; but I need hardly say that he did so with perfect impunity as far as those two gentlemen were concerned, who were so absorbed with the grievous event which had just happened, as scarcely to be aware of their being addressed at all.

"Aubrey, it's against you—all is lost; the verdict is for the plaintiff!" said Lord De la Zouch, in a hurried, agitated whisper, as he grasped the hand of Mr. Aubrey, whom he had quitted for an instant to hear the verdict pronounced. Mr. Aubrey for some moments spoke not.

"God's will be done!" at length said he, in a low tone, and in rather a faint murmur. More than a dozen gentlemen, who came crowding out, grasped his hand with great energy and vehemence.

"God bless you, Aubrey! God bless you!" said several voices, their speakers wringing his hand with great vehemence as they spoke.

"Let us go," said Lord De la Zouch, putting Mr. Aubrey's arm in his own, and leading him away from a scene of distressing excitement, too powerful for his exhausted feelings.

"I am nothing of a fatalist," said Mr. Aubrey, after a pause of some minutes, during which they had quitted the castle gates, and his feelings had recovered from the shock which they had just before suffered—"I am nothing of a fatalist, but I ought not to feel the least surprise at this issue, for I have long had a settled conviction that such would be the issue. For some time before I had the least intimation of the commencement of these proceedings, I was oppressed by a sense of impending calamity."

"Well, that may be so; but it does not follow that the mischief is finally done."

"I am certain of it! But, dear Lord De la Zouch, how much I owe to your kindness and sympathy!" said Mr. Aubrey, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"We are at this moment, Aubrey, firmer friends than we ever were before. So help me Heaven! I would not lose your friendship for the world; I feel it a greater honor than I am worthy of—I do, indeed," said Lord De la Zouch, with great emotion.

"There's a great gulf between us, though, Lord De la Zouch, as far as worldly circumstances are concerned—you a peer of the realm, I a beggar."

"Forgive me, Aubrey, but it is idle to talk that way; I am hurt beyond measure at your supposing it possible that under any circumstances."

"Believe me, I feel the full value of your friendship—more valuable at this moment than ever."

"That a serious calamity has fallen upon us is certain—which of us, indeed, is safe from such a calamity? But who would bear it with the calm fortitude which you have already evinced, my dear Aubrey?"

"You speak very kindly, Lord De la Zouch; I trust I shall play the man, now that the time for playing a man's part has come," said Mr. Aubrey, with an air of mingled melancholy and resolution. "I feel an inexpressible consolation in the reflection that I cannot charge myself with any thing unconscientious. If I have done wrong in depriving another for so long a period of what was his, it was surely in ignorance; and, as for the future, I put my trust in God. I feel as if I could submit to the will of Heaven with cheerfulness."

"Do not speak so despondingly, Aubrey!"

"Despondingly?" echoed Mr. Aubrey, with momentary animation—"despondingly? My dear friend, I feel as if I were indeed entering a scene black as midnight—but what is it to the valley of the shadow of death, dear Lord De la Zouch, which is before all of us? I assure you I feel no vainglorious confidence; yet I seem to be leaning on the arm of an unseen but all-powerful supporter."

"You are a hero, my dear Aubrey!" exclaimed Lord De la Zouch, with sudden fervor.

"And that support will embrace those dearer to me than life—dearer—far—far!" He ceased.

"My God, Aubrey!—Aubrey! what's the matter?" hastily exclaimed Lord De la Zouch, feeling Mr. Aubrey leaning heavily against him. He grasped Mr. Aubrey firmly—for his head suddenly drooped; and, but for his companion's support, he must have fallen to the ground. His delicate frame was worn out with the late excitement, and the intense anxiety and exhaustion he had undergone; having scarce tasted food for the last two days. The sudden recurrence of his thoughts to the objects of his fond and ineffable love, had completely overpowered his exhausted nature. Mark—it was only his physical nature that for a moment gave way. It was quite unworthy of the noble soul which animated it. Of such a one it may be said—the sword is too keen for its scabbard. His sensibilities were exquisite; perhaps morbidly so. A soul like his, placed in a body which, as I long ago explained, was constitutionally feeble, might, from the intimate and inscrutable connection and sympathy between mind and body, for a moment appear to be of an inferior temper: whereas the momentary shock and vibration occasioned by external accident over that soul, quickly re-exhibited its native nobleness and strength.

Mr. Aubrey, who sunk into Lord De la Zouch's arms in the way I have described, just as they were passing a small shop whose owner stood at the door, was quickly taken into it; and within a few minutes, and with the aid of a glass of water, revived in time to take advantage of Lord De la Zouch's carriage, which was passing on its way from the castle to his hotel. There was only Lady De la Zouch within it, and she welcomed Mr. Aubrey with the most affectionate sympathy; insisting upon their driving him to his lodgings, in order that they might, by their presence, comfort and appease Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey. Mr. Aubrey, however, most earnestly dissuaded them, saying; he would rather that, on so painful an occasion, they should be alone; and after taking a glass of wine and water, which greatly revived him, he quitted the hotel, alone and on foot, and made for his lodgings. The streets were occupied by passengers, some returning from the castle after the great trial of the day; others standing here and there, in little knots, conversing as he passed them; and he felt conscious that the subject of their thoughts and conversation, was himself and his fallen fortunes. Several deep-drawn sighs escaped him, as he walked on, the herald of such dismal tidings, to those whom he loved; and he felt but for that which supported him from within, as it were, a fallen angel so far as concerned this world's honors and greatness. The splendors of human pomp and prosperity seemed rapidly

vanishing in the distance. In the temporary depression of his spirits, he experienced feelings somewhat akin to those of the heart-sickened exile, whose fond eyes are riveted upon the mosques and minarets of his native city, bathed in the soft sunlight of evening, where are the cherished objects of all his tenderest thoughts and feelings; while his vessel is rapidly bearing him from it, amid the rising wind, the increasing and ominous swell of the waters, the thickening gloom of night—*whither?* The Minster clock struck ten as he passed one of the corners of the vast, majestic structure, grey-glistening in the faint moonlight. The chimes echoed in his ear, and smote his subdued soul with a sense of peculiar solemnity and awe; they forced upon him a reflection upon the transient littleness of earthly things. Then he thought of those dear beings who were awaiting his return, and a gush of grief and tenderness overflowed his heart, as he quickened his steps, with an inward and fervent prayer that Heaven would support them under the misfortune which had befallen them. As he neared the retired row of houses where his lodgings were situated, he imagined that he saw some one near the door of his lodgings, as if on the look out for his approach; and who, as he drew nearer, at length entered his lodgings. This was a person whom Mr. Aubrey did not at all suspect—it was his worthy friend Dr. Tatham; who, unable to quit Yatton in time to hear the trial, had early that morning mounted his horse, and, after a long and hard ride, reached York soon after Mr. Aubrey had set off for the castle. Though many of the country people then in York were aware that Mrs. and Miss Aubrey were also there, a delicate consideration for their exquisitely distressing situation restrained them from intruding upon their privacy, which had been evidently sought for by the species of lodgings which Mr. Aubrey had engaged. On the second day, the excellent Dr. Tatham had been their welcome and instructive guest, scarce ever leaving them; Mr. Aubrey's groom bringing word, from time to time, from his master, how the trial went on. Late in the evening, urged by Kate, the Doctor had gone off to the castle, to wait till he could bring intelligence of the final result of the trial. He had not been observed by Mr. Aubrey amidst the number of people who were about; and had at length fulfilled his mission, and been beforehand with Mr. Aubrey in communicating the unfortunate issue of the struggle. The instant that Mr. Aubrey had set his foot within the door, he was locked in the impassioned embrace of his wife and sister. None of them spoke for some moments.

"Dearest Charles!—we've heard it all—we know it all!" at length they exclaimed in a breath. "Thank God, it is over at last—and we know the worst! Are you well, dear Charles?" inquired Mrs. Aubrey, with fond anxiety.

"Thank God, my Agnes, I am well!" said Mr. Aubrey, much excited—"and thank God that the dreadful suspense is at an end; and for the fortitude, my sweet loves, with which you bear the result. And how are you, my excellent friend?" continued he, addressing Dr. Tatham, and grasping his hands; "my venerable and pious friend—how it refreshes my heart to see you! as one of the chosen ministers of that God whose creatures we are, and whose dispensations we receive with reverent submission!"

"God Almighty bless you all, my dear friends!" replied Dr. Tatham, powerfully affected. "Believe that all this is from Him! He has wise ends in view, though we see not nor comprehend them! 'Faint not when ye are rebuked of Him!' If ye faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small! But I rejoice to see your resignation." Aubrey, his wife, and sister, were for a while overcome with their emotions.

"I assure you all," said Aubrey, "I feel as if a very mountain had been lifted off my heart! How blest am I in my wife and sister!" A heavenly smile irradiated his pale features—and he clasped his wife and then his sister in his arms. They wept as they tenderly returned his embrace.

"Heaven," said he, "that gave us all, has taken all: why should we murmur? He will enable us, if we pray for His assistance, to bear with equanimity our present adversity, as well as our past prosperity! Come, Agnes! Kate! play the women!"

Dr. Tatham sat silent by; but the tears ran down his cheeks. At length Mr. Aubrey gave them a general account of what had occurred at the trial—and which, I need hardly say, was listened to in breathless silence.

"Who is that letter from, love, lying on the table?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, during a pause in the conversation.

"It's only from Johnson, to say the children are quite well," replied Mrs. Aubrey. The ruined parents, as if by a common impulse, looked unutterable things at each other. Then the mother turned deadly pale; and her husband tenderly kissed her cold cheek; while Kate could scarcely restrain her feelings. The excitement of each was beginning to give way before sheer bodily and mental exhaustion; and Dr. Tatham, observing it, rose to take his departure. It was arranged that the carriage should be at the door by eight o'clock in the morning, to convey them back to Yatton—and that Dr. Tatham should breakfast with, and then accompany them on horseback. He then took his departure for the night, with a very full heart; and those whom he left soon afterwards retired for the night; and having first invoked the mercy and pity of Heaven, sunk into slumber and brief forgetfulness of the perilous position in which they had been placed by the event of the day.

Somewhat different was the mode in which the night was spent by the victorious party. Gammon, as has been seen, was the first to congratulate Titmouse on his splendid success. The next was old Quirk—who, with a sort of conviction that he should find Gammon beforehand with him—bustled out of court, leaving Snap to pay the jury, settle the court-fees, collect the papers, and so forth. Both Quirk and Snap (as soon as he was at liberty) exhibited a courtesy towards Titmouse which had a strong dash of reverence in it, such as was due to the possessor of ten thousand a-year; but Gammon exhibited the tranquil matter-of-fact confidence of a man who had determined to be, and indeed knew that he was, the entire master of Titmouse.

"I wish you'd call a coach, or something of that sort, gents.—I'm devilish tired—I am, 'pon my soul!" said Mr. Titmouse, yawning, as he stood on the steps between Quirk and Gammon, waiting for Snap's arrival. He was, in fact, almost mad—bursting with excitement; and could not stand still for a moment. Now he whistled aloud, loudly

and boldly; then he hummed a bar or two of some low comic song; and ever and anon drew on and off his damp gloves with an air of petulant impetuosity. Then he ran his hand through his hair with careless grace; and then, with arms folded on his breast for a moment, looked eagerly, but with a would-be-languid air, at two or three coroneted coaches, which one by one, with their depressed and disappointed inmates, rolled off. At length Lord Widdrington, amidst a sharp impetuous cry of "Make way for the judge, there! make way for his lordship!" appeared, with a worn-out air; and passing close by Titmouse, was honored by him with a very fine bow indeed—not being, however, in the least aware of the fact—as he passed on to his carriage. The steps were drawn up; the door closed; and amidst a sharp blast of trumpets, the carriage drove slowly off, preceded and followed by the usual attendants. All this pomp and ceremony made a very deep impression upon the mind of Titmouse. "Ah," thought he, with a sudden sigh of mingled excitement and exhaustion—"who knows but I may be a judge some day! It's a devilish pleasant thing, I'm sure! What a fuss he must make wherever he goes! 'Pon my life, quite delightful!" As there was no coach to be had, Mr. Titmouse was forced to walk home, arm-in-arm with Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon, and followed, at a little distance, by a knot of persons, acquainted with his name and person, and feeling towards him a strange mixture of emotions—dislike, wonder, contempt, admiration. Goodness gracious! that strange little gentleman was now worth, it was said, ten thousand a-year; and was squire of Yatton!! Old Quirk shook Titmouse's hand with irrepressible enthusiasm, at least a dozen times on their way to the inn; while Gammon now and then squeezed his arm, and spoke, in an earnest tone, of the difficulties yet to be overcome. On reaching the inn, the landlady, who was standing at the door, and had evidently been on the look-out for her suddenly distinguished guest, received him with several most profound surmises, and most eager and respectful inquiries about his health, as he had had no luncheon—and asking what he would be pleased to have for his supper. She added, moreover, that fearing his former bed room might not have been to his mind, she had changed it, and he would that night sleep in the very best she had.

"We must make a night on 't, eh?" quoth Mr. Quirk, with an excited air. His partners assented to it, as did Mr. Titmouse; and cold beef, sausages, fowl, ham, beef-steaks, and mutton chops, were ordered to be in readiness in half-an-hour's time. Soon afterwards Mr. Titmouse followed the chamber maid to his new bedroom.

"This is the room we always give to quality folks—when we get them," said she, as she laid his candle on the drawers, and looked with a little triumph round the room.

"Ah—yes!—'pon my soul—quite right—always do your best for quality!—Lovely gal—eh?" Here he chuckled her under the chin, and seemed disposed to imprint a kiss upon her cheek; but, with a "Lord, air—that's not the way quality folks behave!" she modestly withdrew. Titmouse, left alone, first threw himself on the bed; then started off, and walked about; then sat down; then danced about; then took off his coat; then threw himself on the bed again; hummed, whistled, jumped up again—in a sort of wild ecstasy, or delirium. In short, it is plain that he was not master of himself. In fact, his little mind was as agitated by the day's event, as a small green puddle by the road-side for a while would be on a stone being suddenly flung into it by a child. When Messrs. Quirk and Snap were, after their sort, as excited as even Mr. Titmouse was, Gammon, retiring to his bed room, and ordering thither, pens, ink, and paper, sat down and wrote the following letter:

"YORK, 5th April, 18—  
"My dear sir,—The very first leisure moment I have, I devote to informing you, as one of the most intimate friends of our highly-respected client, Mr. Titmouse, of the brilliant event which has just occurred. After a most severe and protracted struggle of two days, (the Attorney-General having come down special on the other side,) the jury, many of them the chief gentlemen of the county, have within this last hour returned a verdict in favor of our common friend, Mr. Titmouse—thereby declaring him entitled to the whole of the estates at Yatton, (ten thousand a-year rent-roll, at least,) and, by consequence, to an immense accumulation of bygone rents, which must be made up to him by his predecessor, who, with all his powerful party, and in spite of the unscrupulous means resorted to to defeat the ends of justice, is dismayed beyond expression at the result of this grand struggle—unprecedented in the annals of modern litigation. The result has given lively satisfaction in these parts—it is plain that our friend, Mr. Titmouse, will very soon become a great lion in society.

"To you, my dear sir, as an early and valued friend of our interesting client, I sit down to communicate the earliest intelligence of this most important event: and I trust that you will, with our respectful compliments, communicate this happy event to your amiable family—who, I am persuaded, must ever feel a very warm interest in our client's welfare. He is now, naturally enough, much excited with his extraordinary good fortune, to which we are only too proud and happy to have contributed by our humble, but strenuous and long-continued exertions. He begs me to express his most cordial feelings towards you, and to say that, on his return to town, Satin Lodge will be one of the very first places at which he will call. In the mean time, I beg you will believe me, my dear sir, with the best compliments of myself and partners, yours most sincerely,  
"Thomas Tag-rag, Esq. &c. &c. &c. ONLY GAMMON."

"That, I think, will about do!"—quoth Gammon to himself, with a thoughtful air, as, having made an exact copy of the above letter, he sealed it up and directed it. He then came down stairs to supper, having first sent the letter off to the post-office. What a merry meal was that same supper! Mr. Titmouse, Mr. Quirk, and Mr. Snap, eat almost to bursting; Gammon was more abstinent—but took a far greater quantity than usual of the bouncing bottled porter, the hard port, and fiery sherry, which his companions drank as if they had been but water. Then came in the spirits—with hot water and cold; and to these all present did ample justice; in fact it was very hard for any one to resist the other's entreaties: Mr. Gammon, in due time, felt himself going—but seemed as if, on such an occasion, he had no help for it. Every one of the partners, at different stages of the evening, made a speech to Titmouse, and



proposed his health; who, of course, replied to each. Presently old Quirk sang a comic song, in a very dismal key; and then he and Snap joined in one called "*Handcuff v. Hatter*," at which Gammon laughed heartily, and listened with that degree of pleased attention, which showed that he had resolved, for once at least, to abandon himself to the enjoyment of the passing hour. Then Titmouse began to speak of what he should do, as soon as he had "touched the shiners"—his companions entering into all his little schemes with a sort of affectionate enthusiasm. At length old Mr. Quirk, after by turns laughing, crying, singing, and talking, leaned back in his chair, with his half-emptied tumbler of brandy and water in his hand, and fell fast asleep. Gammon also, in spite of all he could do, began—the dence take it!—to feel and exhibit the effects of a hasty and hearty meal and his very unusual potations, especially after such long abstinence and intense anxiety as he had experienced during the previous two days. He had intended to have seen them all under the table; but he began gradually to feel a want of control over himself, his thoughts, and feelings, which a little disquieted him, as he now and then caught glimpses of the extent to which it was proceeding. "*In vino veritas*," properly translated, means—that when a man is fairly under the influence of liquor, you see a strong manifestation of his real character. The vain man is vainer; the voluble, more voluble; the morose, more morose; the detractor, more detracting; the sycophant, more sycophantic, and so forth. Now Gammon was a cold, cautious, long-headed schemer; and as the fumes of liquor mounted up into his head, they only increased the action and intensity of those qualities for which, when sober, he was so pre-eminently distinguished, only that there was a half-conscious want of coherency and subordination. The impulse and the habit were present; but there seemed a strange disturbing force: in short—what is the use of disguising matters?—Gammon was getting very drunk; and he felt very sorry for it, but it was too late. In due time the dismal effort not to appear drunk, ceased!—a great relief! Silent and more silent he became; more and more observant of the motions of Snap and Titmouse; more and more complicated and profound in his schemes and purposes; and at length he felt as if, by some incomprehensible means, he were taking himself in—investing himself: at which point, after a vain attempt to understand his exact position with reverence to himself, he slowly, but rather unsteadily, rose from his chair; looked with an unsettled eye at Titmouse for nearly a minute; a queer smile now and then flitted across his features; and he presently rung the bell. Boots having obeyed the summons, Gammon, with a very turbid brain, followed him to the door, with a most desperate effort to walk thither steadily—but in vain. Having reached his room, he sat down with a sort of suspicion that he had said or done something to commit himself. Vain was the attempt to wind up his watch; and at length he gave it up, with a faint curse. With only one stocking off, after four or five times trying to blow out his candle in vain, he succeeded, and got into bed; his head, however, occupying the place in the bed assigned to his feet. He lay asleep for about half-an-hour—and then experienced certain insupportable sensations. He was indeed very miserable; and lost all thoughts of what would become of Titmouse—of Quirk and Snap—in his own indisposition.

"I say, Snap," quoth Titmouse, with a grin, and putting his finger to his nose, as soon as Gammon had quitted the room in the manner above described—"Mr. Quirk an't much company for us, just now—eh?—Shall we go out and have some fun?"

"Walk will do us good—yes. Go where you like, Titmouse," replied Snap, who, though young, was a thoroughly seasoned vessel, and could hold a great deal of drink without seeming, or really being much the worse for it. As for Titmouse, happily for him! (seeing that he was so soon to have the command of unlimited means, unless indeed the envious fates should in the mean time interpose to dash the brimful cup from his eager lips,) he was becoming more and more accustomed to the effects of drink; which had, up to the moment I am speaking of, no other effect than to elevate his spirits up to the pitch of indefinite daring and enterprise. "Pon my life, Snap, couldn't we stand another tumbler—eh? Warm us for the night air?" "What shall it be?" quoth Snap, ringing the bell—"whiskey?"

"Devil knows, and devil cares!" replied Mr. Titmouse, recklessly; and presently there stood before the friends two smoking tumblers of what they had ordered. Immediately after disposing of them, the two gentlemen, quite up to the mark, as they expressed it—each with a cigar in his mouth, sailed forth in quest of adventures. Titmouse felt that he had now become a gentleman; and his taste and feelings prompted him to pursue, as early as possible, a gentlemanly line of conduct—particularly in his amusements. It was now past twelve; and the narrow old-fashioned streets of York, silent and deserted, formed a strong contrast to the streets of London at the same hour, and seemed scarcely to admit of much sport. But sport our friends were determined to have; and the night air aiding the effect of their miscellaneous potations, they soon became somewhat excited and violent. Yet it seemed difficult to get up a *rote*—for no one was visible in any direction. Snap suddenly shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice, and Titmouse joined him; when having heard half a dozen windows hastily thrown up by the dismayed inhabitants, whom the alarming sounds had aroused from sleep, they scampered off at their top speed.

In another part of the town, they yelled, and whistled, and crowed like cocks, and mewed like cats—the last two being accomplishments in which Titmouse was very eminent—and again took to their heels. Then they contrived to twist a few knockers off doors, pull bells, and break a few windows; and, while exercising their skill in this last branch of the night's amusement, Titmouse, in the very act of aiming a stone which took effect in the middle of a bed-room window, was surprised by an old watchman waddling round the corner. He was a feeble, asthmatic old man; so Snap knocked him down at once, and Titmouse blew out the candle in his lantern, which he then jumped upon and smashed to pieces, and knocked his hat over his eyes. Snap, on some strange unaccountable impulse, wrested the rattle out of the poor creature's hand, and sprang it loudly. This brought several other old

watchmen from different quarters; and aged numbers prevailing against youthful spirit—the two gentlemen, after a considerable scuffle, were overpowered and conveyed to the cage. Snap having muttered something about demanding to look at the *warrant*, and then about a malicious arrest and false imprisonment, sunk on a form, and then down upon the floor, and fell fast asleep. Titmouse, for a while, showed a very resolute front, and swore a great many oaths, that he would fight the Boots at the inn for five shillings, if he dared show himself; but all of a sudden, his spirit collapsed, as it were, and he sunk on the floor, and was grievously indisposed for some hours. About nine o'clock, the contents of the cage, viz., Snap, Titmouse, two farmers' boys who had been caught stealing cakes, an old beggar, and a young pick-pocket, were conveyed before the Lord Mayor, to answer for their several misdeeds. Snap was woefully crestfallen. He had sent for the landlord of the inn where they had put up, to come, on their behalf, to the Mansion-house; but he told Quirk of the message he had received. Mr. Quirk, finding that Gammon could not leave his room through severe indisposition—the very first time that Mr. Quirk had ever seen or heard of his being so overtaken—set off in a very mortified and angry mood, in quest of his hopeful client and junior partner. They were in a truly dismal pickle. Titmouse pale as death, his clothes disordered, and one of his shirt-collars torn off; Snap sat beside him with a sheepish air, looking as if he could hardly keep his eyes open. At him Mr. Quirk looked with keen indignation, but spoke not to him nor for him; for Titmouse, however, he expressed great commiseration, and entreated his Lordship to overlook the little misconduct of which he (Titmouse) in a moment of extreme excitement, had been guilty, on condition of his making amends for the injury, both to person and property, of which he had been guilty. By this time his Lordship had become aware of the names and circumstances of the two delinquents; and after lecturing them very severely, he fined them five shillings a-piece for being drunk, and permitted them to be discharged, on their promising never to offend in the like way again, and paying three pounds by way of compensation to the watchman, and one or two persons whose knockers they were proved to have wrenched off, and windows to have broken. His Lordship had delayed the case of Messrs. Snap and Titmouse to the last; chiefly because, as soon as he had found out who Mr. Titmouse was, it occurred to him that he would make a sort of little star at the great ball to be given by the Lady Mayress that evening. As soon, therefore, as the charge had been disposed of, his Lordship desired Mr. Titmouse to follow him for a moment to his private room. There, having shut the door, he gently chided Mr. Titmouse for the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, and of which it was not to have been expected that a gentleman of his consequence in the county would be guilty. His Lordship begged him to consider the station which he was now called to occupy; and, in alluding to the signal event of the preceding day, warmly congratulated him upon it; and, by the way, his Lordship trusted that Mr. Titmouse would, in the evening, favor the Lady Mayress and himself with his company at the ball, where they would be very proud of the opportunity of introducing him to some of the gentry of the county, among whom his future lot in life was likely to be cast. Mr. Titmouse listened to all this as if he were in a dream. His brain (the little of it that he had,) was yet in a most unsettled state; as also was his stomach. When he heard the words "Lady Mayress," "ball," "mansion-house," "gentry of the county," and so forth, a dim vision of splendor flashed before his eyes; and with a desperate effort, he assured the Lord Mayor that he should be very uncommon proud to accept the invitation, if he were well enough—but just then he was uncommon ill.

His Lordship pressed him to take a glass of water, to revive him and settle his stomach; but Mr. Titmouse declined it, and soon afterwards quitted the room; and, leaning on the arm of Mr. Quirk, set off homeward—Snap walking beside him in silence, with a very quaint disconcerted air—not being taken the least notice of by Mr. Quirk. As they passed along, they encountered several of the barristers on their way to court, and others, who recognised Titmouse; and with a smile, evidently formed a pretty accurate guess as to the manner in which the triumph of the preceding day had been celebrated. Mr. Quirk, finding that Mr. Gammon was far too much indisposed to think of quitting York, at all events till a late hour in the evening, and, indeed, that Titmouse was similarly situated—with a very bad grace consented to them stopping behind, and himself, with Snap—the former inside, the latter outside—having settled with most of the witnesses, leaving the remainder, with their own expenses at the inn, to be settled by Mr. Gammon—set off for town by the two o'clock coach. It was, indeed, high time for them to return; for the distressed inmates of Newgate were getting wild on account of the protracted absence of their kind and confidential advisers. When they left, both Gammon and Titmouse were in bed. The former, however, began to revive, shortly after the coach which conveyed away his respected co-partners, and the guard's horn had ceased to be heard; and about an hour afterwards he descended from his room, a great deal the better for the duties of the toilette, and a bottle of soda-water with a little brandy in it. A cup of strong tea, and a slice or two of dry toast, set him entirely to rights—and then Gammon—the calm, serene, astute Gammon—was "himself again." Had he said any thing indiscreet, or in any way committed himself, over night?—thought he, as he sat alone, with folded arms, trying to recollect what had taken place. He hoped not—but had no means of ascertaining. Then he entered upon a long and anxious consideration of the position of affairs, since the great event of the preceding evening. The only definite object which he had had in view, personally, in entering into the affair, was the obtaining that ascendancy over Titmouse, in the event of his becoming possessed of the magnificent fortune they were in quest of for him, which might enable him, in one way or another, to elevate his own position in society, and secure for himself permanent and solid advantages. In the progress of the affair, however, new views presented themselves to his mind.

Toward the close of the afternoon, Titmouse recovered sufficiently to make his appearance down stairs. Soon

afterward, Gammon proposed a walk, as the day was fine, and the brisk fresh country air would be efficacious in restoring Titmouse to his wonted health and spirits. His suggestion was adopted; and soon afterward might have been seen, Gammon, supporting on his arm his languid and interesting client, Mr. Titmouse, making his way to the river; along whose quiet and pleasing banks they walked for nearly a couple of hours, in close conversation; during which, Gammon, by repeated and various efforts, succeeding in producing an impression on Titmouse's mind, that the good fortune which seemed now within his reach, had been secured for him by the enterprise, skill, and caution of one, Mr. Gammon only; who would, moreover, continue to devote himself to Mr. Titmouse's interests, and protect him from the designs of those who would endeavor to take advantage of him. Mr. Gammon also dropped one or two vague hints that his—Titmouse's—continuance in the enjoyment of the Yatton property would always depend upon the will and power of him, the aforesaid Gammon; in whose hands were most unsuspected, but potent weapons. And indeed, it is not at all impossible that such may prove to be really the case.

What a difference is there between man and man, in temper, and disposition, and intellect! Compare together the two individuals now walking slowly, arm-in arm, beside the sweet Ouse; and supposing one to have designs upon the other—disposed to enslave and over-reach him—what chance has the shorter gentleman? Compare even their countenances—what a difference!

Gammon heard with uneasiness of Titmouse's intention to go to the Lady Mayress's ball that evening; and, for many reasons, resolved that he should not. In vain, however, did Gammon try to persuade him that he was asked only to be turned into ridicule, for that almost every body there would be in the interest of the Aibreys, and bitterly opposed to him, Mr. Titmouse; in spite of these and all other representations, Titmouse expressed his determination to go to the ball; on which Gammon, with a good-natured smile, exclaimed, "Well, well!" and withdrew his opposition. Shortly after their return from their walk, they sat down to dinner; and Gammon, with a cheerful air, ordered a bottle of champagne, of which he drank about a glass and a half, and Titmouse the remainder. That put him into a humor to take more wine, without much pressing; and he swallowed, in rapid succession, a glass of ale, and seven or eight glasses of port and sherry. By this time he had forgotten all about the ball, and clamored for brandy and water. Gammon, however, saw that his end was answered. Poor Titmouse was becoming rapidly more and more helpless; and within half an hour's time, was assisted to his bed-room in a very sad state. Thus Gammon had the satisfaction of seeing his benevolent design accomplished, although it pained him to think of the temporary inconvenience occasioned to the unconscious sufferer; who had, however, escaped the devices of those who wished publicly to expose his inexperience; and as for the means which Gammon had resorted to in order to effect his purpose—why, he may be supposed to have a remoter object in view, early to disgust him with intemperance.

Alas! how disappointed were the Mayor and Mayress, that their queer little lion did not make his appearance in the gay and brilliant scene! How many had they told that he was coming! The three daughters were almost bursting with vexation and astonishment. They had been disposed to entertain a warmer feeling than that of mere curiosity towards the new owner of an estate worth ten thousand a-year—had drawn lots which of them was first to dance with him; and had told all their friends on which of them the lot had fallen! Then, again, many of the county people inquired, from time to time, of the chagrined little mayor and mayress, when Mr. "Tickmouse," "Mr. Tiptmouse," "Mr. Tipplebottle," or "whatever his name might be," was coming; full of real curiosity, much tintured, however, with disgust and contempt, to see the interesting stranger, who had suddenly acquired so commanding a station in the county, possess so strong a claim to their sympathy and respect.

Then, again, there was a very great lion there, exhibiting for a short time only, who also wished to see the little lion, and expressed keen regrets that it was not there according to appointment. The great lion was Mr. Quicksilver, who had stepped in for about half an hour, merely to show himself; and when he heard of the expected arrival of his little client, it occurred to Mr. Quicksilver, who could see several inches beyond by no means a short nose, that Mr. Titmouse had gained a verdict which would very soon make him *patron of the borough of Yatton*—that he probably would not think of sitting for the borough himself, and that a little public civility bestowed upon Mr. Titmouse by the great Mr. Quicksilver, one of the counsel to whose splendid exertions he was indebted for his all, might be, as it were, *bread thrown upon the waters, to be found after many days*. It was true that Mr. Quicksilver, in a bitter stream of eloquent invective, had repeatedly denounced the system of close and rotten boroughs; but his heart, all the while, secretly rebelled; and he knew that a snug borough was a thing on every account not to be sneezed at. He sat for one himself, though he had also contested several counties; but that was expensive and harassing work; and the borough for which he at present sat, he had paid far too high a price for. He had no objection to the existence of close boroughs; but only to so many of them being in the hands of the opposite party; and the legislature has since recognized the distinction, and acted upon it. Here, however, was the case of a borough which was going to change hands, and pass from Tory to Whig; and could Mr. Quicksilver fail to watch it with interest. Was, he, therefore, to neglect this opportunity of slipping in for Yatton—and the *straw moving*, too, in term—a general election looked for? So Mr. Quicksilver really regretted the absence of his little friend and client, Mr. Titmouse.

Thus, and by such persons, and on such grounds, was lamented the absence of Mr. Titmouse from the hall of the Lady Mayress of York; none, however, knowing the cause which kept him from so select and distinguished an assembly. As soon as Mr. Gammon had seen him properly attended to, and expressed an anxious sympathy for him, he set out for a walk—a quiet solitary walk round the ancient walls of York. If on a fine night you look up into the sky, and see it gleaming with innumerable stars, and then fix your eye intently, *without winking*, upon some one

star; however vivid and brilliant may be those in its immediate vicinity, they will disappear utterly, and that on which your eye is fixed will seem alone in its glory—sole star in the firmament. Something of this kind happened with Mr. Gammon when on the walls of York—now slowly, then rapidly walking, now standing, then sitting; all the objects which generally occupied his thoughts faded away, before one on which his mind's eye was then fixed with unwavering intensity—the visage of Miss Aubrey. The golden fruit that was on the eve of dropping into the hands of the firm—ten thousand pounds—the indefinite and varied advantages to himself, personally, to which their recent successes might be turned, all vanished. What would he not undergo, what would he not sacrifice, to secure the favor of Miss Aubrey? Beautiful being—all innocence, elegance, refinement; to possess her would elevate him in the scale of being; it would purify his feelings, it would ennoble his nature. What was too arduous or desperate to be undertaken to secure a prize so glorious as this? He fell into a long reverie, till, roused by a chill gust of night air, he rose from his seat upon one of the niches in the walls—how lonely, how solitary he felt! He walked on rapidly, at a pace that suited the heated and rapid current of thoughts that passed through his mind.

"No, I have not a chance—not a chance!" at length he thought to himself—"That girl will be prouder in her poverty, than ever she would have been in her wealth and splendor. Who am I? a partner in the firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap; a firm in bad odor with the profession; looking for practice from polluted sources, with a host of miscreants for clients—laugh! laugh! I feel contaminated and degraded! My name even is against me; it is growing into a by-word! We must push our advantage—they must be driven from Yatton—he, she—all of them; yes, all." He paused for a long time, and a sort of pang passed through his mind. "They are to make way for Titmouse!—for Titmouse!! And he, too, loves her—bah!" He involuntarily uttered this sound fiercely and aloud. "But stay—he really is in love with Miss Aubrey—that I know;—ah! I can turn it to good purpose; it will give me, by the way, a hold upon the little fool; I will make him believe that through my means he may obtain Miss Aubrey! Misery may make her accessible; I can easily bring myself in contact with them, in their distress; for there are the same profits—the same profits. My God! how glorious, but how dreadful an engine are they. They will help to batter down the high wall of pride that surrounds them and her; but it will require infinite care and tact in the use of such an engine! I will be all delicacy—gentleness—generosity; I will appear friendly to her and her brother; and if needs must be, why, he must be crushed. There is no help for it. He looks decidedly a man of intellect. I wonder how he bears it, how they all bear it, how she bears it! Beggarly beauty—there's something touching in the very sound! How little they think of the power that is at this moment in my hands!" Here a long interval elapsed, during which his thoughts had wandered towards more practical matters. "If they don't get a rule nisi, next term, we shall be in a position to ask them what course they intend to pursue: Gad, they may, if so disposed, hold out for—how very cold it is!" He buttoned his coat—"and, what have I been thinking of? Really I have been dreaming; or am I as great a fool as Littlebat?" Within a few minutes' time he had quitted the walls, and descended through one of the turreted gateways into the town.

When, about seven o'clock on the morning after the delivery of the verdict, which, if sustained, consigned the Aubreys to beggary, they met to partake of a slight and hasty breakfast before setting off for Yatton; the countenances of each bore the traces of great suffering, and also of the efforts made to conceal it. They saluted each other with fervent affection, each attempting a smile—but a smile how wan and forced! "The moment has arrived, dear Agnes and Kate," said her brother, with a fond air, but a firm voice, as his sister was preparing tea in silence, fearful of looking at either her brother or sister-in-law; "the moment has arrived that is to try what stuff we are made of. If we have any strength, this is the time to show it!"

"I'm sure I thought of you both almost all night long!" replied Miss Aubrey, tremulously. "You have a lion's heart, dear Charles; and yet you are so gentle with us!"

"I should be a poor creature indeed, Kate, to give way just when I ought to play the man. Come, dear Kate, I will remind you of a noble passage from our glorious Shakespeare. It braces one's nerves to hear it!" Then, with a fine impressive delivery, and kindling with excitement as he went on, Aubrey began—

"In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk?  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold  
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements  
Like Perseus' horse; where 's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak uneven sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? Either to harbor fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune!—Even so,  
Doth valor show, and valer's worth divide,  
In storms of fortune."\*

"It was kindly meant of Aubrey: he thought to divert the excited feelings of his wife and sister, and occupy their imagination with the vivid imagery and noble sentiment of the poet. While he repeated the above lines, his sister's eye had been fixed upon him with a radiant expression of resolution, her heart responding to what she heard. She could not, however, speak when he had ceased. For herself she cared not; but when she looked at her brother, and thought of him, his wife, his children, her fortitude yielded before the moving array, and she burst into tears.

"Come, Kate! my own sweet, good Kate!" said he, cheerfully, laying his hand upon hers, "we must keep constant guard against our feelings. They will be ever arraying before our eyes the past—the dear, delightful past—happy and beautiful in mournful contrast with the present, and stirring up every moment a thousand secret and tender associations, calculated to shake our constancy. When—

\* Trollope and Crossed, 1.3.

ever our eyes do turn to the past, let it be with humble gratitude to God for having allowed us all, in this changing world, so long an interval of happiness; such, indeed, as falls to the lot of few. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

"My own Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey, rising and throwing her arms round her husband, whose countenance was calm and serene, as was the tone of the sentiments he expressed solemn and elevated. Miss Aubrey was overcome with her stronger feelings, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Shortly afterwards the carriage drew up, and also Dr. Tatham, on horseback.

"Good morning! good morning, my friends," cried he, cheerfully, as he entered, holding forth both his hands; "you can't think how fresh and pleasant the air is! The country for me, at all times of the year! I hate towns! Did you sleep well? I slept like a top all night long;—no I didn't, either, by the way. Come, come, ladies! On with your bonnets and shawls!" Thus rattled on worthy little Dr. Tatham, in order to prevent any thing being said which might disturb those whom he came to see, or cause his own highly-charged feelings to give way. The sight of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, however, who greeted him in silence as they hastily drew on their bonnets and shawls, overcame his ill-assumed cheerfulness; and before he could bumble back, as he presently did, to the street door, his eyes were obstructed with tears, and he wrung the hand of Mr. Aubrey, who stood beside him, with convulsive energy. They soon set off, and at a rapid pace, Dr. Tatham riding along beside the carriage. Yatton was about twelve miles off. For the first few miles they preserved a tolerable show of cheerfulness; but as they perceived themselves nearing Yatton, it became plainly more and more of an effort for any of them to speak. Dr. Tatham, also, talked to them seldom through the windows; at one time he dropped considerably behind; at another, he rode as much ahead.

"Oh, Charles, don't you dread to see Yatton?" said Miss Aubrey suddenly, as they turned a familiar corner of the road. Neither of them replied to her.

"When you come to the village," said Mr. Aubrey, presently, to the postillion, "drive through it, right up to the hall, as quickly as you can."

He was obeyed. As they passed through the village, with their windows up, none of them seemed disposed to look through, but leaned back, in silence, in their seats.

"God bless you; God bless you; I shall call in the evening!" exclaimed Dr. Tatham; as, having reached the vicarage, he hastily waved his hand, and turned off. Soon they had passed the park gates: when had they entered it before with such heavy hearts—with eyes so dreading to encounter every familiar object that met them? Alas! the spacious park was no longer theirs; not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, not an inch of ground; the trees all putting forth the fresh green leaves—nothing was theirs; the fine old turreted gateway, an object, always, hitherto, of peculiar pride and attachment, their hearts seemed to tremble as they rattled under it.

"Courage, my sweet loves! Courage! courage!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, grasping each of their hands, and then they burst into tears. Mr. Aubrey felt his own fortitude grievously shaken as he entered the old hall, no longer his home, and reflected that he had been hitherto the wrongful occupant of it; that he must forthwith proceed to "set his house in order," and prepare for a reckoning with him whom the law had declared to be the true owner of Yatton.

The former result of the trial at York, was, as has been already intimated, to declare Mr. Titmouse entitled to recover possession of only that insignificant portion of the estates held by Jacob Jolter, and that, too, only in the event of the first four days of the ensuing term elapsing without any successful attempt being made to impeach, before the court, the propriety of the verdict of the jury. It is a principle of our English law, that the verdict of a jury is, in general, irreversible and conclusive; but, inasmuch as that verdict may have been improperly obtained—as, for instance, either through the misdirection of the judge, or his erroneous admission or rejection of evidence; or may have no force in point of law, by reason of the pleadings of the party for whom it has been given, being insufficient to warrant the court to award its final judgement upon, and according to, such verdict, or by reason of the discovery of fresh evidence, subsequently to the trial; therefore, the law hath given the party who failed at the trial, till the end of the first four days of the term next ensuing, to show the court why the verdict obtained by his opponent ought to go for nothing, and matters remain as they were before the trial, or a new trial be had. So anxious is our law to afford the utmost scope and opportunity for ascertaining what ought to be its decision, which, when obtained, is, as hath been said, solemnly and permanently conclusive upon the subject; such the effectual and practical corrective of any error or miscarriage, in the working of that noble engine, trial by jury. Thus, then, it appears, that the hands of Mr. Titmouse and his advisers were at all events stayed till the first four days of the Easter term should have elapsed. During the considerable interval thus afforded to the advisers of Mr. Aubrey, his case, as it appeared upon the notes of his counsel, on their briefs, with the indirect assistance and corroboration derived from the shorthand writer's notes, underwent repeated and most anxious examination in all its parts and bearings, by all his legal advisers. It need hardly be said, that every point in the case favorable to their client had been distinctly and fully raised by the Attorney General, assisted by his very able juniors, Mr. Stirling and Mr. Crystal; and so was it with the counsel of Mr. Titmouse, as, indeed, the result showed. On subsequent examination, none of them could discover any false step, or any advantage that had been overlooked, or taken inefficiently. Independently of various astute objections taken by the Attorney General to the reception of several important portions of the plaintiff's evidence, the leading points relied on in favor of Mr. Aubrey were—the impropriety of Lord Widdrington's rejection of the deed of confirmation on account of the erasure in it; the effect of that deed, assuming the erasure not to have warranted its rejection; and several questions arising out of the doctrine of adverse possession, by which alone, it had been contended at the trial, that the claim of the descendants of Stephen Dreddington had been peremptorily and finally barred. Two very long consultations had been held at the Attorney-

General's chambers, attended by Mr. Stirling, Mr. Crystal, Mr. Mansfield, the three partners in the firm of Runnington and Company, Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Aubrey—who had come up to town for the purpose alone. Greatly to the surprise of all of them, he stated most distinctly and emphatically, that he insisted on no ground of objection being taken against his opponent, except such as was strictly just, equitable, honorable, and conscientious. Rather than defeat him on mere technicalities—rather than avail himself of mere positive rules of law, while the right, as between man and man, was substantially in favor of his opponent—Mr. Aubrey declared, however absurd or Quixotic he might be thought, that he would—if he had them—lose fifty Yattons. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* "You mean to say, Aubrey," interrupted the Attorney-General mildly, after listening for some time to his friend and client with evident interest and admiration of his pure and high-minded character—"that it would be unconscientious of you to avail yourself of a fixed and beneficial rule of law, established upon considerations of general equity and utility—such, for instance, as that of adverse possession in order to retain possession, while"—

"Pray, Mr. Attorney General, if I had lent you five hundred pounds seven or eight years ago, would you set up the statute of limitations against me when I asked for repayment?"

"Excuse me, Aubrey," replied the Attorney-General, with a faint blush upon his handsome and dignified features; "but how idle all this is! One would imagine that we were sitting in a school of casuistry! What are we met for, in the name of common sense? For what, but to prevent the rightful owner of property from being deprived of it by a trumpety accidental erasure in one of his title-deeds, which time has deprived him of the means of accounting for?" He then, in a very kind way, but with a dash of peremptoriness, requested that the case might be left in their hands, and that they might be given credit for resorting to nothing that was inconsistent with the nicest and most fastidious sense of honor. This observation put an end to an unprecedented interference; but if Mr. Aubrey supposed that it had any effect upon the Attorney General, he was mistaken; for of course that learned and eminent person secretly resolved to avail himself of every conceivable means, great and small, available for overturning the verdict, and securing the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton. He at the same time earnestly endeavored to moderate the expectations of his client, declaring that he was by no means sanguine as to the issue; that Lord Widdrington's rulings at *Nisi Prius* were very formidable things; in fact, rarely assailable; and then, again, the senior puisne judge of the court—Mr. Justice Grayley—had been consulted by Lord Widdrington at the trial, and concurred with him in his principal ruling, now sought to be moved against. At the close of the second consultation, on the night of the first day in Easter term, (the Attorney-General intending to move on the ensuing morning,) after having finally gone over the case in all its bearings, and agreed upon the exact grounds of moving—the Attorney-General called back Mr. Runnington for a moment, as he was walking away with Mr. Aubrey, and whispered to him, that it would be very proper to assume at once that the motion failed; and consider the best mode of negotiating concerning the surrender of the bulk of the property, and the payment of the mesne profits.

"Oh, Mr. Aubrey has quite made up his mind to the worst, Mr. Attorney-General."

"Ah, well!" replied the Attorney-General with a sigh; and about five minutes after Mr. Runnington's departure, the Attorney-General stepped into his carriage, which had been standing for the last hour opposite his chambers. He drove down to the House of Commons, where he almost immediately after delivered a long and luminous speech on one of the most important and intricate questions that had been discussed during the session. The first four days of term are an awkward interval equally to incompetent counsel and incompetent judges—when such there are. The slips of both then come to light; both have to encounter the keen and vigilant scrutiny of a learned, acute, and independent body—the English bar. If a judge should happen to be in any degree unequal to the exigencies of his important station—incompetent for the due discharge of his difficult functions at *Nisi Prius*—what a store of anxiety and mortification accumulates at every circuit town against the ensuing term; where his misrulings are distinctly and boldly brought under the notice of the full court and the assembled bar! What must be his feelings, as he becomes aware that all interested in the matter look out for a plentiful crop of new trials from the circuit which he has selected to favor with his presence. Great causes lost, verdicts set aside, and new trials ordered, at an enormous, often a ruinous expense, entirely on account of his inability to seize the true points and bearings of a case, and present them properly to a jury, to apply accurately the principles of evidence! How exquisitely painful to suspect that as soon as his name is announced, the anxious attorneys withdraw records and postpone the trials of their chief causes, in all directions, trying no more than they can possibly help, in the hope that a more competent judge will take the circuit after; to become, every now and then, aware that counsel boldly speculate at the trial upon his inexperience and ignorance by impudent experiments, in flagrant violation of elementary principles. And then for incompetent counsel; is not his a similar position? Set to lead a cause, before a host of keen rivals, watching his every step with bitter scrutiny—feeling himself entirely at sea; bewildered among details; forgetting his points; losing his presence of mind; with no fixed principles of law to guide him; laid prostrate by a sudden objection, of which, when too late, and the mischief is done and irretrievable, he sees, or has explained to him the fallacy, and absurdity, and even audacity; discovering from indignant juniors, on setting down, that he has gone to the jury on quite the wrong tack, and in effect thrown the cause away; and although he creeps into court on the first four days of term, to endeavor to retrieve the false step he took at the trial; but in vain, and he dare not look his attorney in the face, as he is refused his rule. These and similar thoughts may, perhaps, on such occasions, be passing through the mind of a smirking sarcastic cynic, disappointed in his search for business, distanced in the race for promotion, as he sees the bench occupied with graceful dignity by men of acknowledged fitness, chosen from among the



ower of the bar,—those most qualified by experience, learning, intellect, and moral character. I would say to an inquirer, go now into any one of the superior courts of your country—to any court of *Nisi Prius* in the kingdom; and if you are able to observe and appreciate what you see, you will acknowledge that in no single instance has the precious trust of administering justice been committed to unworthy and incompetent hands, whatever may have occasionally been the case in a former day. And in like manner may we rebuke our cynic, in respect of his disparaging estimate of the leading bar.

The spectacle presented by the court in banc, to a thoughtful observer, is interesting and imposing. Here, for instance, was the Court of King's Bench, presided over by Lord Widdrington, with three puisne judges—all men of powerful understanding, of great experience, and of deep and extensive legal knowledge. Observe the dignified calmness and patience with which counsel are listened to; verbose even and tiresome as occasionally they are; the judges not deranging their thoughts, or the order in which the argument has been, with much anxiety and care, prepared for them beforehand—by incessant suggestions of crude and hasty impressions—but suspending their judgment till fully possessed of the case brought before them by one whom his client has thought fit to intrust with the conduct of the case. They never interfere but in extreme cases, when the time of the court is being plainly wasted by loose irrelevant matter. Their demeanor is characterized by grave courtesy and forbearance; and any occasional interference is received by the bar with profound respect and anxious attention. Never is to be seen in any of our courts the startling spectacle of personal collision between judge and counsel—each endeavoring to rival the other in the exhibition of acuteness and ingenuity. On the contrary, a thoughtful observer of what goes on in any of our courts, will believe that our judges have considered the truth of that saying of Seneca—*Nisi sapientia odiosius acuminis sumus*; and modelled themselves after the great portraiture of the judicial office drawn by the most illustrious of philosophers.

Patience and gravity of bearing are an essential part of justice; and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal. Judges ought to be more learned than witty; more reverend than plausible; and more advised than confident. It is no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the bar; or to show quickness of conceit, in cutting off evidence, or counsel, too short, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent. Our English judges are indeed worthy of the affection and reverence with which, both in public and private, they are regarded; and if any one will consider their severe and almost uninterrupted labors—the toil and weight of responsibility they bear, equalled by that of no other public functionaries—he will doubly appreciate the courtesy and forbearance which are exhibited by them, and forget any transient glimpses of asperity or impatience on the part of men exhausted frequently by both bodily and mental labor. But I forgot that I had brought the reader into the Court of King's Bench, where he has been standing all this while, watching Lord Widdrington “go through the bar,” as it is termed; namely, calling on all the counsel present, in the order of their seniority, or position, to make any little motion, or source, before proceeding with the principal business of the day. One learned gentleman moved, for instance, to discharge a fraudulent debtor out of custody, so that he might start off for the continent and avoid a debt of £3000, because, in the copy of the writ, the word was “sheriff,” and in the writ itself, “sheriffs;” and in this motion he succeeded, greatly to the astonishment of Mr. Aubrey.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Book the Second.... Mary the Queen.

XXXIII.... How Nightgall was bribed by De Noailles to assassinate Simon Renard; and how Jane's death-warrant was signed.

The Tower was now thronged with illustrious prisoners. All the principal personages concerned in the late rebellion, with the exception of Sir Peter Carew, who had escaped to France, were confined within its walls; and the Queen and the council were unremittingly employed in their examinations. The Duke of Suffolk had written and subscribed his confession, throwing himself upon the royal mercy; Lord Guilford Dudley, who was slowly recovering from his wound, refused to answer any interrogatories; while Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose constancy was shaken by the severity of the torture to which he was exposed, admitted his treasonable correspondence with Elizabeth and Courtenay, and charged De Noailles with being the originator of the plot. The latter was likewise a prisoner. But as it was not the policy of England, at that period, to engage in a war with France, he was merely placed under personal restraint until an answer could be received from Henry the Second, to whom letters had been sent by Mary.

Well instructed as to the purport of these despatches, and confident of his sovereign's protection, De Noailles felt little uneasiness as to his situation, and did not even despair of righting himself by some master-stroke. His grand object was to remove Renard; and as he could not now accomplish this by fair means, he determined to have recourse to foul; and to procure his assassination. Confined, with certain of his suite, within the Flint Tower, he was allowed, at stated times, to take exercise on the Green, and in other parts of the fortress, care being taken to prevent him from holding communication with the other prisoners, or, indeed, with any one except his attendants. De Noailles, however, had a ready and unsuspected instrument at hand. This was his jailor, Lawrence Nightgall, with whom he had frequent opportunities of conversing, and whom he had already sounded on the subject. Thus, while every dungeon in the fortress was filled with the victims of his disastrous intrigues; while its subterranean chambers echoed with the groans of the tortured; while some expired upon the rack, others were secretly executed, and the public scaffold was prepared for sufferers of the highest rank; while the axe and the block were destined to frequent and fearful employment, and the ensanguined ground thirsted for the best and purest blood in England;

while such was the number of captives that all the prisons in London were insufficient to contain them, and they were bestowed within the churches; while twenty pairs of gallows were erected in the public places of the city, and the offenders with whom they were loaded left to rot upon them as a terrible example to the disaffected; while universal dread and lamentation prevailed,—the known author of all this calamity remained, from prudential reasons, unpunished, and pursued his dark and dangerous machinations as before.

One night, when he was alone, Nightgall entered his chamber, and, closing the door, observed, with a mysterious look,—“Your excellency has thrown out certain dark hints to me of late. You can speak safely now, and I pray you do so plainly. What do you desire me to do?”

De Noailles looked scrutinizingly at him, as if he feared some treachery. But at length, appearing satisfied, he said abruptly, “I desire Renard's assassination. His destruction is of the utmost importance to my king.”

“It is a great crime,” observed Nightgall, musingly.

“The reward will be proportionate,” rejoined De Noailles.

“What does your excellency offer?” asked Nightgall.

“A thousand angels of gold,” replied the ambassador, “and a post at the court of France if you will fly thither when the deed is done.”

“By my troth, a tempting offer,” rejoined Nightgall. “But I am under obligations to M. Simon Renard. He appointed me to my present place. It would appear ungrateful to kill him.”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed De Noailles, contemptuously. “You are not the man to let such idle scruples stand in the way of your fortune. Renard only promoted you because you were useful to him. And he would sacrifice you as readily, if it suited his purpose. He will serve you better dead than living.”

“It is a bargain,” replied Nightgall. “I have the keys of the subterranean passages, and can easily get out of the Tower when I have despatched him. Your excellency can fly with me if you think proper.”

“On no account,” rejoined De Noailles. “I must not appear in the matter. Come to me when the deed is done, and I will furnish you with means for your flight, and with a letter to the king of France, which shall ensure you your reward when you reach Paris. But it must be done quickly.”

“It shall be done to-morrow night,” replied Nightgall. “Fortunately, M. Renard has chosen for his lodgings the chamber in the Bloody Tower in which the two princes were murdered.”

“A fitting spot for his own slaughter,” remarked De Noailles, dryly.

“It is so, in more ways than one,” replied Nightgall; “for I can approach him unawares by a secret passage, through which, when all is over, escape will be easy.”

“Good!” exclaimed De Noailles, rubbing his hands gleefully. “I should like to be with you at the time. Mordieu! how I hate that man. He has thwarted all my schemes. But I shall now have my revenge. Take this ring and this purse in earnest of what is to follow, and mind you strike home.”

“Fear nothing,” replied Nightgall, smiling grimly, and playing with his dagger; “the blow shall not need to be repeated. Your excellency's plan chimes well with a project of my own. There is a maiden whom I have long sought, but vainly, to make my bride. I will carry her off with me to France.”

“She will impede your flight,” observed De Noailles, hastily. “On all difficult occasions, women are sadly in the way.”

“I cannot leave her,” rejoined Nightgall.

“Take her, then, in the devil's name,” rejoined De Noailles, peevishly; “and if she brings you to the gallows, do not forget my warning.”

“My next visit shall be to tell you your enemy is no more,” returned Nightgall. “Before midnight to-morrow, you may expect me.” And he quitted the chamber.

While his destruction was planned in the manner above-related, Simon Renard was employing all his art to crush by one fell stroke all the heads of the Protestant party. But he met with opposition from quarters where he did not anticipate it. Though the queen was convinced of Elizabeth's participation in the plot, as well from Wyatt's confession, who owned that he had written to her during his march to London, offering to proclaim her queen, and had received favorable answers from her,—as from the declaration of a son of Lord Russell, to the effect, that he had delivered the despatches into her own hand, and brought back her replies;—notwithstanding this, Mary refused to pass sentence upon her, and affected to believe her innocent. Neither would she deal harshly with Courtenay, though equally satisfied of his guilt; and Renard, unable to penetrate her motives, began to apprehend that she still nourished a secret attachment to him. The truth was, the princess and her lover had a secret friend in Gardiner, who counteracted the sanguinary designs of the ambassador. Baffled in this manner, Renard determined to lose no time with the others. Already, by his agency, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Thomas Grey, and Wyatt, were condemned—Dudley and Jane alone were wanting to the list.

Touched by a strong feeling of compassion for their youth, and yet more by the devotion Jane had exhibited to her husband, Mary hesitated to sign their death-warrant. She listened to all Renard's arguments with attention, but they failed to move her. She could not bring herself to put a period to the existence of one whom she knew to be so pure, so lovely, so loving, so blameless, as Jane. But Renard was determined to carry his point.

“I will destroy them all,” he said; “but I will begin with Dudley and Jane, and end with Courtenay and Elizabeth.”

During the examination of the conspirators, the queen, though she had moved her court to Whitehall, passed much of her time at the Tower, occupied in reading the depositions of the prisoners, or in framing interrogatories to put to them. She also wrote frequent despatches to the emperor, whose counsel she asked in her present difficulties; and while thus occupied, she was often closeted for hours with Renard.

Whether by accident, or that the gloomy legend connected with it, harmonising with his own sombre thoughts,

gave it an interest in his eyes, Renard had selected for his present lodging in the Tower, as intimated by Nightgall, the chamber in which the two youthful princes were destroyed. It might be that its contiguity to the Hall Tower, where Mary now for the most part held her conferences with her council, and with which it was connected by a secret passage, occasioned this selection—or he might have been influenced by other motives—suffice it to say he there took up his abode; and was frequently visited within it by Mary.

Occupying the upper story of the Bloody Tower, this mysterious chamber looks on the north upon the ascent leading to the Green, and on the south upon Saint Thomas's Tower. It is now divided into two rooms, by a screen—that to the south being occupied as a bed-chamber; and tradition asserts, that in this part of the room the “piece of ruthless butchery,” which stamps it with such fearful interest, was perpetrated. On the same side, between the outer wall and the chamber, runs a narrow passage communicating on the west with the ballium wall, and thence with the lieutenant's lodgings, by which the murderers are said to have approached; and in the inner part is a window, through which they gazed upon their sleeping victims. On the east, the passage communicates with a circular staircase, descending to a small vaulted chamber at the right of the gateway, where the bodies were interred. In later times, this mysterious room has been used as a prison-lodging. It was occupied by Lord Ferrers during his confinement in the Tower, and more recently by the conspirators Watson and Thistlewood.

On the evening appointed by Nightgall for the assassination of Renard, the proposed victim and the queen were alone within this chamber. The former had renewed all his arguments, and with greater force than ever, and seeing he had produced the desired impression, he placed before her the warrant for the execution of Jane and her husband.

“Your majesty will never wear your crown easily till you sign that paper,” he said.

“I shall never wear it easily afterwards,” sighed Mary. “Do you not remember Jane's words? She told me, I should be fortunate in my union, and my race should continue upon the throne, if I spared her husband. They seem to me prophetic. If I sign this warrant, I may destroy my own happiness.”

“Your highness will be not turned from your purpose by such idle fears,” rejoined Renard, in as sarcastic a tone as he dared assume. “Not only your throne may be endangered, if you suffer them to live, but the Catholic religion.”

“True,” replied Mary, “I will no longer hesitate.”

And she attached her signature to the warrant.

Renard watched her with a look of such fiendish exultation, that an unseen person who gazed at the moment into the room, seeing a tall dark figure, dilated by the gloom, for it was deepening twilight, and a countenance from which everything human was banished, thought he beheld a demon, and fascinated by terror, could not withdraw his eyes. At the same moment, too, the queen's favourite dog, which was couched at her feet, and for a short time previously had been uttering a low growl, now broke into a fierce bark, and sprang towards the passage-window. Mary turned to ascertain the cause of the animal's disquietude, and perceived that if had stiffened in every joint, while its barking changed to a dismal howl. Not without misgiving, she glanced towards the window—and there, at the very place whence she had often heard that the murderers had gazed upon the slumbering innocents before the bloody deed was done—there, between those bars, she beheld a hideous black mask, through the holes of which glared a pair of flashing orbs.

Repressing a cry of alarm, she called Renard's attention to the object, when she was equally startled by his appearance. He seemed transfixed with horror, with his right hand extended toward the mysterious object, and clenched, while the left grasped his sword. Suddenly, he regained his consciousness, and drawing his rapier, dashed to the door,—but ere he could open it, the mask had disappeared. He hurried along the passage in the direction of the lieutenant's lodgings, when he encountered some one who appeared to be advancing towards him. Seizing this person by the throat and presenting his sword to breast, he found from the voice that it was Nightgall.

## Bulwer's New Novel.

### NIGHT AND MORNING.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“For a man is helpless and vain, of a condition so exposed to calamity that a raisin is able to kill him: any trooper out of the Egyptian army—a fly can do it, when it goes on God's errand.”—JEREMY TAYLOR: On the Deceitfulness of the Heart.

The two brothers sat at their wine after dinner. Robert sipped claret, the sturdy Philip quaffed his more generous port. Catharine and the boys might be seen at a little distance, and by the light of a soft August moon, among the shrubs and bosquets of the lawn.

Philip Beaufort was about five-and-forty, tall, robust, nay, of great strength of frame and limb, with a countenance extremely winning, not only from the comeliness of its features, but its frankness, manliness, and good-nature. His was the bronzed, rich complexion, the inclination towards *embonpoint*, the athletic girth of chest, which denote redundant health, and mirthful temper, and sanguine blood. Robert, who had lived the life of cities, was a year younger than his brother; nearly as tall, but pale, meager, stooping, and with a careworn, anxious, hungry look, which made the smile that hung upon his lips seem hollow and artificial. His dress, though plain, was neat and studied; his manner, bland and plausible; his voice, sweet and low; there was that about him which, if it did not win liking, tended to excite respect: a certain decorum, a nameless propriety of appearance and bearing, that approached formality: his very movement, slow and measured, was that of one who paced in the circle that fences round the habits and usages of the world.

“Yes,” said Philip, “I had always decided to take this step whenever my poor uncle's death should allow me to do so. You have seen Catharine, but you do not know half her good qualities: she would grace any station: and besides, she nursed me so carefully last year, when I broke

my collar bone in that cursed steeple-chase. Egad, I am getting too heavy and growing too old for such schoolboy pranks."

"I have no doubt of Mrs. Morton's excellence, and I honor your motives; still, when you talk of her gracing any station, you must not forget, my dear brother, that she will be no more received as Mrs. Beaufort than she is now as Mrs. Morton."

"But I tell you, Robert, that I am really married to her already; that she would never have left her home but on that condition; that we were married the very day we met after her flight."

Robert's thin lips broke into a slight sneer of incredulity. "My dear brother, you do right to say this: any man in your situation would. But I knew that my uncle took every pains to ascertain if the report of a private marriage were true."

"And you helped him in the search. Eh, Bob?"

Bob slightly blushed. Philip went on:

"Ha, ha, to be sure you did; you knew that such a discovery would have done for me in the old gentleman's good opinion. But I blinded you both, ha, ha! The fact is, that we were married with the greatest privacy; that even now, I own, it would be difficult for Catharine herself to establish the fact unless I wished it. I am ashamed to think that I have never even told her where I keep the main proof of the marriage. I induced one witness to leave the country, the other must be long since dead: my poor friend, too, who officiated, is no more. Even the register, Bob, the register itself has been destroyed; and yet, notwithstanding, I will prove the ceremony, and clear up poor Catharine's fame; for I have the attested copy of the register safe and sound. Catharine not married! Why, look at her, man!"

Mr. Robert Beaufort glanced at the window for a moment, but his countenance was still that of one unconvinced.

"Well, brother," said he, dipping his fingers in the water glass, "it is not for me to contradict you. It is a very curious tale—parson dead—witnesses missing. But still, as I said before, if you are resolved on a public marriage, you are wise to insist that there has been a previous private one. Yet, believe me, Philip," continued Robert, with solemn earnestness, "the world—"

"D—the world! What do I care for the world? We do not want to go to routs and balls, and give dinners to fine people. I shall live much the same as I have always done; only I shall now keep the hounds—they are very indifferently kept at present—and have a yacht, and engage the best masters for the boys. Phil wants to go to Eton; but I know what Eton is. Poor fellow! his feelings might be hurt there, if others are as skeptical as yourself. I suppose my old friends will not be less civil now I have £20,000 a year. And as for the society of women, between you and me, I do not care a rush for any woman but Catharine: poor Kitty!"

"Well, you are the best judge of your own affairs: you do not misinterpret my motives?"

"My dear Bob, no. I am quite sensible how kind it is in you—a man of your starch habits and strict views—coming here to pay a mark of respect to Kate—(Mr. Robert turned uneasily in his chair)—even before you knew of the private marriage; and I am sure I do not blame you for never having done it before. You did quite right to try your chance with my uncle."

Mr. Robert turned in his chair again, still more uneasily, and cleared his voice as if to speak. But Philip tossed off his wine, and proceeded without heeding his brother:

"And though the poor old man does not seem to have liked you the better for consulting his scruples, yet we must make up for the partiality of his will. Let me see—what, with your wife's fortune you muster £2,000 a year."

"Only £1500, Philip, and Arthur's education is growing expensive. Next year he goes to college. He is certainly very clever, and I have great hopes—"

"That he will do honor to us all—so have I. He is a noble young fellow; and I think my Philip may find a great deal to learn from him. Phil is a sad, idle dog, but with a devil of a spirit, and sharp as a needle. I wish you could see him ride. Well, to return to Arthur. Do not trouble yourself about his education: that shall be my care. He shall go to Christ Church—a gentleman-commoner, of course—and when he's of age we'll get him into Parliament. Now for yourself, Bob. I shall sell the town-house in Berkeley Square, and whatever it brings you shall have. I'll add £1500 a year to your £1500—so that's said and done. Pahaw! brothers should be brothers. Let's come out and play with the boys!"

The two Beauforts stepped through the open casement into the lawn.

"You look pale, Bob—all you London fellows do. As for me, I feel as strong as a horse; much better than when I was one of your gay dogs, straying loose about the town! 'Gad! I have never had a moment's ill health, except a fall now and then: I feel as if I should live for ever, and that's the reason why I could never make a will.'"

"Have you never, then, made your will?"

"Never as yet. Faith, till now, I had little enough to leave. But now that all this great Beaufort property is at my own disposal, I must think of Kate's jointure. By Jove! now I speak of it, I will ride to \*\*\*\* to-morrow, and consult the lawyer there both about the will and the marriage. You will stay for the wedding?"

"Why, I must go into shire to-morrow evening, to place Arthur with his tutor. But I'll return for the wedding, if you particularly wish it: only Mrs. Beaufort is a woman of very strict—"

"I do particularly wish it," interrupted Philip, gravely; "for I desire, for Catharine's sake, that you, my sole surviving relation, may not seem to withhold your countenance from an act of justice to her. And as for your wife, I fancy £1500 a year would reconcile her to my marrying out of the Penitentiary."

Mr. Robert bowed his head, coughed huskily, and said, "I appreciate your generous affection, Philip."

The next morning, while the elder parties were still over the breakfast table, the young people were in the grounds: it was a lovely day, one of the last of the luxuriant August; and Arthur, as he looked round, thought he had never seen a more beautiful place. It was, indeed, just the spot to captivate a youthful and susceptible fancy. The village of Fernside, though in one of the counties adjoining Middle-

sex, and as near to London as the owner's passionate pursuits of the field would permit, was yet as rural and sequestered as if a hundred miles distant from the smoke of the huge city. Though the dwelling was called a cottage, Philip had enlarged the original modest building into a villa of some pretensions. On either side a graceful and well-proportioned portico stretched verandahs, covered with roses and clematis; to the right extended a range of costly conservatories, terminating in vistas of trellis-work, which formed those elegant allies called roseries, and served to screen the more useful gardens from view. The lawn, smooth and even, was studded with American plants and shrubs in flower, and bounded on one side by a small lake, on the opposite bank of which limes and cedars threw their shadows over the clear waves. On the other side, a light fence separated the grounds from a large paddock, in which three or four hunters grazed in indolent enjoyment. It was one of those cottages which bespeak the ease and luxury not often found in more ostentatious mansions: an abode which the visitor of sixteen contemplates with vague notions of poetry and love—which at forty he might think dull and expensive—which at sixty he would pronounce to be damp in winter, and full of earwigs in the summer. Master Philip was leaning on his favorite gun; Master Sidney was chasing a peacock butterfly; Arthur was silently gazing on the shining lake and the still foliage that drooped over its surface. In the countenance of this young man there was something that excited a certain interest. He was less handsome than Philip, but the expression of his face was more prepossessing. There was something of pride in the forehead; but of good-nature, not unmixed with irresolution and weakness, in the curves of the mouth. He was more delicate of frame than Philip; and the color of his complexion was not that of a robust constitution. His movements were graceful and self-possessed, and he had his father's sweetness of voice.

"This is really beautiful! I envy you, cousin Philip."

"Has not your father got a country-house?"

"No: we live either in London or at some hot, crowded, watering-place."

"Yes; this is very nice during the shooting and hunting season. But my old nurse says we shall have a much finer place now. I liked this very well till I saw Lord Belville's place. But it is very unpleasant not to have the finest house in the county: *aut Caesar aut nihil*—that's my motto. Ah! do you see that swallow? I'll bet you a guinea I hit it."

"No, poor thing! don't hurt it." But, ere the remonstrance was uttered, the bird lay quivering on the ground. "It is just September, and one must keep one's hand in," said Philip, as he reloaded his gun.

To Arthur this action seemed a wanton cruelty; it was rather the wanton recklessness which belongs to a wild boy accustomed to gratify the impulse of the moment; the recklessness which is not cruelty in the boy, but which prosperity may pamper into cruelty in the man. And scarce had he reloaded his gun before the neigh of a young colt came from the neighboring paddock, and Philip bounded to the fence. "He calls me, poor fellow; you shall see him feed from my hand. Run in for a piece of bread—a large piece, Sidney." The boy and the animal seemed to understand each other. "I see you don't like horses," he said to Arthur. "As for me, I love dogs, horses—every dumb creature."

"Except swallows!" said Arthur, with a half smile, and a little surprised at the inconsistency of the boast.

"Oh! that is sport—all fair: it is not to hurt the swallow—it is to obtain skill," said Philip, coloring; and then, as if not quite easy with his own definition, he turned away abruptly.

"This is dull work: suppose we fish. By Jove! (he had caught his father's expletive,) that blockhead has put the tent on the wrong side of the lake, after all. Holla, you, sir!" and the unhappy gardener looked up from his flower-bed; "what ails you? I have a great mind to tell my father of you: you grow stupider every day. I told you to put the tent under the lime-trees."

"We could not manage it, sir; the boughs were in the way."

"And why did not you cut the boughs, blockhead?"

"I did not dare do so, sir, without master's orders," said the man, doggedly.

"My orders are sufficient, I should think: so none of your impertinence," cried Philip, with a raised color; and lifting his hand, in which he held his ramrod, he shook it menacingly over the gardener's head; "I've a great mind to—"

"What's the matter, Philip?" cried the good-humored voice of his father: "fy!"

"This fellow does not mind what I say, sir."

"I did not like to cut the boughs of the lime-trees without your orders, sir," said the gardener.

"No, it would be a pity to cut them. You should consult me there, Master Philip;" and the father shook him by the collar with a good-natured and affectionate, but rough sort of caress.

"Be quiet, father!" said the boy, petulantly and proudly; "or," he added, in a lower voice, but one which showed emotion, "my cousin may think you mean less kindly than you always do, sir."

The mother was behind, and she sighed audibly, "Ah! dearest, I fear you will spoil him."

"Is he not your son—and do we not owe him the more respect for having hitherto allowed others to—"

He stopped, and the mother could say no more. And thus it was that this boy of powerful character and strong passions had, from motives the most amiable, been pampered from the darling into the despot.

"And now, Kate, I will, as I told you last night, ride over to—, and fix the earliest day for our marriage. I will ask the lawyer to dine here, to talk about the proper steps for proving the private one."

"Will that be difficult?" asked Catharine, with natural anxiety.

"No; for, if you remember, I had the precaution to get an examined copy of the register; otherwise, I own to you, I should have been alarmed. I don't know what has become of Smith. I heard some time since from his father that he had left the colony; and (I never told you before—it would have made you uneasy) once, a few years ago, when my uncle again got it into his head that we might be married, I was afraid poor Caleb's successor

might, by chance, betray us. So I went over to A— myself, being near it when I was staying with Lord C—, in order to see how far it might be necessary to secure the parson; and, only think! I found an accident had happened to the register: so, as the clergyman could know nothing, I kept my own council. How lucky I have the copy! No doubt the lawyer will set all to rights; and, while I am making settlements, I may as well make my will. I have plenty for both boys, but the dark one must be the heir. Does he not look born to be an eldest son?"

"Ah, Philip!"

"Pshaw! one don't die the sooner for making a will. Have I the air of a man in a consumption?" and the sturdy sportsman glanced complacently at the strength and symmetry of his manly limbs. "Come, Phil, let's go to the stables. Now, Robert, I will show you what is better worth seeing than those miserable flower-beds." So saying, Mr. Beaufort led the way to the courtyard at the back of the cottage. Catharine and Sidney remained on the lawn, the rest followed the host. The groom, of whom Beaufort was the idol, hastened to show how well the horses had thriven in his absence.

"Do see how Brown Bess has come on, sir; but, to be sure, Master Philip keeps her in exercise. Ah, sir, he will be as good a rider as your honor one of these days."

"He ought to be, Tom, for I think he'll never have my weight to carry. Well, saddle Brown Bess for Mr. Philip. What horse shall I take? Ah! here's my old friend Puppet!"

"I don't know what's come to Puppet, sir: he's off his feed and turned sulky. I tried him over the bar yesterday, but he was quite restiff like."

"The devil he was! So, so, old boy, you shall go over the six-barred gate to-day, or we'll know why." And Mr. Beaufort patted the sleek neck of his favorite hunter. "Put the saddle on him, Tom."

"Yes, your honor. I sometimes think he is hurt in the loins somehow; he don't take to his leaps kindly, and he always tries to bite when we brides him. Be quiet, sir!"

"Only his airs," said Philip. "I did not know this, or I would have taken him over the gate. Why did not you tell me, Tom?"

"Lord love you, sir! because you have such a spurrel; and if anything had come to you—"

"Quite right; you are not weight enough for Puppet, my boy; and he never did like any one to back him but myself. What say you, brother; will you ride with us?"

"No, I must go to—to-day with Arthur. I have engaged the posthorses at two o'clock; but I shall be with you to-morrow or the day after. You see his tutor expects him; and as he is backward in his mathematics, he has no time to lose."

"Well, then, good-by, nephew!" and Beaufort slipped a pocket-book into the boy's hand. "Tush! whenever you want money, don't trouble your father—write to me; we shall be always glad to see you; and you must teach Philip to like his book a little better—eh, Phil?"

"No, father, I shall be rich enough to do without books," said Philip, rather coarsely; but then, observing the heightened color of his cousin, he went up to him, and with a generous impulse said, "Arthur, you admired this gun; pray accept it. Nay, do not be shy; I can have as many as I like for the asking: you're not so well off, you know."

The intention was kind, but the manner was so patronizing that Arthur felt offended. He put back the gun, and said dryly, "I shall have no occasion for a gun, thank you."

If Arthur was offended by the offer, Philip was much more offended by the refusal. "As you like; I hate pride," said he; and he gave the gun to the groom as he vaulted into his saddle with the lightness of a young Mercury. "Come, father!"

Mr. Beaufort had now mounted his favorite hunter: a large, powerful horse, well known for its prowess in the field.

The rider trotted him once or twice through the spacious yard.

"Nonsense, Tom: no more hurt in the loins than I am. Open that gate; we will go across the paddock, and take the gate yonder—the old six-bar—eh, Phil?"

"Capital! to be sure!"

The gate was opened; the grooms stood watchful to see the leap; and a kindred curiosity arrested Robert Beaufort and his son.

How well they looked, those two horsemen: the ease, lightness, spirit of the one, with the fine-limbed and fiery steed that literally "bounded beneath him as a barb," seemingly as gay, as ardent, and as haughty as the boy-rider. And the manly and almost Herculean form of the elder Beaufort, which, from the buoyancy of its movements, and the supple grace that belongs to the perfect mastery of any athletic art, possessed an elegance and dignity, especially on horseback, which rarely accompanies proportions equally sturdy and robust. There was, indeed, something knightly and chivalrous in the bearing of the elder Beaufort; in his handsome aquiline features, the erectness of his mien, the very wave of his hand as he spurred from the yard.

"What a fine-looking fellow my uncle is!" said Arthur, with involuntary admiration.

"Ay, an excellent life—amazingly strong!" returned the pale father, with a slight sigh.

"Philip," said Mr. Beaufort, as they cantered across the paddock, "I think the gate is too much for you. I will just take Puppet over, and then we will open it for you."

"Pooh, my dear father! you do not know how I'm improved!" And slackening the rein, and touching the side of his horse, the young rider darted forward and cleared the gate, which was of no common height, with an ease that extorted a loud bravo from the proud father.

"Now, Puppet," said Mr. Beaufort, spurring his own horse. The animal cantered towards the gate, and then suddenly turned round with an impatient and angry moan. "For shame, Puppet! for shame, old boy!" said the sportsman, wheeling him again to the barrier. The horse shook his head as if in remonstrance; but the spur, vigorously applied, showed him that his master would not listen to his mute reasonings. He bounded forward—made at the gate—struck his hoofs against the top bar—fell forward, and threw his rider head foremost on the road beyond. The horse rose instantly—not so the master. The sea dis-



mounted, alarmed and terrified. His father was speechless! and blood gushed from the mouth and nostrils as the head drooped heavily on the boy's breast. The by-standers had witnessed the fall—they crowded to the spot—they took the fallen man from the weak arms of the son—the head groom examined him with the eye of one who had picked up science from his experience in such casualties.

"Speak, brother! where are you hurt?" exclaimed Robert Beaufort.

"He will never speak more," said the groom, bursting into tears. "His neck is broken!"

"Send for the nearest surgeon," cried Mr. Robert.

"Good God! boy! do n't meant that devilish horse!" But Arthur had already leaped on the unhappy steed which had been the cause of this appalling affliction. "Which way?"

"Straight on to \*\*\*\*\* only two miles; every one knows Mr. Powis's house. God bless you!" said the groom.

Arthur vanished.

"Lift him carefully, and take him to the house," said Mr. Robert. "My poor brother! my dear brother!"

He was interrupted by a cry—a single, shrill, heart-breaking cry—and Philip fell senseless to the ground.

No one heeded him at that hour: no one heeded the fatherless BASTARD. "Gently, gently," said Mr. Robert, as he followed the servants and their load. And he then muttered to himself, and his pallid cheek grew bright, and his breath came short: "He has made no will! he never made a will!"

## Swedenborgianism.

### THE RECEIVERS OF THE DOCTRINES OF THE NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH,

As Revealed in the Writings of

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG,

TO

CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

BRETHREN: That some spiritual event is considered as near at hand by vast bodies of Christians throughout the world, is manifest. Within the last few years numerous volumes have been written to prove that the second coming of the Lord, or the Millennium, is not very distant, and some, from interpretations which they have given to the prophecies of Scripture, have even gone so far as to fix the period at a very early day. Some of the circumstances which have given rise to this wide-spread impression, are a more than ordinary spirit of inquiry into religious doctrines, which characterizes all sects of the church; an endeavour, hitherto unknown, to disseminate the truths of the gospel among the heathen nations, by missionaries, and by printing in their various languages the "glad tidings of great joy;" the prevalence of a less warlike spirit among some of the nations of Christendom, and a general disposition to reform civilized mankind by Sunday and infant-schools, by Bible and temperance societies, and by a great variety of institutions designed to advance religion, morals, and social happiness. That these "signs of the times" should be considered as the forerunners of some mighty event, is very natural; and when we behold the wonderful discoveries of science and philosophy, which, by means of steam, have brought nations and families nearer to each other, and by various improvements in the arts, have greatly augmented the powers of human production for the supply of physical wants, we are led to conclude that preparations are making for placing man in a more elevated position in the scale of being, than he has heretofore occupied; and especially as these improvements are accompanied by the means of introducing a more general education through public schools, and a cheaper acquisition of knowledge through the press.

But, notwithstanding all these displays of the Divine Agency, most of which have made their first appearance within the last fifty years, Christians are by no means agreed as to the precise time at which the anticipated event will take place, or, as to the particular circumstances with which it will be accompanied. With most of them there exists a mere belief in some undefined, incomprehensible event, the period of which human reason cannot ascertain, for, "of that day and hour knoweth no man," and which, in the opinion of some, an immediate revelation alone is competent to settle. But is an immediate revelation on this subject essential to that end? This is a question which deeply concerns the whole Christian church. Of the possibility of such a revelation no believer in the Scriptures can entertain a doubt; and as we have authority for the assertion, that "where there is no vision the people perish," we should be careful not to be too ready to reject its probability. Of those who believe, not only in the possibility of an immediate revelation, but in the absolute need of one in the present divided state of the church, are to be classed the Receivers of the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg; and as a committee of that body, appointed by the Middle Convention of the New Jerusalem Church in the United States, to put forth this address, we do here most solemnly affirm, as we shall have to answer at a future day, our entire and deliberate conviction, that in the writings of that commissioned servant of the Lord, is to be found such a revelation.

In making this public avowal, and in giving our reasons for this conscientious belief, we are aware that we shall incur the imputation of superstition or fanaticism; but considering it a duty to make known to others what we have so much reason to know to be true, we cannot shrink from its performance. It has been the fate of other far more enlightened and more worthy than ourselves to be scoffed at, derided, and even put to death, for promulgating the truth. But whilst we remember that the early Christians, who, amidst odium and persecution, proclaimed the first advent of the Lord, succeeded in gaining to their side many who at first believed that too much learning had made them mad, or, that too little disqualified them from instructing

others, we do not despair of some success in our announcement of His second advent, not in the flesh, but in the power and glory of His Holy Word through His revelation of its spiritual sense.

Many of you, to whom this appeal is addressed, have no doubt heard of the name of SWEDENBORG, and most of you have probably believed that he was a deluded mystic, or a madman. The same thing once happened to most of us who now acknowledge the authenticity of his writings. We were all like yourselves, brought up and educated in one or other of the various sects of the Christian church, and until we looked into the writings of that gifted man, had no other opinion of him than that which is above expressed. To us as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Catholics, &c., the idea that man like ourselves could, at this day, have had his spiritual eyes opened, and could have been permitted to behold the things of the invisible world, as St. John, Ezekiel, and the other early prophets were, appeared to us so irreconcilable with all our preconceived opinions of divine arrangement, that we rejected it as not to be for a moment entertained. Like others of old, we very naturally inquired, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" and, receiving a negative reply to this question, and finding, besides, that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," had received his testimony, we thought ourselves not called upon to examine his claims to a hearing. Curiosity, however, with some, the recommendation of pious friends with others, and a desire to become acquainted with supposed heresies, for the purpose of exposing and refuting them with others again, induced us to inquire who was Swedenborg, whose name had been associated with Joan of Arc, Jemima Wilkinson, Joanna Southcote, and various other fanatics that flourished for a season; what was his character; what were his attainments, and his title to credibility; and what were the doctrines which he taught? In the prosecution of these inquiries, we found satisfactory solutions, as we are persuaded thousands of others would do, if they could divest their minds of the idea that intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds is at this day impossible. What these solutions were, it would not be possible in an address of this sort to state in detail, and we shall therefore content ourselves with the following brief summary.

Emanuel Swedenborg was the son of Jasper Swedenborg, Bishop of Skara in Sweden, and at one time superintendent of the Swedish churches in Pennsylvania. He was born on the 29th of January, 1688, at Stockholm, and was ennobled at the age of thirty-one, under the name of Swedenborg, on account of important services he had rendered the state as a civil engineer, and as assessor of the Royal College of Mines, to which office he had been appointed by the celebrated Charles the Twelfth. As a philosopher and a man of science, his talents were of the highest order, as is conclusively established by a number of works written by him on mineralogy, and on various other philosophical subjects, some of which are to be found in the Philadelphia Library, and perhaps in other libraries of the United States. He was perfect master of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and had a reputation for general learning inferior to that of very few men of the age. His character was remarkable for its simplicity and modesty, and he was a man of the most exemplary morals and piety. The Rev. Dr. T. Hartley, a pious and learned divine of the Church of England, who knew him personally and intimately, spoke of him thus in a letter to a friend:—"Our author ever kept the holy Scriptures in his view; they were his light and guide, his shield and buckler on all occasions;" and if additional testimony were wanted, we have it the uniform tenor of his writings, the evidence of numerous friends, whose declarations are upon record, and in the following brief compendium of rules which he established for the government of his life.

- I. To read often, and to meditate well on the Word of God.
- II. To be always resigned and content under the dispensations of Providence.
- III. Always to observe a propriety of behaviour, and to preserve the conscience clear and void of offence.
- IV. To obey that which is ordained; to be faithful in the discharge of the duties of our employment, and to do every thing in our power to render ourselves as universally useful as possible.

Thus prepared for the important duties he was raised up to perform, like Moses, who, preparatory to his mission to Pharaoh, was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," was Swedenborg, in the year 1743, at the age of fifty-five, called to assume the office of a seer, and to communicate to mankind matters which the degenerate and infidel condition of the world rendered essential to be known, for the salvation of the human race. What he saw, what he was commanded to reveal, and what he has written, is contained in a series of near thirty octavo volumes, all written in Latin, and not, therefore, designed to captivate the ignorant or credulous: for who would publish, with such an object, books which could be read by none but the learned, who are least likely to be attracted by theological investigations, and especially by such as are supposed to be involved in the marvellous: or by the clergy, who are too much attached to their respective creeds to be induced to listen to one whose views differ so essentially from their own? Nor was Swedenborg a preacher or seeker of proselytes; and in this particular he differed from all who appeared before him, or have since appeared, and have been known to the world as fanatics or visionaries; and thus he has proved himself as not belonging to that class of propagandists. His works were printed chiefly at London and Amsterdam, at his own private expense, during a series of twenty-eight years, without the slightest expectation of personal profit from their sale; for, had a profit resulted, we are assured, upon cotemporary authority, that it was his design to have presented it to a British society, established for propagating the gospel. Of his theological writings, all have been translated into English, many into Swedish and German, and some into French, and all by the gratuitous labor of scholars who have been actuated by the sole desire to disseminate what they believed to be truth. He died at London on the 29th of March, 1772, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, without ever having been married.

And now we will ask the candid Christian reader who believes in the possibility of revelation in these latter days,

and who is of opinion that an authoritative exposition would be beneficial, of those parts of Scripture, the various interpretations of which have caused the Church of the Lord to be split into fragments, whether he can imagine a man better fitted to perform such a duty, than such a one as we have described? If he cannot, let us beseech him to go one step further, and bring himself to believe that, possibly, Swedenborg may have been commissioned to write what he has written, and that, possibly, a refusal to examine his claims to credibility, may be a voluntary closing of the mind to the reception of truth, and a rejection of knowledge which may lead to salvation. Let not the cry, "he has a devil and is mad," deter him from looking at his writings in a spirit of soberness, the only spirit in which serious subjects ought to be approached. Let him recollect that the Christian church was established in the age of the apostles, not by those who rejected their testimony without an examination, but by those who were willing to hear them. Let him recollect that there is such an internal evidence in religious truth, as that a man may "know of the doctrine whether it be of God," and let him ponder well upon the question, why should men, who never condemn, without a perusal, works which profess to point out the road to temporal riches and happiness, condemn, without a perusal, works which profess to point out the road to eternal riches and happiness? We are aware of the prejudices that many must overcome before they can be induced to comply with this invitation.

Silly stories have been, time after time, within the last forty years, circulated in this community, respecting the followers of Swedenborg, some of whom have been confidently represented to set plates at their tables for their deceased relatives; to pay for seats in stage coaches for invisible travelling companions, and to have been seen in the streets confessedly taking off their hats to Moses, or some of the prophets. A denial at this enlightened day of such stories, which have had their origin in the levity or falsity of those who fabricated them, and in the credulity of those who have been induced to believe their fables, may appear as an uncalled-for measure; and so we should have considered it, had not the fact come to our knowledge, that very recently, in a company in Philadelphia, composed in part of clergymen, one of them related, to all appearances as if he truly believed it, that a minister of the church in question, who had first received orders in the Episcopal church in that city, had been known to take off his hat to Moses in the street and to secure a seat at a table on board of a steamboat, for a fellow-traveller whom nobody could see. Be it then known, and we pledge our characters for the truth of what we now assert, that not only are all these stories utterly untrue, but that no receiver of Swedenborg's writings in this or any other country, as we are firmly persuaded, has ever been guilty of the folly described, as to any of these particulars, inasmuch as the supposition is impossible and absurd, on the principles of the New Jerusalem church, which maintain that space and locality are not predicable of spiritual beings.

With these remarks, designed with the sole object of enabling others to enjoy the light which we ourselves possess, we shall conclude this short and humble appeal with a declaration of a few of the leading doctrines upon which the New Church is founded, from which it will be seen, that great injustice has been done us by those, who without inquiring into our faith, have ascribed to us tenets which are the very opposites of what we believe.

They are as follows:

1. God is One both in essence and in person, in whom, nevertheless, is a Divine Trinity, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, like soul, body, and operation in man; and that the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, is that God.
- Hence, when the Lord said to Philip, "I and my Father are one;" "he that seeth me seeth the Father;" and when St. John said, "the Word was God," and "the Word was made flesh and among us;" and when St. Paul said, "in Jesus Christ dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily and in him ye are complete," and when the Lord said to St. John in the Revelations, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty," "I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth and was dead"—they all spoke in accordance with this doctrine.
2. That the word of the Lord, or sacred Scripture, was written by Divine inspiration; that it contains three distinct senses, celestial, spiritual, and natural, which are united by correspondence, and that in each sense it is Divine truth, accommodated respectively to angels, spirits, and men.
3. That all evils, whether of affection, of thought, or of life, ought to be shunned as sins against God, because they proceed from the devil, that is, from hell, and destroy in man the capacity of enjoying the happiness of heaven. But that, on the other hand, good affections, good thoughts, and good actions, ought to be cherished and performed, because they are of God and from God: and that every act of love and charity, of justice and equity, both towards society in general, and towards individuals in particular, ought to be done by man as of himself; nevertheless, under the acknowledgement and belief that they are really and truly from the Lord, operating in him and by him.
4. That every event or occurrence in human life, whether of prosperity or of adversity, is under the immediate superintendence and direction of the Divine Providence; and that nothing does or can befall man, either in his collective or individual capacity, but what, even the most minute, as well as in the most important circumstances attending it, is made to contribute, in a way known only to Infinite Wisdom, to his final benefit and advantage.
5. That man has free will in spiritual things, and that, consequently, if he be not saved, it is his own fault.

Fifty-five years have passed away since the writings of Swedenborg were first introduced into the United States; and twenty-five years have this day elapsed since notice was given, through the public papers, that an organized society for disseminating those writings had just been established at Philadelphia. The number of known receivers at that period, throughout the United States, did not exceed a hundred. Their number is probably now about four thousand, showing a gradual increase, but not such a one as might have been expected had the doctrines taught, and the principles developed, been adapted to captivate the attention of the simple, the superstitious, or the illiterate. Three magazines for the dissemination of the truths of the

Church, are now published in this country, viz: "The New Jerusalem Magazine," at Boston; "The Precursor," at Cincinnati, and "The New Churchman," at Philadelphia, and in each of those cities are to be found depositories for the sale of the writings of the Church. Twenty-five years ago there was but one clergyman of the Church in the United States. There are now about thirty-eight ordained and licensed ministers, of whom twelve are graduates of New England universities, and there are societies who hold meetings for public worship in the three cities that have been named, as well as in New York, Baltimore, and Washington, and in several of the towns of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Western States, the members of which would gladly assist sincere seekers of the truth, in obtaining the books recommended to their perusal.

"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

On behalf of the Middle Convention of Receivers of the Doctrines of the New Jerusalem in the United States.

CHADLES J. DOUGHTY, President.

WILLIAM CHAUVENET, Secretary.

DANIEL LAMMOT, Corresponding Secretary.

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JAMES CHESTERMAN,

Acting Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, January 1, 1841—85.

## The Scrap-Book.

From the Ladies' Companion for January.

### FORMS OF THE PAST.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Sometimes, to cheer me, as I pass  
This vale of life adown,  
In various forms o'er Fancy's glass  
Flit shapes of old renown,—  
Shapes that, in history or romance,  
Thronged round the author's brain—  
The haughty chivalry of France,  
The high grandees of Spain.

I love upon the magic scene  
In dreamy mood to gaze—  
For lo! before me lies the scene  
That most I wish to raise.  
I see, if such my bold desire,  
Grey Kings by ages hid,—  
Whose tomb, 'till Nature's final fire,  
The mighty pyramid!

I see the monarch of the East  
With nations at his call,—  
I am, Belshazzar, at thy feast,  
And view the lurid wall.  
Darkness fell on the blazing light,  
And from its shroud there came,  
An armless, bloodless hand to write  
Strange syllables of flame.

Uriah's wife—oh, fair, too fair!  
Pale, statue-like she stands  
Veiled only by her golden hair,  
And by her marble hands.  
Wild with the vision, Israel's king  
Forgets his holy lyre,  
Or from its chords his fingers ring  
But sparks of passion's fire.

And, if I will, to classic land,  
The land of gods and men,  
I turn, and with advent'rous hand  
Bring heroes to my ken;  
Achilles sitting by the shore—  
As solemn watch he keeps  
And listens to the billows' roar—  
In lonely sadness weeps.

Urge on thy cohorts, Cæsar, urge!  
The day and Rome are thine:  
Beat backward, as the rock the surge,  
The old Helvetian line.  
Triumph has built her trophied arch:  
The laurel's on thy brow,—  
And monarchs by thy chariot march,—  
Jove! who has empire now!

If prone, to later days I turn,  
The days of England's story;  
And in my sight in splendor burn  
The deeds and times of glory.  
Come, Richard of the Lion Heart;  
Come, warriors sheathed in mail;  
Come, Barons bold, for freedom's part,  
The tyrant to assail!

Come lords and lovely ladies bright,  
It is the tourney's sound:  
The silken pennons wave in light,  
The lists are ranged around.  
Strike, minstrel, strike thy harp, to swell  
The praise that none gainsay,  
And in fit-falling measure tell,  
Who bore the prize away.

Last in the glass that Fancy lends,  
My native land I see;  
Lo! lost in thought the hero bends,  
"T is done! we must be free!"

He grasps the simple scroll that gives  
Him power to lead them on:  
Oh, in that face what wisdom lives—  
The patriot, WASHINGTON!

Here let me drop the veil, nor try  
With lesser lights to mar,  
On glory's clear and lustrous sky,  
That one superior star!  
All heroes of the past above,—  
His name, on history's page,  
Shines out, most worthy of the love,  
And worship of our age.

## THE BURNING OF THE FORESTS.\*

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

With what pleasure have I seated myself by the blazing fire of some lonely cabin, when, faint with fatigue, and chilled with the piercing blast, I had forced my way to it through the drifted snow that covered the face of the country as with a mantle! The affectionate mother is hushing her babe to repose, while a group of sturdy children surround their father, who has just returned from the chase, and deposited on the rough flooring of his hut the varied game which he has procured. The great back log, that with some difficulty has been rolled into the ample chimney, urged, as it were, by lighted pieces of pine, sends forth a blaze of light over the happy family. The dogs of the hunter are already licking away the trickling waters of the thawing icicles that sparkle over their shaggy coats, and the comfort-loving cat is busy in passing her furry paws over each ear, or with her rough tongue smoothing her glossy coat.

How delightful to me has it been, when kindly received and hospitably treated under such a roof, by persons whose means were as scanty as their generosity was great, I have entered into conversation with them respecting subjects of interest to me, and received gratifying information. When the humble but plentiful repast was ended, the mother would take from her shelf the book of books, and mildly request the attention of her family while the father read aloud a chapter. Then to Heaven would ascend their humble prayers, and a good-night would be bidden to all friends far and near. How comfortably have I laid my wearied frame on the buffalo hide, and covered me with the furry skin of some huge bear! How pleasing have been my dreams of home and happiness, as I there lay secure from danger, and sheltered from the inclemency of the weather.

I recollect that once while in the State of Maine, I passed such a night as I have described. Next morning the face of nature was obscured by the heavy rains that fell in torrents, and my generous host begged me to remain in such pressing terms, that I was well content to accept his offer. Breakfast over, the business of the day commenced: the spinning wheels went round, and the boys employed themselves, one in searching for knowledge, another in attempting to solve some ticklish arithmetical problem. In a corner lay the dogs dreaming of plunder, while close to the ashes stood grimalkin seriously purring in concert with the wheels. The hunter and I seated ourselves, each on a stool, while the matron looked after her domestic arrangements.

"Puss," quoth the dame, "get away; you told me last night of this day's rain, and I fear you may now give us worse news with trickily paws." Puss accordingly went off, leaped on a bed, and rolling herself in a ball, composed herself for a comfortable nap. I asked the husband what his wife meant by what she had just said. "The good woman," said he, "has some curious notions at times, and she believes, I think, in the ways of animals of all kinds. Now, her talk to the cat refers to the fires of the woods around us, and although they have happened long ago, she fears them quite as much as ever, and indeed she and I, and all of us, have good reason to dread them, as they have brought us many calamities." Having read of the great fires to which my host alluded, and frequently observed with sorrow the mournful state of the forests, I felt anxious to know something of the causes by which these direful effects had been produced. I therefore requested him to give me an account of the events resulting from those fires which he had witnessed. Willingly he at once went on nearly as follows:

"About twenty-five years ago, the larch or hackmatack trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the 'black soft growth' land, that is the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves, and you must know, that although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines, and other firs, in such a manner, that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and, tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally, or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads, the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to ensure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves or of the other trees." Here I begged him to give me some idea of the form of the insects which had caused such havoc.

"The insects," said he, "were, in the caterpillar form, about three quarters of an inch in length, and as green as the leaves of the trees they fed on, when they committed their ravages. I must tell you also, that in most of the places over which the fire passed, a new growth of wood has already sprung up, of what we lumberers call hard wood, which consists of all other sorts but pine or fir; and I have always remarked that wherever the first natural growth of a forest is destroyed, either by the axe, the hurricane, or the fire, there springs up spontaneously another of quite a different kind." I again stopped my host to inquire if he knew the method or nature of the first kindling of the fires.

"Why, sir," said he, "there are different opinions about

\* From the Ornithological Biography; Or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America.

this. Many believe that the Indians did it, either to be better able to kill the game, or to punish their enemies the pale-faces. My opinion, however, is different; and I derive it from my experience in the woods as a lumberer. I have always thought that the fires began by the accidental fall of one dry trunk against another, when their rubbing together, especially as many of them are covered with resin, would produce fire. The dry leaves on the ground are at once kindled; next the twigs and branches, when nothing but the intervention of the Almighty could stop the progress of the fire.

"In some instances, owing to the wind, the destructive element approached the dwelling of the inhabitants of the woods so rapidly that it was difficult for them to escape. In some parts, indeed, hundreds of families were obliged to flee from their homes, leaving all they had behind them, and here and there some of the affrighted fugitives were burned alive."

At this moment a rush of wind came down the chimney, blowing the blaze of the fire toward the room. The wife and daughter, imagining for a moment that the woods were again on fire, made for the door, but the husband, explaining the cause of their terror, they resumed their work.

"Poor things," said the lumberer, "I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home, at the time of the great fires." I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time. "If Prudence and Polly," said he, "looking toward his wife and daughter, will promise to sit still, should another puff of smoke come down the chimney, I will do so." The good natured smile with which he accompanied this remark, elicited a return from the women, and he proceeded:

"It is a difficult thing, sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when about two hours before day, the snoring of the horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that, when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

"The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing." Here the hunter paused and took breath. The recital of his adventure seemed to have exhausted him. His wife proposed that we should have a bowl of milk, and the daughter having handed it to us, we each took a draught.



"Now," said he, "I will proceed. Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cool enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was soon remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and, after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

"By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the 'hard woods,' which had been free of the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but, thanks be to God, we are safe, sound, and happy!"

### A CHRISTIAN VIEWING DEATH.

I have seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action—invested as a halo her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her: but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her: and she died! What! did all that loveliness die! Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in! Forbid it reason, religion! bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die, in God's counsel who live, even in frail human memory, forever!

I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been learnt from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live, and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such an one die! Was all this treasure gained, only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever? No, the dead, as we call them do not so die. They carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we, shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

Oh! death!—dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness, even the shadows of an avenging retribution, were brightness and relief—death! what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour answer to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery: hour of release from life's burden—hour of reunion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes, hasten to their fulfilment in thee! What longings, what aspirations—breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what deep meditations of joy—what hallowed imaginings of never experienced purity and bliss—what possibilities shadowing forth unspeakable realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! Oh! death! the Christian's death! What art thou, but a gate of life portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!—*Deo.*

### WINTER EVENINGS.

During the winter season, most of the youth of our land, particularly those of the country, have the evening at their own disposal, to devote to amusement, recreation, or whatever pursuit they choose. We speak now of those who are employed in some active or necessary pursuit during the day, and to whom evening brings their only leisure; for the youth has not some such employment, or who does not seek it, is not the one to be benefitted by any thing that may be said on the improvement of his leisure hours. We therefore address our remarks to the industrious youth of our country, who are trained to useful and laudable purposes. Such young men will hail the long evenings of this season with delight, and bless the glad hours which they may devote uninterruptedly to the cultivation of their minds.

Few young men are at all aware of the amount of valuable knowledge of which they might become the masters and possessors, by a careful and judicious improvement of the leisure afforded by the evenings of a single winter, and when we add to this the acquisition of ten or fifteen winters, the aggregate amount of what a youth of common capacity might attain would make him a learned man in any section of the Union. Many who rendered themselves eminent and useful in their day—the Franklins, the Shermans, the Rittenhouses, and the Bowditches of our own country—the Watts, the Fergusons, and the Simpsons of England—names conspicuous in the list of contributors, and the benefactors of that species—made themselves what they were by a diligent use of less leisure time than falls to the lot of four-fifths of the young men of the United States. The greatest men of every age have in general been self-taught and self-made. They have risen from obscurity, and struggled with

adverse circumstances. A diligent use of their time, (studying and laboring while others slept or played,) a steady perseverance and an indomitable energy gave them their attainments and their eminence. Cicero, by far the most learned man of all antiquity, as well as the greatest orator of Rome, lets us at once into the secret of all his vast and varied learning, when he tells us that the time which others gave to feasts, and dice, and sports, he devoted to patient study.

It matters not what may be a young man's intended pursuit of life; he cannot choose any for which reading and study, during his leisure hours, will not the better qualify him. If he is to be a farmer, let him read books and treatises on agriculture; if he is to be a mechanic, let him study the mathematics and works on mechanism, architecture, &c.; if he is to be a merchant, let him become familiar with the principles of political economy, the statistics of trade, and the history of commerce; and, finally, if he is to be an American citizen, one of the millions to whom is to be intrusted the rich heritage of civil and religious liberty bequeathed to us by our fathers, let him study well the history, the Constitution, and the institutions of the United States, and let him contemplate frequently the lives and character of those who wrought out and framed our liberties.

Nor is the knowledge to be thus acquired the only inducement for a young man to devote the hours of his leisure to reading and study. The pleasure to be found in such pursuits is as much superior to that transient and giddy excitement attendant merely on the gayer amusements, as it is purer, more elegant, and more refined. The young man, too, who habituates his mind to find pleasure and gratification in reading and study, can never want for society; for he creates around him a society of which he can never be deprived—a society which will never weary of his presence, which has nothing cold or artificial or false—a society composed of the very elite of the earth—the master minds of all ages and all countries. With them he can retire into his library, to spend a leisure hour, whenever opportunity occurs, certain of finding them ever ready to delight and instruct.—[Prentice's Louisville Journal.]

### THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1841

—The law to abolish imprisonment for debt has passed the House of Delegates in Maryland, by a vote of 36 to 28. It will undoubtedly pass the Senate.

We hear nothing as yet of the total abolition of imprisonment in Massachusetts. The commerce of Boston still suffers, as that of New York did a year ago, from the fact that non-resident traders may be seized and incarcerated in that hospitable city. The press seems to be quite silent on the subject; if the journals of Boston would urge the matter as strenuously and ably as it was urged here, we have no doubt that a law, placing non-residents on the same footing with resident debtors, would easily pass the Legislature of Massachusetts. We cut the following from the Baltimore Sun of Monday:

**NON-IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.**—By the proceedings of the House of Delegates, of this State, we perceive that previous to the passage of Mr. Legrand's bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, it was amended in conformity with our suggestion, so as to include non-residents within the scope of its benevolent provisions. In the place of "residents of the State of Maryland," the words "person or persons" have been substituted, thus avoiding the unjust and invidious distinction which would make that a crime on the part of a non-resident, which in an inhabitant of the State would be only a misfortune. This amendment, few as the words are of which it consists, will be found of great importance to the interests of Baltimore. The honest non-resident customers of our merchants (should the bill pass the Senate) will not be apprehensive of incarceration, should they visit us on business, even though they should be unable to liquidate all balances against them.

New-York, Jan. 16, 1841.

MR. EDITOR: Will you oblige a reader by giving in your paper a statement of the strength of parties in the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives? It would be a great gratification to many.

A. B.

**REPEY.**—The Harrison or Whig strength in the SENATE has been considerably and in the HOUSE slightly increased of late. We believe the present Senate is politically divided as follows:

**Harrison or Whigs.**—Messrs. Ruggles of Maine, Webster and Bates (in place of Davis) of Mass., Prentiss and Phelps of Vt., Knight and Dixon of R. I., Huntington of Ct., Tallmadge of N. Y., Southard of N. J., Clayton and Bayard (just elected) of Del., Merrick and Kerr (just elected) of Md., Mangum and Graham (new) of N. C., Preston of S. C., Henderson of Miss., Clay and Crittenden of Ky., O. H. Smith and A. S. White of Ind., Porter of Michigan—in all, 23.

**Van Buren Democrats.**—Messrs. Williams of Me., Hubbard and Pierce of N. H., Perry Smith of Conn., Wright of N. Y., Wall of N. J., Buchanan and Sturgeon of Pa., Roane of Va., Calhoun of S. C., Lumpkin and Cuthbert of Ga., Wm. R. King and Clem. C. Clay of Ala., Walker of Miss. Mouton and Nicholas of Lou., Tappan and Allen of Ohio, Anderson and Nicholson (new) of Tenn., Robinson and Young of Ill., Benton and Linn of Mo., Sevier and Fulton of Ark., and Norvell of Mich.—in all 28.

Virginia probably this day elects Hon. Wm. C. Rives to fill an existing vacancy, making the Whig strength 24 to 28.

The new Senate is called by the President to convene on the 4th of March to act on President Harrison's nominations. This body will consist of as many Whigs as are stated above

with one more each from New-Jersey, Georgia, Louisiana and Michigan—28 to 24 certainly—and probably one more Whig in due time from Virginia and Tennessee, making 30 to 22.

In the present HOUSE, if we count right, the Whigs have Members from the following states, viz.:

Maine 2, Massachusetts 10, Vermont 5, Rhode Island 2, New-York 21, New-Jersey 1, Pennsylvania 11, Maryland 3, Virginia 9, North-Carolina 5, South-Carolina 1, Georgia 7 (including Hines Holt, just elected), Alabama 2, Louisiana 3, Ohio 8, Kentucky 11, Tennessee 7, Indiana 3 (including Lang new), Illinois 1—total 112. *Doubtful*—Speaker Hunter of Va., John Campbell of S. C., Casey of Ill.—3.

The balance—127, including the 5 from New Jersey, the Calhoun men from South Carolina, 2 from Georgia, 1 from N. Carolina, and 1 from Alab.—are accounted Van Buren democrats.

The new House, it is well known, differs very materially in political complexion from the above. The Harrison majority will probably vary from 40 to 60, according to the result of the elections not yet holden.

We have taken some pains to answer our correspondent's question—we hope, to his satisfaction.—*Ed. WORLD.*

—The Boston Morning Post has, several times, alluded to the Rev. Mr. Kirk in a very reprehensible manner. We can in no wise approve of such conduct. Col. Greene has behaved naughtily—and the ladies are "put out" with him. If they choose to present Mr. Kirk with a dozen shirts, why not? Who have a better right? Should the Post therefore report their proceedings, and disclose secret and confidential conversations? Certainly not. It seems to us that the Post further insinuates that the Rev. Mr. Kirk is about to be married to a wealthy widow, and that, in spite of the sad assurance, the ladies persist in being captivated with him. Whatever may have been the reverend gentleman's success with the souls of the fair sex, he appears to have succeeded eminently in changing their hearts.

We learn from an individual source that one young lady in particular, is fairly expiring with the pangs of unrequited love. Not finding any monument near Boston (that on Bunker Hill not being completed, and being too intimately associated with the name of a profane dancer,) upon which she could sit in imitation of Patience "smiling at grief," she thinks of going to Baltimore on purpose to display her "green and yellow melancholy" in a picturesque manner. The Editor of the Dial is engaged to write the emotions of her disturbed rentient region—and, in imitation of his great Transcendental master, he will style it "The Confessions of a fair Saint."

As the Post has published the proceedings of the meeting held on occasion of the presentation of the shirts, we see not why we should withhold them from the New-York public.

**THE SHIRTS.**—The following account has been handed to us for publication:—

**Presentation of Shirts.**—About two weeks since, a paper, of which this is a copy, was carried through the city by three or four "beautiful girls."

"Whereas it has been intimated that Mr. —, by his untiring and zealous exertions in the cause of humanity, and by his brilliant bursts of eloquence, has rent asunder all his garments, called by the gentlemen, *shirts*, and whereas it is inconsistent with a sound state of morals that he should be without such garments, therefore we, the undersigned, agree to furnish Mr. — with two dozen of the above named garments, to be made of strong cotton cloth, with round corners, and by our own hands."

This paper was signed by about two hundred and fifty of our most fashionable and respectable ladies. The names were obtained in a single morning, and as the number seemed already inconveniently large, it was thought best to close the list; This occasioned much dissatisfaction. But there was no alternative! There were more than could work to advantage, and the gentleman had *conscientiously* and *magnanimously* declared, that he would not receive one more than the number originally intended. This he told to a committee who waited upon him, to whom he also suggested that the bosoms and wristbands should be made of *linen*, as no strain could possibly be brought upon those parts. The ladies immediately commenced their labors; the first eleven on the list agreeing to make shirt No. 1, the second No. 2, and so on—drawing lots among themselves for the different portions of each garment. On Thursday, at nine o'clock, met and examined the garments minutely. They were ascertained to be all well made, of the right dimensions, and durable materials. It was then moved and seconded that a committee of two to be appointed from the Chair to wait upon Mr. —, and to request his immediate attendance. The committee withdrew, but soon returned with the gentleman between them, hand in hand. The ladies rose "en masse," and welcomed him with the waving of perfumed handkerchiefs, and a variety of exclamations, such as, "O! how beautiful!"—"perfectly lovely!"—"a saint upon earth!"—"dear Mr. —," &c. &c.

The lady presiding then addressed him as follows: "Sir,—I am requested by the ladies here assembled, to present to you these garments, as a token of their personal feelings towards you as a man, and of their respect for your generous and disinterested exertions in the cause of good morals. May they prove as safe a protection to your physical, as your exalted character is to your moral, parts."

The gentleman having bowed gracefully, deposited upon his fingers' ends a multitude of kisses, which he waved through the room and replied as follows:

"Madam,—I receive this token of regard from the ladies,

which you have so delicately and flatteringly presented, with feelings which I cannot express. It may be a weakness in my character—if so, I pray you to pardon it—but if there is any thing that I particularly live for, it is the approbation of the ladies. Woman! She is the star to my wandering bark—the temple at whose shrine I worship. Wherever, I wander—among my native hills, in merry England, or in sunny France—wherever my duty calls me, I shall feel my burden less, when I receive the sympathy of woman. I exclaim with the poet,

—“Oh woman! whose form and whose soul  
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;  
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,  
If woman be there, there is happiness too.”

The time has arrived when I must say, farewell—farewell, and blessings be upon you, one and all. Beloved friends! I do indeed leave you, but I take with me the images of your young and beautiful faces, deeply engraven on the tablets of my memory—where they will remain.

—“Till Time's effacing fingers  
Shall mar the spot where beauty lingers.”

#### DEFENSOR VERITATIS....NO. II.

MR. EDITOR.—The invitation, given in your paper, does away with the necessity of an apology on my part for this continuation of my articles. To the press alone can our Naval officers look for relief from the disrepute that numerous frauds, oppression and dishonorable acts among the higher officers have brought upon the service to which they belong—a service whose support should be even-handed, impartial justice, and which no other than sentiments of the purest chivalry should pervade.

In the present article I wish to call the attention of the public, to the difficulty, even in the most glaring cases, of bringing superior officers to a Court Martial; to the trifling punishments awarded them when found guilty; to the evasions of those punishments by the Secretary and President, and to the great disparity of punishment inflicted by the same court, for the same offence, upon officers of higher and lower grades. It may be readily recollected that, some six years since, a captain ordered a midshipman to go aloft as a punishment. Refusing to obey an order unjust and illegal, the midshipman was seized, made fast to the royal halliards, and, though the ship was under double-reefed topsails, was triced up to the masthead. For this unparalleled outrage upon the feelings of a man, upon the dignity of an officer, he preferred charges against the Captain. But the difference of rank was too great. The just complaint—the outraged feelings—and, we may say, the broken heart, of a midshipman, were not to be weighed for a moment with the whims or privileges, (call it which you will,) of a post-captain. Not the slightest regard was paid to the call for justice; and the heartless tyrant would have walked abroad unpunished, had not the Editor of the *Richmond Whig* enlisted himself disinterestedly, but warmly, against the oppression, and raised such an outcry throughout the Union, that the criminally supine Secretary was forced to bend to public opinion and bring the offender to justice.

The captain was suspended for two years; at the end of which time the midshipman, broken in body and mind, was in his grave. The captain, as if to prove that tyranny and oppression were among the surest stepping-stones to promotion in the American Navy, was made a Commodore. What but the force of the press in a late case, would have procured a Court Martial, when a Commodore was charged with some dozen instances of fraud, oppression and neglect of duty—of a majority of which he was found guilty? His time-serving sycophancy procured a remission of that part of his sentence which took away his pay. The remainder of the sentence was highly advantageous to him, as it permits him, while enjoying the emoluments of his office, to carry on the speculations (peculations?) in which he had embarked. As a contrast to this—a few months before, a young officer was charged with—not fraud, or a dishonorable act—but with a breach of etiquette. In his case, no delay took place, though, whether justice was done, I will not determine. Again, when he of the toad-fish dignity, and gospel-bearing tongue, returned home—after violating confidence and staining his honor irreparably by breaking open and using the contents of another's letter—where was the sense of justice in the Secretary that should have made him at once bring this man to a trial? a trial which, in a civil court, would consign his felonious favorite to the state prison. What was the course of the Secretary? Upon the first vacancy, this fit representative of the American Navy was placed in an honorable and delightful command, where, in a few months we find him, first oppressing by unjust confinement, and then bringing to a Court Martial a young officer whose only crime was that he had too much honest blood in him to clasp in friendship a hand that had committed a felonious deed. In spite of every charge that his contemptible accuser could bring against him, let me for once proclaim that justice was done, and that he was honorably acquitted.

The commander who snatched up and attempted to run off with the stakes from a gambling-table, who, when threatened with a cow-hiding for this attempt at robbery, prepared himself with a pair of loaded pistols, the priming of which he boastfully examined a few minutes before the rencontre; who, when cow-hided—which he was, soundly—

was afraid to use the arms he had provided, but abjectly called upon a bystander for protection. This

“Lord of the crooked heart and settish eye,”

was, it is true, brought to trial, convicted and cashiered, but a father-in-law shielded his worthy son in his judge's robes, and on the plea of a flaw (and how contemptible a quibble it was!) forced him back upon the Navy, to again and again dishonor it. Of this judge, may I ask, does he feel less dishonored in the family connection by having his son clothed in a uniform? It does not purify him. Does he think by that to raise him above scorn? The looks that fall upon his relative, when his brazen assurance, induces him to seek the haunts of gentlemen, would soon convince him of his error. Or does he feel that his son is truly a credit to his family? If so, let me congratulate him on the increased honors that must accrue from his later and more worthy deeds, and let me also beg the Secretary—whose charge it is to foster actions that redound so much to the credit of the service—to lose no time, but to follow the usual custom, and make haste to heap rewards upon the head of one that has so well deserved them.

But let me more earnestly ask the judge where would have been his sense of justice had this man been tried before him, and proof strong as human testimony can make it, had shown his son-in-law a drunkard, a coward, and a felon? Let me ask the President why this man's name could not have been stricken out from the rolls of the service? But a few months before, he had, without the formality of a court, with a stroke of his pen, deprived a lieutenant of his office for a mere breach of discipline. Why cannot the present President save the expense of a Court, and erase this name from the rolls? Would such delay take place were a young officer to disgrace his uniform by even one of the many flagrant crimes that this commander has committed? Well knows he there would not, but fortunately for the wearer, that second epaulette can cover more crimes and indecencies than the whole coats of a dozen lieutenants. Let me congratulate the grade that is entitled to it upon the immunities it affords them, and the very great use made of these immunities by some of their numbers.

Following the precedent established in our Naval service, this man's previous acts and late repetitions, will soon be rewarded by a squadron. Honored in the station given them, and confident of perpetuating the glory of their country's flag, will those officers esteem themselves who, in case of difficulty with another nation, might be placed under this man's command. Cheered by the thickened tongue of an inebriate, high will beat their hearts with anticipations of fame and glory; headed by a staggering drunkard—whose bleared and leaden eye shows the resort he has had for the courage which his heart never felt, great will be their deeds; and if victory should follow (and with such a leader, who could doubt the result?) honorable will be their conduct to captives, with such a manly, gentlemanly spirit to take the lead! But why harp upon this case alone, when another occurs so similar that, to one aware of the two, both would simultaneously present themselves.

A Commander, himself suspended for his offences, obtained a Court Martial against his medical officers for want of that respect to him which no honorable man could possibly feel. Dismissed from the service, the Assistant Surgeon sought that justice from a cowhide which he could not obtain from a set of men without one sympathizing feeling and who felt that, at any risk, they must support the grade to which they belonged. Forewarned, he was fore-armed; yet this Commander received his well-merited punishment with a brace of pistols in his pocket on a public race-course, in presence of the assembled members of Congress and other distinguished men. Conduct so valorous could not go unrewarded in a superior officer! he was soon after made a Captain, and will no doubt shortly have the command of a squadron. Nor is this all—even while I write, one of the grossest outrages upon justice that the veriest despot would scarce have perpetrated has just been made public, showing clearly that, elsewhere than to Courts Martial must younger officers look for redress when wronged, or for respect when they themselves are accused.

A short time since a Court Martial was convened for the trial of a habitual drunkard—a Commander, who was proved guilty on fourteen charges of intemperance. His sentence was a private reprimand and to be deprived of his command. We will do the Secretary justice to suppose that he was reprimanded, and we know he was deprived of his command. But mark—he was taken from a command that exposed him to the troubles and dangers of a sea life and given a pleasant station ashore, and even his private feelings were consulted and he was further favored by being placed on the same station with a sympathetic soul—the honorable Commodore of the toad-fish dignity—the false tongue and the light fingers. The same Court Martial found a Lieutenant guilty of one single charge for the same offence. His sentence was ten years' suspension on half pay. Can this outrage upon decency, this flagrant disregard of any thing like justice, this brazen, barefaced attempt to support whatever may be of iniquity in men of their own grade and to trample under foot whatever inferior officer

may be exposed to their malice—can this criminal disregard of the sacredness of their oath in a set of Captains and Commanders of the American Navy be believed? Does not the reader involuntarily mistrust my statement? Can he fully realize the fact? If he cannot—nor is it strange he should not—let him look to the records of the Department. Fortunately the sense of justice in the President, and an inability to sanction such an outrage, induced him to remit four fifths of the term of the suspension—but where was the same reason or principle which would not permit him to deprive a Commodore of the means of supporting his dignity and which restored to one of that grade his pay when deprived of it by a Court Martial? The Lieutenant has no dignity, we take it for granted, to support, as his pay is not returned him. But with this partial remission, how unequal still the punishment! With equal crimes how unequal would the punishment be. But the crime of the Commodore was fourteen times greater than that of the Lieutenant; yet his punishment is only nominal, and in fact is turned into an advantage by the Secretary!

Let me ask the President of that Court whether he recollects that in February, 1817 (I can give the day) a Captain in the Mediterranean squadron struck one of his officers, and but slight notice was taken of the outrage? Does he recollect that, burning under a sense of the wrong, he with his brother officers (excepting two) signed a memorial to the Senate, containing the following words: “The undersigned have now no guarantee for the safety of their persons but the use of those arms that the laws of their country have placed in their hands, and that personal strength with which nature has blessed them. To these means they must resort and on them in future depend, unless the Honorable Senate, to whom they look with filial confidence, will by timely interference,” &c. &c. Where are the feelings that then actuated him? Why does he not protest against the verdict of the Court? For, born under the shade of the Palmetto, in a land whose boast it is that it never sheltered dishonor, he never could have signed so unjust a sentence.

It is but too evident that, from men like those of whom I have spoken, constituting the accusers, the judge and the jury, and holding almost in their own hands too often the power of calling a court or not, no justice can be expected; nor can one damning act of the many that now disgrace their corps be wiped out, or one of the many miscreants, whose association brings dishonor and disrepute upon their body, be stricken from among them. With the bad, a similarity of feeling, with the good a false expediency or misconception of mercy present an insuperable bar to the attainment of justice. To the mighty power of the press must the gallant officers of our Navy look for a redress of their numerous wrongs. Your disinterested call, Mr. Editor, will, I do not doubt, be answered, and by some who, as officers in the service (the cause of which I from a sense of justice alone advocate) will with better knowledge and more energy enter the field. As you say, what has already appeared has been felt, and I mention a proof in the circumstance of a gifted Lieutenant, whose ready and elegant pen has lately been enlisted in the cause of a service so dear to him, being removed from his command immediately upon the appearance of an article by him containing strictures upon the present method of Courts Martial. Still more ludicrous was the attempt of one of the grade animated upon to stop the engine at work, by taking his subscription from the paper! Well is it for that editor, if he is not ruined by the withdrawal of the patronage of such a Solomon! As for the worthy Lieutenant, he is still at work. Let him be diligent, for his hand will soon be stopped and his tongue silenced by orders for a foreign station. Y.

INSPIRATION.—In the mind of a man of genius the thoughts rise so rapidly, and clothe themselves in such striking and appropriate imagery, that in his public discourses, especially of a religious kind, he appears to the vulgar to be inspired. But this idea is quite erroneous. The term inspiration, so applied, has no real meaning. It is only that the quickness and activity of his mental operations so much surpass those of ordinary men, that we are apt to consider it as more than could be accomplished by the unassisted efforts of the mind, and are tempted to ascribe it to something supernatural; whereas it is the result of much thought and of that habitual meditation, which never leaves the mind at a loss when its powers are called into action. The effect appears wonderful in many instances, but there is no other secret in it than what is here given.

THE ECONOMY OF LEGISLATIVE ELOQUENCE.—It is stated that the members of the Ohio Legislature lately spent ten days in debating whether they should publish 5000 or 6000 copies of the Governor's Message, and finally decided in favor of the smaller number—thereby saving the enormous sum of five dollars and fifty cents, the price asked for the extra thousand copies. The expense of the ten days legislation cost the people of the State the sum of six thousand and three hundred dollars!



## Congressional.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13, 1841.

IN SENATE, the Hon. John Leeds Kerr, the new Senator from Maryland, appeared and was qualified.

The President submitted a report from the Secretary of the Treasury of the names and compensations of the clerks in the State Department. Also, a report showing the rates of exchange, foreign and domestic, and the prices of bank notes and specie on the first day of each month during the years 1838, 39, and 40, &c. The communications were ordered to be printed.

The Senate voted \$500 to defray the expense of transporting to Vermont, and of burying the remains of its late Sergeant-at-arms, Stephen Haight, deceased; also to pay his widow his salary to the end of the session.

The Commissioner of Public Buildings reported that about \$350,000 had been expended on those within the District during the past year.

The Post Master General reported that the revenue of his Department for the last quarter of 1840 was five per cent. less than that of the corresponding quarter of 1839—that no increase of revenue this year could be anticipated, while the expenditures are rather increased. He estimates the Post Office revenue and expenditures of 1841 at \$4,811,620.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14.

In the SENATE, Mr. Clay presented a petition for a Bankrupt Law, and a memorial from the American Peace Society, which were appropriately referred.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Rhet, of S. C. appeared for the first time this session.

Mr. Barnard of N. Y. reported a bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy: committed to Committee of the Whole, on the state of the Union. Adjourned.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15.

In the SENATE, the credentials of Messrs. Clayton and Bayard, Senators elect from the State of Delaware, were read and placed on file.

Among the memorials presented was one from the Legislature of Illinois, requesting a remission of duty on rail-road iron. Also, several memorials from New-York, praying that Banks and Corporations may be included in the proposed Bankrupt Law.

The HOUSE refused, by a vote of 57 to 96, to make the Bankrupt bill the special order for the 28th inst.

The consideration of the report of the Committee on Elections was resumed. The report is in favor of the right of Mr. Naylor to the seat he occupies.

After some debate the previous question was demanded, when the House came to a direct vote upon the resolution reported by the Committee on Elections, which was adopted: Yeas 117; nays 85. So the right of Mr. Naylor to the seat he now occupies was confirmed.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16.

Petitions were presented to the Senate for and against the passage of a Bankrupt Law.

The Committee on the Judiciary reported in favor of authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to compromise with the sureties of Robert Swartwout.

Mr. Benton introduced a resolution calling upon the Committee of Finance to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the Fishing bounty; and took occasion to recite his speech on that subject to the Senate.

MONDAY, JAN. 18.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Navy Department in relation to experiments made upon American water-rotted hemp, and expressing the opinion that it will be found equal to imported hemp.

Among the petitions presented was one from New-York, remonstrating against the passage of a Bankrupt Law; also, several from Ohio and Connecticut, advocating its passage.

HOUSE. The Treasury note bill, being the special order of the day the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Adams in the chair.

Mr. Jones, of Va. advocated the passage of the bill at some length, assigning various reasons in its favor.

Mr. Barnard, of N. Y., then took the floor, and addressed the Committee at great length on the financial condition of the Government, and at 20 minutes past four gave way that the House might adjourn.

TUESDAY, JAN. 19.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the plan proposed by him for a permanent change of the tariff.

Among the bills reported was one directing warrants to be issued for the bounty lands due Generals Dupertail, Anand and Major De La Alombe, on account of services rendered during the revolution.

The bill appropriating \$3000 for the benefit of the lunatics of the District of Columbia was ordered to be engrossed.

The bill making appropriations for the Patent office was then taken up. Mr. Calhoun's motion to strike out the \$1000 appropriated for Agricultural Statistics was rejected, 23 to 14. The bill was then ordered to a third reading.

The Pre-emption bill again coming up, Mr. White, of Ia., addressed the Senate until a late hour. After Mr. White had concluded, a vote was taken on Mr. Calhoun's motion to cede the Public Lands to the States on certain conditions. This amendment was rejected: yeas 18; nays 23.

The amendments offered by Messrs. Crittenden and Prentiss were likewise rejected, after which the Senate adjourned.

In the HOUSE the Treasury note bill was taken up at an early hour. Mr. Barnard resumed and concluded the remarks he commenced the day before. At the close of his speech Mr. B. gave notice that he should offer an amendment instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to bring in a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow ten millions on the credit of the government, and another imposing additional duties on wines, silks, spices and other articles of luxury.

Mr. Evans of Maine followed. He differed somewhat from Mr. Barnard in one respect—he thought a loan could not be negotiated soon enough to meet the wants of the Treasury. He would therefore go for the passage of this bill. When he had concluded Mr. Bell, of Tenn., obtained the floor for the following day.

MR. HON. WILLIAM C. RIVES, was on Monday elected a United States Senator, from Virginia, by a joint vote of both branches of the Legislature. In the Senate, Rives 16; Mason McDowell and others, 16. In the House, Rives 69; Mason McDowell and others, 63; Joint vote 85 to 79, one seat vacant, (disputed,) one member absent, (V. B.) One Whig gave a scattering vote; one V. B. Senator, representing a Whig District, voted for John Robertson, (Whig) as did Gen. Bayley, of Accomac. So that thing is settled.

THE National Intelligencer of January 20, says: "We were startled by a statement in one of the Eastern papers of last week, on the authority of a letter from this city, respecting the health of Chief Justice TANEY, who was therein represented to be dangerously ill. There has, we are glad to be able to say, been some great misunderstanding in this matter. The Chief Justice, so far from being so ill, as represented, presides daily in the Supreme Court; and, although his health is not as robust as his friends could wish, we find, upon inquiry, that there is no reason to suppose that his life is in greater danger than that of most persons whom we meet daily on the highway of life."

SAD, SAD.—It is a mournful thing to read of an accident like the following, related in the Delaware Gazette. It seems very strange to us that a parent could even for one moment expose a child to the possibility of such an accident: "A little daughter of Mr. Lewis Minck, between four and five years of age, was burnt to death on Saturday night last. Her mother, having occasion to go a short distance from the house, left the little girl playing in the room, where a lamp was burning on the table. The mother had not been gone long before the little girl got upon the table to view herself in the glass, and whilst doing so, her dress came in contact with the lamp, and when the mother returned, she was completely enveloped in flame. The little girl survived the melancholy accident until about 2 o'clock the following morning, when death put an end to her suffering."

STEPHEN HAIGHT, Esq., Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of the United States, died at Washington on the 12th inst., aged 50 years.

Mr. Haight was, as we learn from the National Intelligencer, a native of Vermont. He was reared upon a farm, and enjoyed but very limited means of early intellectual culture. But, overcoming the obstacles of a defective education by the energy of superior intellect, he rose to important civil stations in the State—having been, for many years, a member of its legislature, and successively a judge and sheriff of the county in which he resided.

He has left a wife and daughter in Vermont to mourn the loss of a kind husband and an affectionate father. In the earlier stages of his last sickness, he forbore to send for his wife, under a belief that he should recover so as to be able to reach Vermont, as well as from a regard to the delicacy of her health, which would have been much endangered by a journey, in midwinter, to this city.

On Friday last, after appropriate religious services, the remains of the deceased were followed by the Vermont delegation in both Houses of Congress, and other friends of the bereaved family, to the public cemetery in this city, from whence they are to be removed to Vermont, under an appropriation made by the Senate for that purpose.

GOVERNOR OF MAINE.—The Maine Senate have, on the morning of the 12th inst., accepted the report which was made by Mr. Davies, from the joint select committee to whom the returns of the votes for Governor were referred. The whole number of votes legally returned, as allowed and counted by the committee, is 91,179—that the number, therefore, necessary for a choice is 45,590—no person has that number—

Edward Kent has.....	45,574
John Fairfield.....	45,507
Hannibal Hamlin.....	28
F. O. J. Smith.....	15
Scattering.....	55

GEORGIA.—We learn from the Milledgeville Journal, that in 56 counties, Hines Holt, Whig, for the present Congress, in the place of Judge Colquitt, V. B. resigned, has received 20,336 votes, against 15,124 for Mr. Watson, V. B. Holt's majority thus far, is 5,212. This majority may be somewhat reduced by the remaining counties, but his election is certain.

LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.—On Monday, 11th inst., Mr. Myers, of Alleghany township, Penn., took his axe and went into the woods to cut sticks for sled runners. As he did not return home by the next day, his family became alarmed and set out in search for him. After searching through the woods for a considerable time, he was found lying dead, within a few yards of the place where he had been cutting wood. It appeared that a limb had been knocked from the tree that he was cutting, which struck him on the side of the head and disabled him—he must have made great effort to reach home, as there were at least thirteen distinct impressions in the snow, where he had risen and fallen until finally overcome. Mr. M. was a man of sober habits, much respected, and has left a large family to mourn his loss.

THE MAIL ROBBERS.—Judge Erving has fixed the bill of Dr. Braddee, charged with robbing the mail near Uniontown, Pa. at \$100,000—\$50,000 on his own part and \$25,000 in two sureties each. Dr. Braddee is extensively known and was celebrated in the vicinity of Uniontown as an "Indian Doctor," and Straes, one of his accomplices, is represented as being the son of one of the most respectable and upright citizens of that place.

MORE TROOPS FOR FLORIDA.—A detachment of 104 recruits, for the first regiment of infantry, embarked yesterday for Tampa Bay on board the ship Tuskuina. The detachment is under command of Lieut. W. S. Henry, second infantry. Lieut. J. W. Martin, also of the second regiment, is attached to the command.

THE Richmond Compiler of Monday last announces the death of Hiram Haines, Esq., of Petersburg, Va., editor of the Virginia Star.

A STRONG DESCRIPTION.—De Tocqueville, in his work on America, gives this forcible sketch:

"A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but who comes to you of his own accord, and talks to you briefly every day, of the common weal, without distracting your private affairs. Newspapers, therefore, become more necessary in proportion as men become more equal, and individuals more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom would be to diminish their importance; they maintain civilization."

THE SCIOTA VALLEY.—VIRGINIA FARMING IN OHIO.—The last number of the Cultivator contains an interesting description, by A. B. Allen, of Buffalo, of the princely domains of the Messrs. Sullivan's in the Sciota Valley, near Columbus, Ohio. These gentlemen occupy an estate of eight thousand acres of the most productive land, all lying in one body on the Sciota river, and intersected by the National Road. This large tract, however, is only the homestead; the three brothers owning some twenty-five or thirty thousand acres more in that and the adjoining counties, of the best quality of lands, a large portion of which is devoted to the raising of stock.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.—The fast running steamship Neptune, Captain Rollins, arrived yesterday from Galveston, bringing dates from that city up to the 3d instant.

The news from the frontier, if true, is highly important. A letter has been received at Austin, from San Antonio, which declares positively that it is the intention of the Mexican Government to invade Texas. According to the letter, the loan of \$3,000,000 lately obtained by Mexico is to be expended as follows: \$2,000,000 toward purchasing and arming two steamships to act against the Texian navy; the balance to be applied in carrying on operations by land; Gen. Arista to have the command of the invaders. His first object is to take possession of Goliad and San Antonio, and then propositions will be made to the Texian Government, which of course the latter would not accept.

Business at Galveston, during the Christmas holidays, was extremely dull.

The Texian Congress has passed a law by which property cannot be sold at all under execution, unless it shall bring two-thirds its appraised value.

J. W. Oruger, Esq., has been elected public printer at Austin. His competitor was Major Whiting.

We examined our files attentively, but could find no news of importance, with the exception of the above.—[N. O. Picayune.

A ROGUE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—A singular incident occurred during the holidays on the opposite side of the river. Two ladies, who resided in Illinois, came to the city to make purchases. A well dressed man followed them into several stores, at one of which one of them got a ten dollar bill changed, receiving the change in small bills. In the evening, on their return home, when but a short distance from the Ferry in the prairie, the same man they had seen in the city rode up to them and demanded their money. The one who had the money drew it out, and in attempting to hand it to him the wind caught the bills and carried them off on to the ground. The man dismounted to pick them up, and as soon as he was down the ladies put whip to their horses and made off as fast as possible. On their way they heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs following them, but were too much terrified to stop or look back. When they reached their own gate behold the robber's horse was with them, a fine animal, with an elegant saddle and a pair of saddle-bags, but the man was nowhere in sight; they suppose his horse escaped whilst he was picking up the bills. On examining the saddle-bags a large sum of money was found, and several articles of wearing apparel, but nothing by which his name could be discovered. Up to Saturday last no one had appeared to claim the horse or the property.

The above facts we have from a respectable gentleman of the city, who assures us that singular as the circumstances may appear they are strictly correct.—[St. Louis Republican.

Capt. Mumford of the ship Garrick, states that the ship has not bilged, and that his mainmast has not been driven through her bottom. The goods are being saved as fast as possible; and if the weather continues moderate, no doubt that all the cargo will be landed and the ship be brought into port. Two heavy anchors have been carried from the vessel outside the Bar—and during the last high winds the vessel was moved but slightly from her former position. The Osiris steamboat went down yesterday morning with every material necessary to clear her of water, and there is no doubt that by this time she is pumped out. The ship stands perfectly straight, and does not appear to be strained. Captain Skiddy is actively engaged superintending the discharge of the cargo.

THE Richmond Enquirer says that Mr. Van Buren has not acceded to the request of Mr. Stevenson (our Minister at St. James) that he may be recalled; but, in consequence of the new aspect of affairs in regard to the boundary question, and the affair of the Carolise, has desired Mr. Stevenson to remain in England until a successor should be appointed and reach London.

There are outstanding at the present time \$750,005 of the notes of the old United States Bank, most of which are supposed to be destroyed, as they have almost entirely ceased to make their appearance for redemption.

JOHN BROCKENBROUGH has been re-elected President of the Bank of Virginia, after a struggle—5 to 3.

HON. BATES COOKE has resigned the post of Comptroller of the Finances of this State.

The bill providing for the election of members of Congress by the General Ticket System, has passed both branches of the Alabama Legislature. The vote was closed. In the Senate by a vote of 15 to 12, and in the House by 48 to 45.

**From the Baltimore American.**  
**EDUCATION IN KENTUCKY.**—The Superintendent of Public Instruction in Kentucky stated in his last report, that in a certain county of the State, out of fifteen Grand Jurors, the Judge could not find one whom he might appoint foreman; also that in a collection of some forty or fifty persons accidentally convened in a country tavern, not one could be found who could give his signature as a witness to a bond. He furthermore stated that in 1830 there were in the commonwealth 140,000 children of proper ages to be at school; and that in June last the whole number at school was only about 32,000.

These statements having given occasion to some expressions of incredulity, the superintendent has published in several of the Kentucky papers proofs in confirmation of his assertions. In reference to the last mentioned particular he gives later statistics, obtained, we presume, by the recent census. It is stated that in 1840 there were 175,000 children between the ages of 5 and 15, of whom on the first of June, only 32,904 were at school. Reference is also made to authentic returns from various counties at the Auditor's office for the year 1840, from which the following results appear:

Floyd County—population 6,302; between 5 and 15, 2,055; at school June 1st, none; teachers none; above 20 years old unable to read, 673.

Clay County—population 4,607; between 5 and 15, 1,180; at school none; teachers none; above 20 unable to read, 671.

Knox County population 5,726; between five and 16, 2,566; at school forty-six; teachers one; above 20 unable to read, 512.

Ohio County—population 6,592; between 5 and 15, 1,714; at school twenty-five; teachers one; above 20 unable to read, 5556.

Pike County—population 3,564; between 5 and 15, 1,066; at school twenty-five; teachers one; above 20 unable to read, 852.

Barren County—population 17,292; between 5 and 15, 3,829; at school eight hundred and fifty-nine; teachers thirty-five; above 20 unable to read, 1,190.

Mercer County—population 18,720; between 5 and 15, 3,545; at school one thousand one hundred and ninety-one; teachers thirty-seven; unable to read above 20 years, 747.

Died, in this city, on the morning of the 10th instant, Charles H. Locke, Esq. aged 26 years. Thus has passed from our community, in the midst of life and usefulness, one who, by his eminently fine qualities of mind and heart, had won for himself a character and standing, among a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, that will be long and tenderly remembered and cherished. The subject of this notice was no common and ordinary man. At an early age, after receiving a good common school education, he was placed in a counting house, to be trained for commercial pursuits; but at an early period he abandoned the occupation of a merchant for that which was more congenial to his taste, and devoted himself unremittingly to the acquisition of that knowledge of men and things which fitted him to undertake the editorial charge of a public newspaper. In this employment, as editor, and as a contributor to the press, most of his life from the period of his maturity to his decease, was passed. [Boston Daily Gazette.]

**DROWNED,** in Alstead, N. H., on Friday, the 8th inst., Miss Caroline Murphy, aged 17 years.

The fact of this young lady's death we learned while at Bellows Falls. The circumstances were as follows: She had set out to attend a cotillion party that evening, in company with a young man by the name of Anderson. They were in a wagon, and in attempting to pass where the water came into the road, and the current was swift, the wagon was upset, and both were precipitated into the stream. The young man clung to the cloak of the young lady with one hand, and with the other he grasped a root or branch of a tree. The young lady's cloak, however, came off over her head, without unhooking, and she was washed down the stream. The young man was soon rescued, but the body of the young lady was not found till the next morning. She had been carried two miles down the stream, and when found, one hand was grasped around the limb of a tree, and frozen. Her body was exceedingly bruised and mutilated.

This calamity is solemn and awful. Here was a young lady, beautiful, amiable and accomplished, decked in her ball-room attire, seated by the side of her lover, to whom in a few short months she expected to be united in the holy bands of wedlock, doubtless meditating many years of happiness and social enjoyment with him who sat by her side, when suddenly, and at once, both were precipitated into the maddened current. Her lover was saved, while she was speedily ushered into a world of spirits. We learn that her family were of great respectability and of high standing in society. How suddenly are they called to mourn the loss of their beloved daughter—and what heart-rending emotions must pervade the bosom of young Anderson. "In the midst of life we are in death." [Lowell Souvenir.]

**NEW COUNTERFEIT.**—H. R. Seymour, Esq., has this morning shown us a new counterfeit bank note, which was passed in Alden, in this county, a few days since. The note is of the denomination of \$10 on the Bank of Newburgh—letter B—date Aug. 31, 1840—William Walsh, Pres't. Geo. W. Kerr, Cashier—payable to E. D. Miller—Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, engravers. The vignette on the left is a rail road car, on the right a wild Indian with a train of cars in the distance. The note is poorly executed, on coarse white paper, and bears no resemblance to the genuine. They may be detected at a glance, by observing that "Safety" in the words "Safety Fund," is spelt without the e.—[Buff. Com. Adv.]

(\*) The editor of the American Traveller, (Boston,) is a man of peculiarly excellent discrimination and profound good sense. Hear him!

"We are particularly pleased with 'THE NEW WORLD,' in the quarto form, as others must be, when we say it is a decided improvement upon the former edition, which every body pronounced in good taste. The mechanical execution is surpassed by none of its cotemporaries, and the editorial talent evinced in each number deserves as high praise."

**SUIT AGAINST THE PRIZE MASTER OF THE TIGRIS.**—On Saturday evening, Henry S. Jackson, midshipman of the British brig Water-Wich, was arrested, on actions of trespass, brought by four of the American crew of the Tigris, Mr. Jackson having, as prize master, put on board by Lieut. Matson, brought the said seamen to Salem, without their consent. They have laid their damages at \$4000, and, in order to prevent the immediate commitment of Mr. J. on Saturday night, Mr. Grattan, Her B. M. Consul, became his surety in the sum of \$8000. The writs are made returnable at the Court of Common Pleas in Essex county.—[Boston Post.]

From the New-Yorker.

### United States Calendar--1841.

**CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.** Salary.  
**President.**.....MARTIN VAN BUREN.....New-York.....\$25,000  
**Vice President.**.....RICHARD M. JOHNSON.....Kentucky.....5,000  
 [The terms of these Officers expire on the 4th of March next, from which time they are superseded, and at which a new Administration comes into power. WILLIAM H. HARRISON of Ohio is the President elect, and JOHN TYLER of Virginia the Vice President, having each received 234 out of 294 Electoral Votes cast—being the entire vote of 19 of the 26 States. MARTIN VAN BUREN received for President the votes (80) of the 7 remaining States; For Vice President, RICHARD M. JOHNSON received 48 votes from 6 States; LITTLETON W. TAZEWELL of Va. received the 11 votes of South Carolina, and JAMES K. POLK of Tenn. received 1 vote from Virginia—total, 60 votes against John Tyler. Harrison and Tyler's majority over all opponents, 174.]

**CABINET TILL MARCH 4th.** Salary.  
**Secretary of State.**.....John Forsyth.....Georgia.....\$6,000  
**Secretary of the Treasury.**.....Levi Woodbury.....New-Hampshire.....6,000  
**Secretary of War.**.....Joaquin R. Poinsett.....South Carolina.....6,000  
**Secretary of the Navy.**.....Jas. K. Paulding.....New-York.....6,000  
**Postmaster General.**.....John M. Niles.....Connecticut.....6,000  
**Attorney General.**.....Henry D. Gilpin.....Pennsylvania.....4,000

**SUPREME COURT.** Appointed.  
**Chief Justice.**.....Roger B. Taney.....Baltimore, Md.....1836 5,000  
**Justices.**.....Joseph Story.....Cambridge, Mass.....1811 4,500  
 ".....Smith Thompson.....New-York, N. Y.....1823 4,500  
 ".....John McLean.....Cincinnati, Ohio.....1829 4,500  
 ".....Henry Baldwin.....Pittsburg, Pa.....1830 4,500  
 ".....James M. Wayne.....Savannah, Ga.....1835 4,500  
 ".....Philip P. Barbour.....Gordonville, Va.....1836 4,500  
 ".....John McKinley.....Florence, Ala.....1837 4,500  
 ".....John Catron.....Nashville, Tenn.....1837 4,500

H. D. Gilpin, Washington, D. C. Attorney General; Richard Peters, Philadelphia, Reporter; William T. Carroll, Washington, Clerk; Alex. Hunter, do. Marshal.  
 [The Supreme Court holds one Session annually, in the City of Washington, convening on the second Monday in January.]

**TO MINISTERS PLENIPOTENTIARY.** Appointed.  
 England.....Andrew Stevenson, Virginia.....London.....1834.  
 France.....Lewis Cass, Ohio.....Paris.....1836.  
 Russia.....Churchill C. Cambreling, New-York.....St. Petersburg 1840.  
 Prussia.....Henry Wheaton, Rhode Island.....Berlin.....1837.  
 Mexico.....Powhatan Ellis, Mississippi.....Mexico.....1837.  
 (Hon. A. Muhlenberg, our late Plenipo. at Vienna, has returned, also Hon. John H. Eaton, late Plenipo. at Madrid. Our Government now maintains no Minister of the first class at any Courts but the foregoing.)

**MINISTERS RESIDENT.**  
 Turkey.....Com. David Porter.....Constantinople.....1839.  
 Central America.....John L. Stephens.....San Salvador.....1839.

[The SENATE of the United States now consists of 37 supporters of the expiring and 21 of the coming Administration; four vacancies to be filled—from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee—the first three almost certainly with friends of the powers that are to be, making 24 Harrison to 28 Van Buren Members. After the 4th of March, there will be added 1 Whig from each of the States of New Jersey, Georgia, Louisiana, Michigan, and probably Virginia, giving the new Administration at least 23 to 24 and probably 29 to 23 Members. There is a report that Mr. Walker of Miss will consider himself instructed to resign at the close of the session; but we see no confirmation of it. Eleven other Van Buren Senators are in the minority in their several States—seven of them very signally. Mr. Preston of S. C. is the only Whig Senator at present in that predicament. We mean to give a tabular view of the Senate as soon as the vacancies are filled.]

The HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES now consists of 124 friends of the retiring and 114 of the approaching Administration, with one vacancy in the Virginia and one in the Georgia Delegation to be filled. Mr. Speaker Hunter we count neutral. The Whigs will probably have both of these, making their number 116 to 124. (Is the latter number are included the 5 anti-"Broad Seal" New-Jersey Members.) In running our eye hastily over the list of Members, we remark that forty-nine of the Van Buren and nine of the Harrison Members are each left in a minority in his District on the vote for President. If the House were politically constituted, therefore, according to that vote, it would consist of 156 Harrison and 85 Van Buren Members; Mr. Speaker Hunter's District having given a Van Buren majority. The elections to the next Congress thus far indicate a Harrison ascendancy nearly equal to this.]

**GOVERNORS OF THE STATES—1841.**

States.	Governors.	Term.	Expires.	Salary.
Maine.	Edward Kent.	1 year.	Jan. '42.	\$1,500
New-Hampshire.	John Faneuil.	1	Jan. '41.	1,200
Vermont.	Silas H. Jenison.	1	Oct. '41.	750
Massachusetts.	John Davis.	1	Jan. '42.	3,066
Rhode Island.	Samuel W. King.	1	May '41.	400
Connecticut.	William W. Ellsworth.	1	May '41.	1,100
New-York.	William H. Seward.	2	Jan. '43.	4,000
New-Jersey.	William Pennington.	1	Oct. '41.	2,000
Pennsylvania.	David R. Porter.	3	Jan. '42.	4,000
Delaware.	William B. Cooper.	4	Jan. '45.	1,334
Maryland.	William G. Mason.	3	Jan. '42.	2,666
Virginia.	Thomas W. Gilmer.	3	Mar. '43.	3,334
North Carolina.	John M. Morehead.	2	Jan. '43.	2,000
South Carolina.	John P. Richardson.	2	Dec. '42.	3,500
Georgia.	Charles J. McDonald.	3	Nov. '41.	3,800
Alabama.	Arthur P. Bagby.	2	Dec. '41.	3,500
Mississippi.	Alex. G. McNutt.	2	Jan. '42.	3,800
Louisiana.	Andre B. Roman.	4	Jan. '43.	7,500
Ohio.	Thomas Corwin.	2	Dec. '42.	1,500
Kentucky.	Robert P. Letcher.	4	Sept. '44.	2,500
Tennessee.	James K. Polk.	2	Oct. '41.	2,000
Indiana.	Samuel R. Bigger.	3	Dec. '43.	1,500
Illinois.	Thomas Carlin.	4	Dec. '42.	1,500
Michigan.	William Woodbridge.	2	Jan. '42.	2,000
Missouri.	Thomas H. Reynolds.	4	Nov. '44.	2,000
Arkansas.	Archibald Yell.	4	Nov. '44.	2,000

\* Favorable to the new Administration—15. The others opposed—11.

**Governors of Territories.** Term expires.  
 Florida.....Robert B. Reid.....\$2,500 Dec. 1842.  
 Wisconsin.....Henry Dodge....." July, 1842.  
 Iowa.....Robert Lucas....." July, 1841.

**CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN 1840.**  
 Portugal.....Edw. Kavanagh, Me.....Texas.....Geo. H. Flood, Ohio.  
 Holland.....Har. Bloeker, N. Y.....N. Grenada.....James Semple, Ill.  
 Belgium.....Virgil Maxey, Md.....Venezuela.....J. G. A. Wimsom, N. C.  
 Sweden.....Christo. Hughes, Md.....Brazil.....Wm. Hunter, R. I.  
 Denmark.....Jona. F. Woodside, Pa.....Chili.....Richard Pollard, Va.  
 Spain.....Aaron Vail, D. C.....Peru.....Jas. C. Pickett, Va.  
 Two Sicilies.....Enos T. Throop, N. Y.....Sardinia.....H. G. Rogers.

**SECRETARIES OF LEGATION.**  
 Great Britain.....Benjamin Rush.....Russia.....Wm. W. Chew.  
 France.....Henry Ledyard.....Prussia.....Theodore S. Fay.  
 Austria.....John E. Clay.....Mexico.....Thomas H. Ellis.

**OTHER PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.**  
**President of the Senate.**.....R. M. Johnson, V. P. U. S. ex officio.  
 (Do. after March 4th. John Tyler. do. do)  
**Speaker of the House.**.....Robert M. T. Hunter, of Va.  
**Secretary of the Senate.**.....Asbury Dickens, salary \$3,000.  
**Clerk of the House.**.....Hugh A. Garland of Va. salary \$3,000.

### THE LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.

(\*) Those who have sent in their orders for the first LEVIATHAN, are informed that we have not a copy left; but we have placed them on file for the forthcoming sheet, provided no subsequent directions are given for the application of the money.

To prevent disappointment, and to give us a knowledge of the edition which will be required, it is requested that orders for the NEW LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD be sent in as early as possible.

This being an EXTRA from the regular edition, will be sold to subscribers and non-subscribers at 12 1-2 cents single; ten copies for \$1; one hundred copies for \$8. Orders must be post-paid or free.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We would again remind those who may write to us not to forget paying postage. Our invariable rule is to take no letters from the office which are unpaid, unless they contain a remittance, and on these the postage is deducted, and the net amount only credited.

**THE QUARTO NEW WORLD.**—Although we increased our edition on the 1st of January (second volume) more than three thousand copies, yet such has been the rush of new subscribers, that only 800 sets remain in the office. Should the demand continue as great hereafter, (and it is increasing every day) we shall be able to supply subscribers from the commencement but a few weeks longer. Those, therefore, intending to subscribe, must hasten their orders, and our agents every where are desired to look to it.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

Those new subscribers who wish the commencement of this justly celebrated and thrilling story in a form to be bound up with the second volume of the Quarto, are informed that we have a few sets of back numbers, (from No. 16 to 30,) and they would do well to order the back numbers from that time. We shall not be able to supply the commencement of this story in the quarto form but a few weeks longer.

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### Married,

January 14, by Rev. Mr. Strohle Capt. Frederick James W. Barkman and Miss Gertrude Elenora Frances Emily Ward, all of this city. At Dunkirk, N. Y., December 23, by Rev. Timothy Stillman, Silas Seymour, Esq., resident Engineer of the Western Division of the New-York and Erie Railroad, and Miss Della, daughter of Hon. Geo. A. French.

In Kalamazoo, Michigan, December 26 by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, William L. Sherman, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, formerly of Jefferson county, N. Y., and Miss Lucy A. Goss, of Montpelier, Vt.

### Died,

In this city, January 16, of consumption, Henry Shaw, aged 31. January 17, of consumption, Mr. Lyman Cunningham, aged 30. January 19, John H. Tripler, Sexton of St. Bartholomew's Church, aged 41.

January 19, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Frances Phayre, wife of John Phayre.

January 19, after a short illness, Eunice, wife of Solomon Jenner, aged 22.

January 17, of consumption, Edward Morrisson.

January 18, Mary, wife of Wm. Keefe, aged 55.

January 18, William Beatty, aged 30.

January 17, Harriet Lord, aged 21.

January 17, of an affection of the heart, Robert Hyslop, aged 28.

January 17, Peter Martin, aged 62.

At West Neck, L. I., after a lingering illness, Elizabeth T., wife of John T. Hewlett, and daughter of Hewlett Townsend, aged 29.

January 18, Mrs. Agnes Mary Shonard, wife of Frederick Shonard, Esq., of Yonkers, late of this city, aged 73.

At New-Haven, January 17, Mrs. Stone, wife of Sidney M. Stone, Esq., of that city.

At his house in Arietta, Fulton county, Mr. Abraham Parlow, formerly of this city.

In Portsmouth, Va., January 12, Mr. Freeman H. Grinnell, of this city, aged about 21.

Drowned, on New-Year's night, at the foot of Jay street, Brooklyn, Otis Turner, aged 26, from Malaga.



# THE NEW

PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.



# WORLD.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

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VOLUME II....No. 5.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 35.

## THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

The strongest grow faint in the chill of the air,  
The sun looks about with a smile of despair;  
'Tis a day of delusion, of glitter and gloom,  
As brilliant as glory, as cold as the tomb!

The pageant is passing: the multitude sways,  
Awaiting, pursuing, the line with its gaze;  
'Mid the tramp of battalions, the tremor of drums,  
And the grave exultation of trumpets, He comes.

It passes—what passes? He comes,—who is He?  
Is it Pleasure too deep to be uttered in glee?  
Oh no! it is Death, the dethroner of old,  
Who is folded in purple and girded with gold!

It is Death who enjoys that magnificent car,—  
It is Death whom the warriors have brought from afar—  
It is Death to whom thousands have knelt on the shore,  
And sainted the ship and the treasure it bore.

What other than Death, in his terrible calm,  
Could mingle for myriads this bitter and balm?  
Could hush into silence this ocean of men,  
And bid the wild passion lie still in its den?

What other than Death could have placed side by side,  
The chief and the humblest that, serving him, died?  
Could the blood of the past to the childless atone,  
And let each bless the name that had orphaned their own?

From the shades of the olive, the palm, and the pine,  
From the Danube, the Moskwa, the Nile, and the Rhine,  
From the sands and the glaciers, in armaments dim,  
Come all that have perished for France and for him.

Rejoice! ye sad mothers, whose desolate years  
Have been traced in the desert of life by your tears;  
The children for whom ye have hearts that still burn,  
In this triumph of Death, it is They that return!

And ye in whose breasts are the images true  
Of parents that loved him still better than you,  
No longer lament o'er a cenotaph urn—  
In this triumph of Death, it is They who return!

From legion to legion the watchword is sped,  
"Long life to the Emperor! Life to the Dead?"  
His prayer is accomplished—the Hero is laid  
'Mid the People he loved, on the banks of the Seine!

On the throne of emotions, through kingdoms of speech,  
In dominions of thought that no traitor can reach,  
As now, so for ever Napoleon shall reign  
'Mid the People he loved, on the banks of the Seine!

R. M. MILNES.

## London Quarterly Review.

### AMERICAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN.\*

The Rev. Sydney Smith once wrote an article in the Edinburgh Review, (re-published amongst his works,) proving, to the entire dissatisfaction of the Americans, that they had produced no names in art, science, or literature, since they became a nation, capable of standing a minute's competition with those produced by England within the same period. This was a little too much; and one of their crack reviewers was commissioned to answer the divine. After a little preliminary castigation, he proceeded to demolish him by a set of searching interrogatories, commencing somewhat in this fashion:

"Has this writer never heard of Jared Sparks, or Timothy Dwight? Has he never heard of Buckminster, Griscom, Ames, Wirt, Brown, Fitch, Flint, Frieble, and Sullivan?"

Now it is most assuredly no matter of boast; for many of the writers on the list were men of undoubted talent, and have since obtained well-merited celebrity; but we much

\*ART. I. Eloquence of the United States. Compiled by E. B. Wilson. 5 vols. 8 vo. Middletown, Conn., 1837.

2. Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry. By Wm. Wirt, of Richmond, Va. Ninth edition, corrected by the Author. Philadelphia, 1838.

3. Orations and Speeches on various occasions. By Edward Everett. Boston, 1836.

4. Speeches and Forensic Arguments. By Daniel Webster. 2 vols. Boston, 1838.

ear that Mr. Sydney Smith never heard of one of them. If he had, he would certainly have been proportionally in advance of the great majority of the reading English public at the time. We have since done a little towards supplying our deficiencies in this respect; but if we were put through the same sort of catechism, most of us should still betray a lamentable degree of ignorance as to the indigenous literature of the United States—and not less as to their oratory. During Mr. Webster and Miss Sedgewick's visit to England last spring, it was quite amusing to watch the puzzled faces of the company on the announcement of their names in a drawing-room; for notwithstanding the reprint of Miss Sedgewick's "Tales," and the constant mention of Mr. Webster by the "Genevieve Traveller" of the "Times," nine persons out of ten in the *elite* of English society had about as accurate a notion of their respective claims to celebrity as Lord Melbourne of Mr. Faraday's, when it was proposed to add that gentleman's name to the pension-list.

To prevent the recurrence of such scenes when Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Everett shall honor us with a visit, we propose, in the present article, to bring our readers acquainted with the leading orators in the United States, by short sketches of their career and characteristic passages from their speeches—to play, in short, the "Timon" of America; and any comparison we may afterwards choose to institute as to the respective excellence of the two countries in this branch of intellectual exertion, will at least not expose us to the reproach of having selected a field in which the advantage is necessarily on the side of the mother-country. Seventy years of democratic institutions may not be sufficient to form a style or perfect a school of art, but they are enough, in all conscience, to show what a nation can do in eloquence and statesmanship.

The eloquence of the Americans, like that of the French, dates from their revolution; but they started under widely different auspices. When the National Assembly was first called together, the members were utterly unacquainted with the forms of business, or the tactics of debate. Du-Roi tells us that the only orators who possessed any talent for improvisation were Maury, Clermont-Tonnerre, Barnave and Thouret; and of these Barnave alone was capable of extemporising an entire speech of any length. Mirabeau clearly was not; and most of his best passages are short, rapid, and electrical, flashing out from between the trains of argumentation laboriously prepared for him, like lightning through clouds. In North America, on the contrary, the habit of public speaking was as familiar as in the mother-country at this hour: each provincial assembly was a school; and the very first Congress conducted their debates and carried their resolutions in as orderly and business-like a manner, as if the contending parties had been led by the leaders of our House of Commons, with Lord Canterbury to preside; indeed, in a much more orderly and business-like manner than since the excitement of the crisis has passed away. Unluckily their most momentous sittings were held with closed doors: newspaper reporters did not come into existence as a class, even in England, till full twenty years afterwards; and the vanity of publication had no influence in such a crisis on men whose lives and fortunes were at stake. General descriptions of the principal speakers (Adams, Lee, Dickinson, Hancock) have come down to us; but the one orator who had fire and force enough to stamp his very words and image upon the memory, and blend them indissolubly with the best traditions of the land, was Henry.

Demosthenes left corrected copies of all his best speeches. Demades left none. For aught we know to the contrary, therefore, Theophrastus might have been quite right in saying, as reported in Plutarch, that Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it. But when a speaker takes his fair chance with his fellows, and his thoughts and expressions are laid up in cedar for no other reason than from their being of a kind that the world would not willingly let die, the bare fact is decisive of his claims. If, for example, we knew nothing of Lord Chatham's eloquence but what is recorded by Walpole, we should entertain no doubt of his superiority to Fox or Pulteney; and the few genuine fragments of Mirabeau which have been preserved—preserved only by constant repetition at the time—are more conclusive than volumes; for if the specimens do not entirely come up to the traditional reputation of the man, we are rather tempted to suppose that the thought or expression has lost something of its original brightness on its way to us, than that the concurrent voices of his contemporaries spoke false.

Applying the same criterion to Henry, we cannot well err in placing his name at the head of our list. His authenticated remains consist merely of a few insulated passages, enshrined in the note book of some zealous admirer, or handed down from mouth to mouth; but what are called "Henry's speeches" form the favorite subjects of declamation in the schools; and the traditional accounts of the effects produced by his voice and manner, with all those other nameless attributes which Demosthenes included under the word *action*, transcend most things of the kind recorded in history; except the consummate acting of Lord Chatham, who folded his flannels round him like a toga, and awed his adversaries into silence by a sweep of his crutch. Jefferson,

no mean authority, declared Henry to be the greatest orator that ever lived; and a firm conviction of the justice of this estimate has been the means of obtaining for him so distinguished a biographer as Mr. Wirt.

Patrick Henry was the second son of Col. John Henry, a Scotch settler, who emigrated prior to 1730.\* Patrick was born in May, 1736, at the "family seat" called Studley, in Virginia, but "was raised and educated" (to borrow the precise expression of Mr. Wirt) at another "seat" in the same colony. Colonels and seats, however, are good cheap in America, as Blackstone said of gentlemen in England; and there is nothing in Patrick Henry's "raising" that bears token of aristocracy. He picked up a little Latin, and less Greek, with a smattering of mathematics, under the direction of his father, who, it is rather enigmatically stated, "had opened a grammar-school in his own house;" but he manifested a decided aversion to study, and when the hour for it arrived, was generally to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. The melancholy Jaques, however, not Nimrod, was his prototype; and the sports of the field were little better than a pretence to get away from books and men, and enjoy the solitary luxury (or vice) of day-dreaming. His person at that period was coarse, his manners awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation rude, and if he gave any indications of future excellence, they were not of a sort to attract the attention of his friends. A fondness and aptness for the observation of character were the only creditable peculiarities they saw in him. At the age of fifteen, he was placed behind the counter of a merchant, (*Anglic*, shop-keeper), and after a year's novitiate was set up in business for himself, in partnership with his brother William, whose habits closely resembled his own. The result may be guessed, and was not long in coming. The firm failed within a year; but its ill-success had one good effect on Patrick; it drove him first to music, then to books, as a relief; he learnt to play well on the flute and violin, and acquired for the first time, a relish for reading. He had also found out one mode of turning his customers to account. When they met to gossip in his store, he availed himself of the opportunity to pursue his favorite study of character; and it was subsequently remembered that, so long as they were gay and talkative, he generally remained silent, but whenever the conversation flagged, he adroitly recommenced it in such a manner as to bring their peculiarities of mind and disposition into play. At eighteen he married, and turned farmer, but he was as little fitted for agriculture as for trade. After a two years' trial, he gave up his farm and re-commenced shop-keeping, which soon reduced him a second time to insolvency. Part of the abundant leisure, however, in which he uniformly indulged himself, had been devoted to books, and while his farm was going to rack and ruin, or his customers were waiting to be served, he was deep in a translation of Livy, whose eloquent harangues particularly attracted him.

It was now that, all other experiments having failed, he resolved to make trial of the law; but his confirmed habits of idleness had induced a general belief that he would stand no chance against the formidable array of competitors which the Virginia bar presented at the time, and he set to work with so little energy as to justify a suspicion that his own expectations were extremely limited. "To the study of a profession," says Mr. Wirt, "which is said to require the lucubrations of twenty years, Mr. Henry devoted not more than six weeks; Judge Tyler says one month; and he adds, This I had from his own lips. In this time he read Coke upon Littleton, and the Virginia laws.

A student must be endowed with considerable powers of application who could read Coke upon Littleton in a month; and we incline to think that Henry's personal was of a cursory description, for his license to practise was obtained with difficulty, and the examiners who granted it acknowledged that they found him very ignorant of law, but perceived him to be a young man of genius, and did not doubt that he would soon qualify himself. Four years passed away before these expectations were fulfilled, and during much of this period he acted as assistant to his father-in-law, a tavern-keeper. An occasion at length presented itself peculiarly adapted to his powers, and he sprang by one bold bound into celebrity.

The ministers of the established church of Virginia (the Church of England) were then paid in kind, i. e. each was legally entitled to an annual stipend of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. In 1755 the crops failed, and an act was passed enabling the planters to discharge their tobacco debts in money, at the rate of 16s. 8d. per hundred weight, when the actual value was 50s. or 60s. This Act, though invalid for want of the royal assent, was submitted to; but when it was revived in 1758, the clergy took the alarm, and one of their body brought the question before the courts. It came on for argument in the shape of a demurrer, and judgment being given for the minister, nothing remained but to assess the damages under a writ of inquiry. The leading counsel of the colony threw up the cause as hopeless.

\* According to Mr. Wirt, John Henry "is said to have been a nephew of the maternal line to the great historian, Dr. William Robertson." Had this been so, he must also have been cousin-german to the mother of Lord Brougham. But dates are awkward things. Dr. Robertson was born in 1721. There may have been some connection.





its imperfections are frankly admitted by the reporter, it proves that Henry could thoroughly master a great legal question, and argue according to the strict rules of logic when he chose. (See Wirt, p. 331.) The case of John Hook is ordinarily put forward as an example of what he could do in the comic line. This Hook was a Scotchman, fond of money, and suspected of being unfavorable to the American cause. Two of his bullocks had been seized for the use of the troops in 1781; and so soon as peace was established he brought an action against the commissary. Henry was engaged for the defence:

"He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? they are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef!*"—pp. 389, 390."

It is added that the clerk of the court, unable to contain himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum, rushed out and was found rolling on the grass in a paroxysm of laughter by Hook, the hero of the day. "Jemmy Steptoe, what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said the defendant; "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la'." Billy Cowan's exertions, however, proved vain. The cause was decided by acclamation; and a cry of *tar and feathers* having succeeded to that of *beef*, Mr. Hook was fain to make a precipitate retreat.

His last appearance on the stage of public life was in 1799, when, alarmed at the violent measures meditated by the democratic party, he thought it his duty to stem the torrent, and presented himself as a candidate for the House of Delegates for Charlotte County. On the day of election he received such homage from the people that a Baptist minister demanded why they followed him about: "Mr. Henry is not a god." "No, indeed, my friend," was the reply; "I am but a poor worm, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more." In the course of his address he painted the horrors that would ensue if they compelled Washington to march against them:

"And where (he asked) are our resources to meet such a conflict? Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country?" A drunken man in the crowd threw up his arm, and exclaimed that "he dared to do it." "No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty: "you dare not do it: in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"

He was elected by a large majority, and the assembly was thrown into commotion by the tidings of his approach; but his health was irretrievably broken, the crisis was accelerated by the agitations of the period, and on June 6th, 1799, he died.

The person of an orator who produced such effects by action is important. Henry was tall and raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; his complexion was dark and sunburnt, without any appearance of blood in the cheeks; his ordinary expression was that of gravity, and he had an habitual contraction of the brow, which gave him a look of harshness till he spoke. His forehead was high and straight—nose Roman, and eyes of singular power and brilliancy, overshadowed by dark thick eyebrows. His voice was clear, firm, and of extraordinary compass. His delivery was easy and natural when he warmed; but he often hesitated at the commencement, and had the air of laboring under a distressing degree of modesty or timidity, which indeed continued to characterize his manner throughout, unless he was led to throw it off by some high excitement. His information was very limited, for his disinclination to study returned upon him so soon as his reputation was established. "Take my word for it," was his remark to a friend in advanced life—"we are too old to read books: read men—they are the only volumes we can read to advantage." What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginia Assembly) was descending tediously, till a late hour, on the beauties of Don Quixote. Henry assented, but added, "you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book—the divine exclamation of Sancho—"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep: it covers one all over, like a cloak."

We have already suggested a parallel; and no one can help being struck by the striking resemblance which Henry's oratory (so far as it can be collected from description) bears to Lord Chatham's, notwithstanding the startling discrepancy between their birth, breeding, tastes, habits, and pursuits. The one, a born member of the English aristocracy—the other, the son of a Virginian farmer: the one, educated at Eton and Oxford—the other, picking up a little Latin grammar at a day-school: the one, reading Bailey's Dictionary twice over, and articulating before a glass to perfect his use of language—the other, affecting a still greater carelessness of style and rusticity of pronunciation than were natural to him: the one, so fine a gentleman and so inveterate an actor, that, before receiving the most insignificant visitor, he was wont to call for his wig, and set it on himself in an imposing attitude—the other, slouching into the provincial parliament with his leather gaiters and

\* This passage was introduced with considerable felicity by Mr. Charles Phillips, in his speech against a gentleman who had prosecuted two of his servants for feloniously appropriating to their own use sundry slices of a boiled round of beef.

shooting-jacket. But they meet in all the grand leading elemental points—in fire, force, energy and intrepidity—the sagacity that works by intuition—the faculty of taking in the entire subject at a glance, or lighting up a whole question by a metaphor—the fondness for Saxon words, short unadorned idiomatic sentences, downright assertions, and hazardous apostrophes—above all, in the singular tact and felicity with which their dramatic (or rather melo-dramatic) turns and touches were brought in.

It is in vain to say that people could never have been such fools as to be awed by what reads very like buffoonery or impertinence; or to cite the failure of Burke, who, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House, produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—"The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?" The scene would have gone off differently, had the actor been equal to the part. Lord Chatham often succeeded in worse. On one occasion, for example, he rose and walked out of the House, at his usual slow pace, immediately after he had finished his speech. A silence ensued till the door opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the right honorable member." Lord Chatham turned back and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

"At Danaum procera, Agamemnoniaque phalanges,  
Ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,  
Ingenti trepidare metu: pars tollere terga,  
Ceu quendam petiere rates: pars tollere vocem  
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiatibus."

Then placing himself in his seat he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honorable member has to say to me." When the late Mr. Charles Butler, from whom we borrow this anecdote, asked his informant, an eye-witness, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member, he replied, "No, sir, we were all too awed to laugh."

Another extraordinary instance of his command of the House is the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the gentle shepherd." At the time in question, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where," each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth. In the course of the debate, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, where are our means? where is our money?" He then sat down, and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the House, humming the line, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where."

Mr. Butler states that a gentleman mentioned the two last circumstances to the late Mr. Pitt; the minister observed that they were proofs of his father's ascendancy in the House; but that no specimens remained of the eloquence by which that ascendancy was procured. The gentleman recommended him to read slowly his father's speeches for the repeal of the stamp-act; and while he repeated them to bring to his mind, as well as he could, the figure, the look, and the voice, with which his father might be supposed to have pronounced them. Mr. Pitt did so, and admitted the probable effect of the speeches thus delivered.

In the case of his Transatlantic rival we must go still further: we must infer both language and action from the wonders recorded of him; but when we find Americans of all classes, parties, and shades of opinion, bearing concurrent testimony to these, there is obviously no alternative but to assume the direct falsehood of their statements, or admit that Patrick Henry possessed the genuine *vis viva*, the in-born genius of oratory, as much, perhaps, as any other modern, dead or living, with the exception of Chatham and Mirabeau.

## ENGLISH CHURCHES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.  
How beautiful they stand,  
Those ancient altars of our native land!  
Amid the pasture fields and dark green woods,  
Amid the mountain's clouds and solitudes;  
By rivers broad that rush into the sea:  
By little brooks that with a hissing sound,  
Like playful children, run by copse and lea!  
Each in its little drop of holy ground,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Those old gray churches of our native land!

II.  
Our lives are all turmoil;  
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,  
Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,  
Both day and night for gain;  
We have grown worldly; have made gold our god;  
Have turned our hearts away from lowly things:  
We seek not now the wild-flower on the sod;  
We see not snowy folded angel's wings  
Amid the sunny skies;  
For visions come not to polluted eyes!

III.  
Yet, blessed, quiet fanes!  
Still piety, still poetry remains,  
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air  
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer—  
Whilst ever green and sunny church-yards keep  
The dust of our beloved, and tears are shed  
From fountains which in the human heart lie deep!  
Something in these aspiring days we need  
To keep our spirits lowly,  
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy!

IV.  
And 't is for this they stand,  
The old grey churches of our native land!  
And even in the gold-corrupted mart,  
In the great city's heart  
They stand: and chantry dome and organ sound,  
And stated services of prayer and praise,  
Like to the righteous ten which were not found,  
For the polluted city shall praise,  
Meek faith and love sincere—  
Better in time of need than shield or spear!

## First American Edition.

### POEMS BY THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

#### ITALY.

Oh, name it not! there is a spell  
Around its memory clinging—  
To which I would not bid farewell  
For all the Future's bringing.

The skies of radiant Italy,  
Oh, they are deeply blue,  
And nothing, save their kindred waves,  
Can match their sapphire hue!  
No little clouds e'er flit across  
To dim their heavenly light;  
Would that my soul were pure as they,  
As spotless and as bright!

The gales of balmy Italy!  
Oh, as they fleet along  
They bear upon their downy wings  
The treasured wealth of song!  
They linger through the blooming scenes  
Where once my footsteps roved;  
And they are free, though I am not,  
To kiss the flowers I loved.

The songs of tuneful Italy!  
They wake within the heart  
Those visions of the olden time  
Which will not thence depart,  
And Freedom, Love, and Honor bright  
Rise from the dust again.  
Would that my feeble lyre could wake  
The spirit-stirring strain!

The flowers of sunny Italy!  
Oh, blissful is their doom!—  
A brief, bright space to bloom, then sink,  
Untrodden, to the tomb,  
Still breathing fragrance as they droop  
Beneath the golden ray:  
Oh, thus were 't mine to sigh my soul  
In ecstasy away!

The tombs of holy Italy!  
The earth where heroes trod;  
Where sainted martyrs glorified  
In death th' incarnate God!  
Where all is bright, and pure, and calm,  
On earth, in air, and sea.  
Oh, Italy! among thy tombs  
Hast thou not one for me?

#### THE IDEALIST.

Look on this grave: the rank grass waves o'er it;  
The startled fawn, upspringing from our tread,  
Shakes from the dewy fern its liquid gems;—  
Yet here blooms the first primrose—the last violet  
That sheds its fragrance on the chill, damp air  
Of a November morn, like Love in death,  
Springs from this sod; and in the summer nights  
The glow-worm layeth here her lamp of light;  
The heavenward lark begins its motions here,  
And the pale moonbeams kiss the sacred earth.

And well may bird, and flower, and moonbeam pale,  
With fragrance, and with radiance, and with song  
Hallow his bed of rest who slumbereth here—  
For he was one whose heart entwined itself  
With all of being—who beheld all things  
That lived, instinct with th' Immaterial Mind,  
All things that were, as that Mind's handiwork;  
Who knew himself the brother of the worm,  
And yet akin to angels and archangels.  
His was the Poetry of Life. His heart  
Was steeped in Love, and in the deep, unuttered,  
Unfathomed sense of Beauty and Perfection.  
He would go forth from his sweet cottage-home,  
Drinking the sounds and sights of blessedness  
That throng this faerie world, to treasure them  
In the deep silence of his lofty soul.  
His spirit sought no words in which to clothe  
His consciousness of bliss: he poured it forth,  
In deep, low murmurs, to the mountain wind.  
He gazed upon the countless orbs of night,  
Brightly careering in their mystic paths,  
Until he felt his soul blend with their beams  
By the intensity with which he loved them.  
And when the tempest woke, and the dread North  
Cast forth her lightnings and her fleecy snows,  
He bent his brow in raptur'd awe, and hailed  
The present God—the ruler of the storm!  
The Past gave up her wealth of thought: he pored  
Upon the scrolls of by-gone time, until  
The mighty men, the giant minds of old,  
Came at his call, peopling his solitude  
Like his accustomed and familiar friends.

The Future brought her hopes, her glorious promise;  
Ages unborn fitted before his sight.  
The world of air was his: his spirit yearned,  
With deep and passionate longing, to arrest  
The vague and spiritual realities  
Whose shadows brighten o'er Life's toilsome way.  
They answered to his call, and round his couch  
Came, nightly thronging, messengers of light;  
He felt the ether tremble with their wings;  
Their voices sank upon his slumbering ear  
Like echoes from another sphere, and gave  
To Time the music of Eternity.

And was he happy? Stooped his spirit never  
From its exalted paths? Was he still free  
To tread the empyrean, and to bathe  
His being in essential ecstasy?  
Sorrow and sickness came, and this world's cares,  
Cramping the noble soul that scorned its hopes  
And mocked at its delusions; and he chafed  
Against the galling chain that bound him down,  
As the caged eagle chafes in slavery.

His heart grew chilled and reckless; and his sense  
Of the ideal faded and waned away.  
He was most wretched—but amid the gloom  
The voice of Mercy spake: he raised his eyes,  
And, from the mystery of the Holy Cross,  
He learned to read the mystery of Life.  
Linking the present with the future world,  
He worshipped, he believed, adored and loved!

## THE VESPER HOUR.

I.  
When vesper hour, with stilly spell,  
Shall lead thee to her hermit cell,  
Chasing from round thy path away  
The varied visions of the day—  
When no vain dreams thy thoughts may share,  
No lowly hope, no earth-born care;  
What time thou bend'st at the suppliant knee  
And pour'st thy fervid soul in prayer,  
Think of me—pray for me—for me.

II.  
Too garish glows the golden day—  
Blend not my memory with its ray,  
The tissue of its hopes and fears,  
Its promises of other years:  
But when the chastened hour is come  
That bids thy fancy cease to roam,  
And when thy soul, from trammels free,  
Is soaring to the spirit's home,  
Think of me—pray for me—for me.

## THE SWAN SONG.

Grieve not that I die young.—Is it not well  
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?  
Bind me no longer, sisters with the spell  
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:  
Here I am blessed—but I would be more free;  
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.  
Let me depart.

Ah, who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,  
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?  
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,  
Cast their dark shadows o'er this fairy world;  
Till Fancy's many colored wings are furled,  
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?  
Let me depart.

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul  
A joyous thank-offering to Him who gave  
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.  
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,  
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart.  
Sisters, sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—  
Let me depart.

## HYMN—THANK OFFERING.

In every place, in every hour,  
Whate'er my wayward lot may be,  
In joy or grief, in sun or shower,  
Father and Lord! I turn to Thee.  
Thee, when the incense-breathing flowers  
Pour forth the worship of the spring,  
With the glad tenants of the bowers  
My trembling accents strive to sing.  
Thee, when upon the frozen strand  
Winter, begirt with storms, descends;  
Thee, Lord, I hail, whose gracious hand  
O'er all a guardian care extends.  
Thee, when the golden harvests yield  
Their treasures to increase our store;  
Thee, when through ether's gloomy field  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar!  
Thee, when athwart the azure sky  
Thy starry hosts their mazes lead,  
And when Thou sheddest from on high  
Thy dew-drops on the flowery mead.  
Thee, when my cup of bliss o'erflows;  
Thee, when my heart's best joys are fled;  
Thee, when my breast exulting glows;  
Thee, when I bend beside the dead.  
Alike in joy and in distress,  
Oh, let me trace Thy hand Divine!  
Righteous in chastening, prompt to bless,  
Still, Father, may Thy will be mine!

## TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

August 17, 1834.

Fain would I waken, for thy natal day,  
The sweetest tones that poet's lyre can breathe:  
For thee pour forth the glad and festive lay,  
And for thy brow a rosy chaplet wreath.  
But deeper thoughts forbid—I may not bring,  
With thoughtless gaiety and sportive glee,  
To thee, so light, so vain an offering—  
This day is full of memory for thee.

Voices long hushed are whispering to thee now,  
The loved—the lost—the absent round thee press;  
The true of heart, the early friends laid low,  
Whose presence wont in former years to bless—  
Not with such hallowed memories as these  
May the light flow of minstrel numbers blend;  
They bid the votive strains of fancy cease—  
More fervent homage shall on thee attend.

In simple phrase, with lips sincere, for thee,  
Lady, I breathe a blessing and a prayer:  
Long be thy precious days vouchsafed, to see  
The blessed results of thy maternal care.  
Few be thy trials, and, thy path to cheer,  
Be many a ray of gracious mercy given;  
And earth, more happy each revolving year,  
Be the bright earnest of a brighter heaven!

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

I.  
The stormy winds raved loud, and vexed  
The chafing waters' troubled breast,  
When lo! the voice of mercy spake  
And soothed the ruffled waves to rest.

II.  
Saviour! when thy poor, wayward child  
Droops faithless ly' amidst doubt or ill,  
Thy voice shall calm the inward strife,  
And bid her aching heart "Be still."

St. Leonard's, Nov. 27, 1834.

## THE RAINBOW.

Soft glowing in uncertain birth  
"Twixt Nature's smiles and tears.  
The bow, Lord! which thou hast bent,  
Bright in the cloud appears.  
The portal of thy dwelling-place  
That pure arch seems to be,  
And, as I bless its mystic light,  
My spirit turns to Thee.

Thus, gleaming o'er a guilty world,  
We hail the ray of love;  
Thus dawns upon the contrite soul  
Thy mercy from above;  
And as thy faithful promise speaks  
Repentant sin forgiven,  
In humble hope we bless the beam  
That points the way to Heaven.

## SONNET.

I ask no storied urn, nor sculptured stone,  
To mark the spot where my cold ashes sleep.  
Calm be that place of rest—to all unknown,  
Save to the kindred few who round it weep.  
Wide o'er the hillock wave the linden tree,  
And round it bloom the flowerets of the spring;  
While from the sod, exulting to be free,  
Burst the blithe lark on heaven-aspiring wing;  
Still on my grave may summer sunbeams play,  
Still on the turf may nightly dew descend;  
Still tremble over it the paly ray  
I love so well, and whispering night-flowers bend.  
Grieve not—in peace and humble faith I rest,  
Waiting the morn that wakens for the blest.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN-DIAL.

As o'er the dial flits the rapid shade,  
So speed the hours of Life's eventful day;  
As from the plate thou see'st the shadows fade,  
Time, unimproved, fleets tracelessly away.

Let thy bright hours, like sunbeams, call forth flowers,  
Truth, Mercy, Justice, Holiness and Love—  
Here may they droop beneath affliction's showers—  
Doubt not their fragrance shall ascend above.

## THE PRESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I.  
Oh! the wondrous Press has a magic sway  
In its great and giant force,  
To the east and west it bends its way,  
And it takes o'er the seas its course;  
Gay dazzling stores may the good ship fill,  
In the pride of vain excess,  
But it boasts a treasure more precious still,  
In the wealth of the mighty Press.

II.  
The son of genius, unsought, unknown,  
May his heaven-born theme pursue,  
Their brightness gladdens himself alone,  
For his friends are far and few.  
But see, in the ranks of fame he stands,  
Lo! thousands his lays possess,  
And his name is blazoned in distant lands,  
Through the aid of the mighty Press.

III.  
The poet's numbers, the scholar's lore,  
Cast their radiant spell o'er all;  
Those strains are coned in the cottage door  
That enchant the lordly hall:  
And the Book more holy than all beside,  
Which alone can truly bless,  
To the heathen shines as a lamp and guide,  
By the power of the mighty Press.

IV.  
Alas! that a scene so bright, so dear,  
Should a dark reverse disclose;  
Alas! that a boon so great, so dear,  
Should be ever linked with woes;  
But the lawless doctrines of men profane,  
To the world their guile address,  
Proving to thousands a snare and a bane,  
Through the sway of the mighty Press.

V.  
Yet the summer sky has its wintery doom,  
And the rose reveals a thorn,  
And evil must ever mix with good  
In a race to evil born;  
We must bear the pangs of a thwarted will  
Where we fondly hoped success,  
We must sigh o'er the mass of social ill,  
Diffused by the mighty Press.

VI.  
Yet the light of Faith let us humbly seek  
To illumine our dangerous road,  
Let us deem all knowledge poor and weak  
That would lead our hearts from God;  
Then may we welcome Instruction's tide,  
As it flows our land to bless,  
And greet with unmingled joy and pride  
The gift of our glorious Press.

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

## BAVIECA.

Montaigne, in his curious Essay entitled "Des Desastres," says that all the world knows every thing about Bucephalus. The same of the favorite charger of the Cid Ruy Diaz, is scarcely less celebrated. Notice is taken of him in almost every one of the hundred ballads concerning the history of his master; and there are one or two of these, of which the horse is more truly the hero than his rider. In one of these ballads, the Cid is giving directions about his funeral. He desires that they shall place his body "in full armor upon Bavioca," and so conduct him to the church of San Pedro de Cardena. This was done accordingly; and, says another ballad,

Truxeron pues a Babioca;  
Y en mirandole se puso  
Ten triste como si fuera  
Mas razonable que bruto.

In the Cid's last will mention is also made of this noble charger. "When ye bury Bavioca, dig deep," says Ruy Diaz; "for shameful thing were it, that he should be eat by curs, who hath trampled down so much curliish flesh of Moors."

I.  
The King look'd on him kindly, as on a vassal true;  
Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake after reverence due:  
"Oh, King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside  
The liege lord of Castille himself should Bavioca ride;

II.  
"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring  
So good as he, and certes, the best befits my King.  
But that you may behold him and know him to the core,  
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt  
the Moor."

III.  
With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furr'd and wide,  
On Bavioca vaulting, put the rowel in his side:  
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his  
career,  
Stream'd like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

IV.  
And all that saw them praised them; they lauded man and  
horse,  
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;  
Ne'er had they look'd on horseman might to this knight  
come near,  
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

V.  
Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,  
He snapt in twain his hither rein: "God pity now the Cid,  
God pity Diaz," cried the Lords; but when they look'd  
again,  
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;  
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,  
Like a true lord commanding, and obey'd as by a lamb.

VI.  
And so he led him foaming and panting to the King;  
But "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing  
That peerless Bavioca should ever be bestrid  
By any mortal but Bivar; mount, mount again, my Cid."

## THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

The last specimen I shall give of the Cid-ballads is one the subject of which is evidently of the most apocryphal cast. It is, however, so far as I recollect, the only one of all that immense collection that is quoted or alluded to in Don Quixote. "Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders. *Justa illud; si quis eadem diabolo, &c.* But yet, now I think better on it, I never touched him with my hands, but only with my lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with priests, whom I honor and revere as every good Catholic and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took them to be evil spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambassador in the Pope's presence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Bivar from behaving himself that day like a valorous knight and a man of honor."

It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come  
to Rome, [ter's dome.  
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Pe-  
"Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they?"—"Seven kings  
do sit thereon,  
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy Father's throne.

"The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss  
his toe;  
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show;  
For his great puissance, the King of France, next to the  
Pope may sit;  
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit."

"Ha!" queth the Cid, "now God forbid! it is a shame I  
wish,  
To see the Castle\* planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.†  
No harm, I hope, good Father Pope, although I move thy  
chair."

—In pieces small he kick'd it all, ('t was of the ivory fair.)

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,  
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;  
Above them all he planted it, and laugh'd right bitterly;  
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry  
man; [ban:  
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the awful  
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's  
head— [said:  
To hell and wo man's soul must go if once that curse be

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woful man was he;  
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed Father's knee:  
"Absolve me, blessed Father, have pity upon me;  
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will do."

"Who is this sinner," queth the Pope, "that at my foot  
doth kneel?"

—"I am Rodrigo Diaz, a poor Baron of Castille."  
Much marvell'd all were in the hall, when that name they  
heard him say, [away;  
—"Rise up, rise up," the Pope he said, "I do thy guilt

"I do thy guilt away," he said, "and my curse I blot it out.  
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout;  
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,  
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor."

\* The arms of Castille.

† The arms of France.



## Popular Novels.

## STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VALENTINE VOX.'

## CHAPTER XXIX....The Nomination.

WHEN the expressed determination of the independent band had been communicated by Bob to the committee, they knew at once how to proceed; for as Stanley was to be the first candidate applied to, only in the event of no proposal being made, it was clearly expedient to wait for such application, as the value of property, and more especially that peculiar species of property, so varies by circumstances, that in general a difference of something like a hundred per cent. fluctuates between an offer to buy and an offer to sell.

Bob was therefore instructed to keep an extremely sharp eye upon the patriots still; and, stimulated by the applause lavished upon him for his vigilance, he continued to watch them with indefatigable zeal, albeit deprived of the companionship of his friend, through that venerable gentleman's unhappy indiscretion.

From day to day, as no offer from either party had been made, the anxiety of the independent people increased; for although they possessed intact the power to punish either of the candidates, and thereby to have their revenge, they did not—looking at the thing in a purely commercial point of view—prefer that revenge, however sweet *per se*, to the more substantial coin of the realm; which was indeed extremely natural, as well as very provident, inasmuch as the majority of them, having an appropriate contempt for the meanness of labor, lived in an enviable state of independence from year to year upon the golden produce of their electoral rights. Their indignation at the backwardness of those who had come forward can therefore astonish no right-minded man, nor is it surprising that on the day of nomination they should have become so incensed at the ungenerous, unjust, and ungentlemanlike behavior of the candidates, that they resolved to show him whom they conceived to be the richer, and therefore the more reprehensible of the two, that they were not with impunity to be swindled.

Now, although philosophical persons may carp at the novel knowledge about to be imparted, it may be held to be highly necessary that all the civilized nations of the earth should know, that in England, previously to the conscientious votes of a constituency being recorded, the candidates have to go through a sound constitutional ordeal, involving the high and indisputable privilege of pelting, and hooting, and yelling at those candidates—a privilege which forms one of the most characteristic and strongly developed features of pure liberty with which a perfectly free and enlightened people can be blessed. That the glorious process of nomination throws a halo of security around our sacred institutions is a fashionable fact, plainly demonstrable by our very adherence to that process, and that the speeches delivered on that interesting occasion are essential to the existence of a good understanding between candidates and electors, is abundantly proved by the mere circumstance of those speeches being made. So also is the show of hands a glorious transaction, and as valuable as it is glorious, inasmuch as it amounts to a mighty demonstration of public opinion, which is of itself so conclusive, that it is in no slight degree remarkable that in a country like this the unpopular practice of demanding a poll should be tolerated at all.

It is however true, very true, that there may exist two rational opinions about that; but it is also true that there cannot exist two opinions about this, that when on the day of nomination the returning officer had deliberately read the writ, Stanley was proposed by a locally influential person, in a most brilliant speech, of which not a single syllable could be heard beyond 'Brother Electors!—Stanley Thorn, Esquire!—honour to represent!—rampant faction!—purity of election!—the eye of Europe!—and the last drop of blood in his veins!'

As it is just possible that it may be observed that this was rather extraordinary, considering Stanley was the popular candidate, it will be proper to explain that the independent portion of the constituency—utterly disgusted with the prospect of being unbought—proceeded *en masse* to the hustings with aprons, hats, and pockets full of turnips, carrots, cabbage-stalks, potatoes, and other equally handy vegetables, with the view of giving expression to the feelings by which they were animated in a manner the most striking and effective. They hated Stanley with a most correct hate; they felt that they had, by him especially, been treated with contempt; and as contempt is about the last thing which true patriots in general are disposed to endure, they resolved *à l'instant* to bring him to his senses; and when they had assembled, Bob, cognizant of this high resolve, pressed with unexampled zeal through the crowd to inspire them with additional ardor. Unhappily, they did not know Stanley, and a loud cry arose from time to time of 'Which is he?'—some pointing, in reply, to one devoted individual, and some to another. Bob was well aware of their lamentable ignorance in this particular, and resolving to take advantage of it, rushed with great presence of mind through the mass, shouting just as the person who had nominated Stanley required, 'Now then!—look out, brother boroughmongers!—fire!'

In an instant the hands of the independents grasped their ammunition, and as a gentleman stepped forward to second the nomination, they, mistaking him for the nominee, charged, and the air was darkened with vegetable matter.

In vain the unhappy gentleman thus assailed—being utterly unable to understand it, for he was sure that he had done nothing to offend the constituency—protested against this popular expression of public opinion; in vain the returning officer appealed to their deliberate sense of justice!—they answered by discharging fresh volleys of vegetables—they would not be influenced; their spirit could not be subdued; they were men, independent men, good men and true; in short, men who knew their rights and would maintain them.

'Fire!—fire!' reiterated Bob. 'Wot! is Britons goin' fer to be slaves!'

'No!' responded the patriots in a chorus of thunder, and again their ammunition partially shut out the light.

Now, it may well be known by experienced men, that there is nothing in a siege of this character so efficient as a turnip. It requires but a powerful aim and a strictly correct eye to make it go straight to the point proposed. Carrots are all very well in their way; but in general their flight is extremely irregular, while in unpractised hands they are apt to snap in the throwing; but turnips pierce the air in the most steady style; and albeit many inexperienced persons may prefer a potatoe, there seems to be no just or legitimate ground for such preference; for a potatoe has not half the moral influence of a turnip, because it does not, in proportion to its size, carry with it half the weight.

On this occasion the turnips did great execution. They went with force and dignity at the heads of the individuals by whom the platform was crowded, and whose gestures were in consequence less graceful than grotesque. With the exception of the returning officer, who for a small man was highly indignant, not one upon the hustings dared to face the besiegers. Some, with great self-possession, stooped down, and took a retrospective view through their legs; some witnessed the exciting scene by peeping occasionally over their shoulders; while others formed themselves into picturesque groups, each modestly striving to give the precedence to his friend by placing that friend just before him. Stanley, who enjoyed the thing exceedingly, was in a corner, properly panopied by a beadle, who, being an excessively corpulent person, shielded him with very great effect.

The platform, of course, was soon covered with vegetables; sufficient, indeed, had been poured in to stock a metropolitan market; but Bob, perceiving that the patriots had plenty still in store, was indefatigable in his efforts to urge them on.

'Keep it up!' he cried; 'never give in! Now—now, brother boroughmongers, at him! Hurrah!—I say,' he added privately, turning to his venerable friend, 'just cut away, and put missus up to it, will you, or else she'll be fit to break her heart. There she is, with old missus, and the Captain, in the carriage.'

As the patriots, with deafening shouts, poured in their reserved ammunition, the venerable gentleman pressed towards the carriage; and, the instant Amelia saw him, she exclaimed,

'Joseph, for goodness' sake! run to the hustings, and—'

'Do not be uneasy, ma'am, about it,' said the venerable gentleman; 'Bob's arrangin' on it beautiful, ma'am, a hinni-watin' into 'em that t'other genelman is him, so as the swells may hexhort themselves of every hindividual vegetable afore his master comes forrard.'

'What, was this attack intended for him?' cried the widow.

'It was, ma'am: its werry onreg'lar, but it vos.'

'The brutes!' exclaimed the widow, indignantly. 'The wretches! Where on earth are the police? Why do not they do their duty? Run, Joseph, and tell him from me to leave the hustings this instant. Be quick, Joseph: there's a good man!'

The venerable gentleman at once started off to deliver his message to Stanley, while the Captain was endeavoring to calm the ladies' fears by explaining precisely the effect of Bob's ruse.

Stanley, however, felt that he had a great public duty to perform. He had to address the independent electors, which is so indispensable on the day of nomination, that it may with great propriety be questioned whether the wanton violation of that duty would not only ensure individual defeat, but strike at the very root of the British Constitution. It is no answer to this, nor is it a sufficient proof of the inutility of the practice, to show that of the speeches delivered on those high occasions it frequently happens that no syllable can be heard: it may be held to be distinctly and absolutely essential to the noble institutions of this country, nevertheless. Individuals, it is true, may pelt. Why, let them pelt! Are free and intelligent men to be deprived of their liberties? They may drown every word,—let them drown every word; are members of a civilized community to be gagged? Is the public voice to be stifled? Are the people of this country to be prohibited from giving full expression to the sentiments and feelings with which they are inspired? He who would contend for the expediency of adopting such a course is no statesman. Besides, there cannot by any possibility be a stronger proof of the practical virtue of delivering speeches on these great occasions, in defiance of the people to whom those speeches are addressed, than that afforded by the fact that the ancient and fine constitutional custom is still adhered to by the most brilliant men of the age.

When, therefore, Mr. Swansdown had been nominated and seconded, and the whole of the vegetables had been duly discharged, Stanley came forth, and boldly faced the electors; but when the independent band perceived the error into which they had been led, when they found that they had been lavishing their favors upon the wrong man, and that they had not so much as a root of mangel-wurzel with which to honor the right one, they became at once so thoroughly disgusted with themselves that they scarcely knew how to give expression to their rage.

'Gentlemen,' said Stanley—'gentlemen! gentlemen!'

He could go no further. The patriots were resolved not to hear another word: they shouted, and bellowed, and yelled, and felt strongly disposed to make a rush, with a view to the restoration of their vegetable ammunition.

'Oh! I'm not going to talk to these vile dirty wretches,' said Stanley, with great impropriety, addressing Sir William, who stood beside him.

'You had better say something.'

'Of what earthly use is it when they'll not hear me?'

'Go on; never mind: tell them how you love them: you are sure to be faithfully reported in the papers. They'll make a speech for you. Do but keep at it for a time, and appear to be dreadfully energetic: that's the way.'

Stanley accordingly set to work like an alarm bell, firmly determined that nothing should stop him. He shouted, and looked extremely fierce, and clenched his fist tightly, and sent in the crown of his hat, and assumed a variety of very imposing attitudes, apparently inspired with unexampled fervor; in short, he performed his part with so much perfection that even the independent patriots became amazed, and wished to hear what this palpable enthusiasm was all

about; but the moment this natural wish became manifest, the moment they were sufficiently silent to hear him—he concluded by saying, in a firm, loud voice,

'It therefore follows, that if you do but your duty to yourselves, my return will be triumphant!'

Mr. Swansdown then nobly stepped forward, and the contrast between him and Stanley was striking in the extreme. Mr. Swansdown was a man of noble and gentlemanlike bearing, but he was at the same time remarkably short.

'Gentlemen,' said he, at the very top of a very high voice, 'I am proud—'

'Vot!' exclaimed Venerable Joe, who had stationed himself near the hustings, 'air yer goin' for to 'ear that 'air leetle Lilliprussian speak arter yer vood n't 'ear the t'other! Look at the little swell! Vy he'd have to clamber up upon a cheer to scratch his blessed leetle head, he's sich a werry onreg'lar leetle dodger.'

'Now, my brother boroughmongers!' promptly exclaimed Bob, 'three reg'lar boroughmongering groans for the Lilliprussian!'

Three groans were accordingly started, but they were drowned by the cheers of the patriotic band.

'Gentlemen!' screamed Mr. Swansdown.

'Gentlemen!' echoed Bob, with a shriek which rent the air; and, as similar echoes were established among the crowd, they produced loud and long-continued laughter.

Again Mr. Swansdown tried back, and again; but these trials had no other effect than that of exciting a spirit of emulation among masses, for each man strove to make his echo the most perfect. And it certainly was an unfortunate voice for an eloquent public speaker; but even this was not all, for, while his tones resembled those of an indignant cockatoo, his refined articulation partook of the character of that of Demosthenes before he had recourse to the pebbles.

At length, after making a series, of unsuccessful attempts, he was clearly inclined to give it up in disgust, for the popular reflections upon his physical faculties wounded his private feelings deeply: as, however, an extremely judicious friend represented to him the absolute necessity for going on, and explained that, as these imitations were simply the development of their undoubted constitutional privileges as free and devoted Britons, they ought not to be contemned, he tried again to enlighten them; but, as the more energetic he became the more laughter he created, he had no sooner thrown them all into convulsions than he thanked them fervently for the patient and deliberate attention with which they had honored him, complimented them highly upon the manifestation of their surpassing intellectual characteristics, and with a striking expression of gratitude, withdrew.

The awful moment now arrived for the highly-constitutional show of hands to be demanded, and all living men by whom the importance of this terrific process is appreciated properly, will admit that it is one of the most intense interest, inasmuch as the result involves the dreadful responsibility of demanding a poll. On this occasion the show was decidedly ten to one in favor of Swansdown, which was very remarkable, and being quite unexpected, had a powerful effect. Stanley, however, by no means dismayed, demanded a poll on the spot; when the masses, having given him three highly-enthusiastic cheers, formed themselves into groups to review the chief points, and dispersed without striking a blow.

## CHAP. XXX....The Election.

Although Stanley's committee had been again and again assured that no offer had been made to the independent patriots, they now felt convinced that the Swansdown party had purchased them under the rose. The show of hands had amazed them; it afforded in their view an incontrovertible proof of a purchase having been effected, and, as without the support of the patriotic band success was utterly hopeless, they naturally thought that the time had arrived for their opponents to be boldly outbid.

On the other hand, the Swansdown party were equally amazed at the mighty demonstration in their favor. They had concluded that the patriots had been secured by Stanley, and that, therefore, they should lose the election by means which would ensure their eventual success. Their energies had, in consequence, been devoted to the accumulation of sufficient facts to support a petition against Stanley's return; but the show of hands threw a new light upon the subject, and tended to inspire them with the conviction not only that the patriots had not been corrupted, but that they had resolved to adhere firmly to those pure principles by which alone it was supposed the strict integrity of the British Empire could at that particular period be maintained.

Stanley's committee, notwithstanding, at once opened a negotiation with the Independents, and assuming that their votes had already been bought, their first object was to learn the exact price at which the property had been sold. There was much tact and judgement in this, forasmuch as experience had proved to the committee that when electors have been bought by both parties, a great deal depends upon their honor, they knew that the development of that fine moral attribute could be ensured only by giving the highest price. The patriots, however, solemnly declared that their property had not been purchased, which was repudiated at once as being utterly absurd by the committee; who, nevertheless, agreed with them as to the price, and proposed that the payment should be made when the votes had been recorded; but the patriots, exalted by the purity of their principles, spurned this proposal with flashing indignation, as a direct and unwarrantable imputation upon their strictly public virtue. They would have the money down; and they had it.

The great point now to be considered, was, how to secure them. This puzzled the committee for some considerable time; but at length having consulted the best authorities on the subject, they inclined to the belief that the patriots would never dream of leaving a house while they were able to procure liquor gratis, and that, therefore, on being made particularly bacchanalian, they would have no disposition to violate their honor.

A supper was accordingly provided at their own headquarters, and, touching the liquor, the host was instructed to let the supply at least equal the demand. This was done. A bottle of wine was placed by the side of each patriot to begin with, and jugs of ardent spirits were established at

regular intervals in the most tempting manner that could be conceived. Accustomed as they had been to the liberality of candidates, this display quite surprised them. It won all their hearts; and, as they partook of the wines and spirits with the most perfect freedom and with an energy which was clearly indicative of the existence of an idea that they had not a moment to lose, they soon became in a most glorious state of affectionate philanthropy. Nothing could surpass their enthusiasm in favor of Stanley. He was a prince: his health was drunk fifty times, for each patriot felt himself bound to propose it the moment he had arrived at the verge of oblivion.

Having soaked themselves up to this point with wine, rum, gin, and brandy, punch was introduced, which, being a new and unexpected feature, was laded out with great spirit, while it drank so excessively smooth that even those who had retained sufficient sense to suspect that they had had quite enough, were unable to resist the flowing bowl. They therefore drank and drank, and dropped off as they drank, and as they dropped they were thrust beneath the table by the survivors, who gradually followed to a man.

When this consummation had arrived, the landlord extinguished the lights, and locked them up, and there they remained snoring snugly until eight in the morning, when Bob and his venerable friend came down with a company of musicians, who aroused them by their correct and energetic execution of "*Hail, smiling morn.*"

At first the patriots felt rather confused, and looked about as if they did not exactly comprehend the true meaning of the extraordinary state of things which then existed. The host, however, supplied them with excellent purl, and their faculties, in consequence, became somewhat clearer; indeed, before an hour had elapsed, they were enabled to entertain a faint notion that they had been at head-quarters all night, which was really very singular. Still they kept drinking the purl—it was so strong and so refreshing—until the clock struck nine, when down came the carriages to convey them to the poll before it was possible for them to be tampered with by the Swansdown faction. Not a patriot, however, thought for a moment of deserting his colors then! They were all too happy—too glorious! "*Thorn forever!*" was perpetually upon their lips. They would have voted for him for nothing if put to the test!—the purl was so good, and the music so enchanting. They were, indeed, all fervor, all enthusiasm; the excitement was delightful, and hence with joy they entered the carriages to place their votes upon record, surrounded by an enthusiastic mob of embryo patriots, and preceded by a banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, "*THORN, AND PURITY OF ELECTION.*"

This was the first grand step, and the consequence was, that at ten o'clock Stanley was eighty a-head. The moral influence of this majority was powerfully felt: at eleven it had increased to one hundred and fifty, and at twelve it had reached two hundred.

The Swansdown party perceiving that, in order to succeed, they must make a mighty effort, now put forth the whole of their strength. The masters ran about like wild Indians, to bring their men up to the poll, and so successfully were their energies brought into play, that at one o'clock Stanley's majority had been reduced to seventy-five. This was hailed as a glorious reaction; but more glorious still was it deemed when at three o'clock Swansdown was seven ahead.

Now came the grand struggle. The excitement was hot. The supporters of each party darted from house to house in a state of intense perspiration, while the utmost anxiety pervaded the town. The agents of Swansdown would not bribe. It was amazing how immensely in their estimation the value of sundry small articles increased, and with how much avidity snuff-boxes, knives, pipes, paper caps, sticks, and old stockings were purchased; but nothing on earth could induce them to bribe.

At this time both parties felt sure of success, although driven to the point of desperation. Bob, acting upon instructions, secured four electors who were reeling toward the poll to vote for Swansdown, and having, with the assistance of his venerable friend, got them into a carriage, drove out of the town. The widow saw this from the room she had engaged, and waved her handkerchief to express her admiration. She also saw, or imagined she saw, Mr. Ripstone displaying the utmost zeal in Stanley's favor; but her faculties were so much confused at the time, that on reflection she felt that she must have been deceived. Just, however, as the poll was about to close, there burst forth an enthusiastic cheer, and, on rushing to the window, she saw him again leading on half-a-dozen electors. She could not be mistaken: it was indeed he—the kind-hearted, dear, good soul!—she felt ready to sink into the earth. He led them boldly to the booth; they were Stanley's colors—their votes were recorded amidst loud cheers—they were the last. The poll finally closed.

In due time the numbers were proclaimed. Stanley had triumphed!—he was fifteen a-head, and the announcement was hailed with reiterated shouts of exultation; but the result was no sooner communicated to Amelia and the widow, who had been in a most painful state of excitement throughout the day, than they sank upon the sofa, and instantly fainted. The attendants were alarmed: they conceived that the nature of the communication had been misunderstood, and tried with zeal to bring them back to a state of consciousness in order to undeceive them; but they remained for some time insensible as statues. At length, however, by virtue of the application of restoratives, their perception returned, and again they had the happiness to hear that he in whom their hearts were centred had indeed been victorious. And oh! with what delight they felt inspired! They embraced; and while affectionately mingling their tears of joy, each chid the other for weeping.

Another mighty shout now arose, and on reaching the window they saw Stanley thanking the electors for the zealous exertions they had made in his behalf; and how noble he looked then, in the judgment of Amelia may be conceived.

A messenger was instantly despatched to urge his return to them the moment he had concluded his address; and as this was but a short one, he soon obeyed the summons, and by doing so deprived them of the power to utter one word of congratulation. They flew to him as he entered the room, and embraced him, and kissed him with fervor,

and sobbed like children upon his breast, but they could not speak.

"God bless you?" said Stanley, who felt nearly overpowered, when, on turning to the window, he saw his opponent standing in the pillory by prescription, seeing that the electors of that enlightened borough held the process of pelted the defeated candidate to be one of their highest constitutional privileges, and they certainly did on this particular occasion exercise that privilege, not only with unexampled zeal, but without the slightest feeling of remorse, in consequence of Swansdown having dared to threaten a petition against Stanley's return. They had therefore no mercy; they pelted him with all their characteristic ardor, and continued to pelt him until he deemed it expedient to retire from the scene, when they marked his retreat with three glorious groans.

#### CHAP. XXXI.—The Chairing.

As success had been held from the commencement of the contest to be sure, the chief preliminaries for the chairing had already been accomplished; and as from the hour the poll closed until midnight, Stanley, Amelia, the widow, and the committee were occupied in giving additional instructions, the whole arrangements for the pageant were, before the time appointed, complete.

The returning officer had named twelve o'clock for the official declaration of the poll, and at that hour Stanley, accompanied by the General, the Captain, and Sir William, proceeded to the Hall in an open carriage, drawn by a mob of remarkably muscular electors, and surrounded by a patriotic multitude anxious to do him all possible honor.

On arriving at the Hall, Stanley entered with his friends, and took his station upon the platform, and almost immediately afterwards the final state of the poll was declared by the returning officer, who proclaimed Stanley "duly elected;" whereupon there were loud cries of "No, no, no!" but the voices of the dissentients were drowned in the general applause that succeeded.

Stanley then came forward, and in a brief but pointed speech, in which he acknowledged the high honor conferred on him, announced it to be "the proudest day of his life," and so on; after which he gracefully offered Mr. Swansdown his hand, which was taken in a gentlemanlike spirit—and having led him forward to address the electors, begged of them to give him a fair and impartial hearing.

The very moment, however, Swansdown stood before them, he was assailed with the most approved expressions of popular disapprobation. They would not hear a word he had to utter. Nothing could induce them for an instant to defer the active exercise of their constitutional power to groan. They would groan, and they did, until he became well convinced that any farther attempt to address them would be useless, when thanks were voted to the Mayor for his urbanity and general good behavior, and amidst loud acclamations the Hall was dissolved.

Now came the great business of this memorable day. During the official declaration, and the important proceedings which were consequent thereon, the procession had been arranged with an appropriate view to the greatest possible effect; and, on leaving the Hall with his immediate friends, Stanley was yielded up to the patriots, who led him at once to his brilliant car, and raised him in triumph aloft.

For some moments, having lost the point of sight, he was somewhat unsteady; but he was soon able to reconcile himself to his exalted position, and when he had done so, the glorious pageant passed in array before him.

First came two stout well-mounted trumpeters, each of whom rejoiced in a pair of balloon cheeks, which were blown out until in the annals of cheeks nothing like them could ever be found upon record. Then came the committee wearing scarfs and rosettes, while their horses—with their bridles and manes decorated with ribands—were prancing and champing their bits with delight, apparently proud beyond all other animals in creation. A magnificent banner followed, with "*THORN AND LIBERTY*" thereon inscribed. Then a military band playing up with great power and precision; then various other banners, with appropriate inscriptions, the principal bearing the arms of the town; then a line of open carriages, with the Mayor, the chief members of the corporation, and Stanley's private friends; then another extremely powerful band; then a company of morris dancers, duly arrayed in a style the most grotesque, and performing evolutions of a character the most fantastic; then twelve blooming damsels attired in white, each bearing a basket of flowers, which they strewed with due foresight and skill.

When all these had passed in most admirable order, the triumphal car was turned, and Stanley joined the procession. It was then that he had a full view of the scene, which was indeed on the whole most imposing. Independently of the regular inhabitants of the town, streams of gaily-dressed persons had poured in from the surrounding villages; and while the trumpets were sounding, and the bands were playing, and the bells were ringing, and the cannon at intervals roaring in the distance; the colors were flying, and the masses were cheering, and all seemed inspired with joy.

It is, however, necessary to mention that this was not the end of the pageant. A vehicle drawn by two severe looking donkeys immediately succeeded the car, and in front of this vehicle a machine was fixed, bearing a powerful resemblance to a gibbet, from which a well-conceived effigy of Mr. Swansdown was suspended in a picturesque position, with a short pipe firmly established in his mouth, and his person thickly studded with crackers, while beneath him sat a gentleman in the similitude of an unearthly personage, grinning with truly ferocious delight, and fiddling away as if he then strongly felt that he had not many minutes to live.

It may be added as an extraordinary fact, that Stanley did not much approve of this highly characteristic exhibition, and therefore actually intimated something like a desire to have it suppressed; but the patriots, possessing a more exquisite taste for the sublime, and being consequently far more delighted with that than with any other portion of the pageant, would not hear of its suppression for one moment, and hence, having the power in their own hands then, the thing was preserved in all its pristine integrity,

while the truly Satanic musician kept fiddling fit to break his heart, and thus the imposing procession moved on.

The reception Stanley met with as he passed was highly flattering. The ladies were especially delighted with his appearance, and waved their handkerchiefs in an absolute state of rapture, he was such a remarkably fine young man, such a really charming fellow, so handsome, so graceful, so excessively elegant. In nearly every window his colors appeared, while with the crowd he was an idol, he did distribute the handfulls of half crowns and shillings at the corner of each street with so much liberality.

These scrambles were a source of great amusement, he having learned the art of making them to perfection from the chief of the Sons of Glory. It is true there was no mud, which was certainly unfortunate as far as it went; but there was plenty of dust, which, when duly commingled with the perspiration of the patriots, had a very good effect, and more especially as during the whole of the morning they had been paying their best respects to the barrels of beer which were freely established in all parts of the town.

Having passed through nearly all the principal streets, the procession reached the inn at which Amelia, and the most distinguished ladies of the borough, had taken up their quarters. Here a splendid triumphal arch had been erected, with the trellis-work of which wreaths of ribands and flowers had been ingeniously and effectively interwoven, while the whole was surmounted with an elegant banner, presented to Stanley by the ladies of the town.

Beneath this arch, as had been previously arranged, the car stopped; and, as Stanley was acknowledging the joyous greeting of all around, a trumpet sounded, when the music and the cheering simultaneously ceased, and in an instant, as if by magic, a dead silence prevailed. Stanley, from whom this arrangement had been kept a strict secret, looked amazed; but, before he had time to inquire the cause, the poor children belonging to the various schools to which the widow had sent munificent donations in his name, and who had been stationed upon platforms on either side of the arch, commenced singing a hymn, in which the blessing of Heaven was fervently invoked on the head of their benefactor. The effect of this was electrical: all were touched deeply: the handkerchiefs of the ladies were no longer waving, and even the hardy crowd, as the strains of the children fell like heavenly music upon their ears, and thus realised their conception of a choir of angels, were awed, and hundreds of men, whom few calamities could have softened, hundreds who had been shouting, and drinking, and acting in a manner the most reckless but a moment before, were seen wiping their eyes with the sleeves of their coats as the tears trickled into their bosoms.

Stanley was much affected: he tried to conceal it, but could not; while Amelia wept and sobbed like a child: her heart was so full, and she felt so happy.

The moment the strains of the children had ceased, the trumpet again sounded, and again the enlivening music was heard; and when Stanley had directed the largest coin of the realm to be given to each child to be worn as a medal in remembrance of him, the pageant continued its course.

At length it arrived at head-quarters—the inn at which Stanley's committee had been held—when the Mayor, and the members of the corporation, alighted, and having received their representative in form, they conducted him at once to the principal room.

The crowd had not, however, seen sufficient of him yet; albeit he had been in this perilous position for nearly two hours—and that position really was one of peril, inasmuch as the patriots by whom the car was borne had been taking a little too much strong ale—they loudly summoned him again to appear, and he eventually obeyed that summons: he appeared upon the balcony, and the shouts with which they hailed him were tremendous. He then addressed them, and in his address thanked them for the enthusiasm they had displayed; and, having intimated to them that it was nearly three o'clock—an intimation which was well understood—he begged of them all to be merry and wise.

A circle was then formed in front of the inn, and when the wretched looking effigy of Mr. Swansdown had been placed in the centre, the crackers with which his devoted person had been filled were ignited, and blew him to atoms.

The patriots, bearing in mind the highly palatable intimation they had received, then repaired to the various houses of entertainment at which really enormous quantities of beef and plum-pudding had been provided; and at six o'clock Stanley sat down to dinner, with two hundred of the principal inhabitants of the town.

Here the utmost enthusiasm prevailed up to the hour of nine when—that being the time appointed for dancing to commence—the whole party retired from the table. Stanley opened the ball with the lady of the Mayor, and was delighted to see his guests so joyous and happy. Here, again, he was the admiration of all the gentlemen present. Sir William danced with the widow the greater part of the evening, and nothing could exceed her delight; he was so graceful, so attentive, so kind: she was in raptures. Mr. Ripstone was absent, which she could not but think very odd; but, then, Sir William was present; and, although Mr. Ripstone was a dear, good creature, Sir William surpassed him in every point.

Having danced with spirit until twelve o'clock, Stanley, worn out with fatigue and excitement, retired with his party almost unperceived; and when the carriages were ordered, the crowd, who were waiting outside to do him honor, insisted upon drawing him themselves to his residence; which was situated nearly a mile from the town. All opposition to this was, of course, vain, and the horses were accordingly removed from both carriages, the traces and poles only remaining attached; and, when Stanley and his party had entered, three cheers were given as the signal for starting, and off they went, preceded by a military band. Instead, however, of taking them directly home, they drew them round the town, which was brilliantly lighted up, and it was not till they imagined that their chosen representative had seen enough of the general illumination that they would consent to proceed towards his mansion.

Having once got upon the road, they were not long before they reached the gates, and here they were met by enthusiastic thousands, who, by the light of large bonfires, had been dancing on the lawn. The committee had arranged this quite unknown to Stanley, and had instructed their agents to regale the happy multitude with boiled beef and beer.



This was, of course, a fresh source of delight to Stanley, who not only encouraged the dancers to proceed, but by way of acknowledging the compliment they had paid him, took the hand of one of the ladies, and having placed her at the head of about two hundred couples, led off the next dance, *The Triumph*!—much to the amusement of Amelia and her friends, who were enjoying the sport at the drawing-room window. This, however, settled him. The line for nearly an hour seemed interminable, for even those who had before no intention to dance, stood up to have the honor of dancing with him. He did, however, at length, reach the bottom, when, feeling quite sure that he had had enough of it, he restored his proud partner to her friends, and left the lawn.

A signal was now given, and in an instant it was answered by a grand and unexpected flight of rockets, and as this was succeeded by a really magnificent display of fireworks of every description, it was rationally supposed that the enthusiastic guests would withdraw; but, no, nothing of the sort; although Stanley and his party retired to rest in an absolute state of exhaustion, the multitude immediately recommenced dancing, and kept it up with infinite spirit until the rosy morning dawned.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

But the court said that a "copy" meant a copy, and this was not a copy: where was the line to be drawn? Were they to have a contest on every occasion of a party's carelessness as to the materiality, or immateriality, of the variance it had occasioned? So the rule was made absolute with costs. Another scamp sought to be discharged out of custody, or rather that his bail-bond should be delivered up to be cancelled, because his name therein was called "Smyth," whereas in the writ it was "Smythe;" but after his counsel had cited half-a-dozen cases, the court thought that the maxim of *idem sonans* applied, and discharged the rule. Then half-a-dozen young gentlemen moved for judgment as in case of a nonsuit—some of them with much self-possession and nonchalance; another moved for an attachment against a party for non-payment of costs, pursuant to the Master's *allocatur*; and the last, in the very back row of all, moved for a rule to compute principal and interest on a bill of exchange. Then all the bar had been gone through, in about half an hour's time, during which the Attorney-General had come into court, and arranged all his books and papers before him; Mr. Subtle sitting next to him with a slip of paper before him, to take a note of the grounds on which he moved.

"Does any other gentleman move?" inquired Lord Widdrington, looking over the court. He received no answer.

"Mr. Attorney-General," said he; and the Attorney-General rose.

"If your Lordship please, in a case of *Doe* on the Demise of *Titmouse* against *Jolter*, tried before your Lordship at the last assizes for the county of York, I have humbly to move your Lordship for a rule to show cause why a nonsuit should not be entered, or why the verdict entered for the plaintiff should not be set aside, and a new trial had." He proceeded to state the facts of the case, and what had taken place at the trial, with great clearness and brevity. In like manner—with infinite simplicity and precision—he stated the various points arising upon the evidence, and the general grounds of law, which have been already specified; but I am so grateful to the reader for his patience under the infliction of so much legal detail as was continued in the last part of this history, that I shall now content myself with the above general statement of what took place before the court. As soon as he had sat down, the court consulted together for a minute or two, and then—

"You may take a rule to show cause Mr. Attorney-General," said Lord Widdrington.

"On all the grounds I have mentioned, my Lord?"

"Yes. Mr. Solicitor-General, do you move?"

Up rose, thereat, the Solicitor-General.

"I shall discharge your rule," whispered Mr. Subtle to the Attorney-General.

"I am afraid you will," whispered the Attorney-General, leaning his head close to Mr. Subtle, and with his hand before his mouth. Then his clerk removed the battery of books which stood before him, together with his brief, and taking another out of his turgid red bag, the Attorney-General was soon deep in the details of an important shipping case, in which he was going to move when next it came to his turn.

Thus the court had granted a rule *nisi*, as it is called, (i. e. it commanded a particular thing to be done, "unless" sufficient "cause" could be thereafter shown to the court why it should not be done,) for either entering a nonsuit, or having a new trial. Now, had this rule been obtained in the present day, at least two years must have elapsed, owing to the immense and perhaps unavoidable arrear of business, before the other side could have been heard in answer to it; so, at least, it has been reported to me, in this green old solitude where I am writing, recalling long-past scenes of the bustling professional life from which I am thankful for having been able, with a moderate competence, years ago to retire. Now, had such been the state of business at the time when the Rule in *Doe v. Titmouse v. Jolter* was moved for, see the practical effect of it; had Mr. Aubrey, instead of the high-minded and conscientious man he undoubtedly was, been a rogue, he might have had the opportunity of getting in twenty thousand pounds, and setting off with it to spend upon the Continent, as soon as he found that the court had decided against him; or, if the tenants should have been served with notice not to pay their rents to any one but Mr. Titmouse—at all events not to Mr. Aubrey—how was Mr. Aubrey and his family to have subsisted during this interval?—and with the possibility that, at the end of the two years, Mr. Aubrey might be declared to be the true owner of Yatton, and consequently all the while entitled to those rents, &c., the non-payment of which might have entailed upon him most serious embarrassments. During the same interval, poor Mr. Titmouse, heart-sick with hope deferred, might have taken to liquor, as a solace under his misery, and drunk himself to death before the rule was discharged—or brought his valuable life to a more

sudden and abrupt conclusion: which affecting event would have relieved the court from deciding several troublesome points of law, and kept the Aubreys in possession of the Yatton estates. If what I am informed of as to the accumulation of arrears in the Court of King's Bench in the present day, in spite of the anxious and unprecedented exertions of its very able and active judges, be correct, I suspect that I shall not be believed, when I inform the reader, that within ten or twelve days after the rule *nisi*, in the present case, had been moved, "cause was shown" against it by Mr. Subtle and Mr. Lynx, and very admirably shown against it too. (Mr. Quicksilver, unfortunately for the interests of Mr. Titmouse, was absent, attending a great meeting in the city, called by himself, to establish a society for the Meral and Intellectual Regeneration of Mankind on the Basis of Pure Reason.) The Attorney-General exerted himself to the utmost in support of his rule. He felt that the court—though scarcely at all interfering during his address—was against him; yet he delivered perhaps one of the most masterly arguments that had ever been heard in the place where he was speaking. Mr. Sterling and Mr. Crystal wisely avoiding the ground so admirably occupied by the Attorney-General, contented themselves with strengthening those positions which appeared to them less fortified by positive authority than the others; and then the court said they would take a day or two's time to consider, "less on account," said Lord Widdrington, "of the difficulty of the case, than the magnitude of the interests which would probably be affected by their decision."

"You have them dead with you, Subtle," whispered the Attorney-General, a slight expression of chagrin stealing over his features, as he heard the observation of Lord Widdrington.

"I never doubted it," replied Mr. Subtle, with a confident air. Every day afterward, from the sitting to the rising of the court, did the anxious Aubrey attend in the King's Bench, to hear the judgement of the court delivered. At length arrived the last day of the term. Soon after the sitting of the court, Lord Widdrington pronounced judgement in two or three cases; but not seeing the Attorney-General (who was engaged before the House of Lords) in his place, delayed giving judgement in the case of *Doe* and *Jolter*. About two o'clock he made his appearance, and shortly afterward, Lord Widdrington, after disposing of the matter then before the court, said—"There was a case of *Doe* on the demise of *Titmouse* against *Jolter*, in which, early in the term, a rule was obtained, calling upon the lessor of the plaintiff to show cause why,"—and he proceeded to state the rule, and then to deliver the written unanimous judgement of the court. A clear and elaborate statement of the facts, out of which the questions submitted to the court had arisen, and of those questions themselves, was listened to by Mr. Aubrey in breathless suspense, before he could obtain the faintest intimation of the judgement which the court was about to pronounce. Lord Widdrington went on to dispose, one by one, with painful deliberation and precision, of the seven points presented for the decision of the court. One or two questions they decided in favor of the defendant; but added, that it had become unnecessary to do so, in consequence of the answers given by the witnesses to other questions, at the trial, and which disposed of the doubts arising on the former questions. The documentary evidence, subsequently put in, got rid of another difficulty in the earlier part of the plaintiff's case, and rendered immaterial a question put by the plaintiff's counsel, and strenuously objected to on the part of the defendant; which question the court was of opinion, as had been Lord Widdrington at the trial, ought not to have been allowed. Then, as to the question of *ADVERSE POSSESSION*, on which very great stress had been laid by the defendant's counsel, the court was of opinion that none existed; since there had been a *disability*—indeed a series of disabilities—through infancy, coverture, and absence beyond seas, of the various parties through whom the lessor of the plaintiff claimed. Finally, as to the question concerning the *ERASURE*; the court was clearly of opinion, that the deed in which it occurred, had been properly rejected; inasmuch as the erasure occurred in a clearly material part of the deed, and there were no recitals in the deed by which it could be helped. That it was clearly incumbent upon those proffering the deed in evidence, to account for its altered appearance, although the deed was more than thirty years old, and rebut the presumption of fraud arising therefrom. That the erasure was a clear badge of fraud! and to hold otherwise would be to open a wide door to frauds of the most extensive and serious description. That there had been no evidence offered to show that the deed had ever been a valid deed; the very first step failed; and, in short, in its then state, it was in contemplation of law no deed at all; and, consequently, had been properly rejected. "For all these reasons, therefore, we are clearly of opinion, that the verdict ought not to be disturbed, and the rule will, consequently, be *DISCHARGED*." As these last words were pronounced, a mist seemed for a moment to intervene between Mr. Aubrey and the objects around him, for his thoughts had reverted to Yatton, and the precious objects of his affection who were there, in sickening suspense, awaiting the event which had that moment taken place. The words yet sounding in his excited ears, seemed like the sentence of expulsion from Paradise passed upon our dismayed and heart-broken first parents. Yes, in that solemn region of matter-of-fact and common-place—that *dead sea*, as far as feeling, sentiment, incident, or excitement is concerned, the Court of King's Bench—there sat a man of exquisite sensibility—pure and high-minded—whose feelings were, for a while paralysed by the words which had fallen from the judgement-seat, uttered with a cold, business-like air—oh! how horribly out of concert with the anxious and excited tone of him whom, with his lovely family, they consigned, in fact, to destitution! After remaining for about a quarter of an hour, during which brief interval he resumed the control over his feelings which he had so long and successfully struggled to maintain, he rose, and quitted the court. It was a heavy, lowering afternoon—one which seemed to harmonize with the gloomy and desolate mood in which he slowly walked homeward. He encountered many of his friends, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, on their way down to the Houses of Parliament: the very sight of them, in the morbid state of his feelings, gave him a pang that was indescribable. With them matters were the same as they had ever been—as they had till then been: with him—and

as probably they would be with them to the end of their career; but he had been forced, suddenly and for ever, to quit the scene of high excitement. He heaved many heavy sighs, as he exchanged nod after nod with those he met, as he approached Charing Cross. There he encountered Lord C—, the brilliant Foreign Secretary, arm in arm with two eloquent and leading members of the Government—all of them evidently in high spirits, on their way down to the House.

"Ah! Aubrey!—In town?—An age since we met!" exclaimed they in a breath, shaking him cordially by the hand. "You know, of course, that the budget comes on to-night—eh?"

"I assure you," said Lord C—, "our friends will do us great service—very essential service, by being early in their attendance! You know that Mr. Quicksilver intends to come out against us to-night in great force? My dear Aubrey, you are going the wrong way."

"I am not going down to the house to-night."

"Not going down?—Eh? My dear Aubrey, you astonish me! Have you paired off? You can't think how I lament your absence!"

"I am returning to Yorkshire almost immediately."

"But surely you can come for an hour, or so to-night—eh? Come? Do n't let a trifle stand in the way."

"I would not let a trifle stand in the way," replied Mr. Aubrey, in a tone and manner that at once arrested the attention of those whom he was addressing, and suddenly reminded them of what, in their political eagerness, they had for a moment lost sight of—namely, the perilous position of his private affairs.

"My dear Aubrey, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding such matters upon you," said Lord C—, with sudden earnestness, "but we shall have an opportunity of meeting before you leave town?"

"I fear not; I set off by the mail to-morrow evening—and have, in the meantime, much to attend to," said Mr. Aubrey, unable to repress a sigh—and they parted. But for a determination not to yield to a morbid sensibility, he would have got into a hackney-coach, and so have avoided the "troops of friends," the hosts of "old familiar faces," all wending down to the scene in which he had begun so eminently to distinguish himself—but from which he seemed now to be forever excluded. He therefore pursued his way on foot. One of those on whom his troubled eye lit, was a well known figure on horseback—the great Duke of —, on his way down to the House of Lords, going very slowly, his head inclined on one side, his iron-cast features overspread with an expression of stern thoughtfulness. He did not observe Mr. Aubrey—in fact, he seemed too much absorbed with his own thoughts to observe or recognise any body; yet he now and then mechanically raised his finger to his hat, in acknowledgment of the obeisances of those whom he met. Poor Aubrey sighed; and felt as if circumstances had placed him at an immeasurable distance from him whom, so lately, he had entertained familiarly at dinner; that there seemed suddenly to have arisen, as it were, a great and impassable gulf between them.

On reaching his house in Grosvenor Street, his heart fluttered while he knocked and rang; and he seemed to shrink from the accustomed obsequious voice and manner of the powdered menial who admitted him. Having ordered a slight dinner, he repaired to his library. The only letter which had arrived since he had left in the morning, bore the Grilston post-mark, and was in the handwriting of Mrs. Aubrey. He opened it with trembling eagerness. It was crossed—the dear familiar handwriting!—from beginning to end, and full of heart-subduing tenderness. Then it had a little enclosure, with a strange, straggling superscription, "To my Papa;" and on opening it he read, in similar characters,—

"My dear Papa, I love you very, very much. Do come home. Mamma sends her love. Your dutiful son,  
"CHARLES AUBREY.

"P. S. Agnes sends her love; she cannot write because she is so little. Please to come home directly.

"CHARLES A. Yatton."

Aubrey saw how it was—that Mrs. Aubrey had either affected to write in her little son's name, or had actually guided his pen. On the outside she had written in pencil—"Charles says, he hopes that you will answer his letter directly."

Aubrey's lip quivered, and his eyes filled with tears. Putting the letters into his bosom, he rose and walked to and fro, with feelings which cannot be described. The evening was very gloomy; it poured with rain incessantly. He was the only person in that spacious and elegant house, except the servants left in charge of it; and dreary and desolate enough it felt. He was but its nominal owner—their nominal master! In order to save the post, he sat down to write home—(home! his heart sunk within him at the thought)—and informed Mrs. Aubrey and his sister of the event for which his previous letters had prepared them; adding, that he should set off for Yatton by the mail for the ensuing night, and that he was perfectly well. He also wrote a line or two, in large printed characters, by way of answer to his little correspondent, his son, towards whom how his heart yearned! and having dispatched his packet, probably the last he should ever frank, he partook of a hasty and slight dinner, and then resigned himself to deep meditation upon his critical circumstances. He was perfectly aware of his precise position in point of law, namely, that he was safe in the possession of the Yatton property, (with the exception of the trifle which was occupied by Jolter, and had been the object of the action just determined,) till another action should have been brought, directly seeking its recovery; and that by forcing his opponent to bring such action, he might put him to considerable risk of retaining his verdict, and, thereby, greatly harass him, and ward off, indefinitely, the evil day from himself. By these means he might secure time, possibly, also, favorable terms, for the payment of the dreadful arrear of mesne profits, in which he stood indebted to his successor. To this effect he had received several intimations from as upright and conscientious an adviser, Mr. Runnington, as was to be found in the profession. But Mr. Aubrey had decided upon his course; he had taken his ground, and intended to maintain it. However sudden and unlooked-for had been the claim set up against him, it had been deliberately and solemnly confirmed by the law of the land; and he had no idea but of yielding it a prompt and hearty obedience. He resolved,

therefore, to waste no time—to fritter away no energy in feeble dalliance with trouble; but to face her boldly, and comply with all her exactions. He would, on the morrow, instruct Mr. Runnington to write to his opponent's solicitors, informing them that within three weeks' time the estates at Yatton would be delivered up to their client, Mr. Titmouse. He would also direct his own private solicitor to arrange for the quickest possible disposal of his house in Grosvenor Street, and his wines and his furniture, both there and at Yatton. He resolved, moreover, on the morrow, to take the necessary steps for vacating his seat in Parliament, by applying for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds; and having determined on these arrangements, consequent upon the adverse decision of the Court of King's Bench of that day, he felt the momentary relief and satisfaction of the seaman who has prepared his vessel for the approaching storm. He felt, indeed, relieved for a while from a dreadful pressure.

"And what, now, have I really to complain of?" said he to himself; "why murmur presumptuously and vainly against the dispensations of Providence? I thank God that I am still able to recognise His hand in what has befallen me, and to believe that 'He hath done all things well,' that prosperity and adversity are equally from Him, means of accomplishing His all-wise purpose! Is it for me, poor insect, to question the goodness, the wisdom, or the justice of my Maker? I thank God for the firm belief I have that He 'governs the world in righteousness,' and that He has declared that He will protect and bless them who sincerely endeavor to discover, and conform to, His will concerning them. He it was that placed me in my late condition of prosperity and eminence: and why should I fret, when He sees fit gently to remove me from it, and place me in a different sphere of exertion and suffering? If the dark heathen could spend a life in endeavoring to steel his heart against the sense of suffering, and to look with cheerless indifference upon the vicissitudes of life, shall I, a Christian, shrink with impatience and terror from the first glimpse of adversity? Even at the worst, how favored is my situation in comparison with that of millions of my fellow-creatures? Shall I not lessen my own sufferings, by the contemplation of these which the Almighty has thought fit to inflict upon my brethren? What if I, and those whom I love, were the subjects of direful disease—of vice—of dishonor? What if I were the object of a just and universal contempt, given up to a reprobate mind; miserable here, and without hope hereafter! Here have I health, a loving family—have had the inestimable advantages of education, and even now, in the imminent approach of danger, am enabled to preserve, in some measure, a composure of feeling, a resolution which will support me, and those who are dearer to me than life." Here his heart beat quickly, and he walked rapidly to and fro. "I am confident that Providence will care for them! As for me, even in sight of the more serious and startling peril that menaces me—what is it to a Christian but a trial of his constancy? 'There hath no temptation taken you,' say the Scriptures, written for our instruction, 'but such as is common to man;' but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." This consolatory passage led Aubrey, in a calm and exalted mood of mind, to meditate upon that picture of submission to manifold misfortune, simple and sublime beyond all comparison or approach, drawn by the pencil of one inspired with wisdom from on high—calculated at once to solemnize, to strengthen, and elevate the heart and character of man; and which is to be found in the first and second chapters of the Book of Job. Oh! reader! who, brilliant as may be at this moment thy position in life, may have been heretofore, or may be hereafter, placed in circumstances of dreadful suffering and peril, suffer him whose humble labors now for a moment occupy thy attention, reverently to refer thee, again and yet again, to that memorable passage of Holy Writ! With danger surrounding him, with utter ruin staring him in the face, Mr. Aubrey read this glorious passage; his shaken spirit gathered from its calmness and consolation, and retiring early to bed, he enjoyed a night of tranquil, undisturbed repose.

"They are determined not to let the grass grow underneath their feet, Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Runnington, who, the next morning made his appearance at breakfast, pursuant to appointment; "within two hours' time of the court delivering judgment yesterday afternoon, I received the following communication. He handed to Mr. Aubrey this letter:

"GENTLEMEN: "SAFFRON HILL, 15th April, 18—

"Doe d. Titmouse, v. Joller.

"The rule for a new trial herein having been this day discharged, and the unanimous judgment of the court delivered in favor of the claims to the Yatton estate of the lessor of the plaintiff of the present action, we shall feel obliged by an intimation from you, at your earliest possible convenience, of the course which your client may now think fit to adopt. You are, of course, aware that we are now in a situation to attack, successfully, the entire property at Yatton, at present in the possession of Mr. Aubrey; and that, had we thought fit, we might have sought and recovered it all in the action which has just been decided in favor of our client. It is now in our power materially to strengthen the evidence adduced at the late trial, and we beg to be informed whether it is your client's intention to put Mr. Titmouse to the enormous expense and the delay of a second trial, the issue of which cannot be doubtful; or, with the promptitude and candor which are to be expected from a gentleman of the station and character of your client, at once yield to our client the substantial fruits of his verdict.

"If his reasonable wishes in this matter be disregarded, we would merely intimate that it will be for your client most seriously to weigh the consequences; to see whether such a line of conduct may not greatly prejudice his interests, and place him in a far worse position than, perhaps, he would otherwise have occupied. As we understand your client to be in town, we trust you will forgive us for requesting you immediately to communicate with him, and at

\* *Anthropines* signifies in this place, (1st Cor. x. 13.) says a great Commentator on this memorable passage of Scripture, "such as is suited to the nature and circumstances of man; such as every man may reasonably expect, if he considers the nature of his body and soul, and his situation in the present world."

your earliest convenience enable us to announce the result to our client. We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants, "QUIRK, GAMMON & SNAP.

"Messrs. Runnington & Co."

"Well—I own I see nothing to find fault with in this letter," said Mr. Aubrey, calmly, but with a suppressed sigh, as soon as he had read the letter.

"Rather quick work, too—is it not, Mr. Aubrey?—with in an hour or two after judgment pronounced in their favor: but, to be sure, it's very excusable, when you consider the line of business, and the sort of clients that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap are accustomed to."

"I have made up my mind as to the course I shall adopt," said Mr. Aubrey.

"Oh, of course, that is quite clear," said Mr. Runnington, pouring out his coffee—"we shall stand another shot, and see if there's ammunition enough left for the purpose: and we'll tender a bill of exceptions, and carry the case into the Exchequer chamber, and thence into the House of Lords—ah! we'll work them, I warrant them!"—and he rubbed his hands with a little excitement in his manner.

"Why, Mr. Runnington," answered Mr. Aubrey, gravely, "would it not be wanton—most unconscious in me to put them to the expense and anxiety of a second trial, when the whole case, on both sides, has been fairly brought before both the court and the jury?"

"Good Heavens, Mr. Aubrey! who ever heard of an estate of ten thousand a-year being surrendered after one assault?"

"If it were ten thousand times ten thousand a-year, I would submit, after such a trial as ours."

"How do we know what fraud and perjury may have been resorted to in order to secure the late verdict, and which we may have the means of exploding against the next trial? Ah, Mr. Aubrey, you do not know the character of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap in the profession; they learn a fresh trick from every scoundrel, swindler, and thief, whose case they undertake."

"I thought that fraud and perjury were never to be presumed, Mr. Runnington! Besides, had we not the advantage of most acute and experienced counsel? How could it escape them?"

"I would only venture to remind you," said Mr. Runnington, firmly but respectfully, "of the observations of the Attorney-General, at our last consultation."

"I thought I was unanswered, Mr. Runnington, though I did not feel at liberty to press the matter," replied Mr. Aubrey with a melancholy smile.

"Excuse me, but we must take the chance of a second trial," said Mr. Runnington.

"I have decided upon the course I shall adopt," replied Mr. Aubrey, calmly and determinedly—"I shall instruct you to write this day to the gentlemen upon the other side, and inform them that within three weeks I shall be prepared to deliver up possession of Yatton."

"My dear sir—Do I hear aright? Deliver up possession of the estates? and within three weeks?"

"That was what I said, Mr. Runnington," replied Mr. Aubrey, rather peremptorily.

"I give you my honor, Mr. Aubrey, that in the whole course of my practice I never heard of such a procedure."

"And I shall further request you to state that the last quarter's rents are in my banker's hands, and will be paid over to the order of Mr. Titmouse."

"Good gracious, Mr. Aubrey!" interrupted Mr. Runnington, with an air of deep concern.

"I have well considered the position in which I am placed," said Mr. Aubrey, with a serious air.

"It is very painful for me to mention the subject, Mr. Aubrey; but have you adverted to the *meane profits*?"

"I have. It is, indeed, a very fearful matter; and I frankly own that I see no way open before me, but to trust to the forbearance of—"

"Forbearance!—the forbearance of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap!! or of any one counselled by them!"

"Why, what can I do? I might as well undertake to pay off the national debt, as this sum of sixty thousand pounds."

"That's just the very thing," replied Mr. Runnington, with a dismaying air.

"Whatever honorable negotiation can effect, I leave it in your hands to do. With reference to the time that may be obtained for the liquidation of it,"—Mr. Aubrey changed color, but spoke with firmness—"I must own that this is a matter that has occasioned me inexpressible anxiety, Mr. Runnington. I really do not see what length of time will enable me to discharge so fearful a sum of money, or even to make any sensible impression upon it. I am quite at their mercy." Here both maintained a silence of several minutes duration.

"I am far from thinking it clear that equity would not interpose to relieve against *meane profits*, in such a case as the present—a dormant claim set up."

"I cannot see, Mr. Runnington, on what principle such an interference could be supported."

"No more do I, at present," replied Mr. Runnington, "but I'll lose no time in having the best advice on the subject. Gracious me! when one thinks of it, it deprives one of—"

At this moment a thundering appeal to the knocker of the door announced an arrival; and presently the servant entered and stated that Lord C— had called, and was waiting in the library. After repeating two or three directions to Mr. Runnington, Mr. Aubrey begged to be excused, and presently entered the library, where Lord C— was waiting to receive him. Lord C— was a middle-aged man, tall, of elegant person, a strikingly handsome countenance, and most winning address; he was a thorough politician, possessed of eloquence, immense practical knowledge, and a very commanding intellect. He was made for eminent office, and got through the most complicated and harassing business with singular ease and celerity. He had for several years entertained a sincere regard for Mr. Aubrey, whom he considered to be a very rising man in the House of Commons, and who had, on several occasions, rendered him special service in debate. He was much shocked to hear of the sudden misfortune which had befallen Mr. Aubrey; and had now come to him with a sincere desire to be of service to him; and also not without a faint hope of prevailing upon him to come down that evening and support them in a very close division. He was as kind-hearted a man as a keen politician could be.

"I am really shocked beyond expression to hear all this," said he, after Aubrey had, at his earnest request, explained the position in which he was placed; the dreadful loss he had sustained, the still more dreadful liabilities to which he was subject. "Really who can be safe? It might have happened to me—to any of us! Forgive me my dear Aubrey," continued Lord C—, earnestly, "if I venture to express a hope that at all events Mrs. Aubrey and your family are provided for, and your very lovely sister; she, I trust, is out of the reach of inconvenience!" Mr. Aubrey's lip quivered, and he remained silent.

"Allow me a friend's freedom, Aubrey, and let me repeat my question: are your family provided for?"

"I will be frank, Lord C—," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a strong effort to preserve his composure. "The little provision that was made for them goes with Yatton: but for them—my wife, my children, my sister—I would have submitted to this misfortune with unshrinking fortitude; but they are, alas, involved in my ruin! My wife had nothing when I married her; and of course the settlements which I made on her were out of the Yatton property; as also was the little income left my sister by my father. With Yatton all is gone—that is the plain fact; and there is no disguising it."

Lord C— seemed much moved.

"The Duke of —, I, and two or three other of your friends, were talking about these matters last night; we wish we could serve you. What is the sort of foreign service you would prefer, Aubrey?"

"Foreign service," echoed Mr. Aubrey, significantly.

"Yes; an entire change of scene would be highly serviceable in diverting your thoughts from the distressing subjects which here occupy them, and must continue to occupy them for some time to come."

"It is very kindly meant, Lord C—; but do you really think I can for a single moment entertain the idea of quitting the country to escape from pecuniary liability?"

"That's the point exactly; I decidedly think you ought to do so; that you must," replied Lord C—, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Nothing upon earth shall induce me to do so," replied Mr. Aubrey firmly. "The bare idea shocks me. It would be the meanest, most unprincipled conduct—it would reflect disgrace on the King's service."

"Poh—this is mere eccentricity—knight-errantry; I'm sure that when you are in a calmer mood you will think differently. Upon my honor, I never heard of such a thing in my life. Are you to stay at home, to have your hands tied behind your back, and be thrust into prison—to court destruction for yourself and your family?" Mr. Aubrey turned aside his head, and remained silent.

"I must plead in favor of Mrs. Aubrey—your children—your sweet lovely sister;—good God! it's quite shocking to think of what you are bringing them to."

"You torture my feelings, Lord C—," said Mr. Aubrey, tremulously, and very pale; "but you do not convince my judgement. Every dictate of conscience and honor combines to assure me that I should not listen to your proposal."

"Good God! what an outrage on common sense! But has any thing been yet said on the subject of these liabilities—these *meane profits*, as I suppose they are called?"

"Nothing; but they follow as a matter of course."

"How is it that you owe only sixty thousand pounds, Aubrey?"

"Only sixty thousand!"

"At the rate of ten thousand a-year, you must have had at least a hundred thousand pounds."

"The statute of limitation prevents more than six years' arrears being recoverable."

"But do you intend, Aubrey, to avail yourself of such a protection against the just claims of this poor, unfortunate, ill-used gentleman? Are not the remaining forty thousand pounds justly due—money of his which you have been making away with? Will you let a mere technical rule of law outweigh the dictates of honor and conscience?"

"I do not exactly understand your drift, Lord C—."

"Your sovereign has a right to command your services; and by obeying him and serving your country, you are enabled to prevent a malignant opponent from running you and your family, by extorting a vast sum of money not equitably due: I protest I see no difference in principle, Aubrey, between availing yourself of the statute of limitations and of the call of the King to foreign service; but we must talk of this again. By the way, what is the name of your worthy opponent? Tittlemouse, or some such strange name?"

"Titmouse! By the way, you lose a set for Yatton," said Aubrey, with a faint smile. Lord C—, pricked up his ears.

"Ay, ay! how's that?"

"The gentleman you have named professes, I understand, Liberal principles; probably he will sit for the borough himself: at all events, he will return the member."

"He's a poor ignorant creature, isn't he? What has made him take up with Liberal principles? By taking a little notice of him early, one might—eh?—influence him;—but you don't intend to vacate this session?"

"I intend this day to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds; and this evening, if you like, a new writ may be moved for the borough of Yatton."

"You must come down to night, my dear Aubrey, you really must," said Lord C—, with undissimulated anxiety—more than he had shown during the interview. "The numbers will run very close; they are stirring heaven and earth;—good Heavens! my dear Aubrey, a vote's invaluable to night;—Gad, you shan't have the Chiltern Hundreds; you mustn't really apply for it—at all events, not till to-morrow."

"I shall sit no more in the House of Commons," said Mr. Aubrey, with a sad, determined air;—"besides I leave for Yatton by to-night's mail. There are those waiting for me whom you would not have me disappoint, Lord C—."

"Not for worlds, my dear Aubrey," replied Lord C—, half absently;—he was intensely disappointed at not obtaining Mr. Aubrey's vote that evening, and rose to go.

"Then I direct to Yatton, when I have occasion to write to you?" said he.

"For the next three weeks only. My movements after that period are not yet fixed."

"Adieu, Aubrey; and I intreat of you to remember me



most sincerely to Mrs. Aubrey and your sister; and when you look at them, remember—remember our conversation to-day." With this, Lord C— took his departure, and left poor Aubrey much depressed. He quickly, however, roused himself, and occupied the principal part of the day in making the necessary and melancholy arrangements for breaking up his establishment in Grosvenor street, and also disposing of his wines, books, and furniture at Yatton. He also instructed a house-agent to look out for two or three respectable but small houses in the outskirts of town, out of which they might choose the one which should appear most suitable to himself and Mrs. Aubrey, on their arrival in London. About eight o'clock he got into the York mail, and his heart was heavy within him.

## New Work by Boz.

### MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER LX.

Kit stood as one entranced, with his eyes opened wide and fixed upon the ground, regardless alike of the tremulous hold which Mr. Brass maintained on one side of his cravat, and of the firmer grasp of Miss Sally upon the other; although this latter detention was in itself no small inconvenience, as that fascinating woman, besides screwing her knuckles rather inconveniently into his throat from time to time, had fastened upon him in the first instance with so tight a grip, that even in the disorder and distraction of his thoughts he could not divest himself of an uneasy sense of choking. Between the brother and sister he remained in this posture, quite unresisting and passive, until Mr. Swiveller returned with a police constable at his heels.

This functionary, being of course well used to such scenes, looking upon all kinds of robbery, from petty larceny up to house-breaking or ventures on the highway, as matters in the regular course of business, and regarding the perpetrators in the light of so many customers coming to be served at the wholesale and retail shop of criminal law, where he stood behind the counter, received Mr. Brass's statement of facts with about as much interest and surprise, as an undertaker might evince if required to listen to a circumstantial account of the last illness of a person whom he was called in to wait upon professionally, and took Kit into custody with a decent indifference.

"We had better," said this subordinate minister of justice, "get to the office while there's a magistrate sitting. I shall want you to come along with us, Mr. Brass, and the—" he looked at Miss Sally as if in some doubt whether she might not be a griffin or other fabulous monster.

"The lady, eh?" said Sampson.

"Ah!" replied the constable. "Yes—the lady. Likewise the young man that found the property."

"Mr. Richard, sir," said Mr. Brass in a mournful voice. "A sad necessity. But the altar of our country, sir—"

"You'll have a hackney-coach, I suppose?" interrupted the constable, holding Kit (whom his other captors had released) carelessly by the arm, a little above the elbow. "Be so good as send for one, will you?"

"But hear me speak a word," cried Kit, raising his eyes and looking imploringly about him. "Hear me speak a word. I am no more guilty than any one of you. Upon my soul I am not. I, a thief! Oh, Mr. Brass, you know me better. I am sure you know me better. This is not right of you, indeed."

"I give you my word, constable—" said Brass. But here the constable interposed with the constitutional principle "words be blown"; observing that words were but spoon-meat for babes and sucklings, and that oaths were the food for strong men.

"Quite true, constable," assented Brass, in the same mournful tone. "Strictly correct. I give you my oath, constable, that down to a few minutes ago, when this fatal discovery was made, I had such confidence in that lad, that I'd have trusted him with—a hackney-coach, Mr. Richard, sir; you're very slow, sir."

"Who is there that knows me," cried Kit, "that would not trust me—that does not ask any body whether they have ever doubted me; whether I have ever wronged them of a farthing. Was I ever once dishonest when I was poor and hungry, and is it likely I would begin now? Oh consider what you do. How can I meet the kindest friends that ever human creature had, with this dreadful charge upon me?"

Mr. Brass rejoined that it would have been well for the prisoner if he had thought of that before, and was about to make some other gloomy observations, when the voice of the single gentleman was heard demanding from above—stairs what was the matter, and what was the cause of all that noise and hurry. Kit made an involuntary start towards the door, in his anxiety to answer for himself, but being speedily detained by the constable, had the agony of seeing Sampson Brass run out alone to tell the story in his own way.

"And he can hardly believe it, either," said Sampson, when he returned, nor nobody will. I wish I could doubt the evidence of my senses, but their depositions are unimpeachable. It's of no use cross-examining my eyes," cried Sampson, winking and rubbing them, "they stick to their first account, and will. Now, Sarah, I hear the coach in the Marks; get on your bonnet, and we'll be off. A sad errand! a moral funeral, quite!"

"Mr. Brass," said Kit, "do me one favor. Take me to Mr. Witherden's first."

Sampson shook his head irresolutely.

"Do," said Kit. "My master's there. For Heaven's sake, take me there first."

"Well, I don't know," stammered Brass, who perhaps had his reasons for wishing to show as fair as possible in the eyes of the notary. "How do we stand in point of time, constable, eh?"

The constable, who had been chewing a straw all this while with great philosophy, replied that if they went away at once they would have time enough, but that if they stood shilly-shallying there any longer they must go straight to

the Mansion House; and finally expressed his opinion that that was where it was, and that was all about it.

Mr. Richard Swiveller having arrived inside the coach, and still remaining immovable in the most commodious corner with his face to the horses, Mr. Brass instructed the officer to remove his prisoner, and declared himself quite ready. Therefore the constable, still holding Kit in the same manner, and pushing him on a little before him, so as to keep him at about three-quarter's of an arm's length in advance (which is the professional mode), thrust him into the vehicle and followed himself. Miss Sally entered next; and there being now four inside, Sampson Brass got upon the box, and made the coachman drive on.

Still completely stunned by the sudden and terrible change which had taken place in his affairs, Kit sat gazing out of the coach-window, almost hoping to see some monstrous phenomenon in the streets, which might give him reason to believe he was in a dream. Alas! Every thing was too real and familiar; the same succession of turnings, the same houses, the same streams of people running side by side in different directions upon the pavement, the same bustle of carts and carriages in the road, the same well-remembered objects in the shop-windows; a regularity in the very noise and hurry which no dream ever mirrored. Dream-like as the story was, it was true. He stood charged with robbery; the note had been found upon him, though he was innocent in thought and deed; and they were carrying him back, a prisoner.

Absorbed in these painful ruminations, thinking with a drooping heart of his mother and little Jacob, feeling as though even the consciousness of innocence would be insufficient to support him in the presence of his friends if they believed him guilty, and sinking in hope and courage more and more as they drew nearer to the notary's, poor Kit was looking earnestly out of the window, observant of nothing—when all at once, as though it had been conjured up by magic, he became aware of the face of Quilp.

And what a leer there was upon the face! It was from the open window of a tavern that it looked out; and the dwarf had so spread himself over it, with his elbows on the window-sill and his head resting on both his hands, that what between this attitude and his being swollen with oppressed laughter, he looked puffed and bloated into twice his usual breadth. Mr. Brass, on recognizing him, immediately stopped the coach. As it came to a halt directly opposite to where he stood, the dwarf pulled off his hat, and saluted the party with a hideous and grotesque politeness.

"Aha!" he cried, "where now, Brass? where now? Sally with you, too? Sweet Sally! And Dick? Pleasant Dick! And Kit? Honest Kit!"

"He's extremely cheerful!" said Brass to the coachman. "Very much so! Ah, sir—a sad business! Never believe in honesty any more, sir."

"Why not?" said the dwarf. "Why not, you rogue of a lawyer, why not?"

"Bank-note lost in our office, sir," said Brass, shaking his head. "Found in his hat, sir—he previously left alone there—no mistake at all, sir—chain of evidence complete—not a link wanting."

"What!" cried the dwarf, leaning half his body out of the window, "Kit a thief! Kit a thief! Ha, ha, ha! Why, he's an uglier-looking thief than can be seen any where for a penny. Eh, Kit—eh? Ha, ha, ha! Have you taken Kit into custody before he had time and opportunity to beat me? Eh, Kit, eh?" And with that he burst into a yell of laughter, manifestly to the great terror of the coachman, and pointed to a dyer's pole hard by, where a dangling suit of clothes bore some resemblance to a man upon a gibbet.

"Is it coming to that, Kit?" cried the dwarf, rubbing his hands violently. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a disappointment for little Jacob, and for his darling mother! Let him have the Bethel minister to comfort and console him, Brass. Eh, Kit, eh? Drive on, coach, drive on. Bye, bye, Kit; all good go with you; keep up your spirits; my love to the Garlands—the dear old lady and gentleman. Say I inquired after 'em, will you? Blessings on 'em, and on you, and on every body, Kit. Blessings on all the world."

With such good wishes and farewells, poured out in a rapid torrent until they were out of hearing, Quilp suffered them to depart; and when he could see the coach no longer, drew in his head, and rolled upon the ground in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

When they reached the notary's, which they were not long in doing, for they had encountered the dwarf in a bye street at a very little distance from the house, Mr. Brass dismounted: and opening the coach door with a melancholy visage, requested his sister to accompany him into the office, with the view of preparing the good people within for the mournful intelligence that awaited them. Miss Sally complying, he desired Mr. Swiveller to accompany them. So, into the office they went; Mr. Sampson and his sister arm-in-arm; and Mr. Swiveller following alone.

The notary was standing before the fire in the outer office, talking to Mr. Abel and the elder Mr. Garland, while Mr. Chuckerster sat writing at the desk, picking up such crumbs of their conversation as happened to fall in his way. This posture of affairs Mr. Brass observed through the glass-door as he was turning the handle, and seeing that the notary recognized him, he began to shake his head and sigh deeply while that partition yet divided them.

"Sir, said Sampson, taking off his hat, and kissing the two forefingers of his right hand beaver glove, "my name is Brass—Brass of Bevis Marks, sir. I have had the honor and pleasure, sir, of being concerned against you in some little testamentary matters. How do you do, sir?"

"My clerk will attend to any business you may have come upon, Mr. Brass," said the notary, turning away.

"Thank you, sir," said Brass, "thank you, I am sure. Allow me, sir, to introduce my sister—quite one of us, sir, although of the weaker sex—of great use in my business, sir, I assure you. Mr. Richard, sir, have the goodness to come forward, if you please—No, really," said Brass, stepping between the notary and his private office (towards which he had begun to retreat,) and speaking in the tone of an injured man, "really, sir, I must, under favor, request a word or two with you, indeed."

"Mr. Brass," said the other, in a decided tone, "I am engaged. You see that I am occupied with these gentlemen. If you will communicate your business to Mr. Chuckerster, yonder, you will receive every attention."

"Gentlemen," said Brass, laying his right hand on his

waistcoat, and looking towards the father and son with a smooth smile—"Gentlemen, I appeal to you—really, gentlemen—consider, I beg of you. I am of the law. I am styled 'gentleman' by act of Parliament. I maintain the title by the annual payment of thirteen pound ten shillings for a certificate. I am not one of your players of music, stage actors, writers of books, or painters of pictures, who assume a station that the laws of their country don't recognize. I am none of your strollers or vagabonds. If any man brings his action against me, he must describe me as a gentleman, or his action is null and void. I appeal to you—is this quite respectful? Really, gentlemen—"

"Well, will you have the goodness to state your business, then, Mr. Brass," said the notary.

"Sir," rejoined Brass, "I will. Ah, Mr. Witherden! you little know the—but I will not be tempted to travel from the point, sir. I believe the name of one of the gentlemen is Garland."

"Of both," said the notary.

"Indeed!" rejoined Brass, cringing excessively. "But I might have known that from the uncommon likeness. Extremely happy, I am sure, to have the honor of an introduction to two such gentlemen, although the occasion is a most painful one. One of you gentlemen has a servant called Kit?"

"Both," replied the notary.

"Two Kits?" said Brass, smiling. "Dear me!"

"One Kit, sir," returned Mr. Witherden, angrily "who is employed by both gentlemen. What of him?"

"This of him, sir," rejoined Brass, dropping his voice impressively. "That young man, sir, that I have felt unbounded and unlimited confidence in, and always behaved to as if he was my equal—that young man has this morning committed a robbery in my office, and been taken almost in the act."

"This must be some falsehood!" cried the notary.

"It is not possible," said Mr. Abel.

"I'll not believe one word of it!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

Mr. Brass looked mildly round upon them, and rejoined—

"Mr. Witherden, sir, your words are actionable, and if I was a man of low and mean standing, who could not afford to be slandered, I should proceed to damages. However, sir, being what I am, I merely scorn such expressions. The honest warmth of the other gentleman I respect, and I'm truly sorry to be the messenger of such unpleasant news. I should not have put myself in this painful position, I assure you, but that the lad himself desired to be brought here in the first instance, and I yielded to his prayers. Mr. Chuckerster, sir, will you have the goodness to tap at the window for the constable that's waiting in the coach?"

The three gentlemen looked at each other with blank faces when these words were uttered; and Mr. Chuckerster, doing as he was desired, and leaping off his stool with something of the excitement of an inspired prophet whose foretellings had in the fulness of time been realized, held the door open for the entrance of the wretched captive.

Such a scene as there was when Kit came in, and bursting into the rude eloquence with which truth at length inspired him, called heaven to witness that he was innocent, and that how the property came to be found upon him he knew not! Such a confusion of tongues, before the circumstances were related, and the proofs disclosed! Such a dead silence when all was told, and his three friends exchanged looks of doubt and amazement!

"Is it not possible," said Mr. Witherden, after a long pause, "that this note may have found its way into the hat by some accident—such as the removal of papers on the desk, for instance?"

But this was clearly shown to be quite impossible. Mr. Swiveller, though an unwilling witness, could not help proving to demonstration, from the position in which it was found, that it must have been designedly secreted.

"It's very distressing," said Brass, "immensely distressing, I am sure. When he comes to be tried, I shall be happy to recommend him to mercy on account of his previous good character. I did lose money, before, certainly, but it does not quite follow that he took it. The presumption's against him—strongly against him—but we're Christians, I hope?"

"I suppose," said the constable, looking round, "that no gentleman here can give evidence as to whether he has been flush of money of late. Do you happen to know sir?"

"He has had money from time to time, certainly," returned Mr. Garland, to whom the man had put the question. "But that, as he always told me, was given him by Mr. Brass himself."

"Yes, to be sure," said Kit, eagerly. "You can bear me out in that, sir?"

"Eh?" cried Brass, looking from face to face with an expression of stupid amazement.

"The money, you know—the half crowns, that you gave me—from the lodger," said Kit.

"Oh dear me!" cried Brass, shaking his head and frowning heavily. "This is a bad case, I find; a very bad case indeed."

"What, did you give him no money on account of any body, sir?" asked Mr. Garland, with great anxiety.

"I gave him money, sir?" returned Sampson Brass. "Oh, come, you know this is too barefaced. Constable, my good fellow, we had better be going."

"What!" shrieked Kit. "Does he deny that he did? ask him, somebody, pray. Ask him to tell you whether he did or not?"

"Did you, sir?" asked the notary.

"I tell you what, gentleman," replied Brass, in a very grave manner, "he'll not serve his case this way, and really, if you feel any interest in him, you had better advise him to go upon some other tack. Did I, sir? Of course I never did."

"Gentlemen," cried Kit, on whom a light broke suddenly, "Master, Mr. Able, Mr. Witherden, every one of you—he did it! What I have done to offend him, I do not know, but this is a plot to ruin me. Mind, gentlemen, it's a plot, and whatever comes of it, I will say with my dying breath that he put that note in my hat himself. Look at him, gentlemen. See how he changes color. Which of us looks the guilty person—he, or I?"

"You hear him, gentleman?" said Brass, smiling, "you hear him. Now, does this case strike you as assuming rather a black complexion, or does it not? Is it at all

a treacherous case, do you think, or is it one of mere ordinary guilt? Perhaps, gentlemen, if he had not said this in your presence, and I had reported it, you'd have held this to be impossible likewise, eh?"

With such pacific and bantering remarks did Mr. Brass refute the foul aspersion on his character; but the virtuous Sarah, moved by stronger feelings, and, having at heart perhaps a more jealous regard for the honor of the family, flew from her brother's side without any previous intimation of her design, and darted at the prisoner with the utmost fury. It would undoubtedly have gone hard with Kit's face, but that the wary constable, foreseeing her design, drew him aside at the critical moment, and thus placed Mr. Chuckster in circumstances of some jeopardy; for that gentleman happening to be next the object of Miss Brass's wrath, and rage being, like love and fortune, blind, was pounced upon by the fair enslaver, and had a false collar plucked up by the roots, and his hair very much dishevelled, before the exertions of the company could make her sensible of her mistake.

The constable, taking warning by this desperate attack, and thinking perhaps that it would be more satisfactory to the ends of justice if the prisoner was taken before a magistrate whole, rather than in small pieces, led him back to the hackney-coach without more ado, and further insisted on Miss Brass becoming an outside passenger; to which proposal the charming creature, after a little angry discussion, yielded her consent: and so took her brother Sampson's place upon the box, Mr. Brass with some reluctance agreeing to occupy her seat inside. These arrangements perfected, they drove to the justice-room with all speed, followed by the notary and his two friends in another coach. Mr. Chuckster alone was left behind—greatly to his indignation; for he held the evidence he could have given, relative to Kit's returning to work out the shilling, to be so very material as bearing upon his hypocritical and designing character, that he considered its suppression little better than a compromise of felony.

At the justice-room they found the single gentleman, who had gone straight there, and was expecting them with desperate impatience. But not fifty single gentlemen rolled into one could have helped poor Kit, who in half an hour afterward was committed for trial, and was assured by a friendly officer on his way to prison that there was no occasion to be cast down, for the sessions would soon be on, and he would in all likelihood get his little affair disposed of, and be comfortably transported in less than a fortnight.

#### CHAPTER LXI.

Let moralists and philosophers say what they may, it is very questionable whether a guilty man would have felt half as much misery that night, as Kit did, being innocent. The world, being in the constant commission of vast quantities of injustice, is a little too apt to comfort itself with the idea that if the victim of its falsehood and malice have a clear conscience, he cannot fail to be sustained under his trials, and somehow or other to come right at last; "in which case," say they who have hunted him down, "though we certainly do not expect it—nobody will be better pleased than we." Whereas, the world would do well to reflect, that injustice is in itself, to every generous and properly constituted mind, an injury, of all others the most insufferable, the most torturing, and the most hard to bear; and that many clear consciences have gone to their account elsewhere, and many sound hearts have broken, because of this very reason; the knowledge of their own deserts only aggravating their sufferings, and rendering them the less endurable.

The world, however, was not in fault in Kit's case. But Kit was innocent, and feeling that his best friends deemed him guilty—that Mr. and Mrs. Garland would look upon him as a monster of ingratitude—that Barbara would associate him with all that was bad and criminal—that the pony would consider himself forsaken—and that even his own mother might perhaps yield to the strong appearances against him, and believe him to be the wretch he seemed—knowing and feeling all this, he experienced at first an agony of mind which no words can describe, and walked up and down the little cell in which he was locked up for the night, almost beside himself with grief.

Even when the violence of these emotions had in some degree subsided, and he was beginning to grow more calm, there came into his mind a new thought, the anguish of which was scarcely less. The child—the bright star of the simple fellow's life—she, who always came back upon him like a beautiful dream—who had made the poorest part of his existence, the happiest and best—who had ever been so gentle, and considerate, and good—if she were ever to hear of this, what would she think! As this idea occurred to him, the walls of the prison seemed to melt away, and the old place to reveal itself in their stead, as it was wont to be on winter nights—the fireside, the little supper-table, the old man's hat, and coat, and stick—the half-opened door, leading to her little room—they were all there. And Nell herself was there, and he—both laughing heartily as they had often done—and when he had got as far as this, Kit could go no farther, and flung himself upon his poor bedstead and wept.

It was a long night, that seemed as though it would have no end; but he slept too, and dreamed—always of being at liberty, and roving about, now with one person and now with another; but ever with a vague dread of being recalled to prison; not that prison, but one which was in itself a dim idea, not of a place, but of a care and sorrow; of something oppressive and always present, and yet impossible to define. At last the morning dawned, and there was the jail itself—cold, black, and dreary, and very real indeed.

He was left to himself, however, and there was comfort in that. He had liberty to walk in a small paved yard at a certain hour, and learned from the turnkey, who came to unlock his cell and show him where to wash, that there was a regular time for visiting every day, and that if any of his friends came to see him, he would be fetched down to the grate. When he had given him this information, and a tin porringer containing his breakfast, the man locked him up again, and went clattering along the stone passage, opening and shutting a great many other doors, and raising numberless loud echoes which resounded through the building for a long time, as if they were in prison too, and unable to get out.

This turnkey had given him to understand that he was

lodged, like some few others in the jail, apart from the mass of prisoners; because he was not supposed to be utterly depraved and irreclaimable, and had never occupied apartments in that mansion before. Kit was thankful for this indulgence, and sat reading the church catechism very attentively (though he had known it by heart from a little child,) until he heard the key in the lock, and the man entered again.

"Now then," he said, "come on."

"Where to, sir?" asked Kit.

The man contented himself by briefly replying "Visitors;" and taking him by the arm in exactly the same manner as the constable had done the day before, led him through several winding ways and strong gates into a passage, where he placed him at a grating, and turned upon his heel. Beyond this grating, at the distance of about four or five feet, was another, exactly like it. In the space between, sat a turnkey reading a newspaper; and outside the further railing Kit saw, with a palpitating heart, his mother, with the baby in her arms, Barbara's mother, with her never-failing umbrella, and poor little Jacob, staring in with all his might, as though he were looking for the bird, or the wild beast, and thought the men were mere accidents with whom the bars could have no possible concern.

But directly little Jacob saw his brother, and, thrusting his arms between the rails to hug him, found that he came no nearer, but still stood afar off, with his head resting on the arm by which he held to one of the bars, he began to cry most piteously; whereupon Kit's mother and Barbara's mother, who had restrained themselves as much as possible, burst out sobbing and weeping afresh. Poor Kit could not help joining them, and not one of them could speak a word.

During this melancholy pause, the turnkey read his newspaper with a waggish look (he had evidently got among the facetious paragraphs) until, happening to take his eye off it for an instant, as if to get, by dint of contemplation, at the very marrow of some joke of a deeper sort than the rest, it appeared to occur to him for the first time that somebody was crying.

"Now, ladies, ladies," he said, looking round with surprise, "I'd advise you not to waste time like this. It's allowed here, you know. You must n't let that child make that noise either. It's against all rules."

"I'm his poor mother, sir," sobbed Mrs. Nubbles, cursing humbly, "and this is his brother, sir. Oh dear, dear me!"

"Well!" replied the turnkey, folding his paper on his knee, so as to get with greater convenience at the top of the next column. "It can't be helped, you know. He can't be the only one in the same fix. You must n't make a noise about it!"

With that, he went on reading. The man was not naturally cruel or hard-hearted. He had come to look upon felony as a kind of disorder, like the scarlet fever or erysipelas: some people had it—some had n't—just as it might be.

"Oh! my darling Kit," said his mother, whom Barbara's mother had charitably relieved of the baby—"that I should see my poor boy here!"

"You do n't believe I did what they accuse me of, mother dear?" cried Kit, in a choking voice.

"I believe it!" exclaimed the poor woman. "I, that never knew you tell a lie, or do a bad action from your cradle—that have never had a moment's sorrow on your account, except it was for the poor meals you have taken with such good humor and content, that I forgot how little there was when I thought how kind and thoughtful you were, though you were but a child—I believe it of the son that's been a comfort to me from the hour of his birth to this time, and that I never laid down in anger with! I believe it of you, Kit!"

"Why, then, thank God!" said Kit, clutching the bars with an earnestness that shook them, "and I can bear it, mother. Come what may, I shall always have one drop of happiness in my heart when I think that you said that."

At this, the poor woman fell a crying again, and Barbara's mother too. And little Jacob, whose disjoined thoughts had by this time resolved themselves into a pretty distinct impression that Kit could n't go out for a walk if he wanted, and that there were no birds, lions, tigers, or other natural curiosities behind those bars—nothing indeed, but a caged brother—added his tears to theirs with as little noise as possible.

Kit's mother, drying her eyes (and moistening them, poor soul, more than she dried them,) now took from the ground a small basket, and submissively addressed herself to the turnkey, saying, would he please to listen to her for a minute? The turnkey, being in the very crisis and passion of a joke, motioned to her with his hand to keep silent one minute longer, for her life. Nor did he remove his hand into its former posture, but kept it in the same warning attitude until he had finished the paragraph, when he paused for a few seconds; with a smile upon his face, as who should say, "this editor is a comical blade—a funny dog," and then asked her what she wanted.

"I have brought him a little something to eat," said the good woman. "If you please, sir, might he have it?"

"Yes—he may have it. There's no rule against that. Give it to me when you go, and I'll take care he has it."

"No, but if you please, sir—do n't be angry with me, sir—I am his mother, and you had a mother once—If I might only see him eat a little bit, I should go away so much more satisfied that he was all comfortable."

And again the tears of Kit's mother burst forth, and of Barbara's mother, and of little Jacob. As to the baby, it was crowing and laughing with all its might—under the idea, apparently, that the whole scene had been invented and got up for its peculiar satisfaction.

The turnkey looked as if he thought the request a strange one, and rather out of the common way; but, nevertheless, he laid down his paper, and coming round to where Kit's mother stood, took the basket from her, and after inspecting its contents, handed it to Kit, and went back to his place. It may be easily conceived that the prisoner had no great appetite, but he sat down upon the ground and ate as hard at he could, while at every morsel he put up to his mouth, his mother sobbed and wept afresh, though with a softened grief that bespoke the satisfaction the sight afforded her.

While he was thus engaged, Kit made some anxious inquiries about his employers, and whether they had expressed any opinion about him; but all he could learn was,

that Mr. Abel had himself broken the intelligence to his mother, with great kindness and delicacy, late on the previous night, but had himself expressed no opinion of his innocence or guilt. Kit was on the point of mustering courage to ask Barbara's mother about Barbara, when the turnkey who had conducted him re-appeared, a second turnkey appeared behind his visitors, and the third turnkey with the newspaper cried "Time's up!"—adding, in the same breath, "Now for the next party," and then plunging deep into his newspaper again. Kit was taken off in an instant, with a blessing from his mother, and a scream from little Jacob, ringing in his ears. As he was crossing the next yard with the basket in his hand, under the guidance of his former conductor, another officer called to them to stop, and came up with a pint-pot of porter in his hand.

"This is Christopher Nubbles, is n't it, that come in last night for felony?" said the man.

His comrade replied that this was the chicken in question.

"Then here's your beer," said the other man to Christopher. "What are you looking at? There an't a discharge in it."

"I beg your pardon," said Kit. "Who sent it me?"

"Why, your friend," replied the man. "You're to have it every day, he says. And so you will, if he pays for it."

"My friend!" repeated Kit.

"You're all abroad, seemingly," returned the other man. "There's his letter. Take hold."

Kit took it, and when he was locked up again, read as follows:

"Drink of this cup. You'll find there's a spell in its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality. Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen! Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality (Barclay & Co.'s.) If they ever send it in a flat state, complain to the Governor. Yours, R. S."

"R. S.!" said Kit, after some consideration. "It must be Mr. Richard Swiveller. Well, it's very kind of him, and I thank him heartily."

#### CHAPTER LXII.

A faint light, twinkling from the window of the counting-house on Quilp's wharf, and looking inflamed and red through the night-fog, as though it suffered from it like an eye, forewarned Mr. Sampson Brass, as he approached the wooden cabin with a cautious step, that the excellent proprietor, his esteemed client, was inside, and probably waiting with his accustomed patience and sweetness of temper the fulfilment of the appointment which now brought Mr. Brass within his fair domain.

"A treacherous place to pick one's steps of a dark night," muttered Sampson, as he stumbled for the twentieth time over some stray lumber, and limped in pain. "I believe that boy strews the ground differently every day, on purpose to bruise and maim one; unless his master does it with his own hands, which is more than likely. I hate to come to this place without Sally. She's more protection than a dozen men."

As he paid this compliment to the merit of the absent charmer, Mr. Brass came to a halt; looking doubtfully toward the light, and over his shoulder.

"What's he about, I wonder?" murmured the lawyer, standing on tiptoe, and endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of what was passing inside, which at that distance was impossible—"drinking, I suppose—making himself more fiery and furious, and heating his malice and mischievousness till they boil. I'm always afraid to come here by myself, when his account's a pretty large one. I do n't believe he'd mind throttling me, and dropping me softly into the river when the tide was at its strongest, any more than he'd mind killing a rat—indeed I do n't know whether he would n't consider it a pleasant joke. Hark! Now he's singing!"

Mr. Quilp was certainly entertaining himself with vocal exercise, but it was rather a kind of chant than a song: being a monotonous repetition of one sentence in a very rapid manner, with a long stress upon the last word, which he swelled into a dismal roar. Nor did the burden of this performance bear any reference to love, or war, or wine, or loyalty, or any other, the standard topics of song, but to a subject not often set to music, or generally known in ballads; the words being these: "The worthy magistrate, after remarking that the prisoner would find some difficulty in persuading a jury to believe his tale, committed him to take his trial at the approaching sessions; and directed the customary recognizances to be entered into for the prosecution."

Every time he came to this concluding word, and had exhausted all possible stress upon it, Quilp burst into a shriek of laughter, and began again.

"He's dreadfully imprudent," muttered Brass, after he had listened to two or three repetitions of the chant. "Horribly imprudent. I wish he was dumb. I wish he was deaf. I wish he was blind. Hang him," cried Brass, as the chant began again, "I wish he was dead."

Giving utterance to these friendly aspirations in behalf of his client, Mr. Sampson composed his face into its usual state of smoothness, and waiting until the shriek came again and was dying away, went up to the wooden house, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried the dwarf,

"How do you do to-night, sir?" said Sampson, peeping in. "Ha, ha, ha! How do you do, sir? Oh dear me, how very whimsical! Amazingly whimsical to be sure!"

"Come in, you fool," returned the dwarf, "and do n't stand there shaking your head and showing your teeth. Come in, you false witness, you perjurer, you suborner of evidence, come in!"

"He has the richest humor!" cried Brass, shutting the door behind him; "the most amazing vein of comicality! But is n't it rather injudicious, sir—?"

"What?" demanded Quilp. "What, Judas?"

"Judas!" cried Brass. "He has such extraordinary spirits! His humor is so extraordinary playful! Judas! Oh yes—dear me, how very good! Ha, ha, ha!"

All this time Sampson was rubbing his hands, and staring with ludicrous surprise and dismay, at a great goggle-eyed, blunt-nosed figure-head of some old ship, which was reared up against the wall in a corner near the stove, looking like a goblin or hideous idol whom the dwarf worshipped. A mass of timber on its head, carved into the dim and distant semblance of a cocked-hat, together with a representation of a star on the left breast, and epaulettes on the shoulders,



denoted that it was intended for the effigy of some famous admiral; but without those helps, any observer might have supposed it the authentic portrait of a distinguished merman, or great sea-monster. Being originally much too large for the apartment which it was now employed to decorate, it had been sawn short off at the waist. Even in this state it reached from floor to ceiling; and thrusting itself forward with that excessively wide-awake aspect, and air of somewhat obtrusive politeness, by which figure-heads are usually characterized, seemed to reduce everything else to mere pigmy proportions.

"Do you know it?" said the dwarf, watching Sampson's eyes. "Do you see the likeness?"

"Eh!" said Brass, holding his head on one side, and throwing it a little back, as connoisseurs do. "Now I look at it again, I fancy I see a—yes, there certainly is something in the smile that reminds me of—and yet upon my word I—"

Now, the fact was, that Sampson, having never seen any thing in the smallest degree resembling this substantial phantasm, was much perplexed; being uncertain whether Mr. Quilp considered it like himself, and had therefore bought it for a family portrait; or whether he was pleased to consider it as the likeness of some enemy. He was not very long in doubt; for, while he was surveying it with that knowing look which people assume when they are contemplating for the first time portraits which they ought to recognise but do not, the dwarf threw down the newspaper from which he had been chanting the words already quoted, and seizing a rusty iron bar, which he used in lieu of a poker, dealt the figure such a stroke on the nose that it rocked again.

"Is it like Kit—is it his picture, his image, his very self?" cried the dwarf, aiming a shower of blows at the insensible countenance, and covering it with deep dimples. "Is it the exact model and counterpart of the dog—is it—is it?" And with every repetition of the question, he battered the great image until the perspiration streamed down his face with the violence of the exercise.

Although this might have been a very comical thing to look at from a secure gallery, as a bull-fight is found to be a very comfortable spectacle by those who are not in the arena, and a house on fire is better than a play to people who don't live near it, there was something in the earnestness of Mr. Quilp's manner which made his legal adviser feel that the counting-house was a little too small, and a great deal too lonely, for the due enjoyment of these humors. Therefore he stood as far off as he could while the dwarf was thus engaged; whimpering out but feeble applause; and when he left off, and sat down again from pure exhaustion, approached with more obsequiousness than ever.

"Excellent indeed!" cried Brass. "He he! Oh, very good sir. You know," said Sampson, looking round as if in appeal to the bruised admiral, "he's quite a remarkable man—quite!"

"Sit down," said the dwarf. "I bought the dog yesterday. I've been screwing gimlets into him, and sticking forks in his eyes, and cutting my name on him. I mean to burn him at last."

"Ha, ha!" cried Brass. "Extremely entertaining, indeed!"

"Come here!" said Quilp, beckoning him to draw near. "What's injudicious, hey?"

"Nothing sir—nothing. Scarcely worth mentioning sir; but I thought that song—admirably humorous in itself you know—was perhaps rather—"

"Yes," said Quilp, "rather what?"

"Just bordering, or as one may say remotely verging upon the confines of injudiciousness perhaps, sir," returned Brass, looking timidly at the dwarf's cunning eyes, which were turned towards the fire and reflected its red light.

"Why?" inquired Quilp, without looking up.

"Why, you know, sir," returned Brass, venturing to be more familiar:—"the fact is, sir, that any allusion to these little combinings together of friends for objects in themselves extremely laudable, but which the law terms conspiracies, are—you take me, sir?—best kept snug and among friends, you know."

"Eh!" said Quilp, looking up with a perfectly vacant countenance. "What do you mean?"

"Cautious, exceedingly cautious, very right and proper!" cried Brass, nodding his head. "Mum, sir, even here—my meaning sir, exactly."

"Your meaning exactly, you brazen scarecrow,—what's your meaning?" retorted Quilp. "Why do you talk to me of combining together? Do I combine? Do I know anything about your combinings?"

"No, no, sir—certainly not; not by any means," returned Brass.

"If you so wink and nod at me," said the dwarf, looking about him as if for his poker, "I'll spoil the expression of your monkey's face, I will."

"Do n't put yourself out of the way I beg, sir," rejoined Brass, checking himself with great alacrity. "You're quite right, sir, quite right. I should n't have mentioned the subject, sir. It's much better not to. You're quite right, sir. Let us change it, if you please. You were asking, sir, Sally told me, about our lodger. He has not returned, sir."

"No!" said Quilp, heating some rum in a little saucepan, and watching it to prevent its boiling over. "Why not?" "Why sir," returned Brass, "he—dear me, Mr. Quilp, sir—"

"What's the matter?" said the dwarf, stepping his hand in the act of carrying the saucepan to his mouth.

"You have forgotten the water, sir," said Brass. And—excuse me, sir—but it's burning hot."

Deigning no other than a practical answer to his remonstrance, Mr. Quilp raised the hot saucepan to his lips, and deliberately drank off all the spirit it contained; which might have been in quantity about half a pint, and had been but a moment before, when he took it off the fire, bubbling and hissing fiercely. Having swallowed this gentle stimulant, and shaken his fist at the admiral, he bade Mr. Brass proceed.

"But first," said Quilp, with his accustomed grin, "have a drop yourself—a nice drop—a good, warm, fiery drop."

"Why, sir," replied Brass, "if there was such a thing as a mouthful of water that could be got without trouble—"

"There's no such thing to be had here," cried the dwarf,

"Water for lawyers! Melted lead and brimstone, you mean; nice, hot, blistering pitch and tar—that's the thing for them—eh, Brass, eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Brass. "Oh, very biting! and yet it's like being tickled—there's a pleasure in it too, sir!"

"Drink that," said the dwarf, who had by this time heated some more. "Toss it off, do n't leave any heel-tap scorch your throat and be happy."

The wretched Sampson took a few short sips of the liquor, which immediately distilled itself into burning tears, and in that form came rolling down his cheeks into the pipkin again, turning the color of his face and eyelids to a deep red, and giving rise to a violent fit of coughing, in the midst of which he was still heard to declare, with the constancy of a martyr, that it was "b' careful indeed!" While he was yet in unspeakable agonies, the dwarf renewed their conversation.

"The lodger," said Quilp; "what about him?"

"He is still, sir," returned Brass, with intervals of coughing, "stopping with the Garland family. He has only been home once, sir, since the day of the examination of that culprit. He informed Mr. Richard, sir, that he could n't bear the house after what had taken place; that he was wretched in it; and that he looked upon himself as being in a certain kind of way the cause of the occurrence. A very excellent lodger, sir. I hope we may not lose him."

"Yah!" cried the dwarf. "Never thinking of any body but yourself—why do n't you retrench then—scrape up, hoard, economise, eh?"

"Why, sir," replied Brass, "upon my word I think Sarah's as good an economiser as any going. I do indeed, Mr. Quilp."

"Moisten your clay, wet the other eye, drink man," cried the dwarf. "You took a clerk to oblige me."

"Delighted, sir, I am sure, at any time," replied Sampson. "Yes, sir, I did."

"Then, now you may discharge him," said Quilp. "There's a means of retrenchment for you at once."

"Discharge Mr. Richard, sir?" cried Brass.

"Have you more than one clerk, you parrot, that you ask the question? Yes."

"Upon my word, sir," said Brass. "I was n't prepared for this—"

"How could you be?" sneered the dwarf, "when I was n't? How often am I to tell you that I brought him to you that I might always have my eye in him and know where he was—and that I had a plot, a scheme, a little, quiet piece of enjoyment afoot, of which the very cream and essence was, that this old man and grandchild (who have sunk underground I think) should be, while he and his precious friend believed them rich, in reality as poor as frozen rats?"

"I quite understand that, sir," rejoined Brass. "Thoroughly."

"Well, sir," retorted Quilp, "and do you understand now, that they're not poor—that they can't be, if they have such men as your lodger searching for them, and scouring the country far and wide?"

"Of course I do, sir," said Sampson.

"Of course you do," retorted the dwarf, viciously snapping at his words. "Of course do you understand, then, that it's no matter what comes of this fellow? Of course do you understand that for any other purpose he's no man for me, nor for you?"

"I have frequently said to Sarah, sir," returned Brass, "that he was of no use at all in the business. You can't put any confidence in him, sir. If you'll believe me I've found that fellow, in the commonest little matters of the office that have been trusted to him, blurring out the truth, though expressly cautioned. The aggravation of that, chap, sir, has exceeded any thing you can imagine, it has indeed. Nothing but the respect and obligation I owe to you, sir—"

As it was plain that Sampson was bent on a complimentary harangue, unless he received a timely interruption, Mr. Quilp politely tapped him on the crown of his head with the little saucepan, and requested that he would be so obliging as to hold his peace.

"Practical, sir, practical," said Brass, rubbing the place, and smiling; "but still extremely pleasant—immensely so!"

"Hearken to me, will you?" returned Quilp, "or I'll be a little more pleasant, presently. There's no chance of his comrade and friend returning. The scamp has been obliged to fly, as I learn, for some knavery, and has found his way abroad. Let him rot there."

"Certainly, sir. Quite proper. Forcible!" cried Brass, glancing at the admiral again, as if he made a third in company. "Extremely forcible!"

"I hate him," said Quilp between his teeth, "and have always hated him, for family reasons. Besides, he was an intractable ruffian; otherwise he would have been of use. This fellow is pigeon-hearted, and light-headed. I do n't want him any longer. Let him hang or drown—starve—go to the devil."

"By all means, sir," returned Brass. "When would you wish him, sir, to—ha, ha!—to make that little excursion?"

"When this trial's over," said Quilp. "As soon as that's ended, send him about his business."

"It shall be done, sir," returned Brass; "by all means. It will be rather a blow to Sarah, sir, but she has all her feelings under control. Ah, Mr. Quilp, I often think, sir, if it had only pleased Providence to bring you and Sarah together in earlier life, what blessed results would have flowed from such a union. You never saw our dear father, sir? A charming gentleman. Sarah was his pride and joy, sir. He would have closed his eyes in bliss, would Foxey, Mr. Quilp, if he could have found her such a partner. You esteem her, sir?"

"I love her," croaked the dwarf.

"You're very good, sir," returned Brass, "I am sure. Is there any other order, sir, that I can take a note of, besides this little matter of Mr. Richard?"

"None," replied the dwarf, seizing the saucepan. "Let us drink the lovely Sarah."

"If we could do it in something, sir, that was n't quite boiling," suggested Brass humbly, "perhaps it would be better. I think it will be more agreeable to her feelings, when she comes to hear from me of the honor you have done her, if she learns it was in liquor rather cooler than the last, sir."

"But to these remonstrances Mr. Quilp turned a deaf ear. Sampson Brass, who was by this time anything but sober, being compelled to take further draughts of the same strong bowl, found that, instead of at all contributing to his recovery, they had the novel effect of making the counting-house spin round and round with extreme velocity, and causing the floor and ceiling to heave in a very distressing manner. After a brief stupor, he awoke to a consciousness of being partly under the table and partly under the grate. This position not being the most comfortable one he could have chosen for himself, he managed to stagger to his feet, and holding on by the admiral, looked round for his host.

Mr. Brass's first impression was that his host was gone and had left him there alone—perhaps locked him in for the night. A strong smell of tobacco, however, suggesting a new train of ideas, he looked upwards and saw that the dwarf was smoking in his hammock.

"Good bye, sir," cried Brass, faintly. "Good bye, sir." "Won't you stop all night?" said the dwarf, peeping out. "Do stop all night."

"I could n't, indeed, sir," replied Brass, who was almost dead from nausea and the closeness of the room. "If you'd have the goodness to show me a light, so that I may see my way across the yard, sir—"

Quilp was out in an instant; not with his legs first, or his head first, but bodily—altogether.

"To be sure," he said, taking up a lantern, which was now the only light in the place. "Be careful how you go, my dear friend. Be sure to pick your way among the timber, for all the rusty nails are upwards. There's a dog in the lane. He bit a man last night, and a woman the night before, and last Tuesday he killed a child—but that was in play. Do n't go too near him."

"Which side of the road is he, sir?" asked Brass, in great dismay.

"He lives on the right hand," said Quilp, "but sometimes he hides on the left, ready for a spring. He's uncertain in that respect. Mind you take care of yourself. I'll never forgive you if you do n't. There's the light out—never mind—you know the way—straight on!"

Quilp had slyly shaded the light, by holding it against his breast, and now stood chuckling and shaking from head to foot in a rapture of delight, as he heard the lawyer stumbling up the yard, and now and then falling heavily down. At length, however, he got quit of the place, and was out of hearing.

The dwarf shut himself up again, and sprang once more into his hammock.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

The professional gentleman who had given Kit that consolatory piece of information relative to the settlement of his trifle of business at the Old Bailey, and the probability of its being very soon disposed of, turned out to be quite correct in his prognostications. In eight days' time, the sessions commenced. In one day afterwards the Grand Jury found a True Bill against Christopher Nubbles for felony; and in two days from that finding, the aforesaid Christopher Nubbles was called upon to plead Guilty or Not Guilty to an Indictment for that he the said Christopher did feloniously abstract and steal from the dwelling-house and office of one Sampson Brass, gentleman, one Bank Note for Five Pounds issued by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England; in contravention of the Statutes in that case made and provided, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown, and dignity.

To this indictment, Christopher Nubbles, in a low and trembling voice, pleaded Not Guilty: and here let those who are in the habit of forming hasty judgements from appearances, and who would have had Christopher, if innocent, speak out very strong and loud, observe, that confinement and anxiety will subdue the stoutest hearts; and that to one who has been close shut up, though it be only for ten or eleven days, seeing but stone walls and a very few stony faces, the sudden entrance into a great hall filled with life, is a rather disconcerting and startling circumstance. To this it must be added, that life in a wig is to a large class of people much more terrifying and impressive than life with its own head of hair; and if, in addition to these considerations, there be further taken into account Kit's natural emotion on seeing the two Mr. Garlands and the little Notary looking on with pale and anxious faces it will perhaps seem matter of no very great wonder that, he should have been rather out of sorts, and unable to make himself exactly at home.

Although he had never seen either of the Mr. Garlands, or Mr. Witherden, since the time of his arrest, he had been given to understand that they had employed counsel for him. Therefore, when one of the gentlemen in wigs got up and said "I am for the prisoner, my Lord," Kit made him a bow; and when another gentleman in a wig got up and said "And I'm against him my Lord," Kit trembled very much, and bowed to him too. And did n't he hope in his own heart that his gentleman was a match for the other gentleman, and would make him ashamed of himself.

The gentleman who was against him had to speak first, and being in dreadfully good spirits (for he had, in the last trial, very nearly procured the acquittal of a young gentleman who had the misfortune to murder his father) he spoke up you may be sure; telling the Jury that if they acquitted this prisoner they must expect to suffer no less pangs and agonies than he had told the other Jury they would certainly undergo if they convicted that prisoner. And when he had told them all about the case, and that he had never known a worse case, he stopped a little while, like a man who had something terrible to tell them, and then said that he understood an attempt would be made by his learned friend (and here he looked sideways at Kit's gentleman) to impeach the testimony of those immaculate witnesses whom he should call before them; but he did hope and trust that his learned friend would have a greater respect and veneration for the character of the prosecutor; than whom, as he well knew, there did not exist, and never had existed, a more honorable member of that most honorable profession to which he was attached. And then he said, did the jury know Bevis Marks? And if they did know Bevis Marks, (as he trusted, for their own characters, they did) did they know the historical and elevating associations connected with that most remarkable spot? Did they believe that a man like Brass could reside in a place like Bevis Marks, a not be a virtuous and most upright character? And

when he had said a great deal to them on this point, he remembered that it was an insult to their understandings to make any remarks on what they must have felt so strongly without him, and therefore called Sampson Brass into the witness-box, straightway.

Then up comes Mr. Brass, very brisk and fresh; and having bowed to the judge, like a man who has had the pleasure of seeing him before, and who hopes he has been pretty well since their last meeting, folds his arms, and looks at his gentleman as much as to say, "Here I am—full of evidence—Tap me!" And the gentleman does tap him presently, and with great discretion too; drawing off the evidence by little and little, and making it run quite clear and bright in the eyes of all present. Then Kit's gentleman takes him in hand, but can make nothing of him; and after a great many very long questions and very short answers, Mr. Sampson Brass goes down in glory.

To him succeeds Sarah, who in like manner is easy to be managed by Mr. Brass's gentleman, but very obdurate to Kit's. In short, Kit's gentleman can get nothing out of her but a repetition of what she has said before (only a little stronger this time, against his client,) and therefore lets her go, in some confusion. Then Mr. Brass's gentleman calls Richard Swiveller, and Richard Swiveller appears accordingly.

Now Mr. Brass's gentleman has it whispered in his ear that this witness is disposed to be friendly to the prisoner—which, to say the truth, he is rather glad to hear, as his strength is considered to lie in what is familiarly termed badgering. Wherefore he begins by requesting the officer to be quite sure that this witness kisses the book, and then goes to work at him, tooth and nail.

"Swiveller," says this gentleman to Dick, when he has told his tale with evident reluctance and a desire to make the best of it: "pray sir, where did you dine yesterday?"—"Where did I dine yesterday?"—"Aye sir, where did you dine yesterday—was it near here sir?"—"Oh to be sure—yes—just over the way"—"To be sure. Yes. Just over the way"—repeats Mr. Brass's gentleman, with a glance at the court—"Alone sir?"—"I beg your pardon," says Mr. Swiveller, who has not caught the question—"Alone sir?" repeats Mr. Brass's gentleman in a voice of thunder, "did you dine alone? Did you treat anybody sir? Come."—"Oh yes to be sure—yes, I did," says Mr. Swiveller with a smile. "Have the goodness to banish a levity, sir, which is very ill-suited to the place in which you stand (though perhaps you have reason to be thankful that it's only that place)," says Mr. Brass's gentleman, with a nod of the head insinuating that the dock is Mr. Swiveller's legitimate sphere of action; "and attend to me. You were waiting about here yesterday in expectation that this trial was coming on. You dined over the way. You treated somebody. Now, was that somebody brother to the prisoner at the bar?"—"Mr. Swiveller is proceeding to explain—"Yes or No, sir," cries Mr. Brass's gentleman—"But will you allow me—"—"Yes or No, sir,"—"Yes it was, but—"—"Yes it was," cries the gentleman, taking him up short—"And a very pretty witness you are!"

Down sits Mr. Brass's gentleman. Kit's gentleman, not knowing how the matter really stands, is afraid to pursue the subject. Richard Swiveller retires abashed. Judge, jury, and spectators, have visions of his lounging about with an ill-looking, large-whiskered, dissolute young fellow of six feet high. The reality is, little Jacob, with the calves of his legs exposed to the open air, and himself tied up in a shawl. Nobody knows the truth, everybody believes a falsehood—and all because of the ingenuity of Mr. Brass's gentleman!

Then come the witnesses to character, and here Mr. Brass's gentleman shines again. It turns out that Mr. Garland has had no character with Kit, no recommendation of him but from his own mother, and that he was suddenly dismissed by his former master for unknown reasons. "Really Mr. Garland," says Mr. Brass's gentleman, "for a person who has arrived at your time of life, you are, to say the least of it, singularly indiscreet, I think." The Jury think so too, and find Kit guilty. He is taken off, humbly protesting his innocence. The spectators settle themselves in their places with renewed attention, for there are several female witnesses, to be examined in the next case, and it has been rumored that Mr. Brass's gentleman will make great fun in cross-examining them for the prisoner.

Kit's mother, poor woman, is waiting at the grate below stairs, accompanied by Barbara's mother (who, honest soul, never does anything but cry, and hold the baby,) and a sad interview ensues. The newspaper-reading turnkey has told them all. He don't think it will be transportation for life, because there's time to prove the good character yet, and that is sure to serve him. He wonders what he did it for. "He never did it," cries Kit's mother. "Well," says the turnkey, "won't contradict you. It's all one now, whether he did or not."

Kit's mother can reach his hand through the bars, and claps it—God, and those to whom he has given such tenderness, only know in how much agony. Kit bids her keep a good heart, and under pretence of having the children lifted up to kiss him, prays Barbara's mother in a whisper to take her home.

"Some friend will rise up for us," cries Kit, "I am sure. If not now, before long. My innocence will come out, mother, and I shall be brought back again; I feel a confidence in that. You must teach little Jacob and the baby how all this was, for if they thought I had ever been dishonest, when they grew old enough to understand, it would break my heart to know it, if I was thousands of miles away. Oh! is there no good gentleman here, who will take care of her!"

The hand slips out of his, for the poor creature sinks down upon the earth, insensible. Richard Swiveller comes hastily up, elbows the bystanders out of the way, takes her (after some trouble) in one arm, after the manner of theatrical ravers, and nodding to Kit, and commanding Barbara's mother to follow, for he has a coach waiting, bears her swiftly off.

Well; Richard took her home. And what astonishing absurdities in the way of quotation from song and poem, he perpetrated on the road, no man knows. He took her home, and staid till she was recovered; and having no money to pay the coach, went back in state to Bevis Marks, bidding the driver (for it was Saturday night) wait at the door while he went in for "change."

"Mr. Richard, sir," said Brass cheerfully, "Good evening."

Monstrous as Kit's tale had appeared at first, Mr. Richard did, that night, half suspect his affable employer of some deep villany. Perhaps it was but the misery he had just witnessed which gave his careless nature this impulse; but be that as it may, it was very strong upon him, and he said in as few words as possible, what he wanted.

"Money!" cried Brass, taking out his purse. "Ha, ha! To be sure, Mr. Richard, to be sure, sir. All men must live. You have n't change for a five pound note, have you, sir?"

"No," returned Dick, shortly.

"Oh!" said Brass, "here's the very sum. That saves trouble. You're very welcome I'm sure. Mr. Richard sir—"

Dick, who had by this time reached the door, turned round.

"You need n't," said Brass, "trouble yourself to come back any more, sir."

"Eh?"

"You see, Mr. Richard," said Brass, thrusting his hands in his pockets and rocking himself to and fro upon his stool, "the fact is, that a man of your abilities is lost sir, quite lost, in our dry and mouldy line. It's terrible drudgery—shocking. I should say now that the stage, or the—or the army Mr. Richard, or something very superior in the licensed victualling way, was the kind of thing that would call out the genius of such a man as you. I hope you'll look in to see us now and then. Sally, sir, will be delighted, I'm sure. She's extremely sorry to lose you, Mr. Richard, but a sense of her duty to society reconciles her. An amazing creature that, sir! You'll find the money quite correct, I think. There's a cracked window, sir, but I've not made any deduction on that account. Whenever we part with friends, Mr. Richard, let us part liberally. A delightful sentiment, sir!"

To all these rambling observations, Mr. Swiveller answered not one word, but returning for the aquatic jacket, rolled it into a tight round ball, looking steadily at Brass, meanwhile, as if he had some intention of bowling him down with it. He only took it under his arm, and marched out of the office in profound silence. Directly he had closed the door, he opened it; stared in again, for a few moments, with the same portentous gravity; and nodding his head once, in a slow and ghost-like manner, vanished.

He paid the coachman and turned his back on Bevis Marks, big with great designs for the comforting of Kit's mother and the aid of Kit himself.

But the lives of gentlemen devoted to such pleasures as Richard Swiveller, are extremely precarious. The spiritual excitement of the last fortnight, working upon a system affected in no slight degree by the spiritual excitement of some years, proved a little too much for him. That very night, Mr. Richard was seized with an alarming illness, and in twenty-four hours was stricken with a raging fever.

#### CHAPTER LXIV.

Tossing to and fro upon his hot, uneasy bed; tormented by a fierce thirst which nothing could appease; unable to find, in any change of posture, a moment's peace or ease; and rambling for ever through deserts of thought where there was no resting place, no sight, or sound suggestive of refreshment, or repose, nothing but a dull, eternal weariness, with no change but the restless shiftings of his miserable body, and the weary wanderings of his mind, constant still to one ever-present anxiety—to a sense of something left undone, of some fearful obstacle to be surmounted, of some carking care that would not be driven away, and haunted the disordered brain, now in this form, now in that—always shadowy and dim, but recognizable for the same phantom in every shape it took, darkening every vision like like an evil conscience, and making slumber horrible; in these slow tortures of his dread disease, the unfortunate Richard lay wasting and consuming, inch by inch, until at last, when he seemed to fight and struggle to rise up, and to be held down by devils, he sunk into a deep sleep, and dreamed no more.

He awoke; and, with a sensation of most blissful rest, better than sleep itself, began gradually to remember something of these sufferings, and to think what a long night it had been, and whether he had not been delirious twice or thrice. Happening in the midst of these cogitations to raise his hand, he was astonished to find how heavy it seemed, and yet how thin and light it really was. Still he felt indifferent and happy: and having no curiosity to pursue the subject, remained in the same waking slumber until his attention was attracted by a cough. This made him doubt whether he had locked his door last night, and feel a little surprised at having a companion in the room. Still, he lacked energy to follow up this train of thought; and unconsciously fell, in a luxury of repose, to staring at some green stripes upon the bed-furniture, and associating them strangely with patches of fresh turf, while the yellow ground between made gravel-walks, and so helped out a long perspective of trim gardens.

He was rambling in imagination upon these terraces, and had quite lost himself among them indeed, when he heard the cough once more. The walks shrunk into stripes again at the sound; and raising himself a little in the bed, and holding the curtain open with one hand, he looked out.

The same room, certainly, and still by candle-light; but with what unbounded astonishment did he see all those bottles, and basins, and articles of linen airing by the fire, and such-like furniture of a sick chamber—all very clean and neat, but all quite different from anything he had left there, when he went to bed! The atmosphere, too, filled with a cool smell of herbs and vinegar; the floor newly sprinkled; the—the what? The Marchioness? Yes; playing cribbage with herself at the table. There she sat, intent upon her game, coughing now and then in a subdued manner, as if she feared to disturb him—shuffling the cards, cutting, dealing, counting, pegging; going through all the mysteries of cribbage as though she had been in full practice from her cradle!

Mr. Swiveller contemplated these things for a short time, and suffering the curtain to fall into its former position, laid his head upon the pillow again.

"I'm dreaming," thought Richard, "that's clear. When I went to bed, my hands were not made of eggshells; and now I can almost see through 'em. If this is

not a dream, I have woke up by mistake in an Arabian Night instead of a London one. But I have no doubt I'm asleep. Not the least."

Here the small servant had another cough.

"Very remarkable!" thought Mr. Swiveller. "I never dreamt such a real cough as that, before. I don't know, indeed, that I ever dreamt either a cough or a sneeze. Perhaps it's part of the philosophy of dreams that one never does. There's another—and another—I say, I'm dreaming rather fast."

For the purpose of testing his real condition, Mr. Swiveller, after some reflection, pinched himself in the arm.

"Queerer still!" he thought. "I came to bed rather plump than otherwise, and now there's nothing to lay hold of. I'll take another survey."

The result of this further inspection was, to convince Mr. Swiveller that the objects by which he was surrounded were real, and that he saw them, beyond all question, with his waking eyes.

"It's an Arabian Night, that's what it is," said Richard. "I'm in Damascus or Grand Cairo. The Marchioness is a Genie, and having had a wager with another Genie about who is the handsomest young man alive, and the worthiest to be the husband of the Princess of China, has brought me away, room and all, to compare us together. Perhaps," said Mr. Swiveller, turning languidly round upon his pillow, and looking on that side of his bed which was next the wall, "the Princess may be still—No, she's gone."

Not feeling quite satisfied with this explanation, as, even taking it to be the correct one, it still involved a little mystery and doubt, Mr. Swiveller raised the curtain again, determined to take the first favorable opportunity of addressing his companion. An occasion soon presented itself. The Marchioness dealt, turned up a knave, and omitted to take the usual advantage; upon which Mr. Swiveller called out as loud as he could—"Two for his heels!"

The Marchioness jumped up quickly, and clapped her hands. "Arabian Night, certainly," thought Mr. Swiveller; "they always clap their hands instead of ringing the bell. Now for the two thousand black slaves, with jars of jewels on their heads."

It appeared, however, that she had only clapped her hands in joy; for directly afterwards she began to laugh, and then to cry: declaring, not in choice Arabic but in familiar English, that she was "so glad, she didn't know what to do."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thoughtfully, "be pleased to draw nearer. First of all, will you have the goodness to inform me where I shall find my voice; and secondly, what has become of my flesh?"

The Marchioness only shook her head mournfully, and cried again; whereupon Mr. Swiveller (being very weak) felt his own eyes affected likewise.

"I begin to infer, from your manner and these appearances, Marchioness," said Richard, after a pause, and smiling with a trembling lip, "that I have been ill."

"You just have!" replied the small servant, wiping her eyes. "And have n't you been in a talking nonsense?"

"Oh!" said Dick. "Very ill, Marchioness, have I been?"

"Dead, all but," replied the small servant. "I never thought you'd get better. Thank Heaven, you have!"

Mr. Swiveller was silent for a long while. Bye and bye, he began to talk again—inquiring how long he had been there.

"Three weeks to-morrow," replied the small servant.

"Three what?" said Dick.

"Weeks," returned the Marchioness emphatically; "three long, slow weeks."

The bare thought of having been in such extremity, caused Richard to fall into another silence, and to lie flat down again at his full length. The Marchioness, having arranged the bed-clothes more comfortably, and felt that his hands and forehead were quite cool—a discovery that filled her with delight—cried a little more, and then applied herself to getting tea ready, and making some thin dry toast.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Swiveller looked on with a grateful heart, very much astonished to see how thoroughly at home she made herself, and attributing this attention, in its origin, to Sally Brass, whom, in his own mind, he could not thank enough. When the Marchioness had finished her toasting, she spread a clean cloth on a tray, and brought him some crisp slices and a great basin of weak tea, with which (she said) the doctor had left word he might refresh himself when he awoke. She propped him up with pillows, if not as skillfully as if she had been a professional nurse all her life, at least as tenderly; and looked on with unutterable satisfaction while the patient—stopping every now and then to shake her by the hand—took his poor meal with an appetite and relish, which the greatest dainties of the earth, under any other circumstances, would have failed to provoke. Having cleared away, and disposed every thing comfortably about him again, she sat down at the table to take her own tea.

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "how's Sally?"

The small servant screwed her face into an expression of the very uttermost entanglement of slyness, and shook her head.

"What, have n't you seen her lately?" said Dick.

"Seen her!" cried the small servant. "Bless you, I've run away!"

Mr. Swiveller immediately laid himself down again quite flat, and so remained for about five minutes. By slow degrees he resumed his sitting posture, after that lapse of time, and inquired:

"And where do you live, Marchioness?"

"Live!" cried the small servant. "Here!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Swiveller. And with that he fell down flat again, as suddenly as if he had been shot. Thus he remained, motionless and bereft of speech, until she had finished her meal, put every thing in its place, and swept the hearth; when he motioned her to bring a chair to the bedside, and being propped up again, opened a farther conversation.

"And so," said Dick, "you have run away?"

"Yes," said the Marchioness, "and they've been a tizing of me."

"Been—I beg your pardon," said Dick—"what have they been doing?"

"Been a tizing of me—tizing you know—in the newspapers," rejoined the Marchioness.



"Aye, aye," said Dick, "advertising?"

The small servant nodded, and winked. Her eyes were so red with weeping and crying, that the Tragic Muse might have winked with greater consistency. And so Dick felt.

"Tell me," said he, "how it was that you thought of coming here."

"Why, you see," returned the Marchioness, "when you was gone, I had n't any friend at all, because the lodger he never come back, and I didn't know where either him or you was to be found, you know. But one morning, when I was—"

"Was near a keyhole?" suggested Mr. Swiveller, observing that she faltered.

"Well then," said the small servant, nodding; "when I was near the office keyhole—as you see me through, you know—I heard somebody saying that she lived here, and was the lady whose house you lodged at, and that you was took very bad, and would n't nobody come and take care of you. Mr. Brass, he says, 'It's no business of mine;' and Miss Sally, she says, 'He's a funny chap, but it's no business of mine;' and the lady went away, and slammed the door to, when she went out, I can tell you. So I run away that night, and come here, and told 'em you was my brother, and they believed me, and I've been here ever since."

"This poor little Marchioness has been wearing herself to death!" cried Dick.

"No I have n't," she returned, "not a bit of it. Do n't you mind about me. I like sitting up, and I've often had a sleep, bless you, in one of them chairs. But if you could have seen how you tried to jump out o' winder, and if you could have heard how you used to keep on singing and making speeches, you would n't have believed it—I'm so glad you're better, Mr. Liverer."

"Liverer, indeed!" said Dick thoughtfully. "It's well I am a liverer. I strongly suspect I should have died, Marchioness, but for you."

At this point, Mr. Swiveller took the small servant's hand in his again, and being, as we have seen, but poorly, might in struggling to express his thanks have made his eyes as red as hers, but that she quickly changed the theme by making him lie down, and urging him to keep very quiet.

"The doctor," she told him, "said you was to be kept quite still, and there was to be no noise nor nothing. Now, take a rest, and then we'll talk again. I'll sit by you, you know. If you shut your eyes, perhaps you'll go to sleep. You'll be all the better for it, if you do."

The Marchioness, in saying these words, brought a little table to the bedside, took her seat at it, and began to work away at the concoction of some cooling drink, with the address of a score of chemists. Richard Swiveller, being indeed fatigued, fell into a slumber, and waking in about half an hour, inquired what time it was.

"Just gone half after six," replied his small friend, helping him to sit up again.

"Marchioness," said Richard, passing his hand over his forehead, and turning suddenly round, as though the subject but that moment flashed upon him, "what has become of Kit?"

He had been sentenced to transportation for a great many years, she said.

"Has he gone?" asked Dick—"his mother—how is she—what has become of her?"

His nurse shook her head, and answered that she knew nothing about them.

"But, if I thought," said she, very slowly, "that you'd keep quiet, and not put yourself into another fever, I could tell you—but I won't now."

"Yes, do," said Dick. "It will amuse me."

"Oh! would it though?" rejoined the small servant, with a horrified look. "I know better than that. Wait till you're better, and then I'll tell you."

Dick looked very earnestly at his little friend: and his eyes being large and hollow from illness assisted the expression so much, that she was quite frightened, and besought him not to think any more about it. What had already fallen from her, however, had not only piqued his curiosity, but seriously alarmed him, wherefore he urged her to tell him the worst at once.

"Oh! there's no worst in it," said the small servant. "It has n't any thing to do with you."

"Has it any thing to do with—is it any thing you heard through chinks or keyholes—and that you were not intended to hear?" asked Dick, in a breathless state.

"Yes," replied the small servant.

"In—in Bevis Marks?" pursued Dick hastily. "Conversations between Brass and Sally?"

"Yes," cried the small servant again.

Richard Swiveller thrust his lank arm out of bed, and gripping her by the wrist and drawing her close to him, bade her out with it, and freely too, or he would not answer for the consequences; being wholly unable to endure that state of excitement and expectation. She, seeing that he was greatly agitated, and that the effects of postponing her revelation might be much more injurious than any that were likely to ensue from its being made at once, promised compliance, on condition that the patient kept himself perfectly quiet, and abstained from starting up or tossing about.

"But if you begin to do that," said the small servant, "I'll leave off. And so I tell you."

"You can't leave off till you have gone on," said Dick. "And do go on, there's a darling. Speak, sister, speak. Pretty Polly say—Oh tell me when, and tell me where, pray Marchioness, I beseech you."

Unable to resist these fervent adjurations, which Richard Swiveller poured out as passionately as if they had been of the most solemn and tremendous nature, his companion spoke thus:

"Well! Before I run away, I used to sleep in the kitchen—where we played cards, you know. Miss Sally used to keep the key of the kitchen door in her pocket, and she always came down at night to take away the candle and rake out the fire. When she had done that, she left me to go to bed in the dark, locked the door on the outside, put the key in her pocket again, and kept me locked up till she come down in the morning—very early I can tell you—and let me out. I was terrible afraid of being kept like this, because if there was a fire, I thought they might forget me and only take care of themselves you know. So whenever I see an old rusty key anywhere, I picked it up

and tried if it would fit the door, and at last I found in the dust cellar, a key that *did* fit it."

Here Mr. Swiveller made a violent demonstration with his legs. But the small servant immediately pausing in her talk, he subsided again, and pleading a momentary forgetfulness of their compact, entreated her to proceed.

"They kept me very short," said the small servant. "Oh! you can't think how short they kept me. So I used to come out at night after they'd gone to bed, and feel about in the dark for bits of biscuit, or sangwitches that you'd left in the office, or even pieces of orange peel to put into cold water and make believe it was wine. Did you ever taste orange peel and water?"

Mr. Swiveller replied that he had never tasted that ardent liquor; and once more urged his friend to resume the thread of her narrative.

"If you make believe very much, it's quite nice," said the small servant; "but if you do n't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning, certainly. Well, sometimes I used to come out after they'd gone to bed, and sometimes before, you know; and one or two nights before there was all that precious noise in the office—when the young man was took, I mean—I come up stairs while Mr. Brass and Miss Sally was a sittin' at the office fire; and I'll tell you the truth, that I come to listen again, about the key of the safe."

Mr. Swiveller gathered up his knees so as to make a great cone of the bedclothes, and conveyed into his countenance an expression of the utmost concern. But the small servant pausing, and holding up her finger, the cone gently disappeared, though the look of concern did not.

"There was him and her," said the small servant, "a sittin' by the fire, and talking softly together. Mr. Brass says to Miss Sally, 'Upon my word,' he says, 'it's a dangerous thing, and it might get us into a world of trouble, and I do n't half like it.' She says—you know her way—she says, 'You're the chicken-hearted, feeblest, faintest man I ever see, and I think,' she says, 'that I ought to have been the brother, and you the sister. Is n't Quilp,' she says, 'our principal support?' 'He certainly is,' says Mr. Brass. 'And an't we,' she says, 'constantly raining somebody or other in the way of business?' 'We certainly are,' says Mr. Brass. 'Then does it signify,' she says, 'about ruining this Kit, when Quilp desires it?' 'It certainly does not signify,' says Brass. Then they whispered and laughed for a long time about there being no danger if it was well done, and then Mr. Brass pulls out his pocket-book, and says, 'Well,' he says, 'here it is—Quilp's own five-pound note. We'll agree that way, then,' he says. 'Kit's coming to-morrow morning, I know. While he's up stairs, you'll get out of the way, and I'll clear off Mr. Richard. Having Kit alone, I'll hold him in conversation, and put this property in his hat. I'll manage so, besides,' he says, 'that Mr. Richard shall find it there, and be the evidence. And if that don't get Christopher out of Mr. Quilp's way, and satisfy Mr. Quilp's grudges,' he says, 'the Devil's in it.' Miss Sally laughed, and said that was the plan, and as they seemed to be moving away, and I was afraid to stop any longer, I went down stairs again. There!"

The small servant had gradually worked herself into as much agitation as Mr. Swiveller, and therefore made no effort to restrain him when he sat up in bed and hastily demanded whether this story had been told to any body.

"How could it be?" replied his nurse. "I was almost afraid to think about it, and hoped the young man would be let off. When I heard 'em say they had found him guilty of what he did n't do, you was gone, and so was the lodger—though I think I should have been frightened to tell him, even if he'd been there. Ever since I come here, you've been out of your senses, and what would have been the good of telling you then?"

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, plucking off his nightcap, and flinging it to the other end of the room; "if you'll do me the favor to retire for a few minutes and see what sort of a night it is, I'll get up."

"You must n't think of such a thing," cried his nurse.

"I must indeed," said the patient, looking round the room. "Whereabouts are my clothes?"

"Oh I'm so glad—you have n't got any," replied the Marchioness.

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Swiveller, in great astonishment.

"I've been obliged to sell them every one, to get the things that was ordered for you. But do n't take on about that," urged the Marchioness, as Dick fell back upon his pillow. "You're too weak to stand, indeed."

"I am afraid," said Richard, dolefully, "that you're right. What ought I to do! what is to be done?"

It naturally occurred to him, upon very little reflection, that the first step to take would be to communicate with one of the Mr. Garlands instantly. It was very possible that Mr. Abel had not yet left the office. In as little time as it takes to tell it, the small servant had the address in pencil on a piece of paper; a verbal description of father and son, which would enable her to recognise either without difficulty; and a special caution to be shy of Mr. Chuckster, in consequence of that gentleman's known antipathy to Kit. Armed with these slender powers, she hurried away, commissioned to bring either old Mr. Garland or Mr. Abel, bodily, to that apartment.

"I suppose," said Dick, as she closed the door slowly, and peeped into the room again to make sure that he was comfortable, "I suppose there's nothing left—not so much as a waistcoat even!"

"No, nothing."

"It's embarrassing," said Mr. Swiveller; "in case of fire—even an umbrella would be something—but you did quite right, dear Marchioness. I should have died without you."

#### CHAPTER LXV.

It was well for the small servant that she was of a sharp, quick nature, or the consequence of sending her out alone, from the very neighborhood in which it was most dangerous for her to appear, would probably have been the restoration of Miss Sally Brass to the supreme authority over her person. Not unmindful of the risk she ran, however, the Marchioness no sooner left the house than she dived into the first dark by-way that presented itself, and without any present reference to the point to which her journey tended, made it her first business to put two good miles of brick and mortar between herself and Bevis Marks.

When she had accomplished this object, she began to

shape her course for the notary's office, to which—shrewdly inquiring of apple-women and oyster-sellers at street-corners, rather than in lighted shops, or of well-dressed people, at the hazard of attracting notice—she easily procured a direction. As carrier-pigeons, on being first let loose in a strange place, beat the air at random for a short time, before darting off toward the spot for which they are designed, so did the Marchioness flutter round and round until she believed herself in safety, and then bear swiftly down upon the port for which she was bound.

She had no bonnet—nothing on her head but a great cap, which in some old time had been worn by Sally Brass, whose taste in head-dresses was, as we have seen, peculiar—and her speed was rather retarded than assisted by her shoes, which, being extremely large and slipshod, flew off every now and then, and were difficult to find again among the crowd of passengers. Indeed the poor little creature experienced so much trouble and delay from having to grope for these articles of dress in mud and kennel, and suffered in these researches so much jostling, pushing, squeezing, and bandying from hand to hand, that by the time she reached the street in which the notary lived, she was fairly worn out and exhausted, and could not refrain from tears.

But to have got there at last was a great comfort, especially as there were lights still burning in the office window, and therefore some hope that she was not too late. So the Marchioness dried her eyes with the backs of her hands, and stealing softly up the steps, peeped in through the glass door.

Mr. Chuckster was standing behind the lid of his desk, making such preparations toward finishing off for the night, as pulling down his wristbands and pulling up his shirt-collar, settling his neck more gracefully in his stock, and secretly arranging his whiskers by the aid of a little triangular bit of looking-glass. Before the ashes of the fire stood two gentlemen, one of whom she rightly judged to be the notary, and the other (who was buttoning his great-coat, and was evidently about to depart immediately) Mr. Abel Garland.

Having made these observations, the small spy took counsel with herself, and resolved to wait in the street until Mr. Abel came out, as there would be then no fear of having to speak before Mr. Chuckster, and less difficulty in delivering her message. With this purpose she slipped out again, and crossing the road, sat down upon a door-step just opposite.

She had hardly taken this position, when there came dancing up the street, with his legs all wrong, and his head every where by turns, a pony. This pony had a little phaeton behind him, and a man in it; but neither man nor phaeton seemed to embarrass him in the least, as he reared up on his hind legs, or stopped, or went on, or stood still again, or backed, or went sideways, without the smallest reference to them, just as the fancy seized him, and as if he was the freest animal in the creation. When they came to the notary's door, the man called out in a very respectful manner, "Woa then;" intimating that if he might venture to express a wish, it would be that they stopped there. The poney made a moment's pause; but as if it occurred to him that to stop when he was required might be to establish an inconvenient and dangerous precedent, he immediately started off again, rattled at a fast trot to the street-corner, wheeled round, came back, and then stopped of his own accord.

"Oh! you're a precious creature!" said the man—who did n't venture, by the bye, to come out in his true colors until he was safe upon the pavement. "I wish I had the rewarding of you—I do."

"What has he been doing?" said Mr. Abel, tying a shawl round his neck as he came down the steps.

"He's enough to fret a man's heart out," replied the hostler. "He is the most vicious rascal—woa then, will you?"

"He'll never stand still, if you call him names," said Mr. Abel, getting in, and taking the reins. "He's a very good fellow if you know how to manage him. This is the first time he has been out this long while, for he has lost his old driver, and would n't stir for any body else till this morning. The lamps are right, are they? That's well. Be here to take him to-morrow, if you please. Good night!"

And after one or two strange plunges, quite of his own invention, the pony yielded to Mr. Abel's mildness, and trotted gently off.

All this time Mr. Chuckster had been standing at the door, and the small servant had been afraid to approach. She had nothing for it now, therefore, but to run after the chaise, and call to Mr. Abel to stop. Being out of breath by the time she came up with it, she was unable to make him hear. The case was desperate; for the pony was quickening his pace. The Marchioness hung on behind for a few moments, and feeling that she could go no further, and must soon yield, clambered, by a vigorous effort into the hinder seat, and in so doing lost one of the shoes for ever.

Mr. Abel, being in a thoughtful frame of mind, and having quite enough to do to keep the pony going, went jogging on without looking round, little dreaming of the strange figure that was close behind him, until the Marchioness, having in some degree recovered her breath, and the loss of her shoe, and the novelty of her position, uttered close into his ear the words—

"I say, sir!"

He turned his head quickly enough then, and stopping the pony, cried, with some trepidation, "God bless me, what is this?"

"Do n't be frightened, sir," replied the still panting messenger. "Oh, I've run such a way after you!"

"What do you want with me?" said Mr. Abel. "How did you come here?"

"I got in behind," replied the Marchioness. "Oh! please drive on, sir—do n't stop—and go toward the city, will you? And oh do please make haste, because it's of consequence. There's somebody wants to see you there. He sent me to say would you come directly, and that he knowed all about Kit, and could save him yet, and prove his innocence."

"What do you tell me, child?"

"The truth, upon my word and honor I do. But please do drive on—quick, please. I've been such a time gone, he'll think I'm lost."

Mr. Abel involuntarily urged the pony forward. The

pony, impelled by some secret sympathy or some new caprice, burst into a great pace, and neither slackened it, nor indulged in any eccentric performances, until they arrived at the door of Mr. Swiveller's lodging, where, marvellous to relate, he consented to stop when Mr. Abel checked him.

"See! It's that room up there," said the Marchioness, pointing to one where there was a faint light. "Come!"

Mr. Abel, who was one of the simplest and most retiring creatures in existence, and naturally timid withal, hesitated; for he had heard of people being decoyed into strange places to be robbed and murdered, under circumstances very like the present, and for anything he knew to the contrary, by guides very like the Marchioness. His regard for Kit, however, overcame every other consideration. So entrusting Whisker to the charge of a man who was lingering hard by in expectation of the job, he suffered his companion to take his hand, and to lead him up the dark and narrow stairs.

He was not a little surprised to find himself conducted into a dimly-lighted sick chamber, where a man was sleeping tranquilly in bed.

"An't it nice to see him lying there so quiet?" said his guide, in an earnest whisper. "Oh! you'd say it was, if you had only seen him two or three days ago."

Mr. Abel made no answer, and to say the truth, kept a long way from the bed and very near the door. His guide, who appeared to understand his reluctance, trimmed the candle, and taking it in her hand, approached the bed. As she did so, the sleeper started up, and he recognised in the wasted face the features of Richard Swiveller.

"Why, how is this?" said Mr. Abel kindly, as he hurried towards him. "You have been ill?"

"Very," replied Dick. "Nearly dead. You might have chanced to hear of your Richard on his bier, but for the friend I sent to fetch you. Another shake of the hand, Marchioness, if you please. Sit down, sir."

Mr. Abel seemed rather astonished to hear of the quality of his guide, and took a chair by the bedside.

"I have sent for you, sir," said Dick—"but she told you on what account?"

"She did. I am quite bewildered by all this. I really don't know what to say or think," replied Mr. Abel.

"You'll say that presently," retorted Dick. "Marchioness, take a seat on the bed, will you? Now, tell this gentleman all that you told me; and be particular. Don't you speak another word, sir."

The story was repeated; it was, in effect, exactly the same as before, without any deviation or omission. Richard Swiveller kept his eyes fixed on his visitor during its narration, and directly it was concluded, took the word again.

"You have heard it all, and you'll not forget it. I'm too giddy and too queer to suggest anything; but you and your friends will know what to do. After this long delay, every minute is an age. If ever you went home fast in your life, go home fast to-night. Don't stop to say one word to me, but go. She will be found here, whenever she's wanted; and as to me, you're pretty sure to find me at home, for a week or two. There are more reasons than one for that. Marchioness, a light. If you lose another minute in looking at me, sir, I'll never forgive you!"

Mr. Abel needed no further remonstrance or persuasion. He was gone in an instant; and the Marchioness, returning from lighting him down stairs, reported that the poney, without any preliminary objection whatever, had dashed away at full gallop.

"That's right!" said Dick; "and hearty of him; and I honor him from this time. But get some supper and a mug of beer. It will do me as much good to see you take it as if I might drink it myself."

Nothing but this assurance could have prevailed upon the small nurse to indulge in such a luxury. Having eaten and drunk to Mr. Swiveller's extreme contentment, given him his drink, and put everything in neat order, she wrapped herself in an old coverlet and lay down upon the rug before the fire.

Mr. Swiveller was by that time murmuring in his sleep, "Strew then, oh strew, a bed of rushes. Here will we stay, till morning blushes. Good night, Marchioness."

#### A PRUDENT WIFE AND A STRONG APRON.

Mrs. W., consort and help meet of Mr. W., merchant of New-York, was a very economical woman, and, if her eulogist was not mistaken, had a very strong apron. The circumstance narrated by the friend of Mrs. W. was as follows: Mr. W. was a merchant in affluent circumstances, did a very heavy business, and conducted all his affairs with the utmost regularity. Every department of business was completely systematized; even family expenditures were restricted to regular daily appropriations, and no surer is the sailing master of a ship to make his observation, work his traverse and ascertain his exact latitude and longitude every noon, than was Mr. W. to have all his accounts nicely balanced, and ascertain his exact whereabouts in business every night. But as wise, prudent and punctilious as he was, he could not withstand the temptation to overtrading during one of the great paper expansions; and when the revulsion came, he found himself embarrassed beyond all his efforts to extricate himself. He had stood firm as a rock while many of the most reputable houses tumbled to ruins around him, but he could not collect money due him from his best customers, and there was one remaining note of ten thousand dollars that would fall due in a few days, and he could devise no way to meet it. The notice came from the Bank, but three days remained, and every resource failed. The first of these three days was spent in fruitless attempts to borrow. The second was as fruitlessly spent in trying to force a sale of goods. Nobody had money to lend—no body had money to purchase goods at any price. Failure presented itself before him with all its frightfulness.

The last day of grace arrived, and horror was depicted in his countenance. Mrs. W. knew nothing of his troubles, and on perceiving him evidently in great distress of mind, she insisted on knowing what was the cause of his trouble. It was folly to conceal his ruin from her, and he condescended to make her acquainted with the cause of his misery. How much, she inquired, will save you from failure? Ten thousand dollars, he replied, will pay my last note in bank; but for want of this I must suffer the disgrace of having my note protested, assign my property for the benefit of my creditors, and suffer my name to go to the world as a bankrupt. Is this all, said she? Why bless me, my dear

Mr. W., I can supply you with that sum without going out of the house. Not waiting to hear the question which he was preparing to ask, she tripped up stairs, and in less time than I have occupied in telling the story, she returned with seventeen thousand dollars in her apron, all in change, which she had saved within a few years from her daily allowance of market money!

All who heard the recital of this circumstance by the friend of Mrs. W. were highly delighted with it, save one sharp-nosed slabsided yankee, who would not believe though an angel had told it, till he had applied the test of figures to it, to ascertain its probability. As he finished his calculation and was in the act of returning his pencil to his pocket, he burst into a roar of laughter. All eyes were turned upon him, and the narrator demanded what he meant by such uncivil deportment. "Nothin' at all, stranger," said the calculator, "only I was thinkin' what a far-nal strong apron that ere woman must a had on to bring seventeen thousand dollars worth of change down stairs. I've cyphered it out on this here paper, and it will weigh just half a ton if there ain't a single copper among the whole on 't.—[Buffalo Republican.]

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841

—We publish in the *NEW WORLD* of this week an article from the *London Quarterly Review*, just received, on *AMERICAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN*. The tone and temper of the article differ materially from the style of that journal in reference to this country in past times. Under the editorship of the late Mr. Gifford, it was disgraced by the most atrocious attacks upon the character and institutions of the United States.

Mr. Gifford was a man of extraordinary acerbity of feeling, partly from constitutional temperament, and partly from the memory of his poverty and wretchedness in early life. Springing from the lowest dregs of the people himself, and raised to an eminent position only by the fostering hand of the British aristocracy, he lavished all the concentrated bitterness of his nature and of the miserable reminiscences of a suffering childhood, upon popular institutions, popular opinions, and liberal politics. He had no associations with the people that were other than painful to him; no associations with the aristocracy other than agreeable; and the strong anti-popular bent which his mind received from both these influences was shown through the whole course of the *Quarterly Review* while he was its editor.

The efforts of American intellect were studiously depreciated; the moral character of the American nation was elaborately vilified; historical facts were perverted and falsified for the shameful purpose of tarnishing the fair fame of our ancestors. Every deed of the past, every institution of the present, every association dear to the American heart, was pointed at with systematic scorn and contempt. Not a little of whatever hostility to each other now exists in the feelings of the two nations may be traced directly to this "fountain of bitter waters." Never in the history of literature was a more criminal abuse of the power of the press committed; and no individual of the race of literary men, just past away, went to his great account with a heavier load of literary guilt upon his soul than Mr. Gifford.

But, happily, the tone of intercourse between the two nations is much changed for the better. The inter-union of literature has partaken largely of this better spirit. The labors of American talent and genius are studied with an appreciating and candid spirit, in England. The writings of Washington, edited by Mr. Sparks, are nearly as well known there as here. Mr. Prescott's classical history of Ferdinand and Isabella has run through as many editions in London as in Boston, and is no less indispensable to an English than to an American historical library. Bryant and Halleck and Longfellow are read and admired with the same affectionate appreciation on both sides of the water; and Washington Irving is, like Addison, a beloved name in English literature.

"The era of good feeling" has evidently come. The better minds of the two nations have ceased to think it dignified to stand forever in a hostile attitude. The straining athlete of ancient sculpture has been, but is no more, the emblem of the intellectual relations between the two countries. Our journalists no longer deem it their duty to play "the fretful porcupine," and assail each other with the points of hostile quills. And, strange enough, our ancient enemy, the *Quarterly Review*, has changed his whole bearing, silenced his terrible broadsides and run up the friendly flag. The article which we republish, we doubt not, will surprise and gratify our readers. It is written with a knowledge of American affairs very unusual in an Englishman; and is free from the sneering spirit which has been so unworthy a characteristic of most English commentaries upon American genius.

The sketches of the persons, style, and rhetorical peculiarities of our leading orators and statesmen are generally correct. We notice a mistake here and there, but none of material consequence; and if the estimates of their intellectual powers and literary attainments fall somewhat below the American mark, we must remember that they come from a foreigner, naturally, and not unreasonably, prejudiced

in favor of his countrymen; from an Englishman with whom the mighty names of Chatham, and Fox, and Burke, and Pitt, are names before which all others must "vail their crests." On the whole, we have reason to be well satisfied with the rank conceded to our eminent countrymen by the able writer in the *Quarterly*; and to be more than satisfied with the conscientious endeavors he has evidently made to collect all the requisite facts, and to place the oratorical abilities and general intellectual characters of the men, who are the pride and glory of America, in the light of truth before the British public.

From the sprightliness and purity of the style, the abundance and felicitous application of literary anecdotes, and the ever ready wit which sparkles on its pages, we suppose the article to be from the pen of the author of the papers on the French Orators, Journalism in France, and the Review of Mrs. Trollope's work on Austria—papers which we have always heard attributed to Mr. Hayward, the accomplished translator of Faust.

CHARLES SUMNER, Esq.—The name of this gentleman—who has recently returned to Boston after a three years' sojourn in Europe, and who, while abroad, visited familiarly in the most distinguished circles of European society—is mentioned in the last number of the *London Quarterly Review* in terms of high and well-deserved praise. The following passage occurs in the article, which we are publishing in the *NEW WORLD*, on American Orators and Statesmen.

"Mr. Justice Story's charges to juries are much admired: and his judgements are admirable specimens of judicial statement and reasoning. The most important are reported by Mr. Charles Sumner, barrister, who recently paid a visit of some duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or wide-spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candor, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best English circles, social, political and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts of the show-houses."

—We are desirous of calling the particular attention of our readers to an article on "Currency and Banking," which has just appeared in the *Westminster Review*, in London, and which will doubtless be issued here, with the usual dispatch of all of Mrs. Mason's republications. It is divided into two parts; the first part considers those principles of the currency that have recently been the subject of parliamentary investigation, and the second part takes a review of those plans that have been proposed for the administration of the currency in England. Under the first head the following questions are examined:—1. What effects have fluctuations in the currency upon the prices of commodities? 2. How do fluctuations in the currency influence the foreign exchanges? 3. What effects are produced by the substitution of paper money for coin? 4. Ought Bank deposits to be regarded as currency? And, 5. Ought bills of exchange to be regarded as currency? Under the second head are noticed the plans of Mr. Horsley Palmer, Colonel Torrens, Mr. Loyd, Mr. Tooke, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Bailey, the first three of which are subjected to a calm and searching investigation. As a specimen of the article, we transcribe the writer's remarks on the banking system of America:—

#### AMERICAN BANKING.

The case of America has been so often adduced by Mr. Loyd, Mr. Norman, and others, as exhibiting the evils of a free system of banking, that it seems to require a special consideration.

It strikes us as extraordinary that, to prove the evils of free trade in banking, we are directed to a country in which free trade in banking has never existed. Neither an individual nor a company can carry on banking in America without the permission of the State. All the banks in America are chartered banks, and differ from our Joint-Stock Banks in many particulars, and especially in the limitation of the liability of the shareholders. Now admitting that the system of chartered banks has failed in America, it seems very illogical to infer that consequently a system of unchartered Joint-Stock Banks must fail in England. But it is contended that the history of banking in America shows the evil of having numerous banks, and hence similar evils must arise from having numerous banks in England. To maintain this argument, it should be shown that the banks in the two countries are of the same kind, and that the circumstances of the two countries, as far as they bear upon banking, are similar. But is this the case? Besides, we may ask, what evils have been produced in America by a number of chartered banks which have not heretofore been produced in England by one chartered bank? Are they charged with issuing their notes to excess? Have not similar charges been made against the bank of England even by those who are now most clamorous for the extension of her monopoly? Have the American banks suspended payment? And did not the Bank of England suspend payment, and was not her suspension continued for a much longer period? Although it is clear that the American system of chartered banks is inferior to the Scotch system of Joint-Stock Banks, yet it is not so evident that numerous chartered banks are a less evil than one chartered bank.

The argument presumes, too, that in case of free banking the number of banks would be very great. Are we justified in supposing that this would be the case? Theory exclaims "yes;" experience whispers "no." The numer-



one banks in America are not the result of free trade, but are the results of the acts of the Legislature. The State Legislatures have thought proper to give a large number of charters, and of course there is a large number of banks. Had the charters been fewer, the banks would have been larger and more respectable. The number of banks in England, too, have been the result of the interference of the Legislature. In the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England in 1708 it was enacted, that no other bank having more than six partners should have the privilege of issuing notes. As the growing trade and wealth of the country required banks of some sort, and as banks having more than six partners could not be formed, a great number of banks, each not having more than six partners, rose into existence as they were required by the increasing trade and wealth of the country. Hence, instead of having a small number of large banks, we have had a large number of small banks.

If we look to Scotland, where banking has been free, we find that the total number of private and Joint-Stock Banks is only twenty-eight. Banking has been free beyond fifty miles from Dublin for the last fifteen years, yet throughout that district there are only five banks of issue, with the exception of the Bank of Ireland. In England, where there has been, as we are told, a frenzy in their favor, the Joint Stock Banks of issue are only ninety-one, and probably they would have been less numerous had not the law excluded them from London. The capital which has been embarked in a number of small local banks would have been invested in large London establishments, and the place of the local banks would have been occupied by branches of the London banks. From these facts it seems fair to infer that some of the small Joint-Stock Banks and many of the private banks will, in the course of the next twenty years, be merged in larger establishments. The supposition that unlimited freedom of banking would lead to the establishment of an inconvenient multitude of banks, is wholly unsupported by the testimony of experience.

In adducing instances from the history of banking in America, some of the witnesses are guilty of another fallacy. When they wish to prove the expediency of a sole bank of issue in England, they adduce the instance of the former Bank of the United States. Readers unacquainted with the subject, are led to suppose that the Bank of the United States was the sole bank of issue in America. Had this been the fact, it would have been, as the lawyers say, a case in point. But how stands the fact? This bank had no more exclusive privileges than the Bank of Scotland. It was merely the Government Bank, and it had the power of opening a branch in every State of the Union. With regard to the issue of notes, it had no exclusive privileges, but was exposed to fair competition with the other banks. That the Bank of the United States conferred numerous advantages upon the country cannot be doubted by reasonable men; and the destruction of that institution may fairly be adduced as an example of the mischiefs that may be inflicted on a country by a meddling spirit of legislation with regard to banking. Had the law in America been the same as in Scotland, instead of one Bank of the United States, a dozen establishments of equal respectability would probably have been formed, extending their branches throughout the Union, and those mushroom banks, that have obtained charters from the State Legislatures, would have had no existence. Experience teaches us that whenever banking is free, the result is the formation of a few large banks, each having numerous branches. Local banks having their head-quarters in the smaller towns, are always of subsequent growth, and are kept from adopting a wrong course of action by the system of surveillance adopted towards them by the larger establishments.

Besides the fact of the American banks being chartered banks, and the shareholders being exempt from liability, the American system is practically defective. It being without that system of exchanges between the banks which exists so beneficially in Scotland and England, and which Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Norman have attempted to disparage.

However extraordinary it may appear to English and Scotch bankers, it is a fact that the American banks do not periodically exchange their notes with each other, and pay the difference in gold. When one bank in the course of its business receives the notes of another bank, they are merely carried to account against the bank that issued them. Hence in all balance sheets of American banks that we see in the newspapers, we find that "debts due to other banks," and "debts owing by other banks," are two very considerable items. Mr. Gallatin informs us that the Bank of the United States acquired the ill-will of the States by insisting on frequent exchanges. He says, "The manner in which the bank checks the issue of the State banks is equally simple and obvious. It consists in receiving the notes of all those which are solvent and requiring payment from time to time, without suffering the balance due by any to become too large. We think we may say that on this operation, which requires particular attention and vigilance, and must be carried on with great firmness and due forbearance, depends almost exclusively the stability of the currency of the country."

Language such as this from a man so eminent as Mr. Gallatin, shows how very far the Americans are behind the English in the practical knowledge of banking. The exchanges of notes which is represented by Mr. Gallatin as being peculiar to one bank in America, is common to every bank of England and Scotland; and the operation is performed not merely from "time to time," but at least twice a week; and it is so much a matter of routine that we were totally unconscious of the particular attention and vigilance, which this process displays. And the effect of these exchanges to secure prudent management on the part of the banks, and to check an excessive issue of notes, is not with us a doubtful matter of opinion, but a doctrine that we consider most firmly established.

In his anxiety to support his own view, Mr. Lloyd has quoted the authority of Mr. Webster, "one of the most enlightened and talented members of the American Senate," as favorable to one bank of issue. The quotation made by Mr. Lloyd from a speech of Mr. Webster expresses no such opinion. Mr. Webster says he is in favor of a national bank, by which he meant probably such a bank as was the former Bank of the United States. That he did not mean his national bank to be the sole bank of issue is evident from his stating, as one of its advantages, that it would

restrain the excessive issue of the State banks. If he intended his national bank to be the sole bank of issue, this language would have been absurd.

The case of America suggests to us a striking difference between theory and experience. The theory of American banking appears very rational. There we behold the State with maternal care watching over the interests of her banking institutions, prohibiting all except those to which she herself may give birth; to those she gives a charter as a special mark of her affection, prescribing the amount of the capital, the extent of their issue, the sums of gold to be kept in reserve; and to ensure obedience to her orders, she requires ample returns, and sends her officers at stated periods to examine the amount of their treasure. What a beautiful theory. Had it never been tried, how loudly would it be applauded. Let us look at another theory. Suppose it were now proposed for the first time to pass a law permitting any one individual to set up a bank and issue as many notes as he pleased, would not the plan be condemned as absurd? Should we not be told that banks would become as numerous as gin-shops, and that every pauper and swindler in the community would be issuing "promises to pay," which would never be fulfilled? Yet this is the case in London at the present time. Any individual, or any number of individuals not exceeding six, may take out a license and issue as many post notes as they please, even in London. Yet where are the practical evils of this state of the law? Some people assert that no evils have arisen because the number of partners is limited to six; but if this privilege were extended to partnerships of more than six persons, then dreadful indeed would be the evils that would come upon the community. When people cease to reason and begin to prophesy, they must be left to themselves. We may rebut an argument, but we cannot refute a prediction.

[35-] The Hon. Mrs. Norton has addressed a letter to the Editor of the London Sunday Times, in reference to the persecutions and annoyances, to which, in despite of the mournful character of her misfortunes, she is still constantly subject. More despicable or degraded wretches cannot exist than the authors of anonymous letters—and it is a matter of surprise that the afflicted lady gives them any heed or attention whatsoever. Upon opening such letters, she should, upon discovering their import, instantly commit them in the flames without perusal.

We sometimes think that true gallantry is extinct in the bosoms of men. Whenever any question arises in which woman is a party, mankind seem to think it incumbent upon them to set about vilifying and traducing her and defending their own sex. The D'Hautville case, which has of late occupied no small share of public attention in our country, is an instance in point. A great majority of the Editors and the same proportion of the lawyers have taken up their cudgels in defence of D'Hautville, as if the dearest rights of "the lords of creation" were invaded and in danger of utter subversion from the just decision of the Court, which gave to Madame D'Hautville the care and possession of her infant child. In the case of Mrs. Norton, her innocence was proved, in spite of suborned testimony, as clearly as any fact which ever came before a court of justice—and yet she is followed with a blood-hound ferocity into the sheltered retirement accorded to her by her near relations.

#### THE HON. MRS. NORTON'S CASE.

MR. EDITOR.—The just and generous spirit manifested in your brief allusion to my affairs, last Sunday, emboldens me to notice the only sentence in the paragraph which gave me pain. You speak of my brother as if he had failed to give me that protection he could, in the hour of insult and annoyance. I should ill deserve the unwearied tenderness and earnest support I have always received from him, if I let that comment pass without contradiction. What help could be given, has been given; what protection could be afforded, has been afforded: patiently, steadily, from first to last, through evil report and good report. That it has not always availed to shield me, is no fault of my brother's.

There is but one human being whose position towards a woman enables him, while he continues her friend, to baffle the attacks of her most bitter foes; and when he becomes her enemy, to neutralize the efforts of her warmest supporters:—the man who swore at God's altar to protect her.

I have not, at any time since the separation, lived alone. I have found a second home with my uncle, Mr. Charles Sheridan (during whose temporary absence the late annoyance took place), but that home has been perpetually invaded by annoyances, from which neither brothers, relatives, or friends have power to relieve me. For upward of three years I have received, at frequent intervals, anonymous letters; some evidently proceeding from vulgar and illiterate persons, but many more,—to the eternal disgrace of those who penned them—from persons whose superior and educated style stamped their attacks with a double baseness; and in one particular and persevering instance, from a person whose familiar acquaintance with foreign languages, and introduction of perverted quotations, vexed him no ordinary scholar. From this species of vexation no one can defend me; nor from the various discomforts I detailed to the magistrates; the tampering with my servants; watching my house; sending persons to my residence to make inquiries calculated to destroy the respect of those around me, and keeping up, as it were, a perpetual round of wearying insults and evidences of enmity.

Had it been possible that any private friend could shield me from all this, I never should have been driven to make a public appeal for protection. It was because neither my brother nor any other relative had power to check the efforts made against me, that after three years' endurance I determined on that most painful step; I left a sick bed to give evidence in a police-court.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

CAROLINE NORTON.

[36-] The Editor of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette received, on the 20th of January, 1841, for examination, from Mr. Joseph M. Fox, a pear of the Duchesse d'Angouleme kind, which he (Mr. Fox) received from Havre in France, weighing (not France but the pear) ONE POUND AND SIX OUNCES! Concerning that pear, the Editor remarks, "It was a magnificent affair, such as we never saw before." To call a pear an affair strikes us as peculiar—particularly in prose. In poetry it might do—for the sake of the rhyme—as, for example,

A more magnificent affair

Was never seen than this huge pear;

or, *vice versa*:

We never saw, than this huge pear,

A more magnificent affair.

Perhaps the latter distich is preferable; rhetorically speaking it is more sublime, and, as Dr. Blair would say, impresses the hearer with a sense of awe. Were all the remarkable incidents, detailed by the learned Editor of the Gazette, to be done into metre, they might run in this fashion:

By Mr. Fox to us was shown

A fruit not all unknown to fame,

From Havre, France, by breezes blown—

Its kind, the Duchesse D'Angouleme.

We speak not like a man who bounces,

When we assert it was a pear,

Weighing full one pound and six ounces—

A most magnificent affair!

It detracts from Mr. Fox's (*Fox et præterea nihil*) merits, that he displayed the pear merely "for examination" and not as a gift. Oh, Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, how could you be so stingy? Did you think that, if you suffered the loss of your pear, nothing could repair it? How delighted you must have been, when the examining editor held up both hands and exclaimed with the poet,

"Sure such a pear was never seen!"

## The Old World.

### Arrival of the Columbia.

#### Eleven Days Later From England.

The Steamship Columbia sailed from Liverpool on the 5th inst., and arrived at Boston on the morning of the 21st, making her passage in 15 1-2 days. She brings Liverpool papers to the 5th, and London to the 4th, and eleven days later news.

There are eighty-eight passengers in all from Halifax to Boston.

#### FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

London, Monday, Jan. 4, 1841.

The Court has been at Windsor for some time. It is to remain there until after the meeting of Parliament, which is fixed for the 26th of this month. It will then come to London for two or three days, after which it will return to Windsor, where it will remain until within a day or two of the christening of the Princess Royal. No day is yet fixed for the latter ceremony, but it is understood that it will take place in one of the state apartments of Buckingham palace, about the middle of February, and be on a scale of great splendor.

The Queen and her royal infant continue in the enjoyment of the best health. Prince Albert also enjoys seeming good health; but it is said that the court physician, Sir James Clark, is very particular in his instruction to his Royal Highness to avoid unnecessary exposure to colds, as he thinks he discovers in him the symptoms of incipient consumption.

It appears from the will of the late Marquis of Camden, which has been proved in the Doctor's Commons, that his personal property is under £40,000, and that his estates are worth about £8,000 a year.

A lady, evidently belonging to the higher classes, calling herself the Countess Rastalitz, made another attempt, a few weeks ago, to gain admittance into Buckingham Palace. She drew a mourning dress from under her clothes, and brandished it in a menacing manner when the sentinel sought to obstruct her entrance into the palace. She labors under the delusion that she has some pecuniary claims on Prince Albert. She has been committed to a Lunatic Asylum.

A letter from Constantinople says, that the Sultan has directed that a splendid brilliant necklace, to be composed entirely of diamonds of the first water, be immediately prepared as a present to Queen Victoria.

Among the officers who served on board Sir Robert Stopford's flag-ship, at the recent siege of Acre, was the son of Sir Robert Peel. The bravery which the young man displayed on the occasion is said to have been the admiration of all who witnessed it.

On Christmas morning, shortly after six o'clock, a dreadful catastrophe occurred in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Nicholas without, Francis street, Dublin. One of the planks on which the people were kneeling, having given way, some one raised a cry that the chapel was falling,

when a simultaneous and tremendous rush was made toward the door. There being a flight of three or four steps at the approach to the place, upwards of one hundred persons fell down it at once, and were immediately trampled upon by hundreds of others. The screaming and terror were dreadful; and six or seven persons were killed on the spot, while several others have since died from the injuries they received.

The Chartists are again increasing in numbers, and assuming an attitude which is causing no little apprehension for the preservation of the public peace. It is a curious fact that the physical force demonstrated is most alarming in the very district in Wales in which the insurrection broke out eighteen months ago, and for heading which, Frost, Williams and Jones are now in exile and in chains.

Sir Robert Stopford has refused to ratify the Convention between Commodore Napier and Mehemet Ali, on the ground that the brave Commodore exceeded the powers with which he was invested in entering into that Convention. Sir Robert, however, immediately afterward proposed essentially similar terms to Mehemet Ali, who immediately accepted them. The Eastern Question is consequently now considered as fairly settled. The circumstance has given the greatest satisfaction in England. Intelligence being received of Mehemet's acceptance of the terms of England, the funds immediately rose. The terms are that he return to his allegiance to the Sultan as his Sovereign; that he restore the Turkish fleet; and that he evacuate the possessions he now holds in Syria.

The Duke of Wellington has issued cards of invitation to a grand dinner party at Apley House, for the 25th inst., the day before the meeting of Parliament, to all the Tory Peers.

#### FROM A FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, January 2, 1841.

DEAR SIR: You have done so excellently well in securing James Grant, Esq., author of *Random Recollections &c.*, &c., for your London Correspondent, that I presume you will hardly deem my letters of sufficient value, to pay upon them the heavy postage charged by Cunard's Steamers. But, to show my anxiety to comply with your request, I hasten to write, notwithstanding, and to communicate some literary intelligence that will be interesting to your countrymen.

It is now well understood and known in the literary circles of London and Edinburgh, that Samuel Warren, the popular author of *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, first published in Blackwood's Magazine and afterwards republished in volumes, both in England and America—is the author of that grandest of all modern stories, *Ten Thousand a Year*. It has, since its commencement, been an extraordinary favorite; the sale of Blackwood has been greatly increased, and a perfect rush is made at the booksellers' for each number on the first of the month. The interest culminates as the story goes on—and, *me judice*, you have done most wisely in giving it to the American public through the columns of the *New World*. It cannot fail to be appreciated as it deserves; so intimate a knowledge of human character in all its various phases; such ready and brilliant powers of description; so clear an insight into the motives and conduct of all classes of men and of individuals of all classes; such conversational tact so fluent and graceful a style; such humor, wit, pathos, satire—harmoniously combined—are not to be found in any modern romance. I will not except even the works of Dickens, admirable as they are. He, who does not eagerly read "*Ten Thousand a Year*," if within his reach, gives up his claim to a good taste or voluntarily foregoes a gratification—the like of which is seldom offered to the lovers of narrative. You will find Number Fourteen in the January Blackwood, quite equal, if not superior to the numbers which have preceded it. Do not withhold it from your readers a single day, if you can avoid it. I learn that Warren means to continue the story through the present year, and afterwards to collect it in volumes—of which it will make six in liberal English type, and three or four after the American style of publication.

Master Humphrey's Clock is purchased weekly by forty thousand people and devoured of a Saturday evening with greedy eyes. Was there ever anything more touching than the adventure of poor Nell, or more laughable than the eccentric vagaries and poetical conversation of Mr. Richard Swiveller? Mr. Dickens is in receipt of about £3500 a year for the labors of his pen: his first publishers, Chapman and Hall, whom he has never deserted—not even while he lent his name and *Oliver Twist* to Mr. Bentley—have realized a fortune out of the sale of his works.

In consequence of the superior style in which Master Humphrey is produced, it is less profitably than *Nicholas Nickleby* and the *Pickwick* papers.

I am well acquainted with Dickens, and, should he commence any new work, you shall be the first to hear of it, and shall assuredly be furnished with the sheets full a week before they appear in England. I can give you the same assurance with regard to any thing new by Sheridan Knowles or Dr. Lever, the author of *Charles O'Malley*; they

are both countrymen of mine, and I know them intimately. Dr. Lever has his new work, "*Harry Lorrequer Married*," fairly under way. I have secured a promise of a copy for you of the first numbers, considerably anticipating their days of publication. "The author of *Virginian*" has already a new drama on the stocks; the subject is peculiarly adapted to his glowing though somewhat abrupt style—you will be delighted with it. By the by, I learn from Mr. Knowles that he saw a great deal of you in America; his praises of you were loud, and so they are of every body. He is the most generous and kind-hearted of men, and is universally beloved. He spoke of some royal beefsteak dinners which he enjoyed with a set of companions, whom he calls "the glorious Boston boys." Col. Morris of your city, editor of the *New York Mirror*, also comes in for no small share of the dramatist's warm recollections.

Did you ever read that beautiful German, child's story, entitled "*A Story without an end*"? A sequel to it has been published, called "*The Child and the Hermit*." It has an excellent religious tone, and is rendered attractive by numerous pictorial embellishments. Moxon has just issued "*Fugitive Verses*" by Joanna Baillie. The poems of Chaucer, the father of English poetry as he is called, have been modernized—*id est* done into understandable English. In his antique garb, his works are very little read except by scholars; since it requires almost as much study and reference to a glossary to comprehend them fully, as it does to acquire a foreign language. To critics the charm of Chaucer may appear to be gone with the quaintness of his etymology and his old rhymes; but this modernization will have the good effect to attract many readers who never take up anything which is not as clear as noonday. The task has been done with delicacy and faithfulness. It is no "version," no "translation," or "paraphrase," but the poet himself; the same quaint phrases; his own mode of speaking and describing; all has been preserved as far as the bounds of modern language, to be intelligible, would admit. It will be well for you to recommend the republishing of the work to some American bookseller. The "modernizations" are by different authors of celebrity; Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, &c. Such names would surely secure a large demand for the volume. Bulwer's new novel is looked for with considerable anxiety. He thinks it, I am told, his very best production.

DR. ELDRIDGE'S CASE.—The jury in this case have at length been discharged, after having suffered an imprisonment of thirteen days. They stated to the court that they could not agree. They stood, eleven for conviction; one for acquittal.

ANOTHER PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION IS FALLEN.—MR. THOMAS BUCK, a resident of Oak Hill, near Dansville, N. Y., lost his life very unexpectedly a few days since, while on his way to visit some of his relations.

THE TENNESSEANS are making arrangements to erect a monument to the memory of the late Hugh L. White, a good and great man, worthy of such commemoration.

OUR LEGISLATURE is going on very quietly at Albany. In the Senate, Gen. Roor's resolution urging such an amendment to the Federal Constitution as will restrict the eligibility of each President to a single term, limit the powers of removal and appointment of the Executive, and discourage the selection of members of Congress from office, are under consideration. Mr. A. B. Dickinson advocated their passage in a speech on Monday. A bill to change radically the Constitution of the Fire Department of this city, so as to render it nearly independent of the Common Council, has been introduced by Mr. Verplanck, and meets with evident favor.

THE HOUSE is chiefly engaged in the consideration of bills of slight general interest.

A BILL has been reported in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania authorizing the institution of suits against the Commonwealth, by individuals having claims against it, and granting them the right of trial by jury.

THE VIRGINIA BANKS having come into the arrangement proposed by the Maryland Banks, they will all certainly resume specie payments on Monday, the first of February.

VERA CRUZ.—The New Orleans papers confirm the news of the loss of the British Steamer Argyle. This vessel left Vera Cruz on the 3d of December, having the Villaneuva, a Spanish schooner, in tow, bound for Havana.

THE OREGON TERRITORY.—Mr. Linn, of the United States Senate, has introduced a bill declaring that the title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon is certain and will not be abandoned.

THE CONVENT.—A proposition has been made in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and so far entertained as to be referred to a select committee, to pay, from the State treasury, the amount of damages sustained by the destruction of the convent at Charlestown, in 1834.

MR. J. SILK BUCKINGHAM has been expatiating, since his return to England on the immense advantages of the total abstinence system. The papers call him "the travel led tee-totaler."

#### ANNOUNCEMENT—A NOVEL PLAN.

No paper enjoys a more favorable circulation than the *Evening Signal*. It is distributed by carriers, and sold by the newsboys daily to many of the most intelligent readers in the city. It is eminently a "family newspaper." No expense and exertions are spared to give the latest intelligence, both foreign and domestic, at the earliest possible moment; and there is unremitting industry, if nothing more, displayed in its columns. We arrogate no superiority over any other journal, and we appreciate as fully and as freely, as their best friends can, the merits of the numerous daily papers, issued morning and evening, in our city. We do not wish to encroach upon their circulation; we ask no man to substitute the *Signal* for the paper or papers which he is in the habit of taking in; but we do ask our fellow-citizens to add it to the amount of their daily reading. Its extreme cheapness authorizes us to make this request; and, furthermore, a novel plan which we have just adopted, a new and striking feature which we are about to introduce, persuades us to make it at this time.

"THE NEW WORLD," with its thirty-two ample columns, is, nevertheless, unable to contain the vast supply of interesting matter, of which we are in receipt upon the arrival of the steam-packets from England. Ainsworth, the author of *Rookwood*, Crichton and the *Tower of London*, has just commenced, in the *Sunday Times*, a new romance, entitled *OLD ST. PAUL'S*, which promises to equal, if not to surpass, all his former efforts. Henry Cockton, the author of "*Valentine Vox*" and "*Stanley Thorn*," has also commenced a novel called "*George St. George Julian*," a story of commercial life, which, judging from the specimen before us, will be vastly entertaining, and especially in a mercantile community—both of these, it is our intention to publish in the *Evening Signal* daily, but not in such quantities as to interfere, in the slightest degree, with our usual quota of important news, or editorial articles. This plan will involve a serious expense; but we are willing to undergo it for the sake of adding largely to the gratification of our readers, and of materially increasing the circulation of the *Signal*. Should these effects not follow the plan, we shall abandon it; but of this we entertain not the slightest apprehension, for the popularity of the authors, whose works we are about to issue in this novel manner, is so great, that thousands of readers will be anxious to see their productions at the earliest possible moment. It is, moreover, our confident expectation that men of business, becoming aware of the great circulation which must attend this project, will aid and sustain us by their advertisements. Of one thing they can even now, assure themselves—the *Evening Signal* is read by most of the respectable families of the city, and it will henceforth, instead of being thrown aside, be carefully preserved on account of the interesting publications which it will make nearly every day in the year. This will, of course, render it a most valuable channel for communications of all kinds.

Let it not be supposed that these stories will be published in the *New World*—that is utterly out of the question. The *New World* already gives to its numerous subscribers, five continued stories—and no other can be begun in it, till these are concluded. Besides, the commencing of any more extended works would interfere with that variety, which is essential to the success of our large paper. The new works, therefore, of Ainsworth and the author of *Valentine Vox* will appear exclusively in the *Evening Signal*. A very large edition will be published daily, so that all new subscribers and purchasers can be supplied with back numbers for some weeks to come.

"OLD ST. PAUL'S" was commenced in yesterday's paper; on Monday next will appear the beginning of *George St. George Julian*. They will be published hereafter at the rate of one column a day.

Subscribers can be served at their residences, by leaving their names at the office of publication—30 Ann street. If any back numbers are wanted, they can be obtained at a penny a piece—a trifling consideration, which, it is hoped, no lover of good reading will refuse to pay for the productions of the most popular of modern authors.

N. B. As it will be absolutely necessary for us, in consequence of so largely augmenting our edition, to go to press at much earlier hour than usual, advertisers are requested to send in their favors not later than half-past ten o'clock, A. M.—[*Evening Signal* of Thursday.]

THE QUARTO NEW WORLD.—Although we increased our edition on the 1st of January (second volume) more than three thousand copies, yet such has been the rush of new subscribers, that only 800 sets remain in the office. Should the demand continue as great hereafter, (and it is increasing every day) we shall be able to supply subscribers from the commencement but a few weeks longer. Those, therefore, intending to subscribe, must hasten their orders, and our agents every where are desired to look to it.

#### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

Those new subscribers who wish the commencement of this justly celebrated and thrilling story in a form to be bound up with the second volume of the Quarto, are informed that we have a few sets of back numbers, (from No. 16 to 30,) and they would do well to order the back numbers from that time. We shall not be able to supply the commencement of this story in the quarto form but a few weeks longer.

#### Married.

January 26, at the Transfiguration Church, by Rev. F. Varela, Mr. Charles C. Spencer and Mary Jane, daughter of the late John Hurley, January 26, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. E. Gilbert Bennett and Miss Elizabeth Weaver, daughter of Joseph Weaver, Esq., all of this city. January 26, by Rev. Mr. Burdard, Mr. James N. Berthoff, of Warwick, and Miss Eliza Jane, daughter of the late Peter P. Bertine, Esq. of this city.

January 12, by Rev. N. J. Marselus, Mr. P. S. Caslebar and Miss Ann Eliza, eldest daughter of J. Vredinburg, all of this city.

#### Died.

At Rhinebeck, January 14, Mr. Garret Kip, in the 74th year of his age. In this city, January 27, Palla Sims, aged 50.



# THE NEW

PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.



# WORLD.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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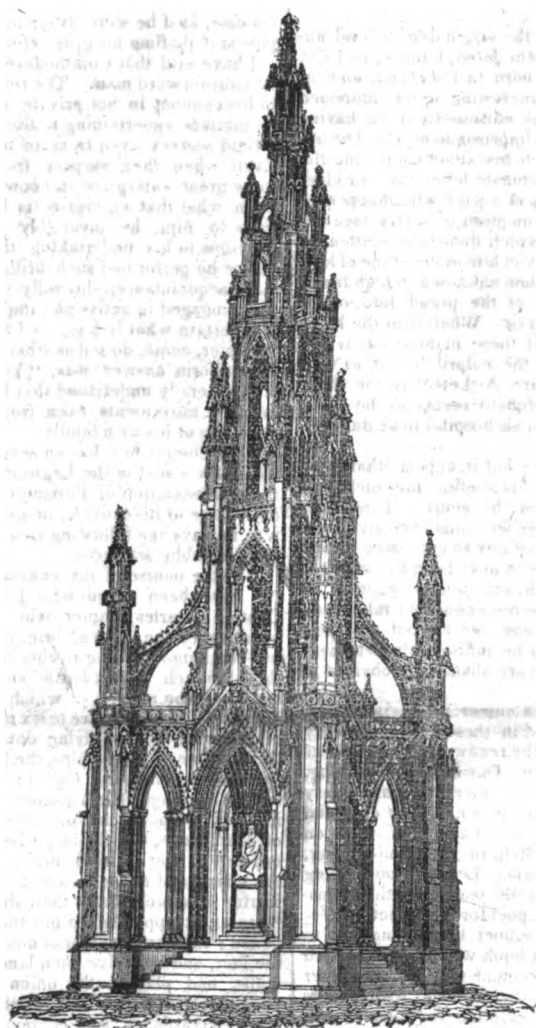
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VOLUME 'II.... No. 6.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 36.



Monument to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh.

The above is an accurate representation of the Monument to be erected to the memory of the Wizard of the North in his own city of Edinburgh. It was drawn on the wood and engraved by J. J. Butler, after a very beautiful copperplate impression, for which we are indebted to a lady, who received it from a friend in Scotland. It is believed to be the only picture of the Monument in this country; and it therefore deserves to be prized by our readers. The corner-stone was laid August 15th, 1840. The ceremony was attended by armies of people. From all quarters, near and far, thronged thousands, eager to testify by their presence their deep-seated, affectionate respect for that *CLARUM ET VENERABILE NOME*, so justly dear to Scotchmen. The Monument is placed midway between the old and new towns of Edinburgh, on a large space of ground, occupied as a nursery and flower-garden.

In default of something from a more worthy hand, we give

## A SONNET

*Written on hearing that a Monument was to be erected to the memory of SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

'T is said that, 'mid the Alps and Pyrenees,  
And other lofty mountains, and in groves,  
And hidden places where the bandit roves,  
Uptowering piles of stones the traveller sees,  
That mark the spot where some have fallen and died:  
For them these shapeless monuments are reared,  
And, though to none who passes by endeared,  
Each, from his journeying, will turn aside  
To cast his mite upon the rising moles,  
And guard the memory of the lost unknown:  
In this a deep, strong sentiment is shown—  
A kindred for the dead in living souls.  
If such, oh world-renowned, thy grave could be,  
An Alp would rise a monument to thee!

PARK BENJAMIN.

## REVIEW.

Patchwork. By Captain Basil Hall, R. N., F. R. S.

Captain Hall is a man of extensive observation. He has travelled a good deal, and looked out upon the world in many countries from the shrewd and successful corner of his own experiences. The book we are now noticing is good, agreeable reading, which one finds oneself the wiser for having read.

The first volume is occupied with Switzerland, as it appeared to Captain Hall on a visit of some twenty years ago. And when we have said of this part of the work, that, in addition to some pointed and pleasant remarks on tourist incidents and accidents in themselves of no particular novelty, it supplies a number of very interesting and curious suggestions to the study of popular geology, we do not know that it is necessary to say more.

Captain Hall's travelled experience, and known acquaintance with some of the loftiest and most celebrated ranges of mountains in the world, as the Andes and Himalayas, give interest and authenticity to this observation on the Alps:

"There are vastly higher peaks, both in India and in America, and even occasionally whole districts in which continuous ridges of higher elevation occur than the Alps can boast of. But it must be recollected, that mere height above the general surface of the earth, though a grand feature, is not the only circumstance which gives interest to a mountainous country. And I may frankly state, for the satisfaction of those whose travels are limited to Europe, that, in every thing constituting either that striking interest which merely astonishes at the moment, or that which comes so strongly home both to the reason and the imagination, as to endure for ever in the memory, the Alps bear away the palm from every other."

And this is to be attributed, he thinks, to the superior capabilities they possess for exhibiting, not only grandeur and beauty of scenery, but a multitude of objects of scientific as well as popular curiosity, in every part of their range. Several of these are afterwards instructively adverted to.

We do not recollect to have seen noticed before, either in prose or poetry, a remarkable change which Capt. Hall describes to take place in the color of the snow on the higher ridges of the Alps, immediately after sunset. We recommend it to the use of the poets:

"While the eye is feasting on the rich tints which succeed to the bright light of day, and wishes they might last for ever, the rose color gradually dies away, and its place is taken by a livid, dead white, resembling so fearfully that of a corpse, that I felt quite shocked as well as startled by the change—nor have I ever met with any one whose nerves were not more or less disturbed by this painful transition from the blush of health, as it were, to the paleness of death! I have seen very wild deserts in Peru and elsewhere, and many other scenes of desolation in the world, but none which has struck me with so deep a feeling of melancholy as the sight of Mont Blanc during the period, fortunately a brief one, in which this livid hue is spread over it. Before the shades of night finally settle over all, a very slight and scarcely perceptible return of the rose-tint is often visible on the snow, a sort of reanimation of the scene, which is most cheering and consolatory."

The first volume closes with some remarks on the habits of English travellers abroad, which may be called a mixture of the sensible and straight-laced; we pass these, to quote a seasonable note on the Spanish mode of fattening a Christmas Turkey:

"Some six weeks or a couple of months before the day on which he is destined to be roasted, a single walnut is crammed down his throat; on the next day he is made to swallow two; and so on increasing his meal in arithmetical progression till he can hold no more, say thirty or forty. He is then supposed to have reached the maximum point of a turkey's happiness. From that period his allowance of walnuts is daily diminished by one, till at the last, when his bodily condition is at the best, and his appetite the sharpest possible, his fare, like that of a Frenchman's horse, becomes nothing at all. He then receives the *coup de grace* of the *cocinero*!"

The patchwork of the second volume is a compound of colors from Paris and Sicily, with interlacing streaks of more homely pattern, from Argyleshire, Edinburgh, and Melrose. We shall content ourselves with brief samples of each, premising merely, that here as before, the more valuable and striking parts of the book consist in scientific sug-

gestions of a popular kind. Captain Hall remarks on the cold of a Paris winter:

"How the wretched coachmen manage to live at all in such weather as I have seen in Paris, is to me inconceivable: for even to the inside passengers the cold becomes at times so severe, that with all the contrivances they can think of—warm furs, hot-water bottles, great-coats, boat-cloaks, and shawls, they can scarcely go from one house to another, without being frozen to death,—a fate which actually befel two poor sentries, and an unfortunate donkey, one bitter night of the winter alluded to. The soldiers were found at the hour of their relief, as it is called, with their muskets shouldered, standing as stiff and erect at their post at the palace gate, as when their corporal had planted them. The honest donkey was found standing across the path in the Boulevards at day-break, with his tail straight on end, as rigid as a bar! In his death the poor old fellow retained his wonted look of patience and contentment so completely, that the people, thinking him still alive, drubbed him soundly as they passed, for being in the way."

In an interesting chapter on the traces of revolutionary tempests that have passed over Paris, we find, in some little facts, a curious and graphic illustration of some great things:

"In the famous wardrobe of the cathedral of Notre Dame I remember, when Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, seeing the robes in which he had been crowned. With the most extraordinary want of what may be called historical taste, the restored Bourbon family had ordered that the innumerable bees, with which it had pleased Buonaparte to have his robes, should be picked out! In a similar spirit, the same of some other emblem of the empire was carefully removed from a magnificent carpet of the Gobelin manufacture, used to cover the floor of one of the principal rooms of the Tuileries. In their place had been substituted, of course, a set of *fleur-de-lis*, the ancient device of the Bourbon line. These held their places till the fierce lustre of the *glorieuses Journees* burnt up the lilies of Charles X. in France, that is to say, in Paris, which is France, just as Constantinople is Turkey, whatever the geography books may say to the contrary. As soon as the bustle of the 'Revolution of July' was well over, and the elder branch of the Bourbons expatriated, the *fleur-de-lis*, the ancient symbol of so much royal renown, was held in so much abhorrence that the poor carpet was once more packed off to the Gobelins, where I saw a party of workmen actually employed in taking out the lilies and substituting stars in their place."

And in connection with the revolution of July, some noticeable things are mentioned:—

"I must mention one very curious musket-shot, the effect of which, for aught I know, may exist to this hour, ten years after the event, for I saw it in 1836, five years and a half after it had been fired, though in a spot where one would have least expected to meet with such things. It is on that side of the statue gallery of the Louvre which faces the north, and looks into the Place de l'Oratoire, where the division between the pillars is filled up with plate glass. A musket-ball, fired from the court, having entered one of the windows, and crossed the aisle or side gallery, had penetrated the sheet of glass. The velocity must have been considerable, otherwise the plate must have been shattered to pieces, instead of which a clean round hole has been pierced through it, encircled by a set of rays streaming from it as a centre in a manner well worthy of observation, independently of the historical interest of the accident. Most fortunately, this shot, though fired, probably, with no such consideration, threaded its way among the statues without touching any one of them; and we shudder to think how much mischief a small deviation in its course might have effected! Had it struck that well known statue, so dear to every papa, in which Silenus is dandling the infant Bacchus, or, worse still, had it injured the exquisite Milo Venus, how much more lasting would our regrets have been at the violence committed during that transient but fierce revolution."

From Captain Hall's Sicilian voyages we give one delightful extract. It is impossible to imagine a piece of description, in which every thing tells to an effect in such exquisite keeping with the scene described:—

"Towards evening we stretched across from Reggio to Messina, of which pretty city we had a fine moonlight view. We passed so near to the shore that we could hear the voices of the boys bawling in the streets, the dogs baying the moon, and lastly, at nine o'clock, the drums of the garrison setting the watch. By this time it had fallen quite calm, with a heavy dew settling on every thing. Overhead hung so clear and starlight a sky that we lingered on deck till late enjoying the mysterious kind of view which a great town seen by moon-light always presents, especially if it be built on steep ground, with high mountains behind it, all cut, as those of Sicily are, into deep glens, with intervening ridges richly clad with cultivation, and spangled with country houses, the pleasure-seats of the more wealthy citizens. As we leaned over the vessel's quarter, admiring this beautiful prospect, we caught the first breath of the land wind which was beginning to waft us gently along. The sails scarcely bulged out, the rich perfume of the orange flower came drifting off to us, and we thought every soul in Messina must be asleep, and that we alone were awake to enjoy the night. Suddenly a loud crash from the bells of all the churches altered the whole character of the scene, and gave life to what but the instant before had seemed buried in the deepest repose."

From the Scottish reminiscences, we shall borrow only this:—

"Although the whole length of Glencoe may be about ten miles, we counted in it only three cottages; nor could we imagine where the rest, if any, were situated. This absence of human habitations lends additional melancholy to the scene,—making it seem as if the slaughter of the clan, who dwelled in it nearly a century and a half ago, had rendered the spot uninhabitable."

Through the greater part of the third volume, the subject of Sicily is continued, with some very valuable details and

descriptions connected with the phenomena of Mount Etna. We shall confine ourselves, however, to two more extracts.

One is the mention of Smollet's tomb at Leghorn:—

"What interested me most in the burying-ground at Leghorn was the tomb of a brother sailor, Smollet, though I was rather provoked to find it scribbled all over with the signatures and trashy remarks of innumerable tourists, who seemed to imagine that by hooking on their unknown names and insignificant compositions, both in prose and verse, to the shrine of the poet, they too might have a chance of some touch of distinction. As it did not strike me at first that this disfigurement of a great author's monument is really one of the best compliments that can be paid to his renown, I turned to the sexton, and in the impulse of the moment promised him a few pauls if he would clear away all these impertinent additions. Before we had left the ground he had procured a bucket of water and a bit of marble, with which he had effectually restored the stone to its original brightness. Till then it did not occur to me that I had missed the true point, and, by thus assimilating Smollet's tomb to those around it, had in fact lessened the only distinction which such things are capable of conferring on the memory of the dead."

And the other is a description of some manuscripts, recently discovered in the library of the Falconieri family at Rome, which illustrates disputed points in the life and fortunes of Tasso:

"Among the papers we have the originals of several autograph letters of his, most of them dated, I think, in 1572. Tasso, if I recollect rightly, was born in 1544, and died in 1595. There is also one very interesting letter addressed to the Duke of Ferrara, which is curious from its having been the proximate cause of his imprisonment. In it he improbably makes some allusion to his attachment; and the whole secret, of which this unfortunate letter gave the clue, was then let out by the treachery of a page who, happening to get hold of a book of Tasso's manuscript poetry, tore out the half of one of the leaves on which there was written, in his own hand, lines enough to convict him of the crime of love in a quarter to which the poet, then unknown to high fame, and merely the retained servant of the proud lord, ought not, it seems, to have cast his eyes. What is in the highest degree singular is, that one of these manuscripts is the actual half leaf which convicted the culprit, and it, as well as the above-mentioned letter, are docketed by the duke himself. He says that, 'as Torquato seems to be mad, it is fit that he should be sent to an hospital to be duly purified.'"

"So he was ordered to prison; but it appears that Leonora gained intelligence of the impending mischief, and wrote to advise Tasso to fly from the court. This affectionate letter reproaches her lover with this excessive want of ordinary discretion, and advises him to get away as fast as he can. Although he appears to have been the simplest creature on the face of the earth, and totally ignorant of the ways of a court, he had yet sense enough to take such a hint as this and fly. By this means he evaded Alfonso's anger for nearly two years, when he indiscreetly returned, being impelled by motives which are abundantly obvious in this correspondence."

"There occur in this collection numerous characteristic traits of all the parties concerned in these intrigues—very trivial in themselves, but which the renown of Tasso invests with a high degree of importance. One day Tasso having, it would seem, been struck by some piece of embroidery done by Leonora's sister, she made him a present of it, and he, as in poetical duty bound, wrote her a copy of verses on the occasion, the original of which, in his hand-writing, forms one of Count Alberti's papers. Leonora, on reading them, felt, or affected to feel, a little jealous of this transaction, and playfully scolded the poet for his defective allegiance. Upon this he indites a sonnet beseeching her to embroider for him the cover of a book which she was then reading. She of course complies, and we saw the letter accompanying the gift, as well as the gift itself, which bears on one of its blank pages an inscription in Tasso's own hand-writing, declaring that he would never part with it till his latest breath. The book is Boccaccio's *Essay or Treatise on Woman*, which I am told (for I never saw it except on this occasion) is a sharp satire on the sex. In Leonora's note accompanying the present, she alludes to the subject of the book in very lively terms, calling her own conduct truly evangelical, inasmuch as by treating him in this way, she obeys the gospel precept of returning good for evil. The book is a pocket volume, very neatly embroidered on the outside. Within, on the first blank page, there is a sonnet, in Tasso's writing, in praise of the lady and her workmanship, which, he declares, far beats that of the spider, which, seeing it, is struck dumb. 'Nevertheless,' he goes on to say, 'the web of love, which is thrown over his heart, though still finer than either, is quite strong enough to bind him for ever.'"

"Count Alberti showed us Tasso's copy of Virgil, of which the margins are filled with annotations in his hand-writing. One passage was pointed out in which Virgil indulges in some reflections upon courts and courtiers. This has given occasion to Tasso to add a note of great asperity against princes. There is also a well-thumbed and scribbled-over copy of Polybius, and another of Livy on some military matters, which it is probable Tasso had studied closely, that he might acquire a knowledge of battles and sieges while composing his *Jerusalem Delivered*."

From all which it would seem that the grand poet was really beloved, and not merely tolerated, by the great Lady Leonora. This had been on very good grounds suspected, but we do not think it was capable of direct proof before the recovery of these papers.

We should not omit to say that this book concludes with some remarks of considerable interest on matters connected with the author's profession. On all these no one has better claims to be heard than Captain Basil Hall.

LEA AND BLANCHARD, of Philadelphia, have in press *Sketches of Distinguished Characters in France*—translated by Robert M. Walsh, Esq.—son of the former distinguished editor of the *National Gazette*.

## Original Articles.

### SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

(Written for the New World, by the Author of 'Random Recollections,' 'The Great Metropolis,' 'Portraits of Public Characters,' &c.)

#### COMMODORE NAPIER.

What man could be named, I should like to know, more deserving of a place in my portrait gallery, than the gallant sailor whose recent brilliant exploits in the East, are the theme of every tongue and the subject of universal admiration? The Commodore is a native of Stirlingshire, in Scotland, and still retains his northern accent as strongly as if he had only quitted the land of "moor and mountain" a few months ago. He is a singularly kind-hearted, good-natured man. There is an openness and manifest sincerity in his manner, which renders him a favorite the moment you are introduced to him. He has no lofty opinion of himself: he appears as if unconscious that he had ever done any thing out of the common way, or which merits distinction. Like Lord Nelson, he knows not what fear is. He is quite as cool and collected in the heat of conflict, and when the roar of cannon is reverberating in his ears, as if he were sitting in his own cabin, smoking his pipe and quaffing his grog before going to bed.

I have said that Commodore Napier is an open-hearted, straight-forward man. The remark, however, only applies to his conduct in his private or individual capacity. In all matters appertaining to the naval service, he preserves a rigid secrecy, even from his most intimate acquaintances. Even when they suspect, from his motions, that he has some great enterprise in contemplation, and endeavor to learn what that enterprise is by putting ingenious questions to him, he invariably preserves his own secret. Previous to his undertaking the expedition to Portugal, where he performed such brilliant exploits, his more intimate acquaintances shrewdly suspected that he was about to be engaged in active and important service, and, anxious to ascertain what it was, used to put the question to him—"Napier, come, do tell us what you are going to be about." His uniform answer was, "You shall hear by-and-by." It is generally understood that he conceals all his intended military movements even from the nearest and dearest members of his own family.

The Commodore has on several occasions been a candidate for a seat in the Legislature. In 1833, he contested the representation of Portsmouth, in the Tory interest. In the course of his canvass, in answer to the question who he was, he gave the following rich and racy account of himself and his public services:

"In the course of my canvass," said the gallant officer, "I have been asked who I am?—I'll tell you. I am Captain Charles Napier, who five-and-twenty years ago commanded the *Recruit* brig, in the West Indies, and who had the honor of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships, flying from a British squadron, the nearest of which with the exception of the *Hawk* brig, was from five to six miles astern: the greatest part of the time I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of these ships, the *Hautpolt*, only was captured by the *Pompey* and *Caster*; the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the *Æolus*, *Cleopatra*, and *Recruit*, were ordered to beat up in the night, between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close to Fort Edward; the enemy, fearing an attack, burnt their shipping. At daylight in the morning, it appeared to me that Port Edward was abandoned; this, however, was doubted; I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the union jack. Fortunately, I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about one hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night, Fort Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir A. Cochrane, saying that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives, and of shortening the siege of Martinique.' I had once the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away my mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the English flag was not tarnished. On my return to England in command of the *Jason*, I was turned out of her by a Tory Admiralty, because I had not interest; but as I could not lead an idle life, I served a campaign with the army in Portugal as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busaco, I had the honor of carrying off the field my gallant friend and relative, Colonel Napier, now near me, who was shot in the face. Busaco was not the only field where he shed his blood; at Corunna he was left for dead, but thank God, he escaped with six wounds. On my return to England I was appointed to the *Thames*, in the Mediterranean; and if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast into the room, they would tell you that from Naples to the Faro point there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of one hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant vessels. I had the honor of running the *Thames* and *Furcate* into the small mole of Ponza, which was strongly defended, and before they could recover from their surprise, I captured the island without the loss of a man. I was then removed to the *Euryalus*, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner. I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the island of Corsica, passing close under the stern of one, *plumpering* her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside standing athwart my hawse; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her. The *Euryalus* then wore round and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed. These two ships were afterwards ascertained to be *armes en suite*, mounted 22 guns each, and the schooner 14. From the Mediterranean I was ordered to America; and if my



gallant friend Sir James Gordon was here, he would have told you how I did my duty on that long and arduous service up the Potomac: he would have told you that in a tremendous squall the Euryalus lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in two hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries, built close to what was the residence of the great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck. On the peace taking place I went on half-pay, where I remained till I was appointed to the Galatea, which ship I commanded for three years on this station; and I hope and trust that I have faithfully done my duty during that period to my king and country."

From the peculiarity of his manner in company, a stranger would conclude that he is a man who is guided in all his actions by the impulses of the moment: you could not come to a more erroneous conclusion; for though seemingly a person who had abandoned himself to the inspirations of the instant, everything he does is the result of the deepest forethought. He lays his plans, in their leading features, beforehand, with the most scrupulous care; and anticipates and provides for contingencies which may arise to defeat him, with a certainty which amounts to a species of intuition.

Nor is the genius of Commodore Napier limited to the laying down of those plans which hold out the greatest probability of his being able to accomplish his purposes; he is equally happy in carrying into practical effect the schemes which he has devised. He hesitates in such cases at no personal sacrifices; he deems no employment too degrading for him provided he can thereby further the object he has in view. He does when occasion requires it, what very few commanders could undertake to do without diminishing their authority over their men, namely, engage personally in doing the work of the common sailors, and for a time identifying himself as closely with them in conversation and conduct as if he had all his life been the humblest man that ever paced the deck, or mounted the shrouds. Of this he furnished a memorable proof during the recent siege of St. Jean d'Acre. There he was to be seen, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves tucked up, toiling away at the lowest and hardest description of labor in which the allied forces found it necessary on that occasion to engage. And not only was the gallant officer to be seen toiling as if his own life had depended on his labor, at the humblest and hardest work consequent on that engagement, but he displayed a sort of temporary ubiquity. He was to be seen at all places, and engaged in all sorts of manual labor at once.

Commodore Napier is a man of singularly plain and unsophisticated manners on shore as well as at sea. Nothing affords him greater pleasure than to meet with some old acquaintances, however humble in circumstances—especially if they were the companions of his early life—in the streets of Portsmouth, or any other place. If he should happen to meet at the same moment with an old acquaintance and the first nobleman in the land, in any of our public thoroughfares, he would give an unhesitating preference to an interchange of friendship with the former. In our leading government sea-ports, he is known to "the inhabitants generally" by the frequency with which he is to be seen giving a pinch of snuff to the jolly tars he meets in the streets, out of the valuable gold box, richly studded with brilliants, which Don Pedro presented to him some years ago, in testimony of his sense of the service which the gallant gentleman rendered to the liberal cause in Portugal.

His mode of dressing, and personal appearance, are as much out of the beaten path as his manners are eccentric. His carelessness in the article of dressing borders on slovenliness. When in this country, his head is encircled by a broad-brimmed, low-crowned, worn-out hat, which he always wears in such a way as would lead the uninitiated to conclude, that he intended it for the protection of his shoulders rather than for the convenience or ornament of the more elevated part of his person. When at sea, and in warm latitudes, he is partial to a straw chapeau, the brim of which is of such ample proportions as to serve the purpose of an umbrella, or rather of a parasol, to protect him from the inconveniences of a burning sun.

On several occasions during his recent service in the East, he was to be seen astride a donkey—one that on some occasions too, "wouldn't go"—with his straw hat hanging over his shoulders, without cravat, waistcoat, or neckerchief, while his shirt sleeves were tucked up to his shoulders. The reader will readily imagine, what a picture it must have been to see the gallant Commodore on such occasions.

The aspect of his countenance is singular. In his dark brown eyes there is an extraordinary expression of wildness mingled with energy of purpose. His features are large and marked. The form of his countenance is more than usually circular; his complexion is dark, and his hair, though here and there exhibiting symptoms of a coming greyish color, is still essentially black. In size he is slightly below the middle height, and of a hardy, compact make. He was born in 1786, and is consequently in his fifty-fifth year.

—The following letter was received by the Columbia. Though a long time in reaching its destination, it is none the less interesting. Its accomplished author will be easily recognized as a professional person of celebrity.

## A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Burns's Highland Mary—Her Grave—The Birth-place of Burns—Alloway Kirk—Burns's Monument—The Brig o' Doon.  
Glasgow, 8th November, 1840.

MY DEAR J.: I am approaching classic ground—the land of Burns. I know from your admiration of the great poet of Nature, that you will be pleased to look, even through my dim eyes, upon the cottage where first he saw the light of this world; upon the monument that has been raised by his admirers to his genius; upon the two Brigs of Ayr; upon Alloway Kirk, of Tam O'Shanter notoriety; upon the Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon, &c. And first, you remember my mentioning, in one of my Lectures on Scottish Song, that Burns's Highland Mary had died in Greenock, on her return from a visit to her friends previous to her marriage with the poet, and that her remains, her

mortal remains, had been laid in an obscure nook in the Greenock churchyard—yes, you do, and also of my repeating the exquisite lines "To Mary in Heaven"—which a few of your countrymen, whose praise was no mean compliment, professed themselves not displeased with—I might add, your countrywomen too: at least two of them.

Well, I yesterday paid a visit to the grave of Highland Mary, in company with the Misses Smith, whom I have before mentioned to you, nieces of the dowager Countess of Essex, and whom I hope you will have the pleasure of seeing in New-York on some occasion when days are brighter than they have been. The grave was pointed out to us by the old grave-digger, a curious-looking old fish, who looked as black as if he had just been spouted forth from the nether regions—he had a right eye, and an apology for a left one, but that is not saying much for all that is left of it—and rather a humorous expression in his countenance. There is no stone to tell Mary's story, as one would naturally expect there might be—but there is a general one of her family, pointing out the "bit of ground" where her father's bairns are laid. I asked old Vulcan if he was certain that was the spot.

"Ay," said he, "this is it I'm standing on—she lies just under this—there's her head, and there's her feet—I buried her myself."

I have no doubt as to its being the grave, but I think he must be mistaken as to his having buried her, for he cannot have been a digger of graves since Mary was buried. He said, "They did not use to think any more of her than other folk till about twenty years ago, when they began to make an unco wark about her—and they're speaking o' pitting' up a monument till her the noo."

I could not help recalling to my memory the sorrowful parting of Mary and Burns, when they were doomed ne'er to meet again. I saw them before my eyes, swearing eternal faith to each other, on each side of the gurgling stream—I saw him give her the Bible—I saw them part—I repeated the exquisite lines—"Thou lingering star,"—a tear trickled down my cheek—a tribute to such sad sweet memories. "We turned and left the spot," and wended our way among the little hillocks, each containing dust dear to fame—the heavy gate closed, and we were once more in the busy streets, where one would suppose death never walks.

8th Nov.—Yesterday I arrived in Ayr, which Burns says "ilkither town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses," and to-day I and the rest of the party went to view those places in the neighborhood which have been rendered classic by the magic pen of Robert Burns. Our first visit was to the cottage about two miles and a half from Ayr—the auld clay biggin' where the poet first saw the light. It is kept by an honest old couple, John Gowdie and his wife, who have been in it for the last thirty-nine years; precious to which they kept a small public house at Doonside, in the vicinity, John being the miller of Doonside, and a crony of the poet's. He told me it was in this house he last saw Burns—he met him, he said, at some distance from the mill, and the poet returned with him to his own house, where they drank "three gills o' whiskey thegither;" but "we were a good while about it, amais twa hours, and folk could get fou, if they liket, at little expence in these days."

I asked him if Burns often got fou. "No," he said, "I never saw him the worse of drink—he was unco fond of meeting a few shields and haeing a crack, but he did not drink much—he used to sit rather dull, with his hands upon his knees till something excited him, and then he would speak away like a pen-gun." John said, if Burns were alive, he was just be twa years aulder than himsel. I asked the gudewife if she had ever seen Burns's Bonnie Jean.

"Deed sir," she said, "I'll no tell you a lee—I never saw her—she cam to the cottage one day wi' the poet, and I'm sorry to say I was in the toon that day, and mis'd seeing her—but," she said, as if to make her not having seen her of as little consequence as possible, "I believe she was no very bonny, for a' that—she had a nice leg and ankle, and a fine pair o' black e'en, and a very gude figure, but the folk tould me she was na very bonny."

In one of the apartments of the cottage is the famous portrait by Nasmyth, which John assured me was very like the poet—there are also two tables, as completely covered over with names and initials of persons from all quarters of the globe, as if they were specimens of carved work. We had a very long chat with John and his wife—the latter much excelled her husband in volubility of tongue, but John excelled us all in the relish with which he swallowed glass after glass of his own Campbellton whiskey, with which we regaled him. His good dame said, "Puir body, he couldna live without it. We partook of some Scotch cake made from oats raised by themselves on the farm that was once Burns's father's; and with the adieus and good wishes of John and his wife ringing in our ears, we hied us on to see the Monument. I must not forget to tell you, though, that as we were within hearing of the gushing of the Doon, the Misses Smith warbled forth "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," and I gave "Of a' the airts the wia' can blaw," with which the old couple seemed not a little pleased.

On our way to the Monument, we stopped at Alloway Kirk, of which nothing now remains but the bare walls, which are in tolerable preservation: at the east end the old bell still hangs, with a piece of chain attached to it, by which, in days of old it was tolled. I was surprised to find the Kirk so small, and could not help fancying that Auld Cloutie, sitting in the "winnock bunker in the east," and the witches about him, had but little room for their midnight revelries. Its style of architecture is that usually yeclipt bairns, being nothing but four plain bare walls. Burns, however, has rendered it more famous by his genius than the most splendid architectural design could have done. Its little churchyard is studded with tombstones, among which is one over the remains of Burns's father, William Burns, and containing the tribute to his memory which is found in the works of the bard. At the distance of a very few yards, we entered upon the grounds surrounding the Monument, which are most tastefully laid out: The Monument is every elegant, and beautifully situated, and commands from its summit a most extensive view, embracing many of the spots rendered classic by the poet. I need not attempt to describe it to you, as I think I have seen it in your own house in some of your books of views. In the monument there is

a copy of Nasmyth's picture of the poet, and in a grotto close by are the two statues—by the self-taught sculptor Thom, now in America—of Tam o'Shanter and Souter Johnnie.

I went on a little farther to the auld brig o' Doon, where Tam o'Shanter's gude grey mare Meg was deprived of her tail by Cutty Sark, and I possessed myself with some difficulty of a stone from the famous brig, and I now have it among other curiosities. The situation is romantic and beautiful, deriving, of course, additional romance and beauty from its connection with Burns; for it is impossible to listen to the meanderings of the bonny Doon, as it gurgles on, without fancying to one's self that there Burns wandered in propria persona, and called into existence some of his most exquisite lyrics; and when standing on the Auld Brig o' Doon, it does not require a great stretch of imagination to see Tam spurring on his mare, and looking over his shoulder, at the witch, as she docked the tail of poor Meg. There is now a new brig over the Doon, some hundred yards below the old one, and at the end of which, next the Monument, an excellent inn has been erected, having a view from its windows of all the noted places—the cottage where he was born—Alloway Kirk—the Monument—the Auld Brig o' Doon—the auld house at Doon side, where he used to meet his cronies sometimes—the tree—the last of a cluster where was

The cairn

Where hunters found the murdered bairn,

and also the well, which trickles down and gushes into the door, where, it is said in Tam o'Shanter, "Mungo's mother hanged herself."

The public are indebted for this inn, and for the beauty with which the grounds around the inn and monument are laid out, to the enthusiasm and enterprize of Mr. David Auld, who first encouraged Thom to commence his well-known statues, and supplied him with the means to finish them. He has erected a cottage for himself, on the banks of the Doon, just opposite the river, which is laid out with great taste, having beautiful and romantic walks on the river's side. An old quarry-hole he has transmogrified into an elegant pond, overshadowed by birks and pines, and tenanted by a pair of fine, majestic-looking swans, by ducks, &c., and at the one end of it there is a magnificent grotto, covered with shells of all descriptions, very tastefully displayed. The walls inside are also covered with shells, and so are the seats; and to add to its beauty, there are mirrors in every corner. It is the place of all others, where, on a summer's day, one might puff away time with Havana or Principe cigars, with a mint julap or a sherry cobbler to give them a zest, and a good friend like yourself to talk of the cares, cankers, troubles, turmoils, pleasures and pains of the busy world without.

The day was remarkably fine, and although the trees were rest of their summer clothing, which was scattered around in myriads of withered leaves, yet the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly, the air was balmy, and as pleasant as a day in November could well be in this northern region—every thing, in fact, tended to make our first visit to the land of Burns one of unqualified delight.

We returned to Ayr in great spirits, full of Burns, of whose eventful life every particular epoch seemed to start up before me with peculiar freshness. We ended the day at the festive board of Dr. Memes, the Rector of the Academy in Ayr, a first rate scholar and gentleman, an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, and the husband of the sister of one of my oldest chums.

J. W.

## London Quarterly Review.

### AMERICAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN.

[Continued.]

Botta, the Italian, who, in his "History of the American Revolution," has thrown the arguments for and against the Declaration of Independence into the form of harangues, after the manner of the historians of antiquity, makes Lee and Dickinson the champions of their respective parties. Lee certainly moved the resolutions, but Jefferson says, "the colossus of that Congress, the great pillar of support to the Declaration, and its ablest advocate on the floor of the House, was John Adams," who poured forth his passionate appeals in language which "moved his hearers from their seats." It was a bold measure to attempt an imitation, but this has been done by Mr. Webster, artistically interweaving the few original expressions which have been retained. We will quote a few sentences:

"Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots."

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

"It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness—

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; but there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence?"

"Sir, I knew the uncertainty of human affairs; but I

see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die! die colonists! die slaves! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgement approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now—and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!"

The first sentence of the speech here given to Adams is from his declaration to the attorney-general for Massachusetts in 1774: "The die is now cast. I have passed the Rubicon. To sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination." The passage would be materially improved by leaving out the words "survive or perish;" but a leaning toward pleonasm is one great defect of American style, as we may subsequently have occasion to point out.

Prior to his appearance in Congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people in 1770; and, throwing all petty considerations and prejudices aside, called on the jury "to be deaf, deaf as adders, to the clamors of the populace." Captain Preston was acquitted; and the circumstance is often mentioned as a proof of the inherent sense of justice among the people of the United States. But is it quite clear that they retain as a nation all the good qualities which distinguished them as a British colony? Were the ringleaders of the Baltimore mob, who murdered the printer of a newspaper which opposed a war with England in 1812, convicted or acquitted? Or if the slave-owners had tarred and feathered Miss Martineau, and sent her to keep company with wild turkeys, as they threatened, could any southern jury have been persuaded to find them guilty of an assault?

Two other famous speakers of the ante-revolutionary period were John Rutledge and James Otis. The latter argued the great question of writs of assistance (a sort of general warrant) in 1761; and his speech is thus described in one of John Adams's letters:—"Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance." Jefferson was struck in precisely the same manner by Henry, and gives him credit for the same description of effect. We may split the difference, by supposing that Otis then laid the embers which Henry afterwards lighted and flung abroad.

This is all worth repeating that we have been able to collect regarding the ante-revolutionary epoch, and we gladly pass on to a period which offers something more substantial than scattered allusions to argue from. Common Rumor is an indispensable witness in an inquiry like the present. With all her hundred-tongued propensity to fibbing, she must be put into the box; and our first care was to learn from the most enlightened Americans of our acquaintance, which, according to the popular estimate, were generally regarded as the best speakers of their time. The following is a carefully collated list of the chief names that have been forwarded to us with satisfactory testimonials:

Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Rufus King, Samuel Dexter, Chief Justice Marshall, John Wells, Thomas Emmett, (the Irish barrister), Harrison Grey Otis, John Randolph, William Wirt, Joseph Hopkinson, Horace Binney, Luther Martin, William Plankney, Robert Harper, Robert Hayne, James Madison, James Bayard, William Preston, Joseph Story, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Edward Everett.

It is a remarkable fact that the whole of these are lawyers by profession except the last. The order in which they are here named means nothing; and it may be as well to say that no just conclusion can be drawn from the preference we may accord, or the comparative space we may devote to any of them, in our remarks and quotations.

Lord Brougham, in his Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients, says that public speaking among them bore a more important share in the conduct of affairs, and filled a larger space in the eye of the people, than it does now, or indeed ever can again. He afterwards alludes to their interest in oratorical displays as sources of recreation; but it seems to have escaped his attention that "the orators" formed a class distinct from the public men in general, and were more frequently the disturbers than the rulers of the state. Thus Plutarch, in the Life of Phocion, says—"For as princes divert themselves at their meals with buffoons and jesters, so the Athenians attended to the polite and agreeable address of their orators merely by way of entertainment; but when the question was concerning so important a business as the command of their forces, they returned to sober and serious thinking." &c. For this reason it was said that Demosthenes was the fine orator, and Phocion the more persuasive speaker—Phocion, who, when his opinion once happened to be received with universal applause, turned to his friends and asked, "Have I inadvertently let slip something wrong?"

The good sense of mankind has established the same distinction in all countries,—even under a democracy like that

of the United States, where, from the undue prevalence of the talking profession, it might be thought that the assembly or the forum afforded the only legitimate means of influence. The name of Jefferson, for example, does not appear upon our list; yet who has played a more important part? The fact is, his voice, weak at best, became guttural and inarticulate in moments of high excitement, and the consciousness of this infirmity prevented him from risking his reputation in debate; though, judging from the productions of his pen, he possessed all except the physical qualifications of an orator. Washington, again, was wont to exercise much the same sort of influence as the Duke of Wellington has long exercised in this country. He delivered his opinion in a few pithy sentences, written or spoken, and the mere declaimers subsided into insignificance. It is remarkable, too, that the patriotic exertions of these great men were generally directed against the same class of politicians—namely, those who sought to gain the favor of the people by relaxing the reins of government and weakening the foundations of authority.\*

It is related of Washington, at the conclusion of his campaign against the Indians, that, having to appear before the assembly of Virginia and return thanks for a complimentary vote, he got confused, and was unable to go on. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker; "your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." He afterwards, however, acquired the power of expressing himself without embarrassment; and when Patrick Henry was asked in 1774 who was the first man in Congress, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgement, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

\* Even amongst those who take rank as orators, there may be some whose speeches possess few attractions in a rhetorical point of view, though grave, dignified, replete with thought and knowledge, and admirably adapted both to the subject-matter and the time. Those of Alexander Hamilton, the most consummate statesman ever "raised" in America, pre-eminently belong to this category. "There is not an element of order, strength, and durability in the constitution of the United States," says M. Guizot, "which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into the scheme, and cause to be adopted."

What the reader naturally looks for in specimens is the striking metaphor, the happy illustration, the biting sarcasm, the graceful irony, the bold invective, the vehement apostrophe—something, in short, of the stimulating or exciting kind; and these are not always to be found in the models of clear statement or the correctest trains of reasoning. At the same time, it would be unfair in the extreme to infer the absence of statesmanship from the presence or even abundance of these qualities. Fire and fancy are not incompatible with truth and wisdom; or, as Lord Chatham once said in answer to Mr. Pelham—

"What the gentlemen on the other side mean by long harangues or flowers of rhetoric, I shall not pretend to determine; but if they make use of nothing of the kind, it is no very good argument of their sincerity, because a man who speaks from his heart and is sincerely affected with the subject upon which he speaks, as every honest man must be when he speaks in the cause of his country, such a man, I say, falls naturally into expressions which may be called flowers of rhetoric, and therefore deserves as little to be charged with affectation as the most stupid serjeant-at-law that ever spoke for a half-guinea fee."

We have now, it is to be hoped, said enough to escape the risk of wounding the self-love of any irritable individual of the most irritable nation in the world. To save the trouble of frequent repetition, we will next briefly explain the nature of the great party-topics on which the larger, if not the better, half of American eloquence has been expended.

No sooner were the United States recognized as a nation than the powers vested in Congress during the war were found utterly insufficient for the purposes of peace. The British government, perhaps not sorry to mortify the new state, refused to sign a treaty till they were increased. A project of a constitution was accordingly submitted to a convention of delegates of 1787, and, after a warm discussion, adopted by the majority. The most enlightened and (with two or three exceptions) most distinguished statesmen strongly advocated the expediency of giving the largest power to the supreme central authorities. The men of local influence, backed by the lower class, struggled hard to maintain the supremacy of the provincial legislatures, on which the popular voice could be brought to bear with full effect. The views of the former were explained in a series of letters called *The Federalist*. This gave a name to the party; and *Federalist* and *Anti-Federalist* were thenceforward the designations of the two grand divisions into which the entire country was split. Jay, Madison, and Hamilton were the chief leaders of the Federalists, who had also the support of Washington. The principal speaker on the other side was Patrick Henry, but their real leader was Jefferson, then absent on a diplomatic mission. The Federalists leaned towards aristocracy and England, the Anti-Federalists towards democracy and France. "Thus," says M. Guizot, in the little tract already quoted—in our humble opinion the best thing he ever wrote—"the controversy between them involved the social as well as the political order of things—the very constitution of society as well as its government. Thus the supreme, eternal questions, which have agitated and will ever agitate the world, and which are connected with the far higher problem of the nature and the destiny of man, all lay at stake between the parties into which the American community was divided, and were all concealed under their designations."

When the constitution was discussed, the parties were so equally divided, that the decision often hung upon a vote. But after the death of Washington the popular party rapidly gained ground, and the election of Jefferson to the Presidency, in 1801, was the crowning triumph of democracy. His friends then took the name of *Democrats* or *Republicans*.

\* Many other points of analogy will be suggested by a perusal of the inestimable and (in some measure) parallel compilations of Col. Gurwood and Mr. Sparks.

† Washington. By M. Guizot. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. 1840.

The name of *Federalist* continued till a much later period; but in 1821, when John Quincy Adams was elected President, it was changed for that of *National Republicans*, and about the same period the democrats who opposed him began to be called *Jackson-men*. In 1834 both parties were baptised anew. The old federalists, or aristocrats, were christened *Whigs*; and the Democrats (who supported Van Buren) *Tories*—which had been regarded as a term of opprobrium ever since the revolution, when the adherents of the mother-country were so called. Some of these new Tories had a meeting at Tammany Hall, New York: the lamps being accidentally extinguished, the hall was re-lighted by Locofoco (Lucifer) matches, and thus arose the term *Locafocos*, by which the ultra-Radicals of the United States are designated. We need hardly add that these lines have been occasionally crossed by both parties: thus Jackson's proclamation against South Carolina, in 1833, was, to all intents and purposes, a strong Federalist manifesto. Of late years, too, other questions, not strictly referable to either set of principles, have been chosen for rallying points, as the bank, the tariff, the abolition of slavery; and at the present moment topics of a purely personal nature are most in fashion. The suffrages of an enlightened public have been demanded for General Harrison (the *Whig*, i. e. *Conservative*, candidate for the Presidency) on the ground of his dwelling in a log-house, and drinking hard cider of his own making; and it is deemed patriotic to use letter-paper headed by a vignette representing him seated in front of such a residence with a cup in his hand and a hoghead by his side.

The speakers whom (with reference to the foregoing considerations, and with reference also to the materials within our reach) we have selected for particular illustration, are: Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Wirt, Story, Randolph, Calhoun, Clay, Everett, and Webster.

Fisher Ames was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758. He graduated at Harvard University, and, after going through a course of legal study at Boston, began the practice of his profession in his native village. In most parts of North America the functions of the barrister and attorney are combined, like those of surgeon and apothecary in an English country-town, and he probably discharged both. He made himself known by his political contributions to the newspapers, and was elected a member of the provincial assembly, where he so highly distinguished himself as to lead to his being soon transferred to a more conspicuous field—the first Congress that met after the constitution was declared.

Fisher Ames has received from the fond partiality of his countrymen the name of the American Burke, and though his political *Essays* form the chief and most lasting foundation of his fame, there are passages in his speeches which might go far towards accounting for, if they do not quite justify, the appellation. Thus, in his speech on Mr. Madison's motion, in 1794, to impose additional restrictions on foreign commerce, in the hope of inducing other nations to repeal theirs:

"The extravagant despotism of this language accords very ill with our power to give it effect, or with the affection of zeal for an unlimited freedom of commerce. Such a state of absolute freedom of commerce never did exist, and it is very much to be doubted whether it ever will. Were I invested with the trust to legislate for mankind, it is very probable the first act of my authority would be to throw all the restrictive and prohibitory laws of trade into the fire; the resolutions on the table would not be spared. But if I were to do so, it is probable I should have a quarrel on my hands with every civilized nation. The Dutch would claim the monopoly of the spice-trade, for which their ancestors passed their whole lives in warfare. The Spaniards and Portuguese would be no less obstinate. If we calculate what colony monopolies have cost in wealth, in suffering, and in crimes, we shall say they were dearly purchased. The English would plead for their navigation act, not as a source of gain, but as an essential means of securing their independence. So many interests would be disturbed, and so many lost, by a violent change from the existing to an unknown order of things; and the mutual relations of nations, in respect to their power and wealth, would suffer such a shock, that the idea must be allowed to be perfectly Utopian and wild. But for this country to form the project of changing the policy of nations, and to begin the abolition of restrictions by restrictions of its own, is equally ridiculous and inconsistent."

We believe it to be equally Utopian for any country, in the present condition of the world, to form the project of changing the policy of nations, and begin the abolition of restrictions by abolishing its own. But the self-complacency with which our corn-law repealers annually bring forward their commonplaces as novelties, and think it the height of philosophy to have discovered the abstract evil of monopolies, is the principal topic of reflection suggested by this paragraph; though Sir Robert Peel's masterly exposure of their fallacious statements, which he tore to tatters without finding it necessary to go into the main question, has pretty well reduced them to their proper dimensions as economists.

Mr. Ames's countrymen may still learn something from the following:

"In open war, we are the weaker, and shall be brought into danger, if not to ruin. \* \* \* By cherishing the arts of peace, we shall acquire, and we are actually acquiring, the strength and resources for a war. Instead of seeking treaties, we ought to shun them; for the later they shall be formed, the better will be the terms: we shall have more to give, and more to withhold. We have not yet taken our proper rank, nor acquired that consideration which will not be refused us, if we persist in prudent and pacific counsels; if we give time for our strength to mature itself. *Though America is rising with a giant's strength, its bones are yet but cartilages.* By delaying the beginning of a conflict, we insure the victory."

Burke, in his speech on American affairs, delivered in 1772, calls the Americans "a nation in the gristle;" and Talleyrand, on his return from the United States, described them as "un geant sans os ni nerfs."

Mr. Ames's great speech, however, is one delivered in 1796, in support of the Treaty with Great Britain, which, though ratified by the President, a considerable party in the House of Representatives were anxious to repudiate. He was so weak from severe illness when he rose, that it



seemed doubtful whether he would be able to do more than enter his protest against the proposed infraction of public faith; but as he warmed in the argument, he acquired a factitious strength; and there is a kind of feverish force and wildness in the expressions he flings forth, as his convictions deepen in the very act of uttering them:

"Will any man affirm the American nation is engaged by good faith to the British nation, but that engagement is nothing to this House? Such a man is not to be reasoned with. Such a doctrine is a coat of mail that would turn the edge of all the weapons of argument, if they were sharper than a sword. Will it be imagined the King of Great Britain and the President are mutually bound by the treaty, but the two Nations are free?"

"This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonored and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow, for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honor, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse—if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart."

Upon the treaty in question, certain posts, supposed to be essential to the protection of the American frontier against the Indians, were to be surrendered by Great Britain. This afforded a fine topic of declamation:

"By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country."

"There is no mistake in this case; there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains."

In order to make the resemblance to Burke more complete, the speaker steals a second feather from his wing:

"For when the fiery vapors of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were concentrated in this one, that we might escape the desolation of the storm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging, and afforded, at the same time, the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale; it will be a baleful meteor, portending tempest and war."

This is not exactly the famous Hyder-Ali image, but it is an obvious and rather clumsy imitation of it. A compliment was paid him at the conclusion of this speech, similar to that paid by Pitt to Sheridan at the conclusion of his famous Begum speech.\* A member of the opposite party objected to taking a vote at that time, as they had been carried away by the impulse of oratory.

Ill health compelled him to retire into private life; but he viewed the progress of ultra-democratic opinions with ever-deepening interest and alarm, and continued to write a great deal on public matters down to his death, in 1806. He was a man of warm devotional feelings, and is reported to have said, "I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."

We should have said more of Mr. Ames on this occasion, had we not given an article in a former number to his political essays. They were collected and published the year after his death, in America; and a selection from them was printed here, in 1825, under this title: "The Influence of Democracy on Liberty, Property, and the Happiness of Society, considered, by an American." The appearance of that most remarkable volume was opportune; and it supplied us with some specimens of profound reasoning and terse energetic eloquence, which, we should hope, our readers are not likely to have forgotten.

John Quincy Adams, the son of the orator of the revolutionary Congress, was bred to the bar, and his name occurs once or twice in the Reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court; but he quitted this career for diplomacy, and filled the situation of minister at various foreign courts successively. The rest of his time was actively devoted to general politics, and in 1825 he was elected President. His studies have been as multifarious as his avocations: he affects to know (and really does know almost) every thing: his speeches are profusely interspersed with literary allusions, and no description of subject is rejected as alien to his pursuits. Whenever a Philosophic Society or learned Institution required an inaugural address, he was ready with one: when an eulogy was to be pronounced on Lafayette, he was selected by Congress to pronounce it; and his anniversary orations are numberless.

The only specimens to be found in Mr. Willison's five-volume collection, are his inaugural address as President, in 1825—a manly, statesmanlike, and spirited appeal—and an oration delivered at Plymouth, New England, Dec. 22, 1802, at the anniversary commemoration of the landing of the first settlers, commonly called the Pilgrims, at that place. One grand object on these occasions, is, to vindicate the purity of North American descent:

"The founders of your race are not handed down to you, like the father of the Roman people, as the sucklings of a wolf. You are not descended from a nauseous compound of fanaticism and sensuality, whose only argument was the sword, and whose only paradise was a brethel. No Gothic scourge of God; no Vandal pest of nations; no fabled fugitive from the flames of Troy; no bastard Norman tyrant,

\* Let those who judge of speeches by the reported passages account for the praises lavished by contemporaries, without one dissenting voice, on this speech of Sheridan's.

† See Quart. Rev., vol. III. p. 548.

appears among the list of worthies who first landed on the rock which your veneration has preserved as a lasting monument of their achievement. The great actors of the day we now solemnize were illustrious by their intrepid valor, no less than by their Christian graces; but the clarion of conquest has not blazoned forth their names to all the winds of Heaven. Their glory has not been wasted over oceans of blood to the remotest regions of the Earth. They have not erected to themselves colossal statues upon pedestals of human bones, to provoke and insult the tardy hand of heavenly retribution. But theirs was 'the better fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom.' Theirs was the gentle temper of Christian kindness; the rigorous observance of reciprocal justice; the unconquerable soul of conscious integrity. Worldly fame has been parsimonious of her favor to the memory of those generous champions. Their numbers were small; their stations in life obscure; the object of their enterprise unostentatious; the theatre of their exploits remote: how could they possibly be favorites of worldly fame?—That common crier, whose existence is only known by the assemblage of multitudes: that pander of wealth and greatness, so eager to haunt the palaces of fortune, and so fastidious to the houseless dignity of virtue: that parasite of pride, ever scornful to meekness, and ever obsequious to insolent power: that heedless trumpeter, whose ears are deaf to modest merit, and whose eyes are blind to bloodless, distant excellence."

When, amongst other grounds of complaint against the English army for burning Washington, it was urged that the national records had been destroyed, the "Courier" newspaper replied, that this part of the mischief might be easily repaired by presenting Congress with a complete copy of "The Newgate Calendar;" and when a Virginian fine gentleman was once boasting of his family jewels, he was thrown into a frenzy by an English traveller, who inquired whether he meant the irons in which his ancestor made his escape. These are jokes addressed to popular ignorance; but at the same time it might be as well to avoid invidious contrasts, since even English refugees for conscience's sake can hardly be better born than Englishmen; and the population of North America has certainly received considerable additions from a class described by Barrington, the famous pickpocket, in a prologue spoken in New South Wales:

"True patriots we; for, be it understood.

We left our country for our country's good."\*

Mr. Adams continues—

"Preserve, in all their purity, refine, if possible, from all their alloy, those virtues which we this day commemorate as the ornament of our forefathers. Adhere to them with inflexible resolution, as to the horns of the altar; instil them with unwearied perseverance into the minds of your children; bind your souls and theirs to the national union as the chords of life are centered in the heart, and you shall soar with rapid and steady wing to the summit of human glory. Nearly a century ago one of those rare minds to whom it is given to discern future greatness in its seminal principles, upon contemplating the situation of this continent, pronounced in a vein of poetic inspiration,

'Westward the Star of empire takes its way.'

Let us all unite in ardent supplications to the Founder of nations and the Builder of worlds, that what then was prophecy may continue unfolding into history—that the dearest hopes of the human race may not be extinguished in disappointment, and that the last may prove the noblest empire of time."

The line of verse is taken from a stanza by Bishop Berkeley:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way.

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's noblest offspring is the last."

How lamentably the thought is impaired in the citation by the change of a word! Still this is the purest piece of rhetorical composition we have hitherto discovered in the progress of this inquiry.

We should do Mr. Adams injustice were we not to add that he possesses higher merits than occasional force or felicity of style. His political views are almost uniformly broad and enlightened; and his speech on the affair of Texas has been pronounced, by good judges, to be altogether the most statesmanlike ever delivered in North America. His voice, now broken by age, was once clear and musical, and his look and manner are remarkably impressive. Commemorative discourses are usually delivered in a church or meeting-house, and the venerable ex-president, addressing a large audience from the pulpit, with all the animation of his youth, might form as good a subject for a picture as John Knox.

Josiah Quincy is the son of a Boston patriot bearing the same names, who died in 1775, but was considered to have sufficient claims on the gratitude of his countrymen to justify a "Life" by his son; though, he it observed, this is a tribute which has become very common, and is not always, as in the present instance, justified by circumstances and the real merit of the man. Josiah, *fits*, though we believe bred to the bar, has paid more attention to literature than law. He is reckoned an excellent classic, and has filled the post of president of Harvard University for several years. He is a productive composer of anniversary harangues; but his two best speeches were made as a member of Congress. In 1808 he spoke in support of a resolution to resist the edicts of the belligerent powers, which had the effect of restricting the commerce of the United States:

"Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain 'smites us on one cheek;' and what does administration? It turns the other also. Gentlemen say, Great Britain is a robber; she 'takes our cloak;' and what say administration? 'Let her take our coat also.' France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honor in another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this. \* \* \* But I shall be told, 'this may lead to war.' I ask, 'are we now at peace?' Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse."

\* Mr. Barrington was finally transported for a most successful attendance at a drawing-room of Queen Charlotte's in the character of an Irish bishop; the laws sleeves were crumpled full with stars and diamonds. He rose subsequently to be stage-manager and high sheriff at Botany Bay.

tainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse."

We cannot venture to say that the following passage is in strict accordance with modern English taste; but we are quite sure that, had an Irish orator uttered it, his contemporaries would have applauded and his biographers recorded it:—

"But it has been asked in debate, 'will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?' An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a handcuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison, and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland."

Yet let us do justice to Ireland. Grattan's personification was immeasurably superior: "Short-lived, indeed, was Irish independence. I sat by her cradle,—I followed her hearse."

The subject of Mr. Quincy's other great speech was the admission of Louisiana into the Union. The exordium (too long to quote) is admirable, though suddenly broken off by an appeal to the Chair. One of Lord Chatham's favorite modes of arresting attention was to say something startling, for the express purpose of provoking a call to order; and we incline to think that Mr. Quincy had laid a trap for an interruption with the same view; for it is stated to us, on good authority, that he invariably learns his speeches by heart, though he, notwithstanding, contrives to deliver them with the required energy. This is one of the most difficult attainments in oratory; for, to do it well, it is necessary to reproduce the same state of thought and feeling under which the oration was composed. Unluckily, the writer is more apt to feel like the litigant who complained to Lysias that the speech provided for him read well enough the first and second time, but sounded rather flat the third and fourth. "The audience," replied Lysias, "are only to hear it once." To put themselves as nearly as possible on a level with the audience in this respect, the practice of the best speakers is to meditate the subject thoroughly, fill their minds with arguments and illustrations, select and arrange the best topics, and trust to the excitement of the moment for the language and the tone.

William Wirt, the biographer of Patrick Henry, has done more than enough, according to American notions, to earn a biographer for himself. He was born in Maryland, in 1772, and, after a successful forensic career, was made Attorney-General to the United States, under the presidency of Monroe. He is known in literature by a series of essays, called "The British Spy," written with a clearness, spirit, and facility, which, independently of extraneous evidence, would lead to the conclusion that he was calculated to excel in oratory. The fact, however, is satisfactorily established by his reported speeches, one of which has attained a high degree of celebrity—his speech against Aaron Burr, prosecuted in 1807 for treason in preparing the means of a military expedition against Mexico, a territory of the King of Spain, with whom the United States were at peace.

The following satirical sketch of his opponent's style (Mr. Wickham) may serve to exemplify his command of language:

"I will treat that gentleman with candor. If I misrepresent him, it will not be intentionally. I will not follow the example which he has set me on a very recent occasion. I will not complain of flowers and graces where none exist. I will not, like him, in reply to an argument as naked as a sleeping Venus, but certainly not half so beautiful, complain of the painful necessity I am under, in the weakness and decrepitude of logical vigor, of lifting first this flounce, and then than furlow, before I can reach the wished-for point of attack. I keep no flounces or furlows ready manufactured and hung up for use in the military of my fancy, and if I did, I think I should not be so indiscreetly impatient to get rid of my wares as to put them off on improper occasions. I cannot promise to interest you by any classical and elegant allusions to the pure pages of Tristram Shandy. I cannot give you a squib or a rocket in every period. For my own part, I have always thought these flashes of wit (if they deserve that name,) I have always thought these meteors of the brain, which spring up, with such exuberant abundance, in the speeches of that gentleman, which play on each side of the path of reason, or, sporting across it, with fantastic motion, decoy the mind from the true point in debate, no better evidence of the soundness of the argument with which they are connected, nor, give me leave to add, the vigor of the brain from which they spring, than those vapors, which start from our marshes, and blaze with a momentary combustion, and which, floating on the undulations of the atmosphere, beguile the traveller into bogs and brambles, are evidences of the firmness and solidity of the earth from which they proceed."

The defendant's counsel had endeavored to shift the principal guilt of the expedition from Colonel Burr to a Mr. Blannerhassett. Mr. Wirt's description of the latter has grown into a common subject of declamation in the schools:

"Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our Western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy."

A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monstrous shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents him. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the self dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory: an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the name of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately 'permitted not the winds of' summer 'to visit too roughly,' we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhasset in fortune, character, and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment."

The same kind of contrast is beautifully sketched by Curran in a speech delivered in 1794, alluding to the banishment of Muir:

"To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winning her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse; from the deep and scrutinising researches of her Humes, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil; condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?"

The chief fault to be found with Mr. Wirt's description, is that the occasional fancifulness of the images and the ornate grace of the language detract from our conviction of the speaker's earnestness. This objection is not applicable to a holiday discourse, and his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, who died on the same day, July 4, 1826—and that day the anniversary of American independence—is the best which this remarkable coincidence has called forth.

Mr. Justice Story has established an enduring reputation amongst the lawyers of all countries by his Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws; whilst his works on Bailments and Equity are already exercising a formidable degree of rivalry with the best British books on these subjects. When we find a jurist of this calibre acquiring contemporaneous celebrity for language and style, it would be unjust both to his country and the man not to pay him the compliment of a quotation as we pass. We turn for this purpose to his *Miscellaneous Writings*, where his best discourses are collected—and lasting monuments they form to his taste, knowledge, truth of feeling, and grasp of thought. Our classical readers will readily give us credit for the justice of this commendation, when they read the defence of their favorite studies of which this passage forms part:

"I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of

antiquity, which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces and princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions, in which wisdom speaks, as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of political genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay, as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

"There is not a single nation, from the North to the South of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiment and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious verification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

'Siloa's brook, that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God'—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

"It is no exaggeration to declare that he who proposes to abolish classical studies proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies which few may hope to equal and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality as if they were in fact our own."

His discourses abound in passages of at least equal merit—such as the description of the effects of modern chemistry (p. 119), which might be placed alongside of Lord Jeffrey's description of the effects of steam, in his Notice of Watt; or the sketch of the view from the Mount Auburn Cemetery, which rivals the same writer's exquisite contrast of highland and lowland scenery, in his Essay on Taste in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Mr. Justice Story's charges to juries are also much admired; and his judgements are admirable specimens of judicial statement and reasoning. The most important are reported by Mr. Charles Sumner, barrister, who recently paid a visit of some duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or wide-spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candor, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best English circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts or the show-houses.

A second legal luminary of the first water was the late Chief Justice Marshall, the Lord Stowell of the United States. The late William Pinkney, Attorney General of the United States, was a third.\* But want of space compels us to quit them for the politicians who are still fretting their busy hour upon the stage.

John Caldwell Calhoun (Miss Martineau's "cast-iron man, who looks as if he had never been born") was born March, 1782, in South Carolina. His family are Irish, and had a hard battle to fight with the Cherokees for their settlement. At an early age he applied himself to the reading of history with such diligence as seriously to impair his health, but this led to his being subsequently sent to Yale College, under Dr. Dwight, who said of him, after the animated discussion of a class question, in which the student had the presumption to differ from the Principal, "That young man has talents enough to be President of the United States." Cyril Jackson is reported to have said something of the sort of Mr. Canning, then an under-graduate; but as he foretold about the same time that the late Lords Morley and Darnley would play conspicuous parts, and the late Lord Liverpool do nothing, we cannot take upon ourselves to put the Dean as a prophet on a par with Dr. Dwight, whose prediction has been already verified in spirit, and may be verified to the letter before long.

Whilst studying for the bar Mr. Calhoun was diligent in his attendance upon debating clubs, and has always, it is said, made a point of extemporising his speeches. He took his seat in Congress in 1811, and continued a member till 1817, when he was appointed Secretary-at-War. At the expiration of Mr. Monroe's second term of Presidency, Mr. Calhoun was started as a candidate; but his name was withdrawn to avoid dividing his party, and he was elected Vice-president under General Jackson by a large majority. In 1833 he resigned this office, and, as a member of the Senate, resumed his oratorical career.

His style is more close and sententious than is common in American speakers, his manner energetic, his delivery rapid, his figure tall, his countenance full of animation and intelligence. It is the opinion of good judges that he would succeed better in the English House of Commons than any other Transatlantic orator; but they add that he has some-

\* See his Life, by Mr. Wheaton, the accomplished author of the "History of the Northmen." There is an interesting biographical sketch of Chief Justice Marshall in Story's *Miscellaneous Writings*.

what of a metaphysical tendency—which certainly never suits that atmosphere.

We are sorry to see that he supported a motion for increasing the army in 1811, (a warlike demonstration against England,) but the ground on which he rested his argument will astonish Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Hume:

"Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and 'calculating avarice' entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches a sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too shortsighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government, that its arm is his arm, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy; and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country before it enters on a war. This is wisdom, the other folly."

Mr. Calhoun is the chief supporter of the nullification doctrine; in other words, of the attempt made by South Carolina to nullify the authority of Congress, as regards any individual State which may protest against it. The part he has taken in this controversy has made him so popular amongst the people of his province, that at the late election they placed all their votes at his disposal.

His chief opponent in this debate was John Randolph, of Virginia, a strange, eccentric genius, with a tall, gaunt figure, and a screeching voice like a cunuch—who played an important part as debater in Congress from 1801 to 1802. Amongst other oddities, he took an unaccountable interest in English topography, and could have competed with Pennant himself in a minute acquaintance with our country-seats and villages, though we are not aware that he ever paid a visit of any duration to this country. In 1833 he was appointed Minister to St. Petersburg, but he only resided there six weeks, and died in 1834, leaving several wills, which are still in litigation on the alleged ground of insanity. By one of them he emancipates his slaves, upwards of three hundred in number; and this alone would go far towards persuading a Virginian jury that he was mad. His speeches were awfully long, often occupying three days, but exceedingly effective, particularly when he was in the sarcastic vein. We can only find room for his mode of putting down the attempt to denounce British attachments as a crime:

"Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. 'Turks, Jews and Infidels,' Melimelli or the Little Turtle: barbarians and savages of every clime and color are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom we claim Shakespeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence; against our fellow protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? \* \* \* I acknowledge the influence of a Shakespeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off."

In the North American Review for October, 1832, will be found some notes of a conversation between the writer (Mr. A. Everett) and Sir James Mackintosh, who is reported to have said of Randolph, "I have read some of his speeches, but the effect must depend very much on the manner. There is a good deal of vulgar finery. Malice there is too; but that would be excusable, provided it were in good taste." [Concluded next week.]

AN UNDECIDED BRIDE.—On Thursday morning week, a lady and gentlemen, who were unattended, presented themselves at St. Anne's Church, with the avowed intention of being converted into man and wife. Both, apparently, were in the best of humor with themselves and each other. When all the preliminaries had been arranged, and the reverend gentlemen was waiting to execute his part of the ceremony, the lady (who had, for some moments previously, been observed to exhibit an appearance of indecision) entered into conversation with her intended in a subdued tone, the word "regret," however, being distinctly audible. The expectant bridegroom, after many apologies for the trouble which he had occasioned, informed the clergyman that they would take a little longer time to consider of the matter, and would "call again to-morrow." This was the fourth unsuccessful attempt which the gentleman had made to lead the fair one on to the "hymeneal altar;" but she was evidently as yet unprepared for the sacrifice. On one occasion the parties presented themselves at the church after the time prescribed by the rubric; twice they made appointments with the officiating minister which they did not keep, and on the fourth occasion, the result was as above stated. [English paper.]



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

The result of a very long consultation between Mr. Runnington and his partners, held on the day after his last interview with Mr. Aubrey, was, that he drew up the following draft of a letter, addressed to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

"Lincoln's Inn, 26th April, 18—

"GENTLEMEN,

Dox d. TITMOUSE v. JOLTER.

In answer to your letter of yesterday, (the 25th inst.) we beg to inform you, that after the judgement in this cause pronounced yesterday in the Court of King's Bench, our client, Mr. Aubrey, does not intend to resist the claim of Mr. Titmouse to the residue of the Yatton property. We now, therefore, beg to give you notice, that on the 17th of next month you will be at liberty, on behalf of your client Mr. Titmouse, to take possession of all the property at Yatton, at present in the possession of Mr. Aubrey. The whole of the last quarter's rents, due at Ladyday, have been paid into the bank of Messrs. Harley, at Griston, and will, on the 17th of May, be placed at the disposal of your client.

"We are also instructed to request the delivery of your bill at as early a period as may suit your convenience, with a view to its immediate examination and settlement.

"We cannot forbear adding, while thus implicitly following the instructions of our client, our very great surprise and regret at the course which he has thought fit to adopt, since we have the strongest reasons for believing, that had he been disposed to contest your claim further, in accordance with advice received from a high quarter, his case would have been materially strengthened, and your difficulties greatly increased. We feel confident that the magnanimity displayed by our client, will be duly appreciated by yours. We are, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servants,

"RUNNINGTON &amp; Co."

"Messrs. QUIRK, GAMMON, }  
AND SNAP."

"Really," said Mr. Runnington, when he had read over the above to his partners, "I must throw in a word or two about these infernal mesne profits—yet it's a very ticklish subject, especially with such people as those."

One partner shook his head, and the other looked very thoughtful.

"We must not compromise Mr. Aubrey," said the former.

"We have had no instructions on that point," said the latter—"on the contrary, you told us yourself that your instructions were to announce an unconditional surrender."

"That may be; but in so desperate a business as this, I do think we have a discretion to exercise on behalf of himself and family, which, I must say, he seems quite incapable of exercising himself. Nay, upon my honor, I think we are bound not to forego the slightest opportunity of securing an advantage for our client."

His partners seemed struck with this observation; and Mr. Runnington, after a few moments' consideration, added the following postscript.

"P. S.—As to the mesne profits, by the way, of course we anticipate no difficulty in effecting an amicable arrangement satisfactory to both parties, due consideration being had for the critical position in which our client finds himself so suddenly and unexpectedly placed. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive that Mr. Aubrey, in taking the step of which we have above advised you, must have contemplated—" (here Mr. Runnington paused for a considerable time,) "being met in a similar frank, liberal, and equitable spirit."

It was agreed, at length, that the whole amount and effect of the above postscript was a spontaneous suggestion of Messrs. Runnington's, not in any way implicating, or calculated in any event to annoy Mr. Aubrey; and a fair copy of the letter and postscript having been made, it was signed by the head of the firm, and forthwith dispatched to Saffron Hill.

"Struck, by Jove, Gammon!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, as, with the above letter open in his hands, he hurried, the instant that he had read it, into the room of his wily partner, and put the letter into his hands. Gammon read it with apparent calmness, but a slight flush overspread his cheek; and as he finished the perusal, a subdued smile of excitement and triumph stole over his countenance.

"Lord, Gammon! is 'nt it glorious?" quoth Mr. Quirk, heatedly, rubbing his hands together; "give us your hand, Gammon! We've fought a precious hard battle together!"—and he shook his partner's hand with vehement cordiality. "This fellow Aubrey is a trump—is 'nt he?—Egad, if I'd been in his shoes, one way or another, I'd have stuck at Yatton for a dozen years to come—ah, ha!"

"Yes, I am sure you would if you had been able," replied Gammon, drily, and with a smile.

"Ay, that I would," replied Mr. Quirk, with a triumphant chuckle; "but now to come to business. By next quarter-day Titmouse will have £5000 in hard cash—half of it on the 17th of next month. Lord! what have we done for him!" he added, with a sort of sigh.

"We've put an ape into possession of Paradise—that's all—" said Gammon, absently and half aloud, and bitterly and contemptuously.

"By the way, Gammon, you see what's said about our bill—eh? The sooner it's made out the better, I should say—and—ahem! hem!—while Mr. Aubrey's on the tight rope he won't think of looking down at the particular items, will he? I should say, now's our time, and strike while the iron's hot! I've got rather a full entry, I can assure you. I must say, Snap's done his duty, and I've not had my eyes shut—ahem!" here Mr. Quirk winked very knowingly.

"All that, Mr. Quirk, I leave, as usual, to your admirable management as to that of a first-rate man of business. You know I'm a sad hand at accounts; but you and Snap are—you'll do all that should be done."

"Ay, ay—trust us!" interrupted Quirk, quickly, with a significant nod, and fancying himself and Snap already at work, plundering the poor Aubreys. "And, by the way,

Gammon, there are the mesne profits—that's a mighty fine postscript of theirs, isn't it?" and, replacing his spectacles, he read over the postscript aloud. "All my eye, of course!" he added, as he laid down the letter—"but I suppose one must give 'em a little time; it is a little hard on him just at present; but then, to be sure, that's his look out—not our's or Titmouse's. Off-hand, I should say we ought to be content with—say—twenty thousand down, and the rest in two years' time, so as to give him time to look about him a little!"

"That will be quite an after consideration," said Mr. Gammon, who, for the last few minutes, had appeared lost in thought.

"Egad—an after consideration! Hang me if I think so, Gammon! There's a certain bond—eh? you recollect?"

"I assure you, Mr. Quirk, that my eye is fixed quite as steadily and anxiously on that point as yours," said Gammon, gravely.

"Thank you—thank you, Gammon!" replied Quirk, with rather a relieved air—"it could n't possibly be in better hands. Lud—to go wrong there! It would send me to my grave at a hand gallop—it would, so help me Heaven, Gammon!—Titmouse is a queer hand to deal with—is 'nt he? Was 'nt he strange and bumptious the other day? Egad, it made me quake! Need we tell him, just yet," he dropped his voice, "of the letter we've got? Could n't we safely say only they have sent us word that we shall have Yatton by the 17th?"

"Very great caution is necessary, Mr. Quirk, just now!"

"You do n't think the young scamp's going to turn round on us, and snap his fingers in our face, eh?" inquired Mr. Quirk, apprehensively, violently twirling about his watch-key.

"If you leave him implicitly to me, you shall get all you want," replied Gammon, very gravely, and very pointedly. Quirk's color changed a little, as he felt the keen grey eye of Gammon fixed upon him, and he involuntarily shrunk under it.

"You'll excuse me, Gammon," at length commenced Quirk, with rather a disturbed air; "but there's no fathoming you, when you get into one of your mysterious humors: and you always look so particularly strange whenever you get on this subject! What can you know that I do n't—or ought not?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you," replied Gammon, with a gay smile.

"Well, I should have thought not. But, coming back to the main point, if one could but touch some part of that same ten thousand pounds, I should be a happy man!—Consider, Gammon, what a draw there has been on my purse for this last sixteen months!"

"Well, can you doubt being soon richly re-paid, my dear sir? Only do n't be too hasty."

"I take it, Gammon, we've a lien on the rents now in the banker's hands, and to become due next quarter-day; and on the first instalment of the mesne profits, both for our bill of costs, and in respect of that same bond!"

"Mesne profits, Mr. Quirk?" echoed Gammon, rather quickly; "you seem to take it for granted that they are all ready to be paid over! Even supposing Titmouse not to grow restive, do you suppose it probable that Mr. Aubrey, after so vast and sudden a sacrifice, can have more than a very few thousands—probably hundreds—to keep him from immediate want, since we have reason to believe he has got no other resources than Yatton?"

"Not got 'em—not got 'em? D—m him! then he must look sharp and get 'em, that's all! You know we can't be trifled with; we must look after the interests of—Titmouse. And what's he to start with, if there's no mesne profits forthcoming! But, hang it! they must: I should say a gentle pressure, by and by, as soon as he's fairly out of Yatton, must produce money, or security—he must know quantities of people of rank and substance that would rush forward, if they once heard him squeal!"

"Ah, you're for putting the thumb-screws on at once—eh?" inquired Gammon, with subdued energy, and a glance of anger and horror.

"Aye—capital—that's just what I meant."

"Heartless old scoundrel!" thought Gammon, almost expressing as much: but his momentary excitement passed off unobserved by Mr. Quirk. "And, I must say, I agree with you," he added; "we ought in justice to see you first reimbursed in your very heavy outlays, Mr. Quirk."

"Well, that's honorable, Gammon. Oh, Gammon, how I wish you would let me make a friend of you," suddenly added Mr. Quirk, eyeing wistfully his surprised companion. "If you have one sincere, disinterested friend in the world, Mr. Quirk, he is to be found in Oily Gammon," said that gentleman, throwing great warmth into his manner, perceiving that Mr. Quirk was laboring with some communication of which he wished to deliver himself.

"Gammon, Gammon! how I wish I could think so!" replied Quirk, looking earnestly, yet half distrustfully, at Gammon, and fumbling about his hands in his pockets. The mild and friendly expression of Gammon's countenance, however, invited communicativeness; and after softly opening and shutting the two doors, to ascertain that no one was trying to overhear what might be passing, he returned to his chair, which he drew closer to Gammon, who noticed this air of preparation with not a little curiosity.

"I may be wrong, Gammon," commenced Mr. Quirk, in a low tone; "but I do believe you've always felt a kind of personal friendship towards me: and there ought to be no secrets among friends. Friends, indeed? Perhaps it is premature to mention so small a matter; but at a certain silversmith's, not a thousand miles from the Strand, there's at this moment in hand, as a present from me to you"—[Oh dear, dear! Mr. Quirk! what a shocking untruth! and at your advanced period of life, too!—"as elegant a gold snuff-box as can be made, with a small inscription on the lid. I hope you won't value it the less for its being the gift of old Caleb Quirk!"—he paused, and looked earnestly at Mr. Gammon.]

"My dear Mr. Quirk, you have taken me," said he "quite by surprise. Value it? I will preserve it to the latest moment of my life, as a memorial of one whom the more I know of, the more I respect and admire!"

"You, Gammon, are in your prime—scarce even that—

but I am growing old"—tears appeared to glisten in the old gentleman's eyes; Gammon, much moved, shook him cordially by the hand in silence, wondering what upon earth was coming next. "Yes;—old Caleb Quirk's day is drawing to a close—I feel it, Gammon, I feel it! But I shall leave behind me—a—child—an only daughter, Gammon;" that gentleman gazed at the speaker with an expression of respectful sympathy;—"Dora! I do n't think you can have known Dora so long, Gammon, without feeling a little interest in her." Here Gammon's color mounted rapidly, and he looked with feelings of a novel description at his senior partner. Could it be possible that old Quirk wished to bring about a match between his daughter and Gammon? His thoughts were for a moment confused. All he could do was to bow with an earnest—an anxious—a deprecating air; and Mr. Quirk, rather hurriedly, preceded,—"and when I assure you, Gammon, that it is in your power to make an old friend and his only daughter happy and proud,"—Gammon began to draw very long breaths, and to look more and more apprehensively at his senior partner,—"in short, my dear friend, Gammon, let me out with it at once—my daughter's in love with Titmouse."

"Whew!" thought Gammon, suddenly and infinitely relieved.]

"Ah, my dear, Mr. Quirk, is that all?" he exclaimed, and shook Mr. Quirk cordially by the hand,—"at length you have made a friend of me indeed. But to tell you the truth, I have long, long suspected as much; I have indeed!"

"Have you really? Well! there is no accounting for tastes, is there—especially among the women? Poor Dora's over head and ears—quite!—she is, so help me Heaven!" continued Quirk, energetically.

"Well, my dear sir, and why this surprise? I consider Titmouse to be a very handsome young fellow; and that he is already rapidly acquiring very gentlemanly manners; and as to his fortune—really, it would be most desirable to bring it about. Indeed, the sooner his heart's fixed, and his word's pledged, the better—for you must of course be aware that there will be many schemers on the look out to entrap his frank and inexperienced nature,—look, for instance, at Tag-rag."

"Eugh!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, with a sudden motion of sickening disgust—"the old scoundrel!—I smoked him long ago! Now, that I call villainy, Gammon; infernal villainy! Do n't you?"

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Quirk, I do; I quite agree with you! Upon my honor, I think it is a part of even my duty towards our client, if possible, to protect him against such infamous designs."

"Right—right, Gammon; by Jove, you're quite right—I quite agree with you!" replied Quirk earnestly, not observing the lambent smile upon the features of his calm, crafty, and sarcastic companion.

"You see," said Gammon, "we've a very delicate and difficult game to play with old Tag-rag. He's certainly a toad, ugly and venomous—but then he's got a jewel in his head—he's got money, you know, and to get at it, we must really give him some hopes about his daughter and Titmouse."

"Faugh! eugh! faugh! Nasty wretch! a little trollop! It makes one sick to hear of her! And, by the way, now we're on that subject, Gammon, what do we want of this wretch Tag-rag, now that Titmouse has actually got the property?"

"Want of him? Money—money."

"But, curse me! (excuse me, Gammon,) why go to Tag-rag? That's what I can't understand! Surely any one will advance almost any amount of money to Titmouse, with such security as he can give."

"Very possibly—probably—"

"Possibly? Why, I myself don't mind advancing him five thousand—nay, ten thousand pounds—when we've once got hold of the title-deeds."

"My dear sir," interrupted Gammon, calmly, but with a very serious air, and a slight change of color which did not happen to attract the notice of his eager companion, "there are reasons why I dissuade you from doing so; upon my word, there are; further than that I do not think it necessary to go: but I have gone far enough, I know well, to do you a real service." Mr. Quirk listened to all this with an air of the utmost amazement—even open-mouthed amazement. "What reason, Gammon, can there be against my advancing money on a security worth more than a hundred times the sum borrowed?" he inquired, with visible distrust of his companion.

"I can but assure you, that were I called upon to say whether I would advance a serious sum of money to Titmouse, on the security of the Yatton estates, I should, at all events, require a most substantial collateral security."

"Mystery again!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, a sigh of vexation escaping him. "You'll excuse me, Gammon, but you'd puzzle an angel, to say nothing of the devil. May I presume for one moment, so far on our personal and professional relationship, as to ask what the reason is on which your advice rests?"

"Mere caution—excessive anxiety to place you out of the way of all risk. Surely, is your borrower so soon to be pronounced firm in the saddle?"

"If you know any thing, Gammon, that I do n't, it's your bounden duty to communicate it; look at our articles."

"It is; but do I? Prove that, Mr. Quirk, and you need trouble yourself no more. But, in the mean while, (without saying how much I feel hurt at your evident distrust,) I have but a word or two further to add on this point."

When Mr. Gammon chose, he could assume an expression of feature, a tone of voice, and a manner which indicated to the person he was addressing, that he was announcing a matured opinion, an inflexible determination—and this, moreover, in the calmest, quietest way imaginable. Thus it was that he now said to Mr. Quirk, "My opinion is, that you should get some third party or parties to advance any required sum, and prevail upon Tag-rag to join in a collateral security, without—if possible—making him aware to the extent of liability he is incurring. By exciting him with the ridiculous notion of an attachment between his daughter and Titmouse, he may be induced to give his signature, as to some complimentary matter of form only. Now, that's my opinion, Mr. Quirk; not lightly or hastily

formed; and it rests upon a deep feeling of personal regard toward you, and also our common interest."

Mr. Quirk had listened to this communication in perturbed silence, eyeing the speaker with a ludicrous expression of mingled chagrin, apprehension, and bewilderment. "Gammon," at length said he, affecting a smile, "do you remember when you, and I, and Dora, went to the play to see some German thing or other—Foss was the name, was n't it?"

"Faust—Faust," interrupted Gammon.

"Well; and now what was the name of that fellow that was always—Meth—Meph—what was it?"

"Mephistopheles," replied Gammon, unable to repress a smile.

"Ah—yes! so it was. That's all; I only wanted to think of the name—I'd forgotten it. I beg you pardon, Gammon."

This was poor Mr. Quirk's way of being very sarcastic with his friend. He thought that he had now cut him to the very quick.

"If it had n't been for what's passed between us to-day, Gammon, I should almost begin to think that you were not sincere in your friendship—"

"Did I ever deceive you? Did I ever attempt to overreach you in any thing, Mr. Quirk?"

"N—o—o—," replied Mr. Quirk, but not in the readiest manner, or most confident tone in the world; "I certainly can't say I ever found you out—but I'll tell you what, we both keep a precious sharp look-out after each other, too, do n't we?" he inquired, with a faint smile, which seemed for a moment reflected upon the face of Gammon.

"How long," said he, "I am to be the subject of such unkind suspicions, I do not know; but your nature is suspicious, and as every one has his fault, that is the alloy in the otherwise pure gold of your manly, kind, and straightforward character. Time may show how you have wronged me. My anxious wish is, Mr. Quirk, to see your daughter occupy a position in which we may all be proud to see her." Here a smile shot across Quirk's anxious countenance, like evening sunshine on troubled waters.

"I do really believe, Gammon," said he, eagerly, "that Dora's just the kind of girl to suit Titmouse—"

"So do I. There's a mingled softness and spirit in Miss Quirk—"

"She's a good girl, a good girl, Gammon! I hope he'll use her well if he gets her." His voice trembled. "She's got very much attached to him! Gad, she's quite altered lately; and my sister tells me that she's always playing dismal music when he's not there. But we can talk over these matters at another time. Gad, Gammon, you can't think how it's relieved me, to open my mind to you on this matter! We quite understand one another now, Gammon—eh?"

"Quite," replied Gammon, pointedly; and Mr. Quirk having quitted the room, the former prepared to answer Messrs. Runnington's letter. But first he leaned back, and reflected on several points of their late conversation. Of course he resolved that Miss Quirk should never become Mrs. Titmouse. And what struck him as not a little singular, was this, viz: that Mr. Quirk should have made no observation on the circumstance that Gammon allowed him to risk his daughter, and her all, upon chances which he pronounced too frail to warrant advancing a thousand or two of money! Yet so it was.

This was the answer he presently wrote to the letter of Messrs. Runnington:

"Saffron Hill.

"GENTLEMEN:  
DOE, d. TITMOUSE v. JOLTER.

We are favored with your letter of this day's date, and beg to assure you how very highly we appreciate the prompt and honorable course which has been taken by your client, under circumstances calculated to excite the greatest possible commiseration. Every expression of respectful sympathy, on our parts, and on that of our client, Mr. Titmouse, that you may think fit to convey to your distinguished client, is his.

We shall be prepared to receive possession of the Yatton estates on the day you mention—namely, the 17th May next, on behalf of our client, Mr. Titmouse; on whose behalf, also, we beg to thank you for your communication concerning the last quarter's rents.

"With reference to the question of the mesne profits, we cannot doubt that your client will pursue the same prompt and honorable line of conduct which he has hitherto adopted, and sincerely trust that a good understanding in this matter will speedily exist between our respective clients.

As you have intimated a wish upon the subject, we beg to inform you that we have given instructions for making out and delivering our bill herein.

We are, gentlemen, your humble servants,

"QUIRK, GAMMON & SNAP.

"MESSRS. RUNNINGTON & Co."

Having finished writing the above letter, Gammon sat back in his chair, with folded arms, and entered upon a long train of thought—revolving many matters worthy the profound consideration they then received.

When Gammon and Titmouse returned to town from York, they were fortunate in having the inside of the coach to themselves for nearly the whole of the way—an opportunity which Gammon improved to the utmost, by deepening the impression he had already made in the mind of Titmouse, of the truth of one great fact—namely, that he and his fortunes would quickly part company, if Gammon should at any time so will—which never would, however, come to pass, so long as Titmouse recognised and deferred to the authority of Gammon in all things. In vain did Titmouse inquire how this could be. Gammon was impenetrable, mysterious, authoritative; and at length enjoined Titmouse to absolute secrecy concerning the existence of the fact in question, on pain of the infliction of those consequences to which I have already alluded. Gammon assured him that there were many plans and plots hatching against him (Titmouse); but that it was in his (Gammon's) power to protect him from them all. Gammon particularly enjoined him, moreover, to consult the feelings, and attend to the suggestions of Mr. Quirk, wherein Mr. Gammon did not intimate to the contrary, and wound up all by telling him, that as he, Gammon, was the only person on earth—and this he really believed to be the case, as the reader may

hereafter see—who knew the exact position of Titmouse, so he had devoted himself for his life to the advancing and securing the interest of Titmouse.

For about a fortnight after their return, Titmouse, at Gammon's instance, resumed his former lodgings; but at length complained so earnestly of their dismal quietude and of their being out of the way of life, that Gammon yielded to his wishes, and, together with Mr. Quirk, consented to his removing to a central spot—in fact, to the CABBAGE-STALK HOTEL, Covent Garden—a green enough name, to be sure; but it was the family name of a great wholesale green-grocer, who owned most of the property thereabouts. It was not without considerable uneasiness and anxiety that Messrs. Quirk and Snap beheld this change effected, apprehensive that it might have the effect of estranging Titmouse from them; but since Gammon assented to it, they had nothing for it but to acquiesce, considering Titmouse's proximity to his pleasured independence. They resolved, however, as far as in each of them lay, not to let themselves be forgotten by Titmouse. Pending the rule for the new trial, Mr. Quirk was so confident concerning the issue, that he greatly increased the allowance of Titmouse; to an extent, indeed, which admitted of his entering into almost all the gaieties that his as yet scarce initiated heart could desire. In the first place, he constantly added to his wardrobe. Then he took lessons, every other day, in "the noble art of self-defence;" which gave him an opportunity of forming with great ease, at once, an extensive and brilliant circle of acquaintance. Fencing-rooms, wrestling-rooms, shooting-galleries, places for pigeon-shooting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and billiard-rooms; the water and boat-racing—these were the dazzling scenes which occupied the chief portion of each day. Then, in the evenings, there were theatres, great and small, the various taverns, and other places of nocturnal resort, which are the pride and glory of the metropolis. In addition to this, at an advanced period of the night, or rather a very early hour in the morning, he sedulously strove to perfect himself in those higher arts and accomplishments, excelled in by the more eminent of the youthful aristocracy, viz., breaking windows, pulling bells, wrenching off knockers, extinguishing lamps, tripping up old women, watchmen, and children, and spoiling their clothes;—ah, how often in his humbler days, had his heart panted in noble rivalry of such feats as these, and emulation of the notoriety they earned for the glittering miscreants who excelled in them! Ah, Titmouse, Titmouse! *Macte nova virtute, puer!*

That he could long frequent such scenes as these without forming an extensive and varied acquaintance, would be a very unlikely thing to suppose; and there was one who would fain have joined him in his new adventures—one who, as I have already intimated, had initiated him into the scenes with which he was now becoming so familiar; I mean Snap, who had been at once his

"Guide, philosopher, and friend;"

but who now had fewer and fewer opportunities of associating with him, inasmuch as his (Snap's) nose was continually "kept at the grindstone" in Saffron Hill, to compensate for the lack of attention to the business of the office of his senior partners, owing to their incessant occupation with the affairs of Titmouse. Still, however, he now and then contrived to remind Titmouse of his (Snap's) existence, by sending him intimations of interesting trials at the Old Bailey and elsewhere, and securing him a good seat to view both the criminal and the spectators—of the persons of the greatest rank, fashion, and beauty; for so it happens that in this country, the more hideous the crime, the more intense the curiosity of the upper classes of both sexes to witness the miscreant perpetrator; the more disgusting the details, the greater the avidity with which they are listened to by the distinguished auditors;—the reason being plain, that, as they have exhausted the pleasures and excitements afforded by their own sphere, their palled and sated appetites require novel and more powerful stimulants. Hence, at length, we see "fashionables" peopling even the condemned cell,—rushing, in excited groups, after the shuddering malefactor, staggering, half palsied, and with horror-laden eye, on his way to the gallows! As soon as old Quirk had obtained an inkling of Titmouse's taste in these matters, he afforded Titmouse many opportunities of gratifying it. Once or twice the old gentleman succeeded even in enabling Titmouse (severe trial, however, for his exquisite sensibilities!) to shake the cold and pinioned hands of wretches within a few minutes' time of being led out for execution!

This is a brief and general account of the way in which Titmouse passed his time, and laid the groundwork of that solid, extensive, and practical acquaintance with men and things, which was requisite to enable him to occupy with dignity and advantage the splendid station to which he was on the point of being elevated.

But let us not lose sight of our early and interesting friends, the Tag-rags—a thing which both Quirk and Gammon resolved should not happen to Titmouse; for on the very first Sunday after his arrival in town from York, a handsome glass coach might have been seen, about two o'clock in the afternoon, drawing up opposite to the gates of Satin Lodge; from which said coach, the door having been opened, presently descended Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Titmouse. Now, the Tag-rags always dined at about two o'clock on Sundays; and, on the present occasion, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tag-rag, together with a pretty constant visitor, the Reverend Mr. Dismal Horror, were sitting at their dinner-table, discussing as nice a savory leg of roast pork, with apple sauce, as could at once have tempted and satisfied the most fastidious and the most indiscriminating appetite.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Miss Tag-rag faintly, changing color as she caught sight, through the blinds, of the approaching visitors—"if there is n't Mr. Titmouse!" and almost dropping on the table her plate, in which, with an air of tender gallantry, Mr. Horror was in the act of depositing some greens, she flew out of the room, darted up stairs, and in a trice was standing, with beating heart, before her glass, hastily twirling her ringlets round her trembling fingers, and making one or two slight alterations in her dress. Her papa and mamma started up at the same moment, hastily wiping their mouths on the corners of the table cloths; and, after a hurried apology to

their reverend guest, whom they begged "to go on eating till they came back"—they bounced into the drawing-room, just time enough to appear as if they had been seated for some time; but they were both rather red in the face, and flustered in their manner. Yet, how abortive was their attempt to disguise the disgraceful fact of their having been at dinner when their distinguished visitors arrived! For, firstly, the house was redolent of the odors of roast-pork, sage and onion-stuffing, and greens; secondly, the red-faced servant girl was peering round the corner of the kitchen stairs, as if watching an opportunity to whip off a small dinner tray that stood between the dining-room and drawing-room; and thirdly, they caught a glimpse of the countenance of the reverend guest, who was holding open the dining-room door just wide enough to enable him to see who passed on to the drawing-room; for, in truth, the name which had escaped from the lips of Miss Tag-rag, was one that always excited unpleasant feelings in the breast of her spiritual friend.

"Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Tag-rag! 'Pon my soul—glad to see you—and—hope you're all well!" continued Titmouse, with an air of easy confidence and grace. Mr. Gammon calmly introduced himself and Mr. Quirk. Just at that moment neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tag-rag were sure whether they stood upon their heads or their feet.

"We were just going to sit down to—hush," said Mr. Tag-rag, hurriedly.

"You won't take a little, will you, gentlemen?" inquired Mrs. Tag-rag, faintly; and both the worthy couple felt infinite relief on being assured that their distinguished visitors had already lunched. Neither of them could take their eyes off Mr. Titmouse, whose easy nonchalance convinced them that he must have been keeping the society of lords. He was just inquiring, as he ran his hand through his hair, any gentlemanly light ebony cane against his leg—after Miss Tag-rag, when, pale and agitated, and holding in her hand a pocket handkerchief suffused with musk and bergamot, designed to overcome so much of the vulgar odor of dinner as might be lingering about her—that interesting young lady entered. Titmouse rose and received her in a familiar, forward manner; she turning white and red by turns. (She looked such a shrivelled, little, ugly, formal creature, that Titmouse conceived quite a hatred of her, though recollecting that he had once thought such an inferior piece of goods superior. Old Quirk and Tag-rag, every now and then, cast distrustful glances at each other; but Gammon kept all in a calm flow of small talk, which at length restored those whom they had come to see, to something like self-possession. As for Mr. Quirk, the more he looked at Miss Tag-rag, the more pride and satisfaction he felt in reflecting upon the unfavorable contrast she must present, in Titmouse's eyes, to Miss Quirk. After a little further conversation, principally concerning the brilliant success of Titmouse, Mr. Quirk came to the business of the day, and invited Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tag-rag to dinner at Alibi House, on the ensuing Sunday, at six o'clock—apologizing for the absence of Miss Quirk, on the score of indisposition—she being at the time in the highest possible state of health. Mrs. Tag-rag was on the point of saying some thing deprecatory of their dining out on Sunday, as contrary to their rule; but a sudden recollection of the earthly interests she might peril by so doing, aided by a fearful, significant glance from Mr. Tag-rag, restrained her. The invitation was, therefore, accepted in a very obsequious manner; and soon after their great visitors took their departure, leaving Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag in a state of considerable excitement. Goodness! could there be a doubt that there must be some very potent attraction at Satin Lodge to bring thither Titmouse, after all that had occurred? And where could reside the point of that attraction, but in Miss Tag-rag?

As soon as their visitors, glass-coach had driven off—it's inmates laughing heartily at the people they had just quitted—Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tag-rag returned to the dining-table, like suddenly disturbed fowls returning to their roost, when the disturbance has ceased. Profuse were their apologies to Mr. Horror: not aware, however, that he had improved the opportunity afforded by their absence to recruit his energies with a couple of glasses of port wine from a decanter which stood on the sideboard—a circumstance which he did not deem important enough to mention. Vehemently suspecting as he did, what was the state of things with reference to Mr. Titmouse and Miss Tag-rag, it was somewhat of a trial of temper to the exemplary young pastor, to have to listen, for the remainder of the afternoon, to the praises of Titmouse, and speculations concerning the immensity of his fortune. In vain did the worthy minister strive, every now and then, to divert the current of conversation into a more profitable channel—i. e. towards himself; all he said was evidently lost upon her for whose ear it was intended. She was in a revelry, and often sighed. The principal figures before her mind's eye were—TITMOUSE, TITMOUSE, Esq., and THE REV. DISMAL HORROR. The latter was about twenty-six, (he had been called to the work of the ministry in his sixteenth year); short; his face slightly pitted with small-pox; his forehead narrow; his eyes cold and watery; no eye-brows or whiskers; high cheek bones; his short sand-colored hair combed plainly forward over each temple, and twisted into a sort of top-knot in front; he wore no shirt-collar, but had a white neck-handkerchief tied very formally, and was dressed in an ill-made suit of black. He spoke in a drawling, canting tone; and his countenance was overspread with a demure expression of cunning, trying to look religious. Then he was always talking about himself, and the devil, and his chapel, and the bottomless pit, and the number of souls which he had saved, and the number of those whom he knew were damned, and many more who certainly would be damned. All this might be very well in its way, began to think Miss Tag-rag—but it was possible to choke a dog with a pudding. Poor girl, can you wonder at her dwelling fondly upon the image of Titmouse? So splendidly dressed—so handsome—such a fashionable air—and with—ten thousand a-year! When she put all these things together, it almost looked like a dream: such good fortune could never be in store for a poor simple girl like herself. Yet there was such a thing as—love at first sight! After tea they all walked down to Mr. Horror's meeting-house. It was very crowded; and it was remarked that the eloquent young preacher had never delivered a more impass-



moned-sermon from that pulpit: it was sublime. Oh how bitterly he denounced "worldly-mindedness!" What a vivid picture he drew of the flourishing green bay-tree of the wicked, suddenly blasted in the moment of its pride and strength; while the righteous should shine like stars in the firmament for ever and ever! Who could not see here shadowed out the characters of Titmouse and of Horror respectively? who could hesitate between the two? And when at length, the sermon over, he sat down in his pulpit, (the congregation also sitting, and singing,) and drew gracefully across his damp forehead his white pocket handkerchief, which had been given him by Miss Tag-rag, and looked with an air of most interesting languor and exhaustion towards Mr. Tag-rag's pew, where sat Miss Tag-rag—her father the wealthiest man in the congregation, and she his only child—he felt a lively and tender interest in her welfare—her spiritual welfare, and resolved to call the next morning; entertaining an humble hope that his zealous labors had not been in vain! Was one fruit of them to have been looked for in the benignant temper which Tag-rag, to the amazement of his shopmen, evinced the next morning, for at least an hour? Would that the like good effects had been visible in Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag; but—alas that I should have to record it!—it was so far otherwise, that they laid aside their fancy-fair work for the whole week, which they devoted to the preparation of those dresses with which they proposed the profanation of the ensuing Sunday.

That day at length arrived, and precisely at six o'clock a genteel fly deposited the visitants from Satin Lodge at the splendid entrance of Alibi House. There was the big footman—shoulder-knot, red breeches, and all. Tag-rag felt a little nervous. Before they had entered the gates, the fond, proud parents had kissed their trembling daughter, and entreated her "to keep her spirits up!" The exhortation was needful; for when she saw the sort of style that awaited them, she became not a little agitated. When she entered the hall—ah! on a chair lay a glossy new hat, and a delicate ebony walking-stick; so he had come—was then up stairs! Miss Tag-rag trembled in every limb.

"I don't know, my dear," whispered Mrs. Tag-rag, to her husband, with a subdued sigh, as they followed the splendid footman up stairs, "it may be all uncommon grand; but somehow I'm afraid we're doing wrong—it's the Lord's day—see if any good comes of it."

"Tut—hold your tongue! Let's have no nonsense," sternly whispered Mr. Tag-rag to his submissive wife.

"Your name, sir?" quoth the footman, in a gentlemanly way.

"Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tagrag," replied Mr. Tag-rag, after clearing his throat; and so they were announced, Miss Quirk coming forward to receive the ladies with the most charming affability. There stood Titmouse, in an easy attitude, with his hands tucked into his coat pockets, and resting on his hips, in a very delicate and elegant fashion. How completely he seemed at his ease!

"Oh Lord!" thought Tag-rag, "that's the young fellow I used to go on so to!"

In due time dinner was announced; and who can describe the rapture that thrilled through the bosoms of the three Tag-rags, when Mr. Quirk requested Mr. Titmouse, to take down—Miss Tag-rag! Her father took down Mrs. Alias; Mr. Quirk, Mrs. Tag-rag; and Gammon, Miss Quirk. She really might have been proud of her partner. Gammon was about thirty-eight years old; of average height; with a particularly gentlemanly appearance and address, and an intellectual and even handsome countenance, though occasionally it wore, to a keen observer, a sinister expression. He had a blue coat, a plain white waistcoat, not disfigured by any glistening fiddle-faddle of pins, chains, or quizzing-glasses, black trousers, and silk stockings. There was at once an appearance of neatness and carelessness; and there was such a ready smile—such a bland case and self-possession about him—as communicated itself to those whom he addressed. I hardly know, Mr. Gammon, why I have thus noticed so particularly your outward appearance; it certainly, on the occasion I am describing, struck me much; but there are such things as *whited walls* and *painted sepulchres*. Dinner went off very pleasantly, the wines soon communicating a little confidence to the flustered guests. Mrs. Tag-rag had drunk so much champagne—an usual beverage for her—that almost as soon as she had returned to the drawing-room, she sat down on the sofa and fell asleep, leaving the two young ladies to amuse each other as best they might; for Mrs. Alias was very deaf, and moreover very stiff and distant, and sat looking at them in silence. To return to the dining-room for a moment. 'Twas quite delightful to see the sort of friendship that seemed to grow up between Quirk and Tag-rag, as their heads got filled with wine: at the same time each of them drawing closer and closer to Titmouse, who sat between them—volubility itself. They soon dropped all disguise—each plainly under the impression that the other could not, or did not, observe him; and altogether, impelled by their overmastering motives, they became so barefaced in their ecyphancy—evidently forgetting that Gammon was present—that he could several times, with only the utmost difficulty, refrain from bursting into laughter at the earnest devotion with which these two worshippers of the little golden calf strove to attract the attention of their divinity, and recommend themselves to its favor.

At length the four gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, whence issued the sounds of music; and on entering, they beheld the two lovely performers seated at the piano, engaged upon a duet. The plump flaxen-haired Miss Quirk, in her flowing white muslin dress, her thick gold chain, and massive bracelets, formed rather a strong contrast to her sallow, skinny little companion, in a span-new slate-colored silk dress, with staring scarlet sash; her long cork-screw ringlets glistening in bear's grease: and as for their performance, Miss Quirk played boldly and well through her part, a smile of contempt now and then beaming over her countenance at the ridiculous incapacity of her companion. As soon as the gentleman made their appearance the ladies ceased, and withdrew from the piano; Miss Tag-rag, with a sweet air of simplicity and conscious embarrassment, gliding towards the sofa, where sat her mamma asleep, but whom she at once awoke. Mr. Quirk exclaimed, as, evidently elevated with wine, he slapped his daughter on her fat back, "Ah, Dora, my dove!" while Tag-rag kissed his daughter's cheek, and squeezed her

hand, and then glanced with a proud and delighted air at Titmouse, who was loling at full length upon the other sofa, picking his teeth. While Miss Quirk was making tea, Gammon gaily conversing with her, and in an undertone satirizing Miss Tag-rag; the latter young lady was gazing, with a timid air, at the various elegant nick-nacks scattered upon the tables and alaba. One of these consisted of a pretty little box, about a foot square, with a glass lid, through which she saw the contents; and they not a little surprised her. They were pieces of cord; and on looking at one of the sides of the box, she read, with a sudden shudder,—"With these cords were tied the hands of Arthur Grizzlegut, executed for high treason, 19th November, 18—. Presented, as a mark of respect, to Caleb Quirk, Esq., by John Ketch." Poor Miss Tag-rag recoiled from the box as if she had seen it filled with writhing adders. She took an early opportunity, however, of calling her father's attention to it; and he pronounced it a "most interesting object," and fetched Mrs. Tag-rag to see it. She agreed first with her daughter, and then with her husband. Quietly pushing her investigations, Miss Tag-rag by and by beheld a large and splendidly bound volume—in fact, Miss Quirk's album; and, after turning over most of the leaves, and glancing over the "poetical effusions" and "prose sentiments," which few fools can abstain from depositing upon the embossed pages, when solicited by the lovely proprietresses of such works, beheld—her heart fluttered—poor Miss Tag-rag almost dropped the magnificent volume; for there was the idolized name of Mr. Titmouse—no doubt his own handwriting and composition. She read it over eagerly again and again,—

"Tittlebat Titmouse is my name,  
England is my nation;  
London is my dwelling place,  
And Christ is my salvation."

It was very—very beautiful—beautiful in its simplicity! She looked anxiously about for writing implements; but not seeing any, was at length obliged to trust to her memory; on which, indeed, the exquisite composition was already inscribed in indelible characters. Miss Quirk, who was watching her motions, guessed the true cause of her excitement; and a smile of mingled scorn and pity for her infatuated delusion shone upon her face; in which, however, there appeared a little anxiety when she beheld Titmouse—not, however, perceiving that he did so in consequence of a motion from Gammon, whose eye governed his movements as a man's those of his spaniel—walk up to her, and converse with a great appearance of interest. At length Mr. Tag-rag's "carriage" was announced. Mr. Quirk gave his arm to Mrs. Tag-rag, and Mr. Titmouse to the daughter; who endeavored, as she went down the stairs, to direct melting glances at her handsome and distinguished companion. They evidently told, for she could not be mistaken; he certainly once or twice squeezed her arm—and the last fond words he uttered to her were, "Pon my soul—it's early; devilish sorry you're going!" As the Tag-rags drove home, they were all loud in the praises of those whom they had just quitted, particularly of those whose splendid hospitality they had been enjoying. With a daughter, with whom Mr. Quirk must naturally have wished to make so splendid a match as that with Titmouse,—but who was plainly engaged to Mr. Gammon—how kind and disinterested was Mr. Quirk, in affording every encouragement in his power to the passion which Titmouse had so plainly conceived for Miss Tag-rag! And was there ever so delightful a person as Gammon! How cordially he had shaken the hands of each of them at parting! As for Miss Tag-rag, she almost felt that, if her heart had not been so deeply engaged to Titmouse, she could have loved Mr. Gammon.

"I hope Tabby," said Mrs. Tag-rag, "that when you are Mrs. Titmouse, you'll bring your dear husband to hear Mr. Horror? You know, we ought to be grateful to the Lord—for He has done it."

"La, ma, how can I tell?" quoth Miss Tag-rag, petulently. "I must go where Mr. Titmouse chooses, of course; and no doubt he'll take sittings in one of the West End churches: you know, you go where pa goes—I go where Titmouse goes! But I will come sometimes, too—if it's only to show that I'm not above it, you know. La, what a stir there will be! The three Miss Knippes—I do so hope they'll be there! I'll have your pew, ma, lined with red velvet; it will look so genteel."

"I'm not quite so sure, Tabby, though," interrupted her father, with a certain swell of manner, "that we shall, after a certain event, continue to live in these parts. There's such a thing as retiring from business, Tabby: besides, we shall nat'ally wish to be near you."

"He's a love of a man, pa, isn't he?" interrupted Miss Tag-rag, with irrepressible excitement. Her father folded her in his arms. They could hardly believe that they had reached Satin Lodge. That respectable structure, somehow or other, now looked to the eye of all of them shrunk into most contemptible dimensions. What was it to the spacious and splendid residence which they had quitted? And what, in all probability could that be to the mansion—or perhaps several mansions—to which Mr. Titmouse would be presently entitled, and—in his right—some one else?

Whilst the brilliant success of Tittlebat Titmouse was exciting so great a sensation among the inmates of Satin Lodge and Alibi House, there were also certain quarters in the upper regions of society, in which it produced a considerable commotion, and where it was contemplated with feelings of intense interest; nor without reason. For indeed, to you, reflective reader, much pondering men and manners, and observing the influence of great wealth, especially suddenly and unexpectedly acquired, upon all classes of mankind—it would appear passing strange that so prodigious an event as that of an accession to a fortune of ten thousand a-year, and a large accumulation of money besides, could be looked on with indifference in those regions where money

"Is like the air they breathe—if they have it not, they die;" in its absence, all their "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," disappear like snow under sunshine; the edifice of pomp, luxury, and magnificence that "rose like an exhalation," so disappears—

"And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leaves not a rack behind."

Take away money, and that which raised its delicate and

pampered passions above the common condition of mankind—that of privation and want, and anxiety—into one entirely artificial, ~~and~~ <sup>altogether</sup> totally new wants and desires, is gone, all gone; and its occupants suddenly fall, as it were, through a highly rarefied atmosphere, breathless and dismayed, into contact with the chilling exigencies of life, of which till then, they had only heard and read, sometimes with a kind of morbid sympathy, as we do hear and read of a foreign country, not starting the while from our snug homes, by whose comfortable and luxurious fire-sides we read of the frightful palsy of cold of the polar regions, and for a moment sigh over the condition of their miserable inhabitants, as vividly pictured to us by adventurous travellers.

If the reader had reverently cast his eye over the pages of that glittering centre of aristocratic literature, and inexhaustible solace against the ~~onset~~ <sup>onset</sup> of a wet day—I mean *De-brett's Peerage*, his attention could not have failed to be rivetted among a galaxy of brilliant but minor stars, by the radiance of one transcendent constellation. Behold; hush; tremble!—AUGUSTUS MORTIMER PLANTAGENET FITZ-URSE, EARL OF DREDDLINGTON, VISCOUNT FITZ-URSE, AND BARON DRELLINCOURT; KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE; K. G., G. C. B., D. C. L., F. R. S., &c., &c.; Lieutenant-General in the army, Colonel of the 37th regiment of light dragoons; Lord Lieutenant of—shire; elder brother of the Trinity House; formerly Lord Steward of the Household; succeeded his father PERCY COWSTAR-TINE FITZ-URSE as fifth Earl, and twentieth in the Barony, January 10th, 1795; married, April 1, 1799, the Right Hon. Lady Philippa Emmeline Blanche Macpleuchan, daughter of Archibald, ninth duke of Tantaloon, K. T., and has issue an only child.

"CECILIA PHILIPPA LEOPOLDINA PLANTAGENET, born June 10, 1790.

"Town residence, Grosvenor Square.

"Seats, Gruncaghoolaghan Castle, Galway; Tre-ardevor Manor, Cornwall; Llimryllwrcwpliglylly Abbey, N. Wales; Tullyclachnach Palace, N. Britain; Poppleton Hall, Hertfordshire.

"Earldom, by patent, 1667; — Barony, by writ of summons, Hen. II."

Now, as to the above tremendous list of seats and residences, be it observed that the existence of two of them, viz., Grosvenor Square and Poppleton Hall, was tolerably well ascertained by the residence of the august proprietor of them, and the expenditure therein of his princely revenue of £5000 a-year. The existence of the remaining ones, however, the names of which the diligent chronicler has preserved with such scrupulous accuracy, had become somewhat problematical since the era of the civil wars and the physical derangement of the surface of the earth in those parts, which one may conceive to have taken place\* consequent upon those events; those imposing feudal residences having been originally erected in positions so carefully selected with a view to their security against aggression, as to have become totally inaccessible, and, indeed, unknown, to the present inglorious and degenerate race, no longer animated by the spirit of chivalry and adventure.

[I have now recovered my breath, after my bold flight into the resplendent regions of aristocracy; but my eyes are still dazzled.]

\* See Dr. Bubble's "Account of the Late Landships, and of the Remains of Subterranean Castles." Quarto edition, pp. 163—2001.

## Recent Literature.

### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Book the Second....*Mary the Queen.*

XXXIV....How the Princess Elizabeth was confronted with Sir Thomas Wyatt in the Torture Chamber.

As Elizabeth passed beneath the portal of the Bloody Tower, on her way to the Lieutenant's lodgings, whither she was conducted, after quitting Traitor's Gate, by Bedingfield and Sumax, she encountered the giants, who doffed their caps at her approach, and fell on their knees. All three were greatly affected, especially Magog, whose soft and sensitive nature was completely overcome. Big tears rolled down his cheeks, and in attempting to utter a few words of consolation, his voice failed him. Touched by his distress, Elizabeth halted for a moment, and, laying her hand on his broad shoulder, said, in a tone, and with a look calculated to enforce her words, "Bear up, good fellow, like a man. If I shed no tears myself, those who love me need shed none. It is the duty of my friends to comfort, not to dishearten me. My case is not so hopeless as you think. The Queen will never condemn the innocent, and unheard. Get up, I say, and put a bold face on the matter, or you are not your father's son."

Roused by this address, Magog obeyed; and, rearing his bulky frame to its full height, so that his head almost touched the spikes of the portcullis, cried in a voice of thunder, "Would your innocence might be proved by the combat, madam, as in our"—and he hesitated—"I mean your royal father's time! I would undertake to maintain your truth against any odds. Nay, I and my brethren would bid defiance to your whole host of accusers!"

"Though I may not claim you as champions," replied Elizabeth, "I will fight my own battle as stoutly as you could fight it for me!"

"And your Grace's courage will prevail," rejoined Og.

"My innocence will," returned Elizabeth.

"Right!" cried Gog. "Your Grace, I am assured, would no more harbor disloyalty against the Queen than we should, seeing that—"

"Enough!" interrupted the Princess, hastily. "Farewell, good friends," she continued, extending her hand to them which they eagerly pressed to their lips; "farewell! Be of good cheer! No man shall have cause to weep for me."

"This is a proud, though a sad day," observed Og, who was the last honored by the Princess's condescension, "and will never be obliterated from my memory. By my father's beard!" he added, gazing rapturously at the long taper

fingers he was permitted to touch, "it is the most beautiful hand I ever beheld, and white as the driven snow."

Pleased by the compliment—for she was by no means insensible to admiration—Elizabeth forgave its unseasonableness for its evident sincerity, and smilingly departed. But she had scarcely ascended the steps leading to the green, when she was chilled by the sight of Renard, who was standing at the northern entrance of the Bloody Tower, wrapped in his cloak, and apparently waiting to see her pass.

As she drew near, he stepped forward, and made her a profound but sarcastic salutation. His insolence, however, failed in its effect upon Elizabeth. Eyeing him with the utmost disdain, she observed to Bedingfeld, "Put that Spanish knave out of my path! And he who will remove him from the Queen's councils will do both her and me a good turn."

"Your Grace has sufficient room to pass," returned Renard, with bitter irony, and laying his hand upon the hilt of his sword, as if determined to resist any attempts to remove him, "Your prison within the Bell Tower is prepared; and, if my counsel have any weight with her majesty, you will quit it only to take the same path, and ascend the same scaffold as your mother, Anne Boleyn."

"Such another taunt," cried Sussex, fiercely, "and neither the sacred character of your office, nor the protection of the Queen, shall save you from my sword!"

And he thrust him forcibly backward. Elizabeth moved on at a slow and stately pace, while the guard, closing round her and Sussex, opposed the points of their halberds to the infuriated ambassador.

"Your Highness has increased Renard's enmity," observed Bedingfeld, with a troubled look.

"I fear him not," replied Elizabeth, dauntlessly. "Let him do his worst; English honesty will ever prove more than a match for Spanish guile."

Entering the Lieutenant's lodgings and traversing the long gallery already described as running in a westerly direction, Elizabeth soon reached the upper chamber of the Bell Tower, which, she was informed by Sir Thomas Brydges, was appointed for her prison.

"It is a sorry lodging for a King's daughter," she observed, "and for one who may be Queen of this realm. But since my sister will have it so, I must make shift with it. How many attendants are allowed me?"

"One female," replied Brydges.

"Why not deprive me of all?" cried the Princess, passionately. "This chamber will barely accommodate me. I will be alone."

"As your Grace pleases," replied Brydges, "but I cannot exceed my authority."

"Can I write to the Queen?" demanded Elizabeth.

"You will be furnished with writing materials, if it is your purpose to prepare your confession," returned the Lieutenant. "But it must be delivered to the council, who will exercise their discretion as to transmitting it to her Highness."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Princess, "am I at their mercy?" "Alas, madam, you are so!" replied Bedingfeld, "but the Chancellor is your friend."

"I am not sure of that," returned Elizabeth. "Oh, that I could see the Queen, were it but for one minute. My mother perished because she could not obtain a hearing of my royal sire, whose noble nature was abused in respect to her; and the Duke of Somerset himself told me that if his brother the Admiral had been allowed speech of him, he would never have consented to his death. But it is ever thus. The throne is surrounded by a baneful circle, whose business it is to prevent the approach of truth. They keep me from my sister's presence, well knowing that I could clear myself at once, while they fill her ears with false reports. Bedingfeld, you are her faithful servant, and, therefore, not my enemy. Tell her, if she will grant me an audience alone, or before her councillors, I will either prove my innocence, or consent to lose my head. Above all, implore her to let me be confronted with Wyatt, that the truth may be extorted from him."

"The interview would little benefit your grace," remarked Brydges. "Wyatt confesses your privacy to the rebellion."

"He lies!" replied Elizabeth, fiercely. "The words have been put into his mouth with the vain hope of pardon. But he will recant them if he sees me. He dare not, will not, look me in the face and aver that I am a partner in his foul practices. But I will not believe it of him. Despite his monstrous treason, he is too brave, too noble-minded, to act so recreant a part."

"Wyatt has undergone the question ordinary and extraordinary, madam," replied Brydges; "and though he endured the first with surprising constancy, his fortitude sunk under the severity of the latter application."

"I forgive him," rejoined Elizabeth, in a tone of commiseration. "But it proves nothing. He avowed thus much to escape further torture."

"It may be," returned Brydges, "and, for your Grace's sake, I hope it is so. But his confession, signed with his own hand, has been laid before the Queen."

"Ah!" exclaimed Elizabeth, sinking into the only seat which the dungeon contained.

"I beseech your Highness to compose yourself," cried Bedingfeld, compassionately. "We will withdraw and leave you to the care of your attendant."

"I want no assistance," replied Elizabeth, recovering herself. "Will you entreat her Majesty to grant me an audience on the terms I have named, in the presence of Wyatt?"

"It must be speedy, then," remarked Brydges, "for he is adjudged to die to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Elizabeth. "Nay, then, good Bedingfeld, seek the Queen without delay. Implore her by the love she once bore me—by the love I am assured she bears me still—to interrogate me before this traitor. If he perishes with this uncontradicted, I am lost."

"Your words shall be repeated to her Highness," replied Bedingfeld, "and I will not fail to add my entreaties to your own. But I cannot give you a hope that your request will be granted."

"It is fortunate for your highness that the Queen visits the Tower to-day," observed Brydges. "Her arrival is momentarily expected. As I live!" he exclaimed, as the bell was rung overhead, and answered by the beating of

drums and the discharge of cannon from the batteries, "she is here!"

"It is heaven's interposition in my behalf!" cried Elizabeth. "Goto her at once, Bedingfeld. Let not the traitor Renard get the start of you. I may live to requite the service. Go—go."

The old knight obeyed, and the others immediately afterward retired, closing the door upon the Princess, and placing a guard outside.

Left alone, Elizabeth flew to the narrow and strongly grated loophole, commanding the southern ward, through which the Queen must necessarily pass on her way to the palace, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. She had not to wait long. Loud fanfares of trumpets resounded from the gate of the By-ward Tower. These martial flourishes were succeeded by the trampling of steeds, and fresh discharges of ordnance; and the next moment a numerous retinue of horse and foot emerged from the gateway. Just as the royal litter appeared it was stopped by Sir Henry Bedingfeld, and the curtains were drawn aside by Mary's own hand. It was a moment of intense interest to Elizabeth, and she watched the countenance of the old knight as if her life depended on each word he uttered. At first she could not see the Queen's face; but as Bedingfeld concluded, Mary leaned forward and looked up at the Bell Tower. Uncertain whether she could be seen, Elizabeth determined to make her presence known; and, thrusting her head through the bars, waved her kerchief. Mary instantly drew back. The curtains of the litter were closed, Bedingfeld stepped aside, and the cavalcade moved on.

"She will not see me!" cried Elizabeth, sinking back in despair. "I shall perish like my mother."

The Princess's agitation did not subside for some time. Expecting Bedingfeld to return with the tidings that Mary had refused her request, she listened anxiously to every sound, in the hope that it might announce his arrival. Hour after hour passed by, and he came not; and, concluding that he did not like to be the bearer of ill news, or, what was yet more probable, that he was not allowed to visit her, she made up her mind to the worst.

Elizabeth had not the same resources as Jane, under similar circumstances. Though sincerely religious, she had not the strong piety that belonged to the other, nor could she like her divorce herself from the world, and devote herself wholly to God. Possessing the greatest fortitude, she had no resignation; and, while capable of enduring any amount of physical suffering, could not control her impatience. Her thoughts were bitter and mortifying enough, but she felt no humiliation; and the only regrets she indulged were at having acted so unwise a part. Scalding tears bedewed her cheeks—tears that would none have been shed, if any one had been present; and her mingled emotions of rage and despair, were so powerful, that she had much ado to overcome them. Ungovernable fury against Mary took possession of her, and she pondered upon a thousand acts of revenge. Then came the dreadful sense, of her present situation—of its hopelessness, its despair. She looked at the stone walls by which she was inclosed, and invoked them to fall upon her, and crush her, and she rushed towards the massive and iron-girded door, as if she would dash herself against it with impotent fury. Her breast was ravaged by fierce and conflicting passions; she grasped it convulsively to prevent herself from executing the desperate deeds that suggested themselves to her. In after years, when the crown was placed upon her head, and she grasped one of the most powerful sceptres ever swayed by female hand—when illustrious captives were placed in that very dungeon, by her commands, and one royal victim near almost to her as a sister, lingered out her days in hopeless captivity, only to end them on the block—at such seasons she often recalled her own imprisonment, often in imagination endured its agonies, but never once with a soft or relenting heart. The sole thought that now touched her, and subdued her violence, was that of Courtenay. Neither his unworthiness nor his inconstancy could shake her attachment. She loved him deeply and devotedly—with all the strength and fervor of her character; and, though she had much difficulty in saving him from her contempt, this feeling did not abate the force of her regard. The idea that he would perish with her in some degree reconciled her, to her probable fate.

Thus meditating, alternately roused by the wildest resentment, and softened by thoughts of love, Elizabeth passed the remainder of the day without interruption. Worn out, at length, she was about to dispose herself to slumber, when the door was opened, and Sir Thomas Brydges, accompanied by two serving-men and a female attendant, entered the room. Provisions were placed before her by the men, who instantly withdrew, and Brydges was about to follow, leaving the female attendant behind, when Elizabeth stopped him, and inquired what answer Sir Henry Bedingfeld had brought from the Queen.

"My orders are to hold no communication with your Grace," replied the Lieutenant.

"At least tell me when I am to be examined by the Council," rejoined Elizabeth. "The meanest criminal has a right to be so informed!"

But Brydges shook his head, and, quitting the chamber, closed the door, and barred it outside.

Controlling her feelings, as she was now no longer alone, Elizabeth commanded her attendant to awaken her in an hour, and threw herself upon the couch. Her injunctions were strictly complied with, and she arose greatly refreshed. A lamp had been left her; and, taking up a book of prayers, she addressed herself to her devotions, and, while thus occupied, her mind gradually resumed its composure. About midnight the door was opened by the Lieutenant, who entered with Nightgall and two other officials in sable robes, while a guard of halberdiers, bearing torches, remained without.

"I must request your Grace to follow me," said Brydges.

"Whither?" demanded Elizabeth, rising. "To the Queen's presence?"

The Lieutenant made no answer.

"To the Council?" resumed the Princess, "or to execution? No matter. I am ready." And she motioned the Lieutenant to lead on.

Sir Thomas Brydges obeyed, and, followed by the Princess, traversed the gallery, descended the great staircase, and entered a spacious chamber on the ground floor. Here he paused for a moment, while a sliding panel in the wall

was opened, through which he and his companion passed.

A short flight of stone steps brought them to a dark, narrow passage, and they proceeded silently and slowly along it, until their progress was checked by a strong iron door, which was unfastened and closed behind them by Nightgall. The jarring of the heavy bolts, as they were shot into their sockets, resounded hollowly along the arched roof of the passage, and smote forcibly upon Elizabeth's heart; and she required all her constitutional firmness to support her.

They were now in one of those subterranean galleries, often described before, on either side of which were cells, and the clangor called forth many a dismal response. Presently afterwards, they arrived at the head of a staircase, which Elizabeth descended, and found herself in the torture-chamber. A dreadful spectacle met her gaze. At one side of the room, which was lighted by a dull lamp from the roof, and furnished as before with numberless hideous implements—each seeming to have been recently employed—sat, or rather was supported, a wretched man, upon whom every refinement of torture had evidently been practiced. A cloak was thrown over his lower limbs, but his ghastly and withered features proved the extremity of suffering to which he had been subjected. Elizabeth could scarcely believe that in this miserable object, whom it would have been a mercy to despatch, she beheld the once bold and haughty Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Placed on the corner of a leathern couch, and supported by Wolfytt and Surrocolde, the latter of whom bathed his temples with some restorative, Wyatt fixed his heavy eyes upon the Princess. But her attention was speedily diverted from him to another person, whose presence checked her feelings. This was the Queen, who stood on one side, with Gardiner and Renard. Opposite them was Courtenay, with his arms folded upon his breast. The latter looked up as Elizabeth entered the chamber; and, after gazing at her for a moment, turned his regards, with an irrepressible shudder, to Wyatt. Knowing that her safety depended upon her firmness, Elizabeth disguised all appearance of compassion, and, throwing herself at the Queen's feet, cried, "Heaven bless your highness for granting me this interview! I can now prove my innocence."

"In what way?" demanded Mary, coldly. "It would indeed rejoice me to find I have been deceived. But I cannot shut my ears to the truth. You traitor," she continued, pointing to Wyatt, "who dared to rise in arms against his Sovereign, distinctly charges you with participation in his rebellious designs. I have his confession, taken from his own lips, and signed with his own hand, wherein he affirms, by his hopes of mercy from the Supreme Judge before whom he will shortly appear to answer for his offences, that you encouraged his plans for my dethronement, and sought to win the crown for yourself, in order to bestow it with your hand upon your lover, Courtenay."

"It is false!" cried Elizabeth; "false as the califf who invented it—false as the mischievous councillor who stands beside you, and who trusts to work my ruin! But, by our father's soul, it shall go hard if I do not requite him! Your Majesty has not a more loyal subject than myself, nor has any of your subjects a more loving sister. This wretched Wyatt, whose condition would move my pity were he not so heinous a traitor, may have written to me, but, on my faith, I have never received his letters."

"Lord Russell's son declares that he delivered them into your own hands," observed Mary.

"Another lie, as false as the first!" replied Elizabeth. "It is a plot, your Highness—a contrivance of my enemy, Simon Renard. Where is Lord Russell's son? Why is he not here?"

"You shall see him anon, since you desire it," replied Mary. "Like yourself, he is a prisoner in the Tower. But these assertions do not clear you."

"Your Highness says you have Wyatt's confession," rejoined Elizabeth. "What faith is to be attached to it? It has been wrung from him by the severity of the torture to which he has been subjected. Look at his shattered frame, and say whether it is not likely he would purchase relief from such suffering as he must have endured at any cost. The sworn tormentors are here. Let them declare how often they have stretched him on the rack, how often applied the thumb-screw—before this false charge was wrung from him. Speak, fellows! how often have you racked him?"

But the tormentors did not dare to reply. A stifled groan broke from Wyatt, and a sharp convulsion passed over his frame.

"The question has only extorted the truth," observed Mary.

"If the accusation so obtained be availing, the reaction must be equally so," replied Elizabeth. "Sir Thomas Wyatt," she exclaimed, in a loud and authoritative tone, and stepping toward him, "if you would not render your name for ever infamous, you will declare my innocence."

The sufferer gazed at her, as if he did not clearly comprehend what was said to him.

Elizabeth repeated the command, and in a more peremptory tone.

"What have I declared against you?" asked Wyatt, faintly.

"You have accused me of countenancing your traitorous practices against the Queen's Highness, who now stands before you," rejoined Elizabeth. "You well know it is false. Do not die with such a stain upon your knight-hood and your honor. The worst is over. Further application of the rack would be fatal, and it will not be resorted to because you would thus escape the scaffold. You can have, therefore, no object in adhering to this vile fabrication of my enemies. Retract your words, I command you, and declare my innocence!"

"I do!" replied Wyatt, in a firm tone. "I have falsely accused you, and was induced to do so in the hope of pardon. I unsay all I have said, and will die proclaiming your innocence."

"It is well," replied Elizabeth, with a triumphant glance at the Queen.

"Place me at the feet of the Princess," said Wyatt to his supporters. "Your pardon, madam," he added, as the order was obeyed.

"You have it," replied Elizabeth, scarcely able to repress her emotion. "May God forgive you as I do."

"Then your former declaration was false, thou perjured traitor!" cried Mary, in amazement.



"What I have said I have said," rejoined Wyatt; "what now say is the truth." And he motioned the attendants to raise him, the pain of kneeling being too exquisite for endurance.

"And will you adhere to your declaration?" pursued Mary.

"To my last breath," gasped Wyatt.

"At whose instigation were you induced to charge the Princess with conspiring with you?" demanded Renard, stepping forward.

"At yours," returned Wyatt, with a look of intense hatred. "You, who have deceived the Queen—deceived me—and would deceive the devil, your master, if you could—you urged me to it—you—ha! ha!" And with a convulsive attempt at laughter, which communicated a horrible expression to his features, he sank into the arms of Wolfytt, and was conveyed to a cell at the back of the chamber, the door of which was closed.

"My innocence is established," said Elizabeth, turning to the Queen.

"Not entirely," answered Mary. "Wyat's first charge was supported by Lord Russell's son."

"Take me to him, or send for him hither," rejoined Elizabeth. "He has been suborned, like Wyatt, by Renard. I will stake my life that he denies it."

"I will not refute the idle charge brought against me," observed Renard, who had been for a moment confounded by Wyatt's accusation. "Your majesty will at once discern its utter groundlessness."

"I ask no clemency for myself," interposed Courtenay, speaking for the first time; "but I beseech your highness not to let the words of that false and crafty Spaniard weigh against your sister. From his perfidious counsels all these disasters have originated."

"You would screen the Princess in the hope of obtaining her hand, my lord," replied Mary. "I see through your purpose, and will defeat it."

"So far from it," replied the Earl, "I here solemnly renounce all pretensions to her."

"Courtenay!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in a tone of anguish.

"Recent events have cured me of love and ambition," pursued the earl, without regarding her. "All I desire is freedom."

"And is it for one so unworthy that I have entertained this regard?" cried Elizabeth. "But I am rightly punished."

"You are so," replied Mary, bitterly. "And you now taste some of the pangs you inflicted upon me."

"Hear me, gracious madam," cried Courtenay, prostrating himself before the Queen. "I have avowed thus much, that you may attach due credit to what I am about to declare concerning Renard. My heart was yours, and yours only, till I allowed myself to be influenced by him. I knew not then his design, but it has since been fully revealed. It was to disgust you with me that he might accomplish the main object of his heart—the match with the Prince of Spain. He succeeded too well. Utterly inexperienced, I readily yielded to the allurements he spread before me. My indiscretions were reported to you. But, failing in alienating me from your regard, he tried a deeper game, and chose out as his tool the Princess Elizabeth."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mary.

"He it was," pursued Courtenay, "who first attracted my attention towards her—who drew invidious comparisons between her youthful charms and your majesty's more advanced age. He it was who hinted at the possibility of an alliance between us—who led me on step by step, till I was completely enmeshed. I will own it. I became desperately enamored of the Princess. I thought no more of your highness—of the brilliant prospects lost to me; and, blinded by my passion, became reckless of the perilous situation in which I placed myself. But now that I can look calmly behind me, I see where, and why I fell—and I fully comprehend the tempter's motives."

"What says your excellency to this?" demanded Mary, sternly.

"Much that the Earl of Devonshire has asserted is true," replied Renard. "But in rescuing your majesty, at any cost, from so unworthy an alliance, I deserve your thanks rather than your reprobation. And I shall ever rejoice that I have succeeded."

"You have succeeded at my expense, and at the expense of many of my bravest and best subjects," replied Mary, severely. "But the die is cast, and cannot be recalled."

"True," replied Renard, with a smile of malignant satisfaction.

"Will your highness pursue your investigation further tonight?" demanded Gardiner.

"No," replied the Queen, who appeared lost in thought. "Let the Princess Elizabeth be taken back to the Bell Tower, and Courtenay to his prison in the Bowyer Tower. I will consider upon their sentence. Wyatt is respited for the present. I shall interrogate him further."

With this she quitted the torture-chamber with her train, and the prisoners were removed as she had directed.

XXXV. . . . How Xit discovered the secret of his birth; and how he was knighted under the title of Sir Narcissus Le Grand.

Life is full of the saddest and the strongest contrasts. The laugh of derision succeeds the groan of despair—the revel follows the funeral—the moment that ushers the new-born babe into existence, is the last, perchance, of its parent—without the prison walls, all is sunshine and happiness—within, gloom and despair. But throughout the great city which it commanded, search where you might, no stronger contrasts of rejoicing and despair could be found, than were now to be met with in the Tower of London. While, on the one hand, every dungeon was crowded, and scarcely an hour passed that some miserable sufferer did not expire under the hand of the tormentor, or the public executioner; on the other, there was mirth, revelry, and all the customary celebrations of victory. As upon Mary's former triumph over her enemies, a vast fire was lighted in the centre of the Tower Green, and four oxen, roasted whole at it, were distributed, together with a proportionate supply of bread, and a measure of ale or mead, in rations, to every soldier in the fortress; and, as may be supposed, the utmost joviality prevailed. To each warder was allotted an angel of gold, and a dish from the royal table; while to the three giants

were given the residue of a grand banquet, a butt of Gascon wine, and, in consideration of their valiant conduct during the siege, their yearly fee, by the Queen's command was trebled. On the night of these festivities, a magnificent display of fire-works took place on the Green, and an extraordinary illumination was effected by means of a row of barrels filled with pitch, ranged along the battlements of the White Tower, which being suddenly lighted, cast forth a glare that illuminated the whole fortress, and was seen at upwards of twenty miles' distance.

Not unmindful of the Queen's promise, Xit, though unable to find a favorable opportunity of claiming it, did not fail to assume all the consequence of his anticipated honors. He treated those with whom he associated with the utmost haughtiness; and, though his arrogant demeanor only excited the merriment of the giants, it drew many a sharp retort, and not a few blows, from such as were not disposed to put up with his insolence. The subject that perpetually occupied his thoughts, was the title he ought to assume;—for he was thoroughly dissatisfied with his present appellation. "Base and contemptible name!" he exclaimed. "How I loathe it!—and how did I acquire it? It was bestowed upon me, I suppose, in my infancy, by Og, to whose care I was committed. A mystery hangs over my birth. I must unravel it. Let me see:—Two-and-twenty years (come Martinmas), I was deposited at the door of the Byward Tower in a piece of blanket!—unworthy swaddling cloth for so illustrious an infant—a circumstance which fully proves that my noble parents were anxious for concealment. Stay! I have heard of changelings—of elfin children left by fairies in the room of those they steal. Can I be such a one? A shudder crosses my frame at the bare idea. And yet my activity, my daring, my high mental qualities, my unequalled symmetry of person, small though it be—all these seem to warrant the supposition. Yes! I am a changeling. I am a fairy child. Yet hold! this will not do. Though I may entertain these notions in secret of my alliance with the invisible world, they will not be accepted by the incredulous multitude. I must have some father, probable or improbable. Who could he have been? Or who might he have been? Let me see. Sir Thomas More was imprisoned in the Tower about the time of my birth. Could I not be his son? It is more than probable. So was the Bishop of Rochester. But to claim descent from him would bring scandal upon the church. Besides, he was a Catholic prelate. No, it must be Sir Thomas More. That will account for my wit. Then about the same time there were the Lord Darcy; and Robert Salisbury, Abbot of Vale Crusis; the Prior of Doncaster; Sir Thomas Percy; Sir Francis Bygate; and Sir John Bulmer. All these were prisoners, so that I have plenty to choose from. I will go and consult Og. I wonder whether he has kept the piece of blanket in which I was wrapped. It will be a gross omission if he has not."

## The Scrap-Book.

### LE CHATEAU DE VANDYK.

From an unpublished volume.

BY CHARLES LEVER, ESQ.

On the 8th day after my arrival at Brussels, I told my wife to pack up; for, as Mr. Thyseus the lawyer, who promised to write before that time, had not done so, we had nothing to wait for. We had seen Waterloo, visited the Musée, skated about in Liston slippers through the Palais d'Orange, dined at Duboss, eat ice at Velloni's, bought half the old lace in the Rue de la Madeleine, and almost caught an ague in the Allee Verte. This was, certainly, pleasure enough for one week; so I ordered my bill, and prepared to evacuate Flanders. Lord help us, what things we are! had I gone down to the railroad by the Bouvelards, and not by the Montagne de la Cour, what miseries might I not have been spared. Mr. Thyseus's clerk met me, just as I emerged from the Place Royale, with a letter in his hand.

"Ah, Monsieur, quel plaisir de vous voir—voilà une lettre pour vous."

I took it—opened—and read:

"Sir—I have just completed the purchase of the beautiful Chateau of Vanderstratendontk, with all its gardens, orchards, pheasantries, piscinæ, prairies, and forest rights, which are now your property. Accept my most respectful congratulations upon your acquisition of this magnificent seat of ancient grandeur, rendered doubly precious by its having been once the favorite residence and chateau of the great Vandyk."

Here followed a long encomium upon Reubens and his school, which I did not half relish, knowing it was charged to me in my account, the whole winding up with a pressing recommendation to hasten down at once to take possession, and enjoy the partridge-shooting, then in great abundance.

My wife was in ecstasy to be The Frow von Vanderstratendontk, with a fish pond before the door, and twelve gods and goddesses in lead around it. To have a brace of asthmatic peacocks on a terrace, and a dropsical swan on an island, were strong fascinations, not to speak of the straight avenues, leading nowhere, and the winds of heaven blowing everywhere. A house with a hundred and thirty windows, and half as many doors, none of which would shut close; a garden, with no fruit but crab apples; and a nursery, so called, because the play ground of all the brats for a league round us. No matter, I had resolved to live abroad for a year or two; one place would do just as well as another; at least, I should have quietness; that was something: there was no neighborhood, no town, no high road, no excuse for travelling acquaintances to drop in, or rambling tourists to bore one with letters of introduction. Thank God! there was neither a battle-field, a cathedral, a picture, nor a great living poet, for ten miles on every side.

Here, thought I, I shall have that peace Piccadilly cannot give. Cincinnatus-like, I'll plant my cabbages, feed my turkeys, let my beard grow, and nurse my rental. Solitude never bored me; I could bear anything but intrusive impertinence; and, so far did I carry this feeling that, on reading Robinson Crusoe, I laid down the volume in disgust on the introduction of his man Friday.

It mattered little, therefore, that the *coulour de rose* picture the lawyer had drawn of the chateau, had little existence out of his own florid imagination: the quaint old building, with its worn tapestries and faded furniture, suited the habit of my soul, and I hugged myself often in the pleasant reflection that my London acquaintances would be puzzling their brains for my whereabouts, without the slightest clue to my detection. Now, had I settled in Florence, Frankfurt, or Geneva, what a life I must have led! There is always some dear Mrs. Somebody going to live in your neighborhood, who begs you'll look out for a house for her: something very eligible; eighteen rooms well furnished, a southern aspect, in the best quarter; a garden indispensable; and all for some forty pounds a year: or some other dear friend who desires you'll find a governess with more accomplishments than Malibran, and more learning than Porson, with the temper of five angels, and a vow in heaven to have no higher salary than a college bed-maker. Then there are the Thompsons passing through, whom you have taken care never to know before, but who fall upon you now, as strangers in a foreign land, and take the benefit of the alien act in dinners at your house during their stay. I stop not to enumerate the crying wants of the more lately arrived resident, all of which are refreshed for your benefit; the recommendations to butlers who do a't cheat, to moral music-masters, grave dancing-masters, and doctors who never take fees; every infraction by each of these individuals in his peculiar calling being set down as a just cause of complaint against yourself, requiring an animated correspondence in writing, and concluding with an abject apology, and a promise to cut the delinquent that day, though you owe him a half-year's bill.

These were all pleasant—not to speak of the curse of disjointed society, ill assorted, ill conceived, unreasonable pretension, vulgar impertinence, and fawning toadyism on every side, and not one man to be found, to join you in laughing at the whole thing, which would amply repay one, for any endurance.

No, thought I, I've had enough of Florence, I'll try my bark in quieter waters, and though it's only a punt, yet I'll hold the sculls myself, and that's something.

So much for the self-gratulation I indulged in, as the old chaise de poste rattled over the heavy pavement, and drew short up at the portico of my future dwelling. My wife was charmed with the procession of villagers who awaited us on the steps, and, although an uglier population never trod their mother earth in wooden slippers, fancied she could detect several faces of great beauty and much interest in the crowd. I saw nothing but an indiscriminate haze of cotton nightcaps, striped jackets, blouses, black petticoats and *sabots*: so, pushing my way through them, I left the bazon and the Burgo-master, to the united delights of their music and eloquence, and, shutting the hall door, threw myself in a seat and thanked heaven that my period of peace and tranquillity was at length to begin.

Peace and tranquillity! What airy visions! Had I selected the post of cad to an omnibus, a steward to a Greenwich steamer, were I a guide to the monument or a waiter at Long's, my life had been one of dignified repose, in comparison with my present existence.

I had not been a week in the chateau, when a travelling Englishman sprained his ankle, within a short distance of the house. As a matter of course he was brought there, and taken every care of for the few days of his stay: he was fed, housed, leeches, and stumped, and, when at length he proceeded upon his journey, was profuse in his acknowledgements for the services rendered him: and yet, what was the base return of the ungrateful man? . . . I have scarcely temper to record it. During the very moment when we were most lavish in our attention to him, he was sapping the very peace of his benefactors. He learned from the Flemish servants of the house that it had formerly been the favorite residence of Vandyk; that the very furniture then there was unchanged since his time; the bed, the table, the chair he sat on were all preserved. The wretch!—am I not warranted in calling him so?—made notes of all this, and, before I had been three weeks in my abode, out came a "Walk in Flanders," in two volumes, with a whole chapter about me, headed "CHATEAU DE VANDYK." . . . There we were, myself and my wife, in every window of the Row—Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green had bought us at a price, and paid for us: there we were—we who courted solitude and retirement, to be read of by every puppy in the west end and every apprentice in Cheapside. Our hospitality was lauded as if I kept open house for all comers, with "hot chops and brown gravy at a moment's notice." The antiquary was bribed to visit me by the fascinations of the spot, sacred to the reveries of genius; the sportsman by the account of my preserves; the idler, to say he had been there; and the guide-book maker and historical biographer to vamp up details for a new edition of "Belgium as it is, or Vandyk and his Contemporaries."

From the hour of the publication of that d—d book, I never enjoyed a moment's peace and ease. The whole tide of my travelling countrymen—and what a flood it is!—came pouring into Ghent. Post horses could not be found sufficient for half the demand; the hotels were crowded; respectable peasants gave up their daily employ, to become guides to the chateau; and little busts of Vandyk were hawked about the neighborhood by children of four years old. The great cathedral of Ghent—Van Scamp's pictures—all the historic remains of that ancient city, were at a discount; and those who formerly exhibited them, as a livelihood, were now thrown out of bread. Like the dancing master who has not gone up to Paris for the last summer, or the physician who has not taken up the stethoscope, they were reputed old-fashioned and *passés*; and, if they could not describe the Chateau de Vandyk, were voted among the by-gones.

The impulse once given, there was no stopping; the current was irresistible; the double lock on the gate of the avenue, the bull dog at the hall door, the closed shutters, the cut away bell-rope, announced a firm resolution in the fortress not to surrender; but we were taken by assault, escaladed, and starved out in turns.

Scarcely was the tea-urn on the breakfast table, when they began to pour in; old and young, the halt, the one-eyed, the fat, the thin, the melancholy, the merry, the dissipated, the dyspeptic, the sentimental, the jocular, the blunt, the ceremonious, the courtly, the rude, the critical, the free and easy: one came forty miles out of his way, and

pronounced the whole thing an imposition and myself a humbug; another insisted upon my getting up at dinner, that he might sit down in my chair, characterised by the confounded guides, as "la chaise de Vandyk;" a third went so far as to propose lying down in the great four-post bed, just to say he had been there, though my wife was then in it. I speak not of the miserable practice of cutting slices of all the furniture as relics. John Murray took an inventory of the whole contents of the house for a new edition of his guide-book, and Holman the blind traveller, felt me all over with his hand, as I sat at tea with my wife; and, last of all, a respectable cheese monger from the Strand, after inspecting the entire building from the attics to the cellar, pressed sixpence into my hand at parting, and said, "Happy to see you, Mr. Vandyk, if you come into the city!"

Then the advice and counsel I met with, oral and written, would fill a volume, and did; for I was compelled to keep an album in the hall for the writer's names.

One suggested that my desecration of the temple of genius would be less disgusting, if I dined in my kitchen and left the ancient dining room as the great artist had left it.

Another hinted that my presence in my own house destroyed all the illusions of its historic associations.

A third, a young lady—to judge by the writing—proposed my wearing a point beard and lace ruffles, with trunk hose and a feather in my hat; probably to favor the illusion so urgently mentioned by the last writer, and, perhaps, to indulge visitors like my friend the cheesemonger.

Many pitied me—well might they!—as one insensible to the associations of the spot; while my very servants, regarding me only as a show part of the establishment, neglected their duties on every side, and betook themselves to ciceronehip, each allocating his peculiar territory to himself; like the people who show the lions and the armor in the Tower.

No weather was either too hot or too cold, too sultry or too boisterous, no hour too late or too early, no day was sacred. If the family were at prayers, or at dinner, at breakfast or in bed, it mattered not: they had come many miles to see the chateau, and see it they would.

Alas! thought I, if, as some learned persons suppose, individuals be recognisable in the next world, what a melancholy time of it will be yours, poor Vandyke! If they make all this hubbub about the house you lived in, what will they do about your fleshly tabernacle?

As the season advanced, the crowds increased, and, as autumn began, the conflicting currents to and from the Rhine all met in my bed-room. There took place all the rendezvous of Europe. Runaway daughters there first repented in papa's arms, and profligate sons, promised amendment for the future. Myself and my wife were passed by unnoticed and disregarded amid this tumult of recognition and salutation. We were emaciated like skeletons: our meals we eat when we could, like soldiers on a retreat, and we slept in our clothes, not knowing at what moment the enemy might be upon us. Locks, bolts, and bars were ineffectual: our resistance only increased curiosity, and our garrison was ever open to bribery.

It was to no purpose that I broke the windows, to let in the north wind and acute rheumatism; to little good did I try an alarm of fire every day about two, when the house was fullest; and I failed signally in terrifying my torturers when I painted the gardener's wife sky blue, and had her placed in the hall, with a large label over her bed, "collapsed cholera." Bless your heart, the tourist cares for none of these, and I often think it would have saved English powder and shot to have exported half a dozen of them to the East, for the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. Had they been only told of an old picture, a tea-pot, a hearth brush—or a candlestick that once belonged to Godfrey de Bouillon or Peter the Hermit, they would have stormed it under all the fire of Egypt. Well it's all over at last: human patience could endure no longer, we escaped by night, got away by stealth to Ghent, took post-horses in a feigned name, and fled from the Chateau de Vandyk, as from the plague. Determined no longer to trust to chances, I have built a cottage myself, which has no historic associations further back than six weeks ago; and fearful even of being known as the *ex-départ* possessor of the chateau, never confess to have been in Ghent in my life, and, if Vandyk be mentioned, ask if he is not the postmaster at Tervueren.

Here then I conclude my miseries. I cannot tell what may be the pleasure that awaits the live lion, but I envy no man the delights that fall to his lot, who inhabits the den of the dead one.

**A MAN TALKING TO HIMSELF.**—One word concerning Lord Dudley's habit of talking to himself, which contributed not a little to extend his reputation for eccentricity. Like many men of studious, reflecting turn, he banqueted on his own ideas, and thought aloud. Words clearly were not given him to conceal what was "going on within doors." He told too often the whole truth, which, in polite society, has a tendency to be libellous. He was, in truth, more susceptible of bore than of fog: and fastidious refinement is too often the cause of more misery than enjoyment in this world, where perfection is the exception. "Nothing," observes Petrarch, "is so tiresome as conversing with people who have not the same information as oneself." "Lord Dudley," says Byron, "was good when he liked." He was never absent, never flagged, when pitted against opponents worthy of his steel; the fit audience of his wit and illustration. The anecdotes of his soliloquies are innumerable: "ab uno disce omnes." He had a particular dislike to be asked to give any one a lift in his carriage, in which he thought over the occurrences of the day, more, perhaps, than half the members of the Royal College of Physicians. An ingenious tormentor of Brookes's begged him to give a cast to a homeward-bound, unconscious victim. It could not be refused. The unhappy pair set out in their chariot, and arrived silently near Mount-street, when Lord Dudley muttered audibly, "What a bore! It would be civil to say something. Perhaps I had better ask him to dinner. I'll think about it." His companion, a person of infinite fancy, and to whom Lord Dudley afterwards took a liking, re-muttered, after a due pause, "What a bore! Suppose he should ask me to dinner! what should I do? I'll think about it."—[Quarterly Review.

From the Knickerbocker for February.

## THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,  
The GRAY FOREST EAGLE is King of the sky!  
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,  
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,  
For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees  
Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;  
There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,  
The timid quail whistles, the sky partridge drums;  
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,  
There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;  
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,  
And there's nought but his shadow black gliding across;  
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam  
Of the fierce rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his home:  
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,  
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;  
From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath,  
He views the mad waters while writhing beneath:  
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,  
With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown,  
The kingfisher watches, while o'er him his foe,  
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low:  
Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,  
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark! with a shriek  
His eye-balls red-blazing, high bristling his crest,  
His snake-like neck arched, talons drawn to his breast,  
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,  
The Gray Forest Eagle shoots down in his flight;  
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,  
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck;  
And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high  
With his prey soars the Eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low rumbling jar  
Proclaim the storm demon yet raging afar:  
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,  
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread;  
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,  
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair:  
The lightning darts zig-zag and forked through the gloom,  
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;  
The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped?  
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread?  
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast  
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?  
No, no, the brave Eagle! he thinks not of fright;  
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;  
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,  
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,  
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,  
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!  
Away, oh, away, soars the fearless and free!  
What reck he the sky's strife?—its monarch is he!  
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;  
The blast sweeps against him, unwavering his flight;  
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form  
Is lost in the black scowling gloom of the storm.  
The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,  
And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again;  
Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,  
Waked bird-voices warble, fann'd leaf-voices sigh;  
On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,  
The breeze bears the odor its flower-kiss has won,  
And full on the form of the demon in flight  
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!  
The Gray Forest Eagle! oh, where is he now,  
While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?  
There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,  
With the speed of the arrow 't is shooting beneath;  
Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,  
Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,  
To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,  
A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there;  
'T is the Eagle—the Gray Forest Eagle—once more  
He sweeps to his eyrie: his journey is o'er!

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,  
But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his sway;  
The child spurns its buds for Youth's thorn-hidden bloom,  
Seeks Manhood's bright phantoms, finds Age and a tomb;  
But the Eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!  
The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,  
The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across;  
The beech-nut down dropping would crush it beneath,  
But 't is warm'd with heav'n's sunshine, and fanned by its breath;  
The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,  
Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky;  
On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,  
And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates:  
Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air  
A trunk dry and wasted, a top jag'd and bare,  
Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,  
Its blown fragments strewing the place of its birth.  
The Eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,  
He has seen it defying the storm in its might,  
Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,  
But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore.  
His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!  
He has seen from his eyrie the forest below  
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow.  
The thickets, deep wolf-lair, the high crag his throne,  
And the shriek of the panther has answered his own.  
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,  
And the smoke of his wigwags curl thick in the glades;  
He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,  
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day;  
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,  
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air;  
And his shriek is now answered, while sweeping along,  
By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song;  
He has seen the wild red man off-swept by his foes,  
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose;  
But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty and high,  
Is the Gray Forest Eagle that King of the sky!  
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—  
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;  
There rocked by the wild wind, baptised in the foam,  
It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home!  
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of Kings,  
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror, it brings;  
Where wicked Oppression is armed for the weak,  
Then rustles its pinion, then echoes its shriek;  
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,  
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.  
Oh, that Eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud  
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,  
When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,  
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!  
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the air  
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there;  
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,  
Till the rainbow of Peace crowned the victory won.

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,  
He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom and die!  
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish and fall,  
He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all:  
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,  
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;  
And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime,  
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon Time.

**MOORE'S DESCRIPTION OF NIAGARA FALLS.**—When we arrived at the inn in the neighborhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again. It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for anything real to come up to the vision I had in these few seconds formed of it; and those awful Scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared. But in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad, as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.—[Moore's Preface to his Poems.

**LOVE PLAYS.**—Almost every one of Beaumont and Fletcher's fifty-two dramas is founded upon Love. This fact might even alone serve for a gauge to mete the genius of our authors. Among all poetic subjects, love is the easiest to succeed with, being the most popular. To select it over-often is therefore a mark of weakness; a proof of impotence to handle subjects which interest less universally, enthusiastically. No dramatist who has a heart will eschew love-subjects; but they will be always chosen by many dramatists who have nothing else. Now to form the complete poet, neither heart only, nor head only, is sufficient; the complete poet must have a heart in his brain, or a brain in his heart. Such was Shakespeare, complete in both in the highest degree. Love, however, must not (as often imagined) pass for the sole emotion which evinces heart. Shakespeare evinces much throughout all his plays, though many are independent of that emotion altogether or almost—"Macbeth," to wit. A supreme poet, by native taste and ambition rather aspires to loftier subjects, as an eagle soars among cliffs and clouds, nor builds like the turtle-dove even on the most beautiful tree of the forest, though he may rock himself there awhile in the topmost branches. Out of Shakespeare's thirty-six dramas there are one-third decided love-plays—a due proportion: but his greater dramas, "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," admit this passion subordinately, or not at all. Love-plays will ever be most popular in a voluptuous age, evidencing its effeminateness. Few of any other kind appeared under the Restoration, England's most dissolute, feel'-ruined, contemptible era. \* \* \* When the "tender passion" becomes hacknied, it loses in real tenderness: when made too common a subject, it declines into somewhat worse than common-place, maudlin namby-pamby. Woman is passed rather than caressed by Etherege, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh; set up rather as a butt for compliments by Congreve, Dryden, &c., than a shrine for deep-murmured vows, prayers, and praises.

**JOE MILLER.**—Although this personage is constantly quoted, very few persons know who he was. His name was John Motley, born in 1692. He wrote several dramatic pieces. He was dreadfully troubled with the gout, particularly in his right hand, which prevented him frequently from writing, and he was confined to his bedroom for two years; but, under all these trying circumstances, he maintained a cheerful temper, and gave to the world, about the year 1720, the book that bears the title of "Joe Miller's Jests." Motley wrote a portion of the popular farce called "The Devil to Pay." Queen Caroline, (wife of George II.) when Princess of Wales, commanded a play to be performed for Motley's benefit, and disposed of a great many tickets with her own hand in the drawing-room, and most of them were paid for in gold. So much for the author of "Joe Miller's Jests."



## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841

## THE EVERGREEN.

A Monthly Magazine of Popular Literature,  
EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the March Number of this periodical, two new stories will be commenced—viz: OLD ST PAUL'S, a new romance by W. Harrison Ainsworth, author of Jack Sheppard, Rookwood, Crichton, &c., and GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN, a new romance by the author of Stanley Thorn, Valentine Vox, &c. These works are not published in the New World; and it is the intention of the conductors of the Evergreen hereafter to give it a separate and independent character, except so far as it is requisite to conclude those New World stories already in progress.

When the Evergreen was first begun, in January, 1840, it was intended merely to make it a repository of the best articles which appeared in the New World; since the latter, appearing at that time in a folio form only, was difficult of preservation. But since the Quarto edition of the New World has gone into successful operation, THE EVERGREEN becomes unimportant as to the object for which it was established. It has, therefore, been determined to give it a character of its own—to make it a monthly compendium of the best issues of the English press, which, by reason of its preoccupation, cannot find places in the New World. In this way, being original in its reprints, it will have an intrinsic value, separate from any other publication.

THE EVERGREEN is the cheapest Magazine published—viz: \$2 per annum in advance. Back numbers can be supplied. J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, 30 Ann st.

**THE MARKET MONOPOLY.**—We were rejoiced to meet with the following article in the EVENING POST of yesterday. It is bold, manly, independent, consistent with the former course of the paper, and just what we hoped for, but were afraid to expect, on account of the party influences to which the Post is necessarily subjected. No other answer than the following is needed to the long-winded articles on this subject, with which the STANDARD has stupefied its readers for weeks past. There is no doubt that the people will follow the advice of the Post, whatever may be the course of the corporation.

We see no reason, for our part, why the Common Council should not at once take upon themselves the responsibility of repealing that part of the market laws which is objected to—namely, the prohibition of selling fresh meats any where but in the markets. The people are, we believe, fully in favor of the repeal. The prohibition cannot be enforced; in fact it was never enforced since our experience, and there can be no surer sign that it is absolutely repugnant to public opinion. The public have pronounced their verdict already—the prohibition is odious, or it would not be constantly violated with impunity. A regulation of the kind ought not certainly to exist after it ceases to be respected.

When the committee say in their report that it is a matter of difficulty for the Corporation Attorney, with the clearest evidence, to obtain the conviction of those who daily violate this law, they tell us in effect that the masses of the people are hostile to the law, and that it is inoperative. Every body knows that there are hundreds of shops in this city, in which fresh meats are sold daily in defiance of the market laws, and without fear of a legal prosecution; and the fact came out the other day that some of them were established by regular butchers who had stalls in the markets, and who took this method to enter into a competition with the unlicensed vendors.

For this reason we should be very glad to see the prohibition abolished without delay, scruple or ceremony—wiped out by the Common Council with a wet sponge, like an old score that is certain never to be paid. Yet if the Common Council really suppose that they have not received sufficient instructions, if they are doubtful of the popular voice, we will not quarrel with them for submitting the question to the people. In such a case the reference to the ballot boxes is a proper one. On the other hand, if, as we fully believe, the popular will has been clearly expressed, it is the business of the Common Council to carry it into effect, without the slightest regard to the odium which they may incur from any particular class of men.

The idea that the butchers who have taken stalls in the markets, ought to be paid back their premiums, arises, no doubt, from a desire to do them ample justice; but we should be glad to see the matter further investigated before this point is settled. That they ought to receive a remuneration for any loss they may suffer by the violation of any express or implied contract made by them with the corporation, we cheerfully admit. Yet, if any part of the premiums has been paid because the stalls are at a cheaper rent than shops, more convenient, or more in the way of common resort, that part ought clearly not to be refunded; inasmuch as those who occupy the stalls, will continue to enjoy all these advantages after the prohibition is repealed. Moreover, if the premiums are paid since the prohibition began to be disregarded, or if, as some contend, the repeal of the prohibition will not sensibly diminish the custom of the butchers in the markets, in either case there is no reason for the return of the premiums. Where no damage is suffered, no damage ought to be allowed. Justice to the tax payers requires that these matters should be fully investigated and settled before any thing is done in regard to the refunding of the premiums.

93—Judge H. W. Fuller, of Augusta, Me., fell dead in Cambridge street, Boston, on Friday evening last. He had been to Cambridge, to see his son.

From the Evening Post.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S OPINION OF A BANKRUPT LAW.

—In reply to a great many letters addressed to him from all parts of the nation, requesting his sentiments on the subject of a Bankrupt Law, the Vice-President has published a communication in the Globe, apprising his numerous correspondents of his opinions. He says:

"It will be seen by the framers of that instrument, that the relations between the citizens of different states, and especially between the trading communities of the different towns and cities, would render a uniform system of bankruptcy highly important to their interests. In this grant of power, the patriarchs of our independence evidently considered it the discharge of a sacred duty; and it is difficult for me to assign any good cause why this provision has not been carried into effect, unless it has been prevented by clashing sentiments upon its details, as it cannot be controverted by any that bankrupts, innocent, unfortunate bankrupts, have always existed, upon which such a law would operate; and, in my opinion, the law should be permanent, and not temporary. We are a commercial, an agricultural, and a manufacturing nation, extending from the cold regions of the North to the Capes of Florida, near the torrid zone; and from the Atlantic ocean to the sources of the waters of the Pacific.

Through this vast domain, and with their various pursuits, bankruptcies must always exist; and it is the duty of the Government to make such provision as will be calculated to give the greatest possible relief that can be given consistently with the principles of justice. Congress alone has power to do this, and on them the work devolves, not only as a constitutional right, but as a solemn duty. Both in private and public life I have ever regarded it as a paramount duty to relieve the distressed from every burden, as far as possible, and especially to break that yoke by which none can be benefited, and to soothe, rather than break, the heart already rent with the anguish of misfortune.

It is repugnant to every principle of justice to regard bankruptcy as a presumption of guilt. In the fluctuations of trade, the most honorable men are often its victims; and to hold the person of the debtor subject to his creditor, and to put his future liberty or acquisitions beyond his own control, when he has surrendered all, is to inflict a punishment where there is no crime, nor criminal tribunal to investigate a crime, or to prescribe its punishment.

Credit in trade is based upon confidence in the success of him who obtains it, and ought not in any degree to depend upon a contingent right which the creditor may claim on the liberty or future independence of the debtor. If he chance to be unsuccessful, all that they can claim is a faithful surrender of his remaining effects. Let him give these and begin the world again. What is the effect of subjecting his future acquisition to the seizure of his creditors? It is to stifle in him all spirit of enterprise, and to bind him and his family down to perpetual poverty, without the remotest prospect of benefit to his creditors or to society. A punishment like this, without the conviction of guilt, is too revolting to my feelings to give it my sanction; and it never ought to exist in a free or civilized country. It is said that dishonest persons will sometimes avail themselves of the benefit of a bankrupt law. So unfaithful men may sometimes be elected to legislative bodies, and crimes may sometimes be perpetrated under the cloak of religion. But I would not refuse relief to the unfortunate, nor destroy legislative bodies, nor strive to abolish Christian churches, on account of abuses to which they are all subject; for the same principle is equally applicable to all."

In speaking of the details of a bankrupt law, he continues:

"We should provide a uniform system of bankruptcy upon as liberal principles as justice will warrant; and as experience shall show its imperfections, we should give it such consideration and amendment as will be found equitable. I should expect its provisions to be extended to all classes of citizens of every profession, involuntary as to merchants, and voluntary as to others. The law should embrace all cases existing at the passage of the law, as well as all which may happen in future. Such are my views upon this subject. I do not set up myself as a standard for others; circumstanced as I am, I could not act otherwise without a violation of conscience and the obligations of solemn duty. For I have no doubt that if the system should be established, its beneficial effects would be felt in every part of our country, and especially throughout our whole trading community. It is a system which I believe prevails in every commercial country in Europe, and in every civilized nation on the globe. Indeed, from the earliest antiquity, the Jews, though an agricultural nation, had their septennial years of release, and their general jubilee. It is the same measure in a different form; the same great conservative principle for the same great object."

**COLONIZATION.**—The annual meeting of the Maryland State Colonization Society was held in the Senate Chamber at Annapolis, on the 26th ult. J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq., President of the Society, gave a full exposition of the affairs of the Colony at Cape Palmas. It is under the government of colored men, having a charter framed after the model of our own institutions, with a code of laws especially drawn up for them. No ardent spirits are allowed within its borders. Cape Palmas occupies the extreme projection of the Western coast of Africa, and is the point which vessels usually make for in sailing towards the Gulf of Guinea and those lower portions of the African continent with which Europeans carry on trade. The most important resolution adopted by the meeting, was one to hold a State Convention of the friends of Colonization in the City of Baltimore, during the ensuing spring.

93—It affords us pleasure to state that the health of the Mayor of this city is greatly improved, and there are strong hopes entertained that he will soon be able to resume the duties of his office.

For The New World.

## TO THE OFFICERS OF THE NAVY.

GENTLEMEN: Believe me, my motives are solely dictated by a desire to procure an official investigation into the abuses of the navy, that have lately been held up to the eyes of the nation—into offences and crimes of the most revolting nature. The honor of the navy—yes, its very existence as an honorable body—demands this investigation. I consider it a bounden duty you owe to yourselves and the country, that any officer, of whatsoever grade, should use all his influence to bring about a fair and open investigation—either a refutation or an exposition of these alleged or real improprieties. Some I know to be true. Let the offenders fall beneath the severity of well-merited punishment; purge the navy of such men, and it will rise again with renewed purity.

Captains of the navy—you are looked upon as the immediate guardians of our naval honor. To you is entrusted the sacred duty of keeping alive the flames on the altar of our naval glory; is it not alike your duty and desire to spurn from your ranks one who has violated his trust, and disgraced the profession by base, dishonest, and dishonorable actions? Painful as the task is, I offer an additional proof of the unworthiness of a certain captain, lately in command of a ship on the Western coast of America. The relation of one circumstance, from many of a similar nature, will be sufficient.

Not long since one of our national cruisers was laying in a port far up the Gulf of California; and for the first time the glorious stars and stripes, borne at the peak of a man-of-war, were fanned by the gentle breezes of that cloudless clime. To the commander of this ship was entrusted the proud distinction of creating a most favorable and lasting impression on the inhabitants of that unfrequented portion of Mexico, to the advantage of our country's commerce.

The authorities extended all the hospitalities in their power; the town was thrown open to the strangers. The very men, in whose charge the revenue of the port was entrusted, frequented the ship, broke bread with the noble commander—little suspecting that at that very moment their entertaining host had his minions actively employed in violating the laws of the port, and defrauding their country of those just revenues of which they were the protectors. In their absence such iniquity could be enacted with less chance of detection. Some time was spent in that harbor; during the sojourn the approach of night was the signal for action; boats were despatched from the ship, "in the dead watch and middle of the night," to meet at some secluded nook of the harbor, far removed from the usual landing. Men were sent on shore with canvass bags fitting under their clothes; who, after a short absence, returned to the boat in waiting with so heavy and perhaps bulky a freight of money that it was their custom to sham intoxication to avoid the unsuspecting guard stationed on the quay.

This deception was at last discovered, and the ingenious commander was compelled to resort to another. Will you believe, honorable and high-minded captains of the navy, that there is now a man among you who has sent his officers, in full uniform, on shore to defraud the custom house of its dues, and shield the moral theft with an outward display of the button? Such is the fact. In justice to the officers of that ship, be it known, that but two of their number were engaged in this dirty business: one a midshipman, who has already been discharged for drunkenness, the other a brawny Irish carpenter, a fancy man of the captain's. When this last fraud was resorted to, from a scarcity of dishonest officers, men—fore-mast hands—were rigged out in officers' uniforms to assist in this carrying trade. For every dollar smuggled on board, some seven or eight per cent. duties were stolen from the government. No doubt those employed received a *hamp* now and then, as a reward for their zeal in executing the captain's orders.

They had their gleanings. The harvest was reaped by the commander, who received his two or three per cent. for transportation. Are there any who doubt this? If so, I say ask those who sailed in the —, during her last cruise, to testify its truth. "SPY CAPTAINS WILL HAVE SPY FOLLOWERS."

PETER SIMPLE.

**NATURAL CURIOSITY.**—The Boston Society of Natural History have received, through the politeness of D. S. McCauley, Esq., U. S. Consul at Tripoli, two rare varieties of African sheep. Three of these animals, a ram, ewe and lamb, covered with close, thick wool, are fine specimens of the four-horned variety from Benzari, in the Tripoli regency. They are also distinguished by the great breadth of the tail, which occasionally attains the weight of 15 pounds, resembling marrow in its substance, and esteemed a great delicacy by epicures. The fourth specimen, a ram of the Fezzan variety, is clothed with hair, which forms a mane upon the neck and shoulders, and attains a length of several inches on the dewlap. In the hair, as well as the long and slender legs, this animal nearly approaches the goat; while the projecting nose and recurved horns, eminently distinguishes this variety. In its native state the animal inhabits the inaccessible cliffs of the Atlas range, whence a single specimen was recently procured, as a great curiosity, for the Zoological Society of London.

## The Literary World.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR FEBRUARY.**—The January number was excellent; but excellent as it was, we do not know that it was superior to this. We are quite satisfied with the Knickerbocker; it is quite as good, in the general run of its articles, as either of the London monthlies—and we are not sure that five dollars a year could be better spent than in encouraging this periodical.

There is nothing here by Washington Irving. We presume that the Crayon papers are not to be discontinued—at least we hope not. The best feature of the number is a magnificent poem by Alfred B. Street, entitled *The Gray Forest Eagle*. We copy it in the New World, and should copy any thing else if we were so disposed, despite the formidable announcement on the second page, "Entered according to act of Congress, &c.," and of the very polite information conveyed in a note, that "the object of this measure is, not to deny our contemporaries in the country the privilege of selecting such portions of its contents as may suit their taste, but to prevent 'the mammoth journals' of the Atlantic cities from taking from the Magazine, as soon as published, those papers and series of papers which cost us an annual outlay of thousands," &c., &c. We do not take this remark to ourselves, as we have not transferred more than a column to our pages from the Knickerbocker, these six months past.

As much as we like the Knickerbocker, and as sincerely as we esteem the Editor, we cannot but say that this plan of securing a copyright is a small business—excessively small. It is very much like that boyish spirit which says, "Let my things alone!" and it does more hurt than good. If the Knickerbocker's best articles are copied, they are capital advertisements for the Magazine, and get it more subscribers than all the prepared puffs that can be printed. However, this copyright is a mere bugbear, and it can only protect the Magazine from being reprinted as a whole. By universal consent and long usage, parts and portions of copyrighted works have been allowed to be reprinted. Nothing can be recovered from one who merely takes a single short article. Is this not so? If you think not, gentlemen of the Knickerbocker, suppose you commence an action against us for copying Street's poem—we will make it an amicable suit, so please you, upon which to determine this point.

We like the literary and artistic spirit displayed in the Knickerbocker; as a critical Journal, it is not entitled to much respect, being addicted to puffing always. It seldom scores a poor book, and when it does, it indulges in such a vein of *unseriousness*, (to adopt a Transcendentalism,) that the author and the public laugh, and call the editor "a devilish good-natured fellow, after all!"

**THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.** By Washington Irving. 121, 123 Family Library—Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Irving informs us that he has prepared these volumes "as a tribute to the memory of one whose writings were the delight of his childhood, and have been a source of enjoyment to him throughout life." The same reverential and kindly feeling must have been excited in the bosom of every one who is at all familiar with the amiable, though whimsical character, and the charming productions of Goldsmith. He was a man to be loved and respected in spite of all his foibles. It is almost superfluous to say, that Mr. Irving has succeeded to admiration in portraying the life of his favorite author. His heart was in his subject, and none better could have been selected for the exercise of his peculiar powers. The selections from Goldsmith's writings will be read with no less delight than his biography.

"WHO SHALL BE HIS?" by the author of the *Flirt*, &c.

This is one of Miss Pickering's very best novels. The story is told in a simple, unaffected manner, without any struggle after the intense and exaggerated in style and sentiment, which most modern novelists seem to regard as the very perfection of fictitious writing. The tale is suffered to tell itself; we are permitted to enjoy the rare privilege of learning the character and relations of the persons introduced by means of what they do and say, without being bored with pages of useless and tedious description; and we seldom meet with that stereotyped phrase, "let us take a retrospective glance," to warn the reader what passages it will be safe and judicious to skip.

The plot is as simple as the style, and is intended to display the struggle of affection, duty, and sensibility in the heart of a girl, lovely without being tame, witty without malice, and near enough humanity for us to love her as a woman without adoring her as a seraph. It abounds with life, brilliancy, and humor, with much quiet domestic incident, and with some passages that call the unbidden moisture to the eye. We commend it to all our readers who wish to defy "external Jove," and have by the fireside an antidote against this gloomy and abominable weather. (Published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia; for sale by Wiley and Putnam, Broadway.)

**DISEASES OF THE ORGANS OF RESPIRATION**, edited by Alexander Tweedie, M.D. F.R.S., with American notes and additions, by W. W. Gerhaud, M.D. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This is the third volume of a series of original dissertations, written by some of the most eminent medical practitioners in Europe, and intended, when finished, to form a complete library of practical medicine.

The present volume treats of the diseases of the Organs of Respiration, a subject fraught with interest to all who, like us, live in a changeable climate, peculiarly obnoxious to these affections. The preceding volumes of this work have been most favorably received, both abroad and in this country; we can, therefore, but add our feeble tribute to its merits by recommending it to the profession as one of the most able productions of the day. It is beautifully got up, and Dr. Gerhaud has executed his part with industry and ability.

**NEW REMEDIES:** the method of preparing and administering them; their effects on the Healthy and Diseased Economy: third edition, with numerous modifications and additions. By Robley Dunglison, M.D.

This is a most useful and valuable standard medical work, which is indispensable to a well-chosen library of works on the important science which it advances and explains. Published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 541.

### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Opera Della Scala of Milan closed its autumnal season previously to the commencement of the Carnival, on the 16th ult. The two operas which had met with the most success were the productions of young and little-known composers out of Italy, viz: "Il Templario," by Nicholai, and "Oberto," by Verdi; these have been favorably received; the first, in particular, is likely to have some run. In the ballet department, for which description of pantomime this splendid theatre ranks so pre-eminent, the present Viceroy of Egypt appears to have figured in as conspicuous a part as on the political stage, but with more success. The new ballet, "Ali Pasha di Giamina," had proved most successful, principally owing to the excellent acting of the celebrated *nema*, Signor Cotte, and the admirable dancing of Mademoiselle Grolle and other French artistes. Donzelli was to re-appear at this theatre in the early part of the Carnival.

Rossini, the celebrated maestro, was present at the Grand Opera of Bologna on the 17th ultimo, to witness the debut of Madame Schobertlechner, and the second appearance of Cerito. The house was crowded to excess and the success of the first lady is said to have been most triumphant, Rossini having expressed his opinion that she was the most perfect model of the genuine Italian style of singing and acting of any *debutante* he had seen for some years. In the Cavatina of Antonia in "Belisario," she was encored three times; and subsequently, in the opera of "Anna Bolena," she was considered to be unequalled by any *prima donna* in that land of song. A new ballet had been produced expressly for the first appearance before the Bolognese of the fascinating Cerito; it was entitled "Il Genio e la Maga;" she was received with the greatest *ecst*, more especially in a *passo a deux* with Signor Priora.

By a public ordinance of the King of Hanover, it has just been forbidden to manifest at the theatres approbation or disapprobation on the part of the audience in a loud manner, under fear of expulsion, or fine and imprisonment, according to circumstances.

At Leipzig a vocalist named Lortzic has produced a new German comic opera, entitled "Caramo," which had met with great success. A new opera, by the same composer, was in preparation, entitled "Die biden Schutzen."

Frederick Schneider, the German composer, has just completed two oratorios, of which report spoke favorably; one entitled "the temple of Solomon," the other "Bonifazio."

Spohr, we learn, has just completed a new oratorio entitled "The Fall of Babylon."

A rich musical amateur of Venice has just bequeathed to the Conservatoire of Music of that ancient city the sum of 10,000 scude, on condition of their performing annually three requiems, of which Mozart's is to be one. A clause in the will provides that if the society omit to fulfil this condition, or execute it indifferently, this legacy is to go to the Conservatoire at Milan, on the like conditions.

It would appear from the following fact, *inter alia*, that the "power of song" has equally its influence in more frigid latitudes than our own. At Hamburg, lately, a marriage was celebrated between the eldest son and heir of the richest banker in that city, Mr. Conrad B— and Mademoiselle Henrietta Schutz, first *cantatrice* of the opera at Copenhagen.

The only son of Mozart, who has for some time been the leader of the band at the Opera at Vienna, lately performed before the Archduke Stephen of Austria, who has since attached him to the imperial household as first composer and musician.

A Dutch singer, M. Vrugt, one of the chorus singers of the private chapel of the King of Holland, who has lately obtained great popularity at Brussels, has just completed a native opera, of which report speaks in the highest terms.

Madame Perrot, the fascinating *danseuse*, better known in this country as Charlotta Grini, has lately made her *debut* as a vocalist in an operatic ballet, entitled "Zingaro," by Fontana, in which she is stated to have displayed as much ability as a singer as she is so well known to possess as a first-rate Terpsichorean.

At the theatre, Carlo Felice, at Genoa, a new opera was in rehearsal, of which great expectations were entertained. It is to be produced at the commencement of the present carnival. It is entitled "Luisa Strozzi;" the music by Maestro Pietro Combi, and the words by Signor Beltrame.

Moriani, the most celebrated tenor singer at the present time in Italy, and probably the successor to Rubini, has been making a tour of the principal theatres in that country. At Trieste, on the 30th of November, he and Mademoiselle Tadolini were so much admired throughout, but particularly in the finale to "Lucia di Lammermoor," that they had to appear ten times after the fall of the curtain.

**A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—A Rock Harmonicon, formed of stones found in the neighborhood of Skiddaw, and played upon by the discoverer's three sons, is now performing at Liverpool. The Whitehaven Herald says—"The inventor of this strange work of art is a plain Cumberland yeoman, from near Keswick, and the rude materials from which he contrives to extract the most enchanting harmony, are nothing more than a collection of slates or stones from the more unfrequented parts of the mighty Skiddaw. These are arranged in such a manner as to enable three persons to beat upon them at the same time with small wooden mallets; and this is accomplished with so much dexterity and skill, as to distil from the rudest possible materials the most rich and delightful melody of sweet sounds that ear ever heard, or imagination can conceive. The effect is perfectly magical, and the listener stands entranced and wonder struck. Men of undoubted musical science have inspected this novel instrument, and have given a most flattering opinion of the work which the inventor has achieved, and also of its vast capabilities."

## The Old World.

### THREE DAYS LATER.

The ship North America, which sailed from Liverpool on the 7th inst., arrived on Saturday. We were disappointed in not receiving our London papers in season to publish the news in our paper of Saturday. We have the second edition of the London Times of the 6th inst. The news was received by Express from Marseilles and issued at seven o'clock in the morning of the 6th. It is interesting and important. The British dispute with China has been arranged. Dost Mahomed has surrendered.

Kurruck Singh, King of Lahore, died on the 5th of November. During the funeral ceremony his successor, Nounal Singh, was killed by accident. Shere Singh was to mount the throne.

The particulars are clearly enough given in the following summary from the Second Edition of the London Times:

We have received by extraordinary express from Marseilles, letters and journals from Bombay up to the 1st of December, as well as advices from Alexandria to the 24th, and letters and journals from Malta to the 25th.

The intelligence from China is of the highest importance, no less than the near settlement of the China question.

Shortly after the capture of Chusan, Admiral Elliot, in proceeding to the Pecho river, was met by a mandarin of the third rank of the Chinese empire, though some accounts say by the Emperor himself, while others affirm that Admiral Elliot had arrived at Peking, and had an audience of the Emperor.

The Emperor has agreed to pay £3,000,000 for the expenses incurred by the British in making war; other authorities state £2,000,000 sterling as indemnity for the opium seized, and £1,000,000 for the expenses of the war. The Emperor, either himself or through his officers, has expressed pacific intentions to the Admiral, and he disavows the actions of his commissioner Lin. This latter, indeed, has fallen into disgrace, and the Emperor offers to surrender him into the hands of the British, to be dealt with as they may think proper. Two commissioners were to be sent either to Canton or Ningpo, with full powers to negotiate a treaty.

Chusan is not to be given up until the treaty be signed.

The above intelligence, which is up to the 1st of October, was brought by Her Majesty's ship Cruiser to Calcutta.

No movement southward is expected from Chusan before the 15th of October. The Admiral was to leave Chusan for Ningpo in one of the steamers on the 30th of September, and the Blenheim was warping out for the same destination. The Emperor is greatly annoyed at our occupation of Chusan, and his minister hinted "that the Admiral's visit had prevented the march of fierce soldiers to retake the island."

The Malacca papers have got up a story that accounts have been received there that our ships-of-war had taken the Bogue forts, and after forcing the passage of the Bocca Tigris had proceeded to Canton. It is feared that this is not correct.

Great complaints are made of the unhealthiness of the men in the expedition against Chusan; the weather at this place is represented as cold and unhealthy. Mortality appears to prevail. Captain Stean, of Her Majesty's 49th, had died. The fleet, however, was plentifully supplied with provisions.

The intelligence from India is also highly important, although we were enabled by our extraordinary express from Paris to anticipate the two most prominent facts, the news of which had been received by telegraph in the French capital.

Our extraordinary express from Marseilles received this morning brings intelligence from Alexandria to the 24th ult., on which day the Great Liverpool sailed with the Indian mails. Her trip from Falmouth to Alexandria is the shortest on record—viz., 14 days and 1 hour from port to port. 12 days and 11 hours only were spent at sea. The plague had appeared in Alexandria a month earlier than usual, and 3 deaths had been officially notified. The Indian mails and 18 passengers were landed at Suez on the 18th ult., and escorted across the Desert by a guard of 60 horsemen furnished by the Pasha to preserve them from the attacks of the Bedouin Arabs, who had lately become hostile and dangerous, seizing the Pasha's stores, and attacking the pilgrims *en route* from Cairo to Mecca. Ibrahim Pasha was still with his army at Damascus, to which he had returned in very ill health, and beset by the mountaineers, hoping (it was believed) to avail himself of the Napier convention to return to Egypt peaceably and by sea.

Mehemet Ali had again written to Admiral Stopford on the 21st ult., and proposed to send another message to expedite the return of Ibrahim and his army. Sir Charles Smith had arrived in the Hydra at Alexandria on the 17th ult., and had an interview with the Pasha on the 19th, and placed the Hydra at his service to convey his despatch to Marmarica on the 22d ult. Sir Charles left Alexandria in the Great Liverpool. Serious sickness had prevailed at



**Acra.** The storm that visited the coast of Syria with such violence on the 2d and 3d ult., had produced an alarming scarcity at Beyrout and in the mountains, where the new Turkish Governor had recklessly stopped the supplies of grain arriving, and the mountaineers were again nearly driven into collision with the authorities by desperation. No hope is entertained that the Porte will be able to govern Lebanon, now that the population is re-armed. Mehemet Ali was still raising batteries and exercising his troops incessantly, and had given notice to the National Guards of Alexandria that they were to consider themselves his regular soldiers. At the same time he was making preparations for the better cultivation of his private estates, and had appointed his son, Said Bey, and his grandson, Abbas Pasha, to be resident administrators in separate districts.

**EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.**—The expedition which is now fitting out in England, for Africa, is an important one to the cause of humanity, and deserves the good wishes of every friend of the human race. The expedition is to consist of three iron steam-vessels—the *Albert*, the *Wilberforce*, and the *Soudan*. They will take with them surgeons and men of science, botanists, surveyors, geographers, geologists and agriculturists. They are provided with seeds, implements, medicines and presents, furnished from private as well as public sources. This expedition is intended to proceed to the mouth of the Niger, and ascend that river, and lay the foundation of commerce with the African tribes; extend among them the principles of Christianity and the blessings of civilization; and in this way give a mortal blow to the odious and unnatural traffic in slaves.

The greatest obstacle to the success of this expedition, will probably be found in the unhealthiness of the climate, which has proved so fatal to Europeans. But the nature of the diseases on the African coast has been studied with much attention within a few years, and every possible precaution will be taken to preserve the health of the persons who will embark in this noble enterprise.—[*Boston Mercantile Journal*.]

## Congressional.

FRIDAY, JAN. 29.

In the **SENATE** Mr. White, of Ia., presented a resolution of the State of Indiana in favor of a National Bank; also, a resolution in favor of one Presidential term.

The prospective pre-emption was then taken up, when Mr. Clay resumed the speech he commenced the day before in vindication of his favorite measure, (the distribution policy) and of Whig politics generally.

Mr. Buchanan, of Pa., took an opportunity to deny ever having argued in favor of a reduction of the wages of labor, and said his speech on the subject had been entirely misunderstood—he was incapable of advocating any such propositions, &c., &c.

In the **HOUSE**, Mr. Morris, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a bill to repeal the Sub-treasury law. On the vote being taken, leave was refused—yeas 79, nays 87.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30.

Mr. Rives made his first appearance in the Senate this morning.

During the debate, a warm passage took place between Messrs. Calhoun and Mangum, but was finally explained away.

MONDAY, FEB. 1.

The Vice-President laid before the Senate several communications, of which one was from the War Department, containing an abstract of the general returns of the militia of the United States.

Mr. Mangum presented resolutions from the Legislature of North Carolina, in favor of the distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands, which were read and ordered to be printed.

Similar resolutions from the States of Delaware and Pennsylvania were presented by Messrs. Bayard and Sturgeon.

Mr. Mouton presented resolutions from the Legislature of Louisiana, in favor of a Bankrupt Law.

TUESDAY, FEB. 2.

In the **SENATE**, Mr. Wall of N. J., presented a memorial from citizens of New York, remonstrating against the repeal of the Pilot Law of 1837.

Mr. Preston from the Senate committee appointed to meet a similar committee from the House to ascertain and report a mode of examining the votes of President and Vice President of the United States, and notifying the persons chosen of their election, reported as follows:

**Resolved**, That the two Houses of Congress will assemble in the Chamber of the Representatives on Wednesday, Feb. 10th, at 12 o'clock, and the President of the Senate shall be the Presiding Officer; that one person be appointed to be a teller on the part of the Senate, and two on the part of the House of Representatives, to make a list of the votes as they shall be declared. That the result shall be delivered to the President of the Senate, who shall announce the state of the vote, and the persons elected; to the two Houses, as aforesaid, which shall be deemed a declaration of the persons elected President, and Vice President of the United States, and together, with a list of votes, be entered on the Journals of the two Houses.

The report was adopted and laid on the table.

In the **HOUSE**, Mr. Sergeant, of Pa., wished to offer a resolution of the Legislature of that State in relation to the public lands; but its reception was objected to by Mr. Jones, of Va. It was afterwards received, however, and laid on the table.

**STATE TREASURER AND SURVEYOR GENERAL.**—On Monday, Jacob Haight and Orville L. Holley were re-elected State Treasurer and Surveyor General.

**SENATOR FROM MAINE.**—Hon. George Evans, at present a Representative in Congress, has been chosen Senator, for the term of six years from and after the third of March next.

—We learn from the message of the Governor of Mississippi, that the slaves in that state outnumber the whites; whites 178,667, slaves 195,764, free persons of color 1,386.

## PROGRESS OF GEN. HARRISON.

REPUBLICAN OFFICE, CINCINNATI, JAN. 27, 1840.

**GENERAL HARRISON'S DEPARTURE FOR THE EAST.**—Yesterday, about 12 o'clock, Gen. Harrison took his departure from our city, from his own West. At an early hour crowds of citizens congregated in front of the Hanrie House, anxious to see him for the last time previous to his entering upon the important duties of the Presidency. The numerous assemblage was not composed entirely of his political friends. Many who opposed his election were there, seeming to have forgotten their opposition, and appearing to feel that they were assembled to pay their respects to him who had been selected by the free, unbought suffrages of his fellow-citizens to discharge the duties of the most important office in the world.

It was the General's original intention to have started off privately. This course was approved by many, but the great mass felt an anxiety to embrace this opportunity of manifesting their love and respect for him who had spent his life amongst them, and who had been called to direct the destinies of this free people. It would have been an affection of modesty, if the General had attempted to slip off quietly, and without letting the time of his departure be known. He was leaving the acquaintances and friends of his youth and manhood—those for whose interest he had spent many a sleepless night—and weary day—those for whom he had often periled his fortune—his life—his all; those who loved him as a father—those who had stood by him and defended his character from the envenomed shafts of malice and detraction. We say we should all have a right to complain if he had not afforded us this opportunity of taking leave of our benefactor and personal friend.

Several of our splendid military companies, without any previous understanding, were on the ground to escort the gallant old chief from his quarters to the steam boat Ben Franklin, which conveys him to Pittsburg.

The day was cloudy and the streets muddy—a carriage had been provided to convey him to the river, but he preferred walking. He was escorted by the Greys, and Washington Cadets, and an immense crowd of citizens. The Invincibles were on board the boat, and the Citizens' Guards came down a short time after he reached the boat to fire a parting salute.

The crowd upon the wharf was immense; from twelve to fifteen thousand had assembled, to take leave of their friend and benefactor, and of the Nation's President. The scene was touching and sublime. The martial music, the military display, the cannon's roar from either shore, the vast multitude, the mingling of those who had so recently been engaged in fierce political strife, to get a last look at him, who was the Nation's hope, was a scene which no one could witness unmoved. We never saw the General more deeply affected, than when from the deck of the boat, in a short address he took leave of the assembled thousands.

The boat left the wharf about twelve o'clock. She was crowded with citizens of this place and Louisville, who will accompany him to Pittsburg. Some half a dozen of his intimate friends will accompany him throughout his journey.

So pressing have been the invitations he has received, and so great is the anxiety of many on his route to see him, that we think it probable he will not reach Washington much before the 11th or 12th of February.

WHEELING GAZETTE OFFICE, JAN. 29, 1840.

General Harrison arrived in this city yesterday afternoon at about half past two o'clock. During the whole day our wharf was crowded with persons anxiously awaiting his arrival, and at about two o'clock the boat on which he came was discovered to be in sight five or six miles down the river. The fact was announced by the discharge of cannon, and in about half an hour the splendid steamer Ben Franklin rounded the point, and came into port in gallant style. Four or five pieces of artillery on shore were fired without intermission, and the cannon on board the boat responded. The bells of the city were rung, and almost every whig house displayed a flag.

By the time the boat arrived at the wharf, the concourse of people was tremendous, and three hearty cheers were given at the moment she touched the Virginia soil. General Harrison was waited on by the Committee of Reception, and escorted in an open carriage to the United States Hotel, where a cordial welcome and the hospitalities of the city were tendered to him by S. Sprigg, Esq., in a neat and appropriate address. The General responded in a forcible and happy manner.

During the afternoon he received the congratulations of thousands of our fellow-citizens from every point for miles around, and in the evening he was escorted to the residence of Mr. E. Dorsey, where a splendid entertainment was provided, and here he was waited upon by hundreds more, including our fair countrywomen. General Harrison left for Pittsburg at a late hour last night. Arrangements for his reception are made at Pittsburg.

Extract to the Editor, dated

PITTSBURG, JAN. 30, 1841.

General Harrison arrived in our city about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was received with a degree of warmth and enthusiasm which must have afforded him the highest gratification. At a public meeting held the day before yesterday, a committee of 343 was appointed to make suitable arrangements for his reception. Indeed, our whole population turned out, or the greater proportion of it—and the "Ben Franklin" was greeted on her arrival at the wharf, with acclamations that made the welkin ring again. Walter Forward, Esq. acted as chairman of the committee. It is understood that the President elect will address the people at 11 o'clock this day, from the front of Iron's Hotel. The old hero never looked better.

—A serious accident occurred on Friday morning last at the India Rubber Factory, in Providence, where steam power was employed. It appears that while the engineer was at breakfast the boiler became red hot, and instead of allowing it to cool he set his pumps in motion to fill it with water, upon which it exploded, and was blown to a considerable distance from the premises. By the accident a fine young girl was killed, and eight men dangerously wounded.

—The Boston Atlas of Tuesday says "The Royal Mail Steamship Acadia, Lieut. E. C. Miller, left Cunard's Wharf yesterday, a few minutes after 2 P. M., carrying out 12,425 letters, and 2,500 packages of newspapers.

**THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.**—The Boston Transcript of Wednesday evening says: "The ship Nantucket, Captain Edwards, arrived at Tarpaun Cove, yesterday, reports having spoken, July 23d, off the Feejee Islands, the U. S. brig Porpoise, Captain Reynolds, all well, bound to Mollo. The Vincennes and Peacock were at Sandal Novo Bay. The Expedition were surveying the Feejee Islands and Shoals, and would sail in ten days for the Sandwich Islands. It was reported that a ship, supposed to be the Shyllock, of Sippican, had been wrecked at the Feejee Islands—crew saved and landed at Hapae Island.

The barque Flora, from Sandwich Islands, for New York, was at Pernambuco January 3d, having touched for supplies. She has on board, as passengers, Rev. Mr. Bingham and family, from Oahu."

**CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.**—We have been favored with the subjoined extract from a letter to a gentleman of this city, dated St. Croix, Dec. 30.

I beheld, this morning, in company with several gentlemen, one of the most horrible sights my eyes ever encountered. An English brig-of-war which cruises in the vicinity of Porto Rico, while running from St. Thomas to this island, observed at a considerable distance a small dirty looking craft, which would not have been suspected as a slaver but from the number of men seen upon her deck. After a short chase the brig came up to her, and from her appearance the commander of the brig was satisfied she was no slaver, but concluded that after having taken the trouble of giving her a chase they might as well search her. On opening the hatches they found the hold crammed with negroes from 8 to 12 years old, stark naked, with their heads shaved.

The crew of the slaver was immediately taken on board the brig, and the slaver manned and brought into this port.

This morning, after breakfast, we engaged a boat and went alongside the slaver, and conversed some time with the lieutenant in command, on the subject of his vocation. Several of the little sufferers were very ill, and one died last night. They were all placed around the sides of the vessel; and as we approached, they grinned and waved their hands at us, apparently quite happy and pleased with having their liberty on deck.

I do not regret that I took the trouble to see them, but I never desire to see another such horrible sight. The cargo belongs to a Spaniard in Porto Rico, whose loss will be \$60,000. The brig has just fired a salute, which has been answered from the fort, and she is departing for Porto Rico, whence the slaver will be sent to Havana, where I suppose these unfortunate creatures will be apprenticed to Spanish masters.—[N. Y. American.]

## LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD SECOND NUMBER.

THE LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST NEWSPAPER EVER ISSUED—TO CONTAIN FORTY-FOUR COLUMNS OF PRINTED MATTER, EACH COLUMN ABOUT FOUR FEET IN LENGTH, SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

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will be struck off—orders for TWENTY THOUSAND copies having already been received. From this fact, it will be apparent that even this immense edition will be insufficient to supply further orders from the country, unless they are speedily sent in; since, after the day of publication, it will be impracticable to meet a demand other than that which exists in the cities. Agents and individuals are therefore solicited to write immediately and specify the number of copies they wish forwarded.

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30 Ann street, New-York.

### Married.

On Wednesday evening, 3d instant, at Christ Church, by Rev. Thomas Lyell, Mr. John F. Seaman and Miss Frances Janette, daughter of Thomas M. Rogers, Esq., all of this city.

At Wallabout, January 27, by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Acil Noonan and Miss Rachel Mott, of that place.

At Locust Grove, near Rahway, N. J., January 27, by Rev. Dr. Janeway, William B. Janeway, of Locust Grove, and Julia Harshorne, daughter of Hugh Harshorne, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, 2d instant, by Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., Mr. Alonzo F. Robbins and Eliza, youngest daughter of the late William King, all of this city.

February 2, at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, by Rev. Dr. Powers, Charles Alphonse Lacathen de la Forêt, Consul of France at Valdivia, Chili, and Albertine Aglae Evolina de Seze Flaudin, third daughter of Mr. P. Flaudin, of this city.

February 1, at St. Paul's Chapel, by Rev. Mr. Higbee, Mr. Francis Micheln, of Boston, and Jane, youngest daughter of George Cornish, Esq., of England.

February 2, at St. Bartholomew's Church, by Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Alfred J. Cipriant, of the firm of Tooker, Mead & Co. and Jane, daughter of the late John Wilson, Esq., all of this city.

January 27, by Rev. S. H. Cone, Edward N. Kent, of Portland, and Julia, only daughter of John Winsor, Esq., of this city.

In Rome, January 27, by Rev. Mr. Hines, Mr. James C. Donaldson, of Utica, and Miss Jane J. Wichtman, of Rome.

On Sunday evening, 24th ult., at Christ Church, by Rev. Isaac Peck, Mr. James E. Johnson and Miss Mary Peck, all of this city.

January 28, by Rev. Dr. Macanley, Mr. Thomas Nicholls, merchant, and Miss Louise F. Warren, daughter of E. Warren, Esq., all of this city.

### Wied.

In Reading, Pa., January 22, Mrs. Rebecca Mollenberg, consort of Hon. Henry A. Mollenberg, and only surviving daughter of the late Governor Heister, aged 58.

In Illinois, where he had established himself in the practice of the law, Caleb A. Buckingham, Esq., son of Joseph T. Buckingham, editor of the Boston Courier.

At Newark, January 29, Mary B., wife of William B. Kinsey, Editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser.

At the residence of his father, Col. J. S. Wilcox, in Madison, Conn., William Wallace Wilcox, Esq., A. M., attorney and counsellor at law, of Augusta, Ga., aged 94.

At Matanzas, December 17, Mr. James Adolphus Rickard, son of the late John Rickard, merchant of this city, aged 93.

## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG—THE POETRY BY H. F. CHORLEY—THE MUSIC BY EDWARD J. LODER.

WITH BOLDNESS AND ANIMATION.

FIRST VERSE.—A song for the Oak, the  
SECOND VERSE.—In the days of old, when the  
THIRD VERSE.—He saw the rare times, when the

*f* *p* *f* *ff* *p*

brave old Oak, Who hath ruled in the green-wood long ;  
Spring with gold, Was lighting his branch - es grey ;  
Christmas chimes, Were a mer - ry sound to hear ;

Here 's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong !  
Thro' the grass at his feet, crept maid - ens sweet, To gather the dew of May ;  
And the Squire's wide hall, and the Cot - tage small, Were full of good Eng - lish cheer :

There 's  
And  
Now

fear in his frown, when the Sun goes down, And the fire in the West fades out,  
all that day to the Re - beck gay, They frolic'd with love - some swains ;  
Gold hath the sway we all o - bey, And a ruth - less king is he ;

And he shew - eth his might, on a wild mid - night, When  
They are gone, they are dead, in the church - yard laid, But the  
But he ne - ver shall send, our an - cient friend, To be

Ad lib. A tempo.

storms thro' his branches shout :  
tree, he still re - mains :  
toss'd on the stormy sea :

Then sing to the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone ;  
Then sing to the Oak, etc.  
Then here 's to the Oak, etc.

Ritard. *p* A Tempo.

Cres.

a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

*p* *ff*





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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VOLUME II....No. 7.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 37.

## Original Poetry.

## THE ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

On prostrate columns and through ivied arch,  
O'er matted vines and lowly creeping flowers,  
Which mocking Time hath strewn o'er ancient pride,  
A flood of moonlight glory broadly streams.  
A sound of mirth and melody is heard,  
And echoing sweetness dies along the air.  
To-night they'll crown him, and old Rome shall ring  
With the young Artist's triumph! has he not  
Gained him a name? A place too in their hearts?  
And shall he pass unhonored, like the dull  
Of soul who worship not the beautiful?  
Shall he return to his own fatherland  
Without one wreath of fame? Not in the glory  
And gorgeous splendor of the Capitol,  
With flowers of gem-like hues spread round his path,  
And shout of countless multitudes, shall he  
Receive the meed of honor: not the less  
Will it be prized. Oh, what makes glory dear?  
And why does the enthusiast toil for fame?  
Some loving eye will gaze upon his deeds—  
Some loving heart will throb tumultuously,  
To hear the praises he has nobly earned!  
He whom Ambition leads to some bold height,  
To gain whose eminence, are trampled, crushed,  
All home endearments, and those holy ties  
Which bind the yearnings of the human heart  
Like ivy tendrils to affection's vine,  
Is like to one upon a throne of ice,  
Circled with rays which shine, but yield no warmth!

"He must part from us now—loving, warm hearts of home,  
Call him back from the beauty and glory of Rome;  
The laurel and olive to crown him we'll twine,  
While fresh roses are wreathed round the sparkling wine.  
"He has worshipped with us 'neath the blue laughing sky  
Where relics of glory in loveliness lie;  
And spells of strange beauty his spirit have bound,  
As he wandered through ruins by pale flowers crowned.  
"He must part from us now—but remembrance will bring  
All the soul-thrilling dreams of his hopes in their Spring;  
And his heart-pulse will throb to the love we have given,  
Like the tremulous wave lit by star-rays of heaven.  
"Let us pour forth the lyre-notes, and pledge him in wine;  
Round his brow, round his brow, let the graceful wreath  
twine;  
We will crown him to-night, he shall bear to his home  
With the same wreath of Genius, sweet memories of Rome."

J. C.

## THE PEASANT BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

It may be within the memory of most my readers to have seen a spirited drawing of a peasant boy, proceeding with spade on shoulder, to his daily labor as a tiller of the earth. The picture, if I mistake not, is a copy from the original of *Daniel Ricciogalli*, the friend and pupil of *Michael Angelo*.

There's poetry, boy, in that step of thine,  
Firmly and free on the green sward prest,  
And the locks that over thy temples shine,  
Wanton wild in the winds of the warm south-west.  
Care lurks not, boy, in thy laughing eye,  
No clouds o'ershadow thy forehead's snow;  
And the mellow tints of the morning sky  
Lend to thy cheek an eloquent glow.  
Thy hairloom is pure and unbroken health—  
A cheerful heart to endure thy toil,  
And what thou wantest of this world's wealth,  
Is sturdily gain'd from the generous soil.  
With the lark's first note thou'rt up and away,  
Brushing the dews from the glistening sod,  
And quivering the simple roundelay,  
Which innocence hymns to the ear of God.

From the ardent sun of advancing noon,  
Thou seekest the shade of some shelter'd nook,  
Where the ringdove warbles its amorous tune  
To the answering sound of the gushing brook.

There, sinking down on the stream's soft brink,  
Thou gratefully takest thy frugal repast,  
First bending thy lips to the stream to drink  
The wave that glideth so cool and fast.

Then to labor again, till the waning sun  
Seeks his place of repose in the western sky,  
And the shades of evening come trooping on,  
And the bird nestles low in the covert nigh.

They are coming to meet thee—the joyous band!  
The flax-hair'd girl, and the bold, brave boy—  
While the baby totters toward thy hand,  
And clasps thy fingers with prattling joy.

To the cottage away!—to thy mother's knee—  
To thy father's side—thou art welcome there!  
That mother's smile is ever for thee,  
And thou hast thy father's heart and prayer.

To slumber repairing, thy rest is sweet,  
In the rafter'd chamber beneath the eaves,  
Where the pattering rain-drops of summer beat,  
And the wind complains 'mid the rustling leaves.

There's poetry, boy, in that step of thine!—  
There's poetry wrought with thy sinless life;  
I would that thy stormless fate were mine,  
Passionless, careless, and free from strife!

Philadelphia, 1841.

## James's New Novel.

## CORSE DE LEON;

## OR, THE BRIGAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," "THE KING'S HIGHWAY," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER III.

It had nearly ceased raining, but the night, as we have said, was cold and chilly, the sky was still covered with thick clouds, and the air was full of thick darkness—to use the expressive words of Scripture; a darkness that could be felt. Bernard de Rohan and his companions paused for a moment before the door of the little inn, listening to catch any sounds of the conflict from which the servant seemed so freshly to have come.

All was silent, however. The rushing sound of the mountain torrents, swelled by the late rains; the sighing of the night winds amongst the gorges of the mountains and through the deep pine forests; the distant cry of a wolf, and the whirring scream of the night hawk, as it flitted by, were all heard distinctly: but no human voice mingled with the other sounds.

This silence, however, gave no assurance to the heart of Bernard de Rohan that the persons for whom the servant had appealed to his chivalry had escaped from their assailants. It was well known at that time that every part of Savoy was infested with bands of brigands, which had rather increased than diminished in number since France had taken possession of the country; so that, unable to put them down, the famous *Marechal de Brissac*, in order to restrain their indiscriminate ravages in some degree, had been obliged to give them occasional employment, with his own forces. When not thus employed, however, they were known to lay wait in all the principal passes, both of Piedmont and Savoy, and take toll of all travellers with a strong hand. Enormous barbarities were from time to time charged against them; and, if one might judge by general rumor, no scheme was too wild, no act too violent and desperate, for them to devise and execute. The only conclusion, therefore, which Bernard de Rohan drew from the absence of all sounds of conflict, was that the banditti had prevailed, and either murdered their victims or carried them off.

"Quick! quick!" he cried, after a momentary pause. "Lead on, lead on, good fellow! where are your lord and lady? Which is the way?"

"This way, noble sir, this way," cried the man, advancing at once along the road which led more immediately into the mountains. "They cannot have gone far: I could hear the voice of the brigands from the inn door."

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Thus saying, he led the way onward with great speed; but as Bernard de Rohan followed with the same quick pace, the clear deep voice of the man whom the host had called Master Leon sounded in his ear, saying, "There is some mistake here, and I think some villainy; but fear not."

"Fear!" replied Bernard de Rohan, turning his head toward him. "Do you suppose I fear?"

"No, I suppose not," replied the man; "but yet there was no common interest in your eye, good youth, when this knave talked of his young mistress, and one may fear for others though not for themselves. But hark! I hear a noise on before. Voices speaking. Some one complaining, I think. Quick, quick! run, sir varlet, run!"

At the rapid pace at which they now proceeded they soon heard the sounds more distinctly before them. There was a noise of horses, and a jingling as of the bells of mules. The murmuring of a number of voices, too, came borne upon the air down the pass, and some four or five hundred yards farther up, the servant, who was now running on as fast as possible, stumbled over a wounded man, who uttered a cry of pain. But the young cavalier and his companions slackened not their pace, for by this time they could plainly hear some sharp and angry voices pouring forth oaths and imprecations, and urging what seemed to be a band of prisoners, to hurry forward more rapidly. At the same time the light of a torch, or more than one, was seen gleaming upon the grey rocks and green foliage, and on one occasion it threw upon the flat face of a crag on the other side of the ravine the shadow of a large body of men, with horses and other beasts of burden.

"Now, out with your swords," cried the personage named Leon, in a tone of authority, "for we are gaining on them quick, and I doubt not shall have stout resistance."

Bernard de Rohan's sword was already in his hand before the other spoke, and hurrying on, the next moment he reached an angle of the rock, from which he could plainly discern the whole party that he was pursuing. He paused for an instant as he saw them, and well might that sight make him do so, for the torchlight displayed to his eyes a body of at least fifteen or sixteen armed men, some of them mounted, some of them on foot, driving on in the midst of them two or three loaded horses, and seven or eight men and women, several of them apparently having their hands tied. The party was about two hundred yards in advance, and though the torchlight was sufficient to show him the particulars which we have mentioned, yet it did no more than display the gleaming of the arms and the fluttering of the women's garments, without at all giving any indication of the rank or station to which the prisoners belonged.

The young cavalier, it must be remembered, was accompanied by only five persons, and the greater part of those five were, like himself, but lightly armed. His momentary pause, however, was only to reconnoitre the enemy, without the slightest hesitation as to what his own conduct was to be. He knew the effect of a sudden and unexpected attack, and calculated upon some assistance also from the prisoners themselves; but had he had nothing but his own courage in his favor, his conduct would have been the same. He was again hurrying on, when the powerful grasp of the man named Leon was laid upon his arm, and staid him.

"Hush!" he said: "do not be too quick! Do you not see that these men are no brigands, as you thought?"

"How should I see that?" demanded Bernard de Rohan, turning sharply upon him. "Who but brigands would commit an act like this?"

"Think you that brigands would have torches with them?" said his companion, calmly. "Pause a moment, pause a moment; let them get round yon point of the rock; for if they hear us coming, and see how few we are, we shall be obliged to do things that we had better not. Beyond the rock they will be cooped up in a little basin of the hills, where they can be attacked with advantage."

"You seem to know the country well," said Bernard de Rohan, gazing upon him with some suspicion, as the light of the torches, faintly reflected from the other side of the valley, served partially to display his dark, but fine countenance.

"Ay! I do know it well!" replied the other: "so well, that from the foot of that rock which they are now turning, I will guide you up by a path over the shoulder of the hill till we meet them in front, at the same time that some of your people attack them in the rear."

Bernard de Rohan did not hesitate; but it was only for a moment. His mind was not naturally a suspicious one; and, of course, had the proposal been made by any one whom he knew, the advantages of such a plan would have instantly struck him, and he would have followed it at once. But the man who suggested it was unknown to him. Nay, more, there was something in his tone, his manner, in his whole appearance, which, to say the best, was strange and unusual. His garb, as far as it had been seen, was unlike that of the peasantry of Savoy; and, in short, there was that about him which naturally tended to create a doubt as to his ordinary pursuits and occupations.

Bernard de Rohan hesitated then, but it was with the

hesitation of only one moment. He had been accustomed to deal with and to command fierce and reckless men; and though his years were not sufficient to have given him what may be called the *insight of experience*, he had by nature that clear discernment of the human character which is the meed of some few, and may be called the *instinct of instinct*.

During his momentary pause, then, he saw that the dark eye of his strange companion was fixed upon him as if reading what was passing in his mind. The jovial priest also seemed to penetrate his thoughts, and said in a low voice, "You may trust him! you may trust him! He never betrayed any one."

"I do trust him," cried Bernard de Rohan, turning round and grasping the stranger's hand, "I trust him entirely. You and I," he continued, "will go over the hill alone. If I judge right we have both been in many a hot day's strife, and can keep that narrow road without much assistance. It is better that there should be a show of more people behind."

As he spoke, the faint flash of the receding torches showed him a smile upon his companion's countenance. "Come on slowly," said Corse de Leon, "and keep near the rock; we shall soon get up with them, for they are incumbered and we are free."

Thus saying, he led the way, remaining, as far as possible, under the shadow of the crags, till the last of the party before them had turned the angle beyond, and the whole valley was again in darkness. The cavalier and those who were with him then hurried their pace, till they reached a spot where a point of the rock jutted out into the valley. There the strangers paused, bidding the attendants of the young nobleman pursue their way along the road, till they came up with the rear of the other party, and then attack them as suddenly and vehemently as possible. "Make all speed," he said, "for we shall be there before you, cutting off the corner of the hill. Here, priest!" he continued, "here's a pistol and a dagger for you. You'll need something to work with. Now quick on your way, for the moon will be out in a few minutes, if one may judge by the paleness of that cloud's edge, and her light would betray our scanty numbers.—Follow me, baron!—Here! Upon this rock!—Catch by that bough!—Another step and you are in the path!"

As he spoke, he himself sprang up, seeming well acquainted with every stock and every stone in the way; Bernard de Rohan followed with less knowledge of the path, but all the agility of youth and strength, and they had soon nearly reached the brow of the hill.

"Out upon the pale moon!" cried Bernard de Rohan's companion, pausing and gazing up towards the sky. "She shines at the very moment she should not. See how she is casting away those clouds, as if she were opening the hangings of her tent! We may go slow, for we shall be far before them."

He now led the way onward with a slower pace; and after ascending for somewhat more than a quarter of a mile, the path began to descend again as if to rejoin the road. Every step was now clear, for the moon was shining brightly; and though no one, probably, could see Bernard de Rohan and his companion as they took their way among the rhododendrons and junipers which were thickly mingled with the fragments of rock around, yet they themselves from time to time caught a distinct view of the valley. An occasional flash of light upon their left hand, too, but a good deal in the rear, soon showed Bernard de Rohan that his guide had told him the truth in regard to the shortness of the path he had taken, though he could not absolutely see the road, or those who were travelling along it. At length, however, they reached a spot where the path which they were following wound along within ten yards of the chief road itself, and choosing a small break nearly surrounded with tall shrubs and broken masses of the crag, Corse de Leon stopped, saying, "It will be well to stay for their coming here. They will take full ten minutes to reach this place. You wait for them here, I will climb a little farther up to watch them as they come, and will be back again in time."

If Bernard de Rohan entertained any suspicion in regard to his guide's purposes, he knew that it would be vain to show it, and therefore he made no opposition to the plan that his companion proposed, but let him depart without a word; and then choosing a spot among the trees, where he could see without being seen, he gazed down into the little basin formed by the surrounding hills. The clear light of the moon was now streaming bright and full into the valley, only interrupted from time to time for a single moment by fragments of the clouds driven across by the wind; but at first Bernard de Rohan could see nothing of the party which he was pursuing; for the road as usual wound in and out along the irregular sides of the mountain, being raised upon a sort of terrace some two hundred feet above the bottom of the valley. In a moment or two, however, he caught sight of them again, coming slowly on; but with their torches now extinguished, and presenting nothing but a dark mass, brightened here and there by the reflection of the moon's light from some steel cap or breast-plate.

The time seemed long, and their advance slow, to Bernard de Rohan; for although he had lain in many an ambush against the foe, and had taken part in many an encounter where the odds against him were scarcely less than those which were now presented, yet of course he could not but feel some emotion in awaiting the result—that deep and thrilling interest, in fact, which has nothing to do with fear, and approaches perhaps even nearer to joy—the interest which can only be felt in the anticipation of a fierce but noble strife, where, knowing the amount of all we risk, we stake life and all life's blessings upon the success of some great and generous endeavor. He felt all this, and all the emotions which such a state must bring with it, and thus, longing to throw the die, he found the moments of expectation long.

Now seen, and now lost to his sight, the party continued to advance, and yet his strange companion did not make his appearance. The young nobleman judged that he could not be far, indeed, for once or twice he heard the bushes above him rustle, while a stone or two rolled down into the bottom of the valley; and he thought he distinguished Leon's voice murmuring also, as if talking to himself. At length there was a clear footfall heard coming down the steepest part of the mountain, and in another moment the stranger stood once more by Bernard de Rohan's side. As

he came near, he threw off the cloak which he had hitherto worn, and cast it into one of the bushes, saying to it as he did so, "I shall find you, if I want you, *after this is over*."

His appearance now, however, left Bernard de Rohan scarcely a doubt in regard to the nature of his usual occupation. When his cloak was thus thrown off, his chest and shoulders were seen covered with that peculiar sort of corselet or brigantine, which originally gave name to the bands called Brigands. His arms were free, and incumbered with any defensive armor; and over his right shoulder hung a bull's head, suspending his long, heavy sword. This was not all, however; another broad leather belt and buckle went round his waist, containing, in cases made on purpose for them, a store of other weapons, if his sword blade should chance to fail: among which were those long and formidable knives which in the wars of the day were often employed by foot soldiers to kill the chargers of their mounted adversaries. Daggers of various lengths were there also, together with the petronel or large horse pistol, which was so placed, however, as to give free room for his hand to reach the hilt of his sword.

In this guise he approached Bernard de Rohan, saying, "You see, baron, I am better prepared for this encounter than you are. You have nothing but your sword, you had better take one of these," and he laid his finger upon the butt of a petronel.

"My sword will not fail," replied Bernard de Rohan, with a smile. "I see, indeed, you were better qualified to judge whether these are brigands or not than I was."

"They are no brigands," replied the other—"brigands know better what they are about," and as he spoke he threw away his hat, and tied up his long black hair, which fell over his ears and shoulders, with a piece of riband. "I cannot very well understand," he continued in the same low tone, "what has become of your people and the priest; I could see nothing of them from the height, and I almost fear that these villains, fearing pursuit, have broken down the little wooden bridge behind them, at what we call the Pas de Suzette, where the stream falls into the river."

"Hark!" said Bernard de Rohan. "They are coming up," and grasping his sword, he took a step forward. "Wait," said the Brigand, laying hold of his arm. "Give your people the last minute to attack them in the rear. By heavens they ought to have been here by this time!"

The sound of horses' feet and human voices now became distinct from below, and oaths and imprecations were still heard loud and vehemently, as the captors hurried on their prisoners.

"Get you on, get you on!" exclaimed one voice; "don't you see how quietly your lord is going?"

"He is not my lord," cried another in a faint tone. "I am wounded and hurt, and cannot go faster."

"Get on, get on, villain!" reiterated the other voice. "You would fain keep us till the fools behind mend the bridge and come up with us. Get on, I say!—If he do not walk faster, prick him with your dagger, Bouchart. We will skin him alive when we get to the end of the march! Drive it into him!"

A sharp cry succeeded—Bernard de Rohan could bear no more, but bursting away from the hand of the Brigand, he sprang into the road. Leon followed him at once; but even before he was down, the young cavalier's sword had stretched one of the advancing party on the ground, and was crossed with that of another.

"Hold, hold!" shouted the loud voice of the Brigand. "Hold, and throw down your arms! Villains, you are surrounded on all sides!"

For a moment their opponents had drawn back; but the scanty number of the assailants was seen, before Corse de Leon uttered what seemed so empty a boast.

"Cut him down," cried a voice from behind, "cut him down!" and one of the horsemen spurred on towards him. Another, at the same moment, aimed a blow at the head of Bernard de Rohan from behind, which struck him on the shoulder and brought him on his knee, while a shot was fired at the Brigand, which struck his cuirass, but glanced off harmless.

"It is time we should have help," said Corse de Leon in a cool tone, and—while with his right hand he drew a pistol from his girdle, levelled it at the head of one of those who were centring with Bernard de Rohan, fired, and saw the man fall over into the valley below—with the left he applied a small instrument to his lips, producing a loud, long, shrill whistle, which those who have heard it will never forget. It is like the scream of a bird of prey, but infinitely louder; and the moment it proceeded from the lips of the Brigand, similar sounds echoed round and round from twenty different points above, below, and on the opposite side of the valley.

When Bernard de Rohan staggered up from his knee, the scene was completely changed. Corse de Leon stood no longer alone, but with three stout men by his side armed to the teeth. The fragments of rock and large stones that were rolling from above showed that rapid footsteps were coming down the side of the mountain. Up from the rocky bed of the stream five or six other men were seen climbing with the activity of the chamois or the lizard, and to complete the whole, the whistle was heard prolonged up the valley, while from the same side the ear could distinguish the galloping of horse coming down with furious speed.

The party of the adversary, however, was large. All were well armed, all evidently accustomed to strife and danger, and had all apparently made up their minds to struggle to the last. They accordingly made a fierce charge at once along the road, in order to force their way on; and the strife now became hand to hand, and man to man, while above the contest the loud voice of the brigand leader was heard shouting, "Tie them! Tie them!—Do not kill them, if you can help it!"

Nor was his assumption of certain success unjustified. Every moment fresh numbers were added to the party of Corse de Leon. The adversaries were driven back along the road, dragging the prisoners with them some way, but were stopped by fresh opponents, dropping, as it were, from the mountains, and cutting them off in their retreat. They were still struggling, however, when at length eight or nine horsemen, the sound of whose approach had been heard before, reached the scene of combat, and then, seeing that farther resistance was vain, several of them uttered a cry of "Quarter! quarter! We will throw down our arms."

"Here, take my sword, Doland," said the brigand leader

to one of his men. "Wipe it well, and go back for my hat and cloak which I left among the bushes by the cross of St. Maur. Well, baron," he continued, turning to Bernard de Rohan, "I am afraid you have to regret the want of your armor—that was a bad wounding on your head."

"No, it struck my forehead," replied Bernard de Rohan, "and my hatcoat doubled. There is no great harm done." "You had better keep behind," continued Corse de Leon in a low voice. "I wished not to have displayed myself at all had it been possible to avoid it, but it could not be helped. However, you had better not show yourself with us. It may make mischief."

"But the lady," said Bernard de Rohan, "the lady, let me go and speak to her and set her free—I have no fear of being seen."

"Leave it to me, leave it to me," said the Brigand. "You shall have opportunity enough to speak with her. And she shall know who is her deliverer. Will you not trust me after all this night's work?"

"Entirely," said Bernard de Rohan; "but it is natural, when one aids a lady in scenes like these, to wish to speak with her, to soothe and tranquillize her."

"Especially when one loves her," replied the Brigand, laughing. "But you shall speak with her in a moment, only keep back for the present."

Bernard de Rohan had neither the will nor the power to resist. The Brigand, indeed, might well assume the tone of command, for at that moment there could be no successful opposition to his will; but, besides this consideration, there were other feelings in the bosom of the young cavalier which inclined him to yield at once.

Every thing that he had seen was calculated to surprise and perplex him. The knowledge which his strange companion seemed to have of his history and circumstances; the state of active preparation in which he had found him, as if he had been aware, long before, of all that was about to occur, and had taken measures to meet every contingency; the interest which he had shown in an enterprise that seemed not to concern him at all, and the active and vehement opposition he had evinced to persons apparently engaged in the same trade of violence with himself, were all unaccountable to Bernard de Rohan; and he paused in some anxiety to see what would be the next act in the strange drama in which he himself was bearing a part.

While the brief conversation which I have narrated took place between the Brigand and the young cavalier, the successful party had drawn closer and closer round their adversaries, and were busily disarming and tying them. This operation, being carried on with great dexterity and rapidly, had advanced considerably when Leon again strode forward into the midst of them to give farther directions.

"Not so tight! Not so tight, Antoine!" he said; "you'll cut his wrists with those thongs. Take off his corselet, Pierre. You cannot get it off when his arms are tied.—If he resists, pitch him over into the stream.—That horse will break away and be lost.—Some of you come and untie my Lord of Masseran and his people.—Noble signor," he continued, and Bernard de Rohan thought that he heard a good deal of bitter mockery in his tone, "I pray you tell me what is to be done with these insolent villains who have dared to lay violent hands upon you and your Lady Wife's fair daughter. Shall we either put them to death on the spot—which, perhaps, would be the wisest plan, as the dead are very silent; or shall we send them, bound hand and foot, to your chateau, that you may give them your own directions as to what they are to say and do?"

These words were addressed to a tall, graceful man, somewhere between forty and fifty years of age, who had appeared as one amongst the prisoners of the party just overthrown. He seemed not particularly well pleased with the Brigand's speech, and replied in a tone somewhat sullen, "You must do with them as you please, sir, and with us also, though from your words I suppose that you mean us good and not evil."

"Oh, certainly, my good lord," replied the other—"I am here to free you, and you shall be safely conducted by my people to your own abode. Am I, by your authority, then, to treat these men as they deserve?"

The Lord of Masseran seemed to hesitate for a moment, but then replied sharply, "By all means! By all means! They well deserve punishment."

"Oh! spare them! spare them!" cried a lady's voice. "They have done evil certainly; but they might have treated us worse. Do not hurt them, sir."

"Lady," replied the Brigand, "I will only punish them as they deserve, and you yourself shall hear the sentence. Strip off every man's coat. Take off the bridles of their horses, and throw with flog them down the valley to Gandelot's Inn. When they are there, they will know what to do with themselves. Now, lady, this is but small measure of retribution for bad acts. Quick, my men, quick. You must take them over the hill, for the bridge is broken."

He then spoke a few words to one of his companions in a low tone; after which, he returned once more to Bernard de Rohan, who had remained behind, asked particularly after the wounds he had received, and inquired whether he were fit to escort a lady some two leagues that night. He spoke with a smile; and there was no hesitation in the young cavalier's reply. Before their short conversation was ended, the Brigand's orders in regard to his prisoners were in the act of execution; and certain it is that the discipline to which they were subjected was sufficiently severe, if one might judge by many a piteous cry which echoed up the valley, for some minutes after they were driven in a crowd down the road. The young lady conveyed her eyes with her hands, and remained silent; but a grim smile came upon the countenance of the Lord of Masseran, as if there was something pleasant to him in the music of human suffering.

There were still some ten or twelve of Leon's band around; and their next task was to untie the hands of such of the Lord of Masseran's people as were still bound. "Now, sir," continued the Brigand, as soon as this was accomplished, "you shall have good escort back to your chateau. But we must go in separate parties. You and your four servants under the careful protection of Elois here, by the mountain path you know of. The young lady, I myself will escort by the longer, but the smoother road." "Nay! nay!" exclaimed the Lord of Masseran, quickly



"Why separate us? If you mean well by her, why not let?"

"Because it pleases me not," replied the Brigand, in a stern tone. "Who is lord here upon the side of the mountain but I? You are lord in your chateau, and none dare answer you. But I am lord in the moonlight and on the hill side, and none shall answer me."

"Oh! in pity, in pity!" exclaimed the young lady, holding out her hands with a gesture of entreaty. But the Brigand advanced to her horse's side, and spoke a word to her in a low tone. She let her hands drop again without reply, and Bernard de Rohan, who had remained in the shade, while the moonlight fell full upon her, could see her eyes suddenly turn toward the spot where he stood.

"Lead on the Lord of Masseran, Elois," said the voice of Corse de Leon. "Leave that poor fellow who seems wounded with the lady; and take the rest with you."

There was no reply, and the Savoyard nobleman, with his companions, was led on by a strong party of the brigands up the valley, and then across the stream. As he passed Bernard de Rohan, he fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, but made no observation; and at the same time the Brigand held up his finger to the young cavalier, as if directing him still to forbear for a time.

As soon as the hill hid the other party from their sight, Bernard de Rohan, unable to bear the restraint any longer, sprang forward to the lady's side, and threw his arms around her. His head was bare, and as he looked up toward her, the moonlight fell full upon his face. As if still doubtful, however, she gazed wildly and eagerly upon him: parted the curls of his hair with her hands back from his forehead; then threw her arms round his neck, and bending her head, wept upon his shoulder.

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

### GARCIA PEREZ DE VARGAS.

The crowns of Castille and Leon being at length joined in the person of King Ferdinand, surnamed *El Santo*, the authority of the Moors in Spain was destined to receive many severe blows from the united efforts of two Christian states, which had in former times too often exerted their vigor against each other. The most important event of King Ferdinand's reign was the conquest of Seville, which great city yielded to his arms in the year 1248, after sustaining a long and arduous siege of sixteen months.

Don Garcia Perez de Vargas was one of the most distinguished warriors who on this great occasion fought under the banner of Ferdinand; and accordingly there are many ballads of which he is the hero. The incident celebrated in that which follows, is thus told, with a few variations, in the seventh chapter of the thirteenth book of *MARIANA*:

"Above all others, there signalized himself in these affairs that Garcia Perez de Vargas, a native of Toledo, of whose valor so many marvellous and almost incredible achievements are related. One day about the beginning of the siege, this Garcia Perez, and another with him, were riding by the side of the river, at some distance from the outpost, when, of a sudden, there came upon them a party of seven Moors on horseback. The companion of Perez was for returning immediately, but he replied that 'never, even though he should lose his life for it, would he consent to the baseness of flight.' With that, his companion riding off, Perez armed himself, closed his visor, and put his lance in the rest. But his enemies, when they knew who it was, declined the combat."

"He had therefore pursued his way by himself for some space, when he perceived that in lancing the head-piece and shutting the visor, he had, by inadvertence, dropt his scarf. He immediately returned upon his steps that he might seek for it. The King, as it happened, had his eye upon Perez all this time, for the royal tent looked toward the place where he was riding, and he never doubted that the knight had turned back for the purpose of provoking the Moors to the combat. But they avoided him as before, and he, having regained his scarf, came in safety to the camp."

"The honor of the action was much increased by this circumstance, that although frequently pressed to disclose the name of the gentleman who had deserted him in that moment of danger, Garcia Perez would never consent to do so, for his modesty was equal to his bravery."

A little further on, Mariana relates that Garcia Perez had a dispute with another gentleman, who thought proper to assert that Garcia had no right to assume the coat of arms which he wore. "A sally having been made by the Moors, that gentleman, among many more, made his escape, but Garcia stood firm to his post, and never came back to the camp until the Moors were driven again into the city. He came with his shield all bruised and battered to the place where the gentleman was standing, and pointing to the effaced bearing which was on it, said, 'I, deed, sir, it must be confessed that you show more respect than I do to this same coat of arms, for you keep yours bright and unsullied, while mine is sadly discolored.' The gentleman was sorely ashamed, and thenceforth Garcia Perez bore his achievement without gainsaying or dispute."

King Ferdinand alone did stand one day upon the hill, surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville: The sight was grand, when Ferdinand by proud Seville was lying,

O'er tower and tree far off to see the Christian banners flying.

Down chanced the King his eye to fling, where far the camp below

Two gentlemen along the glen were riding soft and slow; As void of fear each cavalier seem'd to be riding there, As some strong hound may pace around the roebuck's thicket lair.

It was Don Garcia Perez, and he would breathe the air, And he had ta'en a knight with him, that as lief had been elsewhere; For soon this knight to Garcia said, "Ride, ride we, or I see the glance of helm and lance: it is the Moorish host."

The Baron of Vargas turn'd him round—his trusty squire was near— The helmet on his brow he bound, his gauntlet grasp'd his With that upon his saddle-tree he planted him right steady: "Now come," quoth he, "whoe'er they be, I trow they'll find us ready."

By this the knight who rode with him had turn'd his horse's head, And up the glen in fearful trim unto the camp had fled. "Ha! gone?" quoth Garcia Perez—he smiled and said no more,

But slowly with his esquire rode as he rode before.

It was the Count Lorenzo, just then it happen'd so, He took his stand by Ferdinand, and with him gazed below: "My liege," quoth he, "seven Moors I see a-coming from the wood; Now bring they all the blows they may, I trow they'll find

But it is Don Garcia Perez: if his cognizance they know, I guess it will be little pain to give them blow for blow."

The Moors from forth the greenwood came riding one by one,

A gallant troop with armor resplendent in the sun; Full haughty was their bearing, as o'er the sward they came, While the calm Lord of Vargas his march was still the same.

They stood drawn up in order, while past them all rode he, For when upon his shield they saw the Red Cross and the Tree, And the wings of the Black Eagle, that o'er his crest were They knew it was Garcia Perez, and never a word they said.

He took the casque from off his head, and gave it to the squire: "My friend," quoth he, "no need I see why I my brows But as he dropt the helmet, he saw his scarf was gone—" "I've dropt it, sure," quoth Garcia, "when I put my helmet on."

He look'd around and saw the scarf, for still the Moors were near; And they had pick'd it from the sward, and loop'd it on "These Moors," quoth Garcia Perez, "uncourteous Moors they be; Now, by my soul, the scarf they stole, yet durst not ques-

"Now, reach once more my helmet." The esquire said him nay: "For a silken string why should ye fling perchance your "I had it from my lady," quoth Garcia, "long ago, And never Moor that scarf, be sure, in proud Seville shall show."

But when the Moslem saw him, they stood in firm array: He rode among their armed throng—he rode right furiously: "Stand, stand, ye thieves and robbers! lay down my lady's pledge!" He cried; and ever as he cried they felt his faulchion's edge.

That day when the Lord of Vargas came to the camp alone, The scarf, his lady's largess, around his breast was thrown; Bare was his head, his sword was red, and, from his pomel struck, Seven turbans green, sore hack'd, I ween, before Garcia Pe-

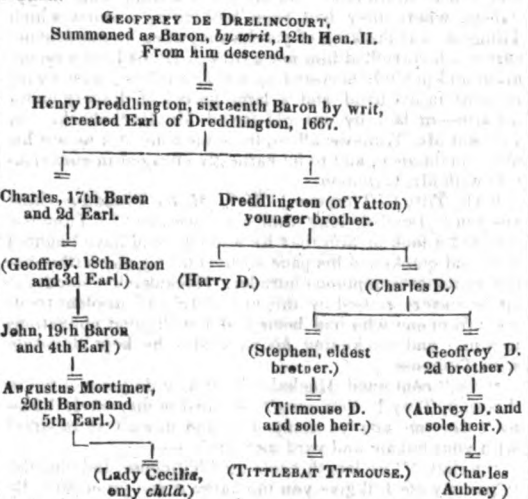
## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

The reader may, by this time, have got an intimation that Tittlebat Titmouse, in a madder freak of fortune than any which her incomprehensible ladyship hath hitherto exhibited in the pages of this history, is far on his way toward a dizzy pitch of greatness—viz., that he has now, owing to the verdict of the Yorkshire jury, taken the place of Mr. Aubrey, and become heir-expectant to the oldest barony in the kingdom—between it and him only one old peer, and his sole child—an unmarried daughter, intervening. Behold the thing demonstrated to your very eye, in the following pedigree, which is only our former one a little extended.



From the above, I think it will appear, that on the death of the fifth earl and twentieth baron, the earldom would be extinct, and the barony would descend upon the Lady Cecilia; and that in the event of her dying without issue in the lifetime of her father, Tittlebat Titmouse would become LORD DRELCINCOURT, (twenty-first in the barony;) and in the event of her dying without issue, after her father's death, TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE would become the twenty-second LORD DRELCINCOURT, one or other of which two splendid positions, but for the enterprising agency of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, would have been occupied by CHARLES AUBREY, Esq.; on considering which, one cannot but remember a saying of an ancient poet, who seems to have kept as keen an eye upon the unaccountable frolics of the goddess Fortune, as this history shows that I have. 'Tis a passage which any little schoolboy will translate to his mother or his sisters—

—*"Hinc apicem rapax  
Fortuna cum stridore acuto  
Sustulit, hic possuisse gaudet."*

At the time of which I am writing, the Earl of Dreddlington was about sixty-seven years old; and he would realize the idea of an incarnation of the sublimest PRIDE. He was of rather a slight make, and, though of a tolerably advanced age, stood as straight as an arrow. His hair

\*Hor. Carm. l.34. ad finem.

was glossy and white as snow; his features were of an aristocratic cast; their expression was severe and haughty; and there was not the slightest trace of intellect perceptible in them. His manner and demeanor was calm, cold, imperturbable, inaccessible: wherever he went—so to speak—he radiated cold. Poverty embittered his spirit, as his lofty birth and ancient descent generated the pride I have spoken of. With what calm and supreme self-satisfaction did he look down upon all lower in the peerage than himself! and as for a newly-created peer, he looked at him with ineffable disdain. Amongst his few equals he was affable enough; amongst his inferiors he exhibited an insupportable appearance of condescension—one which excited a wise man's smile of pity and contempt, and a fool's anger—both, however, equally naught to the Earl of Dreddlington. If any one could have ventured upon a *post mortem* examination of so august a structure as the Earl's carcass, his heart would probably have been found to be of the size of a pea, and his brain very soft and flabby; both, however, equal to the small occasions which, from time to time, called for the exercise of their functions. The former was occupied almost exclusively by two feelings—love of himself and of his daughter, (because upon her would descend his barony;) the latter exhibited its powers (supposing the brain to be the seat of the mind) in mastering the military details requisite for nominal soldiery: the game of whist: the routine of petty business in the House of Lords: and the etiquette of the court. One branch of useful knowledge he had, however, completely mastered—that which is so ably condensed in Debrett: and he became a sort of oracle in such matters. As for his politics, he professed Whig principles—and was, indeed, a blind and bitter partisan. In attendance to his senatorial duties, he practised an exemplary punctuality; was always to be found in the House at its sitting and rising; and never once, on any occasion, great or small, voted against his party. He had never been heard to speak in a full House; first, because he never could muster nerve enough for the purpose; secondly, because he never had any thing to say; and lastly, lest he should compromise his dignity, and destroy the *prestige* of his position, by not speaking better than any one present. His services were not, however, entirely overlooked; for, on his party coming into office for a few weeks, (they knew it could be for no longer a time,) they made him Lord Steward of the Household; which was thenceforward an epoch to which he referred every event of his life, great and small. The great object of his ambition, ever since he had been of an age to form large and comprehensive views of action and conduct, and conceive superior designs, and achieve distinction amongst mankind—was, to obtain a step in the peerage; for, considering the antiquity of his family, and his ample, nay *superfluous* pecuniary means—so much more than adequate to support his present double dignity of earl and baron—he thought it but a reasonable return for his eminent political services to obtain the step which he coveted. But his anxiety on this point had been recently increased a thousand fold by one circumstance: A gentleman who held an honorable and lucrative official situation in the House, and who never had treated the Earl of Dreddlington with that profound obsequiousness which the Earl conceived to be his due—but, on the contrary, had presumed to consider himself a man and an Englishman equally with the Earl—had, a short time before, succeeded in establishing his title to an earldom that had long been dormant, and was of creation earlier than that of Dreddlington. The Earl of Dreddlington took this untoward circumstance so much to heart, that for some months afterwards he appeared to be in a decline: always experiencing a dreadful inward spasm whenever the Earl of Fitzwarren made his appearance in the House. For this lamentable state of things there was plainly but one remedy—a MARQUISATE—at which the Earl gazed with all the intense desire of an old and feeble ape at a cocoa-nut, just above his reach, and which he beholds at length grasped and carried off by some nimble and younger rival. Amongst all the weighty cares and anxieties of this life, I must do the Earl of Dreddlington the justice to say, that he did not neglect the concerns of hereafter—the solemn realities—that future revealed to us in the Scriptures. To his enlightened and comprehensive view of the state of things around him, it was evident that the Author of the world had decreed the existence of regular gradations of society.

The following lines, quoted one night in the House, by the leader of his party, had infinitely delighted the Earl—

"Oh, where DEGREE is shaken,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick!  
Take but DEGREE away—nature that string,  
And hark! what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy!"

When the Earl discovered that this was the production of Shakspeare, he conceived a great respect for him, and purchased a copy of his works, and had them splendidly bound; never to be opened, however, except at that one place where the famous passage in question was to be found. Since, thought the earl, such is clearly the order of Providence in this world, why should it not be so in the next? He felt certain that then there would be found corresponding differences and degrees, in analogy to the differences and degrees existing upon earth; and with this view had read and endeavored to comprehend a very dry but learned book—Butler's *Analogy*, lent him by his brother, a bishop. This consolatory conclusion of the Earl's was greatly strengthened by a passage of Scripture, from which he had once heard his brother preach—"In my Father's house are MANY MANSIONS: If it had not been so I would have told you." On grounds such as these, after much conversation with several old brother peers of his rank, he and they—those wise and good men—came to the conclusion that there was no real ground for apprehending so grievous a misfortune as the huddling together hereafter of the great and small into one miscellaneous and ill-assorted assemblage; but that the rules of precedence, in all their strictness, as being founded in the nature of things, would meet with an exact observance, so that every one should be ultimately and eternally happy in the company of his equals. The Earl of Dreddlington would have, in fact, as soon supposed, with the deluded Indian, that in his voyage to the next world—

"His faithful dog should bear him company,"

\*Troilus and Cressida, l. iii.

as that his lordship should be doomed to participate the same regions of heaven with any of his domestics: unless, indeed, by some, in his view, not improbable dispensation, it should form an ingredient in their cup of happiness in the next world, there to perform those offices—or analogous ones—for their old masters, which they had performed upon earth. As the Earl grew older, these just, and rational, and Scriptural views, became clearer, and his faith firmer. Indeed it might be said that he was in a manner ripening for immortality—for which his noble and lofty nature, he felt, was fitter, and more likely to be in its element, than it could possibly be in this dull, degraded, and confused world. He knew that there his sufferings in this inferior stage of existence would be richly recompensed; for sufferings indeed he had, though secret, arising from the scanty means which had been allotted to him for the purpose of maintaining the exalted rank to which it had pleased God to call him. The long series of exquisite mortifications and pinching privations arising from this inadequacy of means, had, however, the Earl doubted not, been designed by Providence as a trial of his consistency, and from which he would, in due time, issue like thrice-refined gold. Then also would doubtless be remembered in his favor the innumerable instances of his condescension in mingling in the most open manner with those who were unquestionably his inferiors, sacrificing his own feelings of lofty and fastidious exclusiveness, and endeavoring to advance the interests, and, as far as influence and example went, polish and refine the manners of the lower orders of society. Such is an outline—alas, how faint and imperfect!—of this great and good man, the Earl of Dreddlington. As for his domestic and family circumstances, he had been a widower for some fifteen years, his Countess having brought him but one child, Lady Cecilia Philippa Leopoldina Plantagenet, who was, in almost all respects, the counterpart of her illustrious father. She resembled him not a little in feature, only that she partook of the plainness of her mother. Her complexion was delicately fair; but her features had no other expression than that of a languid hauteur. Her upper eyelids drooped as if she could hardly keep them open; the upper jaw projected considerably over the under one; and her front teeth were prominent and exposed. She seemed to take but little interest in any thing on earth, so frigid was she, and inanimate. In person, she was of average height, of slender and well-proportioned figure, and an erect and graceful carriage, only that she had a habit of throwing her head a little backwards, that gave her a singularly disdainful appearance. She had reached her twenty-seventh year without having had an eligible offer of marriage, though she would be the possessor of a barony in her own right, and £5000 a year; a circumstance which, it may be believed, not a little embittered her. She inherited her father's pride in all its plenitude. You should have seen the haughty couple sitting silently side by side in the old-fashioned, yellow family-carriage, as they drove round the crowded park, returning the salutations of those they met in the slightest manner possible. A glimpse of them at such a moment would have given you a far more just and lively notion of their character, than the most anxious and labored description of mine.

Ever since the first Earl of Dreddlington had, through a bitter pique conceived against his eldest son, the second Earl, diverted the principal family revenues to the younger branch, leaving the title to be supported by only £5000 a year, there had been a complete estrangement between the elder and the younger—the titled and the monied—branches of the family. On Mr. Aubrey's attaining his majority, however, the present Earl sanctioned overtures being made towards a reconciliation, being of opinion that Mr. Aubrey and Lady Cecilia might, by intermarriage, effect a happy re-union of family interests; an object, this, that had long lain nearer his heart than any other upon earth, till, in fact, it became a kind of passion. Actuated by such considerations, he had done more to conciliate Mr. Aubrey than he had ever done towards any one on earth. It was, however, in vain. Mr. Aubrey's first delinquency was, an unqualified and enthusiastic adoption of Tory principles. Now, all the Dreddlingtons, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, had been firm, unflinching Tories, till the father of the present Earl quietly walked over one day to the other side of the House of Lords, completely fascinated by a bit of riband which the minister held up before him: and before he had sat in that wonder-working region, the ministerial side of the House, twenty-four hours, he discovered that the true signification of Tory, was *bigot*, and of Whig, *patriot*; and he stuck to that version till it transformed him into a gold stick, in which capacity he died, having repeatedly and solemnly impressed upon his son the necessity and advantage of taking the same view of public affairs, with a view to arrive at similar results. And in the way in which he had been trained up, most religiously had gone the earl; and see the result: he, also, attained to eminent and responsible office—to wit, that of Lord Steward of the Household. Now, things standing thus—how could the earl so compromise his principles, and indirectly injure his party, by suffering his daughter to marry a Tory? Great grief and vexation of spirit did this matter, therefore, occasion to that excellent nobleman. But, secondly, Aubrey not only declined to marry his cousin, but clenched his refusal, and sealed his final exclusion from the dawning good opinion and affections of the earl, by marrying some one else—Miss St. Clair. Thenceforth there was a great gulf between the Earl of Dreddlington and the Aubreys. Whenever they happened to meet, the earl greeted him with an elaborate bow, and a petrifying smile; but for the last seven years, not one syllable had passed between them. As for Mr. Aubrey, he had never been otherwise than amused at the eccentric airs of his magnificent kinsman. Now, was it not a hard thing for the earl to bear—namely, the prospect there was that his barony and estates might devolve upon this same Aubrey, or his issue? for Lady Cecilia, alas! enjoyed but precarious health, and her chances of marrying seemed daily diminishing. This was a thorn in the poor earl's flesh; a source of constant worry to him, sleeping and waking; and proud as he was, and with such good reasons, he would have gone down on his knees and prayed to heaven to avert so direful a calamity—to see his daughter married.

Such being the relative position of Mr. Aubrey and the

Earl of Dreddlington at the time when this history opens, it is easy for the reader to imagine the lively interest with which the earl first heard of the tidings that a stranger had set up a title to the whole of the Yatton estates; and the silent but profound anxiety with which he continued to regard the progress of the affair. He obtained, from time to time, by means of confidential inquiries instituted by his solicitor, a general notion of the nature of the new claimant's pretensions; but, with a due degree of delicacy towards his unfortunate kinsman, he studiously concealed the interest he felt in so important a family question as the succession to the Yatton property. The earl and his daughter were exceedingly anxious to see the claimant; and when he heard that the claimant was a gentleman of "decided Whig principles"—the earl was very near setting it down as a sort of special interference of Providence in his favor; and one that, in the natural order of things, would lead to the accomplishment of the other wishes of the earl. Who knew but that, before a twelvemonth had passed over, the two branches of the family might not be in a fair way of being re-united—and thus, among other incidents, invest the earl with the virtual patronage of the borough of Yatton, and, in the event of their return to power, strengthen his claim upon his party for his long-coveted marquise? Urgent business had carried him to the continent a few days before the trial of the ejectment at York; and he did not return till a day or two after the Court of King's Bench had solemnly declared the validity of the plaintiff's title to the Yatton property, and consequently established his right of succession to the barony of Dreincourt. Of this event a lengthened account was given in one of the Yorkshire papers, which fell under the earl's eye the day after his arrival from abroad; and to the report of the decision of the question of law, was appended the following paragraph:—

"In consequence of the above decision, Mr. Aubrey, we are able to state on the best authority, has given formal notice of his intention to surrender the entire of the Yatton property without further litigation; thus making the promptest amends in his power to those whom he has—we cannot doubt unwittingly—injured. He has also accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and has consequently retired from Parliament; so that the borough of Yatton is now vacant. We sincerely hope that the new proprietor of Yatton will either himself sit for the borough, and announce immediately his intention of doing so, or give his prompt and decisive support to some gentleman of decided Whig principles. We say prompt—for the enemy is vigilant and crafty. Men of Yatton! To the rescue!!!—Mr. Titmouse is now, we believe, in London. This fortunate gentleman is not only in possession of the fine property at Yatton, with an unincumbered reat-roll of from twelve to fifteen thousand a year, and a vast accumulation of rents to be handed over by the late possessor, but is now next but one in succession to the earldom of Dreddlington and barony of Dreincourt, with the large family estates annexed thereto. We believe this is the oldest barony in the kingdom. It must be a source of great satisfaction to the present earl to know that his probable successor professes the same liberal and enlightened political opinions, of which his lordship has, during his long and distinguished political life, been so able and consistent a supporter."

The Earl of Dreddlington was slightly flustered on reading the above paragraph. He perused it several times with increasing satisfaction. The time had at length arrived for him to take decisive steps; nay, duty to his newly-discovered kinsman required it.

Messrs. Titmouse and Gammon were walking arm-in-arm down Oxford street, on their return from some livery-stables, where they had been looking at a horse which Titmouse was thinking of purchasing, when an incident occurred which ruffled him not a little. He had been recognized and publicly accosted by a vulgar fellow, with a yard measure in his hand, and a large parcel of drapery under his arm—in fact, by our old friend Mr. Huckaback. In vain did Mr. Titmouse affect, for some time, not to see his old acquaintance, and to be earnestly engaged in conversation with Mr. Gammon.

"Ah, Titty!—Titmouse! Well, Mister Titmouse—how are you? Devilish long time since we met!" Titmouse directed a look at him that he wished could have blighted him, and quickened his pace without taking any farther notice of the presumptuous intruder. Huckaback's blood was up, however—roused by this ungrateful and insolent treatment from one who had been under such great obligations to him; and quickening his pace also, he kept alongside with Titmouse.

"Ah," continued Huckaback, "why do you cut me in this way, Titty? You are n't ashamed of me, surely? Many's the time you've tramped up and down Oxford street with your bundle and yard measure!"

"Fellow!" at length exclaimed Titmouse, indignantly, "upon my life I'll give you in charge if you go on so! Be off, you low fellow!—Dem vulgar brute!" he subjoined in a lower tone, bursting into perspiration, for he had not forgotten the insolent pertinacity of Huckaback's disposition.

"My eyes! Give me in charge? Come, I like that, rather—you vagabond! Pay me what you owe me! You're a swindler! You owe me fifty pounds, you do! You sent a man to rob me!"

"Will any one get a constable?" inquired Titmouse, who had grown white as death. The little crowd that was collecting round them began to suspect, from Titmouse's agitated appearance, that there must be some foundation for the charges made against him.

"Oh, go, get a constable! Nothing I should like better! Ah, very fine gentleman—what's the time of day, when chaps like you are wound up so high?"

Gammon's interference was in vain. Huckaback got more abusive and noisy; no constable was at hand; so, to escape the intolerable interruption and nuisance, he beckoned a coach off the stand, which was close by, and Titmouse and he stepping into it, they were soon out of sight and hearing of Mr. Huckaback. Having taken a shilling drive, they alighted, and walked toward Covent Garden. As they approached the hotel they observed a yellow chariot, at once elegant and somewhat old-fashioned, rolling away from the door.

"I wonder who that is," said Gammon; "it's an earl's coronet on the panel; and an old gentleman was sitting low down in the corner!"

"Ah—it's no doubt a fine thing to be a lord, and all that—but I'll answer for it, some of 'em's as poor as a church mouse," replied Titmouse as they entered the hotel. At that moment the waiter, with a most profound bow, presented him with a letter and a card, which had only the moment before been left for him. The card was

THE EARL OF DREDDLINGTON'S,

and there was written on it, in pencil, in rather a feeble and hurried character—"For Mr. Titmouse."

"My stars, Mr. Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse, excitedly, addressing Mr. Gammon, who also seemed greatly interested by the occurrence. They both repaired to a vacant table at the extremity of the room; and Titmouse, with not a little trepidation, hastily breaking a large seal which contained the earl's family arms, with their crowded quarterings and grim supporters—better appreciated by Gammon, however, than by Titmouse—opened the ample envelope, and, unfolding its thick gilt-edged enclosure, read as follows:

"The Earl of Dreddlington has the honor of waiting upon Mr. Titmouse, in whom he is very happy to have, so unexpectedly, discovered so near a kinsman. On the event which has brought this to pass, the Earl congratulates himself not less than Mr. Titmouse, and hopes for the earliest opportunity of a personal introduction."

"The Earl leaves town to-day, and will not return till Monday next, on which day he begs the favor of Mr. Titmouse's company to dinner. He may depend upon its being strictly a family reunion, the only person present, besides Mr. Titmouse and the Earl, being the Lady Cecilia. Grosvenor Square, Thursday."

"TITMUSE AT YATTON, Esq., &c. &c."

As soon as Titmouse had read the above, still holding it in his hand, he gazed at Gammon with mute apprehension and delight. Of the existence, indeed, of the magnificent personage who had just introduced himself, Titmouse had certainly heard, from time to time, since the commencement of the proceedings which had just been so successfully terminated. He had seen it, to be sure; but, as a sort of remote splendor, like that of a fixed star which gleamed brightly, but at too vast a distance to have any sensible influence, or even to arrest his attention. After a little while, Titmouse began to chatter very volubly; but Gammon, after reading over the note once or twice, seemed not much inclined for conversation; and had Titmouse been accustomed to observation, he might have gathered, from the eye and brow of Gammon, that that gentleman's mind was very deeply occupied by some matter or other, probably suggested by the incident which had just taken place. Titmouse, by and by, called for pens, ink and paper—"the very best of gilt-edged paper, mind"—and prepared to reply to Lord Dreddlington's note. Gammon, however, who knew the peculiarities of his friend's style of correspondence, suggested that he should draw up, and Titmouse copy the following note. This was presently done; but when Gammon observed how thickly studded it was with capital letters, the numerous flourishes with which it was garnished, and its more than questionable orthography, he prevailed on Titmouse, after some little difficulty, to allow him to transcribe the note which was to be sent to Lord Dreddlington. Here it is:

"Mr. Titmouse begs to present his compliments to the Earl of Dreddlington, and to express the high sense he entertains of the kind consideration evinced by his Lordship in his call and note of to-day."

"One of the most gratifying circumstances connected with Mr. Titmouse's recent success, is the distinguished alliance which his lordship has been so prompt and courteous in recognising. Mr. Titmouse will feel the greatest pleasure in availing himself of the Earl of Dreddlington's invitation to dinner for Monday next."

"Cabbage-Stalk Hotel, Thursday."

"THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE EARL OF DREDDLINGTON, &c. &c."

"Have you a 'Peerage' here, waiter?" inquired Gammon, as the waiter brought him a lighted taper. Dobrett was shortly laid before him; and, turning to the name of Dreddlington, he read over what has been already laid before the reader. "Humph—*Lady Cecilia*—here she is—his daughter—I thought as much—I see!" This was what passed through his mind, as—having left Titmouse, who set off to deposit a card and the above "Answer" at Lord Dreddlington's—he made his way toward the delectable regions in which their office was situated—Saffron Hill—"T is curious—amusing—interesting to observe his progress"—continued Gammon to himself—

"Tag-rag—and his daughter,

"Quirk—and his daughter,

"The Earl of Dreddlington—and his daughter. How many more! Happy! happy! happy Titmouse!"

The sun that was rising upon Titmouse was setting upon the Aubreys. Dear, delightful—now too dear, now too delightful—Yatton! the shades of evening are descending upon thee, and thy virtuous but afflicted occupants, who, early on the morrow, quit thee for ever. Approach silently yon conservatory. Behold in the midst of it the dark slight figure of a lady, solitary, motionless, in melancholy attitude—her hands clasped before her: it is Miss Aubrey. Her face is beautiful, but grief is in her eye; and her bosom heaves with sighs, which, gentle as they are, are yet the only sounds audible. Yes, that is the sweet and once joyous Kate Aubrey!

"T was she, indeed; and this was her last visit to her conservatory. Many rare, delicate, and beautiful flowers were there; the air was laden with the fragrant odors which they exhaled, as it were, in sighs, on account of the dreaded departure of their lovely mistress. At length she stooped down, and in stooping, a tear fell right upon the small sprig of geranium which she gently detached from the stem and placed in her bosom. "Sweet flowers," thought she, "who will tend you as I have tended you, when I am gone? Why do you look now more beautiful than ever you did before?" Her eye fell upon the spot on which, till the day before, had stood her aviary. Poor Kate had sent it, as a present, to Lady De la Zouch, and it was then at Fotheringham Castle. What a flutter there used to be among the beautiful little creatures when they perceived Kate's approach! She turned her head away. She felt oppressed, and attributed it to the closeness of the conservatory—the strength of the odors given out by the numerous flowers but it was sorrow that oppressed her; and she was in a sta



at once of mental excitement and physical exhaustion. The last few weeks had been an interval of exquisite suffering. She could not be happy alone, and yet could not bear the company of her brother and her sister-in-law, nor that of their innocent children. Quitting the conservatory with a look of lingering fondness, she passed along into the house with a hurried step, and escaped, unobserved, to her chamber—the very chamber in which the reader obtained his first glimpse of her; and in which, now entering it silently and suddenly, the door being only closed, not shut, she observed her faithful little maid Harriet, sitting in tears before a melancholy heap of packages prepared for travelling on the morrow. She rose as Miss Aubrey entered, and presently exclaimed passionately, bursting afresh into tears, “Ma’am, I can’t leave you—indeed I can’t; I know all your ways; I won’t go to any one else! I shall hate service! and I know they’ll hate me too; for I shall cry myself to death!”

“Come, come, Harriet, this is very foolish; nay, it is unkind to distress me in this manner at the last moment.”

“Oh, ma’am, if you did but know how I love you! How I’d go on my knees to serve you all the rest of the days of my life.”

“Don’t talk in that way, Harriet; that’s a good girl,” said Miss Aubrey, rather faintly; and sinking into the chair, had a great deal to go through, Harriet, and am in very poor spirits.”

“I know it, ma’am, I do; and that’s why I can’t bear to leave you! She sunk on her knees beside Miss Aubrey.

“Oh, ma’am, if you would but let me stay with you! I’ve been trying, ever since you first told me, to make up my mind to part with you; and, now it’s coming to the time, I can’t, ma’am—indeed, I can’t! If you did but know, ma’am, what my thoughts have been while I’ve been folding and packing up your dresses here; to think that I shan’t be with you to unpack them; it’s very hard, ma’am, that madam’s maid is to go with her, and I am not to go with you.”

“We must have made a choice, Harriet,” said Miss Aubrey, with forced calmness.

“Yes, ma’am; but why did you not choose us both? Because we’ve both always done our best; and, as for me, you’ve never spoke an unkind word to me in your life.”

“Harriet, Harriet,” said Miss Aubrey, tremulously, “I’ve several times explained to you that we cannot any longer afford each to have our own maid; and Mrs. Aubrey’s maid is older than you, and knows how to manage children—”

“What signifies *affording*, ma’am? Neither she nor I will ever take a shilling of wages; I’d really rather serve you for nothing, ma’am, than any other lady for a hundred pounds a year! Oh, so happy as I’ve been in your service, ma’am!” she added, bitterly.

“Don’t, Harriet—you would not, if you knew the pain you give me,” said Miss Aubrey, faintly. Harriet got up, poured out a glass of water, and forced her pale mistress to swallow a little, which presently revived her.

“Harriet,” said she, “you have never once disobeyed me, and now I am certain you won’t. I assure you that we have made all our arrangements, and cannot alter them. I have been very fortunate in obtaining for you so kind a mistress as Lady Stratton. Remember, Harriet, she was the oldest bosom friend of my—” Miss Aubrey’s voice trembled, and she ceased speaking for a minute or two, during which she struggled against her feelings with momentary success. “Here’s the prayer-book,” she presently resumed, opening a drawer in her dressing-table, and taking out a small volume—“Here’s the prayer-book I promised you; it is very prettily bound, and I have written your name in it, Harriet, as you desired. Take it, and keep it for my sake. Will you?”

“Oh, ma’am,” replied the girl bitterly, “I shall never bear to look at it, but I’ll never part with it till I die.”

“Now leave me, Harriet, for a short time—I wish to be alone,” said Miss Aubrey; and she was obeyed. She presently rose and bolted the door; and then, secure from interruption, walked slowly to and fro for some time; and a long and deep current of melancholy thoughts and feelings flowed through her mind and her heart. She had, but a short time before, seen her sister’s sweet children put into their little beds for the last time at Yatton; and together with their mother, had hung fondly over them, kissing and embracing them—their little fellow-wanderers—till her feelings compelled her to leave them. One by one all the dear innumerable ties that had attached her to Yatton, and every thing connected with it ever since her birth, had been severed and broken—ties, not only the strength, but the very existence of which, she had scarce been aware of till then. She had bade—as had all of them—repeated and agonizing farewells to dear and old friends. Her very heart within her trembled as she gazed at the objects familiar to her eye, and pregnant with innumerable little softening associations, ever since her infancy. Nothing around them now belonged to them—but to a stranger—to one who—she shuddered with disgust. She thought of the fearful position in which her brother was placed—entirely, at the mercy of, it might be, selfish and rapacious men—what indeed was to become of all of them? At length she threw herself into the large, old, easy-chair, which stood near the window, and with a fluttering heart and hasty, tremulous hand, drew an open letter from her bosom. She held it for some moments, as if dreading again to peruse it—but at length she unfolded it, and read—

“No, my own Kate! I neither can nor will forget you—nor shall you forget me. I care not about offending you in this point. Say what you like, do what you like, go whither-soever you choose—you shall never escape Geoffrey Delamere. How should it be so? Why, my sweet Kate, you are become a part of my very being, and you know it; we both know it. Without my own darling Kate the future is an utter blank to me; come, my own love, may I not hope that it is, in a measure, the same with you? Can you possibly think of or name a sacrifice I would not make for you? Kate, in the plain language of a fond and honest heart, let me tell you that I think you love me.” Here Miss Aubrey’s hand dropped with the letter upon her lap, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. After an interval of several minutes, she again took up the letter.

“Because you know how I love you. And yet I sometimes doubt it—I sometimes tremble to think that possibly there may be other reasons than those which you assign, for resisting not only my own passionate entreaties, but those

of my mother; the often expressed and anxious wishes of my father, (as he himself, over and over again, told your brother,) of all my family, of your family and friends. Heavens, it alarms me to recapitulate in this way! Why, whom else is there, dear, dearest Kate, to consult? Yield, yield, to the impulse of your own pure, and gentle, and generous heart, and throw to the winds the absurd fancies—the doubts and fears—with which you torment both yourself and me! How I wish, if I am to suffer in this grievous way, that you were a shade—ay, even so, a shade less delicate—not quite so high-minded! You are so to a pitch that, really—really is morbid! It makes my very heart bleed (and you ought not willingly to give me pain) to hear you talk of your being portionless—a beggar. I have scarce patience to write the words. Why, if it were even so, what would money signify to me? Oh, Catharine, be but mine, and I am the happiest, the richest, the proudest man in the country. But what am I saying? Perhaps Miss Aubrey is reading that which I scarcely know how I am writing with a cold and angry look. If so, I had better conclude; I have exhausted all the language at my command, and if it has been only to offend you, what a cruel condition is mine!” Here Miss Aubrey again laid down the letter, and again burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly. Once more she resumed:—“It may seem cruel of me to write thus at a moment when your heart is bleeding for your brother—your noble, high-minded brother; but in remembering him, do not forget me; and if remembering me should in any way injure the interests of your brother, forget me, if you will. O Kate! God knows what sleepless nights and days of anxiety your brother’s cruel misfortunes have cost us! Why, oh why, cannot I persuade you, that this Castle is large enough for all of us? I am writing on—and on—and on—as if I love were setting off to a distant country, never to return. O Kate, think you could but see the agony of grief and love in which I took up, and now lay down, my pen!”

Miss Aubrey, quite overcome by her feelings, hastily folded up the letter, replaced it whence she had taken it, and sobbed bitterly. Alas, what additional poignancy did this give to the agonies of her last evening at Yatton! She had, however, become somewhat calmer by the time that she heard the door hastily, but gently tapped at, and then attempted to be opened. Miss Aubrey rose and unbolted it, and Mrs. Aubrey entered, her beautiful countenance as pale and sad as that of her sister-in-law. She, however, was both wife and mother; and the various cares which these relations entailed upon her at a bitter moment like the present, served, in some measure, to occupy her thoughts, and prevent her from being absorbed by the heart-breaking circumstances which surrounded her. Suffering had, however, a little impaired her beauty; her cheek was very pale, and her eye and brow laden with trouble.

“Kate, dear Kate,” said she, rather quickly closing the door after her, “what is to be done? Did you hear carriage-wheels a few moments ago? Who do you think have arrived? As I fancied would be the case, the De la Zouches.” Miss Aubrey trembled and turned pale. “You must see—you must see—Lady De la Zouch, Kate—they have driven from Fotheringham on purpose to take a last farewell! ‘Tis very painful, but what can be done? You know what dear good friends they are.”

“Is Lord De la Zouch come, also?” inquired Miss Aubrey, apprehensively.

“I will not deceive you, dearest Kate, they are all come; but she only is in the house: they are gone out to look for Charles, who is walking in the park.” Miss Aubrey gave a sudden shudder; and after evidently a violent struggle with her feelings, the color having entirely deserted her face, and left it of an ashy whiteness, “I cannot muster up resolution enough, Agnes,” she whispered. “I know their errand.”

“Care not about their errand, love! You shall not be troubled—you shall not be persecuted.” Miss Aubrey shook her head, and grasped Mrs. Aubrey’s hand.

“They do not, they cannot persecute me. It is a cruel and harsh—and!—consider how noble, how disinterested is their conduct; it is that which subdues me.”

Mrs. Aubrey threw her arms round her agitated sister-in-law, and tenderly kissed her forehead.

“Oh, Agnes!” faltered Miss Aubrey, pressing her hand upon her heart, to relieve the intolerable oppression she suffered, “would to Heaven that I had never seen—never thought of him.”

“Don’t fear that he will attempt to see you on so sad an occasion as this. Delamere is a man of the utmost delicacy and generosity.”

“I know he is, I know he is,” gasped Miss Aubrey.

“Stay, I’ll tell you what to do; I’ll go down and return with Lady De la Zouch; we can see her here, undisturbed and alone, for a few moments; and then, nothing painful can occur. Shall I bring her?” she inquired, rising. Miss Aubrey did not dissent; and within a very few minutes’ time, Mrs. Aubrey returned, accompanied by Lady De la Zouch, rather an elderly woman, her countenance still handsome; of very dignified carriage, of an extremely mild disposition, and passionately fond of Miss Aubrey. Hastily drawing aside her veil as she entered the room, she stepped quickly up to Miss Aubrey, and for a few moments grasped her hands in silence.

“This is very sad work, Miss Aubrey,” said she at length, hurriedly glancing at the luggage lying piled up at the other end of the room. Miss Aubrey made no answer, but shook her head. “It was useless attempting it, we could not stay at home; we have risked being charged with cruel intrusion; forgive me, dearest, will you? They will not come near you!” Miss Aubrey trembled. “I feel as if I were parting with a daughter, Kate,” said Lady De la Zouch, with sudden emotion. “How your mamma and I loved one another!”

“For mercy’s sake, open the window; I feel suffocated,” faltered Miss Aubrey. Mrs. Aubrey threw up the window, and the cool, refreshing breeze of evening quickly diffused itself through the apartment, and revived the drooping spirits of Miss Aubrey, who walked gently to and fro about the room, supported by Lady De la Zouch and Mrs. Aubrey, and soon recovered a tolerable degree of composure. The three ladies presently stood, arm in arm, gazing through the deep bay-window at the fine and extensive prospect

which it commanded. The gloom of evening was beginning to steal over the landscape.

“How beautiful!” exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with a deep sigh.

“The window in the northern tower of the castle commands a still more extensive view,” said Lady De la Zouch. Miss Aubrey suddenly looked at her, and burst into tears. After standing gazing through the window for some time longer, they stepped down into the room, and were soon engaged in deep and earnest conversation.

For the last three weeks Mr. Aubrey had addressed himself with calmness and energy to the painful duties which had devolved upon him, of setting his house in order. Immediately after quitting the dinner-table that day—a mere nominal meal to himself, his wife, and sister—he had retired to the library, to complete the extensive and important arrangements consequent upon his abandonment of Yatton; and after about an hour thus occupied, he walked out to take a solitary—a melancholy—a last walk about the property. It was a moment that severely tried his fortitude; but that fortitude stood the trial. He was a man of lively sensibilities, and appreciated, to its utmost extent, the melancholy and alarming change that had come over his fortunes. Surely even the bluntest and coarsest feelings that ever tried to disguise and dignify themselves under the name of stoicism—to convert into bravery and fortitude a stupid, sullen insensibility—must have been not a little shaken by such scenes as Mr. Aubrey had had to pass through during the last few weeks—scenes which I do not choose to distress the reader’s feelings by dwelling upon in detail. Mr. Aubrey had no mean pretensions to real philosophy, but he had still juster pretensions to an infinitely higher character—that of a CHRISTIAN. He had a firm, unwavering conviction that whatever befell him, either of good or evil, was the ordination of the Almighty—infinite wisdom, infinitely good;—and this was the source of his fortitude and resignation. He felt himself here standing upon ground that was immovable.

To avert the misfortune which menaced him, he had neglected no rational and conscientious means. To retain the advantages of fortune and station to which he had believed himself born, he had made the most strenuous exertions consistent with a rigid sense of honor. What, indeed, could he have done that he had not done? He had caused the claims of his opponent to be subjected to as severe and skilful a scrutiny as the wit of man could suggest; and they had stood the test. Those claims, and his own, had been each of them placed in the scales of justice; those scales had been held up and poised by the pure and firm hands to which the laws of God, and of the country, had committed the administration of justice: on what ground could a just and reasonable man quarrel with or repine at the issue? And supposing that a perverse and subtle ingenuity in his legal advisers could have devised means for delaying his surrender of the property, to him who had been solemnly declared its true owner, what real and ultimate advantage could he have obtained by such a dishonorable line of conduct? Could the spirit of the Christian religion tolerate the bare idea of it? Could such purposes or intentions consist for one instant with the consciousness that the awful eye of God was always upon every thought of his mind, every feeling of his heart, every purpose of his will? A thorough and lively conviction of God’s moral government of the world secured him a happy composure—a glorious and immovable resolution; it enabled him to form a true estimate of things; it extracted the sting from grief and regret; it dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have settled portentously upon the future. Thus he had not “forgotten the exhortation which spoke unto him, as unto a child; My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.” And if, indeed, religion had not done this for Mr. Aubrey, what could it have done, what would it have been worth? It would have been that indeed which dull fools suppose it—a mere name, a melancholy delusion. What hopeless and lamentable imbecility would it not have argued, to have acknowledged the reality and influence of religion in the hour of prosperity—and to have doubted, distrusted, or denied it in the hour of adversity? When a child beholds the sun obscured by the dark clouds, he may think, in his simplicity, that it is gone for ever; but a MAN knows that behind is the sun, glorious as ever, and the next moment, the clouds having rolled away, its glorious warmth and light are again upon the earth. Thus it is, thought Aubrey, with humble but cheerful confidence, with the Almighty—who hath declared himself the “Father of the spirits of all flesh”—

“Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face!  
Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his works in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain!”

“Therefore, O my God!” thought Aubrey, as he gazed upon the lovely scenes familiar to him from his birth, and from which a few short hours were to separate him for ever, “I do acknowledge Thy hand in what hath befallen me, and Thy mercy which makes me to bear it, as from Thee.” The scene around him was tranquil and beautiful—inexpressibly beautiful. He stood under the shadow of a mighty elm-tree, the last of a long and noble avenue, which he had been pacing in deep thought for upwards of an hour. The ground was considerably elevated above the level of the rest of the park. No sound disturbed the serene repose of the approaching evening, except the distant and gradually diminishing sounds issuing from an old rookery, and the faint low bubbling of a clear streamlet that flowed not far from where he stood. Here and there, under the deepening shadows cast by the lofty trees, might be seen the glancing forms of deer, the only live things visible. “Life,” said Aubrey, with a sigh, as he leaned against the trunk of the grand old tree under which he stood, and gazed with a fond and anxious eye on the lovely scenes stretching before him, to which the subdued radiance of the departing sunlight communicated a tender, pensive air; “life is, in truth, what the Scriptures—what the voice of nature—represent it—a long journey, during which the traveller stops at many resting places. Some of them are more, others less beautiful; from some he parts with more, from others, with less regret: but part he must, and pursue his journey, though he may often turn back to gaze with lingering fondness and

admiration at the scene he has last quitted. The next stage may be—as all his journey might have been—bleak and desolation; but through that he is only passing; he will not be condemned to stay in it, as he was not permitted to dwell in the other; he is still journeying on, along a route which he cannot mistake, to the point of his destination, his journey's end—the shores of the vast ocean of eternity—his HOME!"

Such were the thoughts passing through the mind of Aubrey.

And what, MEN OF THE WORLD, as—knowing not how significantly—you call yourselves—what would be your thoughts, what would you have done, if upon you had suddenly descended the stroke which has fallen upon this CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN—surely, at least, your equal in intellect, in accomplishments, in refinement, in personal honor, in station, and in fortune? What would become of many of you, unable any longer to indulge, some in the refined, others in the coarse profligacy, which hath at last become essential to your characters and existence? And of you, frivolous followers of fashion? Glittering insects! struck to the earth out of your artificial elevation, as the sudden shower beats down the butterfly—what can you do, but lie there and be crushed? How can you exist without—that can console or compensate you for the want of—the clubs, the opera, the gaming-table, the betting-stand—your French cooks and mistresses, your gay dress and equipage, the brilliant ball-room, the sparkling wines, the splendid dinner-table? Alas, these gone, what and where are you? What is to become of you? What is left you upon earth—emasculate both in mind and body? Are you fit for conflict with your gaunt and dismaying opponent—ADVERSITY? Those of you who can think and reflect, be it ever so little, what is there to console you in the view of the past? Is it not steeped in sensuality, disfigured with debauchery? And what have you to hope for from the future? Where are now your old friends and companions? Vain and presumptuous wretch, are you any longer in a condition to be recognised by them? Remember, you have had your day, and the night cometh!

Not thus was it with Aubrey!

The deepening shadows of evening warned him to retrace his steps to the hall. Before quitting the spot upon which he had been so long standing, he turned his head a little towards the right, to take a last view of an object which called forth tender and painful feeling—it was the old sycamore which his sister's intercession had saved from the axe. There it stood, feeble and venerable object! its leafless silvery-grey branches becoming dim and indistinct, yet contrasting touchingly with the verdant strength of those by its side. A neat strong fence had been placed around it; but how much longer would it receive such care and attention? Aubrey thought of the comparison which had been made by his sister, and sighed as he looked his last at the old tree, and then slowly walked on towards the hall. When about half-way down the avenue, he beheld two figures apparently approaching him, but undistinguishable in the gloom and the distance. As they neared him, he recognised Lord De la Zouch, and Mr. Delamere. Suspecting the object of their visit, which a little surprised him, since they had taken a final leave, and a very affecting one, the day before, he felt a little anxiety and embarrassment. Nor was he entirely mistaken. Lord De la Zouch, who advanced alone towards Aubrey,—Mr. Delamere turning back—most seriously pressed his son's suit for the hand of Miss Aubrey, as he had often done before; declaring, that though he wished a year or two first to elapse, during which his son might complete his studies at Oxford, there was no object dearer to the heart of Lady De la Zouch and himself, than to see Miss Aubrey become their daughter-in-law. "Where," said Lord De la Zouch, with much energy, "is he to look elsewhere for such a union of beauty, of accomplishments, of amiability, of high-mindedness?" After a great deal of animated conversation on this subject, during which Mr. Aubrey assured Lord De la Zouch that he would say every thing which he honorably could to induce his sister to entertain, or at all events, not to discard the suit of Delamere; at the same time reminding him of the firmness of her character, and the hopelessness of attempting to change any determination to which she had been led by her sense of delicacy and honor—Lord De la Zouch addressed himself in a very earnest manner to matters more immediately relating to the personal interests of Mr. Aubrey; entered with lively anxiety into all his future plans and purposes: and once more pressed upon him the acceptance of most munificent offers of pecuniary assistance, which, with many fervent expressions of gratitude, Aubrey again declined. But he pledged himself to communicate freely with Lord De la Zouch, in the event of an occasion arising for such assistance as his lordship had already so generously volunteered. By this time Mr. Delamere had joined them, regarding Mr. Aubrey with infinite earnestness and apprehension. All, however, he said, was—and in a hurried manner to his father—"My mother has sent me to say that she is waiting for you in the carriage, and wishes that we should immediately return." Lord De la Zouch and his son again took leave of Mr. Aubrey. "Remember, my dear Aubrey, remember the pledges you have repeated this evening," said the former. "I do, I will!" replied Mr. Aubrey, as they each wrung his hands; and then, having grasped those of Lady De la Zouch, who sat within the carriage powerfully affected, the door was shut; and they were quickly borne away from the presence and the residence of their afflicted friends. While Mr. Aubrey stood gazing after them, with folded arms, in an attitude of melancholy abstraction, at the hall door, he was accosted by Dr. Tatham, who had come to him from the library, where he had been, till a short time before, busily engaged reducing into writing various matters which had been the subject of conversation between himself and Mr. Aubrey during the day.

RATHER SEVERE.—A young buck of the soap-lock order, who wore an unshaven face, because, as he said, it looked "foreign," lately accosted a Yankee at one of our hotels as follows:

"I say, fellow, some individuals think I am a Frenchman, and some take me for an 'Etalyene,' now what do you think I am."

"I think you are a darned fool," replied Jonathan.

## London Quarterly Review.

### AMERICAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN.

[Concluded.]

Henry Clay, the son of a Virginian clergyman, was born in 1777. His early career coincides with that of Sir Samuel Romilly in three particulars: his education was neglected, he was placed in the office of a chancery clerk, and (like Curran also) he broke down when he first attempted to address an audience: "In his first attempt," we are told, "he was much embarrassed, and saluted the president of the society (a debating club) with the technical phrase, *Gentlemen of the Jury*; but gaining confidence as he proceeded, he burst the trammels of his youthful diffidence, and clothing his thoughts in appropriate language, gave utterance to an animated and eloquent address. He soon obtained an extensive and lucrative practice, and the reputation which the superiority of his genius acquired was maintained by his legal knowledge and practical accuracy."

After acquiring distinction as an advocate, he made his first appearance as a political speaker in the state legislature, and was soon afterwards elected a member of the national senate. Since that period he has taken an active part in discussing or effectuating most of the great measures completed or contemplated by the government of the United States. He has been employed on diplomatic missions, has filled a cabinet office, been twice a candidate for the presidency, and at the present moment the leadership of the "Whig" party in Congress lies between him and Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay, as secretary-at-war under J. Q. Adams, zealously urged the recognition of the South American States; he hailed "the glorious spectacle of eighteen millions of people struggling to burst their chains and to be free," and his biographer, in "The National Portrait Gallery," now arrogates for him the honor of having called a new world into existence. "That honor belongs not to George Canning, as a reference to dates will show: if there be glory due to any one mortal man more than to others, for rousing the sympathies of free men for a people struggling to be free, that glory is due to Henry Clay, although he has never had the vanity to say so himself: his exertions won the consent of the American people to sustain the President in the decisive stand which he took when the great European powers contemplated an intervention on behalf of Spain, and it was that which decided Great Britain in the course which she pursued. The Spanish American States have acknowledged their gratitude to Mr. Clay by public acts. His speeches have been read at the head of their armies, and his name will find as durable a place in the history of the South American republics as in the records of his native land." This is a recurrence of the old error. The Americans are fully persuaded that the great European powers are constantly watching the policy of the United States with a view to the direction of their own, though, in point of fact, they think much less of it than they ought to do, and hardly ever reckon it as more than a makeweight in their system of balances. How can a nation, powerless for aggressive warfare, expect to influence sovereigns who can bring half a million of men into the field?

The tariff, however, is Mr. Clay's peculiar hobby; and he might, with much more plausibility, be called the founder of the restrictive laws called "the American system," than the originator of a grand stroke of European statesmanship.

Mr. Clay must be heard and seen to be appreciated. His person is tall and commanding; his action graceful and dignified; and his voice possesses such compass and variety, that we have heard it compared to a band of music. Miss Martineau speaks of "his small grey eye and placid half-smile redeeming his face from its usual unaccountable commonness." But this lady's descriptions are rarely confirmed by eye-witnesses. Clearness of statement is one of his chief merits; and this, added to some general resemblance in bearing, is probably the reason why Lord Lyndhurst, when he rises in the House of Lords, so frequently reminds Americans of Mr. Clay. The following is the best specimen of his style within our reach:

"During all this time the parasites of opposition do not fail, by cunning sarcasm or sly innuendo, to throw out the idea of French influence, which is known to be false, which ought to be met in one manner only, and that is by the lie direct. The administration of this country devoted to foreign influence! The administration of this country subservient to France! Great God! what a charge! how is it so influenced? By what ligament, on what basis, on what possible foundation does it rest? Is it similarity of language? No! we speak different tongues—we speak the English language. On the resemblance of our laws? No! the sources of our jurisprudence spring from another and a different country. On commercial intercourse? No! we have comparatively none with France. Is it from the correspondence in the genius of the two governments? No! here alone is the liberty of man secure from the inexorable despotism which everywhere else tramples it under foot. Where, then, is the ground of such an influence? But, Sir, I am insulting you by arguing on such a subject. Yet, preposterous and ridiculous as the insinuation is, it is propagated with so much industry, that there are persons found foolish and credulous enough to believe it. You will, no doubt, think it incredible (but I have nevertheless been told it as a fact), that an honorable member of this House, now in my eye, recently lost his election by the circulation of a silly story in his district, that he was the first cousin of the emperor Napoleon. The proof of the charge rested on a statement of facts, which was undoubtedly true. The gentleman in question, it was alleged, had married a connexion of the lady of the President of the United States, who was the intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, who, some years ago, was in the habit of wearing red French breeches. Now, taking these premises as established, you, Mr. Chairman, are too good a logician not to see that the conclusion necessarily follows!"

\* The National Portrait Gallery.

Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachusetts, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and was drawing large audiences as a Unitarian preacher. At twenty-one (the age at which Roger Ascham achieved a similar distinction) he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and soon afterwards he made a tour of Europe, including Greece. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best. On his return from his travels he lectured on Greek literature with the enthusiasm and success of another Abelard—we hope, without the Heloise.

In the United States the clerical (so called) profession is taken up or thrown off almost at pleasure. Mr. Everett got so sick of it during his early trials, that he retains a marked aversion to a pulpit, and generally insists upon a stage or rostrum when he has to deliver an anniversary discourse. He was eight years a member of Congress, and on his retiring was made Governor of Massachusetts; but, failing to get re-elected in 1839, he has since lived in comparative retirement. We are not sorry to add that he owes no inconsiderable portion of his fame to the "North American Review," to which (like his accomplished brother) he has been for many years a frequent and distinguished contributor. Indeed his celebrated article on Greece might be quoted as one of the best specimens of his eloquence.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator are a clear, sweet voice and a prodigious memory; to which Mr. Sydney Smith's description of Mackintosh's might apply: "His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected." He delivers his lectures and orations with the manuscript before him, but seldom or never has occasion to refer to it, and the effect is consequently fully equal to that of improvisation. It is admitted, however, that he failed in Congress; and his addresses, literary and commemorative, are rather eloquent pieces of writing than orations in the popular acceptance of the term. They are graceful, polished, imaginative, high-toned and flowing, with a kind of Oiceronian richness and redundancy; but the condensing power is wanting, and there is no such thing as effective oratory without that.

Mr. Everett is hardly a match for Mr. Macaulay either as a speaker or a writer, though his style is not equally open to the objection of sameness; but they resemble each other in one striking particular. Their written compositions read like orations—their orations sound like written compositions: with a slight change in the commencement and conclusion, the speech becomes a critical essay, or the critical essay a speech; and both, with all their undoubted excellence, remind us of those ingenious patent contrivances which are constructed with a peculiar view to this sort of metamorphosis—the walking-stick, for example, which does duty as a fishing-rod when the head and ferule are screwed off.\*

One of the first productions which brought Mr. Everett into notice was a discourse delivered at an academical society in the presence of Lafayette in 1824. The personal appeal to the illustrious visitor is a failure, but the discourse contains some great truths finely stated. For example:

"Our country is called, as it is, practical; but this is the element for intellectual action. No strongly-marked and high-toned literature, poetry, eloquence, or ethics, ever appeared but in the pressure, the din, and crowd of great interests, great enterprises, and perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. Statesmen, and warriors, and poets, and orators, and artists, start up under one and the same excitement. They are all branches of one stock. They form, and cheer, and stimulate; and, what is worth all the rest, understand each other; and it is as truly the sentiment of the student in the recesses of his cell, as of the soldier in the ranks, which breathes in the exclamation—

"To all the sons of sense proclaim,  
One glorious hour of crowded life  
Is worth an age without a name."

The ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo, of Louis the Fourteenth, of Elizabeth, of Anne, pass in review before us as we dwell upon this splendid stanza of Sir Walter Scott's. All these in one sense might be termed revolutionary periods, for the minds of men had been violently up-stirred, and society was still rocking from the consequences of the shock. But what has this to do with the present condition of the people of the United States, who are practical as the population of Birmingham are practical?—and the sole magnets of intellect that distinguished community has sent forth are Mr. Joseph Parkes, Mr. Attwood, and Mr. Muntz, who are only just fit to illustrate an age of brass.

Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, which it expands the mind and charms the imagination to dwell upon, but he has produced nothing more impressive than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first settlers:

"I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy



late? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?"

"Every orator before us has tried his hand at this topic, and put forth all his strength to heighten the contrast between the past and present condition of the colonies. But how infinitely inferior are all of them to Burke! The passage is familiar to the reader of taste; but as we shall have occasion to allude to it again, we think it best to save the trouble of reference:—

"Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of its progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. . . . If, amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honor and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him,—"Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day."

If the invitations to these annual spouting-matches were headed with this passage, or it were inscribed on a plain tablet on the traditional landing-place at Plymouth, we cannot help thinking that a great deal of useless trouble might be saved. How well it justifies the remark of Fox: "I cannot bear this thing in anybody but Burke, and he cannot help it."

Daniel Webster was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. Like the Dean of St. Patrick's, and many others besides, he showed no signs of talent in early youth, and it was contrary to the wishes of his family that he undertook the study of the law. He was called to the bar in 1805, and began the practice of his profession in a small village, but removed in 1807 to Portsmouth, the capital of the county, where he soon acquired celebrity. He became a member of Congress in 1812, and distinguished himself by his exertions to place the currency of the United States on a sound footing. In 1816, his pecuniary means having been much straitened by the consequences of a fire, he removed to Boston, and gave up all his time to his profession. The experiment was attended with complete success, and in a very short period his practice equalled that of any member of the American bar.

Many of his law-arguments are good specimens of this kind of composition; but his speech on the prosecution of Knapp (tried for murder), from which Miss Martineau quotes largely, and with high commendation, appears to us more remarkable for affectation than force: e. g.

"The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temples, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.—He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!"

"Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.' True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later."

Miss Martineau informs us that, on the eve of the trial, Mr. Webster asked whether there was anything remarkable about any of the jury. The answer was, that the foreman was a man of remarkably tender conscience, and Miss Martineau entertains no doubt that the concluding passage was intended for his especial benefit:

"A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the

darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

We suspect that in general such considerations are as well suppressed in an address to a jury. If there be a delicate conscience it needs no stimulus to act—and a dull one will be more sensible to arguments of a more mundane sort. The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested by pickpockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts were open and from whom no secrets were hid; "but last," he added, "there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers on the look-out."

During the period of his retirement, Mr. Webster found time to write for the North American Review an answer to ours on the American law of debtor and creditor. (Q. R., May, 1819.) We have no wish to revive the controversy, and shall therefore content ourselves with bearing willing testimony to the tone and taste of Mr. Webster's observations. Some of them may surprise such of our readers as are not aware that the most enlightened of the American statesmen are fully alive to the importance of the grand principle on which alone good government can be based in any country:

"If the property cannot retain the political power, the political power will draw after it the property. If orator Hunt and his fellow-laborers should, by any means, obtain more political influence in the counties, towns and boroughs of England, than the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Stafford, Lord Fitzwilliam, and other noblemen and gentlemen of great landed estates, these estates would inevitably change hands. At least so it seems to us; and therefore, when Sir Francis Burdett, the Marquis of Tavistock, and other individuals of rank and fortune, propose to introduce into the government annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we can hardly forbear inquiring whether they are ready to agree that property should be as equally divided as political power; and if not, how they expect to sever things which to us appear to be intimately connected."

Sir Francis Burdett has come to a different conclusion since the Reform Bill experiment, and so, we believe, have most of the other individuals of rank and fortune alluded to; but, unluckily, he is the only one amongst them who has had the manliness to act upon his convictions.

At the end of seven years, Mr. Webster had gained enough to justify his return to public life; and in January, 1823, he delivered one of the speeches which have done most towards the diffusion of his fame—a speech in favor of the Greeks. The following passage is much and justly admired:

"It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can we do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? No, certainly not. What then, the question recurs, remains for us? If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power?"

"Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliance even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,  
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

"Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadix; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind."

Strange inconsistency! this passage is applauded, learnt by heart, and recited by the whole rising generation, in a land which doggedly retains millions of human beings in the most degrading state of slavery, in direct defiance of the opinion of the world!

The people of the United States are proud of having fulfilled one poetic promise; when will they fulfil another, made for them by a poet who never let slip an opportunity of showing kindness to an American?

"Assembling here, all nations shall be blest,  
The sad be comforted, the weary rest;  
Untouched shall drop the fetters from the slave,  
And He shall rule the world he died to save."

Or when will an American orator be permitted to rise to the height of the magnificent piece of declamation which gave Mr. Webster the framework of his best passage?

In 1826 Mr. Webster was elected a member of the Senate, and in 1833 the same honor was conferred upon him. This is the field in which he has gathered most of his laurels; his resistance to the nullifying doctrines of the South Carolina delegates having been the principal means of preserving the entirety of the Union, which was seriously endangered by the threatened resistance of that state. Mr. Webster's profound knowledge of the constitution gave him a decided advantage in the resulting contest with Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Hayne, who were both antagonists of a calibre to call forth all his energies. His chief speech, in answer to Mr. Hayne, occupied three days in the delivery, and abounds in fine passages, besides giving ample evidence of his power as a debater in the English sense. For example:

"I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard to whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurences, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state, or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

"Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past—let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered."

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk and tear at it—if folly and madness—if unbusiness under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle (Boston) in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it: and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

The extract relating to Greece contains a quotation from Milton, and the last a paraphrase of Dryden. These, with Shakspeare, form the bulk of Mr. Webster's poetical reading; and we are by no means sure that it is useful for an orator to be familiar with any poets but those which are in the mouths and memories of the people; for what avail allusions which it requires notes or an appendix to explain?

It is obvious, however, that he has made a careful study of the best English orators, particularly Burke. The following instances of resemblance, in the hands of a sharp critic, might be converted into plausible proofs of plagiarism.

Mr. Webster speaks of "affections which, running backwards, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity;" and Burke says, "they seldom look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors." The appeal to Lafayette, in the speech on laying the cornerstone of the Bunker's Hill monument,—"Fortunate, fortunate man! with what increase of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! you are connected with two hemispheres and with two generations,"—is only a fresh application of the allusion to Lord Bathurst. In the same speech (p. 72) we find—"Like the mariner, whom the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course, and lighted his pathless way, descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward, till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight." This was evidently suggested by an image which the late Charles Butler terms the finest in modern oratory: "Even then, Sir, before this splendid orb was entirely set, and whilst the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, in an opposite quarter

\* A collection of Mr. Macaulay's writings has been recently published in America, apparently without his leave.

of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant."

But many others have been laid under contribution besides Burke. A passage in the eulogium of Adams and Jefferson beginning—"Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish although they water it and protect it no longer"—probably owed something to the noble peroration of Grattan: "The spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted," &c. The passage beginning—"Is any man so weak as to hope for a reconciliation," &c.—is almost a translation from the Philippics of Demosthenes. The invocation against slavery—"I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice and all who minister at her altar,"—is borrowed from Lord Chatham's "I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution." The sudden and effective turn in the peroration of his speech for Prescott—"For myself, I am willing here to relinquish the character of an advocate, and to express opinions by which I am willing to be bound as a citizen of the community"—is imitated from Erskine, in his defence of Captain Bailey: "My lords, I address you no longer as an advocate, but as a man, as a member of that state whose very existence depends upon her naval power."

This peroration is one of those which American school-boys recite on holiday occasions; and the circumstance is always worthy of note as an indication of popular taste.

Mr. Webster's taste is not uniformly refined, and he is by no means nice in his choice of language: but then his style is not of the feeble order which depends upon the collocation of an epithet; it is of granite strength and texture; and, if his asperities were polished off, would still present the solidity of the rock. His voice is one of extraordinary power; his personal appearance, as many of our readers can bear testimony, is singularly impressive—nay grand; his dark, deep-set eyes blaze with lustre when he is animated, and his broad, black, overhanging eyebrows, in particular, give an almost unnatural air of energy and determination to his face. We may be pardoned for adding that his unaffected simplicity and perfect modesty as well as dignity of bearing in society, were universally appreciated during his late visit to Great Britain.

Miss Martineau speaks of his "indolent, pleasure-loving disposition;" and it is a common saying in the United States, that "Webster must be pushed." Just so Dumont describes Mirabeau's manner as "un peu trainante" till he got under weigh—*jusqu'à ce qu'il se fut animé et que les soufflets de la forge fussent en fonction*. Lord Chatham used frequently to speak in a careless manner, and in an undertone, for a quarter of an hour or more at a time, and then break out into one of his brilliant passages. Lord Brougham would often take as long to get clear of the long-entangled sentences—parenthesis within parenthesis—with which it was his pleasure to begin: but then it is our firm conviction that he often finds himself upon his legs without having made up his mind as to what he is going to say.

In compliance with the suggestion of David Hume,—who says that criticism is nearly useless unless the critic quotes innumerable examples,—we have given specimens enough to enable our readers to form an opinion for themselves regarding the degree of excellence attained by the public speakers of the United States; but we have naturally been more anxious to illustrate their merits than their demerits, and must be pardoned, therefore, for briefly noting their two prominent defects, which otherwise could hardly be collected from this article. These are their lengthiness (to borrow one of their own words) and their magniloquence. Few American orators appear to have the slightest notion that too many words or topics may be employed, or that an effect may be produced by simplicity. Reversing the method of Demosthenes—who, according to Lord Brougham, never came back upon the same ground, and always ended quietly—they never know when they have said enough, and generally conclude, like a melodrama, with a blaze.

It is an ordinary occurrence in Congress for a member to speak two or three days, and his fellow-members make it a point to listen, or at least to suffer it with decency. Captain Hall recommended the introduction of coughing, but was told that the state of manners did not admit of such a sure. Some Kentucky representative might adopt the late Mr. Richard Martin's example, and propose a bullet as "the best pill for the honorable gentleman's complaint;" or a dozen bowie-knives might start from their sheaths to revenge a catarrh that threatened him with insult. Besides, as we formerly observed, the evil is inherent in the very nature of a strictly representative system, and is beginning to be felt in the English House of Commons to a formidable extent.

"All laws," says M. de Tocqueville, "which tend to make the representative more dependent on the elector, not only affect the conduct of the legislature, but also their language. They exercise a simultaneous influence on affairs themselves, and on the manner in which affairs are discussed. There is hardly a member of Congress who can make up his mind to go home without having despatched at least one speech to his constituents, nor who will endure any interruption until he has introduced into his harangue whatever useful suggestions may be made touching the four-and-twenty states of which the Union is composed, and especially the district which he represents."

When an orator has got his audience bound hand and foot, it is not in human nature to be merciful, and it is consequently no matter of astonishment to find the best speakers almost as unsparring as the worst. After dining for the first time in company with one of their greatest men when visiting London, the reflection suggested to an acute observer by his mode of delivering his opinions, was, that time must be of comparatively little value in America. To test the justice of the remark, apply the criterion which Mr. Rogers has applied to so many distinguished authors with such success.

This most elegant and correct of writers, with a taste matured by the constant study of the classics of our tongue, has amused his leisure hours by trying into how small a compass wit, wisdom, and eloquence may be packed. The notes to the last edition of his poems are not merely treasure-houses of anecdote and illustration, but admirable

\* Rogers, *The Voyage of Columbus*.

† *Orator's Speech for Archibald Hamilton Rowan*.—"No matter in what language his doom may be pronounced," &c. &c.

studies in composition for those who will be at the pains of ascertaining the language in which the same thoughts or incidents have been expressed or related by others. A good instance is afforded by his version of a now familiar incident, as compared with that of Mr. Wordsworth or (what can induce this young and really able writer to challenge such comparisons?) Mr. Milnes:—

"You admire that picture," said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life,—I have sat at my meals before it for seven-and-forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in the time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows."—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 212.

Mr. Wordsworth gives twenty-three lines of blank verse to this story, and Mr. Milnes seven stanzas of four lines each:—

"Stranger! I have received my daily meal  
In this good company now three score years,  
And thou, whoever thou art, canst hardly feel  
How time these lifeless images endears," &c. &c.

Mr. Rogers has also compressed the famous passage from Burke (quoted *ante* p. 41) into less than half of its original dimensions. This, however, is a doubtful experiment. Burke was a rich and full but not a wordy speaker; and almost every epithet has an individual aim, and serves to point, amplify, or modify the thought. Moreover, sentences are rather hard of digestion; and, considering how modern popular assemblies are composed, it would seldom be safe to calculate on that intuitive quickness of perception which takes in a fine image at a hint, or bolts a long train of reasoning in a syllogism. Does the bare *cooper naphos* of Demosthenes fill the mind like the "one black cloud," which "hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains"—or was Lord Erskine wrong in rating amongst Foxe's highest merits his mode of passing and re-passing the same topics "in the most unforeseen and fascinating review?" But after making all fair allowances for audience and occasion, it is not going too far to say that the best American orators might be advantageously reduced a third—many two-thirds—and some, if nothing were left but what the sense or sentiment required, would shrink down into a resemblance to the little Dutch governor, mentioned by Knickerbocker, who pined away so rapidly, that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury.

The constant straining after effect is another of their obvious failings: they have no notion of repose or simplicity: they never stand at ease: they live, and move, and have their being upon stilts. *Action, action, action*, says the Greek: *Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor*, cries the American. "Get money," says the old-world adage, "honestly if you can—at all events get money,"—*quocunque modo rem*. "Be eloquent," says the American, "naturally if you can—at all events be eloquent." The German professor (we suspect, Dr. von Raumer) was found jumping over the chairs and tables to make himself lively, and the Transatlantic orator may be seen slapping his forehead, beating his breast, puffing, blowing, and perspiring, to make himself sublime. There cannot be a stronger proof of their weakness in this particular than the fact of the Irish looking tame, chaste, and abstemious alongside of them. It will readily be admitted that the natives of the Green Isle are fond of flowers, and not over-nice in their selection, but they do not insist upon passing off faded or artificial ones as fresh bouquets of their own gathering. They invoke the genius of their country too often, and lay too many chaplets on her shrine, but they are not eternally dancing round her (like the philanthropists in the Anti-jacobin) with sunflowers and hollyhocks in their hands.

Here, also, M. de Tocqueville has his theory ready; as for what anomaly has he not? In this instance, however, he has clearly been led astray by his love of generalizing:

"In democratic communities each citizen is habitually engaged in the contemplation of a very puny object, namely, himself. If he ever raises his looks higher, he then perceives nothing but the universal form of society at large, or the still more imposing aspect of mankind. His ideas are all either extremely minute and clear, or extremely general and vague: what lies between is an open void. When he has been drawn out of his own sphere, therefore, he always expects the same amazing object will be offered to his attention; and it is on these terms alone that he consents to tear himself for an instant from the paltry, complicated cares which form the charm and excitement of his life."

With all due deference to M. de Tocqueville, we should say that the attention of such a citizen would be more likely to be attracted by simple domestic pictures and practical good sense than by sublime flights or large general views; that he would prefer Crabbe to Wordsworth, and Tierney to Burke. As to his perceiving nothing but society or mankind in the abstract, he cannot raise his eyes without seeing ships, shops, and crops—the outward and visible signs of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; public works and public men; the wonders of art and nature; General Jackson and the falls of Niagara. In fact, the mixture of jealousy and self-complacency with which the citizens of the United States are wont to contemplate such things, affords a much more plausible solution of the mystery. The English are a proud nation; the Americans a vain one. The English care little what foreigners think or say of them; the Americans care a great deal. The English bide their time, or repose upon their laurels; the Americans fret, fume, and play the frog in the fable, in the vain hope of arriving *per saltum*, at the same height of intellectual and political superiority. In our opinion, their commemorative discourses are alone sufficient to vitiate both their feelings and their style. On the anniversaries of the landing at Plymouth, the declaration of independence, the battle of Bunker's Hill, and many other interesting events of the same kind, all the orators of the country, bad, good and indifferent, are regularly set to work to abuse

\* Democracy in America, part the Second, vol. iii. p. 189. English Translation.

† See the chapter entitled—*Of the inflated style of American orators and writers*.

England, and glorify their own great, good, wise, free and unpretending democracy. The ordinary images and topics being long ago exhausted, exaggeration is the order of the day; and the more inflated the language the better, when national vanity is to be pampered and commonplaces are to be attractively dished up. At the same time there is surely no necessity for going into any refined or recondite train of speculation to show why, speaking generally, our Transatlantic friends (if they will allow us to call them so) want taste, which is the sum and substance of the charge.

## Recent Literature.

GUY FAWKES.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Author of 'Rookwood,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Crichton,' &c.

CHAPTER V....The Capture of Viviana.

On the morning after his encounter with Guy Fawkes, Humphrey Chetham, accompanied by Martin Heydocke, took his way to Lambeth Marsh. With a throbbing heart he approached the miserable dwelling he knew to be inhabited by Viviana, and could scarcely summon courage to knock at the door. His first summons not being answered, he repeated it more loudly, and he then perceived the face of Father Oldcorne at the window, who, having satisfied himself that it was a friend, admitted him and his attendant.

"You were expected, my son," said the priest, after a friendly greeting. "Guy Fawkes has prepared Viviana for your coming."

"Will she not see me?" demanded the young merchant, uneasily.

"I believe so," replied Oldcorne. "But I will apprise her of your arrival. Be seated, my son."

He then carefully fastened the door, and repaired to Viviana's chamber, leaving Chetham in that state of tremor and anxiety which a lover, hoping to behold his mistress, only knows.

It was some time before Viviana appeared, and the young merchant, whose heart beat violently at the sound of her footsteps, was startled by the alteration in her looks, and the extreme coldness of her manner. Oldcorne was with her, and motioning Martin Heydocke to follow him, the youthful pair were left alone.

"You desire to see me, I am given to understand, sir," observed Viviana, in a freezing tone.

"I have journeyed to London for that express purpose," replied Humphrey Chetham, tremulously.

"I am much beholden to you, sir," returned Viviana, in the same repelling tone as before; "but I regret you should have taken so much trouble on my account."

"To serve you is happiness, not trouble, Viviana," replied Humphrey Chetham, ardently; "and I am overjoyed at finding an opportunity of proving my devotion."

"I have yet to learn what service I must thank you for," she returned.

"I can scarcely say that I am warranted in thus intruding upon you," replied Chetham, greatly abashed; "but, having learnt from my servant, Martin Heydocke, that Doctor Dee had set out for London, with the view of seeking you out, and withdrawing you from your present associates, I was determined to be beforehand with him, and to acquaint you, if possible, with his intentions."

"What you say surprises me," replied Viviana. "Doctor Dee has no right to interfere with my actions. Nor should I obey him were he to counsel me, as is scarcely probable, to quit my companions."

"I know not what connection there may be between you to justify the interposition of his authority," replied Chetham, "neither did I tarry to inquire. But, presuming from what I heard, that he would attempt to exercise some control over you, I set out at once, and, without guide to your retreat, or the slightest knowledge of it, was fortunate enough, on the very night of my arrival in London, to chance upon Guy Fawkes, who directed me to you."

"I am aware of it," was the chilling answer.

"I will not avouch," pursued Chetham, passionately, "that I have not been actuated as much by an irrepressible desire to see you again, as by anxiety to apprise you of Doctor Dee's coming. I wanted only a slight excuse to myself to induce me to yield to my inclinations. Your departure made me wretched. I thought I had more control over myself. But I find I cannot live without you."

"Alas! alas!" cried Viviana, in a troubled tone, and losing all her self-command. "I expected this. Why—why did you come?"

"I have told you my motive," replied Chetham; "but, oh! do not reproach me!"

"I do not desire to do so," returned Viviana, with a look of agony. "I bitterly reproach myself that I cannot meet you as of old. But I would rather—far rather have encountered Doctor Dee, had he come hither resolved to exert all his magical power to force me away, than have met you."

"Have I unwittingly offended you, Viviana?" asked Chetham, in astonishment.

"Oh! no—no—no!" she replied, "you have not offended me; but—"

"But what?" he cried, anxiously.

"I would rather have died than see you," she answered.

"I will not inquire wherefore," rejoined Chetham, "because I too well divine the cause. I am no longer what I was to you."

"Press this matter no further, I pray of you," returned Viviana, in much confusion, and blushing deeply. "I shall ever esteem you—ever feel the warmest gratitude to you. And what matters it whether my heart is estranged from you or not, since I can never wed you?"

"What matters it?" repeated the young merchant, in accents of despair—"it matters much. Drowning love will cling to straws. The thought that I was beloved by you, though I could never hope to possess your hand, reconciled me, in some degree, to my fate. But now," he added, covering his face with his hands—"now, my heart is crushed."



"Nay, say not so," cried Viviana, in a voice of the deepest emotion. "I do love you—as a sister."

"That is small comfort," rejoined Chetham, bitterly. "I echo your own wish. Would we had never met again! I might, at least, have deluded myself into the belief that you loved me."

"It would have been better so," she returned. "I would inflict pain on no one—far less on you, whom I regard so much, and to whom I owe so much."

"You owe me nothing, Viviana," rejoined Chetham. "All I desired was to serve you. In the midst of the dangers we have shared together, I felt no alarm except for your sake. I have done nothing—nothing. Would I had died for you!"

"Calm yourself, sir, I entreat you," she returned. "You did love me once?" demanded Chetham, suddenly.

"I thought so," she answered.

The young merchant uttered an exclamation of anguish, and a mournful pause ensued, broken only by his groans.

"Answer me, Viviana," he said, turning abruptly upon her—"answer me, and in mercy, answer truly—do you love another?"

"It is a question I cannot answer," she replied, becoming ashy pale.

"Your looks speak for you!" he vociferated, in a terrible tone—"you do! His name?—his name?—that I may wreak my vengeance upon him."

"Your violence terrifies me," returned Viviana, withdrawing the hand he had seized. "I must put an end to this interview."

"Pardon me, Viviana!" cried Chetham, falling on his knees before her—"in pity pardon me. I am not myself. I shall be calmer presently. But if you knew the anguish of the wound you have inflicted, you would not add to it."

"Heaven knows I would not!" she returned, motioning him to rise. "And, if it will lighten your suffering, know that the love I feel for another—if love, indeed, it be—is as hopeless as your own. But it is not a love of which even you could be jealous. It is a higher and a holier passion. It is affection mixed with admiration, and purified from all its grossness. It is more, perhaps, than the love of a daughter for her father—but it is nothing more. I shall never wed him I love—could not if I would. Nay, I would shun him, if I did not feel that the hour will soon come when the extent of my affection must be proved."

"This is strange sophistry," returned Chetham; "and you may deceive yourself by it, but you cannot deceive me. You love as all ardent natures do love. But in what way do you mean to prove your affection?"

"Perhaps by the sacrifice of my life," she answered.

"I can tell you who is the object of your affections!" said Chetham. "It is Guy Fawkes."

"I will not deny it," replied Viviana; "he is."

"Hear me, then," exclaimed Chetham, who appeared inexpressibly relieved by the discovery he had made; "in my passage across the river with him last night, our conversation turned on the one subject ever nearest my heart, yourself—and Guy Fawkes not only made me not despair, but promised to aid my suit."

"And he kept his word," replied Viviana, "for, while announcing your proposed visit, he urged me strongly in your behalf."

"Then he knows not of your love for him?" demanded Chetham.

"He not only knows it not, but never shall know it from me—nor must he know it from you, sir," rejoined Viviana, energetically.

"Fear it not," said Chetham, sighing. "It is a secret I shall carefully preserve."

"And now that you are in possession of it," she answered, "I no longer feel your presence as a restraint. Let me still regard you as a friend."

"Be it so," replied Humphrey Chetham, mournfully; "and as a friend let me entreat you to quit this place, and abandon your present associates. I will not seek to turn your heart from Fawkes—nor will I try to regain the love I have lost. But let me implore you to pause ere you irrevocably mix yourself up with the fortunes of one so desperate. I am too well aware that he is engaged in a fearful plot against the state—though I know not its precise nature."

"You will not betray him?" she cried.

"I will not, though he is my rival," returned Chetham.

"But others may—nay, perhaps have done so already."

"Whom do you suspect?" demanded Viviana in the greatest alarm.

"I fear Doctor Dee," replied the young merchant; "but I know nothing certainly. My servant, Martin Heydocke, who is in the Doctor's confidence, intimated as much to me, and I have reason to think that his journey to town, under the pretext of searching for you, is undertaken for the purpose of tracing out the conspirators, and delivering them up to the Government."

"Is he arrived in London?" inquired Viviana, eagerly.

"I should think not," replied Chetham. "I passed him four days ago, on this side Leicester, in company with Kelly and Topcliffe."

"If the wretch, Topcliffe, was with him, your conjectures are too well founded," she replied. "I must warn Guy Fawkes instantly of his danger."

"Command my services in any way," said Chetham.

"I know not what to do," cried Viviana, after a pause, during which she betrayed the greatest agitation. "I dare not seek him out: and yet, if I do not, he may fall into the hands of the enemy. I must see him at all hazards."

"Suffer me to go with you," implored Chetham. "You may rely upon my secrecy. And now I have a double motive for desiring to preserve Fawkes."

"You are, indeed, truly noble-hearted and generous," replied Viviana; "and I would fully confide in you. But, if you were to be seen by the others, you would be certainly put to death. Not even Fawkes could save you."

"I will risk it, if you desire it, and it will save him," replied the young merchant, devotedly. "Nay, I will go alone."

"That were to insure your own destruction," she answered. "No, no—R must not be. I will consult with Father Oldcorne."

With this she hurried out of the room, and returned in a short time with the priest.

"Father Oldcorne is of opinion that our friends must be apprised of their danger," she said. "And he thinks it needful we should both go to their retreat, that no hindrance may be offered to our flight, in case such a measure should be resolved upon."

"You cannot accompany us, my son," added Oldcorne, "for though I am as fully assured of your fidelity as Viviana, and would confide my life to you, there are those who will not so trust you, and who might rejoice in the opportunity of removing you."

"Viviana!" exclaimed Chetham, looking entreatingly at her.

"For my sake—if not for your own—do not urge this further," she returned. "There are already dangers and difficulties enow without adding to them. You would be safer amid a horde of robbers than amidst these men."

"And is it to such persons you commit yourself?" cried Chetham, reproachfully. "Oh! be warned by me, ere it is too late? Abandon them!"

"It is too late already," replied Viviana. "The die is cast."

"Then I can only lament it," returned Chetham, sadly. "Suffer me, at least to accompany you to some place near their retreat, that you may summon me in case of need."

"There can be no objection to that, Viviana," observed Oldcorne; "provided Humphrey Chetham will promise not to follow us."

"Readily," replied the young merchant.

"I am unwilling to expose him to further risk on my account," said Viviana. "But be it as you will."

It was then agreed that they should not set out till night-fall, but proceed, as soon as it grew dark, to Lambeth, where Humphrey Chetham undertook to procure a boat for their conveyance across the river.

The hour of departure at length arrived. Viviana, who had withdrawn to her own room, appeared in her travelling habit, and was about to set forth with her companions, when they were all startled by a sudden and loud knocking at the door.

"We are discovered," she cried. "Doctor Dee has found out our retreat."

"Fear nothing," rejoined Chetham, drawing his sword, while his example was imitated by Martin Heydocke; "they shall not capture you while I live."

As he spoke, the knocking was repeated, and the door shaken so violently as to threaten to burst its fastenings.

"Extinguish the light," whispered Chetham, "and let Father Oldcorne conceal himself. We have nothing to fear."

"Where shall I fly?" cried Oldcorne, despairingly. "It will be impossible to raise the flag, and seek refuge in the vault."

"Fly to my room," cried Viviana. And finding he stood irresolute, and as if paralysed with terror, she took his arm and dragged him away. The next moment the door was burst open with a loud crash, and several armed men with their swords drawn, followed by Topcliffe, and another middle-aged man of slight stature, and rather under-sized, but richly dressed, and bearing all the marks of exalted rank, rushed into the room.

"You are my prisoner!" cried Topcliffe, rushing up to Chetham, who had plucked himself, with Martin Heydocke, at the foot of the stairs. "I arrest you in the King's name!"

"You are mistaken in your man, sir," cried Chetham, fiercely. "I have committed no offence. Lay a hand upon me, at your peril!"

"How is this?" cried Topcliffe. "Humphrey Chetham here?"

"Ay," returned the young merchant; "you have fallen upon the wrong house."

"Not so, sir," replied Topcliffe. "I am satisfied from your presence that I am right. Where you are, Viviana Radcliffe is not far off. Throw down your arms. You can offer no resistance to my force, and your zeal will not benefit your friends, while it will place your own safety in jeopardy."

But Chetham fiercely refused compliance, and after a few minutes' further parley, the soldiers were about to attack him, when Viviana opened a door above, and slowly descended the stairs. At her appearance, the young merchant, seeing that further resistance would be useless, sheathed his sword, and she passed between him and Heydocke, and advanced toward the leaders of the band.

"What means this intrusion?" she asked.

"We are come in search of two Jesuit priests, whom we have obtained information are hidden here," replied Topcliffe, "as well as of certain other Papists, disaffected against the state, for whose apprehension I hold a warrant."

"You are welcome to search the house," replied Viviana. "But there is no one within it except those you see."

As she said this, Chetham, who gazed earnestly at her, caught her eye, and from a scarcely perceptible glance, felt certain that the priest, through her agency, had effected his escape. But the soldiers had not waited for her permission to make the search. Rushing up stairs, they examined the different chambers—there were two small rooms besides that occupied by Viviana—and found several of the priests' habiliments; but though they examined every corner with the minutest attention, sounded the walls, peered up the chimneys, underneath the bed, and into every place, likely and unlikely, they could find no other traces of those they sought, and were compelled to return to their leader with tidings of their ill success. Topcliffe, with another party, continued his scrutiny below, and discovering the moveable flag in the hearth, descended into the vault, where he made certain of discovering his prey. But no one was there; and the powder and arms having been removed, he gained nothing by his investigations.

Meanwhile, his companion,—and evidently from his garb and the deference paid to him, though he was addressed by no title, which could lead to the absolute knowledge of his rank, his superior,—seated himself, and put many questions in a courteous but authoritative tone to Viviana respecting her residence in this solitary abode,—the names of her companions,—where they were,—and upon what scheme they were engaged. To none of these questions would she return an answer, and her interrogator, at last, losing patience, said,

"I hold it my duty to inform you that you will be carried

before the Council, and if you continue thus obstinate, means will be taken—~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> none of the gentlest—to extort the truth from you."

"You may apply the torture to," replied Viviana, firmly, "but it will wrest nothing from me."

"That remains to be seen," replied the other; "I only trust you will not compel me to put my threat into execution."

At this moment Topcliffe emerged from the vault, and the soldiers returned from their unsuccessful search above.

"They have escaped us now," remarked Topcliffe to his superior. "But I will conceal a party of men on the premises, who will be certain to capture them on their return."

Viviana uttered an exclamation of irrepressible amazement, which did not escape her auditors.

"I am right, you see," observed Topcliffe, significantly, to his companion.

"You are so," replied the other.

As this was said, Viviana hazarded a look at Humphrey Chetham, the meaning of which he was not slow to comprehend. He saw that she wished him to make an effort to escape, that he might warn her companions; and, regardless of the consequence, he prepared to obey her. While those around were engaged in a last fruitless search, he whispered his intentions to Martin Heydocke, and only awaited a favorable opportunity to put them in execution. It occurred sooner than he expected. Before quitting the premises, Topcliffe determined to visit the upper rooms himself, and he took several of the men with him.

Chetham would have made an attempt to liberate Viviana, but feeling certain it would be unsuccessful, he preferred obeying her wishes to his own inclinations. Topcliffe gone, he suddenly drew his sword—for neither he nor Heydocke had been disarmed—and rushing toward the door, struck down the man next it, and, followed by his servant, passed through it before they could be intercepted. They both then flew at a swift pace toward the marshy fields, and, owing to the darkness and unstable nature of the ground, speedily distanced their pursuers.

Hearing the disturbance below, and guessing its cause, Topcliffe immediately descended. But he was too late; and though he joined in the pursuit, he was baffled like his attendants. Half an hour afterwards he returned to the house with an angry and disappointed look.

"He has given us the slip," he observed to his superior, who appeared exceedingly provoked by the young merchant's flight; "but we will soon have him again."

After giving directions to his men how to conceal themselves, Topcliffe informed his companion that he was ready to attend him. Viviana, who had remained motionless and silent during the foregoing scene, was taken out of the house, and conducted toward the creek, in which lay a large wherry manned by four rowers. She was placed within it, and as soon as his superior was seated, Topcliffe inquired,

"Where will your lordship go first?"

"To the Star Chamber," was the answer.

At this reply, in spite of herself, Viviana could not repress a shudder.

"All is lost!" she mentally ejaculated.

#### CHAPTER VI.—The Cellar.

It was long before the conspirators gained sufficient courage to recommence digging the mine. Whenever holy water was thrown upon the stones, the mysterious bell ceased tolling, but it presently began anew, and such was the appalling effect of the sound that it completely paralyzed the listeners. Prayers were said by Garnet; hymns sung by the others; but all was of no avail. It continued to toll on with increased solemnity, unless checked by the same potent application as before.

The effect became speedily manifest in the altered looks and demeanor of the conspirators, and it was evident that if something was not done to rouse them, the enterprise would be abandoned. Cateby, equally superstitious with his confederates, but having nerves more firmly strung, was the first to conquer his terror. Crossing himself, he muttered a secret prayer, and, snatching up a pick-axe, entered the cavity, and resumed his labor.

The noise of the heavy blows dealt by him against the wall drowned the tolling of the bell. The charm was broken. And, stimulated by his conduct, the others followed his example; and though the awful tolling continued at intervals during the whole of their operations, it offered no further interruption to them.

Another, and more serious cause of anxiety, however, arose. As the work advanced, without being aware of it, they approached the bank of the river, and the water began to ooze through the sides of the excavation—at first slightly, but by degrees to such an extent as to convince them that their labor would be entirely thrown away. Large portions of the clay, loosened by the damp, fell in upon them, nearly burying those nearest the tumbling mass; and the floor was now in some places more than a foot deep in water, clearly proving it would be utterly impossible to keep the powder fit for use in such a spot.

Cateby bore these untoward circumstances with ill concealed mortification. For a time he struggled against them; and though he felt that it was hopeless, worked on like a desperate military leader conducting a forlorn hope to certain destruction. At length, however, the water began to make such incursions that he could no longer disguise from himself or his companions that they were contending against insurmountable difficulties, and that to proceed further would be madness. He therefore, with a heavy heart, desisted, and throwing down his pick-axe, said it was clear that Heaven did not approve their design, and that it must be relinquished.

"We ought to have been warned by that dreadful bell," he observed, in conclusion. "I now perceive its meaning. And as I was the first to set in direct opposition to the declared will of the Supreme Being, so now I am the first to admit my error."

"I cannot account for that dread and mysterious sound, my son," replied Garnet, "and can only attribute it, as you do, to Divine interference. But whether it was intended as a warning or a guidance, I confess I am unable to say."

"Can you longer doubt, father," returned Cateby, bitterly, "when you look at your excavation? It took us more

than a week's incessant labor to get through the first wall; and our toil was no sooner lightened than these fatal consequences ensued. If we proceed, we shall drown ourselves, instead of blowing up our foes. And even if we should escape, were the powder stowed for one day in that damp place, it would never explode. We have failed, and must take measures accordingly."

"I entirely concur with you, my son," replied Garnet; we must abandon our present plan. But do not let us be disheartened. Perhaps, at this very moment, Heaven is preparing for us a victory by some unlooked-for means."

"It may be so," replied Catesby, with a look of incredulity.

As he spoke, an extraordinary noise, like a shower of falling stones was heard overhead. And coupling the sound with their fears of the encroachment of the damp, the conspirators glanced at each other in dismay, thinking the building was falling in upon them.

"All blessed saints protect us!" cried Garnet, as the sound ceased. "What was that?"

But no one was able to account for it, and each regarded his neighbor with apprehension. After a short interval of silence, the sound was heard again. There was then another pause—and again the same rushing and inexplicable noise.

"What can it be?" cried Catesby. "I am so enfeebled by this underground life, that trifles alarm me. Are our enemies pulling down the structure over our heads? or are they earthing us up like vermin?" he added to Fawkes.

"I will go and see," replied the other.

"Do not expose yourself, my son," cried Garnet. "Let us abide the result here."

"No, father," replied Fawkes. "Having failed in our scheme, what befalls me is of little consequence. I will go. If I return not, you will understand what has happened."

Pausing for a moment to receive Garnet's benediction, he then strode away.

Half an hour elapsed before Fawkes returned, and the interval appeared thrice its duration in the eyes of the conspirators. When he re-appeared, a smile sat upon his countenance, and his looks instantly dispelled the alarm that had been previously felt.

"You bring us good news, my son?" cried Garnet.

"Excellent, father," replied Fawkes; "and you were right in saying that at the very moment we were indulging in misgiving, Heaven was preparing for us a victory by unforeseen and mysterious means."

Garnet raised his hands gratefully and reverentially upwards. And the other conspirators crowded round Fawkes to listen to his relation.

"The noise we heard," he said, "arose from a very simple circumstance,—and when you hear it, you will smile at your fears. But you will not smile at the result to which it has led. Exactly overhead, it appears, a cellar is situated belonging to a person named Bright, and the sound was occasioned by the removal of his coals, which he has been selling off."

"Is that all?" cried Catesby. "We are indeed grown childish, to be alarmed by such a cause."

"It appears slight, now it is explained," observed Keyes, gravely; "but how were we to know whence it arose?"

"True," returned Fawkes; "and I will now show you how the hand of Heaven has been manifested in the matter. The noise which led me to this investigation, and which I regard as a signal from on high, brought me to a cellar I had never seen before, and knew not existed. That cellar lies immediately beneath the House of Lords."

"Ah! I see!" exclaimed Catesby. "You think it would form a good depository for the powder."

"If it had been built for the express purpose, it could not be better," returned Fawkes. "It is commodious and dry, and in an out-of-the-way place, as you may judge, when we ourselves have never hitherto noticed it."

"But what is all this to us if we cannot use it?" returned Catesby.

"We can use it," replied Fawkes. "It is ours."

There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Finding, on inquiry, that Bright was about to quit the neighborhood," continued Fawkes, "and did not require the place longer, I instantly proposed to take it from him, and to create no suspicion, engaged it in Percy's name, stating that he wanted it for his own fuel."

"You have done admirably," cried Catesby, in a tone of exaltation. "The success of the enterprise will now be entirely owing to you."

"Not to me, but to the Providence that directed me," replied Fawkes, solemnly.

"Right, my son," returned Garnet. "And let this teach us never to despair again."

The next day, Percy having taken possession of the cellar, it was carefully examined, and proved, as Fawkes had stated, admirably adapted to their purpose. Their fears were now at an end, and they looked on the success of their project as certain. The mysterious bell no longer tolled, and their sole remaining task was to fill up the excavation so far as to prevent any damage from the wet.

This was soon done, and their next step was to transport the powder during the night to the cellar. Concealing the barrels as before with faggots and coals, they gave the place the appearance of a mere receptacle for lumber, by filling it with old hampers, boxes without lids, broken bottles, stone jars, and other rubbish.

They now began to think of separating, and Fawkes expressed his intention of returning that night to the house at Lambeth. No intelligence had reached them of Viviana's captivity, and they supposed her still an inmate of the miserable dwelling with Father Oldcorne.

Fawkes had often thought of her, and with uneasiness, during his toilsome labors; but they had so much engrossed him that her image was banished almost as soon as it arose. Now that grand obstacle was surmounted, and nothing was wanting, however, except a favorable moment to strike the blow, he began to feel the greatest anxiety respecting her.

Still, he thought it prudent to postpone his return to a late hour, and it was not until near midnight that he and Catesby ventured to their boat. As he was about to descend the steps, he heard his name pronounced by some one at a little distance; and the next moment, a man whom he immediately recognized as Humphrey Chetham, rushed up to him.

"You here again!" cried Fawkes, angrily, and not unsuspiciously. "Do you play the spy upon me?"

"I have watched you for the last ten nights," replied Chetham, hastily. "I knew not where you were. But I found your boat here, and I hoped you would not cross the water in any other."

"Why all this care?" demanded Fawkes. "Has aught happened? Is Viviana safe? Speak, man! do not keep me longer in suspense!"

"Alas!" rejoined Chetham. "She is a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" ejaculated Fawkes, in a hollow voice. "Then my forebodings were not without cause."

"How has this happened?" cried Catesby, who had listened to what was said in silent wonder.

Chetham then hastily related all that had taken place.

"I know not what has become of her," he said, in conclusion; "but I have heard that she was taken to the Star-Chamber by the Earl of Salisbury,—for he, it appears, was the companion of Topcliffe,—and, refusing to answer the interrogations of the Council, was conveyed to the Tower, and I fear subjected to the torture."

"Tortured!" exclaimed Fawkes, horror-stricken; "Viviana tortured! And I have brought her to this! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"It is, indeed, an agonising reflection," replied Humphrey Chetham, in a sombre tone, "and enough to drive you to despair. Her last wishes, expressed only in looks, for she did not dare to give utterance to them, were that I should warn you not to approach the house at Lambeth, your enemies being concealed within it. I have now fulfilled them. Farewell!"

And he turned to depart.

"Stay!" cried Catesby, arresting him. "Where is Father Oldcorne?"

"I know not," replied Humphrey Chetham. "As I have told you, Viviana, by some means contrived his escape. I have seen nothing of him."

And, hurrying away, he was lost beneath the shadow of the wall.

"Is this a troubled dream, or dread reality?" cried Fawkes to Catesby.

"I fear it is too true," returned the other, in a voice of much emotion. "Poor Viviana!"

"Something must be done to set her free," cried Fawkes. "I will purchase her liberty by delivering up myself."

"Your oath—remember your oath!" rejoined Catesby. "You may destroy yourself, but not your associates."

"True—true," replied Fawkes, distractedly—"I do remember it. I am sold to perdition."

"Anger not Heaven by these idle lamentations—and at a time, too, when all is so prosperous," rejoined Catesby.

"What!" cried Fawkes, fiercely, "would you have me calm, when she who called me father, and was dear to me as a child, is taken from me by these remorseless butchers—subjected to their terrible examinations—plunged in a dismal dungeon—and stretched upon the rack—and all for me—for me? I shall go mad if I think upon it!"

"You must not think upon it," returned Catesby—"at least not here. We shall be observed. Let us return to the house; and perhaps—though I scarcely dare indulge the hope—some plan may be devised for her liberation."

With this he dragged Fawkes, who was almost frenzied with anguish, forcibly along, and they returned to the house.

Nothing more was said that night. Catesby judged it prudent to let the first violence of his friend's emotions expend itself before he attempted to soothe him; and when he communicated the sad event to Garnet, the latter strongly approved the plan. Garnet was greatly distressed at the intelligence, and his affliction was shared by the other conspirators. No fears were entertained by any of them that Viviana would reveal aught of the plot, but this circumstance only added to their regrets.

"I will stake my life for her constancy," said Catesby.

"And so will I," returned Garnet. "She will die a martyr for us."

He then proposed that they should pray for her deliverance. And all instantly assenting, they knelt down, while Garnet poured forth the most earnest supplications to the Virgin in her behalf.

The next morning Guy Fawkes set forth, and ascertained that Humphrey Chetham's statement was correct, and that Viviana was indeed a prisoner in the Tower. He repaired thither, and tried to ascertain in what part of the fortress she was confined, in the hope of gaining admittance to her. But as he could obtain no information, and his inquiries excited suspicion, he was compelled to return without accomplishing his object.

Crossing Tower Hill, on his way back, he turned to cast a glance at the sternal pile he had just quitted, and which was fraught with the most fearful interest to him, when he perceived Chetham issue from the Bulwark Gate. He would have made up to him; but the young merchant, who had evidently seen him, though he looked sedulously another way, set off in the direction of the river, and was quickly lost to view. Filled with the gloomiest thoughts, Guy Fawkes proceeded to Westminster, where he arrived without further adventure of any kind.

In the latter part of the same day, as the conspirators were conferring together, they were alarmed by a knocking at the outer gate; and sending Bates to reconnoitre, he instantly returned with the intelligence that it was Lord Mounteagle. At the mention of this name, Tresham, who was one of the party, turned pale as death, and trembled so violently that he could scarcely support himself. Having been allowed to go forth on that day, the visit of Lord Mounteagle at this juncture, coupled with the agitation it occasioned him, seemed to proclaim him guilty of treachery for the second time.

"You have betrayed us, villain!" cried Catesby, drawing his dagger; "but you shall not escape. I will poniard you on the spot."

"As you hope for mercy, do not strike!" cried Tresham. "On my soul, I have not seen Lord Mounteagle, and know not, any more than yourselves, what brings him hither. Put it to the proof. Let him come in. Conceal yourselves, and you will hear what passes between us."

"Let it be so," interposed Fawkes. "I will step within this closet, the door of which shall remain ajar. From it I can watch him without being observed, and if aught occurs to confirm our suspicions, he dies."

"Bates shall station himself in the passage, and stab him if he attempts to fly," added Catesby. "Your sword, sir."

"It is here," replied Tresham, delivering it to Catesby, who handed it to Bates. "Are you satisfied?"

"Is Lord Mounteagle alone?" inquired Catesby, without noticing the question.

"He appears to be so," replied Bates.

"Admit him, then," rejoined Catesby.

"Entering the closet with Keyes, he was followed by Fawkes, who drew his dagger, and kept the door slightly ajar, while Garnet and the rest retired to other hiding-places. A few moments afterwards, Bates returned with Lord Mounteagle, and, having ushered him into the room, took his station in the passage, as directed by Catesby. The room was very dark, the shutters being closed, and light only finding its way through the chinks in them; and it appeared totally so to Lord Mounteagle, who, groping his way, stumbled forward, and exclaimed, in accents of some alarm,

"Where am I? Where is Mr. Tresham?"

"I am here," replied Tresham, advancing towards him. "How did your lordship find me out?" he added, after the customary salutations were exchanged.

"My servant saw you enter this house," replied Mounteagle, "and, knowing I was anxious to see you, waited some hours without, in the expectation of your coming forth. But as this did not occur, he mentioned the circumstance to me on his return, and I immediately came in quest of you. When I knocked at the gate, I scarcely knew what to think of the place, and began to fear you must have fallen into the hands of cut-throats; and, now that I have gained admittance, my wonder—and I may add my uneasiness—is not diminished. Why do you hide yourself in this wretched place?"

"Be seated," replied Tresham, placing a chair for Lord Mounteagle, with its back to the closet, while he took one opposite him, and near a table, on which some papers were laid. "Your lordship may remember," he continued, scarcely knowing what answer to make to the question, that I wrote to you some time ago, to say that a conspiracy was hatching among certain of our party against the state."

"I have reason to remember it," replied Mounteagle.

"The letter was laid before the Earl of Salisbury, and inquiries instituted in consequence. But, owing to your disappearance, nothing could be elicited. What plot had you discovered?"

At this moment, Tresham, who kept his eye fixed on the closet, perceived the door noiselessly open, and behind it the figure of Guy Fawkes, with the dagger in his hand.

"I was misinformed as to the nature of the plot," he stammered.

"Was it against the King's life?" demanded Mounteagle.

"No," rejoined Tresham; "as far as I could learn, it was an insurrection."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mounteagle, skeptically. "My information, then, differed from yours. Who were the parties you suspected?"

"As I *wrongfully* suspected them," replied Tresham, evasively, "your lordship must excuse my naming them."

"Was Catesby—or Winter—or Wright—or Rookwood—or Sir Everard Digby concerned in it?" demanded Mounteagle.

"Not one of them," answered Tresham.

"They are the persons I suspect," replied Mounteagle; "and they are suspected by the Earl of Salisbury. But you have not told me what you are doing in this strange habitation. Are you ferreting out a plot, or contriving one?"

"Both," replied Tresham.

"How?" cried Mounteagle.

"I am plotting for myself, and counterplotting the designs of others," replied Tresham, mysteriously.

"Is this place, then, the rendezvous of a band of conspirators?" asked Mounteagle, uneasily.

Tresham nodded in the affirmative.

"Who are they?" continued Mounteagle. "There is no need of concealment with me."

As this was said, Tresham raised his eyes, and saw that Guy Fawkes had stepped silently forward, and placed himself behind Mounteagle's chair. His hand grasped his dagger, and his gaze never moved from the object of his suspicion.

"Who are they?" repeated Mounteagle. "Is Guy Fawkes one of them?"

"Assuredly not," replied Tresham. "Why should you name him? I never mentioned him to your lordship."

"I think you did," replied Mounteagle. "But I am certain you spoke of Catesby."

And Tresham's regards involuntarily wandered to the closet, when he beheld the stern glance of the person alluded to fixed upon him.

"You have heard of Viviana Radcliffe's imprisonment, I suppose?" pursued Mounteagle, unconscious of what was passing.

"I have," replied Tresham.

"The Earl of Salisbury expected he would be able to wring all from her, but he has failed," observed Mounteagle.

"I am glad of it," replied Tresham.

"I thought you were disposed to serve him?" remarked Mounteagle.

"So I am," replied Tresham. "But, if secrets are to be revealed, I had rather be the bearer of them than any one else. I am sorry for Viviana."

"I could procure her liberation, if I chose," observed Mounteagle.

"Say you so?" cried Fawkes, clapping him on the shoulder; "then you stir not hence till you have procured it!"

**ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.**—When poison has been swallowed, ascertain from the patient what the nature of the poison is. If mineral, that is, either corrosive sublimate or arsenic, give a teaspoonful of sulphur, or half a teaspoonful of pearl-ash, or a wine glass of soap-suds; afterwards give a teaspoonful of antimonic wine, and plenty of warm water. If vegetable, or oil of vitrol, aquafortis, or oxalic acid, give pear-ash, or chalk, or magnesia or soap-suds, in plenty of warm water, with a dessert spoonful of antimonic wine, or a scruple of simple powder of ipecacuanha. If laudanum, give a teaspoonful of domestic mustard, and keep the patient walking. If carbonic acid, or fumes of charcoal—open air, keep the body cool; medical aid is required.



## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Meet the Second....Meet the Queen.

The foregoing soliloquy occurred in one of the galleries of the palace, where the vain-glorious mannikin was lingering in the hope of being admitted to the royal presence. No sooner did the idea of consulting Og on the subject of his birth occur to him, than he set off to the By-ward Tower, where he found the two unmarried giants employed upon a huge, smoking dish of baked meat, and, notwithstanding his importunity, neither of them appeared willing to attend to him. Thus baffled, and his appetite sharpened by the savory odor of the viands, Xit seized a knife and fork, and began to ply them with great zeal. The meal over, and two ponderous jugs that flanked the board emptied of their contents, Og leaned his huge frame against the wall, and in a drowsy tone informed the dwarf that he was ready to listen to him.

"No sleeping, then, my master," cried Xit, springing upon his knee, and tweaking his nose. "I have a matter of the utmost importance to consult you about. You must be wide awake."

"What is it?" replied the good humored giant, yawning as if he would have swallowed the teasing mannikin. "It relates to my origin," replied Xit. "Am I the son of a nobleman?"

"I should rather say you were the offspring of some ape escaped from the menagerie," answered Og, bursting into a roar of laughter, in which he was joined by Gog, much to the discomfiture of the cause of their merriment. "You have all the tricks of the species."

"Dare to repeat that insinuation, base Titan," cried Xit, furiously, and drawing his sword, "and I will be thy death. I am as illustriously descended as thyself, and on both sides too, whereas thy mother was a frowzy fish-wife. Know that I am the son of Sir Thomas More."

"Sir Thomas More!" echoed both giants, laughing more immoderately than ever. "What has put that notion into thy addle pate?"

"My better genius," replied Xit, "and unless you can show me who was my father, I shall claim descent from him."

"You will only expose yourself to ridicule," returned Og, patting the mannikin's shock head—a familiarity which he resented,—"and though I and my brethren laugh at you, and make a jest of you, we do not desire others to do so."

"Once graced by knighthood, no man, be he of my stature or yours, my overgrown master, shall make a jest of me with impunity," replied Xit, proudly. "But since you think I am not the son of Sir Thomas More, from whom can I safely claim descent?"

"I would willingly assist you to a father," replied Og, smothering a laugh, "but on my faith, I can think of none more probable than Hairun's pet monkey, or perhaps old Max."

"Anger me not," shrieked Xit, in extremity of fury, "or you will rue it. What has become of the blanket in which I was wrapped?"

"The blanket!" exclaimed Og, "why, it was a strip scarcely bigger than my hand."

"Is it lost?" demanded Xit, eagerly.

"I fear so," replied Og. "Stay! now I recollect, I patched an old pair of hose with it."

"Patched a pair of hose with it!" cried Xit. "You deserve to go in tatters during the rest of your days. You have destroyed the sole clue to my origin."

"Nay, if that blanket will guide you, I have taken the best means of preserving it," rejoined Og;—"for I think I have the hose still."

"Where are they?" inquired Xit. "Let me see them instantly."

"If they still exist, they are in a large chest in the upper chamber," replied Og. "But be not too much elated, for I fear we shall be disappointed."

"At all events, let us search without a moment's delay," rejoined Xit, jumping down, and hurrying up the staircase.

He was followed somewhat more leisurely by the two giants, and the trunk was found crammed under a heap of lumber into an embrasure. The key was lost, but as Xit's impatience would not allow him to wait to have it unfashioned by a smith, Og forced it open with the head of a halbert. It contained a number of old buskins, cloaks of all hues and fashions, doublets, pantoufles, caps, buff-boots and hose. Of the latter there were several pairs, and though many were thread-bare enough, it did not appear that any were patched.

Xit, who had plunged into the trunk to examine each article, was greatly disappointed.

"I fear they are lost," observed Og.

"It would seem so," replied Xit, "for there are only a doublet and cloak left. Oh! what a worshipful knight's history should hang on so slight a tenure!"

"Many a knight's history has hung on less," replied Gog. "But what have we rolled up in that corner?"

"As I live, a pair of watch-colored hose," cried Xit.

"The very pair we are in quest of," rejoined Og. "Unfold them, and you will find the piece of blanket in the seat."

Xit obeyed, and mounting on the side of the box held out the huge garments, and there, undoubtedly, in the region intimated by Og, was a piece of dirty flannel.

"And this, then, was my earliest covering," apostrophised Xit. "In this fragment of woollen cloth my tender limbs were swathed."

"Truly were they," replied Og, laughing. "And when I first beheld thee it was ample covering. But what light does it throw upon thy origin?"

"That remains to be seen," returned Xit. And unsheathing his dagger he began to unrip the pieces of flannel from the garment in which it was stitched.

The two giants watched his proceedings in silence, and glanced significantly at each other. At length Xit tore it away.

"It is a labor in vain," observed Og.

"Not so," replied Xit. "See you not that this corner is doubled over. There is a name worked within it."

"The imp is right," cried Og. "How came I to overlook it?"

And he would have snatched the flannel from Xit, but the dwarf darted away, crying, "No one shall have a hand in the discovery but myself. Stand off!"

Trembling with eagerness, he then cut open the corner, and found worked within the words

NARCISSUS LE GRAND.

"Narcissus Le Grand!" exclaimed Xit, triumphantly. "That was my father's title. He must have been a nobleman."

"If that was your father's name," returned Gog, "and I begin to think you have stumbled upon the right person at last, he was a Frenchman, and groom of the pantry to Queen Anne Boleyn."

"He was a dwarf like yourself," added Og, "and though the ugliest being I ever beheld, had extraordinary personal vanity."

"In which respect he mightily resembled his son," laughed Gog; "and since we have found out the father, I think I can give a shrewd guess at the mother."

"I hope she was a person of distinction," cried Xit, whose countenance had fallen at the knowledge he had acquired of his paternity.

"She was a scullion," replied Gog—"by name Mab Leatherbarrow."

"A scullion!" ejaculated Xit, indignantly. "I, the son of a scullion—and of one so basely named as Leatherbarrow—impossible!"

"I am as sure of it as of my existence," replied Og. "Your mother was not a jot taller, or more well-favored than your father; and they both, I now remember, disappeared about the time you were found."

"Which name will you adopt—Le Grand, or Leatherbarrow?" demanded Gog, maliciously.

"This is an unlucky discovery," thought Xit. "I had better have left my parentage alone. The son of a groom of the pantry and a scullion. What a degrading conjunction! However, I will make the most of it, and not let them have the laugh against me. I shall assume my father's name," he added aloud—"Sir Narcissus Le Grand—and a good, well-sounding title it is, as need be desired."

"It is to be hoped all will have forgotten the former bearer of it," laughed Og.

"I care not who remembers it," replied Xit: "the name bespeaks noble descent. Call me in future Narcissus Le Grand. The title fits me exactly—Narcissus expressing my personal accomplishments—Le Grand my majesty. For the present you may put 'master' to my name. You will shortly have to use a more honorable style of address. Farewell, sirs."

And thrusting the piece of flannel into his doublet, he stratted to the door.

"Farewell, sweet Master Narcissus," cried Og.

"Farewell, Leatherbarrow," added Gog.

"Le Grand," corrected Xit, halting, with a dignified air; "Le Grand, henceforth, is my name." And he marched off with his head so erect that, unfortunately missing his footing, he stumbled down the staircase. Picking himself up before the giants, whose laughter enraged him, could reach him, he darted off, and did not return till a late hour, when they had retired to rest.

Two days after this discovery—the Queen being then at the Tower—as he was pacing the grand gallery of the palace, according to custom, an usher tapped him on the shoulder, and desired him to follow him. With a throbbing heart Xit obeyed, and putting all the dignity he could command into his deportment, entered the presence-chamber. On that very morning, as good luck would have it, his tailor had brought him his new habiliments; and arrayed in a purple velvet mantle lined with carnation-colored silk, a crimson doublet slashed with white, orange-tawny hose, yellow buskins fringed with gold, and a green velvet cap, decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers, and looped with a diamond aigrette, he cut, in his own opinion, no despicable figure.

If the dwarf had entertained any doubts as to why he was summoned they would have been dispersed at once, as he advanced, by observing that the three giants stood at a little distance from the Queen, and that she was attended only by a few dames of honor, her female jester, and the vice-chamberlain, Sir John Gage, who held a crimson velvet cushion, on which was laid a richly ornamented sword. A smile crossed the Queen's countenance as Xit drew nigh, and an irrepressible titter spread among the dames of honor. Arrived within a few yards of the throne, the mannikin prostrated himself as gracefully as he could. But he was destined to mishaps. And in this the most important moment of his life, his sword, which was of extraordinary length, got between his legs, and he was compelled to remove it before his knee would touch the ground.

"We have not forgotten our promise—rash though it was," observed Mary, "and have summoned thy comrades to be witnesses to the distinction we are about to confer upon thee. In the heat of the siege, we promised that whoso would bring us Bret, alive or dead, should have his request, be it what it might. Thou wert his captor, and thou hast—"

"Knighthood at your majesty's hands," supplied Xit.

"How shall we name thee?" demanded Mary.

"Narcissus Le Grand," replied the dwarf. "I am called familiarly Xit. But it is a designation by which I do not desire to be longer distinguished."

Mary took the sword from Sir John Gage, and placing it upon the dwarf's shoulder, said "Arise, Sir Narcissus."

The new-made knight immediately obeyed, and making a profound reverence to the Queen, was about to retire, when she checked him.

"Tarry a moment, Sir Narcissus," she said. "I have a further favor to bestow upon you."

"Indeed!" cried the dwarf, out of his senses with delight. "I pray your majesty to declare it."

"You will need a dame," returned the Queen.

"Of a truth," replied Sir Narcissus, tenderly ogling the bevy of beauties behind the throne. "I need one sadly."

"I will choose for you," said the Queen.

"Your highness's condescension overwhelms me," rejoined Sir Narcissus, wondering which would fall to his share.

"This shall be your bride," continued the Queen, pointing to Jane the Fool, "and I will give her a portion."

Sir Narcissus had some ado to conceal his mortification. Receiving the announcement with the best grace he could assume, he strutted up to Jane, and taking her hand, said, "You bear her highness's injunctions, sweetheart. You are to be Lady Le Grand. I need not ask your consent I presume?"

"You shall never have it," replied Jane the Fool, with a coquettish toss of the head, "if her highness did not command it."

"I shall require to exert my authority early," thought Sir Narcissus, "or I shall share the fate of Magog."

"I, myself, will fix the day for your espousals," observed Mary. "Meanwhile, you have my permission to woo your intended bride for a few moments in each day."

"Only a few minutes," cried Sir Narcissus, with affected disappointment. "I could dispense with even that allowance," he added to himself.

"I cannot reward your services as richly," continued Mary, addressing the gigantic brethren, "but I am not unmindful of them,—nor shall they pass unrequited. Whenever you have a boon to ask, hesitate not to address me."

The three giants bowed their lofty heads.

"A purse of gold will be given to each of you," continued the Queen; "and on the day of his marriage, I shall bestow a like gift upon Sir Narcissus." She then waved her hand, and the new-made knight and his companions withdrew.

XXXVI.—How Cholmondeley learnt the history of Chely; how Nightgall attempted to assassinate Renard; and of the terrible fate that befel him.

Cuthbert Cholmondeley, after upwards of a week's solitary confinement, underwent a rigorous examination by certain of the Council relative to his own share in the conspiracy, and his knowledge of the different parties connected with it. He at once admitted that he had taken a prominent part in the siege, but refused to answer any other questions. "I confess myself guilty of treason and rebellion against the Queen's highness," he said, "and I ask no further mercy than a speedy death. But if the word of one standing in peril of his life may be taken, I solemnly declare, and call upon you to attest my declaration,—that the Lady Jane Grey is innocent of all share in the recent insurrection. For a long time she was kept in total ignorance of the project, and when it came to her knowledge, she used every means, short of betraying,—tears, entreaties, menaces,—to induce her husband to abandon the design."

"This declaration will not save her," replied Sir Edward Hastings, who was one of the interrogators, sternly—"By not revealing the conspiracy, she acquiesced in it. Her first duty was to her sovereign."

"I am aware of it, and so is the unfortunate lady herself," replied Cholmondeley. "But I earnestly entreat you, in pity for her misfortunes, to report what I have said to the Queen."

"I will not fail to do so," returned Hastings; "but I will not deceive you—her fate is sealed. And now, touching the Princess Elizabeth's share in this unhappy affair. Do you know ought concerning it?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Cholmondeley; "and if I did, I would not reveal it."

"Take heed what you say, sir," rejoined Sir Thomas Brydges, who was likewise among the examiners, "or I shall order you to be more sharply questioned."

Nightgall heard this menace with savage exultation.

"The rack will wrest nothing from me," said Cholmondeley, firmly.

Brydges immediately sat down at a table, and writing out a list of questions to be put to the prisoner, added an order for the torture, and delivered it to Nightgall.

Without giving Cholmondeley time to reflect upon his imprudence, the jailor hurried him away, and he did not pause till he came to the head of the stairs leading to the torture-chamber. On reaching the steps, Nightgall descended first, but though he opened the door with great caution, a glare of lurid light burst forth, and a dismal groan smote the ears of the listener. It was followed by a creaking noise, the meaning of which the esquire too well divined.

Some little time elapsed before the door was again opened, and the voice of Nightgall was heard from below calling to his attendants to bring down the prisoner. The first object that caught Cholmondeley's gaze on entering the fatal chamber, was a figure, covered from head to foot in a blood-colored cloth. The sufferer, whoever he was, had just been released from the torture, as two assistants were supporting him, while Wolcott was arranging the ropes on the rack. Sorrocold, also, who held a small cup filled with some pungent-smelling liquid, and a sprinkling-brush in his hand, was directing the assistants.

Horror-stricken at the sight, and filled with the conviction from the mystery observed, and the stature of the veiled person, that it was Lord Guilford Dudley, Cholmondeley uttered his name in a tone of piercing anguish. At the cry, the figure was greatly agitated—the arms struggled—and it was evident that an effort was made to speak. But only an inarticulate sound could be heard. The attendants looked disconcerted, and Nightgall, stamping his foot angrily, ordered them to take their charge away. But Cholmondeley, perceiving their intention, broke from those about him, and throwing himself at the feet of him whom he supposed to be Dudley, cried—"My dear, dear lord, it is I, your faithful esquire, Cuthbert Cholmondeley. Make some sign, if I am right in supposing it to be you."

The figure struggled violently, and shaking off the officials, raised the cloth, and disclosed the countenance of the unfortunate nobleman—but oh! how changed since Cholmondeley had seen him last—how ghastly, how distorted, how deathlike, were his features!

"You here!" cried Dudley. "Where is Jane? Has she fled? Has she escaped?"

"She has surrendered herself," replied Cholmondeley, "in the hope of obtaining your pardon."

"False hope!—delusive expectation!" exclaimed Dudley, in a tone of the bitterest anguish. "She will share my fate. I could have died happy—could have defied these engines, if she had escaped—but now!"

"Away with him!" interposed Nightgall. "Throw the cloth over his head."

"Oh God! I am her destroyer!" shrieked Dudley, as the order was obeyed, and he was forced out of the chamber.

Cholmondeley was then seized by Wolffyt and the others, and thrown upon his back on the floor. He made no resistance, well knowing it would be useless; and he determined, even if he should expire under the torture, to let no expression of anguish escape him. He had need of all his fortitude, for the sharpness of the suffering to which he was subjected by the remorseless Nightgall, was such as few could have withstood. But not a groan burst from him, though his whole frame seemed rent asunder by the dreadful tension.

"Go on," cried Nightgall, finding that Wolffyt and the others paused. "Turn the wheels round once more."

"You will wrench his bones from their sockets—he will expire if you do," observed Sorroccold.

"No matter," replied Nightgall; "I have an order to question him sharply, and I will do so, at all hazards."

"Do so at your own responsibility, then," replied Sorroccold, retiring. "I tell you he will die if you strain him further."

"Go on, I say," thundered Nightgall. But as he spoke the sufferer fainted, and Wolffyt refused to comply with the jailor's injunctions.

Cholmondeley was taken off the engine. Restoratives were applied by Sorroccold, and the questions proposed by the lieutenant put to him by Nightgall. But he returned no answer; and uttering an angry exclamation at his obstinacy, the jailor ordered him to be taken back to his cell, where he was thrown upon a heap of straw and left without light or food.

For some time, Cholmondeley remained in a state of insensibility, and when he recovered, it was to endure far greater agony than he experienced on the rack. His muscles were so strained that he was unable to move, and every bone in his body appeared broken. The thought, however, that Cicely was alive, and in the power of his hated rival, tormented him more sharply than his bodily suffering. Supposing her dead, though his heart was ever constant to her memory, and though he was a prey to deep and severe grief, yet the whirl of events in which he had recently been engaged had prevented him from dwelling altogether upon her loss. But now, when he knew that she still lived, and was in the power of Nightgall, all his passion—all his jealousy, returned with tenfold fury. The most dreadful suspicions crossed him; and his mental anguish was so great as to be almost intolerable. While thus tortured in body and mind, the door of his cell was opened, and Nightgall entered, dragging after him a female. The glare of the lamp so dazzled Cholmondeley's weakened vision, that he involuntarily closed his eyes. But what was his surprise to hear his own name pronounced by well-known accents, and, as soon as he could steady his gaze, to behold the features of Cicely—but so pale, so emaciated, that he could scarcely recognize them.

"There," cried Nightgall, with a look of fiendish exultation, pointing to Cholmondeley. "I told you you should see your lover. Glut your eyes with the sight. The arms that should have clasped you are nerveless—the eyes that gazed so passionately upon you, dim—the limbs that won your admiration, crippled. Look at him—and for the last time. And let him gaze on you, and see whether in these death-pale features—in this wasted form, there are any remains of the young and blooming maiden that won his heart."

"Cicely," cried Cholmondeley, making an ineffectual attempt to rise, "do I indeed behold you? I thought you dead."

"Would I were so," she cried, kneeling beside him, "rather than what I am. And to see you thus—and without the power to relieve you."

"You can relieve me of the worst pang I endure," returned Cholmondeley. "You have been long in the power of that miscreant—exposed to his violence, his ill-usage, to the worst of villany. Has he dared to abuse his power? Do not deceive me! Has he wronged you? Are you his minion? Speak! And the answer will either kill me at once, or render my death on the scaffold happy. Speak! Speak!"

"I am yours, and yours only—in life or death, dear Cholmondeley," replied Cicely. "Neither entreaties nor force should make me his."

"The time is come when I will show you no further consideration," observed Nightgall, moodily. "And if the question your lover has just asked, is repeated, it shall be differently answered. You shall be mine to-morrow, either by your own free consent, or by force. I have spared you thus long, in the hope that you would relent, and not compel me to have recourse to means I would willingly avoid. Now, hear me. I have brought you hither to gratify my vengeance upon the miserable wretch, writhing at my feet, who has robbed me of your affections, and whose last moments I would embitter by the certainty that you are in my power. But though it will be much to me to forego the promised gratification of witnessing his execution, or knowing that he will be executed, yet I will purchase your compliance even at this price. Swear to wed me to-morrow, and to accompany me unresistingly whithersoever I may choose to take you, and, in return, I swear to free him."

"He made a like proposal once before, Cicely," cried the esquire. "Reject it. Let us die together."

"It matters little to me how you decide," cried Nightgall. "Mine you shall be, come what will."

"You hear what he says, Cholmondeley," cried Cicely, distractedly. "I cannot escape him. Oh, let me save you!"

"Never!" rejoined Cholmondeley, trying to stretch his hands towards her, "Never! You torture me by this hesitation. Reject it, if you love, positively—peremptorily!"

"Oh, Heaven direct me!" cried Cicely, falling upon her knees. "If I refuse I am your destroyer."

"You will utterly destroy me, if you yield," groaned Cholmondeley.

"Once wedded to me," urged Nightgall, "you shall set him free yourself."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Cicely. "Death were better than that. I cannot consent. Cholmondeley, you must die."

"You bid me live," returned the esquire.

"You have signed his death-warrant!" cried Nightgall, seizing her hand. "Come along."

"I will die here," shrieked Cicely, struggling.

"Villain!" cried Cholmondeley, "your cruelty will turn her brain, as it did that of her mother Alexia."

"How do you know Alexia was her mother?" demanded Nightgall, starting, and relinquishing his grasp of Cicely.

"I am sure of it," replied Cholmondeley. "And what is more, I am acquainted with the rightful name and title of your victim. She was the wife of Sir Alberic Mountjoy, who was attainted of heresy and high treason, in the reign of Henry the Eighth."

"I will not deny it," replied Nightgall. "She was so. But how did you learn this?"

"Partly, from an inscription upon a small silver clasp, which I found upon her hood when I discovered her body in the Devilin Tower," replied Cholmondeley; "and partly, from inquiries since made. I have ascertained that the Lady Mountjoy was imprisoned with her husband in the Tower; and that at the time of his execution she received a pardon. I would learn from you why she was subsequently detained?—why she was called Alexia?—and why her child was taken from her?"

"She lost her senses on the day of her husband's death," replied Nightgall. "I will tell you nothing more."

"Alas!" cried Cicely, who had listened with breathless interest to what was said, "hers was a tragical history."

"Yours will be still more tragical, if you continue obstinate," rejoined Nightgall. "Come along."

"Heaven preserve me from this monster!" she shrieked. "Help me, Cholmondeley."

"I am as powerless as a crushed worm," groaned the esquire, in a tone of anguish.

Nightgall laughed exultingly, and twining his arms around Cicely, held his hand over her mouth to stifle her cries, and forced her from the cell.

The sharpest pang he had recently endured was light to Cholmondeley, compared with his present maddening sensations, and had not insensibility relieved him, his reason would have given way. How long he remained in this state he knew not, but, on reviving, he found himself placed on a small pallet, and surrounded by three men, in sable dresses. His attire had been removed, and two of these persons were chafing his limbs with an ointment, which had a marvellous effect in subduing the pain, and restoring pliancy to the sinews and joints; while the third, who was no other than Sorroccold, bathed his temples with a pungent liquid. In a short time, he felt himself greatly restored, and able to move, and when he thought how valuable the strength he had thus suddenly and mysteriously acquired would have been a short time ago, he groaned aloud.

"Give him a cup of wine," said an authoritative voice, which Cholmondeley fancied he recognized, from the further end of the cell. And glancing in the direction of the speaker, he beheld Renard.

"It may be dangerous, your excellency," returned Sorroccold.

"Dangerous or not, he shall have it," rejoined Renard. And wine was accordingly poured out by one of the attendants, and presented to the esquire, who eagerly drained it.

"Now leave us," said Renard; "and return to the torture chamber. I will rejoin you there."

Sorroccold and his companions cowed and departed.

Renard then proceeded to interrogate Cholmondeley respecting his own share in the rebellion; and also concerning Dudley and Lady Jane. Failing in obtaining satisfactory answers, he turned his inquiries to Elizabeth's participation in the plot; and he shaped them so artfully, that he contrived to elicit from the esquire, whose brain was a good deal confused by the potent draught he had swallowed, some important particulars relative to the princess's correspondence with Wyatt.

Satisfied with the result of the examination, the ambassador turned to depart, when he beheld, close behind him, a masked figure, which he immediately recognised as the same that had appeared at the window of his lodgings in the Bloody Tower, on the evening when Jane's death-warrant was signed by the queen. No sound had proclaimed the mask's approach, and the door was shut. The sight revived all Renard's superstitious fears.

"Who, and what art thou?" he demanded.

"Your executioner," replied a hollow voice. And suddenly drawing a poniard, the mask aimed a terrible blow at Renard, which, if he had not avoided it, must have proved fatal.

Thus assaulted, Renard tried to draw his sword, but he was prevented by the mask, who grappled with him, and brought him to the ground. In the struggle, however, the assassin's vizard fell off, and disclosed the features of Nightgall.

"Nightgall!" exclaimed Renard. "You, then, were the mysterious visitant to my chamber in the Bloody Tower. I might have guessed as much when I met you in the passage. But you persuaded me I had seen an apparition."

"If your excellency took me for a ghost, I took you for something worse," replied Nightgall, keeping his knee upon the ambassador's chest, and searching for his dagger, which he had dropped in the conflict.

"Release me, villain!" cried Renard. "Would you murder me?"

"I am paid to put your excellency to death," rejoined Nightgall, with the utmost coolness.

"I will give you twice the sum to spare me," rejoined Renard, who saw from Nightgall's looks that he had no chance, unless he could work upon his avarice.

"Hum!" exclaimed the jailor; who, not being able to reach his dagger, which had rolled to some distance, had drawn his sword, and was now shortening it, with intent to plunge it in the other's throat—"I would take your offer—but I have gone too far."

"Fear nothing," gasped Renard, giving himself up for lost. "I swear by my patron, Saint Paul, that I will not harm a hair of your head. Against your employer only will I direct my vengeance."

"I will not trust you," replied Nightgall, about to strike.

But just as he was about to deal the fatal blow—at the very moment that the point of the blade pierced the ambassador's skin, he was plucked backwards by Cholmonde-

ley, and hurled on the ground. Perceiving it was his rival, who was more hateful to him even than Renard, Cholmondeley, on the onset, had prepared to take some part in the struggle, and noticing the poniard, had first of all possessed himself of it, and then attacked Nightgall in the manner above related.

Throwing himself upon his foe, Cholmondeley tried to stab him; but it appeared that he wore a stout buff jerkin, for the weapon glanced aside, without doing him any injury. As Cholmondeley was about to repeat the thrust, and in a part less defended, he was himself pushed aside by Renard, who, by this time, had gained his feet, and was threatening vengeance upon his intended assassin. But the esquire was unwilling to abandon his prey; and in the struggle, Nightgall, exerting all his strength, broke from them, and wresting the dagger from Cholmondeley, succeeded in opening the door. Renard, foaming with rage, rushed after him, utterly forgetful of Cholmondeley, who listened with breathless anxiety to their retreating footsteps. Scarcely knowing what to do, but resolved not to throw away the chance of escape, the esquire hastily attired himself, and taking up a lamp which Renard had left upon the floor, quitted the cell.

"I will seek out Cicely," he cried, "and set her free; and then, perhaps, we may be able to escape together."

But the hope that for a moment arose within his breast was checked by the danger and difficulty of making the search. Determined, however, to hazard the attempt, he set out in a contrary direction to that taken by Nightgall and Renard, and proceeding at a rapid pace soon reached a flight of steps, up which he mounted. He was now within a second passage, similar to the first, with cells on either side: but though he was too well convinced, from the sounds issuing from them, that they were occupied, he did not dare to open any of them. Still pursuing his headlong course, he now took one turn—now another, until he was completely bewildered and exhausted. While leaning against the wall to recruit himself, he was startled by a light approaching at a distance, and, fearing to encounter the person who bore it, was about to hurry away, when, to his inexpressible joy, he perceived it was Cicely. With a wild cry, he started towards her, calling to her by name; but the young damsel, mistaking him probably for her persecutor, let fall her lamp, uttered a piercing scream and fled. In vain, her lover strove to overtake her—in vain, he shouted to her, and implored her to stop—his cries were drowned in her shrieks, and only added to her terror. Cholmondeley, however, though distanced, kept her for some time in view; when all at once she disappeared.

On gaining the spot where she had vanished, he found an open trap-door, and, certain she must have descended by it, took the same course. He found himself in a narrow, vaulted passage, but could discover no traces of her he sought. Hurrying forward, though almost ready to drop with fatigue, he came to a large octagonal chamber. At one side he perceived a ladder, and at the head of it the arched entrance to a cell. In an agony of hope and fear he hastened towards the recess, and as he approached, his doubt was made certainty by a loud scream. Quick as thought he sprang into the cell, and found, crouched in the further corner, the object of his search.

"Cicely," he exclaimed, "it is I—your lover—Cholmondeley."

"You!" she exclaimed, starting up, and gazing at him as if she could scarcely trust the evidence of her senses; "and I have been flying from you all this time, taking you for Nightgall." And throwing herself into his arms, she was strained passionately to his bosom.

After the first rapturous emotions had subsided, Cicely hastily explained to her lover that after she had fainted, and on reviving, found herself in her accustomed prison. Filled with alarm by his dreadful threats, she had determined to put an end to her existence rather than expose herself to his violence; and had arisen with that resolution, when an impulse prompted her to try the door. To her surprise it was unfastened—the bolt having shot wide of the socket, and quitting the cell, she had wandered about along the passages, until they had so mysteriously encountered each other. This explanation was given, and Cholmondeley having related what had befallen him, the youthful pair, almost blinded to their perilous situation by their joy at their unexpected reunion, set forth in the hope of discovering the subterranean passage to the further side of the moat.

Too much engrossed by each other to heed whither they were going, they wandered on—Cicely detailing all the persecution she had experienced from Nightgall, and her lover breathing vengeance against him. The only person she had seen, she said, during her captivity, was Kit. He had found his way to her dungeon, but was discovered, while endeavoring to liberate her, by Nightgall, who threatened to put him to death if he did not take a solemn oath, which he proposed, not to reveal the place of her captivity. And she concluded the dwarf had kept his vow, as she had seen nothing of him since; nor had any one been led to her retreat.

To these details, as well as to her professions of love for him, unshaken by time or circumstance, Cholmondeley listened with such absorbing attention, that, lost to every thing else, he tracked passage after passage, unconscious where he was going. At last he opened a door which admitted them to a gloomy hall, terminated by a broad flight of steps, down which several armed figures were descending. Cholmondeley would have retreated, but it was impossible. He had been perceived by the soldiers, who rushed towards him questioned him and Cicely, and not being satisfied with their answers, conveyed them up the stairs to the lower guard-room in the White Tower, which it appeared the wanderers had approached.

Here, amongst other soldiers and warders, were the three giants, and instantly addressing them, Cholmondeley delivered Cicely to their care. He would have had them convey her to the Stone Kitchen, but this an officer who was present would not permit, till inquiries had been made, and meanwhile, the esquire was placed in arrest.

Shortly after this an extraordinary bustle was heard at the door, and four soldiers entered carrying the body of a man upon a shutter. They set it down in the midst of the room. Among those who flocked to gaze upon it was Cholmondeley. It was a frightful spectacle; but in the mutilated though still-breathing mass, the esquire recognised Night-



gall. While he was gazing at the miserable wretch, and marvelling how he came in this condition, a tall personage strode into the room, and commanded the group to stand aside, approached the body. It was Renard. After regarding the dying man for a few moments with savage satisfaction, he turned to depart, when his eye fell upon Cholmondeley.

"I had forgotten you," he said. "But it seems you have not neglected the opportunity offered you of escape."

"We caught him trying to get out of the subterranean passages, your excellency," remarked the officer.

"Let him remain here till further orders," rejoined Renard. "You have saved my life, and shall find I am not ungrateful," he added to Cholmondeley.

"If your excellency would indeed requite me," replied the esquire, "you will give orders that this maiden, long and falsely imprisoned by the wretch before us, may be allowed to return to her friends."

"I know her," rejoined Renard, looking at Cicely; "and I know that what you say is true. Release her," he added to the officer. And giving a last terrible look at Nightgall, he quitted the room.

"Is Cicely here?" groaned the dying man.

"She is," replied Cholmondeley. "Have you aught to say to her?"

"Ay, and to you, too," replied Nightgall. "Let her approach, and bid the others stand off; and I will confess all I have done. Give me a draught of wine, for it is a long story, and I must have strength to tell it."

Before relating Nightgall's confession, it will be necessary to see what dreadful accident had befallen him; and in order to do this, his course must be traced subsequent to his flight from Cholmondeley's dungeon.

Acquainted with all the intricacies of the passages, and running with great speed, Nightgall soon distanced his pursuer, who having lost trace of him, was obliged to give up the chase. Determined, however, not to be balked of his prey, he retraced his steps to the torture-chamber, where he found Wolfytt, Sorrocel, and three other officials, to whom he recounted the jailor's atrocious attempt.

"I will engage to find him for your excellency," said Wolfytt, who bore so very kindly feeling to Nightgall, "if he is anywhere below the Tower. I know every turn and hole in the passages better than the oldest rat that haunts them."

"Deliver him to my vengeance," rejoined Renard, "and you shall hold his place."

"Says your excellency so!" cried Wolfytt; "then you may account him already in your hands."

With this, he snatched up a halberd and a torch, and bidding two of the officials come with him, started off at a swift pace on the right. Neither he nor his companions relaxed their pace, but tracked passage after passage, and examined vault after vault—but still without success.

Renard's impatience manifested itself in furious exclamations, and Wolfytt appeared perplexed and disappointed.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, rubbing his shaggy head. "He must have entered Saint John's Chapel, in the White Tower, by the secret passage."

The party were again in motion; and, taking the least circuitous road, Wolfytt soon brought them to a narrow passage, at the end of which he descried a dark crouching figure.

"We have him!" he cried, exultingly. "There he

Creeping quickly along, for the roof was so low that he was compelled to stoop, Wolfytt prepared for an encounter with Nightgall. The latter grasped his dagger, and appeared ready to spring upon his assailant. Knowing the strength and ferocity of the jailor, Wolfytt hesitated a moment, but, goaded on by Renard, who was close behind, and eager for vengeance, he was about to commence the attack, when Nightgall, taking advantage of the delay, touched a spring in the wall behind him, and a stone dropping from its place, he dashed through the aperture. With a yell of rage and disappointment, Wolfytt sprang after him, and was instantly struck down by a blow from his opponent's dagger. Renard followed, and the fugitive speeding across the nave of Saint John's Chapel, and, without regarding Wolfytt, who was lying on the floor, bleeding profusely, he continued the pursuit.

Nightgall hurried up the steps behind the altar, and took his way along one of the arched stone galleries opening upon the council-chamber. But, swiftly as he fled, Renard, to whom fury had lent wings, rapidly gained upon him.

It was more than an hour after daybreak, but no one was astir in this part of the citadel, and as the pursued and pursuer threaded the gallery, and crossed the council-chamber, they did not meet even a solitary attendant.

**THE WEDDING FINGER.**—There are few objects among the productions of art contemplated with such lively interest by ladies, after a certain age, as the wedding-ring. This has been the theme for poets of every calibre; for geniuses of every wing, from the duckling to the solar eagle. The mouldy antiquary can tell the origin of the custom with which it is connected, and perchance why a ring is round; and account for many circumstances concerning the ceremony of the circlet, on the most conducive evidence, amounting to absolute conjectural demonstration. Amidst all that has been said and written in reference to the ring, I believe the more lovely part engaged in the mystic matter—the taper residence of this ornament, has been neglected. Now this is rather curious, as there are facts belonging to the ring-finger which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of matrimonial union. It is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks. The thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as is also the fore-finger, the middle finger, and the thumb side of the ring-finger; whilst the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring-finger, at the point of extremity of which a real union takes place: it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger. That the side of the ring-finger next the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve, is frequently proved by a common accident, that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve is then frequently

struck, and a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger, and on the same side of the ring-finger, but not on the other side of it.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841

## THE EVERGREEN,

A Monthly Magazine of Popular Literature,  
EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the March Number of this periodical, two new stories will be commenced—viz: OLD ST PAUL'S, a new romance by W. Harrison Ainsworth, author of Jack Sheppard, Rookwood, Crichton, &c., and GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN, a new romance by the author of Stanley Thorn, Valentine Vox, &c. These works are not published in the *New World*; and it is the intention of the conductors of the *Evergreen* hereafter to give it a separate and independent character, except so far as it is requisite to conclude these *New World* stories already in progress.

When the *Evergreen* was first begun, in January, 1840, it was intended merely to make it a repository of the best articles which appeared in the *New World*; since the latter, appearing at that time in a folio form only, was difficult of preservation. But since the Quarto edition of the *New World* has gone into successful operation, THE EVERGREEN becomes unimportant as to the object for which it was established. It has, therefore, been determined to give it a character of its own—to make it a monthly compendium of the best issues of the English press, which, by reason of its preoccupation, cannot find places in the *New World*. In this way, being original in its reprints, it will have an intrinsic value, separate from any other publication.

THE EVERGREEN is the cheapest Magazine published—viz: \$2 per annum in advance for one copy, or three copies for \$5. For \$3 the back numbers from April, 1840, will be sent, together with the volume for the present year. This will give, complete, all the works now in progress in the *Evergreen*. Agents are requested to send in their lists as fast as possible. J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, 30 Ann st.

## THE PUBLICATIONS OF HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In a late number of the *Christian Examiner*, near the conclusion of a notice of Mr. Bryant's *Selections from American Poets*, it is remarked—"We are sorry that any thing from Mr. Bryant's hand should pass through the press of the Harpers, whose distinction it is to issue the poorest looking books of the whole trade. There is a compensation in their cheapness, we suppose, with which we ought to rest satisfied."

Apart from the *Boston* spirit towards all the issues of *New York* publishers, displayed in the above small and splenetic observation, it is a simple and obvious falsehood. If the writer intended to speak the truth—which we doubt—he is grossly ignorant of the publications which are, every week, poured from the press in this country; he is too grossly ignorant to write even for a narrow and sectarian review, like the *Christian Examiner*—the organ of the Unitarians in and about Boston, who seem to consider all the world, apart from their little sphere, a Nazareth, out of which no good can come. The books published by the Harpers are not, indeed, so elegant as those printed at the University Press in Cambridge; but, instead of being issued in editions of a few hundreds, they are disseminated by thousands through the United States. They are not printed to excite the approbation of an insignificant clique of little wits and starveling critics, but to sow knowledge and instruction with a broad cast over the whole surface of the republic. That fastidiousness, which recoils from a cheap book, would object to the giving of food to a famishing brother except upon a plate of the finest porcelain. For our own part, we detest this pretentious affectation about spotless paper and liberal type: this admiring of rivulets of ink running through meadows of margin. A book, that must be handled with as exquisite a care as a transparent drawing upon fine rice-paper, will have few readers: commend us to a volume that looks as if it would suffer no injury by being read and re-read, by being passed from hand to hand, and tossed hither and thither. This compensating quality of cheapness is, to us, the highest recommendation that a book can have: we feel pretty sure that it is worthy of being read, especially if it have the good fortune to be issued by Harper and Brothers.

In New York and at the West and South the reputation of this house is deservedly high. No business firm in this city is in better credit; and no publishers are ranked with them—they stand alone. They never publish an unsuccessful work; the reason of this is, all their undertakings are based on a sound judgement. Their literary adviser—a gentleman connected with the daily press of this city—is one of the best English scholars in the country, a man intimately acquainted with the popular taste, and possessed of abilities as a writer, second to none: though a love of home-quiet and of the liberty of exercising his fine talents as he pleases, have preserved his name from the blazon which attends most of the little great litterateurs of our

country. Besides the advantage of this critic's suggestions and advice, the brothers Harper have resources in all the authors, whose works they have published—Bryant, Halleck, Stephens and the rest—who are both willing and happy to give their opinions, when consulted.

Further objections still more frivolous, if possible, than that on which we have just animadverted, are made by the Boston press to some of the late publications in the *Family Library*—objections so uncritical that it seems to us they must have been actuated by some jealous booksellers. The life and works of Doctor Johnson; the life and works of Goldsmith, edited by Washington Irving; are found fault with, because the works are not complete, because they are nothing more than selections! Can anything be more absurd than this? The object and intention of these books, being to inspire a taste, especially in the young, for the best productions in the English literature—what better course could be adopted than to make choice of fit portions of the works of the first authors? Many a person will be led to read Johnson and Goldsmith in this way, who would have been deterred by the voluminous character of their works. We hope that this plan of presenting short memoirs, well prepared by competent hands, of the most distinguished writers of the language, with specimens of their productions, will be persevered in; it is excellent, and cannot fail to meet the warm approval of all impartial critics. For ourselves, familiar as we were with the writings of Goldsmith, we read the volumes, recently published, with unalloyed gratification. It was like visiting in selectest places the pleasant scenes of by-gone years; though the whole country was familiar to our eye, these chosen spots seemed to be clothed with a new verdure and beauty, and to wear a freshness which was not so apparent when we wandered over them before.

If the Harpers will hearken to our words, they will go on publishing cheap books that the poor may read as well as the rich; and they will add many volumes to the *Family* and *District School Libraries* of just such books as they have lately issued.

To the Editor of the *New World*:

The following line, which has lately caused considerable disputation among the admirers of Shakspeare, as to its meaning, will be found in Othello's address to the Senate:

"She wished that Heaven had made her such a man."

Will you do us the favor to express your sentiments on the subject, through the columns of the *New World*, and oblige. MANY READERS.

We have no doubt whatever concerning the true meaning of the above quoted line. Desdemona intended to say, if she did say so at all, that she wished Heaven had created her a man, not a woman—and she wished, moreover, that she had been created such a man as Othello was,—so noble, brave, capable of achieving such illustrious deeds. The other meaning, she wished that Heaven had made such a man for her, that is, for her husband, is not tolerable—particularly as uttered by a young maid. Give the former meaning and the speech is delicate and natural, as an exclamation of one excited to enthusiasm by admiration for another; but the latter is a wanton interpretation—and inconsistent with all else that Desdemona utters, as well as with her character. At least, such is our opinion—though, in entertaining it, we differ from no less a critic than John Quincy Adams, who has written some two or three essays, in which he avers that Desdemona behaved with unpardonable impropriety in running away from her father and marrying Othello.

On the other hand, let it be remembered that the line above quoted occurs in Othello's address to the Senate. It might have been his purpose to convey the obnoxious meaning into the minds of the "most potent, grave, and reverend seniors." He might have known full well what Desdemona intended when she uttered that wish to him, and still, to excuse himself with the Senate for having stolen away the old man's daughter, he might have desired to make it appear that Desdemona offered herself to him in this unmaidenly manner; for assuredly, in the sense to which we object, the line is equivalent to a downright proposition of marriage. We must, therefore, decline any direct answer to our correspondent's inquiry, for the plain reason—we cannot give it. The line, like Macbeth's witches, "palter with us in a double sense." If it were spoken by Desdemona herself, we should say that she merely wished that she were a man, and capable of emulating lofty achievements: as reported by Othello, we are puzzled to know what interpretation he put upon the expression himself, or what interpretation he intended to have others put upon it.

**RUINS AT ALEXANDRIA.**—A correspondent of the *London Times* states that in the desert places occupied by the ancient city of Alexandria the ruins of vast sewers are still to be seen which show that great attention was once paid to the preservation of the health of the people. The Pasha has a board of ornament; but this board, when applied to to remove nuisances, replies that it was appointed to attend to ornamental matters and not to interfere with dirt. The Pasha himself dare not undertake to enforce neatness among the Arabs.

## FAILURE OF THE UNITED STATES BANK.

The most important event of the day is the final stoppage of the United States Bank at Philadelphia. That institution is now confessedly irretrievably bankrupt. Its unsoundness has been suspected for some time past by men of sagacity, and it is now proved beyond a doubt. The stock to day will probably decline thirty per cent. at the Board of Brokers—if, indeed, any sum whatsoever will be offered for what is intrinsically worthless. It may be banded about for a while longer by speculators and cornerers; but it may be considered as already out of the market for purposes of investment.

On Thursday, 4th inst., between 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M., the bank refused payment of a New-York draft of \$100,000, and other important demands. In a word, it closed its doors—and its affairs must now be speedily wound up.

It is pretended that the cause of this sudden stoppage is the disappointment, experienced by the bank, in receiving certain large amounts of specie. But this, of course, is a great humbug. We have, ever since Mr. Biddle's withdrawal, looked upon the Bank as an insolvent concern, bolstered up by party newspapers and the deceptive statements of its agents and directors. Its "position" now is very clearly "defined;" and it is better for the public at large that the worst is known. We believe however that the influence of this Bank upon the monetary concerns of the country is grossly exaggerated.

The loss to bill holders will probably be unimportant. The foreign stockholders will doubtless be the most seriously affected; and Mr. Jaudon will have some heavy losses to account for. The course of the New-York and Boston banks, in refusing to suspend and in faithfully maintaining their credit, has been such that general confidence in American credit will not be shaken—whatever may be the temporary effect of the bankruptcy of an Institution, still thought by many to be national.

**CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.**—It is gratifying to observe that our legislature is again considering the propriety of abolishing this remnant of a barbarous age. The same subject is also eliciting the attention of the legislative bodies of several other States—a bill having already passed the assembly of Indiana to that effect. And it is to be hoped that when the proposition comes formally before our representatives, they will lay aside their old prejudices, give the subject a careful and impartial consideration, and then act upon it in accordance with their reasons and consciences. It has heretofore been avoided because the minds of members have been wholly engrossed in party, we may say party measures, not comparable to it in importance.

The punishment of death is not only abhorrent to the laws of God, but prejudicial to the true interests of society; the experience of every nation has proved that where the laws are most lenient they are the best executed, and that there is the least crime.

It should be remembered that the object of punishment is not revenge, nor to retaliate upon the criminal injury for injury; but it is to prevent crime. And any law that transcends this principle outrages humanity, and violates every tenet of the Christian faith.

Many take it for granted that whatever is established is, therefore, right, and will make no further inquiry to inform their minds. Such we would advise to examine the origin of these laws; and they will discover that they were established at periods when the legitimate objects of government, and the rights of the subject, were seldom inquired into, and invariably disregarded. They are ever extolling the laws of England, as the *best ideal* of reason and justice—a country whose criminal code was nearly as cruel as that of Draco, and far more fearful in its execution. His laws, it is true, were written in blood, but their mandates were scarce ever heeded, while the English code, though of a hue not quite so black, altogether eclipsed them in the number of its victims and the ferocity of the mode in which the punishment was inflicted.

At the time of our Revolution, by the English law, about one hundred and sixty offences were punishable with death. Pilfering an object of trifling value was visited with a doom like that which attended the perpetration of the most atrocious murder.

The humanity of our fathers revolted at the savage ferocity of these laws, and as soon as the power was in their own hands, abolished all but such as now remain. It is to be hoped that the good work which they began will be speedily completed, and our laws assimilated to the more just and enlightened sentiments of the age.

**IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.**—It will be seen by the following act that the legislature of New Hampshire have abolished imprisonment for debt upon all contracts made after the 1st of March next. We are rejoiced to see even this first step taken. But why not abolish imprisonment for debt entirely? Why allow it a lingering death, showing its hideous form, writhing convulsively in its agonies for five or six years, until, perhaps, the statute of limitations shall have released its victims from its grasp? It cannot be for a moment supposed that the right of imprisonment forms any part of the contract. In states where the statute

declares that no man shall be arrested on a civil contract, it may well be contended that upon contracts made in such states, the right of arrest is taken away even in states where arrest is allowed. But we are yet to learn that the right of arrest upon a civil contract is such a right that it may not be swept away by the legislature like chaff. Such has always been the opinion, and the legislative course in New York. This whole subject is undergoing a winnowing process in the United States, and usages which have been practised for ages will no longer be tolerated by an enlightened public opinion. Our people are becoming convinced of the truth of the Indian's simple remark, when shown a debtors' prison, "Indian can catch no skins there!" They are becoming satisfied that a prison is not the place for a poor debtor to retrieve his fortune. Punish for fraud and for crime, but let misfortune go free, and "the blessing of those who are ready to perish" will follow you.

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened, That no person shall be arrested, held to bail, or imprisoned on any mesne process or execution founded on any contract or debt which shall accrue or be made from and after the first day of March next.

"Section 2. And be it further enacted, That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed."

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW WORLD.

HAVANA, Jan. 25, 1841.

A Bull Fight—The Italian Opera—Consumptive Patients, &amp;c.

Among the lions of Havana, the bull fight holds a prominent place. It is the resort of all strangers, for once at least. It generally begins so soon after dinner that one has to hurry, as I did, to be there in time; and now I am so anxious to have finished the disagreeable task of describing it, that I shall not take the trouble to tell you how I got there. The arena of this disgusting exhibition is about a mile and a half from the city, where my ticket (procured beforehand) secured me a seat. Here I had scarcely placed myself before the band stopped playing, and some bloodhounds were brought in by the "banderilleros," who were dressed in the Andalusian costume, and who, at a given signal, let loose the hounds upon some rabbits and a cat. The former escaped for a time by their wonderful agility, but when once caught, death was inevitable. Not so with poor puss. If they came within her reach she gave battle, and made them smell blood of a kind for which they had little thirst, till at length their noses had suffered so much that not one of them dared go near her until a brute of a negro half killed the poor creature by a blow. Then, indeed, the hounds pounced upon her, and destroyed what little life was left.

By this time the dogs had become furious. They had got a taste of blood; and when the bull was let in they attacked him vigorously, catching by the tenderest parts, and holding on with wonderful tenacity. Not even the fearful plunging and kicking of the infuriated creature could break them from their hold. At length the animal gave up in despair. The dogs were taken off, and the bull was further enraged, if possible, by the banderilleros, whose occupation is to stick an instrument of torture with a barbed point into the neck of the beast, nearly between the shoulders. The manner of doing this is to face the bull, and the moment that he springs upon the banderillero he plunges the fatal weapon with deadly aim and fatal dexterity, while in the act of jumping clear of the horns of the wretched animal. These instruments are made of variegated paper ribbons, and generally contain fire-works, so arranged that they go off while the weapon is in the back of the bull, when up goes his head as well as heels, and he performs a regular set of antics, to which a West India negro-dance would bear some comparison. In another moment he is away, at the first plunging his horns into the poor horse, and tossing him (together with his rider) clean off his feet, some eight or ten feet distance, sprawling on the ground, with his entrails hanging out. At this striking moment up comes one of the Matadores, with his bright crimson banners, to divert the bull from his prey; and not unfrequently the picadore mounts again and receives the attacks from the horned brute as long as the wretched horse can stand. The picadore has only a spear six foot long, with a blunt point, which cannot penetrate the hide of the bull, to protect himself. After the mob have been diverted in this way for a time, the signal is given for the matadore to do the work of death. He takes his sword, and, watching the approach of the doomed creature, plunges the sword into him just between the shoulders. In almost every instance the aim is so sure that the bull staggers and falls. Immediately at this moment the bugle is sounded, the noose is put upon his horns, and three horses, gaily caparisoned, are brought in and hitched to the noose. Then, at the crack of the whip, they disappear, and leave the arena clear for another. This one is treated much in the same way as the first, with one exception. He is drawn up to a post by a noose thrown over his horns, and another rope is cast round his hind legs; he is then saddled, when one of the fool-hardy picadores mounts his back, and succeeds in staying there, perhaps, for the space of three or five minutes, by holding on to the

pommel of the saddle. He is a rider to whom the bull seems to show no little antipathy. Six bulls, on the occasion when I attended, were dispatched, and two of them in a very expert manner, by a matadore with only one arm! Numerous feats were performed—such as jumping over the bull's back; and one of the more youthful matadores or banderilleros sprung over the horns of one of them. When the fourth was tortured to death, I could remain no longer; and hurrying down to the ferry-boat, hastened back to the city—a five minutes' sail—with a determination never to witness another such disgusting sight. I had seen two horses and four bulls killed, and was almost stunned by the savage shouts, and the thumping of canes by the spectators, among whom some tolerably well-dressed women were bare-faced enough to show not only themselves, but their children of both sexes.

In the evening, to efface the impression of the bull fight, I went to the Italian Opera. "Marino Faliero" was performed with great success. "The Ober" exerted her wonderful abilities to the utmost, which brought down thunders of applause. The good people here seem to have a way of their own to show their approbation. They do not thump with their canes, or heels, as we do in the States, but bring the whole length of their canes to bear upon some flat surface such as the end or back of their seats. In this way it is natural to suppose that they make noise enough to gratify the most fastidious performer, and to shock the nerves of any sensitive person among the audience. Our box was in the third tier, where we had a commanding view of the house, which of itself can boast of nothing at attractive either in the internal or external appearance—in consequence of which, the fair occupants of the boxes, with their brilliant black eyes,—they all have fine eyes—receive your undivided attention. Several of these graceful creatures wore bonnets—which created no little surprise, because they are very seldom worn in the street by the natives, and therefore you would scarcely expect to see them at the Opera. I hope the mantilla is not to go out for a fashion so much less graceful and becoming. I observed, also, that in the pit, which was occupied exclusively by gentlemen, not one wore dark pants. The effect was quite novel as seen from above. The alternate lines of black or blue coats and white trousers reaching clear across the pit. The Spaniards must be extremely fond of sweet sounds alone, since the manager is permitted to give them the same opera over and over again. It is now three months since they opened, and three operas only have been produced, one of which was so unpopular that it was only once repeated. Thus "Marino Faliero" and "Lucia de Lamermoor" have been played alternately. In the former, the Ober electrifies you with her astonishing compass of voice, and in the latter the Borghese melts you into tears by her more touching tenderness and true eloquence of harmonious sounds. She is more beautiful than the other, which no doubt has its effect with me. I hear that this company is to visit the States next summer. Report says also that the Ober has selected "Norma" for her benefit. If so we shall have some fine music and shall also witness the novelty of the prima Donna seated at the entrance door dispensing her tickets, in which case it is not uncommon for her to receive an ounce—\$17—for one seat. After the piece—they never have but one piece—is over, the audience is obliged to wait for the Captain General's carriage to drive up and depart before any other vehicle is allowed to approach. Twenty minutes, I am told, has the most noble Prince of Algona kept his fair and loving subjects waiting till he was pleased to retire from their presence.

The steamer Natchez, from New Orleans, arrived, a few days since, with a cargo of consumptives. Some go by land; others by volantes from the quay to some shelter, where they can lie down and die—for death is the portion of more than one-half of those who come here with that disease. It certainly does appear as if the physicians in the States, aware that there is no hope, send them off to Cuba, in order to avoid the loss of reputation which they may incur by the patient's dying while in their hands. How much happier would the unfortunate individuals be if permitted to die among their relatives, rather than be sent hundreds or thousands of miles from home to breathe away existence where no dear or familiar voice can sooth their last moments!

Two of the passengers that came in the Natchez last trip died in two or three days after they arrived. One of them expired calling for her family and physician. "Bring all the physicians, every physician in Havana. I'll pay them any thing," said she, although while she spoke the death rattles were in her throat. It was of no use—her wealth would not save her. She was too far gone before she came to the Havana.

It is astonishing with what rapidity the patient is borne to the grave when he comes here in the last stages of his complaint. Death seems in a desperate hurry to embrace his victim. Why, he goes like this orange which is on the table before me. But yesterday it was sound; this afternoon it is a mass of corruption. Depend upon it, there is no place for those who are far gone with the consumption.



Independent of the tendency which the system has to decay in this sometimes warm climate, there are other reasons. One is that the temperature is exceedingly changeable. One day you are scarcely comfortable in double milled cloth cloaks, and the next you are melting in the thinnest of clothing. I am at this moment sitting in the coolest place I can find in a very cool and airy house, with a thin linen coat and pants on, with no waistcoat, and yet the perspiration is flowing from every pore. To-morrow, if the wind should blow from the north, the thermometer will be as it was but three days since, down to 66. Well, the consequence is, that those who are emaciated by disease, suffer as much as they would in a more northern climate. Here they have no fires, and only a small bit of straw matting is sometimes seen upon the stone or plaster floor. It is seldom that you find windows with glass, and more seldom that you can avoid a current of air.

**HISTORY OF THE GERMANS.**—We understand that Mr. Francis Graeter of this city is engaged on a translation of WOLFGANG MENZEL'S HISTORY OF THE GERMANS. It is a work that cannot fail of being welcomed by a large and increasing class of readers, who take a deep interest in whatever concerns that great and learned nation. In his own country, Mr. Menzel stands among its foremost authors, as a man of brilliant genius, vast and varied attainments, and extraordinary vigor and eloquence of style. He lives at Stuttgart in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, where he has long edited a literary journal, whose influence is felt all over Germany. He is a bold and independent writer, uncompromising in his hostility to every form of literary immorality. He has been engaged in some very sharp controversies, in which the mystical absurdities, and vague and shadowy trains of thought, or no-thought, which are not unfrequently found in German literature and philosophy are handled with but little ceremony. He has not even hesitated to hurl his thunders, like the giants of old mythology, against the Jupiter of the German Olympus.

Menzel has become already a distinguished name in the departments of fiction, literary criticism, and political history; but he is best known out of Germany, by his work on "German Literature." The History of the Germans, which Mr. Graeter is translating, is, however, his most finished and important production. The studies on the basis of which this admirable work has been reared, occupied him twenty years; and there is probably no man living who understands the history of Germany, not only in the details of facts and dates, but in its essential spirit, so well as Wolfgang Menzel. The ardent patriotism which has ever warmed into eloquence his flowing style, has led him to study the past fortunes of his country with a loving and sympathizing heart. The character, manners and religion of the Germans in the times of classical antiquity; their brave resistance to the Roman legions; the various forms which the genius of Germany assumed during the middle ages and the Empire; the legends, *Mime-songs*, *Guild-songs*; the *Nibelungen-lied*, that wondrous old story of heroic deeds, fiery passions and heart-subduing woes: the twilight cathedrals, in which worlds of thought, music and poetry are wrought into stone, there to stand for ever—unapproached, unapproachable; the countless old ballads, in which are uttered the manifold aspirations of the busy German heart of olden times; all these are ever present to his mind, and enable him to seize and portray the whole German character with a liveliness, freshness and force unequalled by any other German historian. Herein lies Menzel's peculiar excellence; that he has conceived the history of Germany as one whole; that he has represented it according to a profound apprehension of its unity and entireness; that his delineations have the breathing animation of reality; in short, that he has reproduced in his great historical picture the mighty image of Germany as she was in older and more heroic days, and as she is now in her age of boundless culture and erudition.

Mr. Menzel's narrative style is free, vigorous and picturesque, being in these respects a strong contrast to that of most of his learned countrymen. His knowledge of the ancient Germanic constitutions and laws gives a remarkable precision to his statements with regard to the political organizations that have prevailed in different periods of German history. He draws the characters of the several actors on the historic stage, with a nice perception of their several qualities and traits, and a perfect knowledge of their respective positions and influences. His selection of important points, and leading facts is managed with infinite judgement; so that the story is never encumbered with a multiplicity of dry and tedious particulars which have no interest for any but the mere antiquary. His narrative therefore, flows in a stream of transparent diction, and bears the reader's mind delightedly along its course through the successive ages of German history.

We have every reason to believe the translation will be executed with ability. Mr. Graeter is a man of genius and a profound scholar. Though a German by birth, he writes the English language with purity, beauty and a very musical cadence. In a just feeling of the idiomatic proprieties of English composition, Mr. Graeter's writings are remark-

able, and are distinguished by the genuine Anglo-Saxon strength. Several original pieces have been published by him; we remember particularly two stories called "Mary's Journey," and "Honig's Owl Tower," which showed great powers of style and brilliancy of imagination. He has also contributed poetical pieces to some of the annuals. We are much gratified, therefore, to hear of his projected translation of Menzel's History, and we hope these brief remarks of ours may encourage him to proceed with this important undertaking. It will be honorable to the literary character of our city to have a work of so high a character successfully accomplished here.

**CONGRESS.**—After a long and exciting debate, the House of Representatives has passed a bill authorizing a further issue of Treasury notes, to the amount of five millions, after the 4th of March next. [This is to prevent the financial necessity for an extra session.]

The Senate, having passed Mr. Benton's Pre-emption bill, has been hard at work on the Bankrupt bill. A motion to recommit, with a view of including corporations, &c., has been negatived by a decisive vote. It is feared that the bill will fail for want of time.

On Wednesday the two Houses, in due form, counted the votes for President and Vice President, and declared Harrison and Tyler duly elected. No other business was done.

#### GENERAL HARRISON AT THE CAPITAL.

The President elect of the United States reached Washington on Tuesday morning between eleven and twelve o'clock.

The arrangements for his reception were carried out as fully as the inclement state of the weather permitted. In consequence of the rush of the multitude to the door of the Railroad depot, it was found impossible to go through the ceremony of the address there, and the General was immediately conducted, through double lines of citizens, to the City Hall, where he was addressed and welcomed by Mr. Seaton, Mayor of the city.

General HARRISON replied briefly. He said that a long and intimate acquaintance with the citizens of Washington had left him no room to doubt a reception, from the Mayor and those whom he represented, as cordial as that which he now experienced. Whatever difficulties he might encounter in the administration of the Government of the Union, he said he had a most pleasing anticipation of happiness in his social relations for the time which he might reside amongst them.

Mr. J. A. BLAKE, President of the Washington Tippecanoe Club, was then introduced to General HARRISON, and made him a brief and neat address on behalf of the Club, to which the General replied in appropriate terms.

After this ceremonial, an hour was spent in a personal introduction of many hundred citizens to the General, who appeared to be in fine health and spirits.

The committee then escorted him to his lodgings at Gadsby's Hotel, and soon after left him to himself until half past 4 o'clock, when the committee returned to the Hotel, and, by previous arrangement, entertained at dinner the General, the gentlemen of his suite, (Messrs. CHAMBERS, TODD, COPELAND, and R. WICKLIFFE, jr.), the gentlemen of the Baltimore committee who had attended him to this city, and the Mayors of Georgetown and Alexandria.

The General attended the National Hall on Thursday, from the hours of one o'clock to three, to receive the visits of ladies, together with such gentlemen as have ladies under escort.

The General remains during his present visit to Washington at the National Hotel, where the city committee engaged lodgings for him. It had been his purpose to lodge at the private residence of an old personal friend, (W. L. Brent, Esq.) but he subsequently accepted the accommodations tendered to him by the city.

#### GENERAL HARRISON'S PROGRESS.

Condensed from the correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 30, 1841.

In my last communication I informed you that General Harrison had made an engagement to meet the ladies of this city at Concert Hall. Sometime before the hour an immense concourse of individuals were assembling in the neighborhood of the building. The room of the Hall was soon thronged with all the beauty and fashion of the town. From my own observations, and from what I could collect from others, I suppose that not less than three thousand young ladies were present, exhibiting the most beautiful and sublime spectacle I ever beheld. When the hour of three arrived, the old hero alighted from the carriage, and accompanied by his distinguished aids, and the Hon. Harmer Denny, he entered the Hall amidst the exclamations of the admiring crowd—the band playing "See the conquering Hero comes." The General rose, evidently much affected by this homage, thus paid by such a fascinating audience, addressed the ladies, in a few brief and eloquent remarks. During the delivery of this speech, the General took the liberty to interweave a beautiful episode in his observations, of the most deeply interesting character. He feelingly alluded to an incident that occurred in 1794. He observed that he ought to have had a Pittsburg wife; that in 1794 he exchanged locks of hair with a lady of this town. The lady with whom the General had the good fortune to meet in 1794 happened to be present, and she (Mrs. A\*\*\*\*\*) forthwith advanced to the General and tendered him her congratulations. The meeting elicited much ex-

ultation. After he concluded, the General then shook by the hand the Whig daughters of Pennsylvania, and all retired to their homes, highly gratified that they had an opportunity of grasping by the hand, the General, who had protected their country in times of danger and of difficulty.

Brownsville, Pa., Feb. 1, 1841.

Before I proceed to enumerate the circumstances attending the landing of the President elect at this place, I will give you a brief sketch of what took place this morning, prior to our embarkation from Pittsburgh, and our progress up the river of the Monongahela. Early in the morning, before sunrise, the cannon and roar of artillery were heard in every part of Pittsburgh. The whole town, before 9 o'clock, was in motion. The military corps exhibited a most splendid appearance. The front of the Pittsburgh Hotel (conducted by the enterprising and accommodating Major Iron, an old soldier under Gen. Harrison) was crowded with individuals who had collected together, to take leave of the President of the people. The General having left the Hotel, to pay one or two visits, to one or two valued friends, shortly returned, when the most enthusiastic cheering commenced.

Some six thousand persons stood before the Hotel. The General, in obedience to the request of his enlightened auditory, appeared before them, and made a few eloquent remarks, in his usual felicitous style, characterized by his usual vigor of thought and closeness of observation. Having concluded these remarks, the committee of arrangements intimated to the vast assemblage, that the General would move onward to the steamer Loyal Hannan, which had been prepared for his transportation to Brownsville. In a short time an immense concourse appeared on the levee, although it was raining and snowing immoderately. He delivered them a farewell address in the most touching and affectionate manner. The military companies accompanied him to this place. We left Pittsburgh with hearts grateful for the homage which the citizens had manifested for our old chief; we left the beautiful and fascinating daughters of that city, who evinced such deep regard for the favorite of the people. The hospitable roofs—the splendid entertainments of the citizens of Pittsburg will long be remembered.

As we ascended the river, every demonstration of respect was tendered the General, and the highest degree of enthusiasm displayed. On reaching Elizabeth, we found an immense crowd on the banks of the river, ready to receive the General. At the warm salutations of his friends, he tendered his kindest regards. A numerous collection of ladies were present to welcome him to the town. He received them with that warmth and cordiality of feeling, for which he is so distinguished. At Williamsport he was also received with every degree of attention. On reaching Belle Vernon, a beautiful village immediately on the banks of the river, we discovered that a portion of it was brilliantly illuminated. Mr. J. Speori generously and faithfully illuminated his dwelling in a most splendid manner, in honor of the arrival of the President elect. A few miles from this place, another dwelling was in a state of brilliant illumination. We at length reached this place. We found two thousand individuals at 11 o'clock at night, to welcome the General, and to tender to their hearty congratulations. At this place, he received the visits of numerous citizens. They soon dispersed—upon the promise of the committee that in the morning the General would receive them with pleasure.

Tuesday, Feb. 2.

On this day, Tuesday, the 2d, we reached Union Town, Pennsylvania. The concourse, as you may well conceive, was immense, as this is the largest portion of the country from which the old soldiers volunteered their services under General Harrison, to defend the North western frontier. The old soldiers here, without any exception, made great sacrifices to meet the General, and the friendly and cordial manner in which he has greeted them uniformly, I am sure, will endear his elevated virtues to their memory. The assemblage at Union Town was immense, upwards of fifteen hundred is the usual estimate. The General's headquarters was at the Clinton House, kept by the worthy and accommodating proprietor, Mr. Ryers. At this place he addressed himself, to-day, to a numerous auditory.

Advisors have been received from the Sandwich Islands up to the 24th of October last. The Exploring Squadron reached Honolulu on the first of October. While cruising among the Feejee Islands, in September, two of the officers of the squadron, who went on shore at Malolo, were killed by the natives. The murdered officers were Lieut. J. A. UNDERWOOD, and Midshipman WILKES HENRY. The account given is that these unfortunate officers had gone ashore with but a few men, and were attacked and killed almost instantly, but not until they had shot four of their assailants, who were the very men that but a few minutes before they had employed in tracking boats over the reef. The men with them were wounded, but escaped.

The Squadron's boats being near, immediately pulled in and commenced a well-directed fire upon the savages, under cover of which Lieut. Alden landed and brought off the bodies, which were entirely stripped. Had not the natives been fully occupied in carrying off their own dead, their bodies would have been taken away and devoured. This occurred on the 25th July. Capt. W. immediately made preparations for attacking their town and fort, which the savages considered impregnable. The seamen were landed, and a fire was opened upon it, but without effect, until a rocket, or "Flying Spirit," as they called it, set fire to their town, and created great consternation. It was finally carried by assault. The natives fought well, and even stood a charge of bayonet, but were finally beaten at all points, seventy or more were killed, the fort and town burnt, their plantations destroyed, and the island laid waste. These islanders have always been noted for their ferocity, treachery, and cannibalism, characteristics which, it seems, they fully retain.

**HARRISON'S INAUGURATION SUIT.**—We were yesterday shown, by Samuel Lawrence, Esq., a splendid piece of broadcloth, manufactured by the Middlesex Co. in this city, to the order of the Baltimore Tippecanoe Club, and designed for the inauguration suit of Gen. Harrison. The cloth is made entirely from American wool, a part of which was from Mr. Lawrence's flock of sheep in Connecticut, and it is probably the finest article of the kind ever manufactured in this country.—[Lowell Courier.]

**FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—The Polynesian, published at Honolulu, of Sept. 12th, received by the Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, contains some statistics of the trade of the Island. The whole amount of imports into Honolulu for the last four and a-half years, is stated at \$1,567,000, of which \$742,000 in value was from the United States. The value of exports of native produce in the same period was \$1,388,100, of which to the value of \$65,000 was Sandal wood, \$59,500 bullock hides, and the rest goat skins, salt, sugar, and various other articles. There are ten vessels owned by residents, of the islands, of an aggregate tonnage of 1317 tons, valued at \$65,500; seven of these vessels are owned by citizens of the United States, and three by English subjects.

On the 5th of September, three men deserted from the brig Friends, lying at the wharf in Honolulu, taking with them the ship's boat of six tons burthen, with provisions and instruments. It was supposed they had directed their course to the island of Ascension.

**HAVANA.**—By the brig Delia, arrived yesterday from Havana, we have received our papers to the 17th inst. Mad'le Elssler and suite had arrived from the North, and taken lodgings at the mansion of Mrs. West.

A line of steam packet ships, to run between English and South American ports, to touch at Havana, is projected, to commence their trips on or about the first of October next. Some of the shares of the company are offered for sale in Havana, on the nominal amount, of which it is guaranteed not more than 50 per cent. will be called for.

Benj. Wright, Esq., arrived at Neuvitas in the beginning of January, from New-York, with men and materials to make the Railroad from that place to Puerto Principe. Mr. W. brought with him one of Norris's best locomotives, several freight cars, and 50 operatives. The passenger cars are being made, and it is believed the enterprise will now rapidly progress to completion, and go into use.—[New Orleans Bulletin.

**DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.**—The alarm of fire about 11 o'clock, A. M., on the 4th inst., was from the discovery that a front basement room in the house No. 27 1-2 Hudson street, near Duane, was on fire. It appears that the room was occupied by an Irish woman, of intemperate habits, who had two small children, one about 5 years, and the other half as old. About an hour before the fire was discovered, she had left the children alone in the room; and when it was entered on the discovery of the fire, the little sufferers were found with their clothes burned off, their bodies horribly burned, and dying from suffocation and pain. They were rescued as quickly as possible, and application was made to several of the neighbors to receive them temporarily, but with most unfeeling hearts several refused to admit them within their doors. At last they were taken to the door of Mrs. Robertson, No. 38 Hudson street, who promptly, and with most praiseworthy willingness, not only admitted them, but extended to them every possible aid and care to alleviate their sufferings and render them more comfortable. They were finally taken to the city hospital, where we saw them shortly after, suffering greatly from their burns, and also internally from the effects of inhaling the smoke and the flame from their burning clothes. Little expectation that they would survive was entertained. The loss of the scanty furniture of the room was the principal damage otherwise done by the fire—the result of a mother's carelessness, if not of her vicious propensity for alcohol.—[Sun.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

**ANOTHER MURDER.**—We have just heard of another murder. About the first of December, two colored boys in the service of the Hon. Mr. Appleget, member of Council from Middlesex, from 15 to 18 years old, were sent to work with their axes, into the woods. At night the younger of the two returned home alone, and being asked about his companion, replied, that he went, some time in the day, to one of the neighbors to get a drink of cider, and he had not seen him since. Inquiry was made at the place mentioned, and it was ascertained that he had been there for that purpose. The boy not returning, Mr. A. supposed he had absconded. But, yesterday, his body was found concealed in the woods, with a large wound, apparently inflicted with an axe, on the side of his neck. The other lad was immediately arrested, and on being examined upon oath before the Coroner, at length admitted, I understand, that after his companion's return from getting a drink of cider, some difficulty occurred between them, and the latter struck him with a club, upon which he threw his axe at the aggressor. A scuffle ensued for the possession of the axe, which the younger lad at last succeeded in getting, and started off in a run, pursued by the other. Finding himself in danger of being overtaken, he hurled the axe around him, with a backward stroke, and with the edge struck his pursuer in the neck with full force, which caused death almost instantly. He then concealed the body for fear of detection. The occurrence took place not far from Spotswood, which is on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, some 10 or 15 miles south of New Brunswick. When shall we have an end of these dreadful occurrences?

**MURDER.**—On Thursday morning, about two o'clock, Thomas Cliff, the keeper of the 6th Ward House, went into the dwelling of a man named John Hand, whom he charged with having stolen his wood. An altercation ensued, when Cliff threatened to shoot Hand with the pistol which he had loaded for the purpose. Upon this, Hand seized Cliff, and a violent struggle ensued, during which Cliff struck Hand several blows with the butt of his pistol (a large horse pistol) fracturing his skull in such a manner as to cause his death in 24 hours. Cliff has escaped.—[Detroit Daily Advertiser.

**EXPLORING EXPEDITION.**—A letter from an officer of the Peacock, dated Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Oct. 20, says—"It is probable that so soon as the season will permit, the squadron will commence the survey of the N. W. coast of America and Columbia River, which will be a long and tedious business, and not until its completion will our faces turn homeward."

Professor Sparks, of Harvard University, is at Paris, engaged in his search of materials for his history of the American Revolution. He finds easy access to all the archives, public or secret, which he wishes to explore.

**FAITHLESSNESS PUNISHED.**—\$1200 damages were awarded to a damsel in Crawford county, (Pa.) a few days since, from an inconstant swain, who refused to keep his promise of marriage.

**ANOTHER.**—Miss Mary L. Moore, of Clinton county, N. Y., has recovered \$500 from Henry Lawrence for a breach of marriage promise.

**ANOTHER.**—A Miss Sanborn, of the same county, received \$800 from Austin L. Woodworth, for seduction.

**HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.**—During the year 1840, eighty-four patients were under treatment in this institution. Since its establishment, a period of ten years and a half, 503 patients have been admitted.

**A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald,** says that speculation designates Dr. F. Mallory, the Representative in Congress from the Norfolk District, as the Secretary of the Navy, under the ensuing administration.

**Judge Palmer, of Plattsburgh,** formerly a Member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and a highly respected citizen, died of consumption on the 8th of December, at the Island of St. Bartholomew.

**PRODUCTION IN ILLINOIS.**—Twenty millions of bushels of corn, it is stated, were produced in Illinois last year. There were also produced 385,893 lbs. tobacco, 28,121 lbs. rice, 194,191 lbs. cotton, and 323,296 lbs. sugar.

**A NEW TERRITORY.**—The Iowa News gives the name of Dacotah Territory to a portion of the country now within its borders, and which it says, will be formed into a distinct territory when Iowa comes to be admitted into the Union.

**THE STANDING ARMY.**—The Adjutant General of the United States has made a general return of the militia of the States and territories, of their arms, accoutrements, &c. for the year 1839. The whole number of militia is set down at 1,492,444.

**MICHIGAN.**—Resolutions requiring an immediate resumption of specie payments, have been adopted by the Legislature of Michigan.

**The Philadelphia Ledger** states that the Camden (N. J.) Bank, opposite that city, has suspended specie payments, after the example of its neighbors.

**TEMPERANCE.**—The efforts of a priest among the Irish in Lynn (Mass.) on the subject of temperance have met with much success. Upward of a hundred have taken the pledge. Instances are known in which once notorious drunkards have been thoroughly reformed, the medals which they constantly wear about their necks being a talisman which resists every temptation. One woman, who at first declined taking the pledge, afterward walked to Salem expressly to have it administered to her.

**NEW SEEDING MACHINE.**—Joseph Gibson, of Adrian, Michigan, has invented a machine which sows any kind of seed at broadcast, or plants in drills or hills, with mathematical accuracy, depositing the seed in such quantities as may be desired, and at any required distance, at a suitable depth below the surface, and leaving the ground smooth and even over it; performing the labor as fast as a man or horse can walk. The machine may be used for sowing wheat and other grains, and grass, for flax, hemp, turnips, beets, carrots, onions, &c., and for planting corn, beans, and the like.

**THE RICHMOND BANKS.**—Upon the receipt on Saturday evening last of the intelligence that the Bank of the United States had suspended specie payments, the officers of the Banks of Richmond held a meeting, and decided to continue specie payments, regardless of the course of the Bank of the United States.

The public may be satisfied that our Banks will carry out the resolution to pay specie—says the Richmond Compiler.

**A young Wyandot warrior** was lately tried at Upper Sandusky, (Ohio,) by the males of the tribe, in full council. He was found guilty of the murder, and sentenced to be shot—which sentence was executed accordingly.

**A German named Milteberger,** fell into the Delaware at Philadelphia on Sunday evening last, having a little son in his arms, and both were drowned, although efforts were immediately made to rescue them.

**The United States Gazette** says that it does "not find that the United States Bank refuses the notes of the other banks, though they ref. se her's." Very sensible are the other banks, in our opinion. They certainly are under no obligation to take the obligations of a worthless, bankrupt concern.

**In a message sent by Governor Porter to the Legislature of Pennsylvania** on the 5th instant, it is stated that the amount of loans made by the banks to the Commonwealth during the past year was \$2,500,000, exclusive of the \$800,000 borrowed on the 1st of February. \$99,000 have been loaned by individuals, leaving the actual amount received from the banks \$3,200,000.

**IRON MOUNTAIN.**—It is stated in the Woodstock (Va.) Sentinel, that it has recently been discovered that a mountain in that vicinity, known as Paddy Mountain, is almost entirely a mass of iron ore; the ore in huge rocks projects from the earth in all directions, and upon actual experiment proves to be very valuable, yielding seventy per cent. after being fused.

**BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.**—A bill is before the Legislature of Maine, to incorporate a company with authority to extend the Boston and Maine Railroad, from Somersworth in New Hampshire, near Dover, through the towns of Sanford and Alfred, passing by Sebago pond, by the most convenient route to Augusta, and thence on the most convenient route to Bangor.

**We learn from the Cumberland Civilian** that a deliberate murder was committed on the body of Mr. William Dudley, from Cornwall, England, who for the last two years has had charge of the works in the tunnel of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. He was shot down on the night of the 23d ult., while on his way home from work, and was afterwards severely beaten with clubs. It is suspected that the murder was committed by three laborers whom he had discharged from employment some weeks before.

## LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD SECOND NUMBER.

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Before the last day of this month, we shall print and publish the second Number of the Leviathan New World; of which an edition of

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will be struck off—orders for TWENTY THOUSAND copies having already been received. From this fact, it will be apparent that even this immense edition will be insufficient to supply further orders from the country, unless they are speedily sent in; since, after the day of publication, it will be impracticable to meet a demand other than that which exists in the cities. Agents and individuals are therefore solicited to write immediately and specify the number of copies they wish forwarded.

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### TO AGENTS.

We can yet furnish new subscribers with back Nos. from the commencement of the 2d volume, quarto, 1st January, including the commencement of "Ten Thousand a Year," up to that time, in pamphlet form. Those who prefer to date their subscription from No. 10, are informed that we have a few sets from that number, with which commences the above story, and which can be bound with the second volume.

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### Married.

February 9, by Rev. Stephen Pratt, Mr. Josiah P. Mead and Miss Sarah Ophelia Case, all of this city.  
February 4, at St. Peter's Church, Chelsea, by Rev. Dr. Smith, George S. Gossip, Esq., and Mary Helen, eldest daughter of Charles Dingley, Esq., all of this city.  
February 6, by Rev. J. Lunsey, Mr. David Thorp and Miss Fanny Dexter, both of this city.  
February 4, in Christ Church, by Rev. Dr. Lyell, Mr. William Lyell and Mrs. Mercia Verplanck, of Verplanck Point.  
On Monday evening, 3d instant, at Christ Church, by Rev. Thomas Lyell, Mr. John F. Seaman and Miss Frances Jeanette, daughter of Thomas M. Rogers, Esq., all of this city.  
February 4, at St. Mark's Church, by Rev. Dr. Anthon, Lieut. John Calhoun, of the U. S. Navy, and Catharine Matilda, eldest daughter of John C. Clarkson.  
At Quebec, U. C., January 14, John Bligh, Esq., of Her Majesty's Ordnance, and Charlotte Amelia, third daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Whale, of this city.  
At Washington, D. C., February 1, by Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, William Borpet, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Miss Susan Maria Clark, daughter of Hon. J. C. Clark, of this city.  
At Petersburg, Va., January 27, by Rev. Mr. Cobbs, Doctor Samuel M. Pleasant, of Shillalah, near Richmond, and Mrs. P. K. Vandevort, of this city.  
In Brooklyn, February 9, by Rev. Mr. Hastings, Mr. Silas R. Peters, of Boston, and Miss Maria S. Lindsey, of Brooklyn.  
In Albany, February 7, by Rev. Dr. Lynn, William H. Hague, Esq., and Miss Theodosia R. Innes.  
In Troy, February 6, by Rev. Mr. Laing, Peter S. Ranney, Esq., and Miss Nancy Vroom.  
In Newark, February 8, by Rev. Abram Toupis, Mr. Asher Van Brunt and Miss Lucretia Vance.  
In New-Orleans, January 28, by Rev. Louis Guiscardo, Pietro Augusto Roland Savale, of Havana, and Miss Elizabeth C. Salisbury, daughter of Solomon Salisbury, Esq., of New-Orleans.

### Died.

In this city, February 4, Miss Sarah Wilde, aged 34.  
February 3, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Avery, aged 61.  
February 4, Mrs. Lydia, widow of Abraham Green, deceased, 70.  
On Monday evening, Mr. Isaac K. Hume, in the 43d year of his age.  
February 9, at the Protestant Half Orphan Asylum of this city, where she had for a time acted as principal teacher, Miss Susan, daughter of Nathaniel Byram, deceased, of Morristown, N. J.  
February 8, Mary, wife of Henry Willis, aged 66.  
February 8, of inflammation of the lungs, Josephine, youngest daughter of Abraham and Mary Spader.  
February 8, Jomima, wife of Richardson Vandewater, and daughter of Augustus Cregier.  
February 9, Mrs. Jane, wife of James Cockefer, aged 38.  
February 9, of confluent small pox, Mr. William B. H. Brindall, 24.  
February 8, Laura Theresa, wife of Charles M. Leupp, and daughter of Hon. Gideon Lee.  
February 8, after a short but severe illness, William, son of William and Sarah Weed, aged 5 years, 11 months, and 8 days.  
February 7, after a long and severe illness, Mrs. Hester Durant, in the 44th year of her age.  
February 8, Mr. John Bremner, in the 67th year of his age.  
February 6, Mary Sanford, wife of Peter Gansvoort, and daughter of the late Chancellor Sanford; in the 77th year of her age.  
February 5, Mrs. Emeline Wood, wife of Thomas Wood, aged 20.  
February 7, Harriet Woodhull, daughter of Alfred Ashford, aged 7.  
On board the American brig George Henry, at St. Bartholomew, John Campbell, First Mate, aged 43.





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WHOLE NUMBER 38.



THE PROTHONOTARY WARBLER.

## Audubon's Ornithology.

### THE PROTHONOTARY WARBLER.\*

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, F.R.S.S. L. & E.

"I never saw this pretty bird in any of our eastern districts; and rarely farther up the Ohio than Louisville, in the neighborhood of which place it rears its young. Louisiana seems in fact better suited to its habits than any other state, on account of its numerous lakes, creeks and lagoons, overshadowed by large trees, and which are favorite places of resort for this species. It is fond of flying over the water of these creeks and lagoons, and is seldom seen in the woods. Its flight is rapid, and more steady than is usual in birds of its genus: and as it moves along, the brightness of its colors attracts the eye. On alighting, it moves rapidly along the twigs, partly sidewise, frequently turning about and extending its neck to look under the leaves, from

\* Ornithological Biography, or an account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America.

which it picks various kinds of insects. It often perches upon the rank grasses and water plants, in quest of minute molluscous animals which creep upon them, and which, together with small land snails, I have found in its stomach. It does not perform *sorties*, or sally forth after flying insects, as many other Warblers are in the habit of doing. It has a few notes for its song, which possess no interest. The males, when chasing each other, keep up a creaking noise, until the little battle is over, when they perch and balance their body with much grace and liveliness.

I have observed their arrival in Louisiana to take place, according to the state of the weather, from the middle of March to the first of April. At Henderson, in Kentucky, they do not arrive until a month later. They remain until October, but I am inclined to believe, rear only a single brood in a season. The nest is fixed in the fork of a small twig bending over the water, and is constructed of slender grasses, soft mosses, and fine fibrous roots. The number of eggs is from four to six. I could never ascertain whether the male assists in incubation, as the difference of plumage in the sexes is not perceptible when the bird is at large, and indeed can hardly be traced when one has procured the male and the female for comparison. It cannot be called a plentiful species. To search for them on the high

lands, or at any considerable distance from the places mentioned, would prove quite useless.

The plant on which you see these birds, grows in swampy places, but is extremely rare, and I have not been able to procure any scientific appellation for it. In Louisiana, it is called the *Cane Vine*. It bears a small white flower in clusters. The berries are bitter and nauseous. The stem, which runs up and over trees, resembles that of other climbing plants, is extremely elastic, and as tough as a cord. The leaves, of which you see the form and color, are also tough and thick.

### THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST.

"What an odd looking fellow!" said I to myself, as while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back; "how the boatmen stare at him! sure he must be an original!" He ascended with a rapid step, and approaching me, asked if I could point out the house in which Mr. AUDUBON resided. "Why, I am the man," said I, "and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

The traveller rubbed his hands together with delight, and drawing a letter from his pocket, handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal and read as follows: "My dear AUDUBON, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me always your friend B." With all the simplicity of a woodsman I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T. (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist) smiled, rubbed his hands, and with the greatest good humor said, "I am that odd fish, I presume, Mr. Audubon." I felt confounded, and blushed, but contrived to stammer an apology.

We soon reached the house, when I presented my learned guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.'s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds which had first drawn my attention. The ladies were a little surprised, but I checked their critical glances for the moment. The naturalist pulled off his shoes, and while engaged in drawing his stockings, not up, but down, in order to cover the holes about the heels, told us in the gayest mood imaginable that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on board the *ark*, to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. Clean clothes were offered, but he would not accept them, and it was with evident reluctance that he performed the lavations usual on such occasions before he sat down to dinner.

At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us all forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled together in the garden that his attire struck me as exceedingly remarkable. A long, loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse of the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sac. A waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankles. His beard was as long as I have known my own to be during some of my peregrinations, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders. His forehead was so broad and prominent that any tyro in phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers. His words impressed an assurance of rigid truth, and as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemaachus could have listened to Mentor. He had come to visit me, he said, expressly for the purpose of seeing my drawings, having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants, and he was desirous of knowing whether I might chance to have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some degree of impatience in his request to be allowed at once to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolios and laid them before him.

He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely, he shook his head, and told me no such plant existed in nature;—for, kind reader, M. de T. although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father MALEBRANCHE's expression, acquired a "venerable beard." I told my guest that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood, and that I should show it him on the morrow. "And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon? let us go now." We did so, and on reaching the bank of the river, I pointed to the plant. M. de T. I thought had gone mad. He plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species, but a new genus. When we returned home, the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal rendered water-proof by means of a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant, and wrote its description. The examina-

tion of my drawings then went on. You would be pleased, kind reader, to hear his criticisms, which were of the greatest advantage to me, for, being well acquainted with books as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice.

It was summer, and the heat was so great that the windows were all open. The light of the candles attracted many insects, among which was observed a large species of *Scarabæus*. I caught one, and, aware of his inclination to believe only what he should himself see, I showed him the insect, and assured him it was so strong that it would crawl on the table with the candlestick on its back. "I should like to see the experiment made, Mr. Audubon," he replied. It was accordingly made, and the insect moved about, dragging its burden so as to make the candlestick change its position as if by magic, until coming upon the edge of the table, it dropped on the floor, took to wing, and made its escape.

When it waxed late, I showed him to the apartment intended for him during his stay, and endeavored to render him comfortable, leaving him writing materials in abundance. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof. We had all retired to rest. Every person I imagined was in deep slumber save myself, when of a sudden I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running about the room naked, holding the handle of my favorite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, but he continued jumping and running round and round, until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to "a new species." Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished Cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats as it came up, soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good night, but could not help observing the state of the room. It was strewn with plants, which it would seem he had arranged into groups, but which were now scattered about in confusion. "Never mind, Mr. Audubon," quoth the eccentric naturalist, "never mind, I'll soon arrange them again. I have the bats, and that's enough."

Several days passed, during which we followed our several occupations. M. de T. searched the woods for plants, and I for birds. He also followed the margins of the Ohio, and picked up many shells, which he greatly extolled. With us, I told him, they were gathered into heaps to be converted into lime. "Lime! Mr. Audubon; why, they are worth a guinea a piece in any part of Europe." One day, as I was returning from a hunt in a cane-brake, he observed that I was wet and splattered with mud, and desired me to show him the interior of one of these places, which he said he had never visited.

The Cane, kind reader, formerly grew spontaneously over the greater portions of the State of Kentucky and other Western Districts of our Union, as well as in many farther south. Now, however, cultivation, the introduction of cattle and horses, and other circumstances connected with the progress of civilization, have greatly altered the face of the country, and reduced the cane within comparatively small limits. It attains a height of from twelve to thirty feet, and a diameter of from one to two, and grows in great patches resembling osier-holts, in which occur plants of all sizes. The plants frequently grow so close together, and in course of time become so tangled, as to present an almost impenetrable thicket. A portion of ground thus covered with canes is called a *Cane-brake*.

If you picture to yourself one of these cane-brakes growing beneath the gigantic trees that form our western forests, interspersed with vines of many species, and numberless plants of every description, you may conceive how difficult it is for one to make his way through it, especially after a heavy shower of rain or a fall of sleet, when the traveller, in forcing his way through, shakes down upon himself such quantities of water, as soon to reduce him to a state of the utmost discomfort. The hunters often cut little paths through the thickets with their knives, but the usual mode of passing through them is by pushing one's self backward, and wedging a way between the stems. To follow a bear or cougar pursued by dogs through these brakes, is a task, the accomplishment of which may be imagined, but of the difficulties and dangers accompanying which I cannot easily give an adequate representation.

The canes generally grow on the richest soil, and are particularly plentiful along the margins of the great western rivers. Many of our new settlers are fond of forming farms in their immediate vicinity, as the plant is much relished by all kinds of cattle and horses, which feed upon it at all seasons, and again because these brakes are plentifully stocked with game of various kinds. It sometimes happens that the farmer clears a portion of the brake. This is done by cutting the stems, which are fistular and knotted, like those of other grasses, with a large knife or cutlass. They are afterwards placed in heaps, and when partially dried set fire to. The moisture contained between the joints is converted into steam, which causes the cane to burst with a smart report, and when a whole mass is crackling, the sounds resemble discharges of musquetry. Indeed, I have been told that travellers floating down the rivers, and unacquainted with these circumstances, have been induced to pull their oars with redoubled rigor, apprehending the attack of a host of savages, ready to scalp every one of the party.

A day being fixed, we left home after an early breakfast, crossed the Ohio, and entered the woods. I had determined that my companion should view a cane-brake in all its perfection, and after leading him several miles in a direct course, came upon as fine a sample as existed in that part of the country. We entered, and for some time proceeded without much difficulty, as I led the way, and cut down the canes which were most likely to incommode him. The difficulties gradually increased, so that we were presently obliged to turn our backs to the foe, and push ourselves on the best way we could. My companion stopped here and there to pick up a plant and examine it. After a while, we chanced to come upon the top of a fallen tree, which so obstructed our passage that we were on the eve of going round, instead of thrusting ourselves through amongst the branches, when, from its bed in the centre of the tangled

mass, forth rushed a bear, with such force, and snuffing the air in so frightful a manner, that M. de T. became suddenly terror-struck, and, in his haste to escape, made a desperate attempt to run, but fell amongst the canes in such a way that he looked as if pinioned. Perceiving him jammed in between the stalks, and thoroughly frightened, I could not refrain from laughing at the ridiculous exhibition which he made. My gaiety, however, was not very pleasing to the savant, who called out for aid, which was at once administered. Gladly would he have retraced his steps, but I was desirous that he should be able to describe a cane-brake, and enticed him to follow me, by telling him that our worst difficulties were nearly over. We proceeded, for by this time the bear was out of hearing.

The way became more and more tangled. I saw with delight that a heavy cloud, portentous of a thunder gust, was approaching. In the mean time, I kept my companion in such constant difficulties, that he now panted, perspired, and seemed almost overcome by fatigue. The thunder began to rumble, and soon after a dash of heavy rain drenched us in a few minutes. The withered particles of leaves and bark attached to the canes stuck to our clothes. We received many scratches from briars, and now and then a twitch from a nettle. M. de T. seriously inquired if we should ever get alive out of the horrible situation in which we were. I spoke of courage and patience, and told him I hoped we should soon get to the margin of the brake, which, however, I knew to be two miles distant. I made him rest, and gave him a mouthful of brandy from my flask; after which, we proceeded on our slow and painful march. He threw away all his plants, emptied his pockets of the fungi, lichens, and mosses which he had thrust into them, and finding himself much lightened, went on for thirty or forty yards with a better grace. But, kind reader, enough—I led the naturalist first one way, then another, until I had nearly lost myself in the brake, although I was well acquainted with it, kept him tumbling and crawling on his hands and knees, until long after mid-day, when we at length reached the edge of the river. I blew my horn, and soon showed my companion a boat coming to our rescue. We were ferried over, and, on reaching the house, found more agreeable occupation in replenishing our empty coffers.

M. de T. remained with us for three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes, but never again expressed a desire of visiting a cane-brake. We were perfectly reconciled to his oddities, and, finding him a most agreeable and intelligent companion, hoped that his sojourn might be of long duration. But, one evening when tea was prepared, and we expected him to join the family, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses and other valuables were all removed from his room. The night was spent in searching for him in the neighborhood. No eccentric naturalist could be discovered. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a bear or a gar-fish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture; nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety.

## Historical Romances.

### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Second.... Mary the Queen.

[Concluded.]

Nightgall was now within the southern gallery of the White Tower, and Renard shouted to him to step; but he heeded not the cry. In another moment, he reached a door, opening upon the north-east turret. It was bolted, and the time lost in unfastening it, brought Renard close upon him. Nightgall would have descended, but thinking he heard voices below, he ran up the winding stairs.

Renard now felt secure of him, and uttered a shout of savage delight. The fugitive would have gained the roof, if he had not been intercepted by a party of men, who at the very moment he reached the doorway communicating with the leads presented themselves at it. Hearing the clamor raised by Renard and his followers below, these men commanded Nightgall to surrender. Instead of complying, the miserable fugitive, now at his wits' end, rushed backwards, with the determination of assailing Renard. He met the ambassador at a turn in the stairs a little below, and aimed a desperate blow at him with his dagger. But Renard easily warded it off, and pressing him backwards, drove him into one of the deep embrasures at the side.

Driven to desperation, Nightgall at first thought of springing through the loophole; but the involuntary glance that he cast below, made him recoil. On seeing his terror, Renard was filled with delight, and determined to prolong his enjoyment. In vain, Nightgall endeavored to escape from the dreadful snare in which he was caught. He was driven remorselessly back. In vain, he implored mercy in the most abject terms. None was shown him. Getting within the embrasure, which was about twelve feet deep, Renard deliberately pricked the wretched man with the point of his sword, and forced him slowly backwards.

Nightgall struggled desperately against the horrible fate that awaited him, striking at Renard with his dagger, clutched convulsively against the wall, and disputing the ground inch by inch. But all was unavailing. Scarcely a foot's space intervened between him and destruction, when Renard sprang forward, and pushed him by main force through the loophole. He uttered a fearful cry, and tried to grasp at the roughened surface of the wall. Renard watched his descent. It was from a height of near ninety feet.

He fell with a terrific smash upon the pavement of the court below. Three or four halberdiers, who were passing at a little distance, hearing the noise, ran towards him, but finding he was not dead, though almost dashed to pieces, and scarcely retaining a vestige of humanity, they brought a shutter, and conveyed him to the lower guard-room, as already related.

"I have no hope of mercy," gasped the dying man, as his request was complied with, and Cicely, with averted

eyes, stood beside him, "and I deserve none. But I will make what atonement I can for my evil deeds. Listen to me, Cicely, (or rather I should say Angela, for that is your rightful name,) you are the daughter of Sir Alberic Mountjoy, and were born while your parents were imprisoned in the Tower. Your mother, the Lady Grace, lost her reason on the day of her husband's execution, as I have before stated. But she did not expire as I gave out. My motive for setting on foot this story, and for keeping her existence secret, was the hope of making her mine if she recovered her senses, as I had reason to believe would be the case."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Cholmondeley.

"You cannot upbraid me more than I now upbraid myself," groaned Nightgall; "but my purpose was thwarted. The ill-fated lady never recovered, and disappointment, acting upon my evil nature, made me treat her with such cruelty that her senses became more unsettled than ever."

"Alas! alas!" cried Cicely, bursting into tears; "my poor mother! what a fate was yours!"

"When all hope of her recovery was extinguished," continued Nightgall, "I thought, that if any change occurred in the sovereignty or religion of the country, I might, by producing her, and relating a feigned story, obtain a handsome reward for her preservation. But this expectation also passed by. And I must confess that, at length, my only motive for allowing her to exist was that she formed an object to exercise my cruelty upon."

"Heaven's curse upon you!" cried Cholmondeley.

"Spare your maledictions," rejoined Nightgall; "or heap them on my lifeless clay. You will soon be sufficiently avenged. Give me another draught of wine, for my lips are so dry I can scarcely speak, and I would not willingly expire till I have made known the sum of my wickedness."

The wine given to him he proceeded.

"I will not tell you all the devilish cruelties I practised upon the wretched Alexia, (for so, as you are aware, I called her, to conceal her real name,)—because from what you have seen you may guess the rest. But I kept her a solitary captive in those secret dungeons, for a term of nearly seventeen years—ever since your birth, in short," he added, to Cicely. "Sometimes, she would elude my vigilance, and run shrieking along the passages. But when any of the jailors beheld her, they fled, supposing her a supernatural being."

"Her shrieks were indeed dreadful," remarked Cholmondeley. "I shall never forget their effect upon me. But you allowed her to perish from famine at last?"

"Her death was accidental," replied Nightgall, in a hollow voice, "though it lies as heavy on my soul as if I had designed it. I had shut her up for security in the cell in the Devilin Tower, where you found her, meaning to visit her at night, as was my custom, with provisions. But I was sent on special business by the queen to the palace at Greenwich for three days; and on my return to the Tower, I found the wretched captive dead."

"She had escaped you, then," said Cholmondeley, bitterly. "But you have not spoken of her daughter?"

"First, let me tell you where I have hidden the body, that decent burial may be given it," groaned Nightgall. "It lies in the vault beneath the Devilin Tower—in the centre of the chamber—not deep—not deep."

"I shall not forget," replied Cholmondeley, noticing with alarm that an awful change had taken place in his countenance.

"What of her child?"

"I must be brief," replied Nightgall faintly; "for I feel that my end approaches. The little Angela was conveyed by me, to Dame Potentia Trusbut. I said she was the offspring of a lady of rank—but revealed no name—and what I told beside was a mere fable. The good dame, having no child of her own, readily adopted her, and named her Cicely. She grew up in years—in beauty; and as I beheld her dawning charms, the love I had entertained for the mother was transferred to the child—nay, it was ten times stronger. I endeavored to gain her affections, and fancied I should succeed, till you"—looking at Cholmondeley—"appeared. Then I saw my suit was hopeless. Then evil feelings again took possession of me, and I began a fresh career of crime. You know the rest."

"I do," replied Cholmondeley. "Have you aught further to disclose?"

"Only this," rejoined Nightgall, who was evidently on the verge of dissolution. "Cut open my doublet; and within its folds you will find proofs of Angela's birth, together with other papers referring to her ill-fated parents. Lay them before the Queen; and I make no doubt that the estates of her father, who was a firm adherent to the Catholic faith, and died for it, as well as a staunch supporter of Queen Catherine of Arragon, will be restored to her."

Cholmondeley lost not a moment in obeying the injunction. He cut open the blood-stained jerkin of the dying man, and found, as he had stated, a packet.

"That is it," cried Nightgall, fixing his glazing eyes on Angela—"that will restore you to your wealth—your title. The priest by whom you were baptised was the Queen's confessor, Feckenham. He will remember the circumstance—he was the ghostly counsellor of both your parents. Take the packet to him and he will plead your cause with the Queen. Forget—forgive me—"

His utterance was suddenly choked by a stream of blood that gushed from his mouth, and with a hideous expression of pain he expired.

"Horrible!" cried Angela, placing her hands before her eyes.

"Think not of him," said Cholmondeley, supporting her, and removing her to a little distance—"think of the misery you have escaped—of the rank to which you will assuredly be restored. When I first beheld those proud and beautiful lineaments, I was certain they belonged to one of high birth. And I was not mistaken."

"What matters my newly-discovered birth—my title—my estates, if I obtain them—if you are lost to me!" cried Angela, despairingly. "I shall never know happiness without you."

As she spoke, an usher, who had entered the guard-room, marched up to Cholmondeley, and said, "I am the bearer of the Queen's pardon to you. Your life is spared,



at the instance of the Spanish ambassador. But you are to remain a prisoner on parole, within the fortress, during the royal pleasure."

"It is now my turn to support you," said Angela, observing her lover stagger, and turn deadly pale.

"So many events crowd upon my brain," cried Cholmondeley, "that I begin to fear for my reason—Air!—air!"

Led into the open court, he speedily recovered, and in a transport of such joy as has seldom been experienced, he accompanied Angela to the Stone Kitchen, where they were greeted with mingled tears and rejoicings by Dame Potentia and her spouse.

In the course of the day, Cholmondeley sought out Feckenham, and laid the papers before him. The confessor confirmed all that Nightgall had stated respecting the baptism of the infant daughter of Lady Mountjoy, and the other documents satisfied him that the so-called Cicely was that daughter. He undertook to lay the case at once before the Queen, and was as good as his word. Mary heard his statement with the deepest interest, but made no remark; and at its conclusion desired that the damsel might be brought before her.

XXXVH.—How Jane was imprisoned in the Martin Tower; how she was visited by Roger Ascham; how she received Feckenham's announcement that the time of her execution was fixed; and how she was respite for three days.

The Martin Tower (or as it is now termed, the Jewel Tower, from the purpose to which it is appropriated,) where Jane was confined by the Queen's commands, lies at the north-eastern extremity of the ballium wall, and corresponds in size and structure with the Develin, or Devereux Tower at the opposite angle. Circular in form like the last-mentioned building, and erected, in all probability, at the same period—the latter end of the reign of John, or the commencement of that of Henry the Third—it consists of two stories, having walls of immense thickness, and containing, as is the case with every other fortification, deep recesses terminated by narrow loop-holes. A winding stone staircase, still in a tolerable state of preservation, communicates with these stories, and with the roof, which was formerly embattled, and defended on either side by two small square turrets. Externally, on the west, the Martin Tower has lost its original character; the walls being new-frosted and modernised, and a flight of steps raised to the upper story, completely masking the ancient door-way, which now forms the entrance to the jewel-room. On the east, however, it retains much of its ancient appearance, though in part concealed by surrounding habitations; and when the building now in progress, and intended for the reception of the regalia, is completed, it will be still further hidden. While digging for the foundations of the proposed structure, which were sunk much below the level of the ballium wall, it became apparent that the ground had been artificially raised to a considerable height by an embankment of gravel and sand; and the prodigious solidity and strength of the wall were proved from the difficulty experienced by the workmen in breaking through it, to effect a communication with the new erection.

Within, on the basement floor, on the left of the passage, and generally hidden by the massive portal, is a small cell constructed in the thickness of the wall; and further on, the gloomy chamber used as a depository for the crown ornaments, and which requires to be artificially lighted, is noticeable for its architecture, having a vaulted and groined roof of great beauty. The upper story, part of the residence of Mr. Swift, the keeper of the regalia, at present comprehends two apartments, with a hall leading to them, while the ceiling having been lowered, other rooms are gained. Here, besides the ill-fated and illustrious lady whose history forms the subject of this chronicle, was confined the lovely, and perhaps guiltless Anne Boleyn. The latter fact, has, however, been doubted, and the upper chamber in the Beauchamp Tower assigned as the place of her imprisonment. But this supposition, from many circumstances, appears improbable, and the inscription bearing her name, and carved near the entrance of the hall, is conclusive as to her having been confined in this tower.

Here, in 1641, the twelve bishops, impeached of high treason by the revolutionary party in the House of Commons, for protesting against the force used against them, and the acts done in their absence, were imprisoned during their commitment to the Tower—at least, so runs the legend, though it is difficult to conceive how so many persons could be accommodated in so small a place. Here, also, Blood made his atrocious attempt (a story still involved in obscurity—it has been conjectured, with some show of probability, that he was prompted to the deed by Charles himself,) to steal the crown jewels, and in this very chamber, the venerable Talbot Edwards made his gallant defence of the royal ensigns, receiving for his bravery and his wounds, a paltry grant of two hundred pounds, half of which, owing to vexatious delays, he only received, while the baffled robber was rewarded with a post at court, and a pension of five hundred pounds a-year in Ireland. Can it be doubted after this which of the two was the offender, in the eyes of the monarch?

It must not be omitted that the Jewel Tower enjoys, in common with its corresponding fortification, the Devereux Tower, the reputation of being haunted. Its ghostly visitant is a female figure robed in white—whether the spirit of Anne Boleyn, or the ill-fated Jane, cannot be precisely ascertained.

The Martin Tower acquired its present designation of the Jewel Tower, in the reign of James the First when the crown ornaments were removed to it from a small building, where they had been hitherto kept, on the south side of the White Tower. The regalia was first exhibited to the public in the reign of Charles the Second, when many of the perquisites of the ancient master of the Jewel House were abolished, and its privileges annexed to the office of the lord chamberlain.

Jane's present prison was far more commodious than her former place of confinement in the Brick Tower, and by Mary's express injunctions, every attention consistent with her situation was shown her. Strange as it may seem, she

felt easier, if not happier, than she had done during the latter part of the period of her liberation. Then, she was dissatisfied with herself, anxious for her husband, certain of the failure of his enterprise, and almost desiring its failure—now, the worst was past. No longer agitated by the affairs of the world, she could suffer with patience, and devote herself wholly to God. Alone within her prison-chamber she prayed with more fervor than she had been able to do for months; and the soothing effect it produced was such, that she felt almost grateful for her chastening. "I am better able to bear misfortune than prosperity," she murmured, and I cannot be too thankful to Heaven that I am placed in a situation to call forth my strength. Oh! that Dudley may be able to endure his trial with equal fortitude!—But I fear his proud heart will rebel. Sustain him, Lord! I beseech thee, and bring him to a true sense of his condition."

Convinced that her days were now numbered, having now no hope of pardon, scarcely desiring it, and determined to reject it, if coupled with any conditions affecting her faith, Jane made every preparation for her end. No longer giving up a portion of her time to study, she entirely occupied herself with her devotions. Influenced by the controversial spirit of the times, she had before been as anxious to overcome her opponents in argument as they were to convince her of her errors. Now, though feeling equally strong in her cause, she was more lowly-minded. Reproaching herself bitterly with her departure from her duty, she sought by incessant prayer, by nightly vigil, by earnest and heart-felt supplication to wipe out the offence. "I have not sinned in ignorance," she thought, "but with my eyes open, and therefore my fault is far greater than if no light had been vouchsafed me. By sincere contrition alone can I hope to work out my salvation; and if sorrow, remorse, and shame, combined with the most earnest desire of amendment, constitute repentance, I am truly contrite. But I feel my own unworthiness, and though I know the mercy of heaven is infinite, yet I scarcely dare to hope for forgiveness for my trespasses. I have trusted too much to myself already—and find that I relied on a broken reed. I will now trust only to God."

And thus she passed her time, in the most rigid self-examination, fixing her thoughts above, and withdrawing them as much as possible from earth. The effect was speedily manifest in her altered looks and demeanor. When first brought to the Martin Tower, she was downcast and despairing. Ere three days had passed, she became calm, and almost cheerful, and her features resumed their wonted serene and seraphic expression. She could not, it is true, deaden the pangs that ever and anon shook her, when she thought of her husband and father. But she strove to console herself by the hope that they would be purified, like herself, by the trial to which they were subjected, and that their time of separation would be brief. To the duke she addressed that touching letter preserved among the few fragments of her writings, which, after it had been submitted to Gardner, was allowed to be delivered to him. It concluded with these words: "And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I presently stand—my death at hand. Although to you it may seem woful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome than to aspire from this Vale of Misery to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ, my Saviour. In whose steadfast faith (if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father,) the Lord who hath hitherto strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at last we may meet in heaven."

With her husband she was allowed no communication; and in reply to her request to see him once more, she was told that their sole meeting would be on the scaffold—a wanton insult, for it was not intended to execute them together. The room, or rooms, (for the large circular chamber was even then divided by a partition,) occupied by Jane in the Martin Tower, were those on the upper story, tenanted, as before-mentioned by the keeper of the regalia; and her chief place of resort during the day-time was one of the deep embrasures looking towards the north. In this recess, wholly unobserved and undisturbed, she remained, while light lasted, upon her knees, with a book of prayers, or the Bible before her, fearful of losing one of the precious moments which flew by so quickly—and now so tranquilly. At night she withdrew, not to repose, but to a small table in the midst of the apartment, on which she placed the sacred volume and a lamp, and knelt down beside it. Had she not feared to disturb her calm condition, she would not have allowed herself more than an hour's repose, at the longest intervals nature could endure. But desirous of maintaining her composure to the last, she yielded to the demand, and from midnight to the third hour stretched herself upon her couch. She then arose, and resumed her devotions. The same rules were observed in the food she permitted herself to take. Restricting herself to bread and water, she ate and drank sufficient to support nature, and no more.

On the fourth day of her confinement, the jailor informed her there was a person without who had an order from the Queen to see her. Though Jane would have gladly refused admittance to the applicant, she answered meekly, "Let him come in."

Immediately afterward a grave-looking middle-aged man, with a studious countenance, overclouded with sorrow, appeared. He was attired in a black robe, and carried a flat velvet cap in his hand.

"What, Master Roger Ascham, my old instructor!" exclaimed Jane, rising as he approached, and extending her hand to him, "I am glad to see you."

Ascham was deeply affected. The tears rushed to his eyes, and it was some moments before he could speak.

"Do not lament for me, good friend," said Jane, in a cheerful tone, "but rejoice with me, that I have so profited by your instructions as to be able to bear my present lot with resignation."

"I do indeed heartily rejoice at it, honored and dear madam," replied Ascham, subduing his emotion, "and I would gladly persuade myself that my instructions had contributed in however slight a degree to your present composure. But you derive your fortitude from a higher source than any on earth. It is your piety, not your wisdom that sustains you; and though I have pointed out the way to the living waters at which you have drunk, it is to that alone that you owe the inestimable blessing of your present frame

of mind. I came not hither to depress, but to cheer you—not to instruct, but to be instructed. Your life, madam, will afford the world one of the noblest lessons it has ever received, and though your career may be closed at the point whence most others start, it will have been run long enough."

"Alas! good Master Ascham," rejoined Jane, "I once thought that my life and its close would be profitable to our church—that my conduct might haply be a model to its disciples—and my name enrolled among its martyrs. Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall. I had too much confidence in myself. I yielded to impulses, which, though not culpable in the eyes of men, were so in those of God."

"Oh madam! you reproach yourself far too severely," cried Ascham. "Unhappy circumstances have made you amenable to the laws of your country, it is true, and you give up your life as a willing sacrifice to justice. But this is all that can, or will be required of you, by your earthly or your Supreme Judge. That your character might have been more absolutely faultless in the highest sense I will not deny, had you sacrificed every earthly feeling to duty. But I for one should not have admired—should not have loved you as I now love you, had you acted otherwise. What you consider a fault has proved you a true woman in heart and affection; and your constancy as a believer in the Gospel, and upholder of its doctrines, has been equally strongly manifested. Your name in after ages will be a beacon and a guiding-star to the whole Protestant church."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed Jane, fervently. "I once hoped—once thought so."

"Hope so—think so still," rejoined Ascham. "Ah, dear madam, when I last took my leave of you before my departure for Germany, and found you in your chamber at Bradgate, buried in the Phædo of the divine philosopher, while your noble father and his friends were hunting, and disporting themselves in the park—when, to my wondering question, as to why you did not join in their pastime, you answered, 'that all their sport in the park was but a shadow to the pleasure you found in Plato,'—adding, 'alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant;—at that time I little thought for what a sad though proud destiny you were preserved.'"

"Neither did I, good master Ascham," replied Jane; "but you now find me at a better study. I have exchanged him who you term, and truly, in a certain sense, the 'divine' philosopher, for writings derived from the highest source of inspiration—direct from heaven—and I find in this study more pleasure and far more profit than the other. And now farewell, good friend. Do me one last favor. Be present at my ending. And see how she, whom you have taught to live, will die. Heaven bless you!"

"Heaven bless you too, noble and dear lady," replied Ascham, kneeling and pressing her hand to his lips. "I will obey your wishes."

He then arose, and covering his face to hide his fast-falling tears, withdrew.

Jane, also, was much moved, for she was greatly attached to her old instructor; and to subdue her emotion, took a few turns within her chamber. In doing this, she noticed the various inscriptions and devices carved by former occupants; and taking a pin, traced with its point the following lines, on the wall of the recess where she performed her devotions:

*Non aliena putes homini que obtingere possunt;  
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi.*

Underneath, she added the following, and subscribed them with her name:

*Deo juvante, nil nocet hinc malus;  
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis;  
Post tenebras, spero lucem!*

The lines have been effaced. But tradition has preserved them. How deeply affecting is the wish of the patient sufferer—"Post tenebras, spero lucem!"

Scarcely had Jane resumed her devotions, when she was a second time interrupted by the jailor, who, ushering a young female into the room, departed. Jane arose, and fixed her eyes upon the new-comer, but did not appear to recognise her; while the latter, unable to restrain her tears, tottered towards her, and threw herself at her feet.

"Do you not know me, dearest madam?" she cried, in a voice suffocated by emotion.

"Can it be Cicely?" inquired Jane, eagerly. "The tones are hers."

"It is—it is," sobbed the other.

Jane instantly raised her, and pressed her affectionately to her bosom.

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, gazing at her pale and emaciated features, now bedewed with tears, "you are as much altered as I am—nay, more. You must have suffered greatly to rob you of your youth and beauty thus. But I should have known you at once, despite the change, had I not thought you dead. By what extraordinary chance do I behold you here?"

As soon as she could command herself, Angela related all that had befallen her since their last sad parting. She told how she had been betrayed into the hands of Nightgall by one of his associates, who came to Sion House with a forged order for her arrest—carried her off, and delivered her to the jailor. How she was conveyed by the subterranean passage from Tower Hill to the secret dungeons beneath the fortress—how she was removed from one cell to another by her inexorable captor, and what she endured from his importunities, threats, and cruel treatment—and how at last, when she had abandoned all hope of succor, Providence had unexpectedly and mysteriously interposed to release her, and punish her persecutor. She likewise recounted the extraordinary discovery of her birth—Nightgall's confession—Cholmondeley's interview with Feckenham—and concluded her narration thus: "The confessor having informed me that her majesty desired I should be brought before her, I yesterday obeyed the mandate. She received me most graciously—ordered me to relate my story—listened to it with profound attention—and expressed great sympathy with my misfortunes. 'Your sufferings are at an end, I trust,' she said, when I had finished, 'and brighter and happier days are in store for you. The title and estates of which you have been so long and so unjustly deprived, shall be restored to you. Were it for your happiness, I would place you near my person; but a life of retirement, if I guess your disposition rightly, will suit you best.' In this I entirely agreed, and thanking her

\*The view of this fabric was taken from the spot cleared out for the construction of the New Jewel Rooms; and as the latter structure is already in a state of forwardness, and will be probably finished before Christmas, this aspect of the old tower can scarcely be said to plot longer.

majesty for her kindness, she replied: "You owe me no thanks, Angela. The daughter of Sir Alberic Mountjoy—my mother's trusty friend—has the strongest claims upon my gratitude. Your lover has already received a pardon, and when these unhappy affairs are ended, he shall be at liberty to quit the Tower. May you be happy with him!"

"I echo that wish with all my heart, dear Angela," cried Jane. "May heaven bless your union!—and it will bless it, I am assured, for you deserve happiness. Nor am I less rejoiced at your deliverance than at Cholmondeley's. I looked upon myself as in some degree the cause of his destruction, and unceasingly reproached myself with having allowed him to accompany me to the Tower. But now I find—as I have ever found in my severest afflictions—that all was for the best."

"Alas! madam," returned Angela, "when I see you here, I can with difficulty respond to the sentiment."

"Do not question the purposes of the Unquestionable, Angela," replied Jane, severely. "I am chastened because I deserve it, and for my own good. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and fortitude is given me to bear my afflictions. Nay, they are not afflictions. I would not exchange my lot—sad as it seems to you—for that of the happiest and the freest within the realm. When the bondage of earth is once broken—when the flesh has no more power over the spirit—when the gates of heaven are open for admittance—can the world, or worldly joys, possess further charms? No. These prison walls are no restraint to me. My soul soars upward, and holds communion with God and his elect, among whom I hope to be numbered. The scaffold will have no terror for me. I shall mount it as the first step toward heaven; and shall hail the stroke of the axe as the signal to my spirit to wing its flight to the throne of everlasting joy."

"I am rebuked, madam," returned Angela, with a look of admiration. "Oh! that I might ever hope to obtain such a frame of mind."

"You may do so, dear Angela," replied Jane—"but your lot is cast differently from mine. What is required from me is not required from you. Such strong devotional feelings have been implanted in my breast, for a wise purpose, that they usurp the place of all others, and fit me for my high calling. The earnest and hearty believer in the Gospel will gladly embrace death, even if accompanied by the severest tortures, at seasons perilous to his church, in the conviction that it will be profitable to it. Such have been the deaths of the martyrs of our religion—such shall be my death."

"Amen!" exclaimed Angela, fervently.

"Must we part now?" inquired Jane.

"Not unless you desire it," replied Angela. "I have obtained the Queen's permission to remain with you to the last."

"I thank her for the boon," returned Jane. "It will be a great consolation to me to have you near me. Angela, you must not shrink from the last duty of a friend—you must accompany me to the scaffold. I may need you there."

"I will shrink from nothing you enjoin, madam," replied Angela, shuddering. "But I had rather—far rather suffer in your stead."

Jane made no reply, but pressed her hand affectionately.

"I have omitted to tell you, madam," continued Angela, "that the Queen, before I was dismissed from the presence, urged me to embrace the faith of Rome—that of my father, who perished for his adherence to it—and to use my endeavors to induce you to become reconciled with that church."

"And what answer did you make?" demanded Jane sternly.

"Such as you yourself would have made, madam," replied Angela—"I refused both."

"It is well," rejoined Jane. "And now I must return to my devotions. You will have a weary office in attending me, Angela. Nor shall I be able to address more than a few words to you—and those but seldom."

"Think not of me, madam," replied the other; "all I desire is to be near you, and to join my prayers with yours."

Both then knelt down, and both prayed long and fervently. It would have been a touching sight to see those young and beautiful creatures with eyes upturned to heaven—hands clasped—and lips murmuring prayer. But the zeal that animated Jane far surpassed that of her companion. Long before the former sought her couch, fatigue overcame the latter, and she was compelled to retire to rest; and when she arose (though it was not yet daybreak), she found the unwearied devotee had already been up for hours. And so some days were spent—Jane ever praying—Angela praying too, but more frequently engaged in watching her companion.

On the morning of Thursday, the 8th of February, the jailer appeared, with a countenance of unusual gloom, and informed his captive that the lieutenant of the Tower and Father Feckenham were without, and desired to see her.

"Admit them," replied Jane. "I know their errand. You are right welcome, sirs," she added, with a cheerful look, as they entered. "You bring me good news."

"Alas! madam," replied Feckenham, sorrowfully, "we are the bearers of ill tidings. It is our melancholy office to acquaint you that your execution is appointed for to-morrow."

"Why that is good news," returned Jane, with an unaltered countenance. "I have long and anxiously expected my release, and am glad to find it so near at hand."

"I am further charged, by the Queen's highness, who desires not to kill the soul as well as the body," pursued Feckenham, "to entreat you to use the few hours remaining to you in making your peace with heaven."

"I will strive to do so, sir," replied Jane, meekly.

"Do not mistake me, madam," rejoined Feckenham, earnestly. "Her majesty's hope is that you will reconcile yourself with the holy Catholic church, by which means you can alone ensure your salvation. For this end, she has desired me to continue near you to the last, and to use my best efforts for your conversion—and by God's grace I will do so."

"You may spare yourself the labor, sir," replied Jane. "You will more easily overturn these solid walls by your arguments than my resolution."

"At least, suffer me to make the attempt," replied Feckenham. "That I have hitherto failed in convincing you is true, and I may fail now, but my very zeal must satisfy you that I have your welfare at heart, and am eager to deliver you from the bondage of Satan."

"I have never doubted your zeal, sir," returned Jane; "nor—and I say it in all humility—do I doubt my own power to refute your arguments. But I must decline the contest now, because my time is short, and I would devote every moment to the service of God."

"That excuse shall not avail you, madam," rejoined Feckenham, significantly. "The Queen and the chancellors are as anxious as I am for your conversion, and nothing shall be left undone to accomplish it."

"I must submit, then," replied Jane, with a look of resignation. "But I repeat, you will lose your labor."

"Time will show," returned Feckenham.

"I have not yet dared to ask a question which has risen to my lips, but found no utterance," said Jane, in an altered tone. "My husband!—what of him?"

"His execution will take place at the same time with your own," replied Feckenham.

"I shall see him to-morrow, then?" cried Jane.

"Perhaps before," returned Feckenham.

"It were better not," said Jane, trembling. "I know not whether I can support the interview."

"I was right," muttered Feckenham to himself. "The way to move her is through the affections." And he made a sign to the lieutenant, who quitted the chamber.

"Prepare yourself, madam," he added, to Jane.

"For what?" she cried.

"For your husband's approach. He is here."

As he spoke, the door was opened, and Dudley rushed forward, and caught her in his arms. Not a word was uttered for some moments by the afflicted pair. Angela withdrew weeping as if her heart would break, into one of the recesses, and Feckenham and the lieutenant into another. After the lapse of a short time, thinking it a favorable opportunity for his purpose, the confessor came forward. Jane and her husband were still locked in each others embrace, and it seemed as if nothing but force could tear them asunder.

"I would not disturb you," said Feckenham, "but my orders are that this interview must be brief. I am empowered also to state, madam," he added to Jane, "that her majesty will even now pardon your husband, notwithstanding his heinous offences against her, provided you are publicly reconciled to the church of Rome."

"I cannot do it, Dudley," cried Jane, in a voice of agony—"I cannot—cannot."

"Neither do I desire it," he replied. "I would not purchase life on such terms. We will die together."

"Be it so," observed Feckenham, with a disconcerted look. "The offer will never be repeated."

"It would never have been made at all, if there had been a chance of its acceptance," returned Dudley, coldly. "Tell your royal mistress that I love my wife too well to require such a sacrifice at her hands, and that she loves me too well to make it."

"Dudley," exclaimed Jane, gazing at him with tearful eyes, "I can now die without a pang."

"Have you aught more to say to each other?" demanded Feckenham. "You will meet no more on earth!"

"Yes, on the scaffold," cried Jane.

"Not so," replied Feckenham, gloomily. "Lord Guildford Dudley will suffer on Tower Hill—you, madam, will meet your sentence on the green before the White Tower, where Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard perished."

"We shall meet in the grave, then," rejoined Dudley, bitterly, "where Mary's tyranny can neither reach us, nor the voice of juggling priests disturb us more."

"Your prisoner," cried Feckenham, turning angrily to the lieutenant.

"Farewell, dear Dudley," exclaimed Jane, straining him to her bosom—"Be constant."

"As yourself," he replied, gently disengaging himself from her. "I am ready, sir," he added, to Brydges. And without hazarding another look at Jane, who fell back in the arms of Angela, he quitted the chamber.

Half an hour after this, when Jane had in some degree recovered from the shock, Feckenham returned, and informed her that he had obtained from the Queen a reprieve for herself and her husband for three days. "You can now no longer allege the shortness of the time allowed you, as a reason for declining a conference with me," he said; "and I pray you address yourself earnestly to the subject, for I will not desist till I have convinced and converted you."

"Then I shall have little of the time allotted me to myself," replied Jane. "But I will not repine. My troubles may benefit others—if not myself."

**XIX.**—How the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay were delivered out of the Tower to further distance; and how Queen Mary was wedded, by proxy, to Philip of Spain.

Elizabeth still continued a close prisoner in the Bell Tower. But she indulged the most sanguine expectations of a speedy release. Her affections had received a severe blow in Courtenay's relinquishment of his pretensions to her hand, and it required all her pride and mastery over herself to bear up against it. She did, however, succeed in conquering her feelings, and, with her usual impetuosity, began now to hate him in the proportion of her former love. While his mistress was thus brooding over the past, and trying to regulate her conduct for the future within the narrow walls of her prison, Courtenay, who had been removed to the Flint Tower, where he was confined in the basement chamber, was likewise occupied in revolving his brief and troubled career. A captive from his youth, he had enjoyed a few months' liberty, during which, visions of glory, power, greatness, and love—such as have seldom visited the most exalted—opened upon him. The bright dream was now ended, and he was once more a captive. Slight as his experience had been, he was sickened of the intrigues and hollowness of court life, and sighed for freedom and retirement. Elizabeth still retained absolute possession of his heart, but he feared to espouse her, because he was firmly persuaded that her haughty and ambitious character would involve him in perpetual troubles. Cost what it might, he determined to resign her hand as his sole hope of future tranquility. In this resolution he was confirmed by Gardi-

ner, who visited him in secret, and counselled him as to the best course to pursue.

"If you claim my promise," observed the crafty chancellor, "I will fulfil it, and procure you the hand of the princess, but I warn you you will not hold it long. Another rebellion will follow, in which you and Elizabeth will infallibly be mixed up, and then nothing will save you from the block."

Courtenay acquiesced, and Gardiner having gained his point, left him with the warmest assurances that he would watch over his safety. Insincere as he was, the chancellor was well-disposed towards Courtenay, but he had a difficult game to play. He was met on all hands by Renard, who was bent on the Earl's destruction and that of the princess; and every move he made with the Queen was checked by his wary and subtle antagonist. Notwithstanding her belief in their treasonable practices, Mary was inclined to pardon the offenders, but Renard entreated her to suspend her judgment upon them, till the emperor's opinion could be ascertained. This, he well knew, if agreed to, would insure their ruin, as he had written secretly in such terms to Charles the Fifth as he was satisfied would accomplish his object. Extraordinary despatch was used by the messengers; and, to Renard's infinite delight, while he and Gardiner were struggling for ascendancy over the Queen, a courier arrived from Madrid. Renard's joy was converted into positive triumph as he opened his own letters received by the same hand, and found that the emperor acquiesced in the expediency of the severest measures towards Elizabeth and her suitor, and recommended their immediate execution. The same despatches informed him that Charles, apprehensive of some further difficulty in respect to his son's projected union with Mary, had written to the Count D'Egmont at Brussels, with letters of ratification and procuration, commissioning him to repair to the court of London without delay, and conclude the engagement by espousing the Queen by proxy.

Not many hours later, the Count himself, who had set out instantly for Brussels, on receiving his commission, arrived. He was received on the Queen's part by the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Shrewsbury, comptroller of the household, and the Marquis of Winchester, high treasurer, and conducted to the state apartments within the palace of the Tower, where the court was then staying. Mary appointed an audience with him on the following day, and in the interim, to Renard's disappointment, remained cloistered with Gardiner, and would see no one beside. The ambassador, however, consoled himself with the certainty of success, and passed the evening in consultation with D'Egmont, to whom he detailed all that had passed since the flight of the latter.

"The heretical faction in England," he observed, "is entirely crushed—or will be so, when Jane and Elizabeth are executed. And if his highness, Prince Philip, will follow up my measures, he may not only restore the old faith throughout the realm, but establish the inquisition in the heart of London within six months."

The next day, at the appointed hour, the Count D'Egmont, attended by Renard and the whole of his suite, was conducted with much ceremony to the council-chamber in the White Tower. He found Mary surrounded by the whole of her ministers, and prostrating himself before the throne, acquainted her with his mission, and, presenting her with the letters of procuration he had received from the prince, entreated her to ratify on her side the articles already agreed upon. To this request, for which she was already prepared by the emperor's despatches, Mary vouchsafed a gracious answer, saying: "I am as impatient for the completion of the contract as the prince your master can be, and shall not hesitate a moment to comply with his wishes. 'But I would,'" she added, smiling, "that he had come to claim its fulfilment himself."

"His highness only awaits your majesty's summons, and an assurance that he can land upon your shores without occasioning further tumult," rejoined D'Egmont.

"He shall speedily receive that assurance," returned Mary. "Heaven be praised! our troubles are ended, and the spirit of disaffection and sedition checked, if not altogether extinguished. But I pray you hold me excused for a short time," she continued, motioning him to rise; "I have some needful business to conclude before I proceed with this solemnity."

Waving her hand to Sir Thomas Brydges, who stood among the group of nobles near the throne, he immediately quitted the presence, returning in a few moments with a guard of halberdiers in the midst of which were Elizabeth and Courtenay. At the approach of the prisoners, the assemblage divided into two lines to allow them passage; and preceded by the lieutenant, they advanced to within a short distance of the Queen.

Mary, meantime, had seated herself; and her countenance, hitherto radiant with smiles, assumed a severe expression. A mournful silence pervaded the courtly throng, and all seemed as ominous and lowering as if a thunder-cloud had settled over them. This was not however the case with Renard. A sinister smile lighted up his features, and he observed in an under-tone to D'Egmont, "My hour of triumph is at hand."

"Wait awhile," replied the other.

Elizabeth looked in no wise abashed or dismayed by the position in which she found herself. Throwing angry and imperious glances around, and bending her brows on those who scanned her too curiously, she turned her back upon Courtenay, and seemed utterly unconscious of his presence.

At the Queen's command, Gardiner stepped forward, and taking a roll of paper from an attendant, proceeded to read the charges against the prisoners, together with the depositions of those who had been examined, as to their share in the insurrection. When he had concluded, Elizabeth observed in a haughty tone—"There is nothing in all that to touch me, my lord. What has recanted his confession, and avowed he was suborned by Renard. And as to the rest of my accusers, they are unworthy of credit. The Queen's highness must acquit me."

"What say you, my lord?" demanded Gardiner of Courtenay.

"Nothing," replied the earl.

"Do you confess yourself guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors laid to your charge, then?" pursued the chancellor.

"No," answered Courtenay, firmly. "But I will not



seek to defend myself further. I throw myself on the Queen's mercy."

"You do wisely, my lord," returned Gardiner; "and your grace," he added to Elizabeth, "would do well to abate your pride, and imitate his example."

"In my father's time, my lord," observed the princess, scornfully, "you would not, for your head, have dared to hold such language toward me."

"I dared to plead your mother's cause with him," retorted Gardiner, with much asperity. "Your majesty will now pronounce such sentence upon the accused, as may seem meet to you," he added, turning to the Queen.

"We hold their guilt not clearly proven," replied Mary. "Nevertheless, too many suspicious circumstances appear against them to allow us to set them at large till all chance of further trouble is ended. Not desiring to deal harshly with them, we shall not confine them longer within the Tower. Which of you, my lords, will take charge of the princess Elizabeth? It will be no slight responsibility. You will answer for her security with your heads. Which of you will take charge of her, I say?"

As she spoke, she glanced inquiringly round the assemblage, but no answer was returned.

"Had not your highness better send her grace under a sure guard to the emperor's court at Brussels?" observed Renard, who could scarcely conceal his mortification at the Queen's decision.

"I will think of it," returned Mary.

"Sooner than this shall be," interposed Sir Henry Bedingfeld, "since none worthier of the office can be found, I will undertake it."

"You are my good genius, Bedingfeld," replied Mary. "To you, then, I confide her, and I will associate with you in the office, Sir John Williams, of Thame. The place of her confinement shall be my palace at Woodstock, and she will remain there till you receive further orders. You will set out with a sufficient guard for Oxfordshire."

"I am ever ready to obey your highness," replied Bedingfeld.

"Accursed meddler!" exclaimed Renard to D'Egmont, "he has marred my project."

"The Earl of Devonshire will be confined in Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire," pursued Mary. "To you, Sir Thomas Tresham," she continued, addressing one of those near her, "I commit him."

"I am honored in the charge," returned Tresham, bowing.

"Your majesty will repent this ill-judged clemency," cried Renard, unable to repress his choler; "and since my counsels are unheeded, I must pray your highness to allow me to resign the post I hold near your person."

"Be it so," replied Mary, in a freezing tone; "we accept your resignation—and shall pray his imperial majesty to recall you."

"Is this my reward?" exclaimed Renard, as he retired, covered with shame and confusion. "Cursed is he that puts faith in princes!"

The prisoners were then removed, and as they walked side by side, Courtenay sought to address the princess, but she turned away her head sharply, according him neither look nor word in reply. Finding himself thus repulsed, the Earl desisted, and they proceeded in silence as long as their way lay together.

And thus, without one farewell, they parted—to meet no more. Liberated at the instance of Philip of Spain, Courtenay journeyed to Italy, where he died two years afterwards, at Padua, obtaining, as Holinshed touchingly remarks, "that quiet, which in his life he could never have." Of the glorious destiny reserved for Elizabeth, nothing need be said.

The prisoners removed, the Queen presented her hand to the Earl of Pembroke, and repaired with her whole retinue to Saint John's Chapel.

Arrived there, Mary stationed herself at the altar, around which were grouped Bonner, Tunstall, Feckenham, and a host of other priests and choristers, in their full robes. In a short time, the nave and aisles of the sacred structure were densely crowded by the lords of the council, together with other nobles and their attendants, the dames of honor, the guard, and the suite of the Count D'Egmont. Nor were the galleries above unoccupied, every available situation finding a tenant.

D'Egmont, as the representative of Philip of Spain, took up a position on the right of the Queen, and sustained his part with great dignity. As soon as Gardiner was prepared, the ceremony commenced. D'Egmont tendered his hand to Mary, who took it, and they both knelt down upon the cushion before the altar, while the customary oaths were administered, and a solemn benediction pronounced over them. This done, they arose, and Gardiner observed to the Queen, in a voice audible throughout the structure—"Your majesty is now wedded to the Prince of Spain. May God preserve you both, and bless your union!"

"God preserve Queen Mary!" cried the Earl of Pembroke, stepping forward.

And the shout was enthusiastically echoed by all within the chapel. But not a voice was raised, nor a blessing invoked for her husband.

*Te Deum* was then sung by the choristers, and mass performed by Bonner and the priests.

"His imperial majesty entreats your acceptance of this slight offering," said D'Egmont, when the sacred rites were concluded, presenting the Queen with a diamond ring, of inestimable value.

"I accept the gift," replied Mary, "and I beg you to offer my best thanks to the emperor. For yourself, I hope you will wear this ornament in remembrance of me, and of the occasion." And detaching a collar of gold set with precious stones from her own neck, she placed it over that of D'Egmont.

"I now go to bring your husband, gracious madam," said the count.

"Heaven grant you a safe and speedy journey!" replied Mary.

"And to your highness a prosperous union!" rejoined the count; "and may your race long occupy the throne." So saying, he bowed and parted.

D'Egmont's wish did not produce a cheering effect on Mary. Jane's words rushed to her mind, and she feared that her union would not be happy—would not be blessed with offspring. And it need scarcely be added, her fore-

bodings were realized. Coldly treated by a haughty and neglectful husband, she went childless to the tomb.

XXXIX....Of the wedding of Sir Narcissus Le Grand with Jane the fool, and what happened at it: and of the entertainment given by him, on the occasion, to his old friends at the Stone Kitchen.

Sir Narcissus Le Grand made rapid strides in the royal favor, as well as in that of his mistress. He was now in constant attendance on the Queen, and his coxcombry afforded her so much amusement, that she gave him a post near her person, in order to enjoy it. Jane the Fool, too, who had a secret liking for him, though she affected displeasure at Mary's command, became so violently enamored, and so excessively jealous, if the slightest attentions were paid him by the dames of honor, that the Queen thought it desirable to fix an early day for the wedding.

The happy event took place on Saturday, the 10th of February, at Saint Peter's chapel on the green, and was honored by the presence of the Queen, and all her attendants. Never were merrier nuptials witnessed! And even the grave countenance of Feckenham, the officiating priest on the occasion, wore a smile, as the bridegroom, attired in his gayest habiliments, bedecked at all points with lace, tags, and fringe; curled, scented, and glistening with silver and gold, was borne into the chapel on the shoulders of Og—who had carried him from the By-ward Tower, through a vast concourse of spectators—and deposited at the altar near the bride. Behind Og came his two brethren, together with Dames Placida and Potentia; while Peter Trusbut, Ribald, and Winwike, brought up the rear.

Arrived at the height of his ambition, graced with a title, favored by the Queen, and idolized by his bride, who was not altogether destitute of personal attractions, and was, at least twice his own size, the poor dwarf's brain was almost turned, and he had some difficulty in maintaining the decorous and dignified deportment which he felt it necessary to maintain on the occasion. The ceremony was soon performed—too soon for Sir Narcissus, who would willingly have prolonged it. The royal train departed—not, however, before Mary had bestowed a well-filled purse of gold upon the bridegroom, and commanded him to bring his friends to the palace, where a supper would be provided for them. Sir Narcissus then offered his hand to his bride, and led her forth, followed by his companions.

A vast crowd had collected before the doors of the sacred edifice. But a passage having been kept clear by a band of halberdiers for the Queen, the lines were unbroken when the wedding-party appeared. Loud acclamations welcomed Sir Narcissus, who paused for a moment beneath the porch, and taking off his well-plumed cap, bowed repeatedly to the assemblage. Reiterated shouts and plaudits succeeded, and the clamor was so great from those who could not obtain a glimpse of him, that the little knight entreated Og to take him once more upon his shoulder. The request was immediately complied with; and when he was seen in this exalted situation, a deafening shout rent the skies. The applause, however, were shared by his consort, who, placed on the shoulder of Gog, became equally conspicuous.

In this way, they were carried side by side along the green, and Sir Narcissus was so enchanted that he desired the bearers to proceed as slowly as possible. His enthusiasm became at length so great, that when several of those around him jeeringly cried, "Largesse, largesse!" Sir Narcissus, he opened the purse lately given him by the Queen, and which hung at his girdle, and threw away the broad pieces in showers. "I will win more gold," he observed to Og, who remonstrated with his profusion; "but such a day as this does not occur twice in one's life."

"Happiness and long life attend you and your lovely dame, Sir Narcissus!" cried a bystander.

"There is not a knight in the Tower to be compared with you, worshipful sir!" roared another.

"You deserve the Queen's favor!" vociferated a third.

"Greater dignities are in store for you!" added a fourth.

Never was new-made and new-married knight so enchanted. Acknowledging all the compliments and fine speeches with smiles, amiles, and bows, he threw away fresh showers of gold. After making the complete circuit of the fortress, he crossed the drawbridge, and proceeded to the wharf, where he was hailed by different boats on the river: every where, his reception was the same. On the return of the party, Hairun invited them all to the Lions' Tower, and ushering them to the gallery, brought out several of the wild animals, and went through his performances as if the Queen herself had been present. In imitation of the sovereign, Sir Narcissus bestowed his last few coins, together with the purse containing them, upon the bearward. During the exhibition the knight had entertained his consort with an account of his combat with old Max; and before quitting the menagerie he led her into the open space in front of the cages, that she might have a nearer view of the formidable animal.

"It will not be necessary to read you such a lesson, sweet-heart, as my friend Magog read his dame," he observed. "But it is well you should know that I have a resource in case of need."

"I shall not require to be brought to obedience by a bear, chuck," returned Lady Le Grand, with a languishing look. "Your slightest word is law to me!"

"So she says now," observed Dame Potentia, who happened to overhear the remark, to dame Placida. "But let a week pass over their heads, and she will alter her tone."

"Perhaps so," sighed Placida. "But I have never had my own way since my encounter with old Max. Besides, these dwarfs are fiery fellows, and have twice the spirit of men of larger growth."

"There is something in that, it must be owned," rejoined Potentia, reflectively.

Max, by Sir Narcissus's command, was let out of his cage, and when within a few yards of them, sat on his hind-legs, and opened his enormous jaws. At this sight, Lady Le Grand screamed, and took refuge behind her husband, who, bidding her fear nothing, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence. Suppressing a laugh, Hairun informed the knight that Max only begged for something to eat; and sundry biscuits and apples being given him, he was driven back to his cage without any misadventure. Hairun then led the party to his lodging, where a collation was spread out for them, of which they

partook. At its conclusion, Peter Trusbut observed, that if Sir Narcissus and Lady Le Grand would honor him with their company at the Stone Kitchen on the following night, he would use his best endeavors to prepare a supper worthy of them.

"It will give me infinite pleasure to sup with thee, worthy Peter," replied the knight, with a patronising air; "but I must insist that the banquet be at my expense. Thou shalt cook it—I will pay for it."

"As you please, worshipful sir," rejoined Trusbut. "But I can have what I please from the royal larder."

"So much the better," returned Sir Narcissus. "But mine the entertainment shall be. And I here invite you all to it."

"My best endeavors shall be used to content your worship," replied the pantler. "We have had some good suppers in the Stone Kitchen ere now, but this shall exceed them all."

"It is well," replied the knight. Hairun, you had better bring your monkey to divert us."

"Right willingly, worshipful sir," replied the bearward; "and if you have a cast-off suit of clothes to spare, I will deck him in them for the occasion."

"You will find my last suit at the By-ward Tower," replied Sir Narcissus. "Og will give them to you; and you may, if you choose, confer upon him the same I have cast off with them."

"I will not fail to adopt your worship's suggestion," returned Hairun, smothering a laugh. "Henceforth, I shall call my ape Xit, and who knows whether in due season he may not obtain the dignity of knighthood?"

Sir Narcissus did not exactly relish this remark, which made many of the guests smile; but he thought it better not to notice it, and taking a courteous leave of the hospitable bearward, proceeded to the palace, where a lodging was now given him, and where he passed the remainder of the day with his friends in jollity and carousing. Nor was it until the clock had chimed midnight, that he was left alone with his spouse.

At what hour Sir Narcissus arose on the following morning does not appear. But at eight in the evening, attired as on the previous day, and accompanied by his dame in her wedding-dress, he repaired to the Stone Kitchen. He found the whole party assembled, including, besides those he had invited, Winwike, and his son, a clubby youth of some ten years old, Mauger, Wolfytt, and Sorrocoold. Sir Narcissus could have dispensed with the company of the three latter; but not desiring to quarrel with them, he put the best face he could upon the matter, and bade them heartily welcome. He found, too, that Hairun had literally obeyed his injunctions, and brought his monkey with him, dressed up in his old clothes.

"Allow me to present Xit, the ape, to your worship," said the bearward.

"He is welcome," replied Sir Narcissus, laughing, to conceal his vexation at the absurd resemblance which the animal bore to him.

Sir Narcissus was then conducted to a seat at the head of the table. On the right was placed his lady, on the left, Dame Placida; while the pantler, who, as usual, filled the office of carver, faced him. The giants were separated by the other guests, and Ribald sat between Dames Placida and Potentia, both of whom he contrived to keep in most excellent humor. Peter Trusbut did not assert too much when he declared that the entertainment should surpass all that had previously been given in the Stone Kitchen; and not to be behind hand, the giants exceeded all their former efforts in the eating line. They did not, it is true, trouble themselves much with the first course, which consisted of various kinds of pottage and fish; though Og spoke in terms of rapturous commendation of a sturgeon's jowl, and Magog consumed the best part of a pickled tunny-fish. But when these were removed, and the more substantial viands appeared, they set to work in earnest. Turning up their noses at the boiled capons, roasted bustards, stewed quails, and other light matters, they, by one consent, assailed a large shield of brawn, and speedily demolished it. Their next incursion was upon a venison party—a soused pig followed—and while Gog prepared himself for a copious draught of Rhenish by a dish of anchovies, Magog, who had just emptied a huge two-handed flagon of bragget, sharpened his appetite—the edge of which was a little taken off—with a plate of pickled oysters. A fawn roasted whole, with a pudding in its inside, now claimed their attention, and was pronounced delicious. Og then helped himself to a shoulder of mutton and olives; Gog to a couple of roasted ruffs; and Magog again revived his flagging powers with a dish of buttered crabs. At this juncture, the strong waters were introduced by the pantler, and proved highly acceptable to the laboring giant.

Peter Trusbut performed wonders. In the old terms of his art, he leached the brawn, reared the goose, sauced the capon, spoiled the fowls, flushed the chickens, unlaced the rabbits, winged the quails, minced the plovers, thighed the pigeons, bordered the venison pastry, tranced the sturgeon, under-tranced the tunny-fish, tamed the crab, and barbed the lobster.

The triumphs of the repast now appeared. They were a baked swan, served in a coffin of rye-paste; a crane likewise roasted whole; and a peacock, decorated with its tail. The first of these birds—to use his own terms—was reared by the pantler; the second displayed; and the last disfigured. And disfigured it was, in more ways than one; for, snatching the gaudy plumes from its tail, Sir Narcissus decorated his dame's cap with them. The discussion of these noble dishes fully occupied the giants, and when they had consumed a tolerable share of each, they declared they had done. Nor could they be tempted with the marrow toasts, the fritters, the puddings, the wafers, and other oates and sweetmeats that followed—though they did not display the like objection to the brimming cups of hippocras, which wound up the repast.

The only person who appeared to want appetite for the feast, or who, perhaps, was too busy to eat, was Sir Narcissus. For the first time in his life, he played the part of host, and he acquitted himself to admiration. Ever and anon, rising in his chair, with a goblet of wine in his hand, he would pledge some guest, or call out to Peter Trusbut to fill some empty plate. He had a jest for every one—abundance of well-turned compliments for the ladies; and the tenderest glances and whispers for his dame, who looked

more lovesick and devoted than ever. By the time the cloth was removed, and the dishes replaced by flagons and pots of hydromel and wine, Sir Narcissus was in the height of his glory. The wine had got a little into his head, but not more than added to his exhilaration, and he listened with rapturous delight to the speech made by Og, who in good set terms proposed his health and that of his bride. The pledge was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm; and in the heat of his excitement, Sir Narcissus mounted on the table, and bowing all round, returned thanks in the choicest phrases he could summon. His speech received several interruptions from the applause of his guests; and Hairun, who was bent upon mischief, thought this a favorable opportunity for practicing it. During the banquet, he had kept the money in the back-ground, but he now placed him on the table behind Sir Narcissus, whose gestures and posture the animal began to mimic. Its grimaces were so absurd and extraordinary, that the company roared with laughter, to the infinite astonishment of the speaker, who at the moment was indulging in a pathetic regret at the necessity he should be under of quitting his old haunts in consequence of his new dignities and duties; but his surprise was changed to anger, as he felt his sword suddenly twitched from the sheath, and beheld the grinning countenance of the ape close behind him. Uttering an exclamation of fury, he turned with the intention of sacrificing the cause of his annoyance on the spot; but the animal was too quick for him, and springing on his shoulders, plucked off his cap, and twisted its fingers in his well-curled hair, lugging him tremendously. Screaming with pain and rage, Sir Narcissus ran round the table upsetting all in his course, but unable to free himself from his tormentor, who, keeping fast hold of his head, grinned and chattered as it in mockery of his vociferations.

Lady Le Grand had not noticed the monkey's first proceedings, her attention being diverted by Ribald, who pressed her, with many compliments upon her charms, to take a goblet of malmsey which he had poured out for her. But she no sooner perceived what was going forward, than she flew to the rescue, beat off the monkey, and hugging her little lord to her bosom, almost smothered him with kisses and caresses. Nor were Dames Placida and Potentia, less attentive to him. At first, they had treated the matter as a joke, but seeing the diminutive knight was really alarmed, they rubbed his head, patted him on the back, embraced him as tenderly as Lady Le Grand would permit, and loudly upbraided Hairun for his misconduct. Scarcely able to conceal his laughter, the offender pretended the utmost regret, and instantly sent off the monkey by one of the attendants to the Lions' Tower.

It was some time before Sir Narcissus could be fully appeased; and it required all the blandishments of the dames, and the humblest apologies from Hairun, to prevent him from quitting the party in high dudgeon. At length, however, he was persuaded by Magog to wash down his resentment in a bottle of sack, brewed by the pantler—and the generous drink restored him to instant good-humor. Called upon by the company to conclude his speech, he once more ventured upon the table, and declaiming bitterly against the interruption he had experienced, finished his oration amid the loudest cheers. He then bowed round in his most graceful manner, and returned to his chair.

It has already been stated that Mauger, Sorrocol, and Wolfytt were among the guests. The latter had pretty nearly recovered from the wound inflicted by Nightgall, which proved, on examination, by no means dangerous; and, regardless of the consequences, he ate, drank, laughed, and shouted as lustily as the rest. The other two, being of a more grave and saturnine character, seldom smiled at what was going forward; and though they did not neglect to fill their goblets, took no share in the general conversation, but sat apart in a corner near the chimney with Winwike, discussing the terrible scenes they had witnessed in their different capacities, with the true gusto of amateurs.

"And so Lady Jane Grey and her husband will positively be executed to-morrow?" observed Winwike. "There is no chance of further reprieve, I suppose?"

"None whatever," replied Mauger. "Father Feckenham, I understand, offered her two days more, if she would prolong her disputation with him, but she refused. No—no. There will be no further respite. She will suffer on the Green—her husband on Tower Hill."

"So I heard," replied Sorrocol. "Poor soul! she is very young—not seventeen, I am told."

"Poh—poh!" cried Mauger, gruffly—"there's nothing in that. Life is as sweet at seventy as seventeen. However I'll do my work as quickly as I can. If you wish to see a head cleanly taken off, get as near the scaffold as you can."

"I shall not fail to do so," returned Sorrocol. "I would not miss it for the world."

"As soon as the clock strikes twelve, and the Sabbath is ended," continued Mauger, "my assistants will begin to put up the scaffold. You know the spot before Saint Peter's chapel. They say the grass won't grow there. But that's an old woman's tale—ho! ho!"

"Old woman's tale, or not," rejoined Winwike, gravely—"it's true. I've often examined the spot, and never could find a blade of herbage there."

"Well, well," rejoined Mauger. "I won't dispute the point. Believe it, and welcome. I could tell other strange tales concerning that place. It's a great privilege to be beheaded there, and only granted to illustrious personages. The last two who fell there were Queen Catherine Howard, and her confidante, the Countess of Rochford. Lady Jane Grey would be beheaded on Tower Hill, with her husband, but they are afraid of the mob, who might compassionate the youthful pair, and occasion a riot. It's better to be on the safe side—ho! ho!"

"You said you had some other strange tales to tell concerning that place," observed Sorrocol. "What are they?"

"I don't much like talking about them," rejoined Mauger, reluctantly, "but since I've dropped a hint on the subject, I may as well speak out. You must know then, that the night before the execution of the old Countess of Salisbury, who would not lay her head upon the block, and whom I was obliged to chase round the scaffold and bring down how I could—the night before she fell—and a bright moonlight night it was—I was standing on the scaffold, putting it in order for the morrow, when all at once there

issued from the church porch a female figure, shrouded from head to foot in white."

"Well!" exclaimed Sorrocol, breathlessly.

"Well," returned the headman, "though filled with alarm, I never took my eyes from it, but watched it glide slowly round the scaffold, and finally return to the porch, where it disappeared."

"Did you address it?" asked Winwike.

"Not I," replied Mauger. "My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I could not have spoken to save my life."

"Strange!" exclaimed Sorrocol. "Did you ever see it again?"

"Yes, on the night before Catherine Howard's execution," replied Mauger; "and I have no doubt it will appear to-night."

"Do you think so?" cried Sorrocol. "I will watch for it."

"I shall visit the scaffold myself, an hour after midnight," returned Mauger—"you can accompany me if you think proper."

"Agreed!" exclaimed the surgeon.

They were here interrupted by a boisterous roar of merriment from the other guests. While their sombre talk was going on, Ribald, who had made considerable progress in the good graces of Lady Le Grand, had related a merry tale, and at its close, which was attended with shouts of laughter, Sir Narcissus ordered a fresh supply of wine, and the vast measures were promptly replenished by the pantler. Several pleasant hours were thus consumed, until at last Sir Narcissus arose, or rather attempted to rise, for his limbs refused their office, and his gaze was rather unsteady, and addressed his friends as follows: "Farewell, my merry gossips," he hiccupped—"farewell! As I am now a married man, I must keep go-o-o-d hours." (At this moment the clock struck twelve). "I have already trespassed too much on Lady Le Grand's good nature. She is getting sleepy. So, to speak truth, am I. I shall often visit you again—as often, at least, as my dignities and duties will permit. Do not stand in awe of my presence. I shall always unbend with you—always. The truly great are never proud—at least to their inferiors. With their superiors it is a different matter. This alone would convince you of my illustrious origin."

"True," cried Gog, "no one would suspect you of being the son of a groom of the pantry, for instance."

"No one," repeated Xit, fiercely, and making an ineffectual attempt to draw his sword, "or if he did suspect it, he should never live to repeat it."

"Well, well," replied Gog, meekly. "I do n't suspect it."

"None of us suspect it," laughed Og.

"I am quite sa-sa-satisfied," replied Sir Narcissus. "More wine, old Trusbut. Fill the pots, pantler. I'll give you a r-r-r-ousing pledge."

"And so will I," cried his dame, who, like her lord, was a little the worse for the wine she had swallowed—her goblet being kept constantly filled by the assiduous Ribald—"so will I, if you do n't come home directly, you little sot."

"Lady Le Gr-and," cried Sir Narcissus, furiously, "I'll divorce you—I'll behead you as Henry the Eighth did Anne Boleyn."

"No, chuck, you won't," replied the lady. "You will think better of it to-morrow." So saying, she snatched him up in her arms, and despite his resistance carried him off to his lodging in the palace, long before reaching which he had fallen asleep, and when he awoke next morning, he had but a very confused recollection of the events of the preceding night.

And here, as it will be necessary to take leave of our little friend, we will give a hasty glance at his subsequent history. Within a year of his union, a son was born to him, who speedily eclipsed his sire in stature, and in due season became a stalwart, well-proportioned man, six feet in height, and bearing a remarkable resemblance to Ribald. Sir Narcissus was exceedingly fond of him; and it was rather a droll sight to see them together. The dwarfish knight continued to rise in favor with the Queen, and might have been constantly with the court had he pleased, but as he preferred, from old habits and associations, residing within the Tower, he was allowed apartments in the palace, of which he was termed, in derision, the grand seneschal. On Elizabeth's accession, he was not removed, but retained his post to the middle of the reign of James the First, when he died, full of years and honors—active, vain, and consequential to the last, and from his puny stature, always looking young. He was interred in front of Saint Peter's chapel on the green, near his old friends the giants, who had preceded him some years to the land of shadows, and the stone that marks his grave may still be seen.

As to the three gigantic warders, they retained their posts, and played their parts at many a feast and high solemnity during Elizabeth's golden rule, waxing in girth and bulk as they advanced in years, until they became somewhat gross and unwieldy. Og, who had been long threatened with apoplexy, his head being almost buried in his enormous shoulders, expired suddenly in his chair after a feast; and his two brethren took his loss so much to heart, that they abstained altogether from the flask, and followed him in less than six months, dying, it was thought, of grief, but more probably of dropsy. Their resting-place has been already indicated. In the same spot, also, lie Lady Le Grand, Dame Placida, and the worthy pantler and his spouse. Magog was a widower during the latter part of his life, and exhibited no anxiety to enter a second time into the holy estate of matrimony. Og and Gog died unmarried.

CHAPTER XL....Of the vision seen by Mauger and Sorrocol on the Tower Green.

After the forcible abduction of Sir Narcissus by his spouse, the party broke up—Og and Gog shaping their course to the By-ward Tower, Magog and his spouse, together with Ribald, who had taken up his quarters with them, to their lodging on the hill leading to the green—Hairun to the Lions' Tower, Winwike and his son to the Flint Tower, while Mauger, Wolfytt and Sorrocol proceeded to the cradle Tower. Unfastening his door, the headman struck a light, and, setting fire to the lamp, motioned the others to a bench, and placed a stone jar of strong waters

before them, of which Wolfytt took a long, deep pull, but the surgeon declined it.

"I have had enough," he said. "Besides, I want to see the spirit."

"I care for no other spirit but this," rejoined Wolfytt, again applying his mouth to the jar.

"Take care of yourselves, masters," observed Mauger. "I must attend to business."

"Never mind us," laughed Wolfytt, observing the executioner take up an axe, and after examining its edge, begin to sharpen it, "grind away."

"This is for Lord Guilford Dudley," remarked Mauger, as he turned the wheel with his foot. "I shall need two axes to-morrow."

"Sharp work," observed Wolfytt, with a detestable grin.

"You would think so, were I to try one on you," retorted Mauger. "Ay, now it will do," he added, laying aside the implement and taking up another. "This is my favorite axe. I can make sure work with it. I always keep it for queens or dames of high degree—ho! ho! This notch, which I can never grind away, was made by the old Countess of Salisbury, that I told you about. It was a terrible sight to see her white hair dabbled with blood. Poor Lady Jane won't give me so much trouble, I'll be sworn. She'll die like a lamb."

"Ay, ay," muttered Sorrocol. "God send her a speedy death!"

"She's sure of it with me," returned Mauger, "so you may rest easy on that score." And as he turned the grindstone quickly round, drawing sparks from the steel, he chaunted, as hoarsely as a raven, the following ditty:

The axe was sharp, and heavy as lead,  
As it touched the neck, off went the head!  
Whir—whir—whir—whir!

And the screaming of the grindstone formed an appropriate accompaniment to the melody.

Queen Anne laid her white throat upon the block,  
Quietly waiting the fatal shock;  
The axe it severed it right in twain,  
And so quick—so true—that she felt no pain!  
Whir—whir—whir—whir!

And again he set the wheel in motion.

Salisbury's countess, she would not die  
As a proud dame should—decorously.  
Lifting my axe, I split her skull,  
And the edge since then has been notched and dull.  
Whir—whir—whir—whir!

Queen Catherine Howard gave me a sec—  
A chain of gold—to die easily;  
And her costly present she did not rue,  
For I touched her head, and away it flew!  
Whir—whir—whir—whir!

"A brave song, and well sung," cried Wolfytt, approvingly. "Have you any more of it?"

"No," replied Mauger, significantly. "I shall make another verse to-morrow. My axe is now as sharp as a razor," he added, feeling its edge. "Suppose we go to the scaffold? It must be up by this time."

"With all my heart," replied Sorrocol, whose superstitious curiosity was fully awakened.

Shouldering the heavy block with the greatest ease, Mauger directed Wolfytt to bring a bundle of straw from a heap in the corner, and extinguishing the lamp, set forth. It was a sharp, frosty night, and the hard ground rang beneath their footsteps. There was no moon, but the stars twinkled brightly down, revealing every object with sufficient distinctness. As they passed Saint Thomas's Tower, Wolfytt laughingly pointed out Bret's head stuck upon a spike on the roof, and observed—"That poor fellow made Xit a knight."

On reaching the Green, they found Mauger's conjecture right—the scaffold was nearly finished. Two carpenters were at work upon it, nailing the planks to the posts, and the noise of their hammers resounded in sharp echoes from the surrounding habitations. Hurrying forward, Mauger ascended the steps, which were placed on the north, opposite Saint Peter's chapel, and deposited his burthen on the platform. He was followed more leisurely by Sorrocol; and Wolfytt, throwing the straw upon the ground, scrambled after them as well as he could.

"If I had thought it was so cold, I would have taken another pull at the stone bottle," he said, rubbing his hands.

"Warm yourself by helping the carpenter," replied Sorrocol, gravely. "It will do you more good."

Wolfytt laughed, and dropping on his knees, grasped the block with both hands, and placed his neck in the hollow space.

"Shall I try whether I can take your head off?" demanded Mauger, feigning to draw his dagger.

Apprehensive that the jest might be carried a little too far, Wolfytt got up, and intimated, as well as his drunken condition would allow, the actions of a person addressing the multitude and preparing for execution. In bowing to receive the blessing of the priest, he missed his footing a second time, and rolled off the scaffold. He did not attempt to ascend again, but supported himself against one of the posts near the carpenters. Mauger and Sorrocol took no notice of him, but began to converse in an undertone about the apparition. In spite of himself, the executioner could not repress a feeling of dread, and the surgeon half repented his curiosity.

After a while, neither spoke, and Sorrocol's teeth clattered, partly with cold, partly with terror. Nothing broke the death-like silence around, except the noise of the hammer, and, ever and anon, a sullen and ominous roar proceeding from the direction of the Lions' Tower.

"Do you think it will appear?" inquired Sorrocol, whose blood was cold at the latter awful sounds.

"I know not!" replied Mauger, "ah! there—there it is!" And he pointed towards the Church porch, from which a figure, robed in white, but unsubstantial almost as the mist, suddenly issued. It glided noiselessly along, and without turning its face towards the beholders. No one saw it except Mauger and Sorrocol, who followed its course with their eyes. The carpenters continued their work, and Wolfytt stared at his companions in stupid and inebriate wonderment. After making the complete circuit of the scaffold, the figure entered the Church porch and disappeared.

"What think you of it?" demanded Mauger, as soon as he could find utterance.

"It is marvellous and incomprehensible; and, if I had



not seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed it," replied the surgeon. "It must be the shade of Anne Boleyn. She is buried in the chapel."

"You are right," replied the executioner, "it is her spirit. There will be no further respite. Jane will die to-morrow."

#### XLII.—Of the union of Cholmondeley with Cicely.

The near approach of death found Jane as unshaken as before, or rather she rejoiced that her deliverance was at hand. Compelled, to her infinite regret, to hold a disputation with Feckenham, she exerted all her powers; and, as upon a former occasion, when opposed to a more formidable antagonist, Gardiner, came off victorious. But though defeated, the zealous confessor did not give up his point, trusting he should be able to weary her out. He accordingly passed the greater part of each day in her prison, and brought with him, at different times, Gardiner, Tunstall, Bonner, and other prelates, all of whom tried the effect of their reasoning upon her, but with no avail. Bonner, who was of a fierce and intolerant nature, was so enraged that, on taking leave of her, he said with much acrimony, "Farewell, madam; I am sorry for your obstinacy, and I am assured we shall never meet again!"

"True, my lord," replied Jane, "we never shall meet again, unless it shall please God to turn your heart. And I sincerely pray that he may send you his Holy Spirit, that your eyes may be opened to His truth."

Nor had the other better success. Aware that whatever she said would be reported to the disadvantage of the Protestant faith, if it could be so perverted, she determined to give them no handle for misrepresentation, and fought the good fight so gallantly that she lost not a single point, and wrung even from her enemies a reluctant admission of defeat. Those best skilled in all the subtleties of scholastic argument could not perplex her. United to the most profound learning, she possessed a clear logical understanding, enabling her at once to unravel and expose the mysteries in which they sought to perplex her, while the questions she proposed in her turn were unanswerable. At first, she found Feckenham's visits irksome, but by degrees they became almost agreeable to her, because she felt she was at once serving the cause of the Gospel, and taken from her own thoughts. During all this time, Angela never for a moment quitted her; and, though she took no part in the conferences, she profited greatly by them.

Two days before she suffered, Jane said to Feckenham, "You have often expressed a wish to serve me, reverend sir. There is one favor you can confer upon me, if you will."

"What is it, madam?" he rejoined.

"Before I die," returned Jane, "I would fain see Angela united to her lover, Cuthbert Cholmondeley. He was ever a faithful follower of my unfortunate husband, and he has exhibited a like devoted attachment to me. I know not whether you can confer this favor upon me, or whether you will do so if you can. But I venture, from your professions of regard for me, to ask it. If you consent, send, I pray you, to Master John Bradford, prebendary of Saint Paul's, and let him perform the ceremony in this chamber."

"Bradford!" exclaimed Feckenham, frowning. "I know the obstinate and heretical preacher well. If you are willing that I should perform the ceremony, I will undertake to obtain the Queen's permission for it. But it must not be done by Bradford."

"Then I have nothing further to say," replied Jane.

"But how comes it that you, Angela," said Feckenham, addressing her in a severe tone, "the daughter of Catholic parents, both of whom suffered for their faith, abandon it?" "A better light has been vouchsafed me," she replied, and I lament that they were not equally favored."

"Well, madam," observed Feckenham, to Jane, "you shall not say I am harsh with you. I desire to serve Angela, for her parents' sake—both of whom were very dear to me. I will make known your request to the queen, and I can almost promise it shall be granted on one condition."

"On no condition affecting my opinions," said Jane.

"Nay, madam," returned the confessor, with a half-smile, "I was about to propose nothing to which you can object. My condition is, that if Bradford is admitted to your prison, you exchange no word with him, except in reference to the object of his visit. That done he must depart at once."

"I readily agree to it," replied Jane, "and I thank you for your consideration."

After some further conference, Feckenham departed, and Angela, as soon as they were alone, warmly thanked Jane for her kindness, saying—"But why think of me at such a time?"

"Because it will be a satisfaction to me to know that you are united to the object of your affections," replied Jane. "And now leave me to my devotions, and prepare yourself for what is to happen."

With this, she withdrew into the recess, and, occupied in fervent prayer, soon abstracted herself from all else. Three hours afterwards, Feckenham returned. He was accompanied by Cholmondeley, and a grave looking divine in the habit of a minister of the Reformed Church, in whom Jane immediately recognized John Bradford—the uncompromising preacher of the Gospel, who not long afterwards won his crown of martyrdom at Smithfield. Apparently, he knew why he was summoned, and the condition annexed to it, for he fixed an eye full of the deepest compassion and admiration upon Jane, but said nothing. Cholmondeley threw himself at her feet, and pressed her hand to his lips, but his utterance failed him. Jane raised him kindly, and entreated him to command himself, saying, "I have not sent for you here to afflict you, but to make you happy."

"Alas! madam," replied Cholmondeley, "you are ever more thoughtful for others than yourself."

"Proceed with the ceremony without delay, sir," said Feckenham. "I rely upon your word, madam, that you hold no conference with him."

"You may rely upon it," returned Jane.

And the confessor withdrew.

Bradford then took from his vest a book of prayers, and in that prison-chamber, with Jane only as a witness, the ceremony was performed. At its conclusion, Angela observed to her husband—

"We must separate as soon as united, for I never shall quit my dear mistress during her lifetime."

"I should deeply regret it, if you did otherwise," returned Cholmondeley. "Would I had like permission to attend on Lord Guilford. But that is denied me."

At the mention of her husband's name, a shade passed over Jane's countenance; but she instantly checked the emotion.

"My blessing upon your union!" she cried, extending her hands over the pair, "and may it be happy—happier than mine."

"Amen!" cried Bradford. "Before I take my leave, madam, I trust I shall not transgress the confessor's commands, if I request you to write your name in this book of prayers. It will stimulate me in my devotions, and may perchance cheer me in a trial like your own."

Jane readily complied, and taking the book, wrote a short prayer in the blank leaf, and subscribed it with her name.

"This is but a slight return for your compliance with my request, Master Bradford," she said, as she returned the book, "but it is all I have to offer."

"I shall prize it more than the richest gift," replied the preacher. "Farewell, madam, and doubt not I shall pray constantly for you."

"I thank you heartily, sir," she replied. "You must go with him, Cholmondeley," she continued, perceiving that he esquire lingered—"We must now part for ever."

"Farewell, madam," cried Cholmondeley, again prostrating himself before her, and pressing her hand to his lips.

"Nay, Angela, you must lead him forth," observed Jane, kindly, though a tear started to her eye. And she withdrew into an embrasure, while Cholmondeley, utterly unable to control his distress, rushed forth, and was followed by Bradford.

Jane's benediction did not fall to the ground. When the tragic event which it is the purpose of this Chronicle to relate was over, Angela fell into a dangerous illness, during which her husband watched over her with the greatest solicitude. Long before her recovery, he had been liberated by Mary; and, as soon as she was fully restored to health, they retired to his family seat, in Cheshire, where they passed many years of uninterrupted happiness, saddened, but not painfully, by the recollections of the past.

#### XLIII.—The Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

Monday, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper; and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane.

Thinking it cruelly to disturb her from such a blissful state, Angela let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance—seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eye lashes, she touched her, and Jane instantly awoke.

"Is it four o'clock?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy that I could not find in my heart to waken you."

"I was happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all was over—without pain to me—and that my soul was borne to regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold."

"It will be so, madam," replied Angela, fervently. "You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will join your husband in everlasting happiness."

"I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone, "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough."

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other, fearfully.

"Nay, you have given me no offence," returned Jane, kindly. "What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband."

"Oh, you will find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it not. Your prayers would wash out his offences, if his own could not."

"I trust so," replied Jane. "And I will now pray for him, and I do so pray too."

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and, assisted by Angela, attired herself with great care.

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do, if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services, she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow—nay, when arrayed on my wedding-day—I felt not half so joyful as now."

"Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief, "My condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

"Only for a while, dear Angela," returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I had never thus perished. Discharge your duty strictly to your eternal and your temporal rulers, and rest assured we shall meet again—never to part."

"Your counsel shall be graven on my heart, madam," returned Angela. "And oh! may my end be as happy as yours!"

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Jane, fervently. "And now," she added, as her toilette was ended, "I am ready to die."

"Will you not take some refreshment, madam?" asked Angela.

"No," replied Jane: "I have done with the body!"

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before day-break, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick mist, and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapor. It brought to Jane's mind the day on which she was taken to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies, (and they were few indeed,) lamented Jane's approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle, (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered,) they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer; many a sigh heaved; many a groan uttered; and if ever soul was wafted to heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane's was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together reluctantly—and those who conversed, spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found, carved his wife's name in two places on the walls of his prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o'clock, the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebussiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the chamber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance.

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments—and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me by my silence the duke my father, by the axe?" replied Dudley, sternly. "No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the Gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham, harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

"You have parted with her for ever,—heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your death-bed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the green. He looked at it a moment, wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion.—"I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley.

As he was about to set forward a young man pushed through the lines of halberdiers, and threw himself at his feet. It was Cholmondeley. Dudley instantly raised and embraced him. "At least I see one whom I love," he cried.

"My lord, this interruption must not be," observed the lieutenant. "If you do not retire," he added, to Cholmondeley, "I shall place you in arrest."

"Farewell, my dear lord," cried the weeping esquire—"farewell!"

"Farewell for ever!"—returned Dudley, as Cholmondeley was forced back by the guard.

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accompanied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfil his more painful duty. A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley, as he was led to the scaffold, on which Manger had already taken his station.

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison. He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It is, madam—to repent," replied Feckenham, sternly. "A few minutes are all that now remain to you of life; nay, at this moment, perhaps, your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins."

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" cried Jane, falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the confessor, she continued in fervent prayer, till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came, and rising, prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears, Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done, the lieutenant, who was likewise greatly affected, begged some slight remembrance of her.

"I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers, sir," she answered—"but you shall have that, when I have done with it, and may it profit you."

"You will receive it only to cast it into the flames, my son," remarked Feckenham.

"On the contrary, I shall treasure it like a priceless gem," replied Brydges.

"You will find a prayer written in my own hand," said Jane—"And again I say, may it profit you."

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed

him. A band of halberdiers were without. At the sight of her, a deep and general sympathy was manifested; not an eye was dry; and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer-book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the green.

By this time, the fog had cleared off, and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled; for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion-crows and ravens attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person upon the scaffold was Wolfytt. He was occupied in scattering straw near the block. Among the by-standers was Sorrocolle leaning on his staff; and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions, she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower, and here Feckenham continued his persecutions, until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

"Madam," said Sir John Brydges, after the new-comer had delivered his message, "we must set forth."

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his way toward the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer-book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers, carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing toward her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and, unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on, and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Manger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill—only tarrying a moment to exchange his axe—ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear, distinct voice, spoke as follows:

"I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the by-standers imitated Jane's example, as on the conclusion of her speech, she fell upon her knees and recited the *Miserere*. At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you, sir, to desist," replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer-book to Angela, said—"When all this is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Manger, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much," she replied, "but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane. "I see the figure still. But it must be mere fantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply; and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her velvet robe, when Manger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his axe.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried—"What shall I do?—Where is it?—Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocolle and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hand I commend my spirit!"

The axe then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.

THUS ENDS THE CHRONICLE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

## GUY FAWKES.

### A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Author of 'Rookwood,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Crichton,' &c.

#### CHAPTER VII.—The Star-Chamber.

Viviana, as has already been intimated, after her capture at the house at Lambeth, was conveyed to the Star-Chamber. Here she was detained until a late hour on the following day, when she underwent a long and rigorous examination by certain members of the Privy Council, who were summoned for that purpose by the Earl of Salisbury. Throughout this arduous trial she maintained the utmost composure, and never for a single moment lost her firmness. On all occasions, her matchless beauty and dignity produced the strongest impression on the beholders; but on no occasion had they ever produced so strong an effect as the present. Her features were totally destitute of bloom, but their very paleness, contrasted as it was with her large dark eyes, which blazed with unwonted brilliancy, as well as with her jet-black hair, so far from detracting from her loveliness, appeared to add to it.

As she was brought before the Council, who were seated round a table, and remained standing at a short distance from them, guarded by Topcliffe and two halberdiers, a murmur of admiration pervaded the group; nor was this feeling lessened as the examination proceeded. Once, when the Earl of Salisbury adverted to the unworthy position in which she, the daughter of the proud and loyal Sir William Radcliffe, had placed herself, a shade passed over her brow, and a slight convulsion agitated her frame. But the next moment she recovered herself, and said,

"However circumstances may appear against me, and whatever opinion your lordships may entertain of my conduct, the King has not a more loyal subject than myself, nor have any of you made greater efforts to avert the danger by which he is threatened."

"Then you admit that his Majesty is in danger?" cried the Earl of Salisbury, eagerly.

"I admit nothing," replied Viviana. "But I affirm that I am his true and loyal subject."

"You cannot expect us to believe your assertion," replied the Earl, "unless you approve it by declaring all you know touching this conspiracy."

"I have already told you, my lord," she returned, "that my lips are sealed on that subject."

"You disclaim, then, all knowledge of a plot against the King's life, and against his government?" pursued Salisbury. Viviana shook her head.

"You refuse to give up the names of your companions, or to reveal their intentions?" continued the Earl.

"I do," she answered firmly.

"Your obstinacy will not save them," rejoined the Earl, in a severe tone, and after a brief pause. "Their names and their atrocious designs are known to us."

"If such be the case," replied Viviana, "why interrogate me on the subject?"

"Because—but it is needless to give a reason for the course which justice requires me to pursue," returned the Earl. "You are implicated in this plot, and nothing can save you from condign punishment but a frank and full confession."

"Nothing can save me, then, my lord," replied Viviana, "but Heaven knows I shall perish unjustly."

A consultation was then held by the lords of the Council, who whispered together for a few minutes. Viviana regarded them anxiously, but suffered no expression of uneasiness to escape her. As they again turned toward her, she saw from their looks, some of which exhibited great commiseration for her, that they had come to a decision (she could not doubt what!) respecting her fate. Her heart stopped beating, and she could scarcely support herself. Such, however, was the control she exercised over herself that, though filled with terror, her demeanor remained unaltered. She was not long kept in suspense. Fixing his searching gaze upon her, the Earl of Salisbury observed in a severe tone,

"Viviana Radcliffe, I ask you for the last time whether you will avow the truth?"

No answer was returned.

"I will not disguise from you," continued the Earl, "that your youth, your beauty, your constancy, and, above all, your apparent innocence, have deeply interested me, as well as the other noble persons here assembled to interrogate you, and who would willingly save you from the sufferings you will necessarily undergo, from a mistaken fidelity to the heinous traitors with whom you are so unhappily leagued. I would give you time to reflect, did I think the delay would answer any good purpose. I would remind you that no oath of secrecy, however solemn, can be binding in an unrighteous cause. I would tell you that your first duty is to your prince and governor, and that it is as great a crime, as unpardonable in the eyes of God as of man, to withhold the revelation of a conspiracy against the state, should it come to your knowledge, as to conspire against it yourself. I would lay all this before you. I would show you the magnitude of your offence, the danger in which you stand, and the utter impossibility of screening your companions, who ere long will be confronted with you—did I think it would avail. But, as you continue obstinate, justice must take its course."

"I am prepared for the worst, my lord," replied Viviana, humbly. "I thank your lordships for your consideration: but I take you all to witness that I profess the utmost loyalty and devotion for my sovereign, and that whatever may be my fate, those feelings will remain unchanged to the last."

"Your manner and your words are so sincere, that, were not your conduct at variance with them, they might convince us," returned the Earl. "As it is, even if we could credit your innocence, we are bound to act as if you were guilty. You will be committed to the Tower till his Majesty's pleasure is known. And I grieve to add, if you still continue obstinate, the severest measures will be resorted to to extract the truth from you."

As he concluded, he attached his signature to a warrant which was lying on the table, before him, and traced a few lines to Sir William Wead, lieutenant of the Tower.

This done, he handed the papers to Topcliffe, and wav-

ing his hand, Viviana was removed to the chamber in which she had been previously confined, and where she was detained under a strict guard, until Topcliffe, who had left her, returned to say that all was in readiness, and bidding her follow him, led the way to the river-side, where a wherry, manned by six rowers was waiting for them.

The night was profoundly dark, and, as none of the guard carried torches, their course was steered in perfect obscurity. But the rowers were too familiar with the river to require the guidance of light. Shooting the bridge in safety, and pausing for only a moment to give the signal of their approach to the sentinels on the ramparts, they passed swiftly under the low-browed arch of Traitor's Gate.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—The Jailor's Daughter.

As Viviana set foot on those fatal stairs, which so many have trod, and none without feeling that they took their first step toward the scaffold, she involuntarily shrank backward. But it was now too late to retreat; and she surrendered her hand to Topcliffe, who assisted her up the steps. Half-a-dozen men-at-arms, with a like number of wardens bearing torches, were present; and as it was necessary that Topcliffe should deliver his warrant into Sir William Wead's own hands, he committed his prisoner to the wardens, with instructions to them to take her to the guard-room near the By-ward Tower, while he proceeded to the lieutenant's lodgings.

It was the first time Viviana had beheld the terrible pile in which she was immured, though she was well acquainted with its history, and with the persecutions which many of the professors of her faith had endured within it during the recent reign of Elizabeth: and as the light of the torches flashed upon the grey walls of the Bloody Tower, and upon the adjoining ramparts, all the dreadful tales she had heard rushed to her recollection. But having recovered the first shock, the succeeding impressions were powerless in comparison, and she accompanied the wardens to the guard-room without expressing any outward emotion. Here a seat was offered her, and as the men considerably withdrew, she was able to pursue her reflections unmolested. They were sad enough, and it required all her firmness to support her.

When considering what was likely to befall her in consequence of her adherence to the fortunes of Fawkes and his companions, she had often pictured some dreadful situation like the present, but the reality far exceeded her worst anticipations. She had deemed herself equal to any emergency, but as she thought upon the dark menaces of the Earl of Salisbury, she felt it would require greater fortitude than she had hitherto displayed to bear her through her trial. Nor were her meditations entirely confined upon herself. While trembling for the perilous situation of Guy Fawkes, she reproached herself that she could not requite, even in thought, the passionate devotion of Humphrey Chetham.

"What matters it now," she thought, "that I cannot love him? I shall soon be nothing to him, or to any one. And yet I feel I have done him wrong, and that I should be happier if I could requite his attachment. But the die is cast. It is too late to repeat, or to retreat. My heart acquits me of having been influenced by any unworthy motive, and I will strive to endure the keenest pang without a murmur."

Shortly after this, Topcliffe returned with Sir William Wead. On their entrance, Viviana arose, and the lieutenant eyed her with some curiosity. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stoutly built, and having harsh features, stamped with an expression of mingled cunning and ferocity. His eyes had a fierce and bloodthirsty look, and were overshadowed by thick and scowling brows. Saluting the captive with affected courtesy, he observed,

"So you refuse to answer the interrogations of the Privy Council, madam, I understand. I am not sorry for it, because I would have the merit of wringing the truth from you. Those who have been most stubborn outside these walls, have been the most yielding within them."

"That will not be my case," replied Viviana, coldly.

"We shall see," returned the lieutenant, with a significant glance at Topcliffe.

Ordering her to follow him, he then proceeded along the ward in the direction of the Bloody Tower, and passing beneath its arched gateway, ascended the steps on the left and led her to his lodgings. Entering the habitation he mounted to the upper story, and tracking a long gallery, brought her to a small circular chamber in the Bell Tower. Its sole furniture was a chair, a table and a couch.

"Here you will remain for the present," observed the lieutenant, smiling grimly, and placing a lamp on the table. "It will depend upon yourself whether your accommodations are better hereafter."

With this, he quitted the cell with his attendants, and barred the door outside.

Left alone, Viviana, who had hitherto restrained her anguish, suffered it to find vent in tears. Never had she felt so utterly forlorn and desolate. All before her was threatening and terrible, full of dangers real and imaginary; nor could she look back upon her past career without something like remorse.

"Oh that Heaven would take me to itself!" she murmured, clasping her hands in an agony of distress, "for I feel unequal to my trials. Oh! that I had perished with my dear father! For what dreadful fate am I reserved?—Torture,—I will bear it, if I can. But death by the hands of the public executioner,—it is too horrible to think of! Is there no way of escape that?"

As this heinous thought occurred to her, she uttered a loud and prolonged scream, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered it was daylight; and, weak and exhausted, she crept to the couch, and throwing herself upon it, endeavored to forget her misery in sleep. But, as is usually the case with the afflicted, it fled her eyelids, and she passed several hours in the severest mental torture, unrelieved by a single cheering thought.

About the middle of the day, the door of the cell was opened by an old woman with a morose and forbidding countenance, attended by a younger female, who resembled her in all but the expression of her features, (her look was gentle and compassionate,) and who appeared to be her daughter.

Without paying any attention to Viviana, the old woman took a small loaf of bread and other provisions from a basket she had brought with her, and placed them on the table. This done, she was about to depart, when her daughter



who had glanced uneasily at the couch, observed in a kindly tone,

"Shall we not inquire whether we can be of service to the poor young lady, mother?"

"Why should we concern ourselves about her, Ruth?" returned the old woman, sharply. "If she wants anything, she has a tongue, and can speak. If she desires further comforts," she added, in a significant tone, "they must be paid for."

"I desire nothing but death," groaned Viviana.

"The poor soul is dying, I believe," cried Ruth, rushing to the couch. "Have you no cordial-water about you, mother?"

"Truly have I," returned the old woman; "and I have other things besides. But I must be paid for them."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a small, square, Dutch-shaped bottle.

"Give it to me," cried Ruth, snatching it from her. "I am sure the young lady will pay for it."

"You are very kind," said Viviana, faintly. "But I have no means of doing so."

"I knew it!" cried the old woman, derisively. "If I and thy father, Jasper Ipgreve, had any such feeling, it would be high time for him to give up his post of jailer in the Tower of London. Pity for a poor prisoner! Thou a jailer's daughter, and talk so. I am ashamed of thee, wench. But I thought this was a rich Catholic heiress, and had powerful and wealthy friends."

"So she is," replied Ruth; "and though she may have no money with her now, she can command any amount she pleases. I heard Master Topcliffe tell young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder, so. She is the daughter of the late Sir William Radcliffe, of Ordsall Hall, in Lancashire, and sole heiress of his vast estates."

"Is it so, sweet lady?" inquired the old woman stepping toward the couch. "Are you truly Sir William Radcliffe's daughter?"

"I am," replied Viviana. "But I have said I require nothing from you. Leave me."

"No—no, dear young lady," rejoined Dame Ipgreve, in a whining tone, which was infinitely more disagreeable to Viviana than her previous harshness, "I cannot leave you in this state. Raise her head, Ruth, while I pour a few drops of the cordial down her throat."

"I will not taste it," replied Viviana, putting the flask aside.

"You will find it a sovereign restorative," replied Dame Ipgreve, with a mortified look; "but as you please. I will not urge you against your inclination. The provisions I have been obliged to bring you are too coarse for a daintily-nurtured maiden like you,—but you shall have others presently."

"It is needless," rejoined Viviana. "Pray leave me."

"Well, well, I am going," rejoined Dame Ipgreve, hesitating. "Do you want to write to any one? I can find means of conveying a letter secretly out of the Tower."

"Ah!" exclaimed Viviana, raising herself. "And yet no—no—I dare not trust you."

"You may," replied the avaricious old woman,—"provided you pay me well."

"I will think of it," returned Viviana. "But I have not strength to write now."

"You must not give way thus,—indeed, you must not, dear lady," said Ruth, in a voice of great kindness. "It will not be safe to leave you. Suffer me to remain with you."

"Willingly," replied Viviana; "most willingly."

"Stay with her, then, child," said Dame Ipgreve. "I will go and prepare a nourishing broth for her. Take heed and make a shrewd bargain with her for thy attendance," she added, in a hasty whisper, as she retired.

Greatly relieved by the old woman's departure, Viviana turned to Ruth, and thanked her in the warmest terms for her kindness. A few minutes sufficed to convert the sympathy which these two young persons evidently felt towards each other into affectionate regard, and the jailer's daughter assured Viviana, that so long as she should be detained, she would devote herself to her.

By this time, the old woman had returned with a mess of hot broth, which she carried with an air of great mystery beneath her cloak. Viviana was prevailed upon by the solicitations of Ruth to taste it, and found herself much revived in consequence. Her slight meal ended, Dame Ipgreve departed, with a promise to return in the evening with such viands as she could manage to introduce unobserved, and with a flask of wine.

"You will need it, sweet lady, I fear," she said; "for my husband tells me you are in peril of the torture. Oh! it is a sad thing, that such as you should be so cruelly dealt with! But we will take all the care of you we can. You will not forget to requite us. You must give me an order on your steward, or on some rich Catholic friend. I am half a Papist myself—that is, I like one religion as well as the other—and I like those best, whatever their creed may be, who pay best. That is my maxim. And it is the same with my husband. We do all we can to scrape together a penny for our child."

"No more of this, good mother," interrupted Ruth. "It distresses the lady. I will take care she wants nothing."

"Right, child, right," returned Dame Ipgreve;—"do not forget what I told you," she added in a whisper.

And she quitted the cell.

Ruth remained with Viviana during the rest of the day, and it was a great consolation to the latter to find that her companion was of the same faith as herself,—having been converted by Father Poole, a Romish priest who was confined in the Tower during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and whose sufferings and constancy for his religion had made a powerful impression on the jailer's daughter. As soon as Viviana ascertained this, she made Ruth, so far as she thought prudent, a confidante in her misfortunes, and after beguiling some hours in conversation, they both knelt down and offered up fervent prayers to the Virgin. Ruth then departed, promising to return in the evening with her mother.

Soon after it became dark, Dame Ipgreve and her daughter reappeared, the former carrying a lamp, and the latter a basket of provisions. Ruth's countenance was so troubled, that Viviana was certain that some fresh calamity was at hand.

"What is the matter?" she hastily demanded.

"Make your meal first, dear young lady," replied Dame

Ipgreve. "Our news might take away your appetite, and you will have to pay for your supper, whether you eat it or not."

"You alarm me greatly," cried Viviana, anxiously.

"What ill news do you bring?"

"I will not keep you longer in suspense, madam," said Ruth. "You are to be examined to-night by the Lieutenant and certain members of the Privy Council, and if you refuse to answer their questions, I lament to say you will be put to the torture."

"Heaven give me strength to endure it!" ejaculated Viviana, in a despairing tone.

"Eat, madam, eat," cried Dame Ipgreve, pressing the viands upon her. "You will never be able to go through with the examination, if you starve yourself in this way."

"Are you sure," inquired Viviana, appealing to Ruth, "that it will take place so soon?"

"Quite sure," replied Ruth. "My father has orders to attend the Lieutenant at midnight."

"Let me advise you to conceal nothing," insinuated the old woman. "They are determined to wring the truth from you—and they will do so."

"You are mistaken, good woman," replied Viviana, firmly. "I will die before I utter a word."

"You think so now," returned Dame Ipgreve, maliciously. "But the sight of the rack and the thumb-screws will alter your tone. At all events, support nature."

"No," replied Viviana; "as I do not desire to live, I will use no effort to sustain myself. They may kill me if they please."

"Misfortune has turned her brain," muttered the old woman. "I must take and secure my dues. Well, madam, if you will not eat the supper I have provided, it cannot be helped. I must find some one who will. You must pay for it all the same. My husband, Jasper Ipgreve, will be present at your interrogation, and I am sure, for my sake, he will use you as lightly as he can. Come, Ruth, you must not remain here longer."

"Oh, let her stay with me," implored Viviana. "I will make it well worth your while to grant me the indulgence."

"What will you give?" cried the old woman, eagerly.

"But no—no—I dare not leave her. The lieutenant may visit you, and find her, and then I should lose my place. Come along, Ruth. She shall attend you after the interrogation, madam. I shall be there myself."

"Farewell, madam," sobbed Ruth, who was almost drowned in tears. "Heaven grant you constancy to endure your trial!"

"Be ruled by me," said the old woman. "Speak out, and secure your own safety."

She would have continued in the same strain, but Ruth dragged her away. And casting a commiserating glance at Viviana, she closed the door.

The dreadful interval between their departure and midnight was passed by Viviana in fervent prayer. As she heard through the barred embrasure of her dungeon the deep strokes of the clock toll out the hour of twelve, the door opened, and a tall, gaunt personage, habited in a suit of rusty black, and with a large bunch of keys at his girdle, entered the cell.

"You are Jasper Ipgreve?" said Viviana, rising.

"Right," replied the jailer. "I am come to take you before the lieutenant and the council. Are you ready?"

Viviana replied in the affirmative, and Ipgreve, quitting the cell, outside which two other officials in sable habiliments were stationed, led the way down a short spiral staircase, which brought them to a narrow vaulted passage. Pursuing it for some time, the jailer halted before a strong door, cased with iron, and opening it, admitted the captive into a square chamber, the roof of which was supported by a heavy stone pillar, while its walls were garnished with implements of torture. At a table on the left sat the lieutenant and three other grave-looking personages. Across the lower end of the chamber a thick black curtain was stretched, hiding a deep recess; and behind it, as was evident from the glimmer that escaped from its folds, there was a light. Certain indistinct, but ominous sounds, issuing from the recess, proved that there were persons within it, and Viviana's quaking heart told her what was the nature of their proceedings.

She had ample time to survey this dismal apartment, and its occupants, for several minutes elapsed before a word was addressed to her by her interrogators, who continued to confer together in an undertone, as if unconscious of her presence. During this pause, broken only by the ominous sounds beforementioned, Viviana scanned the countenances of the group at the table, in the hope of discerning in them some glimpses of compassion; but they were inscrutable and inexorable, and scarcely less dreadful to look upon than the hideous implements on the walls.

Viviana wished the earth would open and swallow her, that she might escape from them. Anything was better than to be left at the mercy of such men. At certain times, and not unfrequently at the most awful moments, a double current of thought will flow through the brain, and at this frightful juncture it was so with Viviana. While shuddering at all she saw around her, nay, dwelling upon it, another and distinct train of thought led her back to former scenes of happiness, when she was undisturbed by any but remote apprehensions of danger. She thought of her tranquil residence at Ordsall,—of the flowers she had tended in the garden,—of her father, and of his affection for her,—of Humphrey Chetham, and of her early and scarce-acknowledged attachment to him,—and of his generosity and devotion, and how she had requited it. And then, like a sullen cloud darkening the fair prospect, arose the figure of Guy Fawkes—the sombre enthusiast—who had unwittingly exercised such a baneful influence upon her fortunes.

"Had he not crossed my path," she mentally ejaculated, "I might have been happy; might have loved Humphrey Chetham; might, perhaps have wedded him!"

These reflections were suddenly dispersed by the lieutenant, who in a stern tone commenced his interrogatories.

As upon her previous examination, Viviana observed the utmost caution, and either refused to speak, or answered such questions as only affected herself. At first, in spite of all her efforts, she trembled violently, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. But after a while, she recovered her courage, and regarded the lieutenant with a look as determined as his own.

"It is useless to urge me farther," she concluded. "I have said all I will say."

"Is it your pleasure, my lord," observed Sir William Waad to the others, "to prolong the examination?"

His companions replied in the negative, and the one nearest to him remarked, "Is she aware what will follow?"

"I am," replied Viviana, resolutely, "and I am not to be intimidated."

Sir William Waad then made a sign to Ipgreve, who immediately stepped forward and seized her arm. "You will be taken to that recess," said the lieutenant, "where the question will be put to you. But as we shall remain here, you have only to utter a cry, if you are willing to avow the truth, and the torture shall be stayed. And it is our merciful hope that this may be the case."

Summoning up all her resolution, and walking with a firm foot-step, Viviana passed with Ipgreve behind the curtain. She there beheld two men and a woman; the latter was the jailer's wife, who instantly advanced to her, and besought her to confess.

"There is no help for it, if you refuse," she urged; "not all your wealth can save you."

"Mind your own business, dame," interposed Ipgreve, angrily, "and assist her to unrobe."

Saying this, he stepped aside with the two men, one of whom was the surgeon, and the other the tormentor, while Dame Ipgreve helped to take off Viviana's gown. She then tied a scarf over her shoulders, and informed her husband she was ready.

The recess was about twelve feet high, and ten wide. It was crossed near the roof, which was arched and vaulted, by a heavy beam, with pulleys and ropes at either extremity. But what chiefly attracted the unfortunate captive's attention was a couple of iron gauntlets attached to it, about a yard apart. Upon the ground under the beam, and immediately beneath that part of it where the gauntlets were fixed, were laid three pieces of wood of a few inches in thickness, and piled one upon another.

"What must I do?" inquired Viviana, in a hollow voice, but with unaltered resolution, of the old woman.

"Step upon those pieces of wood," replied dame Ipgreve, leading her towards them.

Viviana obeyed, and as soon as she had set foot upon the pile, the tormentor placed a joint-stool beside her, and mounting it, desired her to place her right hand in one of the gauntlets. She did so, and the tormentor then turned a screw, which compressed the iron glove so tightly as to give her excruciating pain. He then got down, and Ipgreve demanded if he should proceed.

A short pause ensued, but, notwithstanding her agony, Viviana made no answer. The tormentor then placed the stool on the left side, and fastened the hand which was still at liberty within the other gauntlet. The torture was dreadful—and the fingers appeared crushed by the pressure. Still Viviana uttered no cry. After another short pause Ipgreve said,

"You had better let us stop here. This is mere child's play compared with what is to come."

No answer being returned, the tormentor took a mallet and struck one of the pieces of wood from under Viviana's feet. The shock was dreadful, and seemed to dislocate her wrists, while the pressure on the hands was increased in a tenfold degree. The poor sufferer, who was resting on the points of her feet, felt that the removal of the next piece of wood would occasion almost intolerable torture. Her constancy, however, did not desert her; and, after the question had been repeated by Ipgreve, the second block was struck away. She was now suspended by her hands; and the pain was so exquisite, that nature gave way, and, uttering a piercing scream, she fainted.

On recovering, she found herself stretched upon a miserable pallet, with Ruth watching beside her. A glance round the chamber, which was of solid stone masonry, with a deep embrasure on one side, convinced her that she had been removed to some other prison.

"Where am I?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"In the Well Tower, madam," replied Ruth; "one of the fortifications near the moat, and now used as a prison-lodging. My father dwells within it, and you are under his custody."

"Your father," cried Viviana, shuddering as she recalled the sufferings she had recently undergone. "Will he torture me again?"

"Not if I can prevent it, dear lady," replied Ruth. "But hush! here comes my mother. Not a word before her."

As Ruth spoke, Dame Ipgreve, who had been lingering at the door, entered the room. She affected the greatest solicitude for Viviana—felt her pulse—looked at the bandages fastened round her swollen and crippled fingers, and concluded by counselling her not to persist in refusing to speak.

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"My heart bleeds for you, madam," said Ruth, in accents of the deepest commiseration, as soon as they were alone. "You may depend upon my fidelity. If I can contrive your escape I will—at any risk to myself."

"On no account," replied Viviana. "Do not concern yourself about me more. My earthly sufferings, I feel, will have terminated before further cruelty can be practised upon me."

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Viviana shook her head; and Ruth, finding her very

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"Is it your pleasure, my lord," observed Sir William Waad to the others, "to prolong the examination?"

His companions replied in the negative, and the one nearest to him remarked, "Is she aware what will follow?"

"I am," replied Viviana, resolutely, "and I am not to be intimidated."

Sir William Waad then made a sign to Ipgreve, who immediately stepped forward and seized her arm. "You will be taken to that recess," said the lieutenant, "where the question will be put to you. But as we shall remain here, you have only to utter a cry, if you are willing to avow the truth, and the torture shall be stayed. And it is our merciful hope that this may be the case."

Summoning up all her resolution, and walking with a firm foot-step, Viviana passed with Ipgreve behind the curtain. She there beheld two men and a woman; the latter was the jailer's wife, who instantly advanced to her, and besought her to confess.

"There is no help for it, if you refuse," she urged; "not all your wealth can save you."

"Mind your own business, dame," interposed Ipgreve, angrily, "and assist her to unrobe."

Saying this, he stepped aside with the two men, one of whom was the surgeon, and the other the tormentor, while Dame Ipgreve helped to take off Viviana's gown. She then tied a scarf over her shoulders, and informed her husband she was ready.

The recess was about twelve feet high, and ten wide. It was crossed near the roof, which was arched and vaulted, by a heavy beam, with pulleys and ropes at either extremity. But what chiefly attracted the unfortunate captive's attention was a couple of iron gauntlets attached to it, about a yard apart. Upon the ground under the beam, and immediately beneath that part of it where the gauntlets were fixed, were laid three pieces of wood of a few inches in thickness, and piled one upon another.

"What must I do?" inquired Viviana, in a hollow voice, but with unaltered resolution, of the old woman.

"Step upon those pieces of wood," replied dame Ipgreve, leading her towards them.

Viviana obeyed, and as soon as she had set foot upon the pile, the tormentor placed a joint-stool beside her, and mounting it, desired her to place her right hand in one of the gauntlets. She did so, and the tormentor then turned a screw, which compressed the iron glove so tightly as to give her excruciating pain. He then got down, and Ipgreve demanded if he should proceed.

A short pause ensued, but, notwithstanding her agony, Viviana made no answer. The tormentor then placed the stool on the left side, and fastened the hand which was still at liberty within the other gauntlet. The torture was dreadful—and the fingers appeared crushed by the pressure. Still Viviana uttered no cry. After another short pause Ipgreve said,

"You had better let us stop here. This is mere child's play compared with what is to come."

No answer being returned, the tormentor took a mallet and struck one of the pieces of wood from under Viviana's feet. The shock was dreadful, and seemed to dislocate her wrists, while the pressure on the hands was increased in a tenfold degree. The poor sufferer, who was resting on the points of her feet, felt that the removal of the next piece of wood would occasion almost intolerable torture. Her constancy, however, did not desert her; and, after the question had been repeated by Ipgreve, the second block was struck away. She was now suspended by her hands; and the pain was so exquisite, that nature gave way, and, uttering a piercing scream, she fainted.

On recovering, she found herself stretched upon a miserable pallet, with Ruth watching beside her. A glance round the chamber, which was of solid stone masonry, with a deep embrasure on one side, convinced her that she had been removed to some other prison.

"Where am I?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"In the Well Tower, madam," replied Ruth; "one of the fortifications near the moat, and now used as a prison-lodging. My father dwells within it, and you are under his custody."

"Your father," cried Viviana, shuddering as she recalled the sufferings she had recently undergone. "Will he torture me again?"

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feeble, thought it better not to continue the conversation. She, accordingly, applied such restoratives as were at hand; and observing that the eyes of the sufferer closed as if in slumber, glided noiselessly out of the chamber, and left her.

In this way a week passed. At the expiration of that time, the surgeon pronounced her in so precarious a state, that if the torture were repeated, he would not answer for her life. The interrogation, therefore, was postponed for a few days, during which the surgeon constantly visited her; and by his care, and the restoratives she was compelled to take, she rapidly regained her strength.

One day, after the surgeon had departed, Ruth cautiously closed the door, and observed to her,

"You are now so far recovered, madam, as to be able to make an attempt to escape. I have devised a plan, which I will communicate to you to-morrow. It must not be delayed, or you will have to encounter a second and more dreadful examination."

"I will not attempt it if you are exposed to risk," replied Viviana.

"Heed me not," returned Ruth. "One of your friends has found out your place of confinement, and has spoken to me about you."

"What friend?" exclaimed Viviana, starting. "Gay Fawkes?—I mean." And she hesitated, while her pale cheeks were suffused with blushes.

"He is named Humphrey Chetham," returned Ruth. "Like myself, he would risk his life to preserve you."

"Tell him he must not do so," cried Viviana, eagerly. "He has done enough—too much for me already. I will not expose him to further hazard. Tell him so, and entreat him to abandon the attempt."

"But I shall not see him, dear lady," replied Ruth. "Besides, if I read him rightly, he is not likely to be turned aside by any selfish consideration."

"You are right, he is not," groaned Viviana. "But this only adds to my affliction. Oh! if you should see him, dear Ruth, try to dissuade him from his purpose."

"I will obey you, madam," replied the jailor's daughter. "But I am well assured it will be of no avail."

After some further conversation, Ruth retired, and Viviana was left alone for the night. Except the slumber procured by soporific potions, she had known no repose since she had been confined within the Tower; and this night she felt more than usually restless. After ineffectually endeavoring to compose herself, she arose, and hastily robing herself—a task she performed with no little difficulty, her fingers being almost useless—continued to pace her narrow chamber.

It has been mentioned that on one side of the cell there was a deep embrasure. It was terminated by a narrow and strongly-grated loop-hole, looking upon the moat. Pausing before it, Viviana gazed forth. The night was pitchy dark, and not even a solitary star could be discerned; but as she had no light in her chamber, the gloom outside was less profound than that within.

While standing thus, buried in thought, and longing for day-break, Viviana fancied she heard a slight sound as of some one swimming across the moat. Thinking she might be deceived, she listened more intently, and as the sound continued, she felt sure she was right in her conjecture. All at once the thought of Humphrey Chetham flashed upon her, and she had no doubt it must be he. Nor was she wrong. The next moment, a noise was heard as of some one clambering up the wall; a hand grasped the bars of the loop-hole, which was only two or three feet above the level of the water; and a low voice, which she instantly recognised, pronounced her name.

"Is it Humphrey Chetham?" she asked, advancing as near as she could to the loop-hole.

"It is," was the reply. "Do not despair. I will accomplish your liberation. I have passed three days within the Tower, and only ascertained your place of confinement a few hours ago. I have contrived a plan for your escape, with the jailor's daughter, which she will make known to you to-morrow."

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for your devotion," replied Viviana, in accents of the deepest gratitude. "But I implore you to leave me to my fate. I am wretched enough now, heaven knows, but if aught should happen to you, I shall be infinitely more so. If I possess any power over you—and that I do so, I well know—I entreat—nay, I command, you to desist from this attempt."

"I have never yet disobeyed you, Viviana," replied the young merchant, passionately—"nor will I do so now. But if you bid me abandon you, I will plunge into this moat, never to rise again."

His manner, notwithstanding the low tone in which he spoke, was so determined, that Viviana felt certain he would carry his threat into execution; she therefore rejoined in a mournful tone.

"Well, be it as you will. It is in vain to resist our fate. I am destined to bring misfortune to you."

"Not so," replied Chetham. "If I can save you, I would rather die than live. The jailor's daughter will explain her plan to you to-morrow. Promise me to accede to it."

Viviana reluctantly assented.

"I shall quit the Tower at daybreak," pursued Chetham; "and when you are once out of it, hasten to the stairs beyond the wharf at Petty Wales. I will be there with a boat. Farewell!"

As he spoke, he let himself drop into the water, but his foot slipping, the plunge was louder than he intended, and attracted the attention of a sentinel on the ramparts, who immediately called out to know what was the matter, and not receiving any answer, discharged his caliver in the direction of the sound.

Viviana, who heard the challenge and the shot, uttered a loud scream, and the next moment, Ipgreve and his wife appeared. The jailor glanced suspiciously round the room; but after satisfying himself that all was right, and putting some questions to the captive, which she refused to answer, he departed with his wife, and carefully barred the door.

It is impossible to imagine greater misery than Viviana endured the whole of the night. The uncertainty in which she was kept as to Chetham's fate was almost insupportable, and the bodily pain she had recently endured appeared light when compared with her present mental torture.

Day at length dawned. But it brought with it no Ruth. Instead of this faithful friend, Dame Ipgreve entered the chamber with the morning meal, and her looks were so morose and distrustful, that Viviana feared she must have discovered her daughter's design. She did not, however, venture to make a remark, but suffered the old woman to depart in silence.

Giving up all for lost, and concluding that Humphrey Chetham had either perished, or was, like herself, a prisoner, Viviana bitterly bewailed his fate, and reproached herself with being unintentionally the cause of it. Later in the day, Ruth entered the cell. To Viviana's eager inquiries she replied, that Humphrey Chetham had escaped. Owing to the darkness, the sentinel had missed his aim, and although the most rigorous search was instituted throughout the fortress, he had contrived to elude observation.

"Our attempt," pursued Ruth, "must be made this evening. The lieutenant has informed my father that you are to be interrogated at midnight, the surgeon having declared that you are sufficiently recovered to undergo the torture (if needful) a second time. Now listen to me. The occurrence of last night has made my mother suspicious, and she watches my proceedings with a jealous eye. She is at this moment with a female prisoner in the Beauchamp Tower, or I should not be able to visit you. She consented, however, to let me bring in your supper. You must then change dresses with me. Being about my height, you may easily pass for me, and I will take care there is no light below, so that your features will not be distinguished."

Viviana would have checked her, but the other would not be interrupted.

"As soon as you are ready," she continued, "you must lock the door upon me. You must then descend the short flight of steps before you, and pass as quickly as you can through the room where you will see my father and mother. As soon as you are out of the door, turn to the left, and go straight forward to the By-ward Tower. Show this pass to the warders. It is made out in my name, and they will suffer you to go forth. Do the same with the warders at the next gate,—the Middle Tower,—and again at the Bulwark-Gate. That passed, you are free."

"And what will become of you?" asked Viviana, with a bewildered look.

"Never mind me," rejoined Ruth: "I shall be sufficiently rewarded if I save you. And now, farewell. Be ready at the time appointed."

"I cannot consent," rejoined Viviana.

"You have no choice," replied Ruth, breaking from her, and hurrying out of the room.

Time, as it ever does, when expectation is on the rack, appeared to pass with unusual slowness. But as the hour at length drew near, Viviana wished it farther off. It was with the utmost trepidation that she heard the key turn in the lock, and beheld Ruth enter the cell with the evening meal.

Closing the door, and setting the provisions, the jailor's daughter hastily divested herself of her dress, which was of brown serge, as well as of her coil and kerchief, while Viviana imitated her example. Without pausing to attire herself in the other's garments, Ruth then assisted Viviana to put on her dress she had just laid aside, and arranged her hair and the head-gear so skillfully, that the disguise was complete.

Hastily whispering some further instructions to her, and explaining certain peculiarities in her gait and deportment, she then pressed her to her bosom, and led her to the door. Viviana would have remonstrated, but Ruth pushed her through it, and closed it.

There was now no help, so Viviana, though with great pain to herself, contrived to turn the key in the lock. Descending the steps, she found herself in a small circular chamber, in which Ipgreve and his wife were seated at a table, discussing their evening meal. The sole light was afforded by a few dying embers on the hearth.

"What, has she done already?" demanded the old woman, as Viviana appeared. "Why hast thou not brought the jelly with thee, if she has not eaten it all, and those cakes, which Master Pilchard, the surgeon, ordered her. Go and fetch them directly. They will finish our repast daintily; and there are other matters too, which I dare say she has not touched. She will pay for them that will make them the sweeter. Go back, I say. What dost thou stand there for, as if thou wert thunderstruck? Dost hear me, or not?"

"Let the wench alone, dame," growled Ipgreve. "You frighten her."

"So I mean to do," replied the old woman, "she deserves to be frightened. Hark thee, girl, we must get an order from her on some wealthy Catholic family without delay—for I don't think she will stand the trial to-night."

"Nor I," added Ipgreve, "especially as she is to be placed on the rack."

"She has a chain of gold round her throat I have observed," said the old woman; "we must get that."

"I have it," said Viviana, in a low tone, and imitating as well as she could the accents of Ruth. "Here it is."

"Did she give it thee?" cried the old woman, getting up, and grasping Viviana's lacerated fingers with such force, that she had difficulty in repressing a scream. "Did she give it thee, I say?"

"She gave it me for you," gasped Viviana. "Take it."

While the old woman held the chain to the fire, and called to her husband to light a lamp, that she might feast her greedy eyes upon it, Viviana flew to the door.

Just as she reached it, the shrill voice of Dame Ipgreve arrested her.

"Come back!" cried the dame. "Whither art thou going at this time of night? I will not have thee stir forth. Come back, I say."

"Fshaw! let her go," interposed Ipgreve. "I dare say she hath an appointment on the Green with young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder. Go, wench. Be careful of thyself, and return within the hour."

"If she does not, she will rue it," added the dame. "Go, then, and I will see the prisoner."

Viviana required no further permission. Starting off, as she had been directed, on the left, she ran as fast as her feet could carry her; and, passing between the two arched gateways, soon reached the By-ward Tower. Showing the

pass to the warder, he chucked her under the chin, and, drawing an immense bolt, opened the wicket, and gallantly helped her to pass through it. The like good success attended her at the Middle Tower, and at the Bulwark Gate. Scarcely able to credit her senses, and doubting whether she was indeed free, she hurried on till she came to the opening leading to the stairs at Petty Wales. As she hesitated, uncertain what to do, a man advanced towards and addressed her by name. It was Humphrey Chetham. Overcome by emotion, Viviana sank into his arms, and in another moment she was placed in a wherry, which was ordered to be rowed towards Westminster.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

"I am afraid, my dear friend," said the Doctor, "that there is a painful but interesting scene awaiting you. You will not, I am sure, forbear to gratify, by your momentary presence in the servants' hall, a body of your tenantry, who are there assembled, having come to pay you their parting respects."

"I would really rather be spared the painful scene," said Mr. Aubrey, with emotion, "I am unnerved as it is! Cannot you bid them adieu, in my name, and say, God bless them!"

"You must come, my dear friend! It will be but for a moment. If it be painful, it will be but for a moment; and the recollection of their hearty and humble expressions of affection and respect will be pleasant hereafter. Poor souls!" he added, with not a little emotion; "you should see how crowded in Mr. Griffiths' room with the presents they have each brought you, and which would surely keep your whole establishment for months! Cheeses, tongues, hams, bacon, and I know not what beside!"

"Come, Doctor," said Mr. Aubrey, quickly, "I will see them, my humble and worthy friends, if it be for but a moment; but I would rather have been spared the scene." He followed Dr. Tatham into the large servants' hall, which he found nearly filled by some forty or fifty of his late tenantry, who, as he entered, rose in troubled silence to receive him. There were lights, by which a hurried glance sufficed to show him the deep sorrow visible in their countenances. "Well, sir," commenced one of them after a moment's hesitation—he seemed to have been chosen the spokesman of those present—"we've come to tak' our leave; and a sad time it be for all of us, and it may be, sir, for you." He paused—"I thought I could have said a word or two, sir, in the name of all of us, but I've clean forgotten all; and I wish we could all forget that we were come to part with you, sir—but we shan't—no, never!—we shall never see your like again, sir! God help you, sir!" Again he paused, and struggled hard to conceal his emotions. Then he tried to say something further, but his voice failed him.

"Squire, it may be law; but it be not justice, we all do think, that hath taken Yaston from you, that was born to it," said one, who stood next to him that had first spoke. "Who ever heard of a scratch in a bit of paper signifying the loss of so much? It never were heard of afore, sir, an' cannot be right."

"Forgive me, Squire," said another, "but we shall never take to t' new one that's coming after you!"

"My worthy—my dear friends," commenced Mr. Aubrey, with melancholy composure, as he stood beside Dr. Tatham, "this is a sad scene—one which I had not expected. I am quite unprepared for it. I have had lately to go through many very painful scenes; few more so than the present. My dear friends, I can only say from my heart, God bless you all! I shall never forget you, whom I have always respected, and indeed been very proud of, as my tenantry, and whom I now look at as my friends only. We shall never forget you!"

"Lord Almighty bless you, sir, and Madam, and Miss, and the little squire!" said a voice, in a vehement manner, from amidst the little throng, in tones that went to Mr. Aubrey's heart. His lips quivered, and he ceased speaking for some moments. At length he resumed:

"You see my feelings are a little shaken by the sufferings I have gone through. I have only a word more to say to you. Providence has seen fit, my friends, to deprive me of that which I had deemed to be my birthright. God is good and wise; and I bow, as we must all bow, to His will, with reverence and resignation. And also, my dear friends, let us always submit cheerfully to the laws under which we live. We must not quarrel with their decision, merely because it happens to be adverse to our own wishes. I, from my heart—and so must you, from yours—acknowledge a firm, unshaken allegiance to the laws; they are ordained by God, and He demands our obedience to them!" He paused. "I have to thank you," he presently added, in a subdued tone, "my worthy friends, for many substantial tokens of your goodwill which you have brought with you this evening. I assure you sincerely, that I value them far more"—he paused, and it was some moments before he could proceed—"than if they had been of the most costly kind."

"Lord, only hearken to t' Squire!" called out a voice, as if on an impulse of eager affection, which its rough, honest speaker could not resist. This seemed entirely to deprive Mr. Aubrey of the power of utterance, and he turned suddenly towards Dr. Tatham with an overflowing eye and a convulsive quivering of the lips, that showed the powerful emotions with which he was contending. The next moment he stepped forward and shook hands with those nearest. He was quickly surrounded, and every one present grasped his hands, scarcely any of them able to utter more than a brief but ardent "God bless you, sir!"

"I am sure, my friends," said Dr. Tatham, almost as much affected as any of them, "that you cannot wish to prolong so affecting, so distressing a scene. Mr. Aubrey is much exhausted, and has a long journey to take early in the morning—and you had better now leave."

"Farewell! farewell, my kind and dear friends, farewell! May God bless you all, and all your families!" said



Mr. Aubrey, and, most powerfully affected, withdrew from a scene which he was not likely ever to forget. He retired, accompanied by Dr. Tatham, to his library, where Mr. Griffiths, his steward, was in readiness to receive his signature to various documents. This done, the steward, after a few hurried expressions of affection and respect, withdrew; and Mr. Aubrey had completed all the arrangements and transacted all the business which had required his attention before quitting Yatton, which, at an early hour in the morning, he was going to leave, and go direct to London, instead of accepting any of the numerous offers which he had received from his friends in the neighborhood to take up with them his abode for, at all events, some considerable period. That, however, would have been entirely inconsistent with the plans for his future life, which he had formed and matured. He left the whole estate in admirable order and condition. There was not a farm vacant, not a tenant dissatisfied with the terms under which he held. Every document, all the accounts connected with the estate, after having been carefully examined by Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Aubrey, and Mr. Griffiths, was in readiness for the most scrupulous and searching investigation on the part of Mr. Aubrey's successor and his agents.

Mr. Aubrey's library was already carefully packed up, and was to follow him, on the ensuing day, to London, by water; as also were several portions of the furniture—the residue of which was to be sold off within a day or two's time. How difficult—how very difficult had it been for them to choose which articles they would part with, and which retain! The favorite old high-backed easy chair, which had been worked by Miss Aubrey herself; the beautiful ebony cabinet, which had been given by her father to her mother, who had given it to Kate: the little chairs of Charles and Agnes—and in which Mr. Aubrey and Kate, and all their brothers and sisters, had sat when children; Mrs. Aubrey's piano; these, and a few other articles, had been successfully pleaded for by Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, and were to accompany, or rather follow, them to London, instead of passing, by the auctioneer's hammer, into the hands of strangers. The two old carriage-horses, which had drawn old Mrs. Aubrey in the family coach for many years, were to be turned to grass for the rest of their days at Lady Stratton's. Poor old Peggy was, in like manner, to have to herself a little field belonging to Dr. Tatham. Little Charles's pony, a beautiful animal, and most reluctantly parted with, was sent as a present in his name, to Sir Harry Oldfield, one of his play-fellows. Hector, the magnificent Newfoundland dog, was, at the vehement instance of Pumpkin, the gardener, who almost went on his knees to beg for the animal, and declared that he loved the creature like a son—as I verily believe he did, for they were inseparable, and their attachment was mutual—given up to him, on his solemn promise to take great care of him. Then there was a poor animal that they hardly knew how to dispose of. It was a fine old favorite stag-hound, stone-blind, quite grey about the head, and so very feeble, that it could but just crawl in and out of its commodious kennel, and lie basking in the genial sunshine; wagging its tail when any one spoke to it, and affectionately licking the hand that patted it. Thus had it treated Mr. Aubrey that very morning as he stood by, and stooped down to caress it for the last time. It was, at his earnest request, assigned to Dr. Tatham, kennel and all; indeed the worthy little Doctor would have filled his premises in a similar way, by way of having "keepsakes" and "memorials" of his friends. Miss Aubrey's beautiful little Marlborough spaniel, with its brilliant black eyes, and long glossy graceful ears, was to accompany her to London.

As for the servants—the house-keeper and the butler were going to marry and quit service; as for the rest, Mr. Parkinson had, at Mr. Aubrey's desire, written about them to Messrs Quirk, Gammon and Saap; and Mr. Gammon had sent word that such of the establishment as chose might continue at Yatton, at all events till the pleasure of Mr. Titmouse upon the subject should have been known. All the servants had received a quarter's wages that morning from Mr. Griffiths, in the presence of Mr. Aubrey, who spoke kindly to each, and earnestly recommended them to conduct themselves respectfully toward his successor. Scarce any of them could answer him, otherwise than by a humbler bow or curtsy, accompanied by sobs and tears. One of them did contrive to speak, and passionately expressed a wish that the first morsel Mr. Titmouse eat in the house might choke him—a sally which received so very grave and stern a rebuke from Mr. Aubrey, as brought the hasty offender to her knees begging forgiveness, which I need hardly say, she received, with a very kind admonition. Many of them most vehemently entreated to be allowed to accompany Mr. Aubrey and his family to London, and continue in their service, but in vain. Mr. Aubrey had made his selection, having taken only his own valet, and Mrs. Aubrey's maid, and one of the nursery-maids, and declaring that on no consideration would he think of being accompanied by any other of the servants.

There were some twenty or thirty poor old cottagers, men and women, who had been for years weekly pensioners on the bounty of Yatton, and respecting whom Mr. Aubrey felt a painful anxiety. What could he do? He gave the sum of £100 to Dr. Tatham for their use; and requested him to press their claims earnestly upon the new proprietor of Yatton. He also wrote almost as many letters as there were of these poor people, on their behalf, to his friends and neighbors. Oh, it was a moving scene that occurred at each of their little cottages, when their benefactors, Mr. Aubrey, his wife, and sister, severally called to bid them farewell, and receive their humble and tearful blessings! But it was the parting with her school, which neither she nor her brother saw any probability of being kept up longer than for a month or two after their departure, that occasioned Kate the greatest distress. There were several reasons why no application should be made about the matter from her, or on her account, to Mr. Titmouse, even if she had not had reason to anticipate, from what she had heard of his character, that he was not a person to feel any interest in such an institution. Nor had she liked to trouble or burden the friends she left behind her, with the responsibility of supporting and superintending her little establishment. She had nothing for it, therefore, but to prepare the mistress and her scholars for the breaking up of the school, within a month of her departure from Yatton.

She gave the worthy woman, the mistress, a present of a five-pound note, and five shillings a-piece to each of the children. She felt quite unequal to the task of personally taking leave of them, as she had intended, and several times attempted. She, therefore, with many tears, wrote the following lines, and gave them to Dr. Tatham, to read aloud in the school, when their good and beautiful writer should be far on her way toward London. The little Doctor paused a good many times while he read it, and complained of his glasses.

"My dear little girls—You know that I have already bid each of you good-by; and though I tried to say something to all of you at once, I was not able, because I was so sorry to part with you, and tell you that my little school must be given up. So I have written these few lines, to tell you that I love you all, and have tried to be a good friend to you. Be sure not to forget your spelling and reading, and your needle. Your mothers have promised to hear you say your catechisms; you must also be sure to say your prayers, and to read your Bibles, and to behave very seriously at church, and to be always dutiful to your parents. Then God will bless you all. I hope you will not forget us, for we shall often think of you when we are a great way off; and Dr. Tatham will now and then write and tell us how you are going on. Farewell, my dear little girls; and may God bless and preserve you all! This is the prayer of both of us—Mrs. Aubrey and

CATHARINE AUBREY.

Yatton, 15th May, 18—

The above was not written in the uniform and beautiful hand usual with Miss Aubrey; it was, on the contrary, rather irregular, and evidently written hastily; but Dr. Tatham preserved it to the day of his death, and always thought it beautiful.

On the ensuing morning, at a very early hour, Dr. Tatham left the vicarage, to pay his last visit to friends whom it almost broke his heart to part with, in all human probability, for ever. He started, but on a moment's reflection ceased to be surprised, at the sight of Mr. Aubrey approaching him, from the direction of the little churchyard. He was calm, but his countenance bore the traces of very recent emotion. They greeted each other in silence, and so walked on for some time, arm in arm, slowly toward the hall. It was a dull heavy morning, almost threatening rain. The air seemed full of oppression. The only sounds audible were the hoarse clamorous sounds issuing from the old rookery, at some distance on the left. They interchanged but few words as they walked along the winding pathway to the hall. The first thing that attracted their eyes on passing under the gateway, was the large old family carriage standing opposite the hall-door, where stood some luggage, sufficient for the journey, ready to be placed upon it: the remainder having been sent on the day before to London. They were all up and dressed. The children were taking their last breakfast in the nursery; Charles making many inquiries of the weeping servants, which they could answer only by tears and kisses. In vain was the breakfast-table spread for the senior travellers. There sat poor Kate, in travelling trim, before the antique silver urn, attempting to perform, with trembling hand, her accustomed office; but neither she nor Mrs. Aubrey were equal to the task; which, summoning the housekeeper into the room, they devolved upon her, and which she performed in perturbed silence. Mr. Aubrey and Dr. Tatham were standing there; but neither of them spoke. A short time before, Mr. Aubrey had requested the servants to be summoned, as usual, to morning prayer, in the accustomed room, and requested Dr. Tatham to officiate. As soon, however, as the sorrowful little assemblage was collected before him, he whispered to Mr. Aubrey that he felt unequal to go through the duty with the composure it require; and after a pause, he said, "Let us kneel down;" and in a low voice, often interrupted by his own emotions, and the sobs of those around him, he read, with touching simplicity and solemnity, the ninety-first psalm; adding the Lord's prayer, and a benediction.

The bitter preparations for starting at an early hour, seven o'clock, were soon afterward completed. Half smothered with the kisses and caresses of the affectionate servants, little Charles and Agnes were already seated in the carriage, on the laps of their two attendants, exclaiming, "Come, papa! come, mamma! the horses are ready to start!" Just then, poor Pumpkin the gardener, scarce able to speak, made his appearance, his arms full of nosegays, which he had been cutting for the last two hours—having one a-piece for every one of the travellers, servants, and children, and all. The loud angry bark of Hector was heard from time to time, little Charles calling loudly for him; but Pumpkin had fastened him up for fear of his starting off, after the carriage. At length, scarce having tasted breakfast, the travellers made their appearance at the hall door. Kate and Mrs. Aubrey were utterly overcome at the sight of the carriage, and wept bitterly. They threw their arms passionately around, and kissed their amiable friend and pastor, Dr. Tatham, who was but little less agitated than themselves. Then they tore themselves from him, and hastily got into the carriage. As he stood alone, bareheaded, on their quitting him, he lifted his hands, but could scarce utter a parting benediction. Mr. Aubrey, with a flushed cheek and quivering lip, then grasped his hand, whispering, "Farewell, my dear and venerable friend! Farewell!"

"The Lord God of thy fathers bless thee!" murmured Dr. Tatham, clasping Mr. Aubrey's hand in both of his own, and looking solemnly upward. Mr. Aubrey, taking off his hat, turned toward him an unutterable look, then waving his hand to the group of agitated servants that stood within and without the door, he stepped into the carriage; the door was shut; and they rolled slowly away. Outside the park gates were collected more than a hundred people, to bid them farewell—all the men, when the carriage came in sight, taking off their hats. The carriage stopped for a moment. "God bless you all! God bless you!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, waving his hand, while from each window was extended the white hand of Kate and Mrs. Aubrey, which was fervently kissed and shaken by those who were nearest. Again the carriage moved on; and, quickening their speed, the horses soon bore them out of the village. Within less than half an hour afterward, the tearful eyes of the travellers, as they passed a familiar turning of the road, had looked their last on Yatton!

## STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VALENTINE VOX.'

CHAP. XXXII.—Stanley's Introduction to the House of Commons.

Being anxious to take his seat as soon as possible, Stanley prepared to return to town the following day. Amelia earnestly begged to be allowed to accompany him. She assured him that, notwithstanding the fatigue she had undergone, she was perfectly well able to bear the journey; and with feelings of the deepest affection portrayed the delight she should derive from merely going down to the House with him in the carriage, to see him enter for the first time that which she conceived to be the theatre of his glory. Stanley, however, contended for the imprudence of such a course, and came up with Sir William alone.

Having performed the distance with great expedition, they had an early dinner, and then went at once to the house. Sir William had previously explained how slight was the ceremony which had to be performed; still Stanley, as he entered, felt tremulous, and could not help wishing that the process of introduction had been ever. With the exception, however, of being extremely pale, he appeared self-possessed, and after having been presented, took the oaths prescribed, and was greeted with loud cheers on taking his seat.

The House and its forms were quite new to him: he had never been previously, even as a "stranger," within its walls, and it must be confessed that his first impression was not of the most favorable character. He felt disappointed. The scene failed altogether to realize his anticipations; indeed, as he watched the preliminary proceedings, he could not but deem them in the last degree absurd. Petitions were presented, and when their titles had been proclaimed they were thrust without any ceremony under the table. Bills were read for the third time, nominally—bills of great importance, affecting the interests of millions—and passed as if they were valueless; for they were utterly disregarded by the members generally, who appeared to be determined to uphold the reputation of the House as a deliberative assembly, by deliberating in knots upon matters of a purely private nature.

"Order!—order!" exclaimed the Speaker, whenever the buzz became in his judgment rather too loud; and as a matter of courtesy, on all such occasions, it was for a moment subdued; but it swelled again gradually until it resembled that murmur which floats upon the air of a well-conducted national school, when the Speaker again cried, "Order!—order!" in a tone of great beauty and depth.

"Well," said Sir William, who sat next to Stanley, "how do you feel in your new position?"

"Disappointed," replied Stanley.

"Why, what did you expect?"

"More dignity, more solemnity, more attention on the part of the members instead of this levity and noise. It seems to me to be rather an odd way of conducting the business of the nation."

Sir William smiled, and having observed that the business had not yet commenced in reality, told him to suspend his judgement till after the debate.

When the third reading of bills, the presentation of petitions, and a variety of other little unimportant matters had been disposed of, an honorable member rose to open a subject which led to a long and animated discussion, during which an immense amount of bitterness was displayed and applauded far more loudly than anything which absolutely bore upon the question at issue.

To Stanley it appeared that senators and actors, were equally enamored of applause; that the vilest characteristics of both were strengthened and confirmed by the cheers which they elicited; and that, as upon the stage, rant and unnatural acting were certain to strike those who had the strongest lungs, so in the House, personalities and senseless rancor—so perfectly did they meet party views—were hailed with rapture by the superficial satellites of faction, to the utter discouragement of natural eloquence, useful discussion, and sound, sober sense.

Of course Stanley never intended to be a silent member; he had resolved from the first to make himself conspicuous by taking an active part in the debates, in the full conviction that by getting well up in his subjects, he must of necessity succeed, and that signally, seeing that he intended to introduce a new style of eloquence which would be at once natural, forcible, and suasive. The debate of that evening, instead of shaking this high resolution, had the direct effect of rendering it more firm; it excited his ambition in a greater degree than ever; he had no apprehension, he saw nothing to fear; he thought of nothing—dreamt of nothing, but speaking. He had the highest possible confidence in his own oratorical powers; he felt that he had game in his own hands, and being then in a position to distinguish himself, he determined on making the most of that position; to study deeply, and to prepare to take the country by storm.

In the mean time, those whom he had left with his honored constituents to settle the expenses of his election, were favored from morning till night with demands of the most ingenious and extraordinary character. Butchers, bakers, drapers, poulterers, tailors, iron-mongers, haberdashers, blacksmiths, weavers, farriers, saddlers, tallow-chandlers, fruiterers, post-masters, printers; in short, bills were hourly lavished upon them by respectable members of almost every trade, and the honor which under those peculiar circumstances actuates tradesmen in the aggregate, is, in general, not only conspicuous but amazing.

The victuallers, however, were collectively the most aristocratic in their claims. Each assumed that he had a *carte blanche*, and felt strongly that in justice to himself, he ought, in filling it up, to have the highest regard to his own interest. The quantity of beer stated to have been consumed exceeded, by several thousand gallons, the entire stock of the town; and had the charges for spirituous liquors been submitted to the exciseman, it would have tended to convince him that both smuggling and private distillation had been carried on to an alarming extent under his very nose.

As many of the claims sent in were of a palpably gross and flagrant character, the chairman of the committee—notwithstanding the widow's desire that all demands should be satisfied—raised them on the ground of their being monstrous. He was willing to satisfy all just claims; he was willing to meet the demands, however exorbitant, of all who had the slightest foundation to rest their demands upon;

but he refused to pay those who could have rendered no service, and by whom nothing could have been supplied.

The immediate consequence of this refusal was a meeting of the malcontents, at which it was unanimously resolved that such resistance to those undoubted rights and privileges, which they and their forefathers generally had enjoyed by prescription from time immemorial, was unconstitutional and rotten; that the claims they had sent in were customary, and therefore correct; and that from these premises it resulted that they were bound, in strict justice to their wives and families, to call into action all the energies of which they were capable for the legitimate purpose of "trying it on."

Having carried this strong resolution *namine contradicente*, they had glasses round with the view of polishing their brass, and then proceeded in a body to enforce their claims.

On entering the room in which the chairman of the committee and his secretary were on the point of winding up the affairs, Mr. Bouncewell—who, being a highly respectable man in his way, had been appointed spokesman-general on this occasion—said, with the air of a man conscious of the purity of his motives,

"We've come agin' about them there little accounts of ourn: question is, do you mean to settle 'em, or don't you?"

His colleagues, by whom he was backed, highly approved of this question, and winked and nodded with the view of intimating to each other that in their judgement that was the point.

"Gentleman," said the chairman, with great calmness, in reply, "I must say that I am somewhat astonished, after what transpired when you did me the honor—"

"We don't want no flummery here," said Mr. Bouncewell, with great impatience. "We didn't come here to have any long speeches; we aint to be done in that there way; we came here expressly to give you another chance of settling them there little bills without any more bother; so all you've got to do is to say in a word, you know, whether you'll pay us or not."

"If I thought for a moment that your demands were just, gentlemen, I would do so without hesitation; but as I feel quite certain that you have no real claim, I must beg, as before, to decline."

"Then we'll law you!" exclaimed Mr. Bouncewell; and his friends with an expression of ferocity cried, "Ay! and you shall have lots on it!"

"The law is open to you, gentlemen," rejoined the chairman, with great suavity; "you must use your own discretion."

"We'll smother you with actions sir!" cried Mr. Bouncewell. "We ain't a-going to be robbed, don't suppose it! Do you think you've got hold of a pack of fools? Do you think we're a-going to give away our substance for nothing? If you do, you was never in your life more mistaken. A pretty thing, indeed!" he added, turning to his companions, who pouted and frowned with due significance, "a very pretty thing! Here! a lot of respectable tradesmen, here, swindled out of their substance, and they can't get paid! Did you ever in your born days hear of such a thing?"

"Shame!—Shame!" cried his colleagues, with deep indignation, for they felt altogether disgusted. "It's scandalous!—that it is—scandalous!"

"You may think so, gentleman," said the chairman, with a politeness which was really very provoking; "but upon my honor I cannot agree with you."

"You can't!" said Mr. Bouncewell, sarcastically. "You see nothing shameful in plundering industrious, honest, hard-working tradesmen,—eh, don't you? But what's the use of talking! You don't mean to settle with us?—that 's to be understood!"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll tell you what it is: we'll just go and blow up the whole affair! We'll serve you out in that way. The other side wants information—we'll give it!—we'll tell all we know!"

"We just will!" cried his friends.

"We'll come forward as witnesses. We know enough to upset the election! We'll learn you how to be shabby! Do you think that'll answer your purpose?"

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "you will pursue that course which you deem most correct. I have only to repeat that I cannot and will not entertain your claims."

Mr. Bouncewell then started a groan, which his associates responded to deeply; and when this had been accomplished to their entire satisfaction, each gave full expression to his sentiments on the subject, and with a look of ineffable contempt left the room.

As this was the last application, the accounts were immediately closed, and as everything had been charged extremely reasonable considering, the sum total amounted to thirty thousand pounds.

This, however, utterly failed to alarm the widow. She would not suffer herself to think of the largeness of the sum. It was sufficient for her to feel that it had all been expended for the purpose of raising her Stanley to distinction; and to achieve that object she could have borne to be reduced to comparative beggary herself. It was therefore with unalloyed pleasure that, when all had been arranged, she bade adieu to that place of which her Stanley was then the representative in Parliament, albeit she knew that Swansdown and his agents were displaying still the utmost zeal.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII....In which the venerable gentleman appears to be caught at last.

On the arrival of the family in town, excitement was supplanted by deep and tranquil joy. The soul of Stanley had been fired with ambition. He studied zealously, and attended the House night after night; but, although his return home invariably fluctuated between three and four in the morning, Amelia never felt solitary, never felt dull: for she knew or believed,—which had precisely the same effect,—that the absence of her Stanley was essential to his success as a statesman, and was happy in the portrayal of the flattering details of a brilliant and glorious career.

Now, it happened that, in proportion as the intimacy between Amelia and Miss Johnson became closer and more affectionate, the friendship subsisting between Bob and his venerable friend,—both of whom had been handsomely rewarded for their exertions during the contest,—became warmer and more firm. They never appeared to be perfectly comfortable apart: they saw and drank with each

other every day with the strict regularity of the sun; and the venerable gentleman met with so much kind feeling, and withal such distinguished consideration in Stanley's kitchen, that almost every evening he called with the view of playing at the noble game of cribbage with Bob.

It frequently, however, happened that Bob was absent with his master; and on all such occasions the venerable gentleman had a game with Joanna the cook, and really experienced so much genuine lady-like conduct at her hands, that, instead of regretting Bob's absence, as at first, he began to like it rather than not.

The gentle Joanna had heard much of the venerable gentleman from Bob. She had heard much of his high-toned, gentleman-like bearing, of his honorable and strictly virtuous principles, of his brilliant conversational qualities, and of the general generosity of his heart. She had, moreover, heard that he possessed some considerable property, which, in her gentle judgment, imparted an additional lustre to the whole. She had, therefore, been powerfully prepossessed in his favor before she had the honor of an introduction: and his conduct in her presence was so perfectly correct, that she felt a strong conviction that the high and noble qualities of his heart and mind had been to some considerable extent understated. It is true he was rather an elderly gentleman; but it is also true that he was, in her opinion, an exceedingly nice looking elderly gentleman, who, although in reality sixty, might pass very well for forty-six or forty-seven, considering that the hair even of young men will sometimes turn grey.

There was, however, one consideration which—as she confidentially consulted her friend, the pillow, night after night—caused her to reflect deeply upon the solemn and irrevocable step she contemplated. This consideration was a high one,—it being no other than that of what the world would say,—and therefore one which induced her to pause, and very naturally, seeing that she was known, not only to the whole of her fellow servants, but to the milkman, the laundress, the baker's man, and the butcher. It was hence in her view of the deepest importance that due deference should be paid in this matter to the opinion of the world, knowing well, as she did know, that nothing on earth tends to promote human happiness more than the consciousness of being by the world looked up to and respected. For some time this objection appeared to be insuperable. She could not get over it. Many restless days and sleepless nights did she pass in deep reflection. She even went to the most eminent astrologer of the age for the purpose of having her nativity cast, and was greatly relieved when that profoundly learned person informed her that she would have two husbands, and be with both extremely prosperous and happy; it seemed to be so very conclusive. Still the question of what the world would say was continually upon her lips while she zealously racked her imagination to conceive a sound and sufficient answer to that question; for she imagined, and very correctly, that, if the world should be up in arms in consequence of her marrying an elderly gentleman, it might to some extent interfere with her connubial bliss.

At length, however, having considered the matter in all its parts and bearings, she safely arrived at this conclusion, that it would not by any means become her to fly in the teeth of fate, and that, feeling quite sure that the venerable gentleman had been distinctly destined to be her first husband, it was her duty to surrender herself meekly to circumstances over which she could not be supposed to have control.

She therefore made a dead set at him at once, and called into action all her artillery, with the view of attacking his susceptible heart. She established in his presence one perpetual smile—which was, indeed, a very sweet one of the sort, sighed occasionally with very great effect, and glanced at him with constancy, and corresponding bashfulness, and frequently, while playing, removed the wrong peg, at the same time protesting that she actually did not know what she was about—she did not actually.

At the commencement of these affectionate proceedings the venerable gentleman rallied her gaily, and whenever he did so she felt herself bound to become so confused that she could not play at all, she could not count, she could not help pegging backwards, and the consequence was that she could not win a game; but albeit these little manoeuvres were for some time regarded by the experienced eye of her venerable partner with suspicion, her emotion was so deep, and so strong, and so strikingly developed, that while he still entertained the belief that as a general thing love was a gross imposition, he eventually could not but feel that in the gentle Joanna he had discovered the exception that established the rule. He was sure that she loved him—fondly, passionately loved him; she could not help showing it! In his view a man must be blind who could not see it; the thing was so palpable; nothing could be clearer; and to be beloved at his age, and that, too, by a finely-built, cherry-cheeked, nicely-behaved, comfortable-looking creature, nearly thirty years younger than himself, was an idea which flattered the venerable gentleman; he felt it very deeply, and thought of it constantly; and as he experienced a variety of sweet feelings which were altogether new to him, he resolved to be, if possible, more killing than ever, as the first grand preliminary to his seeing precisely what could be done. He accordingly became more refined in his language, and dressed with more care, and displayed more agility; and not only related the many feats he had performed, but dwelt upon those which he was able with ease to perform then; in short, having the most tender aspirations by which a lover could be prompted, he felt that his success as a lover was essential to the maintenance of his reputation as a man; although he knew that when two devoted persons try to win each other's hearts, they seldom, indeed, try in vain. He became much more constant in his visits, and was delighted when Bob was absent, which frequently happened, as he went with his master down to the House, and occasionally waited there for hours.

On one of these occasions, when the lovers had been playing at their favorite game for some time without the slightest interruption, the venerable gentleman, conscious of the high estimation in which wealth is held by ladies in general, and how greatly it assists the imagination in all matters of love, embraced a fine opportunity, which the fact of his having won ninepence afforded, for making the following remarkable observation:

"Wot a hexcellent thing lots o' money is, ain't it?"

Joanna blushed deeply, and felt extremely tremulous; but,

conceiving it to be her duty to say something, she faintly replied,

"Why, it certainly is an excessively excellent thing; but happiness for me, Mr. Joseph, before all the money. Happiness is n't to be bought, for there 's no shop in life where it 's sold."

"That 's hall werry reg'lar," rejoined the venerable gentleman. "You 're quite correctly right in that air; still money 's a hout and hout thing! on'y go for to look at the advantages on it!—on'y see 'ow hindpendent they are, them as does peress lots; vile them as do n't, is in a wuss state of slavery than the black poppation there out by the North Pole. They 're never themselves them as ain't got no money. They can't hold their heads up: it 's clean against natur'. Jist p'int out to me a hindividual a-veindin' his vay along the streets, on'y jist let me look at him full in the face, and if I do n't tell you vether he 's got any money or not, I 'll be bound to be blessed; cos he as has n't, allus looks werry pertickler down his nose; vile he as has, takes jist about as much notice of that horgan as if he had n't got one. He can't look right straight at yer, him wot 's got all his pockets empty; he can't ketch yer heavy and vorm by the hand; he can't speak like a hinnercent man: his voice shivers and shakes jist for all the world as if it vos ashamed of itself; and he mumbles, and trembles, and wobbles, vile the corners of his mouth drops right away down in the rottenest manner alive; verehas, the man vich has got plenty in his pocket can look at yer fierce. He can take yer hand vith henergy, and speak up as if he owed yer nothink, and vornt a bit afearod on yer, vich makes great hods! Ven I meets a friend, now, vich ain't got no money, I do n't like to see him. I can't say I do—not a bit acos I 'm spungy, or anythink o' that; but I 'd rather not see him. I some 'ow or nother do n't like it. I pities him; and, as pity wounds the feelings, it ain't consequentially pleasant. If a friend in them there circumstantialities ses to me, 'Have yer got sich a thing as a couple o' shillins,' it cuts me to the quick; not acos I at all objects to lend it, nor cos I do n't hand him over double wot he arsts for, and never expects to vitness agin the color of the money, but it 's cos it hurts my sentiments to see him, and wounds me to think wot his feelings must be. That 's the p'int, you know!—that 's vere he feels it!"

"Exactly," returned Joanna: "you 're excessively correct; but that war n't by no manner of means what I meant. I did n't by any means mean to mean that money was no object, or that it was n't an excessive advantage; no, if I thought that, I should not have put by for a rainy day, as I have done. I should n't have thought of having such an amount as I have in the savings bank at the present period of time. All I meant was, that money was n't all; that money alone could n't purchase happiness, and therefore that happiness was to be preferred."

"And in the long run I agree vith yer. 'Appiness, in course, his the thing—the great thing: ve can't git through the world at all comfortable vithout it; but though it is to be found in hevery spere of society, from Vestm'ister to Vopping, vere can it be found vithout money? I do n't mean to say they 're unseparatable—that is to say, that verever there 's money there must be 'appiness consequentially also; but I do mean to say, that verever there 's 'appiness there must likewise be money. There can't be no 'appiness vithout it. It stands to reason; it ain't nat'ral! Look at them vich is in debt: 'ow can they be 'appy, from the highest spere down to the werry lowest—from him vich owes his banker arf a million, to him as owes his chandley-shop-keeper arf-a-crown. It 's onpossible! Look at me on'y jist for instance. I 've got seven houses vich brings me in fifty pound a-ear, all let to respectable tenants, substantial men of family vich never shoots the moon, and the writings is at home. Verry well. Now vet—s'pose I should be throwed out o' place—vot should I care, vith them to fall back upon? Nothink. But s'pose I had n't them, and then vos to be throwed out vithout the prospect of gettin' another, vere abouts vood be the price of my 'appiness then? Vood n't it be out of all character for me to be 'appy? In course: vere poverty is, there 'appiness can't be. They never agree together; they 're hallways a-fightin', and poverty 's safe to be victorious."

"I admire your mode of argument," observed Joanna, gently; "it 's excessively intellectual and correct; but have you never, in the course of your extensive experience, found those that are poor as happy as those that are rich?"

"Vy," replied the venerable gentleman, knitting his brows thoughtfully, "that is a p'int vich requires to be explained. You see, the poor is sometimes richer than the rich; and, on the tother side o' the pictur', the rich is sometimes poorer than the poor. I do n't call him poor, however poor he may be, vich has got enough to keep him respectable in his spere; nor I do n't call him rich, however rich he may be, vich has n't got enough to keep him respectable in his'n. A rich man may be werry rich, and a poor man may be werry poor, and between them a werry great distinction may be drawed; but the poor man, vich has but twelve shillins a week, and vith that can supply all his vonts, is richer than him vith ten thousand a-ear hif vith that he 's onable to make both ends meet. That 's the p'int! So, you see, I do n't call the poor reg'lar poor vich has enough to make 'em comfortable and tidy in their vay; but when the poor man is poor, vy he 's werry poor indeed, cos he can n't get no wittles; and, as 'appiness won't stay vere there 's no wittles, the whole p'int dissolves jist to this, that the rich is 'appier than the poor rich, mind yer—and the rich poor is 'appier than the poor poor, vich ain't got no wittles to eat."

"I understand you perfectly," said Joanna; "it 's excessively clear and precisely what I meant. I meant I 'd rather be in a poor spere of life, with sufficient to make me excessively happy, than in high spere, rolling in riches, vithout having happiness vith it."

"That 's all reg'lar!" exclaimed the venerable gentleman: "ve 're a-balancin' the werry same pole! 'Appiness, in course, is the universal thing, and consequentially ve 're hallways a-yarin' arter that vich ve think vill perure it, and vich is nayther more nor less than money; for, although vot you say is werry true, that there 's no shop in natur' vere 'appiness, like any other harticle, is ticketed and sold, there is the thousands of shops vere it is, in a hindirect manner, to be bought: as, for hinstance, if I vas werry 'ungry, and 'unger vos the on'y sore place I had about me, a crust of bread and cheese and a pint of arf-and-arf vood



make me 'appy; but, if I had n't got no money to buy that bread and cheese and arf-and-arf, I should be werry onappy indeed. So, you see, it all depends upon whether you can git vot yer vont: if yer can, in course yer 'appy: if yer can't, in course you ain't. For hinstance, now I vont a wife. If I could git one—a reglar good 'un—I should then be all right; but as I can't, 'ow can I be 'appy?"

Joanna blushed deeply as she observed, with a most expressive smile, "Now, Mr. Joseph, you are joking."

"Not a bit," rejoined the venerable gentlemen; "no, upon my honer."

"Did you ever try?"

"Vy, I can't conscientiously say I ever did."

"Then how can you know? You cannot know until you try."

"But I'm gettin' rayther a hold faller now, yer know, inclin' as the poet says, 'into the wale of 'ears'; so that nobody 'll 'ave me."

"Nobody would have you!" echoed Joanna, with an expression of incredulity.

"Vell, who vood now? That 's the p'int at hissue Vood you?"

The ardent and affectionate heart of Joanna now violently throbbed; but, as she felt it to be her duty to blush and remain silent, she made no reply.

"Vell, p'raps," continued the venerable gentleman, as Joanna glanced most expressively at him—"p'raps I put the p'int rayther too close, as your werry perlience vont let you say no."

"Oh! it is n't for that," observed Joanna, very tremulously.

"Vell, then I'll tell you vot I'll do with you. Come, now, I'll bet you a pair of gloves that you can't conscientiously, mind yer, say yes."

"What a funny man you are!" said Joanna.

"It vood, I know, be a robbery. I know I should vin."

"Do you think so?"

"Safe! Come, I'll make it two to one—there, and put the money down: they shall be arf-crowners, double-stitched Frenchmen. Will you take these 're hoddas?"

"You'd lose," said Joanna, with archness—"you'd be certain to lose."

"I do n't think it, nor vont till I have lost. Now, then, vill you bet?"

"Why really!—Mr. Joseph!—I never knew!—it 's such a very droll way of doing business!"

"Vot 's the hoddas, so that business is done?"

"But indeed—depend upon it—you'd lose."

"Werry well. If I do, I shall have to stand the Frenchmen, that 's all. Come, put the money down—or I'll trust yer. Now, then," continued the venerable gentleman, kneeling upon the footstool beside her, and placing his ear quite close to her lips, "come, visper, and then nayther the kittles nor the sausepans vont 'ear. Now mark! Vood you 'ave me?"

The venerable gentleman patiently paused some considerable time for a reply; but at length Joanna did sigh and say "Now—really!"

"Only visper the word!"

"Upon my conscience I feel so frustrated—indeed so excessively confused—that I cannot for the life of me."

"Oh, but you must! Come—now then—vonce more. Vood you 'ave me?"

With a faltering voice, and a fluttering heart, the gentle creature, in a tone which scarcely violated silence, said—"Yes."

"You vood!" exclaimed the venerable gentleman—"conscientiously!"

"He drew back a trifle: and, having gazed in a state of rapture at her lustrous eyes for a moment, threw his arm round her beautiful swan-like neck and clandestinely kissed her.

"Nay, you wicked man," said the blushing Joanna, "that 's excessively naughty."

"Vell, give it me back! If you don't like to 'ave it, return it to the lips from vence it came."

"No, that I am sure I 'll not do."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the venerable gentleman, throwing his arm again round her elegant neck, "I must test your sincerity!"

"Don't, Mr. Joseph: you 'll rumple my collar: indeed, Mr. Joseph, indeed, indeed you will!"

Joanna struggled very correctly; but the venerable gentleman's ardor increased; and just as he had succeeded in drawing her sweet lips to his, Bob, who had entered the kitchen during the struggle unperceived, cried "Hem!"

Had there been a trap-door beneath the gentle Joanna, through which she could at once have disappeared, her disappearance would certainly have been instantaneous, she felt at the moment so dreadfully alarmed; but as there happened to be no such a piece of theatrical machinery near her, she summoned all her courage, and turning promptly to Bob, said, "Isn't it too bad, Robert? Here, just because I happen to have won five shillings of Mr. Joseph, he vows he 'll have a kiss, which is very unfair, Robert, isn't it now?"

Bob looked at her fiercely, and said in answer to this strong appeal, "It ain't nothing to me." He also looked fiercely at his venerable friend, and added, "I'm a-intruding."

These indeed were very cutting observations, and they had a very powerful effect. The lovers wished he had been at that moment drinking with Pharaoh and all his host; but as they gave no expression to that wish, he gloomily seated himself near the fire, and looked into it with a most ferocious aspect.

As the venerable gentleman could not of course feel exactly comfortable then, he soon prepared to depart: he took Bob's passive hand, and having bade him good night, Joanna saw him to the door, where he kissed her again, and, singularly enough, she returned it then without any struggling at all.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.... The Petition; its progress and result.

Stanley had been nearly a fortnight in the House without having on any occasion risen to speak. During that time he had heard many excellent speeches, and many more which, although delivered in an execrable style, read and told well in the papers. His ambition had therefore been constantly strengthened; and as most men, who feel that they possess the power to shine in the particular circle in which they move, are desirous of cultivating those accom-

plishments, whatever they may be, by which applause is obtained in that circle, it is not singular that he, possessing the necessary confidence, painted to distinguish himself in that centre from which celebrity radiates throughout the world.

Having studied one important subject deeply, and made himself conversant with all its ramifications, he went down to the House on the fourteenth day of his being a member, with the view of startling the nerves of all parties by the development of what he had in him. Previously, however, to the commencement of the debate in which he intended to take a conspicuous part, an honorable member on the opposite side presented a petition against his return!

At the moment Stanley could with great pleasure have kicked him. He felt in a rage with that man. He might have been, for aught he knew or cared, a virtuous person; but as he returned to his seat with a calm but triumphant smile, having performed what he conceived to be his duty, Stanley looked at him!—in one word he certainly would have knocked him down, if the forms of the House had allowed it.

It is, perhaps, amazing that the strongest minds are capable of being upset in an instant. A man may have a perfect command over his features; he may have an equally perfect command over his nerves; but he cannot have a perfect command, or any thing like a perfect command, over his mind. He may be able to stand and walk erect; he may be able to maintain the steadiness of his eye and the firmness of his voice; he may be able to suppress every show of emotion; but he cannot suppress the emotion itself. He may have in full bloom what is technically termed "moral courage,"—for technical the term may be said to be, seeing that physical courage is hard to be defined; he may be extremely calm and collected; he may conceal effectually his feelings from others, but from himself they will not be concealed. Within his own breast they are in full operation; their influence may rack him, although the effect be unseen; and precisely thus stood Stanley. He scorned to betray his feelings when the hateful petition was presented, but they were acute notwithstanding: indeed, so acute that they prompted him to withhold that brilliant speech with which he intended to astonish the House. The thing came upon him so unexpectedly, he was not prepared for the blow. He knew of course that the opposing party had been zealous in their efforts to get up a petition, but he had been led by his agents to believe that those efforts had utterly failed: when, however, he actually saw the unblest document, he could no longer lay the flattering unction to his soul which those agents had been from the first prescribing.

"I have been grossly deceived," said he, addressing Sir William, who sat by his side. "Those fellows assured me that the idea of a petition was, under the circumstances, absurd."

"Oh, it may come to nothing now," returned the Baronet. "This is the last day on which it could be presented. The prosecution of a petition does not of necessity follow its presentation. The chances are that it will yet be abandoned."

"I fear not," said Stanley.

"Why fear?"

"Because the grounds upon which they stand are too tenable to justify a hope that the thing will be relinquished."

"The grounds!" exclaimed Sir William. "The grounds have little indeed to do with the matter. It depends upon the committee. If you get a majority—and, of course we must have a whip for it—you are safe: you need not care then a single straw about the grounds."

Stanley appreciated this remark very highly. He knew that, although in strictly barbarous states the system of trying the merits of petitions by a directly responsible tribunal might obtain, it would be in a country so enlightened as this repudiated, not only as ridiculous but dangerous, inasmuch as the practice established was of such surpassing excellence that it rendered the operation of party bias and factious influence almost impossible, and particularly in cases in which parties are so nicely balanced that the loss of a vote on either side is of very great importance: he knew also that every member was at that happy period an honorable man, and so strictly pure in principle, that he would rather see his own party go to the dogs than sacrifice or even slightly tamper with his conscience: he, moreover, knew that, albeit certain signally uncivilized persons had attempted to upset the just and most salutary system established, their attempts had utterly and of course most deservedly failed; still, with all this knowledge, he felt apprehensive that, whether he obtained a majority or not, his seat would be lost, and was therefore at first indisposed to defend it.

Sir William, however, powerfully painted to him the almost unprecedented folly of yielding, and as most men are guided by the opinions of others, if even they conceive their own judgment to be superior, provided always that their vanity is flattered; so Stanley, although he knew that the allegations contained in the petition were true, and that, therefore, under the system proposed by the unconstitutional innovators referred to, he would have had no chance at all of retaining his seat, surrendered his own judgment to that of Sir William, in the full and lively hope of being able to whip in a just and one-sided committee.

This hope, however, although it sustained him for a time was not realized. The committee was moved for; the whip was used on both sides with great effect, and the result was to four against him. The great point of Sir William was thus at once destroyed, and Stanley again felt disposed to retire; but Sir William, knowing what the expenses of defending a seat under a seat under the circumstances usually were, and being still sincerely anxious to reduce him to a state of destitution, shifted his ground, and not only ridiculed the idea of giving in, but contended for self-conviction in such a case being comparable only with suicide; and in this he was ably seconded by the Widow.

"It would be, you know, such an extremely shocking thing," said that lady, when her opinion of the matter had been demanded; "it would be absolutely dreadful—dear me! it would be an eternal disgrace—to retire from the field without a struggle, you know, my dear!"

"Mother," said Stanley, "look at the expense."

"A fig for the expense, my love! we are not poor. I look at the thing in the abstract."

"You do, without reference to the cost. Look at that in

the abstract! I confess that I have an imperfect knowledge of the expense of these things; but I know it to be something very, very considerable."

"Well, my love! let it be considerable. Thank Heaven we are not beggars! But we are not *beaten* yet! Where is your philosophy, my dear? Should we make ourselves wretched to-day, because it happens to be possible for us to be wretched to-morrow? Oh, dear me, no! defend the seat by all means."

"Mother," rejoined Stanley, "you know me, I think, too well to believe that I would not do so if I saw the slightest prospect of success."

"My dearest boy, I know that you would not; I am perfectly certain of that; but then, although you cannot see this prospect, others can! Good gracious me! what does Sir William say!—does he not say that these things are all a lottery?"

"But how can we reasonably hope to succeed, when we know nearly all with which we are charged to be true?"

"True! my dear! Has not Sir William again and again said that a thousand things may be true which cannot be proved?"

"I have, of course, no inclination to resign, which you know: if I conceived it to be probable that my seat could be retained, I would defend it with all the means in my power; but as the case stands at present I cannot perceive a chance."

"Oh! there are a thousand chances; rely on it, my love, there are ten thousand chances, although you do not perceive them. Besides, if even the worst should come to the worst, we are surely, my love, as capable of bearing our share of the expenses as the Swansdown faction are of bearing theirs!"

"But that may not be the worst. Suppose we are fixed with all the costs?"

"Oh, but you know, Sir William says that an instance of that kind has not occurred within his recollection."

"But the thing is not impossible: it may occur in our case, and if it should, can it be borne without sensibly affecting your fortune?"

"Of course! Dear me, my love, what a ridiculous question!"

"Oh, I know nothing about your affairs: you have always most studiously kept them from me."

"Fear nothing on that score; by all means oppose this horrible petition."

"Very well: but understand, that if opposed at all it must be opposed with spirit; no expense must be spared; there must be no stopping short; the thing once begun must be carried on boldly to the end!"

"That is precisely my feeling. Never mind the expense; do not dream about that. Have every thing that may be deemed essential to success. We shall beat them! I am sure that we shall beat them. It would be such a truly dreadful thing, you know, my love, to give up all without an effort to retain it. It would look so cowardly and would be so disgraceful, as Sir William says! I should go mad! I am sure of it! I never could be happy again. Therefore, oppose them, my love, by all means; oppose them with all your power. Engage the highest talent available. Stanley, my dearest love! let me prevail upon you—will you oppose them?"

Stanley consented. He had of course no desire to relinquish his seat; he never had; but knowing well that his election must have cost something very considerable, although the amount had been concealed from him, he felt, being ignorant of the Widow's resources, that the expense of opposing the petition—if the opposition should be reported "frivolous and vexatious," might involve them all in ruin. When, however, he heard that the worst could be borne without any material or permanent injury, he resolved to go on with the opposition boldly; he would not yield an inch; he defied them to prove their allegations, although he knew them to be true, declaring that his seat should be defended till the last.

The battle then commenced. The opening speeches were made. Coach-loads of witnesses were brought up to town, and among them Stanley recognized many, whom, during the election, he had treated with the utmost kindness and liberality. On ascertaining the quarters of these people, he sent an agent to remonstrate with them; but they viewed the affair as a mere matter of business, declaring that they had no private feeling either way; that the franchise was a property of which they had a clear and indisputable right to make the most, that every contingency increased its value, and if Stanley wanted them, why, he might have them even then. The agent spoke of gratitude, of course, and enlarged on its brightness and beauty; and they agreed with him; they thought it an excellent thing, and they said so, and contended that its value should be commensurate with his excellence, and at the same time declared that they had plenty to sell, and should be glad to dispose of their whole stock at a price. As, however, it was deemed inexpedient under the circumstances to purchase this inestimable commodity of them—the investment not being quite safe—there was no business done; the agent left them in possession of their gratitude, which, if all had been taken at their own valuation, would have made a man wealthy indeed.

There was, however, another class of witnesses of a far more formidable character, inasmuch as they were actuated by feelings of revenge, and had a certain amount of social respectability about them which imparted a nominal purity to their testimony, and thereby gave it an additional weight. These were the tradesmen whom the chairman of Stanley's committee had insulted by his shabby and unconstitutional refusal to meet their prescriptive demands. The rest of the witnesses against him cared nothing about the result; they had no vindictive feelings to gratify; their object was to make all the money they could, and it mattered not a straw to them which party triumphed; but these men had set their noble souls upon his defeat; they had firmly resolved to do all in their power to ensure his political destruction; he had robbed them—for it is a real robbery, when the thing is properly looked at, to refuse to pay respectable men what is regular—and, therefore, they had one and all determined to stick at nothing which could tend to promote the accomplishment of the just and legitimate object in view.

The committee sat daily; but their progress was but slow. The counsel on both sides displayed all the elo-

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quence, zeal and ingenuity they had in them, and bullied each other with admirable ferocity. On one point, however, they seemed to be agreed, and that was to make the thing last as long as possible. It seldom, indeed, happens in ordinary cases, that opposing counsels agree at all; but it is an extraordinary fact, that in this case they were on that great point perfectly unanimous. During the examination of witnesses an objection was started at every third question with the utmost regularity and tact, and the speeches which succeeded those objections respersions were remarkable as well for their length as for the sound deliberation with which they were delivered.

After a week or two the honorable members of the committee became naturally tired of the business; but the witnesses in the aggregate were by no means impatient; they cared not how long the thing lasted; it met their views precisely; nothing on earth could have suited them better; they were not only living like Aldermen in town, but really beginning to get into flesh.

At length, when all concerned save counsel and these philosophic witnesses, were weary, the labors of the committee were brought to an end, and the result was, that they reported the opposition to the petition '*frivolous and vexatious*,' and thus fixed Stanley with the whole of the costs, which were enormous!

This to him and his immediate friends was indeed a heavy blow; but poor Amelia felt it most deeply. Her anguish was poignant in the extreme, and while she tried to soothe her Stanley, whose high hopes had thus been blasted, she would hang upon his neck and sob as if her heart were breaking.

To Sir William and his associates Stanley wished it to appear that he was comparatively indifferent about the matter, but when in the presence of the Widow alone, his rage could not be calmed.

"You see," he exclaimed, when the result became known, "you see the position to which you have reduced me!"

"I, my love?"

"Yes, mother, you!"

"Gracious heavens! what can you mean?"

"Did you not prompt me to pursue this mad course? Should I have opposed this infernal petition had it not been for you?"

"My love! you know that I advised you for the best!"

"You advised me for the worst! You imagined, I suppose, that it would tame me. I was a fool to follow your advice; a wretched, a consummate fool!"

"Stanley! Stanley!" exclaimed the Widow, bursting into tears, as he fiercely paced the room. "Oh! this is cruel—very cruel! You ought not to be unkind; indeed, indeed, you ought not to afflict me thus! You should consider that I have feelings, Stanley."

"Mother, you do not consider that I have feelings!"

"I do: I do, indeed! I know that my poor boy must feel it most deeply; but do not, pray do not, add gall to this calamity; do not increase our affliction by attributing motives which you must know could never have actuated me. But, my dearest love, can we not appeal?"

"Appeal! No, there is no appeal."

"But the decision was corrupt, my love; grossly corrupt. The committee were guided by factious views solely, and while the counsel against us were demons, our own counsel ought to be ashamed of themselves for having suffered the fiends to go on so. Now, under these circumstances, you know, my love, it strikes me—"

"Again I tell you, there is no appeal! And if there were, if even I could appeal, I would not. I know that these monstrous expenses must materially affect our fortunes. I am sure of it, quite sure, although you conceal the fact from me."

"They are indeed; very heavy indeed."

"You admit, then," demanded Stanley fiercely, "you admit that they have involved us?"

"No, my love; no, no; they have not involved us. I said that they were heavy!—I merely said that. But come, my love, all will be well. Come, be calm and kind; you are my only joy: I cannot be happy if you are not kind."

The widow again burst into tears and buried her face in his bosom. She knew that that which Stanley suspected was true; she was conscious that these enormous costs, immediately following the expenses of the election, had involved her, and although she had yet but an imperfect knowledge of the extent, she knew well that her position would be sensibly affected.

And Sir William knew it too, and was glad. The destruction of Amelia's virtue was his object, and he now felt more than ever sure that that object would at no remote period be attained.

**THE KING OF FRANCE.**—The following items appear in the civil list of this monarch:—For subscription to publications F.10,000; music, boxes at theatres, benefits, &c. F.12,000; manufactures F.23,500; museums and fine arts F.18,000; works of art F.20,000; medals and mint F.16,000. Thus it appears that the French Sovereign has placed at his disposal a sum of nearly F.100,000 for the special encouragement of native arts, sciences and manufactures.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives have indefinitely postponed the proposition to indemnify the proprietors of the Nunnery burnt at Charlestown a few years since. The vote on the question of an indefinite postponement was, yeas 207, nays 49.

**FLUENCY OF SPEECH.**—Dean Swift says the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to cloth them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

**PQUANT REPROOF.**—The Chevalier Duplessis, a very inferior poet, and author of a bad opera, called Pizarro, used to indulge himself in the bitterest satire against other poets. Once he asserted with great vehemence, that he did not know a worse lyric poet than Guillard. Cheron, the actor, archly replied, "Ah! Chevalier, you forget yourself."

At the commencement of the present volume of the Quarto edition of the New World, on the 2d day of January last, some thousands of extra copies were printed, with which to supply orders for back numbers from those subscribers who might wish to begin with the volume. We find, however, on examining our files, that they are running very low, and that the probability is that we shall not be able to supply back numbers more than two or three weeks longer. We therefore advise all those, who are intending to subscribe or who may wish to do so, to make up their minds immediately, and send on their orders so that they may obtain the present volume complete.

The popular story of TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR can be furnished from its commencement. The story of the Tower of London can also be furnished from its commencement in the Evergreen Magazine. It is brought to a conclusion in the present number of the New World.

Our Exchange papers will confer a favor on the publisher of the New World, by copying the advertisement of the LEVIATHAN sheet one time, or give a notice of the same, as soon as convenient, that those who wish to order may do so. It will be a splendid number.

## TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

The second failure of the United States Bank has caused a great sensation and alarm here, and will no doubt produce a much greater sensation in Europe. Indeed, in Europe it is this Bank in particular that will attract attention, because it has long been a prominent institution in European regard, and its stock is extensively owned on European account. But we do not well see the propriety of making it so prominent here. The United States Bank is a State institution, as truly and essentially as the Girard Bank, or the Schuylkill Bank, or any other Bank whatever; yet we hear nothing of the fact—i. e. it is not made a matter of general conversation—that all the other Banks in Philadelphia, the Baltimore Banks, &c., &c., have also failed; and, by the way, we may remark in passing, that failed is hardly the proper term to apply to any of these institutions, if the word is to be taken in its ordinary acceptation, as applied to individuals. The Banks have simply suspended specie payments; but it does not follow from this fact that the Banks are insolvent; it may be true, certainly, but that suspension by no means proves it to be true. Indeed, mere suspension—insolvency not being imputed—is a fact in which neither the stockholders nor the bill-holders have much concern, when, as in this case, the suspension is general. Nor does partial insolvency, in the case of a particular institution, (although it affects the few, the stockholders,) necessarily injure the many, the bill-holders. It is only when a Bank which has a large circulation is forced to stop payment, and which, on examination, proves to be altogether insolvent, that the public being to suffer or have reason for alarm. If a Bank fails, and has not a sufficiency of assets to redeem its notes, then things begin to look serious. We take it for granted that our readers understand the order in which the liabilities of a Bank are to be paid: its notes are always placed first; next its deposits; and afterward its stockholders. It may, therefore, happen that its notes are good; and yet its depositors' and stockholders' claims, (either or both,) good for nothing.

Now, in the case before us, it has not been urged that the Banks generally are insolvent. The notes of the Bank of the United States are just now at a discount in Wall street, and a discount, too, far greater than the notes of other Banks of Philadelphia: one being about three per cent. and the other about twelve per cent. below par. But if Wall street prices prove anything with regard to United States Bank notes, they prove them *worth par*, with the difference of exchange; for every day we see large amounts of the stock of the United States Bank sold for cash at about twenty-five dollars a share; and, assuredly, if the stock is worth anything, the notes are worth one hundred cents on the dollar. We claim, therefore, that the notes of the United States Bank are good; and that the public, collectively, have no ground for apprehension on account of the recent suspension of specie payments.

Our country is certainly not coming to an end. Our soil remains where it did, and our yeomanry live to cultivate it. We are at peace with all the world; and, despite the pompous and discursive report of Mr. Pickens, (endorsed by those pliant politicians and patriots, the editors of the Journal of Commerce,) will undoubtedly remain at peace for some years to come. We therefore say to our friends in the country—do not be alarmed! There is no fear. Neither the world, nor the New World, is in any danger of destruction. And all those who have bank notes on hand need

not fear sending them to us to pay up new subscriptions or to renew old ones. We will take United States Bank notes, or any other notes of Banks in equal standing, and transmit our paper in exchange on the terms set forth in our prospectus. In short, we are tired of, and disgusted at the twattle of professional alarmists, and are willing to do our part in refuting their untenable positions.

**THE NEW CABINET.**—Advices from Washington concur in stating that the Cabinet of General HARRISON, has been nearly if not entirely settled—as follows:

DANIEL WEBSTER of Mass., *Secretary of State*;  
THOMAS EWING of Ohio, *Secretary of the Treasury*;  
JOHN BELL of Tenn., *Secretary of War*;  
GEORGE E. BADGER of N. C., *Secretary of the Navy*;  
FRANCIS GRANGER of N. Y., *Postmaster General*;  
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN of Ky., *Attorney General*.

This is a strong cast. Messrs. WEBSTER and CRITTENDEN are leading Members of the present U. S. Senate; Messrs. BELL and GRANGER have long been eminent in Congress and distinguished in their respective States; Mr. BELL was Speaker of the XXVth Congress, after the departure of Mr. Stevenson for England; Mr. GRANGER is the son of Gideon Granger, Mr. Madison's Postmaster General, and was himself the Anti-Jackson candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1828, and for Governor in 1830 and 1832, receiving at each canvass for Governor more than the full vote of his party. Mr. EWING was a distinguished U. S. Senator from Ohio, from 1831 to 1837, and was then thrown out by an unjustifiable *Gerrymandering* of his State for the election of Members of the Legislature, whereby the Van Buren party secured a majority in that body in defiance of a popular majority of 8,000 against them. He is considered one of the ablest lawyers and statesmen, and most energetic business men of the mighty West. At twenty-two years of age he was a wood-chopper at the Kenawha Salt Works; indeed, we believe none of the Members of the new Administration except General HARRISON and Mr. GRANGER enjoyed any advantages of birth; and the General's was unaccompanied by fortune.

The Navy Department has been urgently claimed by the Southern States, and it is believed that Mr. BADGER of N. C.—a new man, 'fresh from the people,' has been selected.

**ATTORNEY GENERAL HALL.**—The opinion of this gentleman on the seizure of papers by the ex-Recorder has been published at length in some of our city journals; and by this time has no doubt been generally read. It is far too voluminous for our columns, and we therefore content ourselves by a reference to its merits. It strikes us as being one of the most logical, clear, and unanswerable legal arguments that we ever met with, evincing on the part of its author an extent of research and a profundity of legal acquirement for which we, from the first, have given him credit, and which his opponents of both parties have been in the habit of denying that he possessed. We are pleased to see this among other proofs that we have not ourselves over estimated the man: and we confess to a small share of malicious gratification when we observe that sundry of the Whig editors who were loudest and most offensive in their censure of Mr. HALL's appointment now—on the appearance of this able document—sneak into the course from which their little prejudices drove them at first, and into which the commanding talents of Mr. HALL have drawn them at last.

**ELECTION OF PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**—The election of President and Vice President of the United States, to serve for four years from the 4th day of March next, was on Wednesday consummated by the opening and counting, by the Vice President of the United States, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, of the votes given by the electors in the respective States. When the votes had all been counted, the Vice President proclaimed, in audible and distinct tones, that

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of Ohio, having received a majority of the votes of the electors, is duly elected President of the United States; and that

JOHN TYLER, of Virginia, having received a majority of the votes of the electors, is duly elected Vice President of the United States.

We have read the report of Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, in relation to the burning of the steamboat Carolina, and the demand made for the liberation of Alexander McLeod by the British Minister. It strikes us that a more bombastical, ridiculous, and ill-advised flourish was never made even in our House of Representatives. Undignified, boyish and blustering, it is calculated to arouse all the burning resentments of the Canadians, and to be productive of no good whatsoever. It was adopted, we are glad to note, by a bare majority of one in the Committee of Foreign Affairs. A protest was made to it by John Quincy Adams and other wise members, and it is to be hoped that some document will be put forth by them to render its effect less pernicious.



We have accounts of one of the largest Brokers Houses in New-York, having failed! Are such events the change which Mr. Webster promised? Is this the flood of prosperity which General Harrison's mere Election was to pour upon the country?—What humbugs did these men preach to the People!—[Richmond Enquirer.]

We infer from this that Mr. Ritchie is prepared to hold the general government responsible for all failures of Brokers that occur under the present administration; and we would therefore recommend the appointment forthwith of a Board of Wall street Commissioners, whose duty it shall be to make a daily examination and report of the capital, circulation, discounts, contracts, deposits, and—above all—specie, of which the several firms in that notable mart are possessed, or for which they are accountable. And it would be well to instruct the said commissioners to discriminate in their report between the political creed of the subjects of their inquiry. It certainly is not to be tolerated that one political party of a country like this should denounce another—combine against it—promise prosperity to its opponents—and finally defeat it: and, after all, even before the new party comes into power, or can begin to operate upon the interests of the country either for good or ill—it is not, we say, to be tolerated that while matters are in this posture, a certain house in Wall street should make imprudent speculations and fail!

We have been invoked to reveal the names of those high officers of the Navy, whose crimes and misdemeanors have been lately held up to public execration. This we do not think it either proper or necessary to do. The announcement would but gratify feelings of personal ill-will, and might retard rather than advance the cause of justice. The individuals to whom allusion and reference have been made in our columns, are as well known to the officers of the Navy as if their names were printed out in capital letters. If they are callous to the ignominy with which such crimes must be visited in their own profession, they will hardly be amended by exposure to the public in general.

Mr. HORACE GREELEY has issued the sixth edition—enlarged—of the Politician's Register for 1841: This Register is a complete compilation of returns of votes, cast in the several States of the Union, mainly during the years 1836, 1838 and 1840 for President, Members of Congress, and State Officers, arranged by counties alphabetically—including full returns of the late Presidential election. The well established reputation of the Editor of this Register for exactness and ability in the preparation of his tables of elections needs not any commendation from us.

EX-RECORDER MORRIS.—The injunction of secrecy in the case of the New-York Recorder, having been removed, says the Albany Evening Journal, we have obtained a copy of the following Resolutions submitted by Mr. Verplanck and adopted by the Senate. They present the principles involved and vindicated, by the action of the Senate, in concise, forcible and clear language:

#### MR. VERPLANCK'S RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That the right of every citizen to the protection of his private papers from unreasonable search and seizure rests on the same great principle with the right to be protected against indictment or conviction upon extorted confession, and is wholly independent of any question of the guilt or innocence of the individual; that both of these rights have always been held equally sacred by the friends of civil liberty; have been for many years maintained by them against the assaults of tyranny; were among the great objects of our Revolution of 1776, and have been embodied and declared in the Constitution of the United States, and the declaration "of the rights of the citizens and inhabitants of this State," which solemnly declares that "No person can be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," and that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures ought not to be violated, and that no warrants can issue but upon probable cause supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons and things to be seized."

2. Resolved, That no search or seizure can be deemed reasonable when not specially authorized by law, and made in the manner and for the purposes so prescribed and directed.

3. Resolved, That when the conduct of any judicial officer is an aggression upon the rights of private citizens and the primary principles of civil liberty recognised and embodied in our constitutions or bill of rights, such conduct cannot be excused as an error of legal judgment on a matter within the jurisdiction of such judge, but affords evidence either of his incapacity for the trust he holds or else of a culpable violation of duty, and in either case demands his removal from office.

4. Resolved, That in the case of Robert H. Morris, there being no denial of the fact of his seizure of the private papers of an accused person, but the same being admitted by the said Morris, there is no question of fact for inquiry, examination or trial, and the only question for the decision of the Senate on the facts presented and admitted, relates to their own constitutional duty in respect to such conduct in a judicial officer subject to be removed by them upon the recommendation of the Governor.

5. Resolved, That a seizure of private papers like that acknowledged to have been made by Robert H. Morris is not merely in itself a violation of the spirit and of the very letter of great constitutional provisions guarding the common rights of every citizen, but moreover being openly avowed and defended by him in an official charge to a Grand Jury, it affords an alarming judicial precedent, by

which (as the experience of other times has shown) under the color of law and the excuse of necessity, the character, interests, liberties and even lives of innocent men may be placed at the mercy of public officers; that it therefore becomes the imperative duty of the Governor and Senate to mark their high disapprobation of such an abuse of power, and to prevent it from becoming an authoritative precedent for the future, by the deliberate exercise of the power confided to them by the Constitution to remove the offending magistrate for such assigned cause.

#### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We observed that Governor Pennington, in his message to the Legislature of New-Jersey, directed their attention to the subject of Imprisonment for Debt. It has been matter of surprise to us that in a State so liberal and intelligent as New-Jersey, this relic of barbarous legislation has been suffered so long to disgrace their statute book. We are aware that there is a class in every community, interested in perpetuating this abuse; and that there are classes which do not see or feel its evils, and therefore entertain but little solicitude on the subject. All these classes are represented in the Legislature of New-Jersey, as in all other Legislatures; but they should not be permitted to interpose an insurmountable barrier to a reform so loudly demanded by all the interests of justice and humanity.

If there is any one subject on which there has been a striking revolution in public sentiment, under the influence of modern civilization, it is that of imprisonment for debt. The general voice of the community condemns the punishment of *calamity* as a crime; and revolts at the idea of visiting with the felon's infamy the consequences of misfortunes to which the best man in the community is as liable as the worst. On the general subject, we have too recently expressed our views at length, to make a repetition of them necessary; but we cannot omit again to record the opinion that public sentiment never will be fully satisfied, until all laws authorising infamous punishment for any manner of honest indebtedness are repealed—until a clause shall be incorporated in the Constitution of the Union declaring that no American citizen shall ever be restrained of his liberty except on the conviction or accusation of crime.

In the mean time, it becomes our local Legislatures to adopt such measures as are necessary to remove from the limits of their jurisdiction the evil of which we complain. New-York has erased the last vestige of this barbarism from her statutes; and in his recent message Governor SEWARD called the attention of our Legislature to the propriety of excluding the Federal Government from the use of our State prisons for the incarceration of individuals arrested for debt by the officers of the United States. Even the Legislature of so benighted a State as New Hampshire has abolished imprisonment for debt. It is not possible that New Jersey should tolerate it, when it is made to operate not on her own citizens, but on strangers from other States, who are entrapped in her borders, and thrown into her jails. We hope that the Legislature now in session at Trenton will not adjourn, without following the liberal example of the State of New-York, and conforming her laws on this subject to the progressive civilization of the age.

To the above excellent article from the Courier and Enquirer we say, Amen.

We would, in this connection, inquire of the Boston editors if anything has been done, or is likely to be done, during the present session of the Massachusetts Legislature, for the abolition of Imprisonment for debt in that State in the case of non-residents? Are the merchants of Boston so indifferent with regard to their own interests as to allow a law to exist, which prevents customers from coming to their city to purchase goods? Many a trader from Maine, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, and this state even, who come to this city to make their purchases, would go to Boston, if not liable, on arrival there, to be thrown into prison or held to bail on some old demand. Are the citizens of Boston so dead to the claims of hospitality as to suffer the arrest of a stranger, who happens to visit their city, when no one of the citizens is by law subject to such bondage?

It is surprising to us that the New-England States, which claim the credit of so great enlightenment, should cling with pertinacity to this well-nigh exploded barbarity of imprisonment for debt—this depriving men of their liberty for their misfortunes—this authorized slavery—this making of calamity a crime.

#### Congressional.

THURSDAY, Feb. 11.

Mr. Preston, from the joint committee appointed to inform General Harrison of his election to the Presidency of the United States, reported that the President elect had been duly informed of the result of the vote.

In the House, Mr. Everett, of Vermont, presented resolutions from the Legislature of that State, that the exclusion of the duly commissioned members from New-Jersey was unjust, unconstitutional, and a gross violation of the rights of the people.

FRIDAY, Feb. 12.

The Treasury Note bill passed the Senate on Friday by a vote of 28 to 8. Among the negatives were Messrs. Benton and Allen.

The Speaker laid before the House the report of the commissioner appointed last summer for the purpose of surveying and Exploring the North Eastern boundary.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13.

In the House, the most important movement was a resolution introduced by Mr. Fillmore, authorising the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation for the defence of the Northern Frontier. The resolution was agreed to without opposition.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.—Edwards, the man who was convicted of murder in Alabama, and sentenced to be hung, was respite by the Governor. The respite was brought by the brother of Edwards, who travelled the whole distance between Tuscaloosa and Mobile on foot, arriving on the day of the execution in advance of the mail.

EFFECTS OF THE WEATHER.—They have had the heaviest kind of rain in Alabama, and one of the editors is complaining bitterly. He says that the powder horn is choked by the adhesion of its contents; the sand in the hour glass is still; the beautiful ringlets of the girls are all wet, and hang as straight as if life to them had no twist; whilst the ripe beauties were pouting and wasting their sweetness in a vain effort to produce a curl with heated tongs and gum water. Even the "little pigs" who erst "Slept with their tails curled up"

now enjoy the delights of repose, with that graceful ornament

"Stuck out a foot."

WAR MOVEMENT IN MAINE.—On the 3d instant, resolutions on the subject of repelling British aggression, were offered in the House of Representatives, and referred to the Committee on the North Eastern Boundary. We learn from the Portland Argus of the 15th inst. that these resolutions were taken up by the Senate on the 10th, and after being amended by inserting \$1,000,000, instead of \$400,000, for the defence of the State, were referred to the same committee.

Mr. Davies then offered the following resolve, which was also referred to the Committee on the North Eastern Boundary:

"Resolve for repelling Foreign Invasion, and providing for the protection of the State.

"Be it Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested and urged to cause the immediate removal of the foreign armed force, by which our State is invaded, stationed upon the upper valley of the St. Johns, and that the Government of the United States be earnestly invoked to relieve this State from the present heavy, needless burden of its own defence."

Correspondence of the Courier & Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1841.

Mr. Webster has resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, to take effect from and after the 27th inst.

To-morrow evening there is to be a splendid ball in Newton & Gadsby's new building; the dining or dancing room, as the case may be, is 40 feet front and rear, by 130 feet deep. The President Elect will be present, and the next morning (Wednesday) he sets off for Virginia.

Gen. Harrison this morning visited both branches of Congress and the Supreme Court of the United States.

In a former letter I remarked that Gen. Harrison was well pleased with his reception at the President's. I since learn that the General made a most favorable impression upon those whom he met at dinner, and among others, the Secretary of the Navy, who in conversation, has spoken of Gen. Harrison in the most respectful terms. It is these interchanges of courtesy, this unrestrained commingling in the social circle, that tends to soften the asperities of party

NEWSPAPERS IN CINCINNATI.—There are now published in Cincinnati, Ohio, no less than thirty-six newspapers and literary periodicals of all descriptions and characters. The circulation of some of the dailies exceeds one thousand, which fact we judge will tend to shorten the existence of a goodly number of them. In 1826 there were but nine newspapers and one periodical published there.

UNION OF THE CANADAS.—The Montreal papers of the 9th instant, contain the proclamation of Lord Sydenham, Governor General of British North America, declaring the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, to take effect from the following day.

The following was the state of the Government Lands in Michigan up to January 1, 1841:

Acres sold ..... 9,159,898 Acres surveyed .. 19,665,957  
" unsold ..... 31,318,391 " unsurveyed 11,462,400

The Senate of Pennsylvania on the 11th inst., passed with some amendments the bill authorizing the New-York and Erie Railroad Company to construct a portion of their road in Susquehanna County.

THE RICHMOND BANKS.—The Whig of the 11th, states that the Richmond Banks continued to pay cash. There was more call for specie on the preceding day, than on any day since resumption; yet the demand was inconsiderable.

A LADY once borrowed a Dictionary of an acquaintance, on returning the book she was asked how she liked it. "Oh!" replied the fair one, "the words are beautiful, but I do n't think much of the story."—[St. Joseph Times.]

MACKEREL FISHERY.—The number of barrels inspected last year, in Massachusetts, was 50,992. There has been a rapid falling off for many years. In 1831, 383,569 barrels were inspected.

EXTENSION OF LEAP YEAR.—The ladies of Nashville, Tenn., are busily employed in getting up a petition for the extension of leap year, to endow 1841 with all the rights and privileges of the bismextile. The cause of this movement is to be found in the stern stuff of which the hearts of the men in that quarter are composed, two years being necessary to subdue their obstinacy and contumaciousness.

We do not see that our Legislature is doing anything of importance to the people. Why don't it adjourn and the members come home?—[Onondaga Standard.]

We asked the same question last week.

#### TO AGENTS.

We can yet furnish new subscribers with back Nos. from the commencement of the 2d volume, *quarto*, 1st January, including the commencement of "Ten Thousand a Year," up to that time, in pamphlet form. Those who prefer to date their subscription from No. 16, are informed that we have a few sets from that number, with which commences the above story, and which can be bound with the second volume.

## CASE OF L'AMISTAD.

In the Senate on Friday last, says the Washington Globe of Monday evening, a message was received from the President of the United States, transmitting copies of correspondence between the State Department and the representatives of foreign Governments, relative to the negroes taken on board L'Amistad, which has occurred since his message of the 21st March, 1840.

From the correspondence we extract a letter of Mr. Fox, the Minister of Great Britain, and the reply thereto of Mr. Forsyth.

Mr. Fox to Mr. Forsyth.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1841.

SIR: I am instructed to represent to you that the attention of Her Majesty's Government has been seriously directed to the case of certain African negroes, found on board the Spanish ship "Amistad," the same persons whose cause has been brought before the courts of law of the U. States, and for whom a powerful and humane interest appears to be felt in this country as well as in England.

It is known to Her Majesty's Government that these negroes were imported into Cuba direct from the coast of Africa, in a Portuguese slave vessel called the *Tecora*, in the summer of 1839, and that, shortly after their arrival, they were purchased as slaves at the Havana by two Spaniards of the names of José Ruiz and Pedro Montez. Ruiz and Montez then placed the negroes on board the schooner *Amistad*, intending to convey them to another port in Cuba. It appears that during the voyage, the negroes, with a view of recovering their liberty, seized possession of the vessel, put the master to death, and ordered the remaining whites to navigate the vessel to the coast of Africa. The whites, however, directed their course towards North America, until they were fallen in with by the United States brig of war *Washington*, when the *Amistad* was finally brought into the port of New London, in Connecticut. The proceedings which have taken place subsequently to the arrival of the negroes in the United States are sufficiently well known to you.

Now, Her Majesty's Government have to observe, that, since the year 1830, it has become unlawful, according to the law of Spain, to import negroes from Africa as slaves into the Spanish dominions, and that, as the negroes here referred to had been newly imported from Africa into Cuba, and could not by law be imported as slaves, they must in the eye of the law be considered as free persons.

And Great Britain is also bound to remember that the law of Spain which finally prohibited the slave trade throughout the Spanish dominions, from the date of the 30th of May, 1830, (the provisions of which law are contained in the King of Spain's Royal Cedula of the 19th of December, 1817,) was passed in compliance with a treaty obligation to that effect, by which the crown of Spain had bound itself to the crown of Great Britain, and for which a valuable compensation, in return, was given by Great Britain to Spain, as may be seen by reference to the 2d, 3d and 4th articles of a public treaty concluded between Great Britain and Spain on the 23d of September, 1817.

Her Majesty's Government, therefore, are moved by special and peculiar reasons to take an interest in the fate of these unfortunate Africans, who are known to have been illegally and feloniously reduced to slavery by subjects of Spain.

It is next to be observed that Great Britain and the United States have mutually engaged themselves to each other, by the 10th article of the treaty of Ghent, to use their best endeavors for the entire abolition of the African slave trade. And there can be no doubt of the firm intention of both parties religiously to fulfil the terms of that engagement.

Now the unfortunate Africans whose case is the subject of the present representation, have been thrown by accidental circumstances into the hands of the authorities of the United States; and it may probably depend upon the action of the United States Government, whether these persons shall recover the freedom to which they are entitled, or whether they shall be reduced to slavery, in violation of known laws and contracts publicly passed, prohibiting the continuance of the African slave trade by Spanish subjects.

It is under these circumstances that Her Majesty's Government anxiously hopes that the President of the United States will find himself empowered to take such measures in behalf of the aforesaid Africans as shall secure to them the possession of their liberty, to which, without doubt, they are by law entitled.

I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurances of my distinguished consideration. H. S. Fox.

The Hon. John Forsyth, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Fox.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Feb. 1, 1841.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th ultimo, in which you state that you are instructed to represent to me that the attention of Her Majesty's Government has been seriously directed to the cause of the negroes of the Spanish ship "Amistad," with the anxious hope that the President of the United States will feel himself empowered to take such measures in their behalf as will secure to them the possession of their liberty.

Viewing this communication as an evidence of the benevolence of Her Majesty's Government—under which aspect alone it could be entertained by the Government of the United States—I proceed by the direction of the President, to make, in reply, a few observations suggested by the topics of your letter. The narrative presented therein, of the circumstances which brought these negroes to our shores, is satisfactory evidence that Her Majesty's Government is aware that their introduction did not proceed from the wishes or directions of the Government of the United States. A formal demand having been made by the Spanish Minister for the delivery of the vessel and property, including the negroes on board, the grounds upon which it is based have become the subject of investigation before the judicial tribunals of the country, which have not yet pronounced their final decision thereupon. You must be aware, sir, that the Executive has neither the power nor the disposition to control the proceedings of the legal tribunals when acting within their appropriate jurisdiction. With regard to the other considerations presented by you in behalf of the negroes of

the "Amistad," I have to remark that it is not understood that the facts upon which they are founded are admitted by the Minister of Her Catholic Majesty; and this Government would, with great reluctance, erect itself into a tribunal to investigate such questions between two friendly sovereigns.

If, however, these facts are established, they cannot be without their force and effect in the proper time and place. You have doubtless observed, from the correspondence published in a Congressional document, that it is the intention of the Spanish Minister to restore these negroes, should their delivery to his Government be ordered, to the Island of Cuba, whence the vessel, in which they were found, sailed; where they will be placed under the protection of the Government of Spain. It is there that questions arising under the Spanish laws and the treaties of Spain with Great Britain, may be appropriately discussed and decided; and where a full opportunity will be presented to the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to appeal to the treaty stipulations applicable to the subject of your letter.

I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurances of my distinguished consideration. JOHN FORSYTH.

Henry Stephen Fox, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF STEAM-SHIPS OF WAR IN MASSACHUSETTS.—It is proposed to establish a National Foundry, and a Yard for the construction of Steam Engines and Steam Ships of War, in Boston Harbor. The extensive and valuable lands, now and long since owned by the United States Government, in Chelsea, have been pointed out as the most suitable site for the purpose, in the county of Suffolk. These lands consist of from seventy to ninety acres, exclusive of flats; and for a long distance, border on the water—their shores being constantly washed by the waves of the Upper Harbor and those of the Mystic River. They are nearly opposite the Navy Yard in Charlestown, and for the present contain only two or three buildings—one of which is occupied as a Naval Hospital—the Marine Hospital in Chelsea being situated in another part of the town.

UNITED STATES BANK.—The United States Gazette states that the Directors of the Bank of the United States have prepared a memorial to the Legislature, and sent it forward, setting forth the causes which have operated to defeat their unopposed exertions to maintain specie payments, according to the requisition of the act of February, 1840. They have referred to the unholy combination in New York to break down the banking interests in Philadelphia, and have pointed to the direct advantages which the commonwealth has derived from the funds of the United States Bank. The memorial is said to be written with remarkable vigor, and contains facts which cannot fail to give full force to the arguments of its author. The Bank asks for itself what is asked for the other banks, and no more.

MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.—On the 27th ult., the Mississippi House of Representatives passed, by a large majority, a series of resolutions, declaring that the State of Mississippi is bound to redeem her bonds; that she will redeem them and preserve her faith inviolate; and that all insinuations to the contrary are a calumny upon her justice, honor and dignity.

On the 30th the resolutions instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives of the State in Congress to vote for a General Bankrupt Law was passed by a vote of 47 to 36.

LIBERALITY.—A donation of \$12,000 has been made to the Centre College, Ky., by one individual, for the endowment of a professorship in that institution. The donor acquired his property by a life of industry and economy as a farmer, and though destitute himself of any peculiar advantages of education, he desired to facilitate the attainment of those advantages by others.

SHIP BUILDING IN MAINE.—The tonnage of new vessels built in Maine last year was 27,705 60 tons, being more than any other in the Union—consisting of 26 ships, 48 brigs, 68 schooners, and 3 steamboats.

NEW YORK AND VIRGINIA.—A select Committee of the Virginia House of Delegates have reported in favor of an inspection law, to prevent the citizens of New York from carrying off Virginia slaves in their vessels.

LOUISIANA.—An act has passed the Legislature of the State of Louisiana to authorize the taking of the sense of the people of that State as to the propriety of calling a convention of the people to alter its Constitution.

NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—This Institution has now 3,586 members. Its Library consists of 32,296 volumes, besides 115 periodicals and journals; both foreign and domestic.

NEW-YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS.—From the 22d annual report of this useful Institution, situated in Chambers st., it appears that the deposits during the year 1840 amounted to \$1,095,388. Number of deposits, 16,469; of which 4007 were by new depositors. Of the whole number, 1003 were domestic, 500 were laborers, 179 tailors, 172 sempstresses, 165 carpenters, 160 shoe-makers, &c., &c. There was drawn out during the year, in 13,687 sums, \$925,190.

THE McLEOD AFFAIR.—The British Colonist of Feb. 3 says that "Governor Arthur has forwarded despatches to the Governor General, and also to Mr. Fox, British Minister at Washington, in reference to the recent proceedings at Lockport in relation to this individual."

RAILROADS.—There are 3319 miles of railroad in use in the United States, constructed at a cost of \$86,000,000, and yielding an average of about 5 1/2 per cent.; 1802 miles more are in progress of completion; and the whole number of miles projected, including finished and unfinished, and routes examined, is nearly 10,000.

A FOREIGN CALL.—The Churchman states that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Doane has been invited to preach the Consecration sermon at the opening of the Rev. Dr. Hook's church, in Leeds, Eng., and that he will sail hence for that purpose in July.

THE Senate of Virginia is still engaged in discussing the propriety of electing another U. S. Senator this session.

MR. WEBSTER.—The Boston papers of Wednesday contain Mr. Webster's letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, in which he resigns the office of U. S. Senator; in consequence (of course) of having been appointed Secretary of State, by General Harrison. The resignation takes effect on the 22d inst. Mr. Webster has held the office which he now resigns for fourteen years. The letter is couched in plain, manly terms; and is just what would have been expected from such a man on such an occasion. It was presented to the Legislature by Gov. Davis on the 16th inst.

THE Small Note Bill passed the Virginia Senate on Tuesday by a large majority. An amendment was moved to relieve the mother banks from the requisition to redeem the issues of branches and vice versa, but the motion was defeated by 13 to 14. An amendment was adopted requiring the North Western Bank to accept the provisions of the bill, (which prohibits the issue of Post notes,) providing that if it refuses, its notes shall not be received in payment of dues to the Commonwealth.

## LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD SECOND NUMBER.

THE LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST NEWSPAPER EVER ISSUED—TO CONTAIN FORTY-FOUR COLUMNS OF PRINTED MATTER, EACH COLUMN ABOUT FOUR FEET IN LENGTH, SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

On the third day of March next we shall publish the second Number of the Leviathan New World; of which an edition of

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will be struck off—orders for TWENTY THOUSAND copies having already been received. From this fact, it will be apparent that even this immense edition will be insufficient to supply further orders from the country, unless they are speedily sent in; since, after the day of publication, it will be impracticable to meet a demand other than that which exists in the cities. Agents and individuals are therefore solicited to write immediately and specify the number of copies they wish forwarded.

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Also, a new story, by Miss Metford, author of Our Village, now first published.

Also, the best contents of the English Magazines for February, and new works, which will be received by the Boston steamer.

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### Married.

February 15, by Rev. S. D. Ferguson, Mr. William Wright and Miss Catharine Elizabeth Rogers.  
February 11, by Rev. A. Byrnes, Francis Evans and Catharine M. Cassidy.  
February 16, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Adolphus R. Fringle and Miss Susan H. Porter.

### Died.

At Fredonia, Chautauque Co., N. Y., on the 9th instant, at the residence of her brother-in-law, E. Winchester, Esq., SARAH ANN DAVENPORT, aged 34 years.  
At the same place and residence as above, on the 13th instant, of puerile sore throat, after an illness of only three or four days, Miss MARY D. STORV, in the 23d year of her age. The deceased were sisters, and the intelligence of their death reached their relatives in this city within two days of each other.  
In this city, February 13, Eliza Ann, wife of Dr. John G. Westmacott, in the 39th year of her age.  
February 13, Nelly Hoagland, wife of Jacob P. Roome, in the 63d year of her age.  
February 14, of consumption, George Giles James, of Somersetshire, Eng., in the 35th year of his age.  
February 14, widow Catharine Reeves.  
February 15, Lydia, wife of John Van Sice, in the 74th year of her age.  
February 14, Maria Prall, widow of Abraham Prall, and daughter of the late David Masterton.  
February 14, Eleanor, wife of Walter Murphy, aged 36.  
February 14, Timothy Connor, aged 41.  
February 15, William Alexander Blackie, aged 37.  
February 15, Malcolm Clark, a native of Scotland, aged 53.  
In Brooklyn, February 15, of consumption, Lyman T. Dwyer, in the 24th year of his age.





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WHOLE NUMBER 39.



THE PAWNBROKER.

## Heads of the People.

### THE PAWNBROKER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

There would seem a kind of ignominy in the calling of a Pawnbroker. He is the rejected of all men. Albeit he may be a thriving tradesman, a man of scrupulous dealing, and high moral purpose, he nevertheless enjoys no part of that general respect, unaffectedly and freely avowed by the customer towards other upright dealers. There appears to be a tacit compact in society, to affect an ignorance of the very existence of a Pawnbroker. His merits are never canvassed—no man has, or ever had, a personal knowledge of him. The reader shall confess to the truth of this. Men are prone to vaunt the rectitude, the talents of their tradesmen. "My wine-merchant," "My bootmaker," ever "My attorney;" but who ever yet startled the delicacy of a company, with "My Pawnbroker?" No; it is the fate of our subject to do what good he does unknown: in gloomy precincts, and often with low, muttering voice, to eke out his benevolence to the whispering, trembling, broken-hearted, bronze-faced, desperate suppliants, that, by turns, from the bolted privacy of his boxes—miserable pulpits, whence poverty and crime put up their prayers to Mammon—beg and demand the good man's courtesies. And save amongst the very poor—and of what worth are the praises of penury!—who trumpets forth the conscience, the fair-dealing of the Pawnbroker? "What a capital coat! Who's your tailor?" This is the frequent admiration—a common query. But who, missing the diamond from the finger of an acquaintance; who, seeing not the yard of glittering gold chain in its wonted place; who, though at the time he may need the services of a conscientious money-dealer—who thinks of venturing to the late possessor of the ring, "who is your Pawnbroker?"

The Pawnbroker of our day, vulgar and common-place as he is, has picturesque forefathers. The ancestry of Mammon is

"Mysteriously remote and high."

There were Pawnbrokers in Thebes—money-lenders, where now the jackal prowls, in Tadmor; but they were the Pawnbrokers for the rich—not the bankers for the poor: they in their houses heaped

"—pearls like pebble stones;  
Received them free, and sold them by the weight;  
Bags of sory opals, sapphires, amethysts,  
Jacinths, hard topas, grave-green emeralds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
And sold 'em soon costly stones."

The ancient Pawnbroker was a human harpy, living on human bowels: modern legislation hath pared his claws and cast about his calling the cloak of respectability. Indeed, the money-lending family have suffered great mutations, now trafficking openly with princes, and now sneaking, like spiders in dark corners, feeding on their victims.

Who that sees the snug, self-complacent modern—the Peter Jones Pawnbroker of Seven Dials—thinks of his great commercial ancestors, the Lombard merchants? More than five hundred years ago, they flourished in our city, and their name—musical as ringing gold—the synonym of wealth, still glides a city quarter.

The Pawnbroker hath suffered from the civilisation of mankind. Some century or two ago, and there was, indeed, a mystery in his dealings; now they are made open, exposed to the world, by the world's lanterns—the two houses of Parliament. The time was, when, at the mercy of the Levite, the poor man was eaten up at leisure; his poverty made him an outlaw, a vagabond to be destroyed piecemeal by usury. Now he knows at least the extent of his sacrifice, the loss defined and made manifest by the statutes. There was a secrecy in the dealings of the bygone money-lender; the tribe dwelt in holes and corners, carrying on their "dreadful trade" in nooks and cellars. They wrote up no "Money Lent," save what avarice had written in their faces; they exposed no symbols of their calling, save their breathing carcass. They sacrificed to Mammon as it were a forbidden shrine, and, amidst the world's distrust and bitterest contempt, filled their money-bags to bursting. Then the trade of the Pawnbroker, albeit the name was not, was unrecognised by the law, and the rate of interest varied with the mercy of the lender, who may have securely levied fifty, seventy per cent., though every leaf of his ledger was (the pious custom of the day) emblazoned with a *Lous Deo*! At length, the law stepped in; and in process of days the Pawnbroker became what he now is, a respectable, though, as we have before hinted, an unacknowledged tradesman. He lives not in the allowance of the men who compose what they call decent society; whilst the excellent people who wear diamonds, and dine off three courses, have never heard of the Pawnbrokers—save, indeed, in a novel or at a playhouse. No, though he may render the dearest service at the dearest time; though he may be the sole surviving, the only friend in need—none but the poor acknowledge the acquaintance of the Pawnbroker. Honest penury and careless vice feel no qualms, but give a "good den" to the tradesman; but a respectable man was never yet discovered to have known him. Believe it, worldly respectability may by accident have had acquaintanceship with convicted felony; nay, may blush not to own a past connection with some distinguished assassin, before the ferocity of the unfortunate man was found out: there is no peril to a man's name in such personal knowledge; on the contrary, it may for a time invest him with a very curious interest; but to know a Pawnbroker is fatal ignominy indeed. On this fact all men are so strongly united, that, we repeat it, no prudent, respectable person can know a Pawnbroker; for if he should confess to the knowledge, who, in the name of all the divinities respectable, who would continue to know him?

The Pawnbroker being made a common-place by the law; being divested of all his ancient, picturesque mysteriousness, and compelled by the unimaginative legislature,

to carry on his calling in the eye of the world—we are to consider him rather as one of a number, than as the sole object of our attention. He is only to be viewed as affected by the variety of his customers, as a part and portion of their necessities.

To the Pawnbroker, the civility almost essential to the thrift of other tradesmen, is wholly superfluous. He places no quickened shopman at the door, no tenacious solicitor of the lingering customer to enter and trade. Not he: he stands in his shop, the deputy of Mammon; his customers are not to be wheedled, coaxed, grinned at, protested to; he need not bow his back, or crush his face up into smiling wrinkles, at the hesitating purchaser. No; his customers—the people who contribute to him thirty per cent.—for the most part address him with a respectful meekness; many with a shame-faced hesitation, as though they begged his aid, the free-offering of his money, no pledge, no profitable hostage left. Other tradesmen make it part of their craft to presume the possession of wealth in their customers: to the Pawnbroker, they come, the best of them for the time, branded with the mark of necessity. How different that face—how different that sweet, meek countenance, from the face of five years since! It is a lady, a young creature, with sorrow at her heart; a fair thing, with that suffering, yet resigned look of grief, more profoundly touching than the wildest anguish. With the gentle, yet hesitating grace of the lady, and a faint smile at her lip, she presents a small trinket to the Pawnbroker: how different the money-lender's manner from the oppressive obsequiousness of the jeweller who, five years since, sold the locket to her! The tradesman, with a cold eye, turns over the trinket; whilst the woman—it is almost the last of her few ornaments, and there is poverty, and hungry babes at home—finds herself waiting, with stunted breath, the sentence of the Pawnbroker. At length he condescended to ask, "What do you want on this?" and—God help her!—her heart is eased at the condescension.

The Pawnbroker may, from the independence of his calling, by his exemption from the idle courtesies amissously cultivated by other tradesmen, be as jocular as his native wit will allow him with many of his well-known customers. Again and again he may crack his joke upon the coat withdrawn on the Saturday for the Sabbath wear, and duly returned to his safe guardianship on the Monday. Coats will wear out, the new will lose its gloss, and the Pawnbroker will have his joke upon the frailty of broad-cloth, and, joking, offer less and less upon the fading raiment. As for the wife, who for the twentieth time hath left the coat in pledge, she must good-humoredly fence with the wit of the Pawnbroker, who carries the pleasantry just as far as suits his humor, ending the parley with an emphatic avowal, not to lend a farthing more, gruffly bidding the woman "take the rag away." He knows she cannot take it away; and, therefore, she resignedly receives both the impertinence of the shopkeeper and the money he vouchsafes her. Strange, that tradesmen should so differ in manners! How very civil was Lubin Gosling, the tailor who made that coat!

The Pawnbroker is a sort of King Midas in a squalid neighborhood; he is a potentate sought by the poor, who bear with his jests, his insolence, his brutality: who, in tatters, bow down to him; and with want in all their limbs, with empty bellies and despairing hearts, make court to him, that he will be pleased to let them eat. What offerings are made to him! How is he prayed, implored, to see some value in that which he inexorably deems worthless; to coin, for a time, a shilling out of some miserable vestment—its owner stands shivering in the box for the want of it;—to advance sixpence on some household necessary. How can the Pawnbroker deal in the courtesies of trade? His daily petitioner is want, with tiger appetite, reckless, abandoned, self-doomed vice, and moody despair. Life to him is so often "turned the seamy side without," that he must needs be made callous by the hard nature of his calling. How is it possible to deal, to chaffer with hungry misery, beseeching for bread as though it were immortal manna, yet keep alive the natural sensibilities of the human heart? How can we drive a bargain with despair, turning the penny with the complacency of a stockbroker? How bate down wretchedness, how huckster with famine?—yet this is the daily business of the Pawnbroker! To him,

"The human heart is just one pound of flesh."

The shop is thronged: every box save one is full! What faces stare upon the man of money: how entreatingly the shopmen are besought—yet how noiselessly do they perform their duties! An hour may pass, and but a few low words spoken, with now and then the sound of money on the counter. Hush! How quickly that bolt was shot! The last box is filled. A lady entered it; and it is plain to be seen, that for the first time she is in the shop of a Pawnbroker. Poor thing! Affluence rocked her cradle: for time, as she grew up, waited on her lightest wish; the whole world was to her a fairy-ground. She never knew the touch of sorrow, and want was to her but a sound. She is now a wife; and comes, for the first time, with a piece of plate, that—for there is death hovering about her hearth—she may pay doctors' fees! She feels, as she pre-

sents the plate to the shopman, like a thief. The man glances at her. "Good God!" she thinks, "can he suspect such a thing?" The Pawnbroker gives the sum required, and the lady, with scorching face, hurries from the shop. But, oh! the feelings of shame and degradation that possessed her in those brief minutes! Terrible things have been written on dungeon walls; terrible, sickening evidences of human misery and human vice; but if on the partitions of these boxes could be writ the emotions of those who have waited near them, the writing would be no less fearful than that traced in the Bastille—graven in the Piombi.

That the Pawnbroker should fail to take rank with other tradesmen employed by the nobility, gentry, and public in general, arises from the wholesome disgust implanted in us of a show of poverty. A man may more safely confess to any moral want, than a want of money. Therefore, the Pawnbroker, though so often a benefactor of his race, lives unthanked, unacknowledged, but, happily for him, not unrewarded. Could the History of Pawning be faithfully written, and, after the fashion of the times, duly decked with portraits illustrative of the subject; we doubt not that the world would stare at the likenesses. How acquaintance might marvel at acquaintance! and how folks—such respectable people, too—would stand convicted of the heinous crime of having sometimes wanted a guinea.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, love," said Mrs. Argent to her husband—in the world's opinion they were folks of the very first respectability; they were accustomed to give such charming dinners, such pleasant, tasteful suppers—"I'll tell you what we'll do, when we get this lump of money."

"What shall we do, my love?" asked the quiet Mr. Argent.

"Why, my dear," replied his politic wife, "it's some time since we had any body, and so I propose, directly you get this money, that we take the plate out of pawn, and give a party!"

Could Harlequin, with a flourish of his wand, change the wooden partitions of the Pawnbroker's boxes into glass, how their tenants might stare at one another! How the thief, but newly escaped with the stolen watch, might leer at the lady about to deposit her repeater—how the fine gentleman start at costermonger.

At the first blush, there seems some fear that a writer who treats on this subject must suffer, in the world's opinion, from a conviction of his personal experience in the matter; but when it is remembered, that pamphlets on "the Corn Laws," "the Currency," &c., are every day published by men with no practical knowledge whatever of the theme on which they treat, it is modestly hoped by the writer of this paper that he shall be numbered amongst those ingenuous individuals.

## New Work by Boz.

### MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

PARTS LXI, LXII, LXIII, LXIV.

#### CHAPTER LXVI.

On awaking in the morning, Richard Swiveller became conscious by slow degrees of whispering voices in his room. Looking out between the curtains, he espied Mr. Garland, Mr. Abel, the notary and the single gentleman gathered round the Marchioness, and talking to her with great earnestness but in very subdued tones—fearing, no doubt, to disturb him. He lost no time in letting them know that this precaution was unnecessary, and all four gentlemen directly approached his bedside. Old Mr. Garland was the first to stretch out his hand, and inquire how he felt.

Dick was about to answer that he felt much better, though still as weak as need be, when his little nurse, pushing the visitors aside and pressing up to his pillow as if in jealousy of their interference, set his breakfast before him, and insisted on his taking it before he underwent the fatigue of speaking, or of being spoken to. Mr. Swiveller, who was perfectly ravenous, and had had, all night, amazingly distinct and consistent dreams of mutton chops, double stout, and similar delicacies, felt even the weak tea and dry toast such irresistible temptations, that he consented to eat and drink upon one condition.

"And that is," said Dick, returning the pressure of Mr. Garland's hand, "that you answer me this question truly before I take a bit or drop. Is it too late?"

"For completing the work you began so well last night?" returned the old gentleman, "No. Set your mind at rest upon that point. It is not, I assure you."

Comforted by this intelligence, the patient applied himself to his food with a keen appetite, though evidently not with a greater zest in the eating than his nurse appeared to have in seeing him eat. The manner of his meal was this:—Mr. Swiveller, holding the slice of toast or cup of tea in the left hand, and taking a bite or drink as the case might be, constantly kept, in his right, one palm of the Marchioness tight locked; and to shake, or even to kiss this imprisoned hand, he would stop every now and then, even in the act of swallowing, with perfect seriousness of intention, and the utmost gravity. As often as he put any thing into his mouth, whether for eating or drinking the face of the Marchioness lighted up beyond all description! but whenever he gave her one or the other of these tokens of recognition, her countenance became overshadowed, and she began to sob. Now, whether she was in her laughing joy or in her crying one, the Marchioness could not help turning to her visitors with an appealing look, which seemed to say, "You see this fellow—can I help this?"—and they being thus made, as it were, parties to the scene, as regularly answered by another look, "No. Certainly not." This dumb-show taking place during the whole of the invalid's breakfast, and the invalid himself, pale and emaciated, performing no small part in the same, it may be fairly questioned whether at any meal, where no word, good or bad was spoken from beginning to end, so much was expressed by gestures in themselves so slight and unimportant.

At length—and to say the truth before very long—Mr. Swiveller had despatched as much toast and tea as in that stage of his recovery it was discreet to let him have. But

the cares of the Marchioness did not stop here; for, disappearing for an instant and presently returning with a basin of fair water, she laved his face and hands, brushed his hair, and in short made him as spruce and smart as any body under such circumstances could be made; and all this in as brisk and business-like a manner, as if he were a very little boy, and she his grown up nurse. To these various attentions, Mr. Swiveller submitted in a kind of grateful amazement beyond the reach of language. When they were at last brought to an end, and the Marchioness had withdrawn into a distant corner to take her own poor breakfast (cold enough by that time) he turned his face away for some few moments and shook hands heartily with the air.

"Gentlemen," said Dick, rousing himself from this pause, and turning round again, "you'll excuse me. Men who have been brought so low as I have been, are easily fatigued. I am fresh again now, and fit for talking. We're short of chairs here, among other trifles, but if you'll do me the favor to sit upon the bed—"

"What can we do for you?" said Mr. Garland kindly. "If you could make the Marchioness yonder, a Marchioness, in real, sober earnest," returned Dick, "I'd thank you to get it done off-hand. But as you can't, and as the question is not what you will do for me, but what you will do for somebody else who has a better claim upon you, pray, sir, let me know what you intend doing."

"It's chiefly on that account that we have come just now," said the single gentleman, "for you will have another visitor presently. We feared you would be anxious unless you knew from ourselves what steps we intended to take, and therefore came to you before we stirred in the matter."

"Gentlemen," returned Dick, "I thank you. Any body in the helpless state that you see me in, is naturally anxious. Do n't let me interrupt you, sir."

"Then you see, my good fellow," said the single gentleman, "that while we have no doubt whatever of the truth of this disclosure, which has so providentially come to light—"

"Meaning here?" said Dick, pointing toward the Marchioness.

"—Meaning hers, of course. While we have no doubt of that, or that a proper use of it would procure the poor lad's immediate pardon and liberation, we have a great doubt whether it would, by itself, enable us to reach Quilp, the chief agent in this villany. I should tell you that this doubt has been confirmed into something very nearly approaching certainty by the best opinions we have been enabled, in this short space of time, to take upon the subject. You'll agree with us, that to give him even the most distant chance of escape, if we could help it, would be monstrous. You say with us, no doubt, if somebody must escape, let it be any one but he."

"Yes," returned Dick, "certainly. That is, if somebody must—but upon my word, I'm unwilling that any body should. Since laws were made for every degree, to curb vice in others as well as in me—and so forth you know—does n't it strike you in that light?"

The single gentleman smiled as if the light in which Mr. Swiveller put the question were not the clearest in the world, and proceeded to explain that they contemplated proceeding by stratagem in the first instance; and that their design was to endeavor to extort a confession from the gentle Sarah.

"When she finds how much we know, and how we know it," he said, "and that she is clearly compromised already, we are not without strong hopes that we may be enabled through her means to punish the other two effectually. If we could do that, she might go scot-free for aught I cared."

Dick received this project in any thing but a gracious manner, representing with as much warmth as he was then capable of showing, that they would find the old buck (meaning Sarah) more difficult to manage than Quilp himself—that for any tampering, terrifying, or cajolery, she was a very unpromising and unyielding subject—that she was a kind of brass not easily melted or moulded into shape—in short, that they were no match for her, and would be signally defeated. But it was in vain to urge them to adopt some other course. The single gentleman has been described as explaining their joint intentions, but it should have been written that they all spoke together; that if any one of them by chance held his peace for a moment, he stood gasping and panting for an opportunity to strike in again; in a word that they had reached that pitch of impatience and anxiety where men can neither be persuaded nor reasoned with; and that it would have been easier to turn the most impetuous wind that ever blew, than to prevail on them to reconsider their determination. So, after telling Mr. Swiveller how they had not lost sight of Kit's mother and the children; how they had never once even lost sight of Kit himself, but had been unremitting in their endeavors to procure a mitigation of his sentence; how they had been perfectly distracted between the strong proofs of his guilt, and their own fading hopes of his innocence; and how he, Richard Swiveller, might keep his mind at rest, for every thing should be happily adjusted between that time and night—after telling him all this, and adding a great many kind and cordial expressions, personal to himself, which it is unnecessary to recite, Mr. Garland, the notary, and the single gentleman, took their leave at a very critical time, or Richard Swiveller must assuredly have been driven into another fever, whereof the results might have been fatal.

Mr. Abel remained behind, very often looking at his watch and at the room door, until Mr. Swiveller was roused from a short nap, by the setting down on the landing-place outside, as from the shoulders of a porter, of some giant load, which seemed to shake the house, and make the little physic bottles on the mantle-shelf ring again. Directly this sound reached his ears, Mr. Abel started up, and hobbled to the door, and opened it; and behold! there stood a strong man, with a mighty hamper, which being hauled into the room and presently unpacked, disgorged such treasures of tea, and coffee, and wine, and rusks, and oranges, and grapes, and fowls ready trussed for boiling, and calves'-foot jelly, and arrow-root, and sago, and other delicate restoratives, that the small servant, who had never thought it possible that such things could be, except in shops, stood rooted to the spot in her one shoe, with her mouth and eyes watering in unison, and her power of speech quite gone. But not so Mr. Abel; or the strong man who opted the hamper, big as it was, in a

twinkling; and not so the nice old lady, who appeared so suddenly that she might have come out of the hamper too, (it was quite large enough,) and who, bustling about on tip-toe, and without noise—now here, now there, now everywhere at once—began to fill out the jelly in tea-cups, and to make chicken-broth in small sauce-pans, and to peel oranges for the sick man, and to cut them up in little pieces, and to ply the small servant with glasses of wine and choice bits of every thing until more substantial meat could be prepared for her refreshment. The whole of which appearances were so unexpected and bewildering, that Mr. Swiveller, when he had taken two oranges, and a little jelly, and had seen the strong man walk off with the empty basket, plainly leaving all that abundance for his use and benefit, was fain to lie down and fall asleep again, from sheer inability to entertain such wonders in his mind.

Meanwhile, the single gentleman, the Notary and Mr. Garland, repaired to a certain coffee-house, and from that place indicted and sent a letter to Miss Sally Brass, requesting her in terms mysterious and brief, to favor an unknown friend who wished to consult her, with her company there as speedily as possible. The communication did its errand so well, that in ten minutes of the messenger's return and report of its delivery, Miss Brass herself was announced.

"Pray, ma'am," said the single gentleman, whom she found alone in the room, "take a chair."

Miss Brass sat herself down in a very stiff and frigid state and seemed—as indeed she was—not a little astonished to find that the lodger and her mysterious correspondent, were one and the same person.

"You did not expect to see me?" said the single gentleman.

"I did n't think much about it," returned the beauty.

"I supposed it was a business of some kind or other. If it's about the apartments, of course you'll give my brother regular notice, you know—or money. That's very easily settled. You're a responsible party, and in such a case lawful money and lawful notice are pretty much the same."

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," retorted the single gentleman, "and quite concur in those sentiments. But that is not the subject on which I wish to speak to you."

"Oh!" said Sally. "Then just state the particulars, will you? I suppose it's a professional business?"

"Why, it is connected with the law, certainly."

"Very well," returned Miss Brass. "My brother and I are just the same. I can take any instructions, or give you any advice."

"As there are other parties interested besides myself," said the single gentleman, rising and opening the door of an inner room, "we had better confer together. Miss Brass is here, gentlemen!"

Mr. Garland and the Notary walked in, looking very gravely, and drawing up two chairs, one on each side of the single gentleman, formed a kind of fence round the gentle Sarah, and penned her into a corner. Her brother Sampson, under such circumstances, would certainly have evinced some confusion or anxiety, but she—all composure—pulled out the tin box and calmly took a pinch of snuff.

"Miss Brass," said the Notary, taking the word at this crisis, "we professional people understand each other, and, when we choose, can say what we have to say, in very few words. You advertised a runaway servant, the other day?"

"Well," returned Miss Sally, with a sudden flush overspreading her features, "what of that?"

"She is found, ma'am," said the Notary, pulling out his pocket handkerchief with a flourish, "She is found."

"Who found her?" demanded Sarah, hastily.

"We did, ma'am, we three. Only last night, or you would have heard from us before."

"And now I have heard from you," said Miss Brass, folding her arms resolutely, as though she were about to deny something to the death, "what have you got to say? Something you have got into your heads about her, of course. Prove it, will you—that's all. Prove it. You have found her, the most artful, lying, pilfering, and devilish little minx that was ever born. Have you got her here?" she added, looking sharply round.

"No, she is not here at present," returned the Notary.

"But she is quite safe."

"Ha!" cried Sally, twitching a pinch of snuff out of her box, as spitefully as if she were in the very act of wrenching off the small servant's nose; "she shall be safe enough from this time, I warrant you."

"I hope so," replied the Notary; "Did it not occur to you for the first time when you found she had run away, that there were two keys to your kitchen door?"

Miss Sally took another pinch, and putting her head on one side looked at her questioner with a curious kind of spasmodic about her mouth, but with a cunning aspect of immense expression.

"Two keys," repeated the Notary; "one of which gave her the opportunities of roaming through the house at nights when you supposed her fast locked up, and of overhearing confidential consultations—among others, that particular conference to be described to-day before a justice, which you will have an opportunity of hearing her relate; that conference which you and Mr. Brass held together on the night before that most unfortunate and innocent young man was accused of robbery, by a horrible device of which I will only say that it may be characterised by the epithets you have applied to this wretched little witness, and by a few stronger ones besides."

Sally took another pinch. Although her face was wonderfully composed, it was apparent that she had been taken by surprise, at that what she had expected to be taxed with, in connexion with her small servant, was something very different from this.

"Come, come, Miss Brass," said the Notary, "you have great command of feature, but you feel, I see, that by a chance which never entered your imagination, this base design is revealed, and two of its plotters must be brought to justice. Now, you know the pains and penalties you are liable to, and so I need not dilate upon them, but I have a proposal to make to you. You have the honor of being sister to one of the greatest scoundrels unhung; and, if I may venture to say so to a lady, you are in every respect quite worthy of him. But connected with you two is a third party, a villain of the name of Quilp, the prime mover of



the whole diabolical device, who I believe to be worse than either. For his sake, Miss Brass, do us the favor to reveal the whole history of this affair. Let me remind you that your doing so at our instance will place you in a safe and comfortable position—your present one is not desirable—and cannot injure your brother, for against him and you we have quite sufficient evidence (as you hear) already. I will not say to you that we suggest this course in mercy, (for, to tell you the truth, we do not entertain any regard for you) but it is a necessity to which we are reduced, and I recommend it to you as a matter of the very best policy. Time," said Mr. Witherden, pulling out his watch, "in a business like this, is exceedingly precious. Favor us with your decision as speedily as possible, ma'am."

With a smile upon her face, and looking at each of the three by turns, Miss Brass took two or three more pinches of snuff, and having by this time very little left, traveled round and round the box with her fore-finger and thumb, scraping up another. Having disposed of this likewise and put the box carefully in her pocket, she said—

"I am to accept or reject at once, am I?"

"Yes," said Witherden.

The charming creature was opening her lips to speak in reply, when the door was hastily opened, too, and the head of Sampson Brass was thrust into the room.

"Excuse me," said that gentleman hastily. "Wait a bit."

So saying, and quite indifferent to the astonishment his presence occasioned, he crept in, shut the door, kissed his greasy glove as servilely as if it were the dust, and made a most abject bow.

"Sarah," said Brass, "hold your tongue if you please, and let me speak. Gentlemen, if I could express the pleasure it gives me to see three such men in a happy unity of feeling and concert of sentiment, I think you would hardly believe me. But though I am unfortunate—nay, gentlemen, criminal, if we are to use harsh expressions in a company like this—still I have my feelings like other men. I have heard of a poet, who remarked that feelings were the common lot of all. If he could have been a pig, gentlemen, and have uttered that sentiment, he would still have been immortal."

"If you're not an idiot," said Miss Brass, harshly, "hold your peace."

"Sarah, my dear," returned her brother, "thank you. But I know what I am about, my love, and will take the liberty of expressing myself accordingly. Mr. Witherden, sir, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket—would you allow me to—"

As Mr. Brass advanced to remedy this accident, the Notary shrunk from him with an air of great disgust. Brass, who, over and above his usual prepossessing qualities, had a scratched face, a green shade over one eye, and a hat grievously crushed, stopped short, and looked round with a pitiful smile.

"He shuns me," said Sampson, "even when I would, as I may say, heap coals of fire upon his head. Well! Ah! But I am a falling house, and the rats (if I may be allowed the expression in reference to a gentleman that I respect and love beyond every thing) fly from me. Gentlemen—regarding your conversation just now. I happened to see my sister on her way here, and wondering where she could be going to, and being—may I venture to say?—naturally of a suspicious turn, followed her. Since then I have been listening."

"If you are not mad," interposed Miss Sally, "stop there, and say no more."

"Sarah, my dear," rejoined Brass, with undiminished politeness, "I thank you kindly, but will still proceed. Mr. Witherden, sir, as we have the honor to be members of the same profession—to say nothing of that other gentleman having been my lodger, and having partaken, as one may say, of the hospitality of my roof—I think you might have given me the refusal of this offer in the first instance. I do, indeed. Now, my dear sir," cried Brass, seeing that the notary was about to interrupt him, "suffer me to speak, I beg."

Mr. Witherden was silent, and Brass went on.

"If you will do me the favor," he said, holding up the green shade, and revealing an eye most horribly discolored, "to look at this, you will naturally inquire in your own minds how did I get it. If you look from that to my face, you will wonder what could have been the cause of all these scratches. And if from them to my hat, how it came into the state in which you see it? Gentlemen," said Brass, striking the hat fiercely with his clenched hand, "to all these questions I answer—Quilp."

The three gentlemen looked at each other, but said nothing.

"I say," pursued Brass, glancing aside at his sister, as though he were talking for her information, and speaking with a snarling malignity, in violent contrast to his usual smoothness, "that I answer to all these questions—Quilp—Quilp, who deludes me into his infernal den, and takes a delight in looking on and chuckling while I scorch and burn, and bruise, and maim myself—Quilp, who never once, no, never once, in all our communications together, has treated me otherwise than as a dog—Quilp, whom I have always hated with my whole heart, but never so much as lately. He gives me the cold shoulder on this very matter as if he had had nothing to do with it, instead of being the first to propose it. I can't trust him. In one of his howling, raving, blazing humors, I believe he'd let it out if it was murder, and never think of himself so long as he could terrify me. Now," said Brass, picking up his hat again, replacing the shade over his eye, and actually crouching down, in the excess of his servility, "what does all this lead me to?—what should you say it led me to, gentlemen?—could you guess at all near the mark?"

Nobody spoke. Brass stood smirking for a little while, as if he had propounded some choice conundrum; and then said:

"To be short with you, then, it leads me to this. If the truth has come out, as it plainly has, in a manner that there's no standing up against—and a very sublime and grand thing is Truth, gentlemen, in its way, though like other sublime and grand things, such as thunder storms and all that, we're not always over and above glad to see it—I had better turn upon this man than let this man turn upon me. It's clear to me that I am done for. Therefore, if anybody is to split, I shall better be the person and have the advantage of

it. Sarah, my dear, comparatively speaking, you're safe. I relate these circumstances for my own profit."

With that, Mr. Brass, in a great hurry, revealed the whole story; bearing as heavily as possible on his amiable employer, and making himself out to be rather a saint like and holy character, though subject—he acknowledged—to human weaknesses. He concluded thus:

"Now, gentlemen, I am not a man who does things by halves. Being in for a penny, I am ready, as the saying is, to be in for a pound. You must do with me what you please, and take me where you please. If you wish to have this in writing, we'll reduce it into manuscript immediately. You will be tender with me, I am sure. I am quite confident you will be tender with me. You are men of honor, and have feeling hearts. I yielded from necessity to Quilp, for though necessity has no law, she has her lawyers. I yield to you from necessity too; from policy besides: and because of feelings that have been a pretty long time working within me. Punish Quilp, gentlemen. Weigh heavily upon him. Grind him down. Tread him under foot. He has done as much by me for many and many a day."

Having now arrived at the conclusion of his discourse, Sampson checked the current of his wrath, kissed his glove again, and smiled as only parasites and cowards can.

"And this," said Miss Brass, raising her head, with which she had hitherto sat resting on her hands, and surveying him from head to foot with a bitter sneer, "this is my brother, is it? This is my brother that I have worked and toiled for, and believed to have had something of the man in him!"

"Sarah, my dear," returned Sampson, rubbing his hands feebly; "You disturb our friends. Besides you—you're disappointed, Sarah, and not knowing what you say, expose yourself."

"Yes, you pitiful dastard," retorted the lovely damsel, "I understand you. You feared that I should be beforehand with you. But do you think that I would have been enticed to say a word? I'd have scorned it, if they had tried and tempted me for twenty years."

"He, he!" simpered Brass, who in his deep debasement really seemed to have changed sexes with his sister, and to have made over to her any spark of manliness he might have possessed. "You think so, Sarah, you think so perhaps; but you would have acted quite different, my good fellow. You will not have forgotten that it was a maxim with Foxey—our reverend father, gentlemen—'Always suspect every body.' That's the maxim to go through life with! If you were not actually about to purchase your own safety when I showed myself, I suspect you'd have done it by this time. And therefore, I've done it myself, and spared you the trouble as well as the shame. The shame, gentlemen," added Brass, allowing himself to be slightly overcome, "if there is any, is mine. It's better that a female should be spared it."

With deference to the better opinion of Mr. Brass, and more particularly to the authority of his Great Ancestor, it may be doubted with humility whether the elevating principles laid down by the latter gentleman, and acted upon by his descendants, is always a prudent one, or attended in practice with the desired results. This is beyond question a bold and presumptuous doubt, inasmuch as many distinguished characters, called men of the world, long-headed customers, knowing dogs, shrewd fellows, capital hands at business, and the like, have made, and do daily make, this axiom their polar star and compass. Still the doubt may be gently insinuated. And in illustration it may be observed, that if Mr. Brass, not being over-suspicious, had, without prying and listening, left his sister to manage the conference on their joint behalf, or, prying and listening, had not been in such a mighty hurry to anticipate her (which he would not have done, but for his distrust and jealousy,) he would probably have found himself much better off in the end. Thus it will always happen that these men of the world, who go through it in armor, defend themselves from quite as much good as evil; to say nothing of the inconvenience and absurdity of mounting guard with a microscope at all times, and of wearing a coat of mail on the most innocent occasions.

The three gentlemen spoke together apart for a few moments. At the end of their consultation, which was very brief, the notary pointed to the writing materials on the table, and informed Mr. Brass that if he wished to make any statement in writing, he had an opportunity of doing so. At the same time he felt bound to tell him that they would require his attendance presently before a justice of the peace, and that in what he did or said, he was guided entirely by his own discretion.

"Gentlemen," said Brass, drawing off his gloves, and crawling in spirit upon the ground before them, "I will justify the tenderness with which I know I shall be treated; and as, without tenderness, I should, now that this discovery has been made, stand in the worse position of the three, you may depend upon it I shall make a clean breast. Mr. Witherden, sir, a kind of faintness is upon my spirits—if you would do me the favor to ring the bell and order up a glass of something warm and spicy, I shall, notwithstanding what has passed, have a melancholy pleasure in drinking your good health. I had hoped," said Brass, looking round with a mournful smile, "to have seen you three gentlemen one day or another with our legs under the mahogany in my humble parlor in the Marks. But hopes are fleeting. Dear me!"

Mr. Brass found himself so exceedingly affected at this point that he could say or do nothing more until some refreshment arrived. Having partaken of it pretty freely for one in his agitated state, he sat down to write.

The lovely Sarah, now with her arms folded, and now with her hands clasped behind her, paced the room with manly strides while her brother was thus employed, and sometimes stopped to pull out the snuff-box and bite the lid. She continued to pace up and down until she was quite tired, and then fell asleep on a chair near the door.

It has been since supposed, with some reason, that this slumber was a sham or feint, as she contrived to slip away unobserved in the dusk of the afternoon. Whether this was an intentional and waking departure, or a somnambulant leave-taking and walking in her sleep, may remain a subject of contention; but on one point (and indeed the main one) all parties are agreed. In whatever state she walked away, she certainly did not walk back again.

Mention having been made of the dusk of the afternoon, it will be inferred that Mr. Brass's task occupied some time in the completion. It was not finished until evening; but being done at last, that worthy and the three friends

adjourned in a hackney-coach to a private office of a Justice, who, giving Mr. Brass a warm reception and detaining him in a secure place that he might ensure to himself the pleasure of seeing him on the morrow, dismissed the others with the cheering assurance that a warrant could not fail to be granted next day for the apprehension of Mr. Quilp, and that a proper application and statement of all the circumstances to the secretary of state (who was fortunately in town) would no doubt procure Kit's free pardon and liberation without delay.

And now, indeed, it seemed that Quilp's malignant career was drawing to a close, and that retribution, which often travels slowly—especially when heaviest—had tracked his footsteps with a sure and certain scent, and was gaining on him fast. Unmindful of her stealthy tread, her victim holds his course in fancied triumph. Still at his heels she comes, and once afoot is never turned aside.

Their business ended, the three gentlemen hastened back to the lodgings of Mr. Swiveller, whom they found progressing so favorably on his recovery as to have been able to sit up for half an hour, and to have conversed with cheerfulness. Mrs. Garland had gone home some time since, but Mr. Abel was still sitting with him. After telling him all they had done, the two Mr. Garlands and the single gentleman, as if by some previous understanding, took their leave for the night, leaving the invalid alone with the notary and the small servant.

"As you are so much better," said Mr. Witherden, sitting down at the bedside, "I may venture to communicate to you a piece of news which has come to me professionally."

The idea of any professional intelligence from a gentleman connected with legal matters appeared to afford Richard anything but a pleasing anticipation. Perhaps he connected it in his own mind with one or two outstanding accounts, in reference to which he had already received divers threatening letters. His countenance fell as he replied.

"Certainly, sir. I hope it's not anything of a very disagreeable nature, though."

"If I thought it so, I should choose some better time for communicating it," replied the notary. "Let me tell you, first, that my friends who have been here to-day know nothing of it, and that their kindness to you has been quite spontaneous and with no hope of return. It may do a thoughtless, careless man good to know that."

Dick thanked him, and he hoped it would.

"I have been making some inquiries about you," said Mr. Witherden, "little thinking that I should find you under such circumstance as those which have brought us together. You are the nephew of Rebecca Swiveller, spinster, deceased, of Cheshelbourne, in Dorsetshire."

"Deceased!" cried Dick.

"Deceased. If you had been another sort of nephew, you would have come into possession (so says the will, and I see no reason to doubt it,) of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. As it is, you have fallen into an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year; but I think I may congratulate you even upon that."

"Sir," said Dick, sobbing and laughing together, "you may. For, please God, we'll make a scholar of the poor Marchioness yet! And she shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare, or may I never rise from this bed again!"

#### CHAPTER LXVII.

Unconscious of the proceedings faithfully narrated in the last chapter, and little dreaming of the mine which had sprung beneath him (for to the end that he should have no warning of the business afloat, the profoundest secrecy was observed in the whole transaction,) Mr. Quilp remained shut up in his hermitage; undisturbed by any suspicion, and extremely well satisfied with the result of his machinations. Being engaged in the adjustment of some accounts—an occupation to which the silence and solitude of his retreat were very favorable—he had not strayed from his den for two whole days. The third day of his devotion to this pursuit found him still hard at work, and little disposed to start abroad.

It was the next day after Mr. Brass's confession, and consequently that which threatened the restriction of Mr. Quilp's liberty, and the abrupt communication to him of some very unpleasant and unwelcome facts. Having no intuitive perception of the cloud which lowered upon his house, the dwarf was in his ordinary state of cheerfulness; and, when he found he was becoming too much engrossed by business, with a due regard to his health and spirits, he varied its monotonous routine with a little screeching, or howling, or some other innocent relaxation of that nature.

He was attended, as usual, by Tom Scott, who sat crouching over the fire after the manner of a toad, and from time to time, when his master's back was turned, imitated his grimaces with a fearful exactness. The figure-head had not yet disappeared, but remained in its old place. The face, horribly seared by the frequent application of the red hot poker, and further ornamented by the insertion in the tip of the nose of a tenpenny nail, yet smiled blandly in its less lacerated parts, but seemed, like a sturdy martyr, to provoke its tormentor to the commission of new outrages and insults.

The day, in the highest and brightest quarters of the town, was damp, dark, cold, and gloomy. In that low and marshy spot, the fog filled every nook and corner with a thick, dense cloud. Every object was obscured at one or two years' distance. The warning lights and fires upon the river were powerless beneath this pall, and but for a raw and piercing chilliness in the air, and now and then the cry of some bewildered boatman as he rested on his oars and tried to make out where he was, the river itself might have been miles away.

The mist, though sluggish and slow to move, was of a keenly searching kind. No muffling up in furs and broad-cloth kept it out. It seemed to penetrate into the very bones of the shrinking wayfarers, and to rack them with cold and pains. Every thing was wet and clammy to the touch. The warm blaze alone defied it, and leaped and sparkled merrily. It was a day to be at home, crowding about the fire, telling stories of revellers who had lost their way in such weather on heaths and moors; and to love a warm hearth more than ever.

The dwarf's humor, as we know, was to have a fireside to himself; and when he was disposed to be convivial, to enjoy himself alone. By no means inescapable to the com-

fort of being within doors, he ordered Tom Scott to pile the little stove with coals, and dismissing his work for that day, determined to be jovial.

To this end, he lighted up fresh candles and heaped more fuel on the fire; and having dined off a beef steak, which he cooked himself in somewhat of a savage and cannibal-like manner, brewed a great bowl of hot punch, lighted his pipe, and sat down to spend the evening.

At this moment a low knocking at the cabin-door arrested his attention. When it had been twice or thrice repeated, he softly opened the little window, and thrusting his head out, demanded who was there.

"Only me, Quilp," replied a woman's voice.

"Only you!" cried the dwarf, stretching his neck to obtain a better view of his visitor. "And what brings you here you jade? How dare you approach the ogre's castle, eh?"

"I have come with some news," rejoined his spouse. "Do n't be angry with me."

"Is it good news, pleasant news; news to make a man skip and snap his fingers?" said the dwarf. "Is the dear old lady dead?"

"I do n't know what news it is, or whether it's good or bad," rejoined his wife.

"Then she's alive," said Quilp, "and there's nothing the matter with her. Go home again, you bird of evil note, go home."

"I have brought a letter," cried the meek little woman.

"Toss it in at the window here, and go your ways," said Quilp, interrupting her, "or I'll go and scratch you."

"No, but please, Quilp—do hear me speak," urged his submissive wife, in tears. "Please do."

"Speak, then," growled the dwarf, with a malicious grin. "Be quick and short about it. Speak, will you?"

"It was left at our house this afternoon," said Mrs. Quilp, trembling, "by a boy who said he did n't know from whom it came, but that it was given him to leave, and that he was told to say it must be brought on to you directly, for it was of the very greatest consequence. But please," she added, as her husband stretched out his hand for it, "please let me in. You do n't know how wet and cold I am, or how many times I have lost my way in coming here through this thick fog. Let me dry myself at the fire for five minutes. I'll go away directly you tell me to, Quilp. Upon my word I will."

Her amiable husband hesitated for a few moments; but bethinking himself that the letter might require some answer, of which she could be the bearer, closed the window, opened the door, and bade her enter. Mrs. Quilp obeyed right willingly, and kneeling down before the fire to warm her hands, delivered into his a little packet.

"I'm glad your wet," said Quilp, snatching it, and squinting at her. "I'm glad you're cold. I'm glad you've lost your way. I'm glad your eyes are red with crying. It does my heart good to see your little nose so pinched and frosty."

"Oh Quilp!" sobbed his wife. "How cruel it is of you!"

"Did she think I was dead?" said Quilp, wrinkling his face into a most extraordinary series of grimaces. "Did she think she was going to have all the money, and to marry somebody she liked? Ha, ha, ha! Did she?"

These taunts elicited no reply from the poor woman, who remained on her knees, warming her hands and sobbing, to Mr. Quilp's great delight. But as he was contemplating her, and chuckling excessively, he happened to observe that Tom Scott was delighted too; whereof, that he might have no presumptuous partner in his glee, the dwarf instantly collared him, dragged him to the door, and after a short scuffle, kicked him into the yard. In return for this mark of attention, Tom immediately walked upon his hands to the window, and—if the expression be allowable—looked in with his shoes; besides rattling his feet upon the glass like a Banashie upside down. As a matter of course, Mr. Quilp lost no time in resorting to the infallible poker, with which, after some dodging and lying in ambush, he paid his young friend one or two such unequivocal complements that he vanished precipitately, and left him in quiet possession of the field.

"So! That little job being disposed of," said the dwarf coolly, "I'll read my letter. Humph!" he muttered, looking at the direction. "I ought to know this writing. Beautiful Sally!"

Opening it, he read in a fair, round, legal hand, as follows:

"Sammy has been practised upon, and has broken confidence. It has all come out. You had better not be in the way, for strangers are going to call upon you. They have been very quiet as yet, because they mean to surprise you. Don't lose time. I didn't. I am not to be found anywhere. If I was you, I wouldn't be, either. S. B. late of B. M."

To describe the changes that passed over Quilp's face as he read this letter over half a dozen times, would require some new language; such, for power of expression, as was never written or spoken. For a long time he did not utter one word; but after a considerable interval, during which Mrs. Quilp was almost paralysed with the alarm his looks engendered, he contrived to gasp out,

"—If I had him here. If I only had him here—"

"Oh Quilp!" said his wife, "what's the matter? Who are you angry with?"

"I should drown him," said the dwarf, not heeding her.

"Too easy a death, too short, too quick—but the river runs close at hand. Oh! If I had him here! Just to take him to the brink, coaxingly and pleasantly,—holding him by the button-hole—joking with him,—and with a sudden push, to send him splashing down! Drowning men come to the surface three times they say. Ah! To see him those three times, and to mock him in his face come bobbing up,—oh! what a rich treat that would be!"

"Quilp!" stammered his wife, venturing at the same time to touch him on the shoulder, "what has gone wrong?"

She was so terrified by the relish with which he pictured this pleasure to himself, that she could scarcely make herself intelligible.

"Such a bloodless ear!" said Quilp, rubbing his hands very slowly, and pressing them tight together. "I thought his cowardice and servility were the best guaranty for his keeping silence. Oh Brass, Brass—my dear, good, affec-

tionate, faithful, complimentary, charming friend—if I only had you here?"

His wife, who had retreated lest she should seem to listen to these mutterings, ventured to approach him again, and was about to speak, when he hurried to the door and called Tom Scott, who, remembering his late gentle admonition, deemed it prudent to appear immediately.

"There!" said the dwarf, pulling him in. "Take her home. Do n't come here to-morrow, for this place will be shut up. Come back no more till you hear from me or see me. Do you mind?"

Tom nodded sulkily, and beckoned Mrs. Quilp to lead the way.

"As for you," said the dwarf, addressing himself to her, "ask no questions about me, make no search for me, say nothing concerning me. I shall not be dead, mistress, and that'll comfort you. He'll take care of you."

"But, Quilp, what is the matter? Where are you going? Do say something more!"

"I'll say that," said the dwarf, seizing her by the arm, "and do that too, which, undone and unsaid would be best for you, unless you go directly."

"Has anything happened?" cried his wife. "Oh! Do tell me that."

"Yes," snarled the dwarf. "No. What matter which? I have told you what to do. Woe betide you if you fail to do it, or disobey me a hair breadth. Will you go?"

"I am going, I'll go directly; but," faltered his wife, "answer me one question first. Has this letter any connection with dear little Nell? I must ask you that—I must, indeed, Quilp. You cannot think what days and nights of sorrow I have had through having once deceived that child. I do n't know what harm I may have brought about, but, great or little, I did it for you, Quilp. My conscience misgave me when I did it. Do answer me this question, if you please."

The exasperated dwarf returned no answer, but turned round and caught up his usual weapon with such vehemence, that Tom Scott dragged his charge away by main force, and as swiftly as he could. It was well he did so, for Quilp, who was nearly mad with rage, pursued them to the neighboring lane, and might have prolonged the chase, but for the dense mist which obscured them from his view, and appeared to thicken every moment.

"It will be a good night for travelling anonymously," he said, as he returned slowly, being pretty well breathed with his run. "Stay. We may look better here. This is too hospitable and free."

By a great exertion of strength, he closed the two old gates, which were deeply sunken in the mud, and barred them with a heavy beam. That done, he shook his matted hair from about his eyes, and tried them. Strong and fast.

"The fence between this wharf and the next is easily climbed," said the dwarf, when he had taken these precautions. "There's a back lane too from there. That shall be my way out. A man need know his road well, to find it in this lovely place to-night. I need fear no unwelcome visitors while this lasts, I think."

Almost reduced to the necessity of groping his way with his hands, (it had grown so dark, and the fog had so much increased,) he returned to his lair; and after musing for some time over the fire, busied himself in preparations for a speedy departure.

While he was collecting a few necessities, and cramming them into his pockets, he never once ceased communing with himself in a low voice, or unclenched his teeth, which he had ground together on finishing Miss Brass's note.

"Oh, Sampson!" he muttered, "good, worthy creature—if I could but hug you! If I could only fold you in my arms, and squeeze your ribs, as I could squeeze them if I once had you right, what a meeting there would be between us! If we ever do cross each other again, Sampson, we'll have a greeting not easily to be forgotten, trust me. This time, Sampson, this moment when all had gone on so well, was so nicely chosen! It was so thoughtful of you, so penitent, so good. Oh, if we were face to face in this room again, my white-livered man of law, how well contented one of us would be!"

There he stopped; and raising the bowl of punch to his lips, drank a long, deep draught, as if it were fair water and cooling to his parched mouth. Setting it down abruptly, and resuming his preparations, he went on with his soliloquy.

"There's Sally," he said, with flashing eyes; "the woman has spirit, determination, purpose—was she asleep, or petrified? She could have stabbed him—poisoned him safely. She might have seen this coming on. Why does she give me notice when it's too late? When he sat there—yonder there, over there—with his white face, and red hair, and sickly smile, why did n't I know what was passing in his heart? It should have stopped beating that night, if I had been in his secret; or there are no drugs to lull a man to sleep, and no fire to burn him!"

Another draught from the bowl; and covering over the fire with a ferocious aspect, he muttered to himself again;

"And this, like every other trouble and anxiety I have had of late times, springs from that old dotard and his darling child, two wretched, feeble wanderers. I'll be their evil genius yet. And you, sweet Kit, honest Kit, virtuous, innocent Kit, look to yourself. Where I hate, I bite. I hate you, my darling fellow, with good cause, and proud as you are, to-night I'll have my turn. What's that?"

A knocking at the gate he had closed. A loud and violent knocking—then a pause—as if those who knocked, had stopped to listen. Then the noise again, more clamorous and importunate than before.

"So soon!" said the dwarf. "And so eager! I am afraid I shall disappoint you. 'It's well I'm quite prepared. Sally, I thank you!'"

As he spoke, he extinguished the candle. In his impetuous attempts to subdue the brightness of the fire, he overset the stove, which came tumbling forward, and fell with a crash upon the burning embers it had shot forth in its descent, leaving the room in pitchy darkness. The noise at the gate still continuing, he felt his way to the door, and stepped into the open air.

At that moment the knocking ceased. It was about eight o'clock; but the dead of the darkest night would have been as noon-day, in comparison with the thick cloud which then rested upon the earth, and shrouded every thing from view. He darted forward a few paces, as if into the mouth of some dim, yawning cavern; then, thinking he had gone

wrong, changed the direction of his steps; then stood still, not knowing how to turn.

"If they would knock again," said Quilp, trying to peer into the gloom by which he was surrounded, "the sound might guide me. Come. Batter the gate once more!"

He stood listening intently, but the noise was not renewed. Nothing was to be heard in that deserted place, but at intervals the distant barking of dogs. The sound was far away—now in one quarter, now answered in another—nor was it any guide, for it often came from shipboard, as he knew.

"If I could find a wall or fence," said the dwarf, stretching out his arms, and walking slowly on, "I should know which way to turn. A good, black devil's night this, to have my dear friend here. If I had but that wish, it might, for any thing I cared, never be day again."

As the word passed his lips, he staggered and fell; and the next moment was fighting with the cold dark water.

For all its bubbling up and rushing in his ears, he could hear the knocking at the gate again—could hear a shout that followed it—could recognize the voice. For all his struggling and plashing, he could understand that they had lost their way, and had wandered back to the point from which they started; that they were all but looking on while he was drowning; that they were close at hand, but could not make an effort to save him; that he himself had shut and barred them out. He answered the shout—with a yell that seemed to make the hundred fires that danced before his eyes tremble and flicker as if a gust of wind had stirred them. It was of no avail. The strong tide filled his throat, and bore him on, upon its rapid current.

Another mortal struggle, and he was up again, beating the water with his hands, and looking out with wild and glaring eyes that showed him some black object he was drifting close upon. The hull of a ship! He could touch its smooth and slippery surface with his hand. One loud cry now—but the resistless water bore him down before he could give it utterance, and, driving him under it, carried away a corpse.

It toyed and sported with its ghostly freight, now bruizing it against the slimy piles, now hiding it in mud or long rank grass, now dragging it heavily over rough stones and gravel, now feigning to yield it to its own element, and in the same action luring it away, until, tired of the ugly plaything, it flung it on a swamp—a dismal place where pirates had swung in chains, through many a wintry night—and left it there to bleach.

And there it lay, alone. The sky was red with flame, and the water that bore it there had been tinged with the sullen light as it flowed along. The place the deserted carcass had left so recently, a living man, was now a blazing ruin. There was something of the glare upon its face. The hair, stirred by the damp breeze, playing in a kind of mockery of death—such a mockery as the dead man himself would have revealed in when alive—about its head, and its dress fluttered idly in the night wind.

#### CHAPTER LXVIII.

Lighted rooms, bright fires, cheerful faces, the music of glad voices, words of love and welcome, warm hearts, and tears of happiness—what a change is this! But it is to such delights that Kit is hastening. They are awaiting him, he knows. He fears he will die of joy before he gets among them.

They have prepared him for this, all day. He is not to be carried off to-morrow with the rest, they tell him first. By degrees they let him know that doubts have arisen, that inquiries are to be made, and perhaps he may be pardoned after all. At last, the evening being come, they bring him to a room where some gentlemen are assembled. Foremost among them is his good old master, who comes and takes him by the hand. He hears that his innocence is established, and that he is pardoned. He cannot see the speaker, but he turns toward the voice, and, in trying to answer, falls down insensible.

They recover him again, and tell him he must be combed, and bear this like a man. Somebody says he must think of his poor mother. It is because he does think of her so much, that the happy news had overpowered him. They crowd about him, and tell him that the truth has gone abroad, and that all the town and country ring with sympathy for his misfortunes. He has no ears to this. His thoughts as yet have no wider range than home. Does she know it?—what did she say who told her? He can speak of nothing else.

They make him drink a little wine, and talk kindly to him for a while, until he is more collected, and can listen, and thank them. He is free to go. Mr. Garland thinks, if he feels better, it is time they went away. The gentlemen cluster round him, and shake hands with him. He feels very grateful to them for the interest they have in him, and for the kind promises they make; but the power of speech is gone again, and he has much ado to keep his feet, even though leaning on his master's arm.

As they pass through the dismal passes, some officers of the jail who are in waiting there, congratulate him in their rough way on his release. The newsmonger is of the number, but his manner is not quite hearty—there is something of surliness in his compliments. He looks upon Kit as an intruder, as one who has obtained admission to that place on false pretences; who has enjoyed a privilege without being duly qualified. He may be a very good sort of a young man, he thinks, but he has no business there, and the sooner he is gone, the better.

The last door shuts behind him. They have passed the outer wall, and stand in the open air—in the street he has so often pictured to himself when hemmed in by those gloomy stones, and which has been in all his dreams. It seems wider and more busy than it used to be. The night is bad, and yet how cheerful and gay in his eyes! One of the gentlemen, in taking leave of him, pressed some money into his hand. He has not counted it; but when they have gone a few paces beyond the box for poor prisoners, he hastily returns and drops it in.

Mr. Garland has a coach waiting in a neighboring street, and taking Kit inside with him, bids the man drive home. At first they can only travel at a foot pace, and then with torches going on before, because of the heavy fog. But as they get further from the river, and leave the closer portions of the town behind, they are able to dispense with this precaution and to proceed at a brisker rate. On the road, hard galloping would be too slow for Kit, but when they



are drawing near their journey's end, he begs they may go more slowly, and when the house appears in sight, that they may stop—only for a minute or two, to give him time to breathe.

But there is no stopping then, for the old gentleman speaks stoutly to him, the horses mend their pace, and they are already at the garden-gate. Next minute they are at the door. There is a noise of tongues, and tread of feet, inside. It opens. Kit rushes in, and finds his mother clinging round his neck.

And there, too, is the ever faithful Barbara's mother, still holding the baby as if she had never put it down since that sad day when they little hoped to have such joy as this—there she is, heaven bless her, crying her eyes out and sobbing as never woman sobbed before; and there is little Barbara—poor little Barbara, so much thinner, and so much paler, and yet so very pretty—trembling like a leaf and supporting herself against the wall: and there is Mrs. Garland, neater and nicer than ever, fainting away stone dead with nobody to help her; and there is Mr. Abel, violently blowing his nose, and wanting to embrace everybody; and there is the single gentleman hovering round them all, and constant to nothing for an instant; and there is that good, dear, thoughtful little Jacob, sitting all alone by himself on the bottom stair, with his hands on his knees like an old man, roaring fearfully without giving any trouble to any body; and each and all of them are for the time clean out of their wits, and do jointly and severally commit all manner of follies.

And even when the rest have in some measure come to themselves again, and can find words and smiles, Barbara—that soft-hearted, gentle, foolish little Barbara—is suddenly missed, and found to be in a swoon by herself in the back parlor, from which swoon she falls into hysterics, and from which hysterics into a swoon again, and is, indeed, so bad, that, despite a mortal quantity of vinegar and cold water, she is hardly a bit better at last than she was at first. Then Kit's mother comes in and says, will he come and speak to her; and Kit says "Yea," and goes; and he says in a kind voice "Barbara!" and Barbara's mother tells her that "it's only Kit;" and Barbara says (with her eyes closed all the time) "Oh! but is it him indeed?" and Barbara's mother says "To be sure it is, my dear; there's nothing the matter now." And in further assurance that he's safe and sound, Kit speaks to her again; and then Barbara goes off into another fit of laughter, and then into another fit of crying;—and then Barbara's mother and Kit's mother nod to each other, and then pretend to scold her—but only to bring her to herself the faster, bless you—and being experienced matrons, and acute at perceiving the first dawning symptoms of recovery, they comfort Kit with the assurance that "she'll do now," and so dismiss him to the place whence he came.

Well! In that place (which is the next room) there are decanters of wine, and all that sort of thing, set out as grand as if Kit and his friends were first-rate company; and there is little Jacob, walking, as the popular phrase is, into a homemade plumb cake at a most surprising pace, and keeping his eye on the figs and oranges which are to follow, and making the best use of his time you may well believe. Kit no sooner comes in, than that single gentleman (never was such a busy gentleman) charges all the glasses—bumpers—and drinks his health, and tells him he shall never want a friend while he lives; and as does Mr. Garland, so does Mrs. Garland, and so does Mr. Abel. But even this honor and distinction is not all, for the single gentleman forthwith pulls out of his pocket a massive silver watch, going hard, and right to half a second—and upon the back of this is engraved Kit's name, with flourishes all over; and in short it is Kit's watch, bought expressly for him, and presented to him on the spot. You may rest assured that Mr. and Mrs. Garland can't help hinting about their present in store, and that Mr. Abel tells outright that he has his; and that Kit is the happiest of the happy.

There is one friend he has not seen yet, and as he cannot be conveniently introduced into the family circle, by reason of his being an iron-shod quadruped, Kit takes the first opportunity of slipping away and hurrying to the stable. The moment he lays his hand upon the latch, the pony neighs the loudest pony's greeting; before he has crossed the threshold, the pony is capering about his loose box (for he brooks not the indignity of a halter), mad to give him welcome; and when Kit goes up to caress and pat him, the pony rubs his nose against his coat, and fondles him more lovingly than ever pony fondled man. It is the crowning circumstance of his earnest, heartfelt reception, and Kit fairly puts his arm round Whisker's neck and hugs him.

But how comes Barbara to trip in there? and how smart she is again! she has been at her glass since she recovered. How comes Barbara in the stable, of all places in the world? Why, since Kit has been away, the pony would take his food from no body but her, and Barbara, you see, not dreaming Christopher was there, and just looking in to see that every thing was right, has come upon him unawares. Blushing little Barbara!

It may be that Kit has caressed the pony enough; it may be that there are even better things to caress than ponies. He leaves him for Barbara, at any rate, and hopes she is better. Yes, Barbara is a great deal better. She is afraid—and here Barbara looks down and blushes more—that he must have thought her very foolish. "Not at all," says Kit. Barbara is glad of that, and coughs—Hem!—just the slightest cough possible—not more than that.

What a discreet pony, when he chooses! He is as quiet now as if he were of marble. He has a very knowing look, but that he always has. "We have hardly had time to shake hands, Barbara," says Kit. Barbara gives him hers. Why, she is trembling now! Foolish, fluttering Barbara! Arm's length! The length of an arm is not much. Barbara's was not a long arm by any means; and, besides, she did not hold it out straight, but bent a little. Kit was so near her when they shook hands that he could see a small, tiny tear yet trembling on an eyelash. It was natural that he should look at it, unknown to Barbara. It was natural that Barbara should raise her eyes unconsciously and find him out. Was it natural that at that instant without any previous impulse or design, Kit should kiss Barbara? He did it, whether or no. Barbara said "For shame," but let him do it too—twice. He might have done it thrice, but the pony kicked up his heels and shook his head, as if he were suddenly taken with convulsions of delight, and Barbara, being frightened, ran away—not straight to where her

mother and Kit's mother were though, lest they should see how red her cheeks were, and should ask her why. Sly little Barbara!

When the first transports of the whole party had subsided, and Kit and his mother, and Barbara and her mother, with little Jacob and the baby to boot, had had their suppers together—which there was no hurrying over, for they were going to stop there all night—Mr. Garland called Kit to him, and, taking him into a room where they could be alone, told him that he had something yet to say, which would surprise him greatly. Kit looked so anxious and turned so pale on hearing this that the old man hastened to add he would be agreeably surprised, and asking him if he would be ready next morning for a journey.

"For a journey, sir?" cried Kit.

"In company with me and my friend in the next room. Can you guess its purpose?"

Kit turned paler yet, and shook his head.

"Oh yes! I think you do already," said his master.

"Try."

Kit murmured something rather rambling and unintelligible, but he plainly pronounced the words "Miss Nell" three or four times—shaking his head while he did so, as if he would add there was no hope of that.

But Mr. Garland, instead of saying "Try again," as Kit had made sure he would, told him very seriously that he had guessed right.

"The place of their retreat is indeed discovered," he said, "at last; and that is our journey's end."

Kit faltered out such questions as where it was, and how had it been found, and how long since, and was she well, and happy.

"Happy she is, beyond all doubt," said Mr. Garland; "and well, I—I trust she will be soon. She has been weak and ailing, as I learn, but she was better when I heard this morning, and they were full of hope. Sit you down, and you shall hear the rest."

Scarcely venturing to draw a breath, Kit did as he was told. Mr. Garland then related to him how he had a brother, (of whom he would remember to have heard him speak, and whose picture, taken when he was a young man, hung in the best room,) and how this brother lived a long way off in a country seat, with an old clergyman who had been his early friend. How, although they loved each other as brothers should, they had not met for many years, but had communicated by letter from time to time, always looking forward to some period when they would take each other by the hand once more, and still letting the Present time steal on, as it was the habit of men to do, and suffering the Future to melt into the Past. How this brother, whose temper was very mild and quiet and retiring—such as Mr. Abel's—was greatly beloved by the simple people among whom he dwelt, who quite revered the bachelor, (for they so called him,) and every one had experienced his charity and benevolence. How even these slight circumstances had come to his knowledge very slowly, and in course of years, for the bachelor was one of those whose goodness shuns the light, and who have more pleasure in discovering and extolling the good deeds of others, than in trumpeting their own, be they ever so commendable. How, for that reason, he seldom told them to his village friends; but how, for all that, his mind had become so full of two among them—a child and an old man, to whom he had been very kind—that in a letter, received a few days before, he had dwelt upon them from first to last, and had told there such a tale of their wanderings and mutual love that few could read it without being moved to tears. How he, the recipient of that letter, was directly led to the belief that these must be the very wanderers for whom so much search had been made, and whom Heaven had directed to his brother's care. How he had written for such further information as would put the fact beyond all doubt; how it had that morning arrived; had confirmed his first impression into a certainty; and was the immediate cause of that journey being planned which they were to take to-morrow.

"In the mean time," said the old gentleman, rising and laying his hand on Kit's shoulder, "you have great need of rest, for such a day as this would wear out the strongest man. Good night, and Heaven send our journey may have a prosperous ending!"

#### CHAPTER LXIX.

Kit was no sluggard next morning, but springing from his bed some time before day, began to prepare for his welcome expedition. The hurry of spirits consequent upon the events of yesterday, and the unexpected intelligence he had heard at night, had troubled his sleep through the long dark hours, and summoned such uneasy dreams about his pillow that it was rest to rise.

But had it been the beginning of some great labor with the same end in view—had it been the commencement of a long journey, to be performed on foot in that inclement season of the year; to be pursued under every privation and difficulty; and to be achieved only with great distress, fatigue, and suffering—had it been the dawn of some painful enterprise, certain to task his utmost powers of resolution and endurance, and to need his utmost fortitude, but only likely to end, if happily achieved, in good fortune and delight to Nell—Kit's cheerful zeal would have been as highly roused, Kit's ardor and impatience would have been at least the same.

Nor was he alone excited and eager. Before he had been up a quarter of an hour the whole house, where astir and busy. Every body hurried to do something toward facilitating the preparations. The single gentleman, it is true, could do nothing himself, but he overlooked everybody else, and was more locomotive than anybody. The work of packing and making ready went briskly on, and by day-break every preparation for the journey was completed. Then Kit began to wish they had not been quite so nimble; for the travelling-carriage, which had been hired for the occasion, was not to arrive until nine o'clock, and there was nothing but breakfast to fill up the intervening blank of one hour and a half.

Yes there was, though. There was Barbara. Barbara was busy, to be sure, but so much the better—Kit could help her, and that would pass away the time better than any means that could be devised. Barbara had no objection to this arrangement, and Kit, tracing out the idea which had come upon him so suddenly overnight, began to think that surely Barbara was fond of him, and surely he was fond of Barbara.

Now, Barbara, if the truth must be told—as it must and ought to be—Barbara seemed, of all the little household, to take least pleasure in the bustle of the occasion; and when Kit, in the openness of his heart, told her how glad and overjoyed it made him, Barbara became more downcast still, and seemed to have even less pleasure in it than before!

"You have not been home so long, Christopher," said Barbara—and it is impossible to tell how carelessly she said it—"You have not been home so long, that you need be glad to go away again, I should think."

"But for such a purpose," returned Kit. "To bring back Miss Nell! To see her again! Only think of that! I am so pleased too to think that you will see her, Barbara, at last."

Barbara did not absolutely say that she felt no great gratification on this point, but she expressed the sentiment so plainly by one little toss of her head, that Kit was quite disconcerted, and wondered in his simplicity why she was so cool about it.

"You'll say she has the sweetest and beautiful face you ever saw, I know," said Kit, rubbing his hands. "I'm sure you'll say that!"

Barbara tossed her head again.

"What's the matter, Barbara?" said Kit.

"Nothing," cried Barbara. And Barbara pouted—not sulkily, or in an ugly manner, but just enough to make her look more cherry-lipped than ever.

There is no school in which a pupil gets on so fast, as that in which Kit became a scholar when he gave Barbara the kiss. He saw what Barbara meant now—he had his lesson by heart all at once—she was the book—there it was before him as plain as print.

"Barbara," said Kit, "you're not cross with me?"

Oh dear no! Why should Barbara be cross? And what right had she to be cross? And what did it matter whether she was cross or no? Who minded her?

"Why, I do," said Kit. "Of course I do."

Barbara did not see why it was of course, at all.

Kit was sure she must. Would she think again?

Certainly, Barbara would think. No, she did not see why it was of course. She did not understand what Christopher meant. And, besides, she was sure they wanted her up stairs by this time, and she must go, indeed—

"No, but Barbara," said Kit, detaining her gently, "let us part friends. I was always thinking of you, in my troubles. I should have been a great deal more miserable than I was, if it had not been for you."

Goodness gracious! how pretty Barbara was when she colored—and when she trembled, like a little shrinking bird!

"I am telling you the truth, Barbara, upon my word, but not half so strong as I could wish," said Kit, earnestly. "When I want you to be pleased to see Miss Nell, it's only because I should like you to be pleased with what pleases me—that's all. As to her, Barbara, I think I could almost die to do her service, but you would think so too if you knew her as I do. I am sure you would."

Barbara was touched, and sorry to have appeared indifferent.

"I have been used, you see," said Kit, "to talk and think of her, almost as if she was an angel. When I look forward to meeting her again, I think of her smiling as she used to do, and being glad to see me, and putting out her hand, and saying, 'It's my own old Kit,' or some such words as those—like what she used to say. I think of seeing her happy, and with friends about her, and brought up as she deserves, and as she ought to be. When I think of myself, it's as her old servant; and one that loved her dearly, as his kind, good, gentle mistress; and who would have gone—yes, and still would go—through any harm to serve her. Once I could not help being afraid that if she came back with friends about her she might forget, or be ashamed of having known, a humble lad like me, and so speak coldly, which would have cut me, Barbara, deeper than I can tell. But when I came to think again, I felt sure that I was doing her wrong in this; and so I went on as I did at first, hoping to see her once more, just as she used to be. Hoping this, and remembering what she was, has made me feel as if I would always try to please her, and always be what I should like to seem to her if I was still her servant. If I'm the better for that—and I do not think I'm the worse—I am grateful to her for it; and love and honor her the more. That's the plain, honest truth, dear Barbara, upon my word it is!"

Little Barbara was not of a wayward or capricious nature, but being full of remorse, melted into tears. To what further observations this might have led, we need not stop to inquire; for the wheels of the carriage were heard at that moment, and, being followed by a smart ring at the garden gate, caused the bustle in the house, which had laid dormant for a short time, to burst again into tenfold life and vigor.

Simultaneously with the travelling equipage, arrived Mr. Chuckster in a hackney cab, with certain papers and supplies of money for the single gentleman, into whose hands he delivered them. This duty discharged, he subsided into the bosom of the family and, entertaining himself with a strolling or peripatetic breakfast, watched with a gentle indifference the process of loading the carriage.

"Snobby's in this I see, sir?" he said to Mr. Abel Garland. "I thought he was not in the last trip because it was expected that his presence would not be very acceptable to the ancient huffalo."

"To whom sir?" demanded Mr. Abel.

"To the old gentleman," returned Mr. Chuckster, slightly abashed.

"Our client prefers to take him now," said Mr. Abel, drily. "There is no longer any need for that precaution, as my father's relationship to a gentleman in whom the objects of his search have full confidence, will be a sufficient guarantee for the friendly nature of their errand."

"Ah!" thought Mr. Chuckster, looking out of the window, "anybody but me! Snobby before me, of course. He didn't happen to take that particular five-pound note, but I have not the smallest doubt he's always up to something of that sort. I always said it, long before this came out. Devilish pretty girl that! 'Pon my soul, an amazing little creature!"

Barbara was the subject of Mr. Chuckster's commendations; and as she was lingering near the carriage (all be-

ing now ready for its departure), that gentleman was suddenly seized with a strong interest in the proceedings, which impelled him to swagger down the garden, and take up his position at a convenient ogling distance. Having had great experience of the sex, and being perfectly acquainted with all those little artifices which find the readiest road to their hearts, Mr. Chuckster, on taking his ground, planted one hand on his hip, and with the other adjusted his flowing hair. This is a favorite attitude in the polite circles, and accompanied with a graceful whistling has been known to do immense execution.

Such, however, is the difference between town and country, that nobody took the smallest notice of this insinuating figure; the wretches being wholly engaged in bidding the travellers farewell, in kissing hands to each other, waving handkerchiefs, and the like tame and vulgar practices. For now the single gentleman and Mr. Garland were in the carriage, and the postboy was in the saddle, and Kit, well wrapped and muffled up, was in the rumble behind; and Mrs. Garland was there, and Mr. Abel was there, and Kit's mother was there, and little Jacob was there, and Barbara's mother was visible in remote perspective, nursing the ever wakeful baby; and all were nodding, beckoning, curtsying, or crying out "Good bye!" with all the energy they could express.

In another minute, the carriage was out of sight; and Mr. Chuckster remained alone upon the spot where it had lately been, with a vision of Kit standing up in the rumble waving his hand to Barbara, and of Barbara in the full light and lustre of his eyes—his eyes—Chuckster's—Chuckster the successful—on whom ladies of quality had looked with favor from phaetons in the parks on Sundays—waving hers to Kit!

How Mr. Chuckster, entranced by this monstrous fact, stood for some time rooted to the earth, protesting within himself that Kit was the Prince of felonious characters, and very Emperor or Great Mogul of Snobs, and how he clearly traced this revolting circumstance back to that old villainy of the shilling, are matters foreign to our purpose; which is, to track the rolling wheels, and bear the travellers company on their cold, bleak journey.

It was a bitter day. A keen wind was blowing, and rushed against them fiercely; bleaching the hard ground, shaking the white frost from the trees and hedges, and whirling it away like dust. But little cared Kit for weather. There was a freedom and freshness in the wind, as it came howling by, which, let it cut never so sharp, was welcome. As it swept on with its cloud of frost, bearing down the dry twigs and boughs and withered leaves, and carrying them away pell-mell, it seemed as though some general sympathy had got abroad, and every thing was in a hurry like themselves. The harder the gusts, the better progress they appeared to make. It was a good thing to go struggling and fighting forward, vanquishing them one by one; to watch them driving up, gathering strength and fury as they came along; to bend for a moment, as they whistled past; and then to look back and see them speed away; their hoarse noise dying in the distance, and the stout trees cowering down before them.

All day long it blew without cessation. The night was clear and starlight, but the wind had not fallen, and the cold was piercing. Sometimes—toward the end of a long stage—Kit could not help wishing it were a little warmer; but when they stopped to change horses, and he had had a good run; and what with that, and the bustle of paying the old postillion, and rousing the new one, and running to and fro again until the horses were put to, he was so warm that the blood tingled and smarted in his fingers' ends; then he felt as if to have it one degree less cold would be to lose half the delight and glory of the journey: and up he jumped again right cheerily, singing to the merry music of the wheels as they rolled away, and, leaving the town's people in their warm beds, pursued their course along the lonely road.

Meantime the two gentlemen inside, who were little disposed to sleep, beguiled the time with conversation. As both were anxious and expectant, it naturally turned upon the subject of their expedition, on the manner in which it had been brought about, and on the hopes and fears they entertained respecting it. Of the former they had many; of the latter few—none perhaps beyond that indefinable uneasiness which is inseparable from suddenly awakened hope, and protracted expectation.

In one of the pauses of their discourse, and when half the night had worn away, the single gentleman, who had gradually become more and more silent and thoughtful, turned to his companion and said abruptly:

"Are you a good listener?"

"Like most other men, I suppose," returned Mr. Garland, smiling. "I can be if I am interested; and if not interested, I should still try to appear so. Why do you ask?"

"I have a short narrative on my lips," rejoined his friend, "and will try you with it. It is very brief."

Pausing for no reply, he laid his hand on the old gentleman's sleeve, and proceeded thus:

"There were once two brothers, who loved each other dearly. There was a disparity in their ages—some twelve years. I am not sure but they may insensibly have loved each other the better for that reason. Wide as the interval between them was, however, they became rivals too soon. The deepest and strongest affection of both their hearts settled upon one object.

"The youngest—there were reasons for his being sensitive and watchful—was the first to find this out. I will not tell you what misery he underwent, what agony of soul he knew, how great his mental struggle was. He had been a sickly child. His brother, patient and considerate in the midst of his own high health and strength, had many and many a day denied himself the sports he loved, to sit beside his coach, telling him old stories till his pale face lighted up with an unwonted glow; to carry him in his arms to some green spot, where he could tend the poor pensive boy as he looked upon the bright summer day, and saw all nature healthy but himself; to be in any way his fond but faithful nurse. I may not dwell on all he did, to make the poor, weak creature love him, or my tale would have no end. But when the time of trial came, the younger brother's heart was full of those old days. Heaven strengthened it to repay the sacrifices of inconsiderate youth by one of thoughtful manhood. He left his brother to be happy. The truth never passed his lips, and he quitted the country hoping to die abroad.

"The elder brother married her. She was in Heaven before long, and left him with an infant daughter."

"If you have seen the picture gallery of any one old family, you will remember how the face and figure—often the fairest and slightest of them all—come upon you in different generations; and how you trace the same sweet girl through a long line of portraits—never growing old or changing—the Good Angel of the race—abiding them in all reverses—redeeming all their sins.

"In this daughter the mother lived again. You may judge with what devotion he who lost that mother almost in the winning, clung to this girl, her breathing image. She grew to womanhood, and gave her heart to one who could not know its worth. Well! Her fond father could not see her pine and droop. He felt he more deserving than he thought him. He surely might become so with a wife like her. He joined their hands, and they were married.

"Through all the misery that followed this union; through all the cold neglect and undeserved reproach; through all the poverty he brought upon her; through all the struggles of their daily life, too mean and pitiful to tell, but dreadful to endure, she toiled on, in the deep devotion of her spirit, and in her better nature, as only woman can. Her means and substance wasted; her father nearly beggared by her husband's hand, and the hourly witness (for they lived now under one roof) of her ill-usage and unhappiness,—she never, but for him, bewailed her fate. Patient, and upheld by strong affection to the last, she died a widow of some three week's date, leaving to her father's care two orphans, one a son of ten or twelve years old, the other a girl—such another infant child—the same in helplessness, in age, in form, in feature—as she had been herself when her young mother died.

"The elder brother, grandfather to these two children, was now a broken man; crushed and borne down less by the weight of years than by the heavy hand of sorrow. With the wreck of his possessions, he began to trade—in pictures first, and then in curious ancient things. He had entertained a fondness for such matters from a boy, and the tastes he had cultivated were now to yield him an anxious and precarious subsistence.

"The boy grew like his father in mind and person; the girl so like her mother, that when the old man had her on his knee, and looked into her mild blue eyes, he felt as if awakening from a wretched dream, and his daughter were a little child again. The wayward boy soon spurned the shelter of his roof, and sought associates more congenial to his taste. The old man and the child dwelt alone together.

"It was then, when the love of two dead people who had been nearest and dearest to his heart, was all transferred to this slight creature; when her face, constantly before him, reminded him from hour to hour of the too early change he had seen in such another—of all the suffering he had watched and known, and all his child had undergone; when the young man's profligate and hardened course drained him of money as his father's had, and even sometimes occasioned them temporary privation and distress; it was then that there began to beset him, and to be ever in his mind, a gloomy dread of poverty and want. He had no thought for himself in this. His fear was for the child. It was a spectre in his house, and haunted him night and day.

"The younger brother had been a traveller in many countries, and had made his pilgrimage through life alone. His voluntary banishment had been misconstrued, and he had borne (not without pain) reproach and slight, for doing that which had wrung his heart, and cast a mournful shadow on his path. Apart from this, communication between him and the elder was difficult and uncertain, and often failed; still it was not so wholly broken off but that he learnt—with long blanks and gaps between each interval of information—all that I have told you now.

Then, dreams of their young, happy life—happy to him though laden with pain and early care—visited his pillow yet oftener than before; and every night, a boy again, he was at his brother's side. With the utmost speed he could exert, he settled his affairs; converted into money all the goods he had, and, with honorable wealth enough for both, with open heart and hand, with limbs that trembled as they bore him on, with emotion such as men can hardly bear and live, arrived one evening at his brother's door!"

The narrator, whose voice had faltered lately, stopped. "The rest," said Mr. Garland, pressing his hand, "I know."

"Yes," rejoined his friend, after a pause, "we may spare ourselves the sequel. You know the poor result of all my search. Even when, by dint of such inquiries as the utmost vigilance and sagacity could set on foot, we found they had been seen with two poor travelling showmen; and in time discovered the men themselves—and in time, the actual place of their retreat; even then, we were too late. Pray God we are not too late again!"

"We cannot be," said Mr. Garland. "This time we must succeed."

"I have believed and hoped so," returned the other. "I try to believe and hope so still. But a heavy weight has fallen on my spirits, my good friend, and the sadness that gathers over me, will yield neither to hope nor reason."

"That does not surprise," said Mr. Garland; "it is a natural consequence of the events you have recalled; of this dreary time and place; and above all, of his wild and dismal night. A dismal night, indeed! Hark! how the wind is howling!"

#### CHAPTER LXX.

Day broke, and found them still upon their way. Since leaving home, they had halted here and there for necessary refreshment, and had frequently been delayed, especially in the night time, by waiting for fresh horses. They had made no other stoppages; but the weather continued rough, and the roads were often steep and heavy. It would be night again before they reached their place of destination.

Kit, all bluff and hardened with the cold, went on manfully; and having enough to do to keep his blood circulating, to picture to himself the happy end of this adventurous journey, and to look about him and be amazed at everything, had little spare time for thinking of discomforts. Though his impatience, and that of his fellow-travellers, rapidly increased as the day waned, the hours did not stand still. The short daylight of winter soon faded away, and it was dark again when they had yet many miles to travel.

As it grew dusk, the wind fell: its distant moanings were more low and mournful; and as it came creeping up the road, and rattling covertly among the dry brambles on either hand, it seemed like some great phantom for whom the way was narrow, whose garments rustled as it stalked along. By degrees it lulled and died away; and then it came on to snow.

The flakes fell fast and thick, soon covering the ground some inches deep, and spreading abroad a solemn stillness. The rolling wheels were noiseless; and the sharp ring and clatter of the horses' hoofs, became a dull, muffled tramp. The life of their progress seemed to be slowly hushed, and something death-like to usurp its place.

Shading his eyes from the falling snow, which froze upon their lashes and obscured his sight, Kit often tried to catch the earliest glimpse of twinkling lights denoting their approach to some not distant town. He could descry objects enough at such times, but none correctly. Now a tall church spire appeared in view, which presently became a tree; a barn; a shadow on the ground, thrown on it by their own bright lamps. Now there were horsemen, foot-passengers, carriages, going on before; or meeting them in narrow ways; which, when they were close upon them, turned to shadows too. A wall, a ruin, a sturdy gable end, would rise up in the road; and when they were plunging headlong at it, would be the road itself. Strange turnings too, bridges, and sheets of water, appeared to start up here and there, making the way doubtful and uncertain; and yet they were on the same bare road, and these things, like the others, as they were passed, turned into dim illusions.

He descended slowly from his seat—for his limbs were numbed—when they arrived at a lone posting-house, and inquired how far they had to go to reach their journey's end. It was a late hour in such by-places, and the people were abed; but a voice answered from an upper window, Ten miles. The ten minutes that ensued appeared an hour; but at the end of that time, a shivering figure led out the horses they required, and after another brief delay they were again in motion.

It was a cross-country road, full, after the first three or four miles, of holes and cart-ruts, which, being covered by the snow, were so many pitfalls to the trembling horses, and obliged them to keep a footpace. As it was next to impossible for men so much agitated as they were by this time, to sit still and move so slowly, all three got out and plodded on behind the carriage. The distance seemed interminable, and the walk was most laborious. As each was thinking within himself that the driver must have lost his way, a church bell, close at hand, struck the hour of midnight, and the carriage stopped. It had moved softly enough, but when it ceased to crunch the snow, the silence was as startling as if some great noise had been replaced by perfect stillness.

"This is the place, gentlemen," said the driver, dismounting from his horse, and knocking at the door of a little inn. "Hallo! Past twelve o'clock is the dead hour of night here."

The knocking was loud and long, but it failed to rouse the drowsy inmates. All continued dark and silent as before. They fell back a little, and looked up at the windows, which were mere black patches in the whitened house front. No light appeared. The house might have been deserted, or the sleepers dead, for any air of life it had about it.

They spoke together, with a strange inconsistency, in whispers; unwilling to disturb again the dreary echoes they had just now raised.

"Let us go on," said the younger brother, "and leave this good fellow to wake them, if he can. I cannot rest until I know that we are not too late. Let us go on in the name of Heaven!"

They did so, leaving the postillion to order such accommodation as the house afforded, and to renew his knocking. Kit accompanied them with a little bundle, which he had hung in the carriage when they left home, and had not forgotten since—the bird in his old cage—just as she had left him. She would be glad to see her bird, he knew.

The road wound gently downward. As they proceeded, they lost sight of the church whose clock they had heard, and of the small village clustering round it. The knocking, which was now renewed, and which in that stillness they could plainly hear, troubled them. They wished the man would forbear, or that they had told him not to break the silence until they returned.

The old church tower, clad in a ghostly garb of pure cold white again rose up before them, and a few moments brought them close beside it—a venerable building—grey, even in the midst of the hoary landscape. An ancient sundial on the belfry was nearly hidden by the snowdrift, and scarcely to be known for what it was. Time itself seemed to have grown dull and old, as if no day were ever to displace the melancholy night!

A wicket gate was close at hand, but there was more than one path across the churchyard to which it led, and, uncertain which to take, they came to a stand again.

The village street—if street that could be called which was an irregular cluster of poor cottages of many heights and ages, some with their fronts, some with their backs, and some with gable ends toward the road, with here and there a signpost, or a shed encroaching on the path—was close at hand. There was a faint light in a chamber window not far off, and Kit ran towards that house to ask their way.

His first shout was answered by an old man within, who presently appeared at the casement, wrapping some garment round his throat as a protection from the cold, and demanded who was abroad at that unseasonable hour, wanting him.

"Tis hard weather this," he grumbled, "and not a night to call me up in. My trade is not of that kind that I need be roused from bed. The business on which folks want me will keep cold, especially at this season. What do you want?"

"I would not have roused you, if I had known you were old and ill," said Kit.

"Old!" repeated the other peevishly. "How do you know I am old? Not so old you think, friend, perhaps. As to being ill, you will find many young people in worse case than I am. More 's the pity that it should be so—n that I should be strong and hearty for my years, I mean but that they should be weak and tender. I ask your pa-



don't though," said the old man, "if I spoke rather rough at first. My eyes are not good at night—that's neither age nor illness; they never were—and I did n't see you were a stranger."

"I am sorry to call you from your bed," said Kit, "but those gentlemen you may see by the churchyard gate, are strangers too, who have just arrived from a long journey, and seek the parsonage-house. You can direct us?"

"I should be able to," answered the old man, in a trembling voice, "for come next summer I have been sexton here good fifty years. The right-hand path, friend, is the road. There is no ill news for our good gentleman, I hope?"

Kit thanked him, and made him a hasty answer in the negative; he was turning back, when his attention was caught by the voice of a child. Looking up, he saw a very little creature at a neighboring window.

"What is that?" cried the child, earnestly. "Has my dream come true? Pray speak to me, whoever that is, awake and up?"

"Poor boy!" said the sexton, before Kit could answer, "how goes it, darling?"

"Has my dream come true?" exclaimed the child again, in a voice so fervent that it might have thrilled to the heart of any listener. "But no, that can never be. How could it be—Oh! how could it?"

"I guess his meaning," said the sexton. "To thy bed again, dear boy!"

"Ay!" cried the child, in a burst of despair, "I knew it could never be, I felt too sure of that, before I asked. But all to-night, and last night too, it was the same. I never fall asleep, but that cruel dream comes back."

"Try to sleep again," said the old man, soothingly. "It will go, in time."

"No no, I would rather that it staid—cruel as it is, I would rather that it staid," rejoined the child. "I am not afraid to have it in my sleep, but I am so sad—so very, very, sad."

The old man blessed him, the child in tears replied good night, and Kit was alone.

He hurried back, moved by what he heard, though more by the child's manner than by anything he had said, as his meaning was hidden from him. They took the path indicated by the sexton, and soon arrived before the parsonage wall. Turning round to look about them when they had got thus far they saw, among some ruined buildings at a distance, one solitary light.

It shone from what appeared to be an old oriel window, and being surrounded by the deep shadows of overhanging walls, sparkled like a star. Bright and glimmering as the stars above their heads, lonely and motionless as they, it seemed to claim some kindred with the eternal lamps of Heaven, and to burn in fellowship with them.

"What light is that?" exclaimed the younger brother.

"It is surely," said Mr. Garland, "in the ruin where they live. I see no other ruin hereabouts."

"They cannot," returned the brother hastily, "be waking at this late hour—"

Kit interposed directly, and begged that, while they rang and waited at the gate, they would let him make his way to where this light was shining and try to ascertain if any people were about. Obtaining the permission he desired, he darted off with breathless eagerness, and, still carrying the birdcage in his hand, made straight toward the spot.

It was not easy to hold that pace among the graves, and at another time he might have gone more slowly, or round by the path. Unmindful of all obstacles, however, he pressed forward without slackening his speed, and soon arrived within a few yards of the window.

He approached as softly as he could, and, advancing so near the wall as to brush the whitened ivy with his dress, listened. There was no sound inside. The church itself was not more quiet. Touching the glass with his cheek, he listened again. No. And yet there was such a silence all around, that he felt sure he could have heard even the breathing of a sleeper, if there had been one there.

A strange circumstance, a light in such a place at that time of night, with no one near it.

A curtain was drawn across the lower portion of the window, and he could not see into the room. But there was no shadow thrown upon it from within. To have gained a footing on the wall and tried to look in from above, would have been attended with some danger—certainly with some noise, and the chance of terrifying the child, if that really were her habitation. Again and again he listened; and again the same wearisome blank.

Leaving the spot with slow and cautious steps, and skirting the ruin for a few paces, he came at length to a door. He knocked. No answer. But there was a curious noise inside. It was difficult to determine what it was. It bore a resemblance to the low moaning of one in pain, but it was not that, being far too regular and constant. Now it seemed a kind of song, now a wail—seemed, that is, to his changing fancy, for the sound itself was never changed or checked. It was unlike anything he had ever heard, and in its tone there was something fearful, chilling, and unearthly.

The listener's blood ran colder now than ever it had done in frost and snow, but he knocked again. There was no answer, and the sound went on without any interruption. He laid his hand softly upon the latch, and put his knee against the door. It was not secured on the inside, but yielded to the pressure, and turned upon its hinges. He saw the glimmering of a fire upon the old walls, and entered.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

The dull, red glow of a wood fire—for no lamp or candle burned within the room—showed him a figure, seated on the hearth with its back toward him, bending over the fitful light. The attitude was that of one who sought the heat. It was, and yet was not. The stooping posture and the cowering form were there, but no hands were stretched out to meet the grateful warmth, no shrug or shiver compared its luxury with the piercing cold outside. With limbs huddled together, head bowed down, arms crossed upon the breast, and fingers tightly clenched, it rocked to and fro upon its seat without a moment's pause, accompanying the action with the mournful sound he had heard.

The heavy door had closed behind him on his entrance, with a crash that made him start. The figure neither spoke

nor turned to look, nor gave in any other way the faintest sign of having heard the noise. The form was that of an old man, his white head akin in color to the mouldering embers upon which he gazed. He, and the failing light and dying fire, the time-worn room, the solitude, the wasted life, and gloom, were all in fellowship. Ashes, and dust, and ruin!

Kit tried to speak, and did pronounce some words, though what they were he scarcely knew. Still the same terrible low cry went on—still the same rocking in the chair—the same stricken figure was there, unchanged and heedless of his presence.

He had his hand upon the latch, when something in the form—distinctly seen as one log broke and fell, and, as it fell, blazed up—arrested it. He returned to where he had stood before—advanced a pace—another—another still. Another, and he saw the face. Yes! Changed as it was, he knew it well.

"Master!" he cried, stopping on one knee and catching at his hand. "Dear master. Speak to me!"

The old man turned slowly toward him; and muttered, in a hollow voice, "This is another!—How many of these there have been to-night!"

"No spirit, master. No one but your old servant. You know me now, I am sure! Miss Nell—where is she—where is she?"

"They all say that!" cried the old man. "They all ask the same question. A spirit!"

"Where is she?" demanded Kit. "Oh tell me but that—but that, dear master."

"She is asleep—yonder—in there."

"Thank God!"

"Ay! Thank God!" returned the old man. "I have prayed to Him, many, and many, and many a livelong night, when she has been asleep. He knows. Hark! Did she call?"

"I heard no voice."

"You did. You hear her now. Do you tell me that you do n't hear that?"

He started up, and listened again.

"Nor that?" he cried, with a triumphant smile. "Can any body know that voice so well as I! Hush! hush!"

Motioning to him to be silent, he stole away into another chamber. After a short absence (during which he could be heard to speak in a softened, soothing tone) he returned, bearing in his hand a lamp.

"She is still asleep," he whispered. "You were right. She did not call—unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir; as I sat by, watching, I have seen her lips move, and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes and wake her, so I brought it here."

He spoke rather to himself than to the visitor, but when he had put the lamp upon the table, he took it up, as if impelled by some momentary recollection or curiosity, and held it near his face. Then, as if forgetting his motive in the very action, he turned away and put it down again.

"She is sleeping soundly," he said; but no wonder. Angel hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us. They never flew from her!"

Again he stopped to listen, and scarcely drawing breath, listened for a long time. That fancy past, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and crush them with his hand.

"Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell," he murmured, "when there are bright red berries out of doors waiting for thee to pluck them! Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come creeping to the door, crying 'where is Nell—sweet Nell?'—and sob, and weep, because they do not see thee. She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding—she had a tender way with them, indeed she had!"

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Her little homely dress—her favorite!" cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shriveled hand. "She will miss it when she wakes. They had hid it here in sport, but she shall have it—she shall have it. I would not vex my darling, for the wide world's riches. See here—these shoes—how worn they are—she kept them to remind her of our last, long journey. You see where the little feet were upon the ground. They told me, afterwards, that the stones had cut and bruised them. She never told me that. No, no, God bless her! and, I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was—but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still."

He pressed them gently to his lips, and having carefully put them back again, went on communing with himself—looking wistfully from time to time toward the chamber he had lately visited.

"She was not wont to be a lie-abed; but she was well then. We must have patience. When she is well again, she will rise early, as she used to do, and ramble abroad in the healthy morning time. I often tried to track the way she had gone, but her small fairy footstep left no print upon the dewy ground, to guide me. Who is that? Shut the door. Quick! Have me not enough to do to drive away that marble cold, and keep her warm!"

The door was indeed opened, for the entrance of Mr. Garland and his friend, accompanied by two other persons. These were the schoolmaster and the bachelor. The former held a light in his hand. He had, it seemed, but gone to his own cottage to replenish the exhausted lamp, at the moment when Kit came up and found the old man alone.

He softened again at sight of these two friends, and laying aside the angry manner—if to any thing so feeble and so sad the term can be applied—in which he had spoken when the door opened, resumed his former seat, and subsided, by little and little, into the old action, and the old, dull, wandering sound.

Of the strangers he took no heed whatever. He had seen them, but appeared quite incapable of interest or curiosity. The younger brother stood apart. The bachelor drew a chair toward the old man, and sat down close beside him. After a long silence, he ventured to speak.

"Another night, and not in bed!" he said, softly; "I hoped you would be more mindful of your promise to me. Why do you not take some rest?"

"Sleep has left me," returned the old man. "It is all with her!"

"It would pain her very much to know that you were watching thus," said the bachelor. "You would not give her pain?"

"I am not so sure of that, if it would only rouse her. She has slept so very long. And yet I am rash to say so. It is a good and happy sleep—eh?"

"Indeed it is," returned the bachelor. "Indeed, indeed, it is!"

"That's well! and the waking," faltered the old man.

"Happy too. Happier than tongue can tell, or heart of man conceive."

They watched him as he rose and stole on tiptoe to the other chamber where the lamp had been replaced. They listened as he spoke again within its silent walls. They looked into the faces of each other, and no man's cheek was free from tears. He came back, whispering that she was still asleep, but that he thought she had moved. It was her hand, he said—a little—a very, very, little—but he was pretty sure she had moved it—perhaps in seeking him. He had known her to do that before now, though in the deepest sleep the while. And when he had said this, he dropped into his chair again, and clasping his hands above his head, uttered a cry never to be forgotten.

The poor schoolmaster motioned to the bachelor that he would come upon the other side, and speak to him. They gently unlocked his fingers, which he had twisted in his grey hair, and pressed them in their own.

"He will hear me," said the schoolmaster, "I am sure. He will hear either me or you if we beseech him. She would at all times."

"I will hear any voice she liked to hear," cried the old man. "I love all she loved!"

"I know you do," returned the schoolmaster. "I am certain of it. Think of her; think of all the trials and afflictions you have shared together; of all the sorrows and all the pleasant pleasures, you have jointly known."

"I do. I do. I think of nothing else."

"I would have you think of nothing else to-night—of nothing but those things which will soften your heart, dear friend, and open it to old affections and old times. It is so that she should speak to you herself, and in her name it is that I speak now."

"You do well to speak softly," said the old man. "We will not wake her. I should be glad to see her eyes again, and to see her smile. There is a smile upon her young face now, but it is fixed and changeless. I would have it come and go. That shall be in Heaven's good time. We will not wake her."

"Let us not talk of her in her sleep, but as she used to be when you were journeying together, far away—as she was at home, in the old house from which you fled together—as she was in the old cheerful time," said the schoolmaster.

"She was always cheerful—very cheerful," cried the old man, looking steadfastly at him. "There was ever something mild and quiet about her, I remember, from the first; but she was of a happy nature."

"We have heard you say," pursued the schoolmaster, "that in this, and in all goodness, she was like her mother. You can think of, and remember her?"

He maintained his steadfast look, but gave no answer.

"Or even one before her," said the bachelor. "It is many years ago, and affliction makes the time longer, but you have not forgotten her whose death contributed to make this child so dear to you, even before you knew her worth or could read her heart. Say, that you could carry back your thoughts to very distant days—to the time of your early life—when, unlike this fair flower, you did not pass your path alone. Say, that you could remember, long ago, another child who loved you dearly, you being but a child yourself. Say, that you had a brother, long forgotten, long unseen, long separated from you, who now, at last, in your utmost need came back to comfort and console you?"

"To be to you what you were once to him," cried the younger, falling on his knee before him; "to repay your old affection, brother dear, by constant care, solicitude, and love; to be, at your right hand, what he never ceased to be when oceans rolled between us; to call, to witness his unchanging truth and mindfulness of bygone days, whole years of desolation. Give me but one word of recognition, brother—and never—no never, in the brightest moment of our youngest days, when, poor silly boys, we thought to pass our lives together—have we been half as dear and precious to each other as we shall be from this time hence?"

The old man looked from face to face, and his lips moved; but no sound came from them in reply.

"If we were knit together then," pursued the younger brother, "what will be the bond between us now! Our love and fellowship began in childhood, when life was all before us, and will be resumed when we have proved it, and are but children at the last. As many restless spirits, who have hunted fortune, fame, or pleasure through the world, retire in their decline to where they first drew breath, vainly seeking to be children before they die, so we, less fortunate than they in early life, but happier in its closing scenes, will set up our rest again among our boyish haunts; and going home with no hope realised, that had its growth in manhood—carrying back nothing that we brought away, but our old yearnings to each other—saving no fragment from the wreck of life, but that which first endeared it, may be indeed but children as at first. And even," he added, in an altered voice, "even if what I read to name has come to pass—even if it be so, or is to be (which Heaven forbid and spare us!)—still, dear brother, we are not apart, and have that comfort in our great affliction."

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed thereto, as he replied, with trembling lips.

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You never will do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered—fol-

lowed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell, was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the World to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to live, which of us would utter it!"

## THE TURCOMAN'S CHARGER.

On! on! my bold steed, with the footsteps of wrath,  
The foes of my fathers lie thick in my path!  
On! on! my bold Arab, thy fellows are round:  
Now, praise to the Prophet! how bravely we bound!

Hark to that sound! "Allah hu! Allah hu!"

'Tis the Osmanli shouting his wild halloo;  
Rising and falling as onward they come,  
To the clash of the cymbal and boom of the drum.

Ring round me, my comrades, your sabres are bright,  
And dear to my eyes is their glorious light;  
Oh! grasp them yet closer, and heed that each blow,  
Fall truly and deep in the heart of the foe!

How proudly ye gallop, brave troops that ye are!  
My brothers in peace, my companions in war!  
The Seldan might envy the hearts that I own,  
Though his armies, like locusts, environed his throne.

Though the jewels gleam bright in his coffers of gold;  
Though his kingdoms be broad, and his soldiers be bold—  
The desert's my empire—my sceptre the sword,  
And I am the chief of my Turcoman horde!

Ha! charge! we are on them—spare them not now!  
The Angel of Death sets his seal on their brow!  
Strike boldly! each man is an army alone,—  
THE PROPHET IS WITH US! the day is our own!

A NEW VIEW OF THE FALL.—Every Biblical student is aware that the verb "to know," and its derivative, "knowledge," are used in Hebrew to signify physical perception, at least as frequently as mental reflection. There are fruits which do, in a very remarkable degree, influence our sensations; opium, hemp seed, and the juice of the grape, for instance, produce soporific and exhilarating effects. It is, therefore, very possible that the fruit of the tree of knowledge might have had a stimulating efficacy, and might, therefore, for obvious reasons, have been prohibited. The love of excitement is universal in the human race; people will run into extreme peril for the mere sake of determining how they would feel under such circumstances; and the description of an untried sensation, even though it should be a painful one, excites an earnest desire for its perception. In the prohibition of this fruit, physical results are denounced, not as chastisements, but as natural and necessary consequences. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, dying thou shalt die;" intimating that the fruit would produce constitutional effects which would render mortality inevitable. Thus viewed, the prohibition ceases to be a capricious test; it became a salutary warning; designed, like every other divine law, for the preservation of God's creatures. The obedience required of Adam and Eve was not submission to an arbitrary mandate, but the observance of a condition necessary to their continuance in the Paradisiacal state; it was the reasonable adherence to a necessary requisition, not the blind homage to the will of a despot.—[Dr. Taylor's Natural History of Society.

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. SIDDONS.—In spite of the ill-founded and vulgar contempt which Johnson professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with all the politeness he could muster. When this lady called on him in Bell-court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair, Johnson said, "You see, Madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be got."

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

[Several legal topics have been touched upon in these papers, which seem to have attracted some little attention amongst legal readers, as, at least, would appear from various communications—some at considerable length, some anonymous, others not—addressed, through the publishers, to "The Author of Ten Thousand a Year, in Blackwood's Magazine." The principal matters thus discussed are the power of an heir, in the life-time of his ancestor, (to speak popularly, though not with legal accuracy, since *nemo est heres viventis*), to convey away his expectancy in fee, so as to bind himself, and those claiming under him, by estoppel on the subsequent descent of the estate. On this point have been received several communications—one of them from, perhaps, the greatest lawyer in England. 'Tis doubtless an important point; and where doctors differ I am not presumptuous enough to volunteer an opinion, though I entertain a pretty decisive one. Those who think that I am wrong, had better, perhaps, again refer to their books. Mine I had consulted pretty anxiously before sending off my MS. to the press. The next point is, the effect given by Lord Widdrington, C. J., at the trial, (in which he is represented as being subsequently confirmed by the decision of the Court of King's Bench,) to the ERASURE in the deed of confirmation. From two letters I learn that three or four clients of the writers of them have conceived great alarm on this subject, and have directed all their deeds to be overhauled, and, in case of an erasure being discovered, submitted to eminent counsel! Such erasures have been discovered, it would seem, in two instances. In one, the counsel differed from Lord Widdrington; in the other he agreed.

The question, then, here is, Whether, when an ancient deed (i. e. upwards of thirty years old, after which period a deed is said to prove itself) is produced from the proper custody in support of the rights of the party producing it, and there proves to be an erasure in it in an essential part of the deed—such deed ought to be rejected, unless the erasure can be accounted for; or admitted upon the presumption that such erasure occurred before the execution of the deed? Now, upon this point also I have formed a pretty strong opinion, and referred again to the authorities; and venture to give in my adhesion to the opinion of Lord Widdrington and his court. It is rather singular that, about a fortnight ago, Lord Brougham, in delivering the judgement of the House of Lords in three appeal cases from Scotland, each of which was a case depending upon the effect of an erasure, expressly declared the Scotch law to be to the effect laid down in these papers, and decided accordingly, admitting the cases to be full of grievous hardship—in one instance, a widow losing the whole of the provision which had been made for her by her deceased husband. Whether or not my notions of the English law on this subject are antiquated, and contrary to those entertained by the judges and the bar since I ceased practising, I leave for them who are competent to form an opinion to decide. As for several other communications of a different nature—some similarly, others differently addressed—surely, on consideration, the authors of them cannot expect any answer, nor yet construe silence into discourtesy.—Z.

—, near London, 14th August, 1840.

Rank is very apt to attract and dazzle vulgar and feeble optics; and the knowledge that such is its effect, is unspeakably gratifying to a vain and ignorant possessor of that rank. Of the truth of one part of this observation, take as an illustration the case of Tittlebat Titmouse; of the other, that of the Earl of Dreddlington. The former's dinner engagement with the latter, his august and awful kinsman, was an event of such magnitude as to absorb almost all his faculties in the contemplation of it, and also occasion him great anxiety in preparing for an effective appearance upon so signal an occasion. Mr. Gammon had repeatedly, during the interval, instructed his anxious pupil, if so he might be called, as to the manner in which he ought to behave. He was—heaven save the mark, poor Titmouse!—to assume an air of mingled deference, self-possession, and firmness; not to be overawed by the greatness with which he would be brought into contact, nor unduly elated by a sense of his own suddenly acquired importance. He was, on the other hand, to steer evenly between the extremes of timorousness and temerity—that happy mean, so grateful to those able to appreciate the effort and object of those attaining to it. Titmouse was to remember that, great as was the Earl of Dreddlington, he was yet but a man—related, moreover, by consanguinity to him, the aforesaid Titmouse—who might, moreover, before many years should have elapsed, be himself Earl of Dreddlington, or at least Lord Drellincourt, and, by consequence, equally entitled, with the present possessor of that resplendent position, to the homage of mankind. At the same time, that the Earl's advanced years gave him a natural claim to the respect and deference of his young kinsman, whom, moreover, he was about to introduce into the sublime regions of aristocracy, and also of political society. Titmouse might derive a few ingredients of consolation, from the reflection, that his income probably exceeded by a third that of the Earl of Dreddlington. This is the sum of Mr. Gammon's general instructions to his eager and anxious pupil; but he also gave Titmouse many minor hints and suggestions. He was to drink very little wine—(whereat Titmouse demurred somewhat vehemently, and asked "How the d—! was he to get his steam up?")—and on no account to call for beer or porter, to which plebeian beverages, indeed, he might consider himself as having bid a long and last adieu;—to say "my lord" and "your lordship," in addressing the Earl—"my lady" and "your ladyship," in addressing Lady Cecilia;—and, above all, never to appear in a hurry, but to do and say whatever he had to do and to say calmly; for that the nerves of aristocracy were very delicate, and could not bear a bustle, or the slightest display of energy or feeling. Then, as to his dress—Gammon, feeling himself treading on very doubtful ground, intimated merely that the essence of true fashion

was simplicity—but here Titmouse grew fidgety, and his Mentor ceased.

During the night which ushered in the eventful day of Titmouse's dining with the Earl of Dreddlington, our friend got but very little sleep. Early in the morning he engaged a handsome glass coach to convey him westward in something like style, and before noon his anxieties were set at rest by the punctual arrival of various articles of dress, and decoration, and scent—for Titmouse had a great idea of scents. His new watch and its brilliant gold guard-chain—his eyes glistened upon them. What, he thought, would he have been without them. About half-past three o'clock he retired to his bed-room, and resigned himself into the hands of the tip-top hairdresser from the strand, whose agreeable manipulations, and still more agreeable small-talk, occupied upwards of an hour, Titmouse giving the anxious operator abundant notice of the high quarter in which his handiwork was likely soon to be scrutinized.

"Pray-a, can you tell me," quoth Titmouse, drawlingly, shortly after Twirl had commenced his operations, "how long it will take me to get from this infernal part of the town to Grosvenor Square? Dem long way, is n't it, Mr. What's-your-name?"

"Grosvenor Square, sir?" said Twirl, glibly, but with a perceptible dash of deference in his tone; "why it is, as one might say, a tolerable way off, certainly; but you can't well miss your way there, sir, of all places in town!"

"My coachman," interrupted Titmouse, with a fine air, "of course, had I thought of it, he must know."

"Oh! to be sure, sir. There's none but people of the most highest rank lives in that quarter, sir. Excuse me, sir, but I have a brother-in-law that's valet to the Duke of Ding-Dong, there!"

"Indeed! How far off is that from Lord Dreddlington's?" inquired Titmouse, carelessly.

"Lord Dreddlington's, sir?—Well, I never! Is n't it particular strange, if that's where you're going, sir; it's next door to the Duke's—the very next door, sir!"

"Pon my life, is it, indeed? How devilish odd!"

"Know the Earl of Dreddlington then, I presume, sir?"

"Ya-a-s, I should think so; he's my—my—relation, that's all; and devilish near too!"

Mr. Twirl instantly conceived a kind of reverence for the gentleman upon whom he was operating.

"Well, sir," he presently added, in a still more respectful tone than before, "p'raps you'll think it a liberty sir; but, do you know, I've several times had the honor of seeing his lordship in the street at a little distance—and there's a—family likeness between you, sir—pon my word, sir. It struck me, directly I saw you, that you was like some nob I had seen at the other end of the town." [Here Titmouse experienced pleasurable emotions, similar to those of a cat when you pass your hand down its glossy coat in the right direction.] "Will you allow me, sir, to give your hair a good brushing, sir, before I dress it? I always like to take the greatest pains with the hair of my quality customers. Do you know, sir, that I had the honor of dressing his Grace's hair for a whole fortnight together, once when my brother-in-law was ill; and though, p'raps I ought n't to say it, but his Grace expressed the highest satisfaction at my exertions, sir."

"Pon my life, and I should say you were an uncommon good hand—I've known lots worse, I assure you; men that would have spoiled the best head of hair going, by Jove!"

"Sir, you're very kind. I assure you, sir, that to do justice to a gent's hair requires an uncommon deal of practice, and a sort of natural talent for it, besides. Lord, sir! how much depends on a gent's hair, do n't it? Of two coming into a room, it makes all the difference, sir! Believe me, sir, it's no use being well-dressed, nay, nor good-looking, if as how the hair a'n't done, what I call, correct."

"By Jove, I really think you're nigh about the mark," said Titmouse; and after a pause, during which Mr. Twirl had been brushing away at one particular part of the head with some vehemence. "Well," he exclaimed, with a sigh—"I'm blest if I can manage it, do what I will!"

"Eh? What's that? What is it?" inquired Titmouse, a little alarmedly.

"Nothing, sir; only it's what we gents, in our profession, calls a feather, which is the most obstinatest thing in nature."

"What's a feather?" quoth Titmouse, rather faintly.

"Why, sir, 't is when a small lot of hair on a gent's head will stick up, do all we can to try and get it down; and (excuse me, sir,) you've got a regular ratter!" Titmouse put up his hand to feel, Twirl guided it to the fatal spot: there it was, just as Twirl had described it.

"What's to be done?" murmured Titmouse.

"I'm afraid, sir, you don't use our ostrich grease and rhinoceros marrow, sir!"

"Your what?" cried Titmouse, apprehensively, with a dimly distinct recollection of the tragedy of the Cyan-o-chaitanthropoipoion, and the Damascus cream, and the Tetraragmenon Abracadabra; matters which he at once mentioned to Mr. Twirl.

"Ah, it's not my custom, sir," quoth Twirl, "to run down other gents' inventions; but my real opinion is, that they're all an imposition—a rank imposition, sir. I didn't like to say it, sir; but I soon saw there had been somebody practising on your hair."

"What, is it very plain?" cried Titmouse, starting up and stepping to the glass.

"No, sir—not so very plain; only you've got, as I might say, accustomed to the sight of it; but when it's properly curled, and puckered up, and frizzed about, it won't show—nor the feather neither, sir; so, by your leave, here goes, sir;" and, after about a quarter of an hour's more labor, he succeeded in parting it right down the middle of the head, bringing it out into a bold curl towards each eyebrow, and giving our friend quite a new and very fascinating appearance, even in his own eyes. And as for the color—it really was not so very marked, after all; a little purple-hued and mottled, to be sure, in parts, but not to a degree to attract the eye of a casual observer. Twirl having declared, at length, his labors completed—regarding Titmouse's head with a look of proud satisfaction—Titmouse paid him half-a-crown, and also ordered a pot of ostrich grease and of rhinoceros marrow, (the one being sweet, the other lard, differently scented,) and was soon left at liberty to proceed with the important duties of the toilet. It took



him a good while; but in the end he was supremely successful. He wore black tights, (i. e. pantaloons fitting closely to his legs, and tied round his ankles with black ribbons,) silk stockings, and shoes with glittering silver buckles. His white neckerchief was tied with great elegance, not a wrinkle superfluous being visible in it. His shirt-front of lace, had two handsome diamond pins, connected together by a little delicate gold chain, glistening in the midst of it. Then he had a white waistcoat edge, next a crimson one, and lastly a glorious sky-blue satin waistcoat, spangled all over with gold flowers inwrought—and across it hung his new gold watchguard, and his silver guard for his eyeglass, producing an inconceivably fine effect. His coat was of a light brown, of exquisite cut, fitting him as closely as if he had been born in it, and with burnished brass buttons, of sugar-loaf shape. "T was padded also with great judgement, and really took off more of his round-shouldered awkwardness of figure than any coat he had ever before had. Then he had a fine white pocket-handkerchief, soaked in lavender water, and immaculate white kid gloves. Thus habited, he stood before his glass, bowing fifty different times, and adjusting his expression to various elegant forms of address—quite content. He was particularly struck with the combined effect of the two curls of his hair toward each eye, and the hair underneath his chin curved upwards on each side of his mouth in complete symmetry. I have ascertained from Mr. Titmouse himself that on this memorable occasion of his first introduction to nobility, every item of dress and decoration was entirely new; and when at length his labors had been completed, he felt great composure of mind, and a consciousness of the decisive effect he must produce upon those into whose presence he was so soon to be ushered. His "carriage" was presently announced; and after keeping it standing a few minutes, merely for form's sake, he gently placed his hat upon his head, drew on one glove, took his little ebony cane in his hand, and, with a hurried inward prayer that he might be equal to the occasion, stepped forth from his apartment, and passed on to the glass coach. Such a brilliant little figure, I will take upon myself to say, had never before issued, nor will perhaps ever again issue, from the Cabbage-stalk hotel. The waiters whom he passed, inclined toward him with instinctive reverence. He was very fine, to be sure; but who could, they justly thought, be dressed too finely that had ten thousand a-year, and was going to dine with a lord in Grosvenor Square? Titmouse was soon on his way towards that at once desired and dreaded region. He gazed with a look of occasional pity and contempt, as he passed along, at the plebeian pedestrians, and the lines of shops on each side of the narrow streets, till he began to perceive indications of superior modes of existence; and then he began to feel a little fidgety and nervous. The streets grew wider, the squares greater, hackney coaches (unsightly objects) became fewer and fewer, giving place to splendid vehicles, coaches, and chariots, with one, two, and even three footmen clustering behind, with long canes, with cockades, with shoulder-knots; crimson, yellow, blue, green hampercloths, with burnished crests upon them, and sleek coachmen with wigs and three-cornered hats, and horses that pawed the ground with very pride; ladies within, glistening in satin, lace, and jewels—their lords beside them, leaning back with countenances so stern and haughty; oh, by all that was magnificent! Titmouse felt himself getting now within the very vortex of greatness and fashion, and felt a frequent fluttering and catching of the breath. He was, however, now in for it—and there was no retreat. As he neared Grosvenor square, he heard, ever and anon, terrific thundering noises at the doors, opposite which these splendid vehicles drew up—as if the footmen were infuriated because the doors did not fly open of themselves, at the sound of the approaching carriage-wheels. At length he entered Grosvenor square, that "pure empyrean" of earthly greatness. Carriages rolled haughtily past him, others dashed desperately onward: at each side of Lord Dreddlington's house, were carriages setting down with tremendous uproar. Mr. Titmouse felt his color going, and his heart began to beat much faster than usual. "T was quite in vain that he "hemmed" two or three times, by way of trying to re-assure himself: he felt that his hour was come, and would have been glad at the moment for any decent excuse for driving off home again, and putting off the evil day a little longer. Opposite the dreaded door had now drawn up Mr. Titmouse's glass coach; and the decent coachman—whose well-worn hat, and long, clean, but threadbare blue coat, and ancient-looking top-boots, bespoke the wearer's thriftiness—slowly alighting, threw the reins on his quiet horse's backs, and gave a modest ra-tat-tat-tat at the door without ringing.

"What name shall I give, sir?" said he, returning to his coach, and letting down the loud clanking steps, with a noise for which Titmouse could have heartily kicked him.

"Titmouse—Mr. Titmouse;" replied he, hurriedly, as the lofty door was thrown open by the corpulent porter, disclosing several footmen, with powdered heads, standing in the hall waiting for him.

"Mr. Titmouse!" exclaimed the coachman to the servants—"When shall I come back for you, sir?"

"D—me, sir—don't bother me," faltered Titmouse; and the next moment was in the hands of the Philistines—the door was closed upon him. All his presence of mind had evaporated; the excellent lessons given him by Mr. Gammon, had disappeared like breath from the polished mirror. Though Lord Dreddlington's servants had never before seen in the house so strange an object as poor little Titmouse, they were of far too highly polished manners to appear to notice any thing unusual. They silently motioned him up stairs with a bland, courteous air, he carrying his little agate-headed cane in one hand, and his new hat in the other. A gentlemanly person in a full black dress suit, opened the drawing-room door for him, with an elegant inclination which Titmouse very gracefully returned. A faint mist seemed to be in the drawing-room for a second or two; but quickly clearing away, Titmouse beheld, at the upper end, but two figures, that of an old gentleman and a young lady—in fact, the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia. Now, that great man had not been a whit behindhand with the little being now trembling before him in the matter of dress; being, in truth, full as anxious to make an effective first appearance in the eyes of Titmouse, as he in those of the Earl of Dreddlington. And each had succeeded in his way. There was really little or no dif-

ference between them. The Right Honorable the Earl of Dreddlington was an old experienced fool, and Tittlebat Titmouse a young inexperienced one. They were the same species of plant, but grown in different soils. The one had had to struggle through a neglected existence by the dusty, hard road-side of life; the other had had all the advantage of hot house cultivation—its roots striking deep into, and thriving upon, the rich manure of sycophancy and adulation. We have seen how anxious was our little friend to appear as became the occasion, before his great kinsman; who, in his turn, had several times during the day exulted secretly in the anticipation of the impression which must be produced upon the mind of Titmouse by the sudden display, in the Earl's person, of the sublimest distinction that society can bestow, short of royalty. It had once or twice occurred to the Earl, whether he could find any fair excuse for appearing in his full General's uniform; but on mature reflection, governed by that simplicity and severity of taste which ever distinguished him, he abandoned that idea, and appeared in a plain blue coat, white waistcoat, and black knee-breeches. But on his left breast glittered the star, round his left knee glistened the garter, and across his waistcoat was the broad blue and red ribands of the Garter and the Bath. His hair was white and fine; his cold blue eye and haughty lip gave him an expression of severe dignity; and he stood erect as an arrow. Lady Cecilia reclined on the sofa with an air of languor and ennui that had become habitual to her; and was dressed in glistening white satin, with a necklace of large and very beautiful pearls. The Earl was standing in an attitude of easy grace to receive his guest, as to whose figure and height he was quite in the dark—Mr. Titmouse might be a great or a little man, and forward or bashful. "Ah, my God!" involuntarily exclaimed the Earl to himself, the instant his eye caught sight of Titmouse, who approached slowly, making profound and formal obeisances. Lord Dreddlington was rooted to the spot he had occupied when Titmouse entered. If his servants had turned an ape into the drawing-room, the Earl could scarcely have felt or exhibited greater amazement than he now experienced for a moment. "Ah, my God!" thought he, "what a fool have we here? what creature is this?" Then it flashed across his mind—"Is this THE FUTURE LORD DREDLINGTON?" He was on the point of recoiling from his suddenly-discovered kinsman in dismay, (as for Lady Cecilia, she gazed at him in silent horror,) when his habitual self-command came to his assistance; and, advancing very slowly a step or two toward Titmouse, who, after a hurried glance around him, saw no place to deposit his hat and cane upon except the floor, on which he accordingly dropped them, the Earl extended his hand, and bowed courteously, but with infinite concern in his features.

"I am happy, Mr. Titmouse, to make your acquaintance," said the Earl, slowly. "Sir, I have the honor to present you to my daughter, the Lady Cecilia." Titmouse, who by this time had got into a sort of cold sweat—a condition from which the Earl was really not very far removed—made a very profound and formal bow, (he had been taking lessons from a posture-master to one of the theatres,) first to the Earl, and then to Lady Cecilia, who rose about two inches from the sofa, and then sank again upon it, without removing her eyes from the figure of Titmouse, who went on bowing first to the one and then to the other, till the Earl had engaged him in conversation.

"It gives me pleasure, sir, to see that you are punctual in your engagements. I am so too, sir; and owe no small portion of my success in life to it. Punctuality, sir, in small matters, leads to punctuality in great matters." This was said in a very deliberate and pompous manner.

"Oh yes, my lord! quite so, your lordship," stammered Titmouse, suddenly recollecting a part of Gammon's instructions; "to be sure—wouldn't have been behind time, your lordship, for a minute, my lord; bad manners, if it please your lordship!"

"Will you be seated, sir?" interrupted the Earl, deliberately motioning him to a chair, and then sitting down beside him; after which the Earl seemed, for a second or two, to forget himself, staring in silence at Titmouse, and then in consternation at Lady Cecilia. "I—I—" said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "beg your pardon, sir, I mean I congratulate you upon your recent success. Sir, it must have been rather a surprise to you?"

"Oh yes, sir—my lord, most uncommon, may it please your lordship—particular—but right is right—thank your lordship!"

"Oh Heavens! merciful Heavens! How horrid all this is! Am I awake, or only dreaming? 'T is an idiot—and, what's worse, a vulgar idiot. My God! And this thing may be Lord Dreddlington." This was what was passing through Lord Dreddlington's mind, while his troubled eye was fixed upon Titmouse.]

"It is indeed, Mr. Titmouse," replied his lordship, "very true; sir, what you say is correct. Quite so; exactly." His eye was fixed on Titmouse, but his words were uttered, as it were, mechanically, and in a musing manner. It flitted for a moment across his mind, whether he should ring the bell, and order the servant to show out of the house the fearful imp that had just been shown into it; but at that critical moment he detected poor Titmouse's eye fixed with a kind of reverent intensity upon his lordship's star. "T was a lucky look that for Titmouse, it began to melt away the ice that was getting round the little heart of his august relative. 'T was evident that the poor young man had not been accustomed to society, thought the Earl, with an approach towards the compassionate mood. He was frightfully dressed, to be sure; and as for his speech, he was manifestly overawed by the presence in which he found himself; [that thought melted a little more of the ice.] Yet, was it not evident that he had some latent power of appreciating real distinction? [the little heart that was under his lordship's star, here lost all the ice that had begun so suddenly to encrust it.] And again;—he has actually cut out the intolerable Aubrey, and is now lawful owner of Yatton—of ten thousand a-year.

"Did you see the review to-day, sir?" inquired the Earl, rather blandly. "His Majesty was there, sir, and seemed to enjoy the scene." Titmouse, with a timid air, said that he had not seen it, as he had been upon the river; and after a few more general observations—"Will you permit me, sir? It is from the House of Lords," said the Earl, as a note was brought him, which he immediately opened and

read. Lady Cecilia also appearing engaged reading, Titmouse had a moment's breathing time and interval of relief. What would he have given, he thought, for some other person, or several persons, to come in and divide the attention—the intolerably oppressive attention of the two august individuals then before him! He seized the opportunity to cast a furtive glance around the room. It opened into a second, which opened into a third: how spacious each and lofty! And glittering glass chandeliers in each! What chimney and pier glasses! What rich crimson satin curtains—they must have cost twelve or fourteen shillings a-yard at least! The carpets of the finest Brussels—and they felt like velvet to the feet; then the brackets, of marble and gold, with snowy statues and vases glistening upon each; chairs so delicate, and gilded all over—he almost feared to sit down on them. What could the Quirks and Tag-rags think of this? Faugh!—only to think for a moment of Alibi House and Satin Lodge! Then there was the Lady Cecilia—a lady of high rank! How rich her dress—and how haughtily beautiful she looked as she reclined upon the sofa! (she was in fact busy conning over the new opera coming out the next evening.) And the Earl of Dreddlington—there he was, reading, doubtless, some letter from the king or one of the royal family—a man of great rank—with star, garter and ribands, red and blue—all just as he had seen in pictures, and heard and read of—what must that star have cost? (Ay, indeed, poor Lord Dreddlington, it had cost you the labor of half a life of steadfast sycophancy, of watchful manoeuvring, and desperate exertion!) And those ribands—he had never seen any of such a breadth—they must have been manufactured on purpose for the Earl!—How white were his hands! And he had an antique massive signet-ring on his forefinger, and two glittering rings at least on each of his little fingers—positively Titmouse at length began to regard him almost as a god; and yet the amazing thought occurred that this august being was allied to him by the ties of relationship. Such were the thoughts and reflections passing through the mind of Titmouse, during the time that Lord Dreddlington was engaged in reading his letter—and afterwards during the brief intervals which elapsed between the various observations addressed to him by his lordship.

The gentleman in black at length entered the room, and advancing slowly and noiselessly toward the Earl, said in a quiet manner, "Dinner, my Lord;" and retired. Into what new scenes of splendid embarrassment was this the signal for Mr. Titmouse's introduction? thought our friend, and trembled.

"Mr. Titmouse, will you give your arm to the Lady Cecilia?" said the Earl, motioning him to the sofa. Up jumped Titmouse, and approached hastily the recumbent beauty, who languidly arose, arranged her train with one hand, and with the other, having drawn on her glove, just barely touched the proffered arm of Titmouse, extended toward her at a very acute angle, and at right angles with his own body—stammering, "Honor to take your ladyship—uncommon proud—this way, my lady." Lady Cecilia took no more notice of him than if he had been a dumb waiter, walking beside him in silence—the Earl following. To think that a nobleman of high rank was walking behind him! Would to heaven, thought the embarrassed Titmouse, that he had two fronts, one for the Earl behind, and the other to be turned full toward Lady Cecilia! The tall servants, powdered and in light blue liveries, stood like a guard of honor around the dining-room door. That room was extensive and lofty: what a solitary sort of state were they about to dine in! Titmouse felt cold though it was summer, and trembled as he followed, rather than led, his haughty partner to her seat; and then was motioned into his own by the Earl, himself sitting down opposite a chased silver soup tureen! A servant stood behind Lady Cecilia and Titmouse; also on the left of the Earl; while on his right, between his lordship and the glistening sideboard, stood a portly gentleman in black, with a bald head and a somewhat haughty countenance. Though Titmouse had touched nothing since breakfast, he felt not the slightest inclination to eat, and would have given the world to have dared to say as much, and be at once relieved from a vast deal of anxiety. Is it, indeed, easy to conceive of a fellow-creature in a state of more complete thralldom, at that moment, than poor little Titmouse? A little frog under the suddenly exhausted receiver of an air-pump, or a fish just plucked out of its own element, and flung gasping and struggling upon the grass, may serve to assist your conceptions of the position and sufferings of Mr. Titmouse. The Earl, who was on the look-out for it, observed his condition with secret but complete satisfaction; here he beheld the legitimate effect of rank and state upon the human mind. Titmouse got through the soup—of which about half-a-dozen spoonfuls only were put into his plate—pretty fairly. Any where else than at Lord Dreddlington's, Titmouse would have thought it thin watery stuff, with a few green things chopped up and swimming in it; but now he perceived that it had a sort of superior flavor. How some red mullet, enclosed in paper, puzzled poor Titmouse, is best known to himself.

"The Lady Cecilia will take wine with you, Mr. Titmouse, I dare say"—observed the Earl: and in a moment's time, but with perfect deliberation, the servants poured wine into the two glasses. "Your ladyship's health, my lady," faltered Titmouse. She slightly bowed, and a faint smile glimmered at the corners of her mouth—but unobserved by Titmouse.

"I think you said, Mr. Titmouse," quoth the Earl some time afterwards, "that you had not yet taken possession of Yatton?"

"No, my lord: but I go down the day after to-morrow—quite—if I may say it, my lord—quite in style."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the Earl, gently.

"Had you any acquaintance with the Aubreys, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired the Lady Cecilia.

"No, my lady—yes, your ladyship, (I beg your ladyship's pardon)—but, now I think of it, I had a slight acquaintance with Miss Aubrey." [Titmouse, Titmouse, you little wretch, how dare you say so?]

"She is considered pretty in the country, I believe?" drawled Lady Cecilia, languidly.

"Oh, most uncommon lovely! middling, only middling, my lady, I should say"—added Titmouse, suddenly; having observed, as he fancied, rather a displeased look in Lady Cecilia. He had begun his sentence with more energy than

he had yet shewn in the house; he finished it hastily, and colored as he spoke—feeling that he had somehow committed himself.

"Do you form a new establishment at Yatton, sir?" inquired the Earl, "or take to any part of that of your predecessor?"

"I have not, please your lordship, made up my mind yet exactly—should like to know your lordship's opinion."

"Why, sir, I should be governed by circumstances—by circumstances, sir; when you get there, sir, you will be better able to judge of the course you should pursue."

"Do you intend, Mr. Titmouse, to live in town, or in the country?" inquired Lady Cecilia.

"A little of both, my lady—but mostly in town; because, as your ladyship sees, the country is *devilish* dull—'pon my life, my lady—my lord—beg a thousand pardons," he added, bowing to both, and blushing violently. Here he had committed himself; but his august companions bowed to him very kindly, and he presently recovered his self-possession.

"Are you fond of hunting, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired the Earl.

"Why, my lord, can't exactly say that I am—but your lordship sees, cases alter circumstances, and when I get down there among the country gents, p'raps I may do as they do, my lord."

"I presume, Mr. Titmouse, you have scarcely chosen a town residence yet?" inquired Lady Cecilia.

"No, my lady—not fixed it yet—was thinking of taking Mr. Aubrey's house in Grosvenor Square, understanding it is to be sold;" then turning towards the Earl—"because, as your lordship sees, I was thinking of getting into both the nests of the old birds, while both are warm"—he added, with a very faint smile.

"Exactly; yes—I see, sir—I understand you," replied Lord Dreddington, sipping his wine. His manner rather discomposed Titmouse, to whom it then very naturally occurred that the Earl might be warmly attached to the Aubreys, and not relish their being spoken of so lightly; so Titmouse hastily and anxiously added—"your lordship sees I was most particular sorry to make the Aubreys turn out. A most uncommon respectable gent, Mr. Aubrey: I assure your lordship I think so."

"I had not the honor of his acquaintance, sir," replied the Earl, coldly, and with exceeding stiffness, which flustered Titmouse not a little; and a pause occurred in the conversation for a minute or two. Dinner had now considerably advanced, and Titmouse was beginning to grow a little familiar with the routine of matters. Remembering Gammon's caution concerning the wine, and also observing how very little was drunk by the Earl and Lady Cecilia, Titmouse did the same; and during the whole of dinner had scarcely three full glasses of wine.

"How long is it," inquired the Earl addressing his daughter, "since they took that house?" Lady Cecilia could not say. "Stay—now I recollect—surely it was just before my appointment to the Household. Yes; it was about that time, I now recollect. I am alluding, Mr. Titmouse," continued the Earl, addressing him in a very gracious manner, "to an appointment under the Crown of some little distinction, which I was solicited to accept at the personal instance of his Majesty, on the occasion of our party coming into power—I mean that of Lord Steward of the Household."

"Dear me, my Lord! Indeed! Only to think, your lordship!" exclaimed Titmouse, with infinite deference in his manner, which encouraged the Earl to proceed.

"That, sir, was an office of great importance, and I had some hesitation in undertaking its responsibility. But, sir, when I had once committed myself to my sovereign and my country, I resolved to give them my best services. I had formed plans for effecting very extensive alterations, sir, in that department of the public service, which I have no doubt would have given great satisfaction to the country, as soon as the nature of my intentions became generally understood; when faction, sir, unfortunately prevailed, and we were compelled to relinquish office."

"Dear me, my lord! How particular sorry I am to hear it, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, as he gazed at the disappointed statesman with an expression of respectful sympathy.

"Sir, it gives me sincere satisfaction," said the Earl, after a pause, "to hear that our political opinions agree."

"Oh yes! my lord, quite; sure of that!"

"I assure you, sir, that some little acquaintance with the genius and spirit of the British constitution has satisfied me that this country can never be safely or advantageously governed except on sound Whig principles." He paused.

"Yes, my lord; it's quite true, your lordship."

"That, sir, is the only way I know of by which aristocratic institutions can be brought to bear effectively upon, to blend harmoniously with, the interests of the lower orders—the people, Mr. Titmouse." Titmouse thought this wonderfully fine, and sat listening as to an oracle of political wisdom. The Earl, observing it, began to form a much higher opinion of his little kinsman. "The unfortunate gentleman, your predecessor at Yatton, sir, if he had but allowed himself to have been guided by those who had mixed in public affairs before he was born," said the Earl with great dignity.

"'Pon my word, my lord, he was I've heard, a d—d Tory!—Oh my lady! my lord! humbly beg pardon," he added, turning pale; but the fatal word had been uttered, and heard by both; and he felt as if he could have sunk through the floor.

"Shall I have the honor of taking another glass of wine with you, sir?" inquired the Earl, rather gravely and severely, as if wishing Mr. Titmouse fully to appreciate the fearful breach of etiquette of which he had just been guilty. After they had bowed to each other, a very awkward pause occurred, which was at length broken by the considerate Lady Cecilia.

"Are you fond of the opera, Mr. Titmouse?"

"Very, my lady—most particular," replied Titmouse, who had been there once only.

"Do you prefer the opera, or the ballet? I mean the music or the dancing?"

"Oh, I understand your ladyship. 'Pon my word, my lady, prefer them both in their turns. The dancing is most uncommon superior; though I must say, my lady, the lady dancers there do most uncommonly—rather, I

should say"—He said abruptly; his face flushed, and he felt as if he had been into a perspiration. What the deuce was he about? It seemed as if some devil within were urging him on from time to time, to commit himself. Good gracious! another word, and out would have come his opinion as to the shocking indecency of the ballet!

"I understand you, sir; I quite agree with you," said Lady Cecilia calmly; "the ballet *does* come on at a sad late hour; I often wish they would now and then have the ballet first."

"'Pon my life, my lady," quoth Titmouse, eagerly snatching at the plank that was thrown to him; "that is what I meant—nothing else, upon my soul, your ladyship."

"Do you intend taking a box there, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired her ladyship, with an appearance of interest in the expected answer.

"Why, your ladyship, they say a box there is a *precious* long figure;—but in course, my lady, when I've got to rights a little with my property—your ladyship understands—I shall do the correct thing."

Here a very long pause ensued. How dismally quiet and deliberate was every thing! The very servants, who noiselessly they waited! Every thing done just when it was wanted, yet no hurry, or bustle, or noise; and they looked so composed—so much at their ease. He fancied that they had scarce any thing else to do than look at him, and watch all his movements, which greatly embarrassed him, and he began to hate them. He tried hard to inspire himself with a reflection upon his own suddenly acquired and really great personal importance; absolute master of Ten Thousand a-Year, a relation of the great man at whose table he ate, and whose hired servants they were; but then his timorously-raised eye would light, for an instant, upon the splendid insignia of the earl; and he felt as oppressed as ever. What would he not have given for a few minutes' interval and sense of complete freedom and independence! And were these to be his feelings ever hereafter? Was this the sort of tremulous apprehension of offence, and embarrassment as to his every motive, to which he was to be doomed in high life? Oh, that he had but been born to it, like the Earl and the Lady Cecilia!

"Were you ever in the House of Lords, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Lord Dreddington suddenly, after casting about for some little time for a topic on which he might converse with Titmouse.

"No, my lord, never—should most uncommon like to see it, my lord"—replied Titmouse, eagerly.

"Certainly, it is an impressive spectacle, sir, and well worth seeing."

"I suppose, my lord, your lordship goes there every day?"

"Why sir, I believe I am pretty punctual in my attendance. I was there to-day, sir, till the House rose. Sir, I am of opinion that hereditary legislators—a practical anomaly in a free state like this—but one which has innumerable unperceived advantages to recommend it—Sir, our country expects at our hands, in discharge of so grave a trust—in short, if we were not to be true to—we who are in a peculiar sense the guardians of public liberty—if we were once to betray our trust—Let me trouble you, sir, for a little of that—," said the Earl, using some foreign word which Titmouse had never heard of before, and looking towards a delicately constructed fabric, as of compressed snow, that stood before Titmouse. A servant stood in a twinkling beside him with his lordship's plate. Ah me! that I should have to relate so sad an event as presently occurred to Titmouse! He took a spoon; and, imagining the glistening fabric before him to be as solid as it looked, brought to bear upon it an adequate degree of force, even as if he had been going to scoop out a piece of Stilton cheese—and inserting his spoon at the summit of the snowy and deceitful structure, souse to the bottom went spoon, hand, coat-cuff and all, and a very dismal noise evidenced that the dish on which the spoon had descended with so much force—was no longer a dish. It was, in fact, broken in halves, and the liquid from within ran about on the cloth. \* \* \* A cluster of servants was quickly around him. \* \* A mist came over his eyes; the color deserted his cheek; and he had a strange feeling, as if the end of all things was at hand.

"I beg you will think nothing of it—it really signifies nothing at all, Mr. Titmouse," said the Earl, kindly, observing his agitation.

"Oh dear! Oh my lord—your ladyship—what an uncommon stupid ass!"

"Pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Titmouse," said Lady Cecilia, really feeling for his evident misery, "or you will distress us."

"I beg—humbly beg pardon—please your lordship—your ladyship. I'll replace it with the best in London, the very first thing in the morning." Here the servant beside him, who was arranging the table-cloth, uttered a faint sound of suppressed laughter, which disconcerted Titmouse still more.

"Give yourself no concern—'tis only a *trifle*, Mr. Titmouse!—You understand?" said the Earl, kindly.

"But if your lordship will only allow me—expense is no object. I know the very best shop in Oxford Street."

"Suppose we take a glass of champagne together, Mr. Titmouse!" said the Earl, rather peremptorily; and Titmouse had sense enough to be aware that he was to drop the subject. It was a good while before he recovered even the little degree of self-possession which he had since first entering Lord Dreddington's house. He had afterwards no very distinct recollection of the manner in which he got through the rest of dinner, but a general sense of his having been treated with the most kind and delicate forbearance—no fuss made. Suppose such an accident had occurred at Satin Lodge, or even Alibi House!

Shortly after the servants had withdrawn, Lady Cecilia rose to retire. Titmouse, seeing the Earl approaching the bell, anticipated him in ringing it, and then darted to the door with the speed of a lamplighter to open it, as he did, just before a servant had raised his hand to it on the outside. Then he stood within, and the servant without, each bowing, and Lady Cecilia passed between them with stately step, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her lip compressed, with the effort to check her inclination to a smile—perhaps, even laughter. Titmouse was now left alone with Lord Dreddington; and, on resuming his seat, most

earnestly renewed his entreaties to be allowed to replace the dish which he had broken, assuring Lord Dreddington that "money was no object at all." He was encountered, however, with so stern a negative by his lordship, that, with a hurried apology, he dropped the subject; the Earl, however, good-naturedly adding, that he had perceived the joke intended by Mr. Titmouse, which was a very good one. This would have set off poor Titmouse again; but a glance at the face of his magnificent host sealed his lips.

"I have heard it said, Mr. Titmouse," presently commenced the Earl, "that you have been engaged in mercantile pursuits during the period of your exclusion from the estates which you have just recovered. Is it so sir?"

"Ye-e-e—sir—my lord—" replied Titmouse, hastily considering whether or not he should altogether *sink the ship*; but he dared hardly venture upon so very decisive a lie—"I was, please your lordship, in one of the greatest establishments in the mercery line in London—at the west end, my lord; most confidential, my lord; management of every thing; but somehow, my lord, I never took to it—your lordship understands!"

"Perfectly, sir; I can quite appreciate your feelings. But, sir, the mercantile interests of this great country are not to be overlooked. Those who are concerned in them, are frequently very respectable persons."

"Begging pardon, my lord—no, they a'n't—if your lordship only knew them as well as I do, my lord. Most uncommon low people. Do any thing to turn a penny, my lord; and often sell damaged goods for best."

"It is very possible, sir, that there may exist irregularities of that description; but upon the whole, sir, I am disposed to think that there are many very respectable persons engaged in trade. I have had the happiness, sir, to assist in passing measures that were calculated, by removing restrictions and protective duties, to secure to this country the benefits of free and universal competition. We have been proceeding, sir, for many years, on altogether a wrong principle; but, not to follow out this matter further, I must remind you, sir, that your acquaintance with the principles and leading details of mercantile transactions—undoubtedly one of the mainsprings of the national greatness—may hereafter be of use to your sir."

"Yes, my lord, 'pon my soul—when I'm furnishing my houses in town and country, I mean to go to market myself—please your lordship, I know a trick or two in trade, and can't be taken in, my lord. For instance, my lord, there's Tag-rag—a hem! hem!" he paused abruptly, and looked somewhat confusedly at the Earl.

"I did not mean *that* exactly," said his lordship, unable to resist a smile. "Pray, fill your glass, Mr. Titmouse." He did so. "You are of course aware that you have the absolute patronage of the borough of Yatton, Mr. Titmouse?—It occurs to me, that as our political opinions agree, and unless I am presumptuous, sir, in so thinking—I may be regarded, in a political point of view, as the head of the family—you understand, I hope, Mr. Titmouse?"

"Exactly, my lord—'pon my soul, it's all correct, my lord."

"Well—then—the family interests, Mr. Titmouse, must be looked after."

"Oh! in course, my lord, only too happy—certainly, my lord, we shall, I hope, make a very interesting family, if your lordship so pleases—I can have no objection, my lord!"

"It was a vile, a disgraceful trick, by which Ministers popped in their own man for our borough, Mr. Titmouse."

[Lord Dreddington alluded to the circumstance of a new writ having been moved for, immediately on Mr. Aubrey's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, and, before the Opposition could be prepared for such a step, sent down without delay to Yatton, and Sir Percival Pickering, Bart., of Ludington Court, an intimate friend of Mr. Aubrey's, and a keen, unflinching Tory, being returned as member for the borough of Yatton, before the Titmouse influence could be brought for even one moment into the field; the few and willing electors of that ancient and loyal borough being only too happy to have the opportunity of voting for a man whose principles they approved—probably the last opportunity they would have of doing so.]

"Yes, my lord—Sir What-d'ye-call-him was a trifle too sharp for us, in that business, wasn't he?"

"It has succeeded, sir, for the moment, but"—continued his lordship, in a very significant and impressive manner—"it is quite possible that their triumph may be short in duration—Mr. Titmouse. Those who, like myself, are at headquarters—let me see you fill your glass, Mr. Titmouse. I have the honor to congratulate you, sir, on the recovery of your rights, and to wish you health and long life in the enjoyment of them."

"May it please your lordship, you're most uncommon polite"—commenced Titmouse, rising, and standing while he spoke—for he had had experience enough of society, to be aware that when a gentleman's health was drunk on important occasions, it became him to rise and acknowledge the compliment in such language as he could command—"and am particularly proud—a—a—I beg to propose, my lord, your lordship's very good health, and many thanks." Then he sat down; each poured out another glass of claret, and drank it off.

"It is extremely singular, sir, the reverses in life that one hears of."

[I cannot help pausing, for a moment, to suggest—what must have become of the Earl and his daughter, had they been placed in the situation of the unfortunate Aubreys.]

"Yes, my lord, your lordship's quite true, 'pon my word!—Most uncommon ups and downs! Lord, my lord, only to fancy me, a few months ago, trotting up and down Oxford street with my yard mea—" He stopped short, and colored violently.

"Well, sir, however humble might have been your circumstances, it is a consolation to reflect that the fates ordained it. Sir, there is nothing dishonorable in being poor, when it is not your own fault. Reverses of fortune, sir, have happened to some of the greatest characters in our history. You remember Alfred, sir!" Titmouse bowed assentingly; but had he been questioned, could have told, I suspect, very little about the matter.

"Allow me, sir, to ask whether you have come to any arrangement with your late opponent concerning the back



rents?" inquired the Earl, with a great appearance of interest.

"No, my lord, not yet; but my solicitors say they'll soon have the screw on, please your lordship—that's just what they say—their very words."

"Indeed, sir!" replied the Earl, gravely. "What is the sum to which they say you are entitled, sir?"

"Sixty thousand pounds, my lord, at least—quite set me up at starting, my lord," replied Titmouse with great glee; but the Earl shuddered, and sipped his wine in silence.

"By the way, Mr. Titmouse," said the Earl, after a considerable pause—"I trust you will forgive me for suggesting whether it would not be a prudent step for you to go to one of the universities for at least a twelvemonth?"

"Humbly begging your lordship's pardon, am not I too old?" replied Titmouse. "Besides, I've talked the matter over with Mr. Gammon."

"Mr. Gammon? Allow me, sir, to ask who that may be?"

"One of my solicitors, my lord; a most remarkable clever man, and an out-and-out lawyer, my lord. It was he that found out all about my case, my lord. If your lordship was only to see him for a moment, your lordship would say, what a remarkable clever man that is!"

"You will forgive my curiosity, sir; but it must have surely required very ample means to have carried on so arduous a lawsuit as that which has terminated so successfully?"

"Oh yes, my lord! Quirk, Gammon and Snap did all that; and, between me and your lordship, I suppose I shall have to come down a pretty long figure, all on the nail, as your lordship understands; but I mean them to get it all out of that respectable gent, Mr. Aubrey." By quietly pressing his questions, the Earl got a good deal more out of Titmouse than he was aware of, concerning Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap; and conceived a special dislike for Gammon. The Earl gave him some pretty decisive hints about the necessity of being on his guard with such people—and hoped that he would not commit himself to any thing important without consulting his lordship, who would of course give him the advantage of his experience in the affairs of the world, and open his eyes to the designs of those whose only object was to make a prey of him. Titmouse began to feel that here, at length, he had met with a real friend—one whose suggestions were worthy of being received with the profoundest deference. Soon afterwards, he had the good fortune to please the Earl beyond expression, by venturing timidly to express his admiration of the splendid star worn by his lordship, who took the opportunity of explaining that and the other marks of distinction he wore, and others which he was entitled to wear, at great length, and with much minuteness—so as that he at length caused Titmouse to believe that he, Lord Dreddlington—the august head of the family—must have rendered more signal service, somehow or other, to his country than most men living. His lordship might not, perhaps, intend it; but he went on till he almost defied himself in the estimation of his little listener! One very natural question was perpetually trembling on the tip of Titmouse's tongue, viz., how and when he could get a star and garter for himself.

"Well, Mr. Titmouse," at length observed the Earl, after looking at his watch—"shall we adjourn to the drawing-room? The fact is, sir, that Lady Cecilia and I have an evening engagement at the Duke of Dunderwhistle's. I much regret being unable to take you with us, sir; but, as it is, shall we rejoin the Lady Cecilia?" continued his lordship, rising. Up jumped Titmouse; and the Earl and he were soon in the drawing-room, where, besides the Lady Cecilia, sat another lady, to whom he was not introduced in any way. This was Miss Macspleuchan, a distant connexion of the Earl's late countess—a very poor relation, who had entered the house of the Earl of Dreddlington, in order to eat the bitter, bitter bread of dependence. Poor soul! you might tell by a glance at her, that she did not thrive upon it. She was about thirty, and so thin! She was dressed in plain, white muslin; and there were a manifest constraint and timidity about her motions, and a depression in her countenance, whose lineaments showed that if she could be happy she might be handsome. She had a most lady-like air; and there was thought in her brow and acuteness in her eye, which, however, as it were, habitually watched the motions of the Earl and the Lady Cecilia with deference and anxiety. Poor Miss Macspleuchan felt herself gradually sinking into a sycophant; the alternative being that or starvation. She was very accomplished, particularly in music and languages, while the lady Cecilia really knew scarcely any thing—for which reason, principally, she had long ago conceived a bitter dislike to Miss Macspleuchan, and inflicted on her a number of petty but exquisite mortifications; such, perhaps, as none but a sensitive soul could appreciate, for the Earl and his daughter were exemplary persons in the proprieties of life, and would not do such things openly. She was a sort of companion to Lady Cecilia, and entirely dependent upon her and the Earl for subsistence. She was sitting on the sofa, beside Lady Cecilia, when Titmouse re-entered the drawing-room; and Lady Cecilia eyed him through her glass with infinite nonchalance, even when he had advanced to within a few feet of her. He made Miss Macspleuchan, as she rose to take her seat and prepare tea, a most obsequious bow: absurd as was the style of its performance, Miss Macspleuchan saw there was politeness in the intention; 't was, moreover, a courtesy towards herself, that was unusual from the Earl's guests; and these considerations served to take off the edge of the ridicule and contempt with which Lady Cecilia had been preparing her to receive their newly-discovered kinsman. After standing for a second or two near the sofa, Titmouse ventured to sit himself down upon it—on the very edge only—as if afraid of disturbing Lady Cecilia, who was reclining on it with an air of languid hauteur.

"So you're going, my lady, to a dance to-night, as my lord says?" quoth Titmouse, respectfully—"hope your lordship will enjoy yourself."

"We regret that you do not accompany us, Mr. Titmouse," said Lady Cecilia, slightly inclining towards him, and glancing at Miss Macspleuchan with a faint and bitter smile.

"Should have been most uncommon proud to have gone, your lordship," replied Titmouse, as a servant brought him a cup of tea.

"These cups and saucers, my lady, come from abroad, I suppose? Now, I dare say, though they've rather a funny look, they cost a good deal?"

"I really do not know, sir; we have had them a very long while."

"Pon my life, my lady, I like them amazing!" Seeing her ladyship not disposed to talk, Titmouse became silent.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired the Earl, presently observing the pause in the conversation to become embarrassing to Titmouse.

"Very, indeed, my lord; is your lordship?"

"I am rather fond of vocal music, sir—of the opera."

This the Earl said, because Miss Macspleuchan played upon the piano very brilliantly, and did not sing. Miss Macspleuchan understood him.

"Do you play upon any instrument, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Lady Cecilia, with a smile lurking about her lips, which increased a little when Titmouse replied in the negative, that he had once begun to learn the clarinet some years ago, but could not manage the notes. "Excuse me, my lady, but what an uncommon fine piano that is!" said he. "If I may make so bold, will your ladyship give us a tune?"

"I dare say, Miss Macspleuchan will play for you, Mr. Titmouse, if you wish it," replied Lady Cecilia, coldly.

Some time afterwards, a servant announced to her ladyship and the Earl that the carriage was at the door; and presently they both retired to their dressing-rooms to make some slight alteration in their dress; the Earl to add a foreign order or two, and Lady Cecilia to place upon her haughty brow a small tiara of brilliants. As soon as they had thus retired—"I shall feel great pleasure, sir, in playing for you, if you wish it?" said Miss Macspleuchan, in a voice of such mingled melancholy and kindness, as must have gone to Titmouse's heart if he had possessed one. He jumped up, and bowed profoundly. She sat down to the piano, and played with exquisite taste, and great execution, such as she supposed would suit her auditor—namely, waltzes and marches, till the door opened, and Lady Cecilia re-appeared drawing on her gloves, with the glittering addition which I have mentioned—followed presently by the Earl, who had removed the red riband, and added two little foreign orders.

"Well, sir," said he, with dignified affability, "I need not repeat how highly gratified I feel at our introduction to each other. I trust you will henceforth consider yourself no stranger here."

"Oh, pon my life, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, in a low tone, and with a sudden and profound bow.

"And that on your return from Yorkshire," continued the Earl, drawing on his gloves, "you will let us see you: we both feel great interest in your good fortunes. Sir, I have the honor to wish you a good evening!" He extended his gloved hand to Mr. Titmouse, whose hands he touched with little more than the ends of his fingers.

"We exceedingly regret that we must leave you, Mr. Titmouse; but as we wish to leave the Duchess's early, in order to go to another ball, we must go early. Good evening, sir," and having dropped him a formal curtsy, she quitted the drawing-room followed by the Earl, Titmouse making four or five such bows as provoked a smile from all who witnessed them. The next moment he was alone with Miss Macspleuchan. Her unaffected goodnatured address made him feel more at home within the next five minutes, than he had been since entering that frigid scene of foolish state—since being in the oppressive presence of the greatness just departed. She felt at first a contempt for him bordering upon disgust, but which very soon melted into pity. What a wretched creature was this to put into such a dazzling position! He soon got pretty communicative with her, and told her about the Tag-rags, Miss Tag-rag, and Miss Quirk, both of whom were absolutely dying of love for him, and thought he was in love with them, which was not the case—far from it. Then he hinted something about a most particular uncommon lovely gal that had his heart, and he hoped to have hers, as soon as he had got all to rights at Yatton. Then he told her of the great style in which he was going down to take possession of his estates. Having finished this, he told her that he had been the morning before to see a man hanged for murdering his wife; that he had been into the condemned cell, and then into the press-room, and had seen his hands and arms tied, and shaken hands with him; and he was going on into such a sickening minuteness of detail, that to avoid it, Miss Macspleuchan, who felt both shocked and disgusted, suddenly asked him if he was fond of heraldry, and, rising from the sofa, she went into the second room, where on an elegant and antique stand lay a huge roll of parchment, on a gilded stick, splendidly mounted and most superbly illuminated—it was about three quarters of a yard in breadth, and some ten or twenty yards in length. This was the *Pedigree of the Dreddlingtons*. She was giving him an account of Simon de Dreinecourt, an early ancestor of the Earl's, who had come over with William the Conqueror, and performed stupendous feats of valor at the battle of Hastings, Titmouse listening in open-mouthed wonder, and almost trembling to think that he had broken a valuable dish belonging to a nobleman who had such wonderful ancestors, not at the moment adverting to the circumstance that he was himself descended from the same ancestors, and had as rich blood in him as the Earl and Lady Cecilia—when a servant entered and informed him in a whisper that "his carriage had arrived!" He considered that etiquette required him to depart immediately.

"Beg your pardon; but if ever you should come down to my estate in the country, shall be most uncommon proud to see your ladyship."

"I beg your pardon; you are mistaken, sir," interrupted Miss Macspleuchan hastily, and blushing scarlet; the fact being that Titmouse had not caught her name on its having been once or twice pronounced by Lady Cecilia, and very naturally concluded that she also must be a lady of rank. Titmouse was, however, so occupied with his efforts to make a graceful exit, that he did not catch the explanation of his mistake; and bowing almost down to the ground, reached the landing, where the tall servant, with a very easy grace, gave him his hat and cane, and preceded him down stairs. As he descended, he felt in his pockets for some loose money, and gave several shillings between the servants who stood in the hall to witness his departure; after which, one of them having opened the door and let

down the steps of the glass coach, Titmouse popped in to it.

"Home, sir?" inquired the servant, as he closed the door.

"The Cabbage-Stalk Hotel, Covent Garden," replied Titmouse.

That was communicated to the coachman, and off rumbled the glass coach. As soon as Titmouse had become calm enough to reflect upon the events of the evening, he came to the conclusion that the Earl of Dreddlington was a very great man indeed; the Lady Cecilia very beautiful, but rather proud; but Miss Macspleuchan (Lady Somebody, as he supposed,) one of the most interesting ladies he had ever met with, something uncommon pleasing about her; in short he felt a sort of grateful attachment towards her, which, how long it would have lasted after he had heard that she was only a plain Miss, and a poor relative, I leave the acute reader to conjecture.

Mr. Gammon was with him about half-past nine o'clock the next morning, sufficiently anxious to hear how he had got on over night. He was received by Titmouse in a manner totally different from that in which he had ever before been received by him; and concluded, for a few minutes, that Lord Dreddlington had been pumping Titmouse, had learned from him his position with respect to him, Gammon, in particular, and had injected distrust and suspicion into the mind of Titmouse concerning him. But Gammon, with all his acuteness, was quite mistaken. The truth was, 'twas only an attempt on the part of poor Titmouse to assume the composed demeanor, the languid elegance, which he had observed in the distinguished personages with whom he had spent the preceding evening, and which had made a very deep impression on his mind. He drew out his words, looked as if he were half asleep, and continually addressed Gammon as "Sir," and "Mr. Gammon," just as the Earl of Dreddlington had constantly addressed him—Titmouse. Our friend was sitting at breakfast, on the present occasion, in a most gaudy dressing-gown, and with the newspaper before him; in short, his personal appearance and manner were totally different from what Gammon had ever seen before, and he looked now and then at Titmouse, as if for a moment doubting his identity. Whether or not he was now on the point of throwing overboard those who had piloted him from amidst the shoals of poverty into the open sea of affluence, shone upon by the vivid sunlight of rank and distinction, Gammon did not know; but he contracted his brow, and assumed a certain sternness and peremptoriness of tone and bearing, which were not long in reducing Titmouse to his proper dimensions; and when at length Mr. Gammon entered upon the delightful subject of the morrow's expedition, telling him that he, Gammon, had now nearly completed all the preparations for going down to, and taking possession of Yatton in a style of suitable splendor, according to the wish of Titmouse—this quickly melted away the thin coat of mannerism, and Titmouse was "himself again." He immediately gave Mr. Gammon a full account of what had happened at Lord Dreddlington's and, I fear, of a great deal more that might possibly have happened, but certainly had not; e. g. his lordship's special laudation of Mr. Gammon as a "monstrous fine lawyer," which Titmouse swore were the very exact words of his lordship, and that he "should have been most happy to see Mr. Gammon," and a good deal to the like effect. Also that he had been "most uncommon thick" with "Lady Cicely," (so he pronounced her name;) and that both she and Lord Dreddlington had "pressed him very hard" to go with them to a ball at a duke's! He made no mention of the broken trifle-dish; said they had nearly a dozen servants to wait on them, (only three sitting down to dinner,) and twenty different sorts of wine, and no end of courses, at dinner. That the Earl wore a star, and garter, and blue riband—which Gammon erroneously thought as apocryphal as the rest; and had told him that he—Titmouse—might one day wear them, and sit in the House of Lords; and had, moreover, advised him most strenuously to get into Parliament as soon as possible, as the "cause of the people wanted strengthening." [As Lord Coke somewhere says, in speaking of a spurious portion of the text of Lyttleton, "that arrow came never out of Lyttleton's quiver"—so Gammon instantly perceived that the last sentence came never out of Titmouse's own head, but was that of a wise and able man and statesman.]

As soon as Titmouse had finished his little romance, Gammon proceeded to the chief object of his visit—their next day's journey. He said that he very much regretted to say that Mr. Snap had expressed a very anxious wish to witness the triumph of Mr. Titmouse; and that Mr. Titmouse, unless he had some particular objection—"Oh none, 'pon honor!—poor Snap!—devilish good chap in a small way!" said Titmouse; and at once gave his consent—Gammon informed him that Mr. Snap would be obliged to return to town by the next day's coach. The reader will smile when I tell him, and if a lady, will frown when she hears, that Miss Quirk was to be of the party—a point which her anxious father had secured some time ago. Mrs. Alias had declared that she saw no objection, as Mr. Quirk would be constantly with his daughter, and Gammon had appeared most ready to bring about so desirable a result. He had also stiven hard, unknown to his partners, to increase their numbers by the Tag-rags, who might have gone down, all three of them, if they had chosen, by coach, and so have returned. Gammon conceived that this step might not have been unattended with advantage in several ways; and would, moreover, have secured him a considerable source of amusement. Titmouse, however, would not listen to the thing for one moment, and Gammon was forced to give up his little scheme. Two dashing young fellows, fashionable friends of Titmouse, (who had picked them up Heaven only knows where, but they never deserted them,) infinitely to Gammon's annoyance, were to be of the party. He had seen them but once, when he had accompanied Titmouse to the play, where they soon joined him. One was a truly disgusting-looking fellow—a Mr. Yahoo—a man about five-and-thirty years old, tall, with a profusion of black hair parted down the middle of his head, and falling down in long clustering curls from each temple upon his coat collar. His whiskers, also, were ample, and covered two-thirds of his face; and he had a jet-black tuft—an imperial—depending from his under lip. He had an execrable eye—full of insolence and sensuality. In short, his whole countenance bespoke the thorough debauchee. He had been,



he said, in the army; and was nearly connected with some of the first families in the North. He was now a man of pleasure about town—which contained not a better billiard player, as the admiring Titmouse had had several opportunities of judging. He was a great patron of the ring—knew all their secrets—all their haunts. He always had plenty of money, and drove about in a most elegant cab, in which Titmouse had often had a seat; and as soon as Mr. Yahoo had extracted, from his communicative little companion, all about himself, he made it his business to conciliate his good graces by all the arts of which he was master—and he succeeded. The other chosen companion of Titmouse was Mr. Algernon Fitz-Snooks, a complete fool. He was the sole child of a rich tradesman—who christened him by the sounding name given above: and afterwards added the patrician prefix to the surname, which also you see above, in order to gratify his wife and son. The youth never “took to business”—but was allowed to saunter about, doing and knowing nothing, till about his twenty-second year, when his mother died, followed a year afterwards by his father, who bequeathed to his hopeful son some fifty thousand pounds—absolutely and uncontrolledly. He very judiciously thought that youth was the time to enjoy life; and before he had reached his thirtieth year, he had got through all his fortune except about five or six thousand pounds—in return for which, he had certainly got something; viz. an impaired constitution and a little experience, which might, possibly, be useful. He had a very pretty face—regular features, and interesting eyes; his light hair curled beautifully; and he spoke in a sort of lisp and in a low tone—and, in a point of dress, always turned out beautifully. He, also, had a cab, and was a great friend of Mr. Yahoo, who had introduced him into a great deal of high society, principally in St. James’ Street, where both he and Mr. Yahoo had passed a great deal of their time, especially during the nights. There was no intentional mischief in poor Fitz-Snooks; nature had made him only a fool—his prudent parents had done the rest: and if he fell into vice, it was only because he could not help it. Such were the chosen companions of Titmouse; the one a fool, the other a rogue—and “he must,” he said, “have them down to the jollifying at Yatton.” A groom and a valet, both newly hired the day before, would complete the party of the morrow. Gammon assured Titmouse that he had taken all the pains in the world to get up a triumphant entry into Yatton; his agents at Grilston, Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son, attorneys—the Radical electioneering attorneys of the county—who were well versed in the matter of processions, bands, flags, &c. &c. &c., had by that time arranged everything, and they were to be met, when within a mile of Yatton, by a procession. The people at the Hall, also, were under orders from Mr. Gammon, through Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son, to have all in readiness—and a banquet prepared for nearly a hundred persons—in fact, all comers were to be welcome. To all this Titmouse listened with eyes glistening, and ears tingling with rapture; but can any tongue describe his emotion, on being apprised that the sum of £2500, in the banker’s hands, was now at his disposal—that it would be doubled in a few weeks—a check for £500, drawn by Mr. Titmouse on the London agents of the Grilston bankers, had been honored on the preceding afternoon? Titmouse’s heart beat fast, and he felt as if he could have worshipped Gammon. As for the matter of carriages, Mr. Gammon said, that probably Mr. Titmouse would call that morning on Mr. Axle, in Long Acre, and select one to his mind—it must be one with two seats—and Mr. Gammon had pointed out several which were, he thought, eligible, and would be shown to Mr. Titmouse. That would be the carriage in which Mr. Titmouse himself would travel; the second, Mr. Gammon had taken the liberty of already selecting. With this, Mr. Gammon (just as the new valet brought in no less than seven boxes of segars, ordered over-night by Titmouse) shook his hand and departed, saying that he should make his appearance at the Cabbage-Stalk the next morning precisely at eleven o’clock—about which time it was arranged they were all to start. Titmouse hardly knew how to contain himself on being left alone. About an hour or two afterwards, Titmouse made his appearance at Mr. Axle’s. He carried on two businesses, one public, i. e. a coach-builder—one private, i. e. a money-lender. He was a rich man—a very obliging and “accommodating” person, by means of which he had amassed a fortune of, it was believed, a hundred thousand pounds. He never made a fuss about selling on credit, lending, taking back, exchanging, carriages of all descriptions; nor in discounting the bills of his customers to any amount. He was generally right in each case in the long run. He would supply his fashionable victim with as splendid a chariot, and funds to keep it some time going, as he or she could desire; well knowing, that in due time, after they had taken a few turns in it about the park, and a few streets and squares in the neighborhood, it would quietly drive up to one or two huge dingy fabrics in a different part of the town, where it would deposit its burden, and then return to its maker little the worse for wear, who took it back at about a twentieth part of its cost, and soon again disposed of it in a similar way. Mr. Axle showed Mr. Titmouse very obsequiously over his premises, pointing out (as soon as he knew who he was) the carriages which Mr. Gammon had the day before desired should be shown to him, and which Mr. Titmouse, with his glass stuck in his eye—where it was kept by the pure force of muscular contraction—examined with something like the air of a connoisseur—rapping with his agate-headed cane every now and then—now against his teeth, then against his legs. He did not seem perfectly satisfied with any of them; they looked “devilish plain and dull.”

“Hollo—Mr. Axletree, or whatever your name is—what have we here? ‘Pon my soul, the very thing!”—he exclaimed, as his eye caught a splendid object—the state carriage of the ex-sheriff, with its gorgeously decorated panel; which, having been vamped up for some six or seven successive shrivalties—(on each occasion heralded to the public by laudatory paragraphs in the newspapers as entirely new, and signal instances of the taste and magnificence of the sheriff-elect)—seemed now *perfunctus officio*. Mr. Axle was staggered for a moment, and scarce supposed Mr. Titmouse to be in earnest—Gammon having giving him no inkling of the real character of Titmouse; but observing the earnest steadfast gaze with which he regarded the glittering object, having succeeded in choking down a sudden fit

of laughter, he commenced a most tempting eulogium upon the splendid structure—remarking on the singularity of the circumstance of its happening just at that exact moment to be placed at this disposal by its former owner—a gentleman of great distinction, who had no longer any occasion for it. Mr. Axle had had numerous applications for it already; on hearing which, Titmouse got excited. The door was opened; he got in; sat on each seat. “Do n’t it hang beautifully?” inquired the confident proprietor, swaying about the head of the carriage as he spoke.

“Let us see, who was after it yesterday? Oh, I think it was Sir Goosey Gander; but I’ve not closed with him.”

“What’s your price, Mr. Axletree?” inquired Titmouse rather heatedly, as he got out of the carriage.

After some little higgly-haggling, Mr. Titmouse bought it!!!—for there was nothing like closing at once where there was keen competition. Mr. Gammon could not have seen it, when he was making his choice the day before. For the rest of the day he felt infinitely elated at his fortunate purchase, and excited his imagination by pictures of the astonishment and admiration which his equipage must call forth on the morrow. Punctual to his appointment, Mr. Gammon, a few moments before the clock struck eleven on the ensuing morning, drew up to the Cabbage-Stalk, as near at least as he could get to it, in a hackney coach, with his portmanteau and carpet-bag. I say, as near as he could; for round about the door stood a little crowd, gazing with a sort of awe on a magnificent vehicle standing there, with four horses harnessed to it. Gammon looked at his watch as he entered the hotel, and asked which of the sheriffs’ carriages was standing at the door. The waiter to whom he spoke seemed nearly splitting with laughter, which almost disabled him from answering that it was Mr. Titmouse’s carriage, ready for setting off for Yorkshire. Mr. Gammon opened his eyes involuntarily, turned pale, and seemed nearly dropping down.

“Mr. Titmouse’s!” he echoed incredulously.

“Yes, sir—been here this hour at least packing; such a crowd all the while; every body think it’s the sheriff’s sir,” replied the waiter, scarce able to keep his countenance. Mr. Gammon rushed up stairs with greater impetuosity than he had perhaps ever been known to exhibit before, and burst into Mr. Titmouse’s room. There was that gentleman, with his hat on, his hands stuck into his coat-pockets, a cigar in his mouth, and a tumbler of brandy and water before him. Mr. Yahoo, and Mr. Fitz-Snooks, and Mr. Snap were similarly occupied; and Mr. Quirk was sitting down with his hands in pockets, and a glass of negus before him, with any thing but a joyful expression of countenance.

“Is it possible, Mr. Titmouse?” commenced Gammon.

“Ah, how d’ye do, Gammon? punctual!” interrupted Titmouse, extending his hand.

“Forgive me; but can it be that the monstrous thing now before the door, with a crowd grinning around it, is your carriage?” inquired Gammon, with dismay in his face.

“I—rather—think—it is,” replied Titmouse, slightly discontented, but trying to look self-possessed.

“My dear sir,” replied Gammon, in a kind of agony, “is it impossible! It never can be! Do you mean to say that you bought it at Mr. Axle’s?”

“I should rather think so,” replied Titmouse, with a piqued air.

“He’s been grossly imposing on you, sir! Permit me to go at once and get you a proper vehicle.”

“‘Pon my life, Mr. Gammon, I think that it’s a monstrous nice thing—a great bargain—and I’ve bought it and paid for it, that’s more.”

“Gentlemen, I appeal to you, confidently,” said Gammon, turning in an agony to Mr. Yahoo and Mr. Fitz-Snooks.

“As for me, sir,” replied the former, coolly, at the same time knocking off the ashes from his cigar;—“since you ask my opinion, I confess I rather like the idea—ha! ha! ‘Twill produce a sensation; that’s something in this dull life! Eh, Snooks?”

“Ay—a—I confess I was a little shocked at first, but I think I’m getting over it now,” lisped Mr. Fitz-Snooks, adjusting his shirt-collar, and then sipping a little of his brandy and water. “I look upon it now as an excellent joke; egad, it beat Chitterfield kollow, though he, too, has done a trick or two lately.”

“Did you purchase it as a joke, Mr. Titmouse?” inquired Gammon, with forced calmness, ready to expire with vexation and anger.

“Why—a—‘pon my life—if you ask me—wonder you do n’t see it! Of course I did! Those that do n’t like it, may ride, you know, in the other.”

“We shall be hooted at, laughed at, wherever we go,” said he, vehemently.

“Exactly—that’s the novelty I like,” said Mr. Yahoo, looking at Mr. Gammon with a smile of ineffable insolence.

Mr. Gammon made him no reply, but fixed an eye upon him, under which he became plainly rather uneasy. He felt outdone. Talk of scorn!—the eye of Gammon, settled at that instant upon Mr. Yahoo, was its complete and perfect representative; and from that moment he, Mr. Yahoo, felt something like fear of the eye of man, or of submission to it. When, moreover, he beheld the manner in which Titmouse obeyed Gammon’s somewhat haughty summons out of the room, he resolved to make a friend of Gammon. Titmouse proved, however, inexorable for once; he had bought and paid for the carriage; it suited his taste; and where was the harm of gratifying it? Besides, it was already packed; all was prepared for starting. Gammon gave it up; and, swallowing down his rage as well and as quickly as he could, endeavored to reconcile himself to this infernal and most unexpected predicament.

It seems that Miss Quirk, however, really anxious to go down to Yatton—to do any thing, in short, calculated to commit Mr. Titmouse to her—was quite staggered on discovering, and shocked at seeing, the kind of persons who were to be their travelling companions. As for Mr. Yahoo, she recoiled from him with horror as soon as she had seen him. What decent female, indeed, would not have done so? She had retired to a bed-chamber soon after entering the Cabbage-Stalk, and, seeing her two unexpected fellow-travellers, presently sent a chambermaid to request Mr. Quirk to come to her.

He found her considerably agitated. She wished earnestly to return to Alibi House; and consented to proceed on her journey only on the express promise of Mr. Titmouse, that no one should be in the carriage in which she went except Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon—unless, indeed, Mr. Titmouse thought proper to make the fourth.

Mr. Quirk, on this, sent for Mr. Gammon, who, with a somewhat bad grace, (“Confound it,” thought he, “every thing seems going wrong,”) undertook to secure Mr. Titmouse’s consent to that arrangement.

While he was thus closeted for about five or ten minutes with Mr. Quirk, one of the waiters informed Mr. Titmouse that a lad had brought a parcel for him, which he, the aforesaid lad, was himself to deliver into the hands of Mr. Titmouse. Accordingly there was presently shown into the room a little lad, in tarnished livery, in whom Titmouse recollected the boy belonging to Mr. Tag-rag’s one-horse chaise, and who gave a small parcel into Mr. Titmouse’s hands, “with Mr. and Miss Tag-rag’s respects.”

As soon as he had quitted the room. “By Jove! What have we here?” exclaimed Titmouse, just a little flustered as he cut open the string. Inside was another parcel, wrapped up in white paper, and tied in a pretty bow, with red satin ribands. This again, and another within it having been opened,—behold there were three nice cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which, on being examined, proved to be each of them marked “T. T.” in hair; and Mr. Yahoo happening to unfold one of them, lo! in the centre, was—also done in hair—the figure of a heart transfixed with an arrow!!! Mr. Yahoo roared, and Mr. Fitz-Snooks lisped, “is she pretty, Tit? Where’s her nest, any old birds?—eh?”

Titmouse colored a little, then grinned, and put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked his eye, as if favoring the bright idea of Mr. Fitz-Snooks. On a sheet of gilt-edged paper, and sealed with a seal bearing the tender words, “Forget me not,” was written the following:

“SIR: Trusting you will excuse the liberty, I send you three best cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which my daughter has marked with her own hair, and I beg your acceptance thereof, hoping you may be resigned to all that may befall you, which is the prayer of, dear sir, yours respectfully, MARTHA TAG-RAG.”

“P. S.—My daughter sends what you may please to wish and accept. Shall we have the great happiness to see you here again?”

“SATIN LODGE, 18th May, 18—”

“Oh! the naughty old woman! Fie! Fie!” exclaimed Mr. Yahoo, with his intolerable smile.

“‘Pon my soul, there’s nothing in it.”

“Where’s Satin Lodge?” inquired Mr. Fitz-Snooks.

“It’s a country-house on the—the Richmond road,” said Titmouse with a little hesitation; and just then the return of Gammon, who had resumed his usual calmness of manner, relieved him from his embarrassment. Mr. Gammon succeeded in effecting the arrangement suggested by Mr. Quirk and his daughter; and within about a quarter of an hour afterwards, behold the ex-sheriff’s resplendent but cast-off carriage filled by Miss Quirk and Titmouse, and Mr. Quirk and Gammon—the groom and valet sitting on the coach-box; while in the other, a plain, yellow carriage covered with luggage, sat Mr. Yahoo, Mr. Fitz-Snooks, and Mr. Snap, all of them with lighted cigars—Snap never having been so happy as at that moment.

## THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ENOUGH has been said, in this quick and graphic age, respecting coachmen and cabmen, and conductors, and horses, and all the exterior phenomena of things vehicular; but we are not aware that an ‘article’ has yet been devoted to the subject before us.

Come then, our old friend Truth; do what thou canst for us. If thou dost not, we know, that with all our trying, we can do nothing for ourselves; nor will men have any thing to do with our representations, though we paint for them the prettiest girl in the world,—unlike!

By the invention of the Omnibus, all the world keeps its coach!—And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No ‘plague with servants,’ no expense for liveries;—no coach-makers’ and horse-doctors’ bills;—no keeping one’s fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good bye, and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it, till we want it; and then it either comes to one’s door, or you go forth, and in a few minutes see it hulling up the street,—the man-of-war among coaches,—the whale’s back in the metropolitan flood,—while the driver is beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant on his neck.

We cannot say much for the beauty of its appearance; but there is a certain might of utility in its very bulk, which supercedes the necessity of beauty, as in the case of the whale itself, or in the idea we entertain of Doctor Johnson, who shouldered porters as he went, and ‘laughed like a rhinoceros.’ Virgil metamorphosed sea-nymphs into ships. The Doctor, by a process certainly not more violent, might be supposed transformed into a vehicle for his favorite London streets; and, if so, he would undoubtedly have anticipated the date of the present invention, and become an Omnibus. His mouth seems to utter the word.

BOSWELL (*in Elysium*.) “Sir, if you were living now, and were to be turned into a coach, what sort of a coach would you become?”

JOHNSON (*rolling about and laughing with bland contempt*.) “Sir, in parliamentary language, you are ‘frivolous and vexatious;’ but the frivolity surmounts the vexatiousness.”

BOSWELL (*tenderly*.) “Nay, Sir, but to oblige an humble, and, I hope, not altogether undeserving friend.”

JOHNSON. “Sir, where reply is obvious, interrogation is disgusting. Nay, Sir, (*seeing the tears in Boswell’s eyes*.) I would not be harsh or uncompelling; but do you not see the case at once? I should formerly have chosen to be a bishop’s carriage, perhaps, or a chancellor’s, or any respectable lord’s.”

BOSWELL (*smiling*.) “Except a lord mayor’s.”



JOHNSON (*angrily*.) "And why, Sir, should I not have been a lord mayor's? What have I done, that it should be doubted whether I would countenance the dignity of integrity and the universality of commerce?"

BOSWELL (*in confusion*.) "Sir, I beg pardon; but to confess the truth, I was thinking of Mr. Wilkes."

JOHNSON. "And why, Sir, think of Mr. Wilkes, when the smaller idea should be merged in the greater? when the great office itself is concerned, and not the pettiness of an exception? Besides, Sir, Wilkes, though a rascal and a Whig, was a gentleman in manners, as well as birth (*looking sternly at Boswell*). He would not have made such a remark. To be sure (*relenting a little, and looking arch*) he got drunk sometimes."

BOSWELL (*interrupting*.) "Dear Sir!"

JOHNSON. "Neither was he scrupulous in his admiration of beauty."

BOSWELL. "Dearest Sir!"

JOHNSON. "Though whatsoever the frenzy of his inebriation, or the vagrancy of his nocturnal revels, he would hardly have mistaken the plethora of an oyster-woman for a prohibited attraction. Well, well, Sir, let us be mutually considerate. Let us be decent. To cut this matter short, Sir, I should be an Omnibus."

BOSWELL (*with grateful earnestness*.) "May I presume, dear Sir, to inquire the reason?"

JOHNSON. "Sir, I should not be a cart. That would be low. Neither should I aspire to be the triumphal chariot of an Alexander, nor the funeral car of a Napoleon. Post-humous knowledge has corrected those sympathies with ambition. A gig is pert; a curlicue coxcombical; and the steam-carriage is too violent, perturbed, and migratory. Sir, the Omnibus for me. It suits with my past state and my present; with the predilections I have retained, and the humanities I have acquired. Sir, it even makes me beg pardon for what I have said of Wilkes. *Mors omnibus communis*. Like death, it is common to all, and gathers them into its friendly bosom. It is decent, deliberate, and unpretending; no respecter of persons; a king has been known to ride in it; and opposite him may have sat a republican weaver."

BOSWELL. "But you would choose, Sir, to be a London Omnibus, rather than a Parisian one, or even a Litchfield?"

JOHNSON (*with bland indulgence*.) "Surely, Sir; and to go up the Strand and Fleet-street, and occasionally to stop at the Mitre. And, Sir, I would not be driven by every body, though I can now tolerate every body. I would have a human and respectable driver; an elderly man, Sir; and my windows should be taken care of, that the people might not catch cold."

Here Boswell, begging a thousand pardons, with shrugged shoulders, lifted eyebrows, and hands spread out in deprecation of offence, bursts, nevertheless, into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, at the idea of the solemn and illustrious Johnson converted into an Omnibus. And the Doctor, though a little angry at first, recollects his Elysian experiences, and at length contributes to a roar worthy of the indistinguishable laughter of the gods in Homer.

JOHNSON (*subdividing into a human measure of joviality*.) "Sir, it was ludicrous enough, if you consider it as a man; but if you consider it as a child or a divine person (to speak in the language of our new friend Plato,) the subject will be invested with the mild gravity of an impartial universality. I see, however, that it will take many more draughts of Lethe, before you, Boswell, can get the fumes of the old tavern wine out of your head; so let us consult your capabilities, and return to human measures of discourse;—let us have reason once more, Sir;—Sir (for I see you wish me to say it,) let us be good, mortal, jolly dogs, and have 't other bottle."

Vanish the ever pleasant shades of Johnson and Boswell, and enter the Omnibus in its own proper person. If a morning Omnibus, it is full of clerks and merchants; if a noon, of chance fares; if a night, of returning citizens, and fathers of families; if a midnight, of play-goers, and gentlemen lax with stiff glasses of brandy and water.

Being one of the chance fares, we enter an Omnibus which has yet no other inside passenger; and having no book with us, we make intense acquaintance with two objects: the one being the heel of an outside passenger's boot, who is sitting on the coach-top; and the other, that universally studied bit of literature, which is inscribed at the further end of every such vehicle, and which purports, that it is under the royal and charming jurisdiction of the young lady now reigning over us,

V. R.

by whom it is permitted to carry "twelve inside passengers, AND NO MORE;"—thus showing extreme consideration on her Majesty's part, and that she will not have the sides of her loving subjects squeezed together like figs.

Enter a precise personage, probably a Methodist, certainly, "well off," who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the Omnibus; that is to say, at equal distances between the two extremities; because it is the spot in which you least feel the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he hems, and adjusts a glove; or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maid-servant, flustered with the fear of being too late, and reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness, and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the Omnibus pitches her against the precision, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colors and big ear-rings, and excessively flounced and ringletted, and seats herself opposite the maid-servant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better.

Enter two other young ladies, in white, who pass to the other end in order to be out of the way of the knees and boots of those who go out. They whisper and giggle much, and are quizzing the young lady in the reds and ringlets; who, for her part (though she knows it, and could squeeze all their bonnets together,) looks as firm and unconcerned as a statue.

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a

man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and, luckily, unaware of the secret disgust of the Methodist.

Item, an old gentleman; then, a very fat man; then two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommensurate presence of her likeness, while the other, full of good humor, is comforted by it. The younger has in the mean time gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face, neck-cloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us! Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care,—an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at; Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room, in a chair! How he would get up, and walk away! But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories. We sigh for his plethora, with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has, perhaps, acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge, from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. Fat men always appear to be "good fellows," unless there is some manifest proof to the contrary; so we wish, for his sake, that every body in this world could do just as he pleased, and die of a very dropsey of delight.

Exeunt our fat friend, and the more ill-humored of the two fat women; and enter, in their places, two young mothers,—one with a good-humored child, a female; the other with a great, handsome, red-cheeked wilful boy, all flounce and hat and feathers and red legs, who is eating a bun and seems resolved that the other child, who does nothing but look at it, shall not partake a morsel. His mother, who "snubs" him one instant, and lets him have his way the next, has evidently been a spoiled child herself, and is doing her best to learn to repent the sorrow she caused her own mother, by the time she is a dozen years older. The elderly gentlemen compliments the boy on his likeness to his mamma, who laughs and says he is "very polite." As to the young gentleman, he fancies he is asked for a piece of his bun, and falls a kicking; and the young lady in the ringlets tosses her head.

Exit the Methodist, and enter an affable man; who, having protested it is very cold, and lamented a stoppage, and vented the original remark that you gain nothing by an Omnibus in point of time, subsides into an elegant silence; but he is fastened upon by the man with the bundle, who, encouraged by his apparent good-nature, tells him, in an under tone, some anecdotes relative to his own experience of Omnibuses; which the affable gentleman endures with a variety of assenting exclamations, intended quite as much to stop as to encourage, not one of which succeeds; such as "Ah!"—"Oh!"—"Indeed!"—"Precisely!"—"I dare say!"—"I see!"—"Really!"—"Very likely!"—jerk the top of his stick occasionally against his mouth as he speaks, and nobody pitying him.

Meantime the good-humored fat woman, having expressed a wish to have a window closed which the ill-humored one had taken upon her to open, and the two young ladies in the corner giving their assent, but none of the three being able to pull it up, the elderly gentleman, in an ardor of gallantry, anxious to show his pleasing combination of strength and tenderness, exclaims, "Permit me;" and jumping up, cannot do it at all. The window cruelly sticks fast, and, only brings up all the blood into his face with the mingled shame and incompetence of the endeavor. He is a conscientious kind of incapable, however, is the elderly gentleman; so he calls in the conductor, who does it in an instant. "He knows the trick," says the elderly gentleman. "It's only a little bit new," says the conductor; who hates to be called in.

Exeunt elderly and the maid servant, and enter an unreflecting young gentleman, who has bought an orange, and must needs eat it immediately. He accordingly begins by peeling it, and is first made aware of the delicacy of his position by the giggling of the two young ladies, and his doubt where he shall throw the peels. He is "in for it," however, and must proceed; so being unable to divide the orange into its segments, he ventures upon a great liquid bite, which resounds through the Omnibus, and covers the whole of the lower part of his face with pip and drip. The young lady with the ringlets is right before him. The two other young ladies stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and he, into his own mouth, the whole of the rest of the fruit, "elohy" and too big, with desperation in his heart, and 'he tears in his eyes. Never will he eat an orange again in an Omnibus. He doubts whether he shall even venture upon one at all in the presence of his friends, the Miss Wilkinsons.

Enter, at various times, an irascible gentleman, who is constantly threatening to go out; a long-legged dragoon, at whose advent the young ladies are smit with sudden gravity and apparent objection; a young sailor, with a face innocent of every thing but a pride in his slops, who says his mother does not like his going to sea; a gentleman with a book, which we long to ask him to let us look at; a man with a dog, which embitters the feet and ankles of a sharp-visaged old lady, and completes her horror by getting on the empty seat next her, and looking out of the window; divers bankers' clerks and tradesmen, who think of nothing but the bills in their pockets; two estranged friends, ignoring each other; a pompous fellow, who suddenly looks modest and bewitched, having detected a baronet in the corner; a botanist with his tin *herbarium*; a young married couple, assuming a right to be fond in public; another from the country, who exalt all the rest of the passengers in self-opinion by betraying the amazing fact, that they have never before seen Piccadilly; a footman, intensely clean in his habiliments, and very respectful, for his hat subdues him, as well as the strange feeling of sitting inside; four boys going to school, very pudding-faced, and not knowing how to behave (one pulls a string and top half-way out of his pocket, and all reply to questions in monosyllables); a person with a constant smile on his face, having just cheated another in a bargain; close to him a very melancholy person, going to see a daughter on her death-bed, and not hearing a single one of the cheater's happy remarks; a French lady, looking at once amiable

and worldly—hard, as it were, in the midst of her softness, or soft in the midst of her hardness—which you will—probably an actress, or a teacher; two immense-whiskered Italians, uttering their delicious language with a precision which shows that they are singers; a man in a smock-frock, who, by his sitting on the edge of the seat, and perpetually watching his time to go out, seems to make a constant apology for his presence; ditto, a man with some huge mysterious accompaniment of mechanism, or implement of trade, too big to be lawfully carried inside; a pedant or a fop, ostentatious of some ancient or foreign language, or talking of a lord; all sorts of people talking of weather, and the harvest, and the Queen, and the last bit of news; in short, every description of age, rank, temper, occupation, appearance, life, character, and behavior, from the thorough gentleman who quietly gives himself a lift out of the rain, secure in his easy, unaffected manner, and his accommodating good-breeding, down to the blackguard who attempts to thrust his opinion down the throat of his neighbor, or keeps his leg thrust out the door-way, or lets his umbrella drip against a sick child.

Temper is exhibited most at night, because people by that time have dined and drunk, and finished their labors, and because the act of going home serves to bring out the domestic habit. You do not then, indeed, so often see the happy fatigue, delighted with the sudden opportunity of rest; nor the anxious look, as if it feared its journey's end; nor the bustling one, eager to get there. The seats are most commonly reckoned upon, and more allowance is made for delays; though some passengers make a point of always being in a state of indignation and ill-treatment, and express an impatience to get home, as if their house were a paradise (which is assuredly what it is not, to those who expect them there.) But at night, tongues are loosened, wills and pleasures more freely expressed, and faces rendered less bashful by the comparative darkness. It is then the jovial "old boy" lets out the secret of his having dined somewhere, perhaps at some Company's feast in Goldsmith's or Stationer's Hall; and it is with difficulty he hinders himself from singing. Then the arbitrary or the purse-proud are wrathful if they are not driven up to the identical inch of curb-stone, fronting their door. Then the incontinent nature, heedless of any thing but its own satisfaction, snores in its corner; and politicians are loud; and gay fellows gallant, especially if they are old and ugly; and lovers, who seem unconscious of one another's presence, are intensely the reverse.

Then also the pick-pocket is luckiest at his circumventions, and the lady, about to pay her fare, suddenly misses her reticule. Chiefly now also, sixpences, nay, pence, are missed in the straw, and lights are brought to look for it, and the conductor is in an agonizing perplexity whether to pronounce the loser an impudent cheat, or to love him for an innocent or a ninny. Finally, now is the time when selfishness and generosity are most exhibited. It rains, and the coach is full; a lady applies for admittance; a gentleman offers to go outside; and, according to the nature of the various passengers, is despised or respected accordingly. It rains *horribly*; a "young woman" applies for admittance; the coach is overstocked already; a crapulous fellow who has been allowed to come in by special favor, protests against the exercise of the like charity to a female (*we have seen it*), and is secretly detested by the least generous; a similar gentleman to the above, offers to take the applicant on his knee, if she has no objection; and she enters accordingly, and sits. Is she pretty? Is she ugly? Above all, is she good-humored?

A question of some concern, even to the least interested of knee-givers. On the other hand, is the gentleman young or old, pleasant or disagreeable; a real gentleman, or only a formal "old frump," who has hardly a right to be civil? At length the parties get a look at one another, the gentleman first, the young woman suddenly from under her bonnet. Ought she to have looked at all? And what is the particular retrospective expression which she instinctively chooses out of many, when she has looked? It is a nice question, varying according to circumstances. "Making room" for a fair interloper is no such dilemma as that; though we may be allowed to think, that the pleasure is greatly enhanced by the pleasantness of the countenance. It is astonishing how much grace is put, even into the tip of an elbow, by the turn of an eye.

There is a reflection which all Omnibus passengers are agreed upon, and which every one of them perhaps has made, without exception, in the course of their intellectual reciprocities; which is, that Omnibuses are "very convenient;"—"an astonishing accommodation to the public;"—"not quick,—save little time (as aforesaid),—and the conductors are very tiresome; but a most useful invention, and wonderfully cheap. There are also certain things which almost all Omnibus passengers do; such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new comer further up than he likes; and every body stumbles, forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures, are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the hands of a fellow passenger. Among the evils, are dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavor to convenience themselves at every body's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remonstrated with, without really doing it. Item, cramps in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backward underneath the seat, in making way for a new comer,—the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity, that sets the man opposite him laughing. Item, cruel treadings upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstasy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous,—the inflicter, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say "Very sorry" in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency. Among the pleasures also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the Omnibus finally to yourself, re-adjusting yourself in a corner betwixt alumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite; though as the will becomes piqued in proportion

to its luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a night-cap.

The last lingers on these occasions (with the exception of play-goers,) are apt to be staid suburb-citizens,—alters with hands crossed upon their walking-sticks,—men of parcels and eatables, breakers of last baskets of oranges, chuckling over their bargains. There's one in the corner, sleeping,—the last of the dwellers in Paddington. To deposit him at his door is the sole remaining task of the conductor. He wakes up: hands forth a bag of apples,—a tongue,—a bonnet, and four pairs ladies' shoes. A most considerate spouse and "Papa" is he, and almost worthy and flourishing hoiser. Venerable in his lax throat in his bit of white neckcloth (he has never taken to black); but jovially also he shakes his wrinkles, if you talk of the stationer's widow, or the last city feast.

"Don't drop them ladies' shoes, Tom," says he, chuckling; "they'll be worn out before their time."

"Wery expensive, I believe, Sir, them 'ere kind o'shoes," says Tom.

"Very;—oh, sadly. And no better than paper. But men well to do in the world, can't live as cheap as poor ones."

Tom thinks this a very odd proposition; but it does not disconcert him. Nothing disconcerts a conductor, except a passenger without a sixpence.

"True, Sir," says Tom; "it's a hard case to be forced to spend one's money; but then you know—I beg pardon" (with a tone of modest deference and secret contempt), "it's much harder, as they say, where there's none to spend."

"Hah! Ha, ha! Why, yes, eh?" returns the old gentleman, again chuckling; "so there's your sixpence, Tom, and good night."

"Good night, Sir." And up jumps Tom on the coach-box, where he amuses the driver with an account of the dirt which the hoiser has got from the coach-wheel without his knowing it; and off they go to a far less good supper, but, it must be added, a much better sleep, than the rich old citizen.

**FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.**—Velvet is at this moment the favorite material in the fashionable world, whether for bonnets, *paletots* or dresses; of the latter, many are made with *bias*, or have lace flounces and *mantilles* on the bodies; watered silks and satins, *veloutés*, are also trimmed with black lace; *redingotes* have two rows of buttons down the front; the velvet bodies are again worn this season, in black, green, or violet, with short sleeves trimmed with lace, and with muslin skirts embroidered, or with three flounces of lace; as also with crape skirts, having three folds of velvet of the color of the *corsage*. There is no particular change in the make of dresses; the small short sleeves are much ornamented, and lace is much used; it is considered the long, tight sleeve is already losing favor; the newest form now making in Paris is tight from the wrist to the elbow, and then gradually enlarges to the shoulder. For evening dress, white, blue *Joinville*, and *rose de Corinthe* are in favor. Scarfs of *tartane*, embroidered and trimmed with lace, are much in demand, and for young ladies scarfs are made of plain *tartane*, lined with gauze, and trimmed with a fringe of pink and white. Long gloves are finished on the top with wreaths of gold *feuillage*, cords of silver or gold, flowers, feather fringe, lace *coques* of ribbons, &c. &c.

The hair continues to be dressed low; *bandeaux* are very generally worn, plaits being rather out of favor; ringlets are fashionable; flowers are much used in *coiffures*, the newest are the *diamantes*, having dew drops sparkling like diamonds, some covered with snow, frost, &c., &c.; and the *coiffure seraphique* composed of a *rouleau* of *marabouts* placed at the back of the head, enlarging and terminating on each side near the cheeks, with deep fringes plaited at the ends, and floating on the shoulders. Turbans, *resille* hats, *petits bords*, all are now in demand. Bonnets of black velvet have been lined with pink *velours epinglé* of citron, white, and green, &c., &c., is much used; one novelty is the introduction of buttons to ornament bonnets, three small buttons confine the *navels* at the side; other trimmings are *roses pompons*, curled feathers, *cactus*, and wreaths of moss, united by ribbon; another novelty is the bonnet of *pluche bouchée* ornamented with *coques* of the same on one side, and a *berthe* of much smaller *coques* encircling the face. Many bonnets are now made of one piece of silk, without the usual join of the front and crown, which is advantageous for the trimmings.

In the famous wardrobe of the cathedral of Notre Dame, I remember, when Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, seeing the robes in which he had been crowned. With the most extraordinary want of what may be called historical taste, the restored Bourbon family had ordered that the innumerable bees with which it had pleased Bonaparte to have his robes embroidered, should be picked out! In a similar spirit, the same or some other emblem of the empire was carefully removed from a magnificent carpet of the Gobelins manufacture, used to cover the floor of the principal rooms of the Tuileries. In their place had been substituted, of course, a set of *fleur-de-lis*, the ancient device of the Bourbon line. These held their places till the fierce lustré of the *glorieuses Journées* burnt up the lilies of Charles X. in France, that is to say, in Paris, which is France, just as Constantinople is Turkey, whatever the geography books may say to the contrary. As soon as the bustle of the "Revolution of July" was well over, and the elder branch of the Bourbons expatriated, the *fleur-de-lis*, the ancient symbol of so much royal renown, was held in such abhorrence that the poor carpet was once more packed off to the Gobelins, where I saw a party of workmen actually employed in taking out the lilies and substituting stars in their place.—[Patchwork, by Basil Hall.

**CHOICE OF EVILS.**—To show the dangerous consequences of ebriety, the Catholic legends tell us of a hermit to whom the devil gave his choice of three crimes—two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor hermit chose the last as the least of the three, but, when intoxicated, committed the other two.

**A RESEMBLANCE.**—"Colonel W. is a fine looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours the day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that; I was taken for him—I endorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the Sheriff."

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841

## A BOMB-SHELL FOR THE CAPITOL.

The Whig party for the last ten years have been particularly disgusted with the appointment of members of Congress to office. Nothing, perhaps, has so shocked their rampant patriotism as this invasion of popular sovereignty, by converting Congress into a conclave of place-hunters, occupied all the while with President making, or yielding implicit obedience to Executive dictation. This was all very well while the Whigs were seeking power. They have got it, and what do we now find?

It is stated, on pretty good authority, that nineteen-twentieths of the present members of Congress are candidates for public employment! They are all on the spot, and occupy a most favorable position for mutual certifying. Mr. A. wants a post office, Mr. B. an attorneyship, and Mr. C. a lucrative place in the customs; and they club their influence with the various departments to secure the positions of profit or honor for which they are the cringing applicants. We fear that a scene of bargaining and corruption is about to be acted at Washington, such as will find no parallel in the annals of JACKSON'S administration; and the VAN BUREN journals are lying quiet to avail themselves of the first great blunder to which the urgency of Congressional beggars exposes the incoming administration.

We have no objection to give members of Congress their share of the loaves and fishes, if they are hungry and must be fed. Four cabinet appointments ought to go a good ways toward satisfying their ravenous appetite, but they promise only to whet and stimulate it. We understand that of four members of Congress from this city two are candidates for office, and a third would not object to a foreign mission. We hope that one of them at least may be gratified. Of the two leading Conservatives from this State, it is understood that Mr. JOHN C. CLARK wants the consulship to Liverpool. This looks well for Conservative patriotism; it is almost equal to that of the Whigs.

We do not learn that any member of Congress from New England is a candidate for a post office; but we believe that Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. REED are both "talked of" as the phrase is, for the collectorship of Boston. For the honor of Massachusetts we hope that neither of them will receive it.

The best of the joke is, however, to witness the acquiescence of the Whig newspapers in this state of things. They have not a word to say against it. The *Courier* is as mum as an oyster. The *Express* thinks of blanks, paper and twine, and positively takes the field in favor of appointing members of Congress! The *Commercial* acquiesces at a foreign post of honor, with a pension, and thinks members of Congress very clever fellows, and very influential with the departments. Even the guns of the *American* are spiked, and the *Star* is under a cloud. The same acquiescence extends to the Whig press of every section. Almost every Whig member is an applicant for office, and each member manages to muzzle the press of his own district.

Why does not the *Intelligencer* or the *Madisonian* tell the truth on this subject? Are they delicate in regard to the public printing? Is there to be this marked difference, at the outset, between WHIGS in place and WHIGS out of place?

The WHIGS have held Gen. JACKSON to a strict account for his doctrines on this subject, avowed in his letter to the Legislature of Tennessee, on the occasion of his being nominated to the Presidency. They have pretended to approve those doctrines; and surely they deserve to be written in letters of gold on the front of the Capitol. "I would impose a provision," said General Jackson, "RENDERING 'ANY MEMBER OF CONGRESS INELIGIBLE TO OFFICE UNDER THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT DURING THE TERM FOR WHICH HE WAS ELECTED AND FOR TWO YEARS THEREAFTER, except in cases of judicial office; and these I would except, for the reason that vacancies in this department are not of frequent occurrence, and because no barrier should be interposed, in selecting to the Bench, men of the first talent and integrity."

This was General JACKSON'S rule. His reasons for it we may give hereafter; for the subject is one of too much interest to be lightly dropped. To this we hold the Whigs. During his recent visit to this city, Mr. CLAY congratulated his friends most emphatically on the prospects that an administration was coming into power that would carry out the doctrines which its members had professed during the candidacy; and fulfil the pledges which it had made to the people.

We hope it is so. We believe it is so. But we know that General HARRISON and his Constitutional advisers will have need of all their firmness, and all their integrity, and all their patriotism, to resist the disgraceful rapacity for office and its emoluments, ascribed, with too much justice, to the Whig members of Congress. In this matter, as in all others, we are neither "Whig" nor "Democrat;" but for the moral effect of the proceeding, we would propose that Gen. HARRISON should enter the Capitol and disperse both

bodies of Congress as a gang of greedy spoil-hunters and traitors to principles, then distribute among them the post-offices and custom-houses and underling appointments of all sorts, at home and abroad. Why are the Whig papers silent on this subject? Have they wasted all their extra-patriotism during the canvass? Have they none left to lavish upon the most nefarious and shameless conspiracy ever set on foot by the legislators of a free people to possess themselves of the money-making places of the Government?

We have no personal interest in this matter, and none political. Our objects are answered by the immense and daily growing circulation of the *Signal* and *New World*, and we have no favors to ask of "Whig" or "Democrat." If we derive a mischievous satisfaction from holding the WHIGS to their pledges, it is their fault and not ours, for they should not desire to break them. If our patriotic brethren of the Whig press are dumb, or are base enough, like the *Express* newspaper, to argue away the doctrines which they have been ten years advocating, they need not quarrel with us for exposing the hollowness of their noisy pretensions.

## BANK OF THE UNITED STATES IN ENGLAND.

There is much curious and anxious speculation here, as to the effect which the news of the recent suspension in Philadelphia will produce in England. In the first place, some are of the opinion that the first move will be the transmission to this country, for immediate sale on any terms, of the \$20,000,000 of United States Bank stock owned by the English capitalists—a proceeding which would pretty effectually neutralize itself, so far as withdrawing capital and specie from us is concerned, inasmuch as the introduction into our market of such an amount of stock—or of any considerable portion of it—would force down the price to nothing; in fact, it could not be sold. Such a movement as this, however, must not be regarded as among possibilities—although it would be difficult to say what a stockholder can gain by retaining his stock. This is one of the doubtful points on which all who are so unfortunate as to be directly interested, must judge for themselves. We do not believe that there is a living man, out of the direction of the bank, (if there is one in it,) who can with mathematical precision certainly declare what is the real value of the stock.

But in the next place, it is further assumed that the news of this suspension, coming, as it must, "like a thunder clap," will at one blow annihilate all American credit in England; prevent all future negotiations on American securities; and bring home upon us for sale all such securities as are now held there; including, with the U. S. Bank stock, all other stocks, state bonds, etc., etc., to the amount of \$100,000,000, or more. This opinion we conceive to be far more extravagant than the other; and it, like the other does not need an elaborate refutation; for, although such consequences may follow in individual cases, it is, in the nature of things, impossible that such should be the general result.

But the truth is, these opinions, and almost all that we hear on the same subject are based on a wrong estimate of opinions and information in England. The recent suspension may not be such a "thunder-clap" to English ears generally as people seem to imagine. On the contrary, it was gravely doubted in some quarters, in England, whether the bank would be able to resume; and her maintaining resumption was considered nearly out of the question. The following extract from the London Times of February 2d, will show the ground taken by that paper; and will show, also, that even in anticipation of the event, the combination of New-York capitalists was expected to produce exactly what has happened.

The accounts given in the New-York papers of the situation of the "United States" Bank, and that, too, within one week of the period (the 15th ult.) fixed for the resumption of specie payments, have struck dismay among the parties interested in that concern, who had been led to expect far different results, since it was known that the agency in Europe had been undertaken by Messrs. Morrison and Son. It should be observed, however, that there are many circumstances connected with these accounts which have led to the belief that there is both exaggeration and misapprehension in them, and the want of the papers of dates previous to the 8th ult., which would contain the annual report of the meeting of the shareholders of the "United States" Bank on the 4th, almost wholly precludes any just conclusion on the subject. The affair may not, therefore, turn out quite so bad as it now appears to be, but still there was enough known before to justify great doubts whether this bank could resume at all on the 15th, and still greater, if it did resume, of its being able to bear up against the run that would be made upon it, in consequence of other recent disclosures, or to continue specie payments for any length of time.

That a deadly enmity exists in New-York against this and other banks in Philadelphia has long been apparent; and unfortunately, besides the wish that the United States Bank should be finally and totally overthrown, there exists a power in the New-York banks to aid in the accomplishment of that wish, by a pressure for specie, as soon as cash payments are resumed. On the other hand, non-resumption must prove equally fatal, by causing a forfeiture of the charter, unless the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which has peremptorily fixed a "final" period for resumption, should stultify itself so far as further to suspend the execution of its own law. Hence the proper inference seems to be, that whatever exaggeration there may be in the accounts from New-York, the prospects of the parties here who are interested in this bank are of the most unfavorable description.



It must be remembered, however, that there is a wide difference between suspecting and knowing—between *fearing* and *seeing* the occurrence of a catastrophe. And what people did, or might do, in the apprehension of the bank's failure, contrasted with what they will do when that event is authentically proclaimed, may, perhaps, be of comparative unimportance. We find, from our foreign quotations, that Bank shares were sold on Saturday, January 31, at about £14, which corresponds to American quotations of about 62½. On Tuesday, Feb. 3d, after the intelligence by the Cambridge had been smuggled ashore and partially promulgated, the shares fell to £11.10, corresponding to about 51½. This must have been nearly a month before the news of the suspension could have reached England.

The state of the money market in England—notwithstanding the length of time that has elapsed since the last arrival previous to the Britannia, and, consequently, the length of the interval which the present news covers—does not present any very striking or important feature. The tendency of public securities is downward, but not to an alarming extent. American securities, with the exception of the U. S. Bank, have not materially varied from previous quotations.

**BULWER'S "NIGHT AND MORNING."**—*Harper and Brothers*.—The public—that is the reading public—needs no urging to buy and read when the book offered is a new romance by the author of Pelham. The simple announcement that such a *bonne bouche* has been provided by the Harpers, immediately sets all appetites longing, and occasions a very general resort to the bookstores and circulating libraries. In the present instance, especially, the "run" is sure to be very great, so long a time having elapsed since the literary baronet has vouchsafed to glad the world of readers with a new creation of his genius. But the time has not been wasted in idleness, as *Bulwer's best novel* is here present and ready to attest. The author of Pelham, if literary justice is done, will henceforth be heard of no more; his pretensions will be extinguished in the brighter glory that surrounds the title "Author of Night and Morning." Bulwer has eclipsed himself. He has written a work in which there are more vigor of mind, more eloquence of expression, more true judgment, and a more skillful because more faithful and natural dealing with the elements and subjects of his art, than in any one of his previous works. It cannot be read without admiration, or what is better, without profit.

**IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.**—Massachusetts is the only State in the Union where poverty is legally made a crime. In that State poor debtors and criminals are shut up in the same loathsome receptacles, and the punishment inflicted seems to be alike severe. Honest poverty needs sympathy. It requires no punishment to add to its pangs. In Massachusetts nearly 800 persons were incarcerated in loathsome jails last year, because they were poor. Or rather, because they had not the means of liquidating the demands which inexorable creditors held, and which they prevented them from acquiring, by restraining their liberty. Massachusetts should wipe off this dark stain from her character. The birth place of liberty should not be the only place where injustice receives legislative sanction.—[Philadelphia North American.]

There is now a bright prospect that this deep disgrace will be erased from the escutcheon of the Old Bay State. A law to abolish imprisonment for debt in all cases whatsoever has passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives by a considerable majority; the Boston pettifoggers—fellows whose minds might find a world of infinite space on the point of a cambric needle—opposed it of course with might and main. We heartily wish that since they were so anxious to preserve this beastly barbarity that an exception had been made in their favor, and a clause inserted in the bill by which, if ever any of them owed a dollar he could not pay, he might have the privilege of being thrust into a dungeon as loathsome as the black hole of Calcutta.

**THE TOWER OF LONDON** was concluded in the last number of the *NEW WORLD*. STANLEY THORN and GUY FAWKES are both drawing nigh to their conclusion. As we do not intend to commence any long stories or romances, hereafter unless of extraordinary merit or until those now in the course of publication are concluded, we shall be enabled to impart a much greater variety to the pages of this journal. We have hitherto succeeded in being the first to present the most popular productions of the English press to the American public—and we have made such arrangements as to be certain of being able to do so in future.

Within a few weeks we have given Knowles's New Play "John Di Procidia;" Bulwer's New Play—"Money;" a chapter from Bulwer's new novel "Night and Morning" and a chapter from James's new novel, "The Brigand," in advance of their several publications in London.

**A LETTER OF WASHINGTON'S.**—The following letter has recently been brought to light by Mr. Sparks. It was written in reply to a proposition made to Washington, at the conclusion of the war, by certain officers of his army, to accept a crown. The following sentiments show the republican spirit that animated the man.

"SEN: With a mixture of great surprise and astonish-

ment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensation than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

"Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

**THE EVERGREEN FOR MARCH.**—This valuable and cheap periodical, for March, contains the conclusion of the Tower of London; and the commencement of two new stories, which are not published in the World, viz: "Old St. Paul's," and "George St. George Julian." As this work is henceforth to contain selections different from the New World, and be, in its contents, entirely independent of that paper, it will be even more worthy than ever of general patronage. It is certainly the cheapest periodical in the country.

## The Old World.

### ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

#### TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer Britannia, Capt. Cleland, arrived on Monday morning at her berth at East Boston, at seven o'clock, after a very boisterous passage of 17½ days, having encountered westerly gales during the whole time. She brings dates from Liverpool to February 4th, London February 3d, evening, and Paris February 1st, all inclusive. The news from China is confirmed. The papers speak of the probable adjustment of all the difficulties. The paragraph in the Queen's speech is to the same effect.

The Eastern question is settled. This most important intelligence was received in London on the 1st inst., in despatches from Admiral Stopford. Affairs seem to have been so successfully arranged by Commodore Napier, that on the 11th of January the Pacha made his complete submission to the Sultan, and gave up the whole of the Turkish fleet. Mehmet engaged to send Egyptian officers and men to navigate the fleet to Marmorie Bay.

It further appears that Ibrahim's army was immediately to evacuate Syria and to return to Egypt, and arrangements had been made to send transports to Caiffa, to bring away the women and children, and sick of the army.

On the 13th of January the Sultan sent instructions to his commissioners in Egypt to inform Mehmet Ali, that his submission being complete, he would grant him hereditary tenure of the Pachalic of Egypt. Thus the Eastern question may be now regarded as settled.

#### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Feb. 3, 1841.

It is generally understood that the English army is to be increased to the extent of ten thousand men. An addition, it is also said, will be made to the marines.

A few days ago three thousand stand of arms were distributed among the military stationed at or near Leeds. The threatened violence of the Chartists, in that district, has suggested the propriety of this step.

The great reform festival at Leeds, to which we referred in our last communication as to take place on the 21st of last month, took place on that day. The attendance was much greater than we anticipated, no fewer than 8000 persons having assembled on the occasion. The Chartists mustered strong, and succeeded in converting the household suffrage resolutions which the originators meant to carry, into resolutions reorganizing the principle of a modified universal suffrage.

A German Jew has just died at an advanced age, leaving the enormous fortune of £2,500,000, being, perhaps, the largest sum possessed by any single private individual in modern times.

The christening of the Princess Royal, as mentioned in our last communication, is to take place on the 10th inst., that being the anniversary of the marriage of her Majesty. The ceremony, which is to be on a scale of surpassing splendor, will, it is now understood, take place in the Chapel Royal instead of Buckingham Palace. The names of the Princess are to be Victoria Adelaide Louisa; the first after her Majesty, the second after the Queen Dowager, and the third after the Duchess of Kent.

On Tuesday the 26th ultimo, the Queen opened Parliament in person. Her Majesty looked uncommonly well. Prince Albert, who accompanied her on the occasion, looked pale and dispirited. The following is her Majesty's address on opening the session:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I have the satisfaction to receive from Foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire to maintain peace.

"The posture of affairs in the Levant had long been a cause of uneasiness, and a source of danger to the general tranquillity. With a view to avert the evils which a continuance of that state of things was calculated to occasion, I concluded with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, a convention intended to effect a pacification of the Levant; to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, and thereby to afford additional security to the peace of Europe.

"I have given directions that this Convention shall be laid before you. I rejoice to be able to inform you that the measures which have been adopted in execution of these engagements have been attended with signal success; and I trust that the objects which the contracting parties had in view, are on the eve of being completely accomplished.

"In the course of these transactions my naval forces have co-operated with those of the Emperor of Austria, and with the land and sea forces of the Sultan, and have displayed upon all occasions their accustomed gallantry and skill.

"Having deemed it necessary to send to the coast of China a naval and military force to demand reparation and redress for injuries inflicted upon some of my subjects by the officers of the Emperor of China, and for indignities offered to an agent of my Crown, I at the same time appointed plenipotentiaries to treat upon these matters with the Chinese government. The plenipotentiaries were, by the last accounts, in negotiation with the government of China; and it will be a source of much gratification to me if that government shall be induced, by its own sense of justice, to bring these matters to a speedy settlement by an amicable arrangement.

"Serious differences have risen between Spain and Portugal about the execution of a treaty concluded by those Powers, in 1835, for regulating the navigation of the Douro. But both parties have accepted my mediation, and I hope to be able to effect a reconciliation between them upon terms honorable to both.

"I have concluded with the Argentine Republic, and with the Republic of Hayti, treaties for the suppression of the slave trade, which I have directed to be laid before you.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:

I have directed the estimates of the year to be laid before you.

"However sensible of the importance of adhering to the principles of economy, I feel it to be my duty to recommend that adequate provision be made for the exigencies of the public service.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Measures will be submitted to you without delay which will have for their object the more speedy and effectual administration of justice. The vital importance of this subject is sufficient to ensure for it your early and most serious consideration.

"The power of the commissioners appointed under the act for the amendment of the laws relating to the poor expire at the termination of the present year. I feel assured that you will earnestly direct your attention to enactments which so deeply concern the interests of the community.

"It is always with entire confidence that I recur to the advice and assistance of Parliament. I place my reliance upon your wisdom, loyalty, and patriotism, and I humbly implore of Divine Providence that all your councils may be so directed as to advance the great interests of morality and religion, to preserve peace, and to promote by enlightened legislation the welfare and happiness of all classes of my subjects."

In the discussions which followed, the only points of importance were the conciliatory observations made by the Duke of Wellington in the Lords, and by Sir Robert Peel in the Commons, towards France. Sir Robert Peel expressed his regret that some kindly allusion to France had not been made in the royal speech. The usual address to her Majesty was carried in both Houses, without a dissenting voice.

Another interesting incident which has not yet been stated in the public journals, and which, therefore, as in the case of the information contained in the above paragraphs the Americans are likely to be made acquainted with before the people of England, is, that of the Princess Royal having been vaccinated a THIRD time on Tuesday fortnight. Sir James Clark, and two other medical men went down on that day, from London to Windsor for the purpose. The operation was performed most satisfactorily, and has, I understand, succeeded: in other and more homely language, the "matter" has taken. The reason assigned for

No further intelligence from China has been received since our last. It turns out, however, that no specific understanding has been come to between the Emperor and Admiral Elliot, and that matters are as far from being adjusted as ever.

#### FRANCE.

The French Chambers have been principally occupied for some weeks past on the proposed fortifications of Paris. The measure is every day diminishing in its popularity; and it is beginning to be doubted whether it will ever be carried into effect.

France has now increased her army to nearly 500,000 men, and has put 22 sail of the line in commission. These extensive warlike preparations are causing the greatest uneasiness to the other powers of Europe.

2 o'clock, P. M.

P. S.—I have just learned that the Four Powers are so indignant at the extensive warlike preparations which France continues to make, notwithstanding all their remonstrances against Thiers, and in the teeth of the pacific assurances given both by Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, that if she persists much longer in her present course, the consequence will be an open rupture with the other powers.

## Congressional.

FRIDAY, Feb. 19.

The Senate to day was occupied in discussing the propriety of electing a printer to the next Senate. The measure was advocated by the friends of the present Administration with great earnestness, on the ground that it was the constitutional duty of one Congress to elect a printer for its successor. Messrs. Huntington, Mangum, Bayard, and other friends of the incoming Administration, in reply stoutly maintained the opposite side of the question. In the course of the debate it was intimated by several Whig Senators that the next Senate would use its own pleasure in the choice of a printer.

SATURDAY, Feb. 20

The Senate, after the transaction of some unimportant business, and the reception of the usual number of petitions, proceeded, according to the resolution of yesterday, to the election of a printer for the next session. The ballots having been counted, the Vice President announced the result as follows:

For Blair and Rives.....26

" F. P. Blair.....1

So Blair and Rives were declared to be duly elected printers of the Senate for the 27th Congress.

The resolution submitted by Mr. Clay, for the repeal of the Sub-Treasury law, was then taken up and debated by Messrs. Clay, Allen, Williams and others, after which the question was taken on laying the resolution on the table, and decided in the affirmative—Ayes 27, Noes 25.

MONDAY, Feb. 22.

A warm and animated debate arose upon Mr. Crittenden's asking leave to bring in his bill to prevent the interference of certain federal officers in elections, in which many Senators participated. An eloquent speech by Mr. Preston was followed by a burst of applause from the galleries, immediately followed by cries of "clear the galleries," from Administration Senators. At the request of Mr. Clay the ladies were allowed to remain, while the gentlemen's gallery was cleared as soon as possible.

Mr. Calhoun concluded the debate, and on the question being taken, it was decided in the negative: Yeas 14; nays 26.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a letter from Mr. Webster, informing that body of his having resigned his seat as a Senator from Massachusetts.

**MORE INDIAN TROUBLES.**—The editors of the Courier learn from the Little Rock Gazette, on the authority of a gentleman, recently from the Indian country, that great excitement has been created among the Cherokees, by the execution of an Indian named Achilla Smith, one of the treaty signers, who had been tried and convicted of murder. Previous to his execution he had asked and obtained leave to have a personal interview with the chief, John Ross, with a view to obtain a reprieve. While before the chief, he was earnest in his protestations of innocence of the crime of which he had been convicted, but stated that he had killed three or four other men. Ross refused to grant a reprieve, and Smith was executed. After this event the excitement became intense amongst the party to which Smith belonged. Threats were made against the life of Ross and his friends, and he thought it prudent to surround himself by a body guard of some forty persons. He was shortly to leave the Nation for the East.

It is further stated that Ross despatched a message to a distinguished member of the Ridge party, a relative of Bonaparte's, who had (it is said,) expressed some threats against him—to know what his intentions were. The reply was characteristic of the man, and of course unsatisfactory to Ross. Thus the matter stood when the informant of the Gazette left.

The people of Arkansas with good reason implore the Federal Government to send to the frontier a force sufficiently large to keep in check the numerous hostile tribes that it has concentrated on the borders of that State.

**GREAT MEN BORN IN CONNECTICUT.**—The New Haven Herald has the following: "Governor Woodbridge, lately elected by the Legislature of Michigan to represent that State in the Senate of the U. States, is a native of Norwich, Connecticut. Francis Granger, who is to be Post Master General, is the son of Gideon Granger, a native of Suffield in this State. Mr. Badger, who is to be Secretary of the Navy, is the son of a native of Windham in this State. Elisha Whittlesey is said to have been born in Washington, (or New Milford) in this State. Not a bad representation of the land of good habits!

Gov. Woodbridge married a daughter of the late Judge Trumbull, whose wife was the daughter of Dr. Leverett Hubbard of New Haven."

**DEATH OF "FLORIO."**—We learn from the Albany Evening Journal, of Saturday, that James G. Brooks, Esq., extensively known in early life as a poet, and for the last fifteen years as the editor of different newspapers, after a long illness, died this morning. His remains were conveyed to Troy for interment on Monday.

**OLD MASSACHUSETTS COMING RIGHT AT LAST.**—The bill introduced by Mr. Dwight, of Springfield, and amended by Mr. Hinekey, of Barnstable, has passed to a third reading in the Massachusetts House of Representatives by a vote of 190 to 140. The following are the words of the bill, "No person shall hereafter be imprisoned on mesne process or execution for any debt founded on any contract."

This liberal and just law puts residents and non-residents on the same footing.

**FATAL EPIDEMIC.**—We are sorry to learn from the Knoxville Register of the 6th February, that the fatal epidemic which lately made its appearance in West Tennessee, is gradually extending itself, and has created much alarm in the vicinity of Henry County. It is supposed to be the disease known some years since in that section of country as the "Cold Plague." Its ravages are well remembered in several of the upper counties of East Tennessee, and Western Counties of North Carolina.

**THE BIRTH DAY OF WASHINGTON** was celebrated on Monday with unusual spirit. The day was fine; flags floated from all the public places and the shipping; several of our military companies were out; salutes were fired at the Battery; and in the evening the places of public amusement were thronged. A magnificent ball was given at Niblo's by the Washington Greys, and there were several other balls in honor of the occasion. At the Broadway Tabernacle there was a celebration by the whigs. The house was well filled, the galleries being occupied chiefly by ladies. The services commenced with the tune of "Old Hundred" by the choir; then there was a prayer by a clergyman whose name we did not hear; after which a national ode was sung. Hugh Maxwell then read Washington's Farewell Address, and Daniel Ullman, Esq., delivered an oration. Nature, too, seemed to join in the celebration, for in the evening the heavens were brilliantly illuminated by the Aurora Borealis.

**ACCIDENT.**—The correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer says: This morning, just about the time for the meeting of the House, experiments were being made in the Capitol yard, in the presence of a large number of members of Congress, of Colt's patent fire arms. Mr. John Quincy Adams had just gotten out of his carriage and gone into the Capitol, when his horses took fright, and ran furiously through the yard, tumbling over a Congress mail carriage; the driver was thrown from his seat, and so much injured that his life is despaired of. The carriage was run against the iron gate, and torn to pieces, and the horses went off. Notwithstanding this sad and melancholy accident, the heartless man who was exhibiting his gun, went on with his firings, and it was with difficulty that other carriages were preserved from dashing off. It was really an affecting sight to see the venerable ex-President assisting to bear into the Capitol the bleeding and apparently lifeless body of his servant, and the anxious and tender assiduity with which he administered to him.

**A bill has passed the Legislature of Alabama, providing:** "That in addition to the property now allowed by law, from executions, there shall be exempted from execution upon all debts hereafter to be contracted, for the use of every family in this State, forty acres of land, which shall be and enure to the use and benefit of settled and permanent families."

**Dr. Eldridge, accused of forgery, &c., will, it is believed, be discharged during the present term of Court.** If this man be innocent, of how dreadful an offence are his accusers guilty! His reputation has been ruined: is not that worse than death?

The N. Y. Canal Commissioners say it will require six and a half millions, to continue at the present rate of progress, the works under contract. The Finance Committee of the senate recommended appropriations of only \$4,050,000. Of this amount, \$2,750,000 is intended for the Erie Canal enlargement, \$750,000 for the Genesee Valley Canal, and \$650,000 for the Black River Canal.

**DEATH OF GOV. WINTHROP.**—We regret to learn that the Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, formerly Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, father of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Representative to Congress from the Suffolk District, died on Monday morning, at his residence in Boston, at the age of 81 years.

**CONNECTICUT.**—Francis H. Nicoll, of Fairfield County, has been nominated for Governor by a Van Buren Convention, in opposition to William W. Ellsworth, Whig, the present incumbent. The election takes place in April.

**HONOR DECLINED.**—The friends of Mr. Van Buren, in Philadelphia, have tendered a dinner to him as he passes through that city after the fourth of March. Mr. Van Buren declines the honor of the dinner, but says he will remain in the city long enough to take his friends by the hand.

**SPECIAL MISSION TO LONDON.**—The Richmond Whig of Thursday says: "A rumor is afloat, and we devoutly hope it may prove true, that Mr. Clay will be despatched forthwith to London on a special mission to open negotiations for the final adjustment of the difficulties. The occurrences at Leckport seem to require immediate action to avert so direful a calamity as war."

**Mr. Fennimore Cooper, it is said, has nearly completed a fifth novel in which Leatherstocking appears as a character.** The scene is on one of the New-York lakes, and the date is in the early part of the eighteenth century. This book will, it is said, represent the youth of Leatherstocking, with certain incidents connected with the life of Chingagook, the father of Uncas.

**Capt. Marryat being with a select party at a friend's house in this city, "Woodman, spare that tree" was sung by Russell in his best style.** At its conclusion the Captain, taking up the song, wrote in pencil the following Parody *impromptu*, which he requested to have sung. Tea having just been handed round the effect was irresistible, and to none more so than the Brigadier General, who was one of the party:

Lady, give me Tea,  
And I will make a brew,  
At e'en it pleaseth me,  
Pray give it to me now.

"T was my old mother's hand  
That poured it from the pot,  
Lady, let it stand,  
I hate to drink it hot.

**The Hon. George Badger, who has been named as the new Secretary of the Navy, was educated at Yale College, where he graduated in 1813, after which he studied Law at the Litchfield School, under the learned and distinguished Judge Gould.**

**The Connecticut Whig State Convention have nominated all the present State officers for re-election.**

## LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.

## CONTENTS.

- I. THE SHAKER LOVERS, an original story, written expressly for this sheet, by the popular author of "May Martin," and "The Green Mountain Boys."
- II. THE DUEL BY LOT, a true narrative, by Park Benjamin.
- III. THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON, being the fullest and most graphic account of the obsequies of the late Emperor that has yet appeared. It was prepared, at great expense, for the Editors of the London Britannia, by competent persons, expressly engaged for the purpose; and is completed in a style worthy of the importance of the subject, as a matter of permanent history. Indeed, as the exhumation and transportation to Paris of the remains of Napoleon, form one of the most striking events of the day, its importance cannot well be overestimated. It will be illustrated by splendid engravings of THE IMPERIAL EAGLE, and of
- THE EMPEROR IN HIS COFFIN, surrounded by his generals, the Prince de Joinville, etc. as he appeared when disinterred at St. Helena.
- IV. LA DANSE: memoirs of Tagliani and Cerito, the celebrated danseuses.
- V. LITTLE DAVID, a country story, by Miss Mitford.
- VI. THE PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS, a story translated from the French.
- VII. A SEA CHASE, a thrilling incident in the world of adventure.
- VIII. LOVE MAKING IN CHINA, a humorous sketch.
- IX. NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW, translated from the French of ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
- X. FABLES FROM LESSING, the German Poet.
- XI. THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW; their flowers, birds and insects.
- XII. HOW TO READ AUTHORS.
- XIII. THE DRUNKEN SEA, an allegory, by JAMES HENRY, M. D.
- XIV. ORIGINAL POETRY—The Sleeping Child, by C. W. Everett; The Sleigh Ride; Mnemosyne; To Thee; The Oath, by John Henry Sherburne; On receiving a lock of my mother's hair; Maine Border Song.
- XV. A GLANCE AT BRAZIL: the Empire and the Emperor.
- XVI. LE RETOUR DE L'EMPEREUR, a poem in the original French, by VICTOR HUGO. This author is the best French poet of the day, and this present production is his most successful effort.
- XVII. THE DISINTERMENT, a poem by B. Simmons, Esq. from Blackwood's Magazine for February.
- XVIII. THE ORANGE VALLEY, by Koondah, the Old Forest Ranger; a tale from the New Monthly Magazine for February.
- XIX. THE SOULS OF THE DROWNED, a Legend of the sea; translated from the German by William Henry Farn; from the Metropolitan Magazine for February.
- XX. COUNT HAROLD, a charade, from the New Monthly Magazine for February.
- XXI. HEADS OF THE PEOPLE. The PAWN BROKER, by Douglas Jerrold, with an illustrative print; and THE SCHOOLMASTER, by William Howitt, also illustrated by a splendid engraving.
- XXII. RAISING THE WIND, a humorous story, from the Dublin Magazine.
- XXIII. CULTIVATION OF AMERICAN COTTON, illustrated by two appropriate engravings.
- XXIV. SEVEN ORIGINAL PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, occupying three columns of this immense sheet; and forming a Gallery of Sacred Pictures of serious and elevating interest. They are engraved in the highest style of the art, and represent the following scenes:—Daniel in the Lions' Den; Rocky Valley in the vicinity of Petra; Jokthed, a view in Petra; Defile in Idumea; Death of Samson; Group of modern Oriental Watch Towers; Ancient Rotunda at Thessalonica.

In addition to these, there is a great variety of shorter articles of interest too numerous to be specified in detail; but which, in connection with the foregoing, will constitute the most magnificent and valuable sheet ever presented to the public.

The number will be published in the city on Thursday the 4th of March. Single copies 12 1-2 cents; 10 copies for \$1; 100 hundred copies for \$8.

## Married.

February 23, by Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. Edward Carter and Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Nathan Robins, Esq., all of this city. At Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 20th inst., by Rev. Mr. Rankin, E. W. Taylor and Alida Livingston, daughter of Wolcott Hubbell, Esq., of Carthage, N. Y.

February 23, by Rev. Dr. Welch, of Albany, Mr. William H. Taggard, of this city, and Mary E., only daughter of the late William H. Seymour, Esq., formerly of Albany.

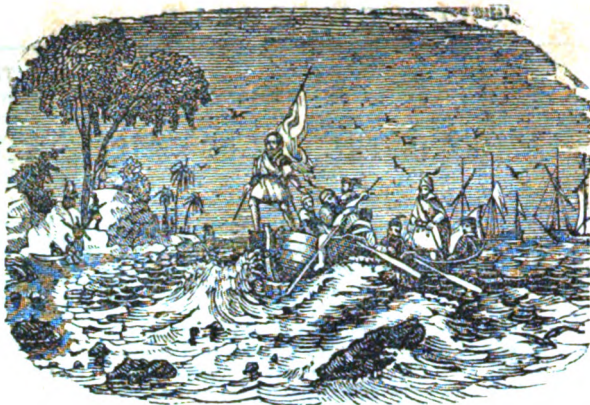
At Charleston, S. C., on the 16th inst., by Rev. C. Haeckel, J. Chapman Huger, Esq., and Henrietta Parker, second daughter of Colonel James Lynch, all of that city.

At Attica, February 3, by Rev. Mr. Preston, Hamilton White, Esq. Cashier of the Onondaga Co. Bank, Syracuse, and Miss Sarah Randolph, daughter of G. B. Rich, Esq.

## Died.

At Easton, Pa., February 6, Mr. Samuel Innes, editor of the Democrat and Argus, aged 40.





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WHOLE NUMBER 40.



## THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN HIS COFFIN,

AS HE APPEARED AT ST. HELENA, AFTER HAVING BEEN DISINTERRED IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS GENERALS, &c.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE DISINTERMENT.

BY B. SIMMONS.

Lost Lord of Song! who grandly gave  
Thy matchless timber for the spear—  
And, by old Hellas' hallow'd wave  
Died at the feet of Freedom—hear!  
Hear—from thy lone and lowly tomb,  
Where 'mid thy own "involute lale,"  
Beneath no minister's marble gloom,  
No banner's golden smile,  
Far from the swarming city's crowd,  
Thy glory round thee for a shroud,  
Thou sleep'st,—the pious rustic's tread  
The only echo o'er thy bed,  
Save, few and faint, when o'er the foam  
The Pilgrims of thy genius come,  
From distant earth, with tears of praise,  
The homage of their hearts to raise,  
And curse the country's very name,  
Unworthy of thy sacred dust,  
That draws such lustre from thy fame,  
That heaps such outrage on thy bust!  
Wake from the Dead—and lift thy brow  
With the same scornful beauty now,  
As when beneath thy shafts of pride  
Eavenom'd CAN'T—the Python—died!  
Prophet no less than Bard, behold  
Matured the eventful moment, told  
In those divine predictive words,  
Pour'd to thy lyre's transcendent chords:—

"IF E'RE HIS AWFUL ASHES CAN GROW COLD—  
BUT NO, THEIR EMBERS SOON SHALL BURST THEIR  
MOULD—

—FRANCE SHALL FEEL THE WANT  
OF THIS LAST CONSOLATION THOUGH BUT SCANT.  
HER HONOR, FAME AND FAITH DEMAND HIS BONES,  
TO PILE ABOVE A PYRAMID OF THRONES!"  
If, then, from thy neglected bier,  
One humblest follower thou canst hear,  
O Mighty Master! rise and flee,  
Swift as some meteor bold and bright,  
One fragile cloud attending thee,  
Across the dusky tracts of night,  
To where the sunset's latest radiance shone  
O'er Africa's sea interminably lone.

Below that broad unbroken sea  
Long since the sultry sun has dropp'd,  
And now in dread solemnity  
—As though its course Creation stopp'd  
One wondrous hour, to watch the birth  
Of deeds portentous unto earth—  
The moonless midnight far and wide  
Solidly black flings ever all  
That giant waste of waveless tide  
Her melancholy pall,  
Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurl'd.  
Each ray of heaven's high face debar,  
Save, on the margin of the World  
Where leans yon solitary star,  
Large, radiant, restless, tingling with far smile  
The jagged cliffs of a green barren isle.  
Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell  
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!

And out upon the silent ear  
At once ring bold and sharply clear,  
With shock more startling than if thunder  
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,  
And iron sounds of crow and bar;

Ye scarce may know from whence they come,  
Whether from Island or from Star,  
Both lie so hush'd and dumb!  
On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,  
Shaking long-buried Kings from sleep—  
Up, up! ye spectred jailers—ho!  
Your granite heaped his head in vain;  
The very grave gives back your foe—

Dead Cæsar wakes again!  
The Nations, with a voice as dread  
As that which once in Bethany,  
Burst to the regions of the dead  
And set the loved-one free,  
Have cried, "COME FORTH!" and lo! again,  
To smite the hearts and eyes of men  
With the old awe he once instill'd  
By many an unforgotten field,  
Napoleon's look shall startle day—  
That look that, where its anger fell,  
Scorch'd empires from the earth away  
As with the blasts of hell!

Up—from the dust, ye sleepers, ho!  
By the blue Danube's stately wave—  
From Berlin's towers—from Moscow's snow,  
And Windsor's gorgeous grave!  
Come—summon'd by the omnis power,  
The Spirit of this thrilling hour—



And, stooping from yon craggy height,  
Girt by each perished satellite,  
Each cunning tool of kingly terror  
Who served your reigns of fraud and error,  
Behold, where with relentless lock  
Ye chain'd Prometheus\* to his rock,  
And, when his tortured bosom ceased  
Your vulture's savage beak to feast,  
Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,  
And built and barr'd his coffin down,  
Half doubting if even death could quell  
Such terrible renown;  
Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,  
And banded knees, and muttered prayer,  
Within that green sepulchral glen  
Uncover'd groups of warrior men  
Breathless performed the high behest  
Of winning back, in priceless trust  
For the regenerated West,  
Your victim's mighty dust.  
Hark! how they burst your cramps and rings—  
Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!

Stout men! delve on with axe and bar,  
Ye're watched from yonder restless star:  
Hew the tough masonry away—  
Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly!  
And firm your sounding levers sway,  
And loud your clanking hammers ply!  
Nor falter though the work be slow,  
Ye something gain at every blow,  
While deep each heart in chorus sings.  
"Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!"  
Brave men! delve in with axe and bar,  
Ye're watched from yonder glorious star.

"T is morn—the marble floor is cleft,  
And slight and short the labor left.  
"T is noon—they wind the windless now  
To heave the granite from his brow;  
Back to each gazer's waiting heart  
The life blood leaps with anxious start—  
Down Bertrand's cheeks the tear drop steals—  
Low in the dust Las Cases kneels,  
(Oh! tried and trusted—still, as long  
As the true heart's fidelity  
Shall form the theme of harp and song,  
High Bards shall sing of ye!)  
One moment,—and thy beams, O Sun!  
The bier of him shall look upon,  
Who, save the heaven-expelled, alone  
Dared envy thee thy blazing throne;  
Who haply oft, with gaze intent,  
And sick from victory's vulgar war,  
Panted to sweep the firmament,  
And dash thee from thy car,  
And cursed the clay that still confined  
His narrow conquests to mankind.  
"T is done—his chiefs are lifting now  
The shroud from that tremendous brow,  
That with the lightning's rapid might  
Illumed Marengo's awful night—  
Flash'd over Lodi's murderous bridge,  
Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,  
And broke once more the Austrian sword  
By Wagram's memorable ford.  
And may Man's puny race that shook  
Before the terrors of that look,  
Approach unshrinking now, and see  
How far corruption's mastery  
Has tamed the tyrant tamer!

Raise  
That silken cloud, what meets the gaze!  
The scanty dust, or whitening bones,  
Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,  
Of him whose threshold rose on thrones,  
A mockery now to earth!  
No—even as though his haughty clay  
Seoff'd at the contact of decay,  
And from his mind's immortal flame  
Itself immortalized became,  
Tranquilly there Napoleon lies revealed,  
Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,  
Harnessed for conflict, and that eagle-star,  
Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked the war,  
Still on his bosom, tarnished too and dim,  
As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

Fast fades the vision—from that glen  
Wind slow those aching-hearted men,  
While every mountain echo floats,  
Filled with the bugle's regal notes—  
And now the guns' redoubled roar  
Tells the lone peak and mighty main,  
Beneath his glorious Tricolor  
Napoleon rests again!  
And France's galley soon the sail  
Shall spread triumphant to the gale;  
Till, lost upon the lingering eye,  
It melts and mingles in the sky.

Let Paris, too, prepare a show,  
And deck her streets in gaudy woe;  
And rear a more than kingly shrine,  
Whose taper's blaze shall ne'er be dim,  
And bid the sculptor's art divine  
Be lavished there for Him.  
And let him take his rest serene,  
(Even so he willed it) by the Seine;  
But ever to the poet's heart,  
Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages  
(Replete with marvels) that impart  
His story unto Ages;  
The spacious azure of yon sea  
Alone his minster floor shall be,  
Coped by the stars—red evening's smile  
His epitaph; and thou, rude Isle,  
Austerly-browed and thunder-rear'd,  
Napoleon's only monument!

\* Hear, hear Prometheus from his rock appeal  
To air, earth, ocean, all who felt or seek—[Age of Bronze]

## Recent Literature.

### A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALFIERI.

BY J. C. C.

Two men who had sought for protection from the rays of the sun in an arbor which was overshadowed by the thick leaves of a wide-spreading vine, were seated opposite to each other, leaning on a table, and smoking perfumed cigarettes.

The elder, who appeared to be about forty years of age, was tall and pale; his costume, which was rich although simple, had somewhat of a military appearance about it. As for the younger, he was characterized by that slovenly elegance which had begun to be fashionable in Italy as well as in France, toward the end of the eighteenth century.

"Faith, Alfieri," said the elder of the two, "you were the last person in the world I expected to have met at Abano."

"Yet, methinks, the sick man's place should be where he may hope to mend his health."

The young man looked at the count: "The fact is, you do look paler than usual; have you consulted the best physicians?"

"Yes."

"And what do they say?"

"The same thing over and over again. They promise me in the winter that I shall be well in the summer; and when the summer comes and I feel no relief, they assure me that I shall be better in the winter. The Milanese doctors recommend the air of Naples, and the Neapolitan doctors that of Milan; and so they go on, turning me over from one to the other, until I expect some day to die on the road between these two places, if I continue to follow their ordinances."

"Come, come, nonsense, did you ever hear of any body dying at your age?"

"Sometimes," murmured Alfieri, pensively, and shaking his head.

"I bet I know what ails you: you have eternally present to your mind the prediction of your old sorceress."

"Am I wrong, Cellini? I was only twelve years of age when that old woman told me all that has happened to me since. She said that I should leave Piedmont, that I should become a poet, and that my name would be celebrated."

"And that you would die at thirty-five. Who does not know that part of your history? You have written on it an admirable sonnet which all Italy knows by heart. But that a man like you should put faith in the mummery of an old woman, is what I cannot understand."

The count sighed, but made no answer: a short silence ensued.

"Shall I tell you what it is that kills you?" rejoined Cellini. "At the bottom you are not ill, you are only low-spirited."

"That's what the doctors say," replied the count, sadly, "but I feel it will carry me off at last."

"Why not seek for some distractions? Why don't you travel? When you quitted Milan, your intention, if I mistake not, was to go to Spain."

"I have been there."

"Ah! indeed—and from thence to France."

"I have been there."

"And thence to Germany."

"I have been there."

"But you must have been everywhere, if that's the case. The fact is, I know you are a most expeditious traveller; you traverse each country as fast as your horse can gallop; but you can't have had time to see anything."

"Pardon me; I have seen mountains, cities, roads, and plains; and, in the midst of all this, numberless myriads of human beings very busy doing nothing."

"And what did you particularly notice?"

"Three splendid institutions; the *schlague* in Germany, the *police* in France, and the *inquisition* in Spain."

"You're as full of satire as ever, I see," said Cellini, laughing; "a misanthropist and a republican, a real descendant of Brutus in the papal states. But really, Alfieri, you do not deserve the favors which fortune has bestowed upon you; all our theatres ring with your triumphs. Italy has its eyes upon you; you are noble, rich, young, and yet you seem tired of life. What is it you would have to be happy?"

"That's more than I can say; something perhaps which is possessed by the lowliest of the crowd which covers me with acclamations; a quiet and retired habitation, an obscure destiny, and a woman who would love me, seated by my side."

"But what hinders you from having all this?"

Alfieri shrugged up his shoulders, and heaved a deep sigh. "You forget," said he, "that chance has made a celebrated man of me, and a celebrated man is like a wild beast, everybody rushes to get a sight of him. Every man thinks that he has a right to spy into my actions; I am never alone; my books are like couriers, they announce my arrival wherever I go. As soon as I appear in an assembly, farewell to free and friendly conversation; universal silence prevails, the guests are all on the tip-toe of expectation; they expect to hear me speak as if I were a book. The women are all silent through fear, or else they give themselves airs to attract my notice. Brought up, as I was, almost in the midst of the woods, secluded from society in my youth, I feel confused at being singled out as the object of universal attention; unable to distinguish between real sympathy and impertinent curiosity, I wrap myself up in my reserve, and remain silent. I am therefore considered proud, when I am only unhappy. Ah! were I poor, destitute, miserable, I might believe in the affection of those who surround me; but I am now ever in doubt whether it is myself or my reputation which is sought after."

"I understand—you are as unfortunate as a king."

"You seem to jest, but it is strictly true nevertheless. When I arrived here, I thought I had escaped from all my troubles; for a few days I was free to live like everybody else, I was comparatively happy—but the arrival of a man, who had seen me I don't know where, destroyed everything."

"That's the way of the world," said Cellini—"your celebrity is a burden to you, and I, who work my fingers off, remain buried in the most enviable obscurity."

"It's your own fault; you don't stick to anything seriously."

"My dear count, you seem to forget that I am in the pay of an *impressario*, obliged to have three acts ready every month. You don't know what it is to be a composer to a theatre; it's like the landlord of a public house, where there is a continued call on his genius."

"Until he at last gets to the bottom of it."

"That's just what has happened to me; I managed to live some time on a dozen decent ideas—you know what an idea is, a thing you can dish up with fifty different sauces; you can put the beginning at the end, the middle at the beginning, and people wonder at the author's fecundity. I went on in this manner for about three years; but at last the public discovered that I gave them turned cloth for new—I was hissed."

"Well, and how did you manage then?"

"Why, I determined to travel, and regenerate my ideas."

"And do you think you shall succeed?"

"Quite certain of it. There are a great many persons at Abano, and plots are as thick here as the grasshoppers were in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh. In less than a month, I warrant you that I shall have gathered materials enough for as many comedies and dramas as will last me ten years at a moderate calculation. I only arrived yesterday, and am already on the scent of an intrigue."

Alfieri smiled incredulously.

"'Tis a fact," continued Cellini, lowering his voice; "yesterday, heated by travelling and unable to sleep, I ventured into the garden; you know the small pavilion at the extremity of the gravel walk."

"Yes."

"Well, I was strolling about near it, when I heard a door or a window suddenly close. I turned about, and found myself cheek by jowl with a man."

"Can it be possible?"

"Seeing me, he stopped short and seemed inclined to speak, but he altered his mind, turned away and disappeared."

"Did you distinguish his features?"

"As I do yours now—if it was splendid moonlight."

"And you would recognise him again?"

"I have done so already."

"How?"

"This morning I saw him in the pump-room."

"Do you know his name?"

"They call him Marliano."

The count started up with vivacity. "Are you sure he came out of the pavilion?"

"I couldn't swear to it, but I think he did."

"And you are sure that it was close to the pavilion at the bottom of the garden, near the poplar trees, that you met him?"

"Yes, under the windows of the Marchioness Alcanza."

Alfieri turned pale, his lips trembled convulsively, but he mastered his emotion and sat down again.

"You see that I have not lost my time," continued Cellini, who had not remarked the Count's uneasiness. "I am on the scent of a love affair, which will no doubt furnish me with some excellent scenes. I had already remarked this Marliano, on account of his being so very ugly; he looks like the impertinent thief, in my idea. Seeing him continually in the company of the Marchioness, who, by-the-by, appears to hate him, I at first took him for her husband, but I was mistaken; there is a secret about it, which you must help me to penetrate."

It was indeed a secret; but it was not only now that the Count desired to discover it. Cellini was far from being aware how interested his friend was in this mystery, and what anguish his recital had inflicted upon him.

The Marchioness had been about three months at Abano. She had come alone, and was ill. Alfieri had done his best to avoid her; indeed he let slip no opportunity of showing his aversion when chance threw them together; but the young widow did her utmost to overcome a hatred, the cause of which she really was, or affected to be, ignorant of. Subsequently the Count's coldness had yielded to the marks of interest which he received from the Marchioness, and a sort of intimacy, which became more familiar every day, sprang up between them. He felt that this woman exercised more influence over him every time he saw her; that his existence was, as it were, incomplete without her society; and that, in short, his happiness depended on the continuance of that friendship which had so unexpectedly arisen out of his former dislike.

He was on the point of telling her so one day, when Marliano arrived. At the sight of this man Bianca appeared confused; she welcomed him with concealed affright; there arose a sort of mute combat between them, in which the young widow was vanquished.

Alfieri then remarked that she avoided him. It seemed to him as if this Marliano exercised over her a sort of jealous guardianship, to which she submitted, but against her will. What connection could there exist between these two beings? Cellini's story cleared up all his doubts, but he could not bring himself to put faith in the conclusions which it seemed to warrant. Then who was this Marliano? A first glance seemed to indicate one of those men who pass their lives in the frivolities and dissipations of the world; but, after a more minute examination, he descried under this assumed mask a violent tenacity, a stubborn and headstrong will, one of those ignoble and coarse minds in a case of adamant. Alfieri had in vain endeavored to study more deeply this man's character; all his advances were met with distant civility; indeed the Marchioness always interfered to put an end to any discussion which might arise between them; she seemed to fear their coming in contact with each other.

Such was the state of things, when one day the Count, on descending into the garden rather earlier than usual, met the young widow alone. It was the first time since the arrival of Marliano, and he resolved to profit by it. After several useless attempts to discourse on indifferent topics, finding that he became more and more embarrassed, he at last suddenly stopped, and taking the hand of the Marchioness—

"What have you against me?" said he; "and why do you avoid me?"



"I avoid you!" repeated she; "what can induce you to think so?"

"Do you think I am blind, madam? For more than a fortnight this is the first time I have been able to speak to you."

The Marchioness, who had been troubled for a moment, had now recovered herself.

"Are you sure that it is my fault?" asked she, smiling; "we seldom find those whom we do not care to seek."

"Ah, madam! you do not doubt my desire to partake of your society?"

"Why not? I know that my arrival at Abano displeased you at first. Did the intimacy of a few days suffice to destroy all your former prejudices?"

The Count blushed, and endeavored to exculpate himself.

"Do not attempt to deny it," continued the Marchioness; "some one had poisoned your mind against me. I know that the only reason of your stay was your being obliged to wait for some letters which you expected; you were consequently compelled to put up with my society."

"I do not know who can have given you all these details," said Alfieri, with unaffected simplicity, "but I cannot deny my faults, or conceal my thoughts. It is true that your name awakened in me a painful emotion, and that I did not attempt to hide it. But if such be the cause of your coldness toward me, which has succeeded so suddenly to your prior affability, you punish too cruelly a prejudice which your presence has sufficed to dissipate."

"And may I ask you what this prejudice might be?"

"Were I to refuse to give you the explanation you demand, you might be inclined to suppose that it arose from some injurious repugnance on my part; but your presence renewed a sensation of sorrow within my breast, of which I was not the master."

"And for what reason?"

"I once had a friend, madam, who had likewise been the companion of my studies. We had grown together, and I loved him as children love one another, because they are of the same age and enjoy the same pleasures. We had separated, but kept up a regular correspondence, for we could not forget the happy days of our boyhood. I heard that he lived respected by all who knew him at Genoa. About a year back I learned that he had fallen in love with a woman, beautiful, admired, and courted by all. Two of my letters remained unanswered; at last I received one from his mother—his love had been fatal to him."

"And your friend was called?"

"Julio Aldi."

On hearing this name, a cry escaped the marchioness.

"It was then that I heard your name pronounced for the first time," continued Alfieri; but seeing that the young woman had buried her face in her hands—"Pardon me, madam," said he, with a supplicating and agitated voice, "I have afflicted you, but it was unavoidable. Now you are aware why I wished to avoid a person whose presence recalled to me the death of my friend."

"How you must have hated me!" exclaimed the marchioness, bathed in tears.

"No madam; for I knew that you did everything in your power to prevent their duel, that you even went to the place of rendezvous."

"Too late sir—too late!"

"The fault was not yours, and Aldi's mother rendered you full justice; she did not accuse you in the agony of her grief, but the young man's imprudence, which had exposed him to the Baron Rocca's sword. Ah, how often have I condemned him for having ventured, in the chances of a duel, a life full of hope in the future! I then did not know the anguish of always finding near the person beloved a face whose impassibility insults our sufferings—of hearing, wherever her voice is heard, the voice of another who answers her with familiarity! Now I comprehend why Aldi preferred certain death to tortures such as these; for I, a man of thought and reverie as I am, who never touched a sword in my life, I feel a thirst for shedding blood; a challenge is ever on my lips, and I wish to be placed opposite to my adversary, sword in hand, to acquire the right of loving exclusively to myself."

Alfieri's voice had risen as he spoke, his pale face was flushed, and, on pronouncing these last words his hand was outstretched as if he had grasped a sword; the marchioness made an involuntary motion to stop him.

"Ah you need not fear," rejoined he with a bitter smile; "I have devoured my anger. What right had I to provoke a rival? Jealousy is only permitted to him who can hope for a return to his affection. And yet," continued he, after a short pause, "what risk should I run in a duel? Is there not a terrible one engaged between me and my malady? and I well know what will be the issue of that."

The marchioness had insensibly drawn closer to him. Her looks were fixed on the poet's dejected countenance with an indescribable expression of compassion, and she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Good heavens! what is the matter with you?"

"Do you ask me? Do you not know both the cause and the cure? Nothing but a little affection which might inspire me with the desire to live; for an instant I imagined I had found it; I then breathed more freely; I felt all the vigor of my first youth return, because I was happy; but it only lasted a few days, for I soon perceived that my hopes were groundless."

"Who told you so?"

"Bianca!" exclaimed he: "have I understood you? Speak, I beseech you—for pity's sake speak!"

The marchioness was about to answer; but she suddenly uttered a cry of terror, and tore herself from his embrace. The count raised his eyes; Marliano was standing at the corner of the parterre.

The Genoise bowed coldly. On seeing him the marchioness had fallen back motionless on the bench; he advanced, and, without appearing to notice her emotion, inquired after her health with impassible politeness.

As for Alfieri, the arrival of this man at the moment that he was about to receive an avowal which he had so long and so ardently sought after, had at first drawn from him a gesture of anger; but his attention was soon attracted toward Bianca, who by her looks seemed to be supplicating Marliano. Alfieri felt all his doubts return; an invincible instinct pointed out this man to him as his rival, and he resolved to do his utmost to verify his suspicions. He observed

to the marchioness that it was time to go to the spring, and he offered to escort her there.

"I thank you, sir," said the marchioness with embarrassment; "I remain here; but do not let me interfere with your arrangements."

"My arrangements are yours, madam," said the count; "you know it—the only hours that I enjoy are those which I pass with you."

"I see, count, that you would succeed quite as well in madrigals as in tragedy," replied the marchioness with effort.

Alfieri shook his head. "Do not rail, I beseech you, at the expression of a sentiment which you know to be sincere," said he; "you cannot mistake the cause of the change which your presence has worked in me. Before I knew you I was unhappy, wearied with all that vain applause which is called glory. I saw you—melancholy, fatigue, all disappeared. You have acted on me like the rays of the sun on a drooping plant—I owe you my very existence."

"Sir!" exclaimed the marchioness, terrified; and then she turned her eyes upon Marliano, but he remained calm and motionless.

Alfieri had watched her looks and her movements.

"You will excuse me," rejoined he, turning toward the Genoise; "such confessions are not usually made in the presence of a third person. I have doubtless been indiscreet."

Marliano bowed. "I feel happy," said he, "count, to have inspired you with so much confidence as to induce you to make such an avowal of your sentiments."

"I assure you, signor, that I rejoice that you hear me."

"It is rather for me to rejoice to find that a great poet employs, to express his passion, an eloquence which others in vain seek for in their love."

The irony with which these last words had been pronounced had something so cold, so piercing about it, that it produced on Alfieri the effect of those wounds which we do not feel at first; but when he understood the full force of it, a flush of indignation caused his very blood to boil: his eyes met those of Marliano. Bianca threw herself between these two glances, in which they exchanged their hatred.

"We well know your gallantry, count," said she; "but we have had quite enough on that chapter for to-day. I do not intend to go to the spring, but I do not wish to hinder you from taking your accustomed walk; you will bring me a nosegay on your return."

The count made an effort on himself, and took his leave. Marliano was about to follow him.

"Signor Marliano!" exclaimed the marchioness, "you promised to read me a chapter."

The Genoise turned toward her—a sardonic smile played upon his lips. "Are you so much afraid for him?" said he.

Bianca laid her hand on her heart, and sat down without being able to answer.

"Yet you have reason to be satisfied with me, madam," rejoined Marliano, bitterly. "Did I not allow him to speak of his love? Did I not suffer his insults, for his intention was to insult me? Did I not carry my patience to such a pitch that he must have thought me a vile coward? Does not this suffice you?"

"I must leave this place," said the marchioness with anguish. "I cannot stay here any longer. I shall return to Genoa."

"I am ready."

"Bianca cast on Marliano a long look of terror and indignation."

"Yes," continued she, "I shall return to Genoa, but to bid an eternal adieu to the world. I have often thought of it—my determination is taken—I shall retire into a convent."

Marliano started. "What say you, madam? A convent?"

"I am resolved."

"Impossible! So young, so beautiful—to bury yourself in an eternal prison."

"Am I free now?"

The Genoise looked at her. "It is to avoid me that you shun the world," said he, sorrowfully; "you then hate me more than you love its pleasures."

"And even were it so, have you not forced me to it?"

"What have I done?"

The marchioness briskly raised her head. "Do you dare ask me?" said she, with indignant surprise. "Baron Rocca, have you forgotten the past? Have you not traced around me a fatal circle which none can pass without certain death? You ask me what you have done. Have you not profited by your odious address as a *bravo* to assume to yourself the authority of a guardian over me against my will, and call to account all those who have dared to approach me? I could not demand the assistance of those who would have had the courage to protect me against this tyranny, for it would have exposed them to certain destruction. Sheltered under the point of honor, you would have awaited their provocation—then, master of the arms and conditions, you would have murdered them as you did the unfortunate Aldi. Thus have you enslaved me to your will during three years, trembling beneath your regard, obliged to suffer your society, and estranging all others from me through fear. In vain have I tried to escape you; you have followed me every where. Even here, where I had fled for concealment, you appear under the false name of Marliano, as if you had feared that yours would have been the signal of my flight—and you ask me what you have done!"

Whilst the marchioness had been speaking, the Genoise had turned paler and paler; his features had assumed an expression impossible to describe; it was an anguish which had something cruel about it—a sort of despair which tormented him, but inspired no pity; it was the grief of Satan crowned king of evil and of pain.

"Why did you not love me?" said he, fixing on the marchioness a withering look of anger. "It is you who have caused all that has happened. Happiness would have softened my soul. You have exasperated it. That skill which you reproach me with—the world itself forced me to acquire it. I was ugly, abandoned; I required a defence against contempt—I acquired the art of killing. What had at first been necessity, became at last a habit—I placed my honor in a science which I had studied merely as a safe-

guard. Besides, why should I spare those who hate me? The hatred of others renders us cruel, madam. Ah! as soon as I knew you, I take heaven to witness that I repented ever having shed blood—but I could not efface the past. My love was disdained. I saw you despised and hated me. I was then seized with a secret rage. Why should I leave to another the happiness which had been refused to myself? Would you even have thanked me for it at the bottom of your soul? No! If I am cruel, Bianca, it is because I cannot bear the idea that you should love another."

"Thus I am the slave of your passion."

"I love you, and am jealous."

"But I—I do not love you."

"I know—I know it. And yet your love would change my whole life, and redeem the past."

He seized the hands of Bianca, and pressed them convulsively against his heart. "Oh! I love you, Bianca; I love you as man never loved," exclaimed he; "why are you without pity?"

"Leave—leave me," said the young woman, struggling to escape.

"What can I do to induce you to listen to me?"

"Leave me, I say."

"Bianca, you cannot eternally resist my prayers—you will relent—I love you too much—you must be mine at last."

"A convent rather!" exclaimed the young woman, distracted.

"I will tear you from it."

"Then the tomb!"

Marliano let drop her hands, which he had held in his.

"You love the count," said he, gnashing his teeth with rage.

The marchioness shuddered, attempted to speak, but burst into tears.

"To-morrow we will start for Genoa," said he, after a long silence.

At this moment some persons appeared at the extremity of the walk; Marliano offered the countess his arm, and they both walked away.

Hardly had they disappeared among the trees, when Cellini crept cautiously from behind a clump of acacias where he had concealed himself. He had arrived there a little after Alfieri's departure, and having distinguished the voices of the Marchioness and Marliano, he had allowed his curiosity to get the better of his discretion. Wishing to clear up the suspicions which he entertained, he had listened attentively, and had heard all that had passed between them. The beginning of their conversation had only excited his astonishment, and he merely saw in it a capital subject for a *scenarist*, but the end had taught him the part which Alfieri played in the affair. He therefore ran to him immediately, and told him all he had discovered thus opportunely. His revelation was for the Count as welcome as it was unexpected; his doubts were removed, and he saw that he was beloved. Everything was now explained: the trouble of the Marchioness at the sight of Marliano; her timid submission to his will; the sudden alteration in her behavior toward himself. His joy knew no bounds.

"But," observed Cellini, "she has promised this Marliano, or rather this Baron Rocca, to start to-morrow."

"No, no," exclaimed Alfieri; "she shall stay. Ah! heaven be thanked that I have learned the truth; for this once this Baron Rocca will find some one betwixt him and the woman whom he oppresses."

"You forget that you never handled an arm in your life, and that this man will infallibly kill you."

"I do not care."

"Of course you are too happy just now to care about life; only, if you succumb, the Marchioness will remain without a protector, and exposed to the mercy of her persecutor."

"You are right. But need I fight this man? Would it not be sufficient to publish the truth?"

"It is injurious to the Baron; he will challenge you, and you cannot refuse to give him satisfaction, or it will be said you are afraid."

"Well, I will give him satisfaction."

"Then he will kill you, and you will not have benefitted her in the least. You walk in a circle out of which you can find no issue."

Alfieri stamped with rage on the ground. "Is it possible that this point of honor can cover every enormity? What! because a villain is clever in the art of killing, he has the right to force you to silence, or to murder you? Strange justice of the world! If I refuse to allow myself to be assassinated by this cut throat, a thousand voices will be raised to brand me as a coward, and my celebrity will only serve to publish my shame to every corner of the world, and render my name more despicable. Since life is nothing but an arena of gladiators, why was I not taught to shed blood? What use is what I am and what I know to me? O, God! I would barter my genius, my glory, everything, for the science of a fencing-master. What's to be done—what's to be done?"

"Formerly a *bravo* might have served your turn; unfortunately they are out of fashion now."

Alfieri shook his head and remained pensive. But he suddenly awoke from his reverie: "Yes," murmured he, "it must be so; it's the only means I have."

"What are you going to do?" asked his friend.

"You shall know very soon," answered the Count, and he left the room.

The following hours were employed by him in arranging his affairs and writing his last instructions. However firm the soul may be, such preparations cannot but weigh heavily upon it. There is always some smiling corner in life, some happy spot, which we then recall to mind, and to which the humid eye looks back with regret. How many doubts arise, how many anxieties do we take up from the bottom of our hearts! Will our name be long remembered? Who will weep for our loss? Melancholy reflections, to solve which we dare not consult the experience of the past.

And Alfieri thought of all this: of the mountains where he had passed his boyhood; of his first emotions; of his first verses; of the old woman's prediction, which was now, doubtless, about to be accomplished. He then examined his papers, separating his finished compositions from those which he had as yet as it were only sketched out, the children of his imagination, which he intended to have impressed with the whole power of his genius and ex-

perience. Oh! how many dreams begun, how many inspirations which had formerly but faintly glimmered on his mind, then burst upon him in all their glory! and he groaned, the poet, for that moment had furnished him with more ideas than the labor of a whole life could develop. And he was about to hazard all this against the dexterity of a bravo. He pressed his hand against his forehead, as if to tear from it the treasures which were about to perish with him. For so it is with man: he considers his intelligence as the common inheritance of humanity, and that, were he to keep aught of it to himself, he would commit a robbery on mankind. He cannot take upon himself to carry him with a thought unexpressed.

But time passed away. The Count rapidly finished to put everything in order. He wrote to his sister, bade an eternal adieu to every thing he loved in this world, and then descended into the saloon.

Cellini and Marliano were there alone. The former was warm in praise of a volume of Machiavel which he held in his hand.

"I do not know it," said Marliano, coolly.

"Should you wish to read it?" asked the young man, presenting him the book.

"I never read."

Cellini looked at him with astonishment. This was the epoch of the regeneration of ideas which signalized the end of the eighteenth century. The nobility seemed to have suddenly awoke from the long torpidity in which they had lain, to study something more than the mere art of gallantry, or the noble science of arms. There was a universal rush toward literature, so that a man who declared that he could not read, was considered as extraordinary a being as a courtier of the reign of Charles the Second who lived without a mistress.

The Count, who on entering had remarked Cellini's surprise, observed—

"Signor Marliano is quite right; what can gentlemen have to do with books?"

Marliano looked at him, as if to discover whether he was not victimized; but the count's features were so calm that he hardly knew what to conjecture.

"If you really think so, my dear count," said Cellini, laughing, "I wonder at your passing whole nights over your books, as you are accustomed to do."

"Oh! as for me," rejoined the count, "I'm a poet, a madman! I love Plutarch, and am foolish enough to consider such words as liberty, country, as any thing but ridiculous. I am one of those who would not have every man's happiness or misery depend on the chance of birth. I dream of a world where recompenses would be awarded to the most worthy, honors to the most devoted, happiness to all; but I'm a madman, you know, whilst Signor Marliano is a gentleman."

All this had been said with so much calm, and with such a sameness of intonation, that it would have puzzled any one to guess the interlocutor's real meaning. Its irony was hidden, but was thereby rendered more poignant—you felt the goad without perceiving it. Marliano knew that he was attacked, and winced under his adversary's infliction; but he likewise knew that a quarrel would drive the marchioness to extremities, and he resolved to avoid it if possible; it was, therefore, with a mixture of anger and reserve that he answered—

"I cannot accept your excuses, count. I am satisfied with the world as it is, and leave to philosophers and philanthropists, as they style themselves, literary knight-errants, the care of remodelling it between their repasts, as they would a play or an opera."

"What can such a man as you have to do with philanthropists and philosophers?" exclaimed Alfieri. "Ah, sir, you are really disposed to show us too much indulgence. Nonsense!—men who wish to enlighten the human mind, the monsters!—who love their fellow-creatures, the fools! The clever men are those who profit by abuses instead of combating them, and ornament their avarice and hard-heartedness with the name of principle or political opinions; who grind down the poor to satisfy their habits of indolence and extravagance, and become wealthy on the miseries of others less privileged than themselves. Those are the persons who know how to live; them we should take for our models. Neither is it difficult, heaven knows, to lead a life of the exquisite of high life;—ruin your creditors, dishonor as many women as possible, kill a few of your most intimate friends in duel, and you will leave behind you the reputation of a most perfect gentleman."

Whilst Alfieri had been speaking, Marliano seemed devoured by an increasing irritation. At the last words pronounced by the count, he turned round suddenly; but, as if he wished to avoid a quarrel at any price, he advanced toward a chair on which he had left his hat, and took it up.

"Pardon me, signor," said Alfieri, "perhaps I have wounded your political opinions. I should really be very much grieved if you were obliged to leave the room on my account, although certainly very much flattered at your thus acknowledging yourself conquered."

Marliano threw down his hat. "I was never conquered by any body," said he, haughtily.

Alfieri bowed; a vague smile played on his lips. For a few moments the three persons present were silent. Cellini, embarrassed, hardly knew what his friend was aiming at, and the Genoese evidently seeking to avoid a rupture. He had approached the sideboard, and seemed to be inhaling the perfumes of some rare flowers in a crystal vase, when his eyes fell on a case of pistols, which Cellini had placed there on his return from the shooting-gallery. He opened the box, took out a pistol, which he examined carelessly, and approached the window.

"Are you satisfied with these arms?" asked he of Cellini.

"Very much so: they are of the manufactory of Cosimo."

"Will you allow me to try them?"

"Certainly."

Marliano looked out of the window. "You see that flower yonder," said he, pointing to a rose-bud, which was the only one left on the bush.

"Yes; but it's out of pistol-shot."

Marliano fired.

"Ah, signor?" exclaimed Cellini.

"The flower is down of course," said the count, who had remained at the other extremity of the apartment.

"You seem to jest, but it's a fact."

The count smiled; he saw that Marliano wanted to frighten him.

"By Jove, Signor Marliano," said Cellini, who was still looking at the flower, "if we ever fight, I should not feel inclined to choose pistols as the weapons."

"Why not?" exclaimed Alfieri; "on account of the flower?"

"No, no; on my own account."

"Dear me! who knows? it frequently happens that this extraordinary dexterity will disappear at the moment of danger."

Marliano made a movement.

"I do not say that for you, signor; but the most clever villain cannot always support the look of an honest man, and his conscience will sometimes make his hand tremble. Indeed there are many who only make a parade of their skill, in order to avoid a more dangerous struggle, and who volunteer a proof of their address to dispense with giving a proof of courage."

"Count!" exclaimed Marliano, springing toward Alfieri.

"Once more, I do not say that for you," quietly returned the latter.

"This assurance is useless," said Marliano, his lips trembling with rage. "I know that you dare not address such words to me. Poets are prudent; they only insult by allusions; they never provoke, except under cover of an eratic precaution; and when we are tired with their disguised insolence, they fail to be ignorant of its cause; in case of necessity, they might even invoke their bad health, and call themselves too ill to have any honor."

"You do not mean that for me either, I suppose," said the count, mildly.

"I leave you the judge of that, sir."

"Oh no," continued Alfieri; "for if such were the case, the Signor Marliano knows that I might demand satisfaction."

"Who hinders you from doing so?"

"You then recognize that I have the right to do it? You own that your insolence was directed toward me—that I am insulted?"

"Be it so."

Alfieri sprang toward the Genoese, and, seizing his hand, "I have the choice of arms, sir," exclaimed he.

"It matters not to me."

"We shall soon see." He ran to the sideboard, seized Cellini's pistols, and returning to Marliano—"Choose," said he.

"But one of the pistols is unloaded."

"The other will suffice for one of us."

"What!—do you want to fight?"

"Muzzle to muzzle; and God defend the right."

"It is impossible," exclaimed Marliano.

"Pardon me, signor, I am insulted; you have said it. I have the right to impose the conditions; you have said that too. You cannot refuse, unless you be a vile coward. The point of honor, which has served you so frequently, is against you now. You hoped that, like so many others of your victims, I should be fool enough to stand up to serve as a mark for your bullet or your sword, that you might cut me down as you did that flower, with a smile on your lips. But you were mistaken, Baron Rocca."

"Ah! you know my name, do you?"

"Yes, and think not that I will yield a single fraction of my advantages. I do not fight to make a parade of bravery or generosity, but to deliver the marchioness from your odious persecutions. I fight to kill you."

"Your hope may be deceived," exclaimed the baron, whose surprise was now turned into fury.

"I know it; but whatever be the issue of this combat, Bianca will have nothing more to fear from your tyranny. I have taken all my precautions; if I succumb, all Italy will know the cause of my death; I shall have bought with my blood the right of publishing your infamy; and I shall be believed, for the dead, it is known, never lie. I shall be pitied, for my very enemies will take care to exalt my glory. Your fatal celebrity will be affixed to mine as to a funeral pile, and you will be branded as a villain for having killed me. I shall have broken the yoke which you have imposed upon the marchioness. Placed under the safeguard of public opinion, she will have naught to fear from you, and will require no one to defend her, for you will have lost the privileges of a man of honor, and all will refuse to give you satisfaction."

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the baron, who was now beside himself, "one of us must die. Follow me."

"I am ready, sir."

They directed their steps toward the door. Cellini stopped them. "One moment, gentlemen—you cannot fight without seconds, especially on such conditions; it is impossible."

"You shall be mine," said Alfieri: "the baron will get one."

"Meet me at the spring in an hour," said Marliano, going out.

Cellini likewise left the apartment.

When Alfieri was left alone, a sort of moral depression seized upon him. He passed over in his mind the events of his life; he thought of Bianca. Cellini's story had led him to believe that he was beloved, but was that sufficient now that he was about to engage in a combat in which his life was at stake? Was it love or pity that had actuated the marchioness? He was buried in these reflections when she entered the apartment with a book in her hand. On perceiving the count she stopped and blushed, but recovering her presence of mind, "I was with you, you see," said she, showing him the last volume he had published.

"Yes," replied he, "they are more beloved than the author himself. Before people know me, they seek for me in my works, they guess at me through the medium of my poetry; and when they come to find that I am a man like other men, they are astonished, and I fall down from the pinnacle upon which they had placed me. Even you, you love the poet, but you avoid the man: you like my works, Bianca, but you shun me."

The marchioness attempted to reply.

"O! do not deny it," continued Alfieri; "you shun me, and yet you appeared to comprehend me. For an instant I thought I had touched your heart. Then it was that I loved my glory, I was proud to think that I should share it with

you. Ah! why did you snatch this delicious hope from me?"

The marchioness seemed affected—there was so much prayer in the count's voice, so much sensibility in his looks, that she remained as it were spell-bound beneath them; she wished to answer, but could only stammer out a few words without meaning.

"Bianca, I beseech you, speak to me—you know that I love you: do not envy me this happiness, perhaps the last I shall ever enjoy."

"What can you mean?"

"Who knows what may happen? you know the fate which has been predicted to me."

"O! banish all such gloomy forebodings."

"Well, supposing this prophecy were about to be realized—if I were to see you now for the last time—could you refuse a dying man a word which would make him happy? Ah! you tremble. Good God!—one word, only one—Bianca, do you love me?"

"Yes," replied the marchioness, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her hands.

Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

"It is then true!—She loves me!—Thanks, thanks—Bianca, dearest Bianca!"

"Ah! why did you force me to speak? if you but knew—"

"Nothing—I will hear nothing, except that you love me, weep not, fear not. Now let my destiny be accomplished."

The clock struck—the count shuddered.

"Adieu, Bianca," said he, pressing her to his bosom; "adieu!" And having disengaged himself from her arms, he rushed out of the room.

The marchioness remained motionless. A vague sensation of terror crept over her, as she thought of the misfortunes that would be the result of the confession which she had made. She then remembered the count's trouble, his precipitate flight; a horrible suspicion arose in her mind.

She ran to the garden—Alfieri was not there. She asked for Marliano—he was absent. Her heart beat as if it were ready to burst. She ran to the count's room, hardly knowing what she was about—it was empty. She rushed to the balcony. At this moment the report of a pistol was heard; she uttered a piercing cry, and tottered against the wall. Almost immediately Cellini appeared at the extremity of the garden, exclaiming—"A surgeon!"

Bianca felt the earth turn under her feet; she stretched out her arms for support, and tried to leave the window. Suddenly a noise was heard on the staircase; the door flew open—she uttered an exclamation of joy.

It was Alfieri!

From the British United Service Gazette.

## THE AMERICAN NAVY.

We have been favored by a valued correspondent at Portsmouth, to whom we were indebted some time ago for a table of the armaments of all the vessels of war in the British navy, for the following interesting account of the dimensions and armaments of the various classes of ships in the American navy, derived from an official source. It has been the fashion of late, among writers on nautical subjects, to contrast our own ships of war with those of America, and to assign the superiority in point of dimension and armament to the vessels of the latter. We have, indeed, been ourselves misled by more than one of our correspondents into the publication of statements to this effect; and, as all honest and conscientious writers ought to do—profiting by the opportunity which the publication of the under-mentioned data affords us—we acknowledge with cheerfulness and alacrity our misapprehension. From the dimensions hereafter given, it will be seen that we are not only equal in most, but greatly superior in many points, and so far as our more recently constructed ships are concerned, more especially; every class of which are much finer than those of the same classes in the American navy, carrying heavier armaments with infinitely more convenient quarters, more space between decks, and guns much higher from the water.

The first-class line of battle ships, as *Ohio*, &c., are or were evidently designed from our 84's, *Ganges* class, with the addition of two feet more beam, thus considerably increasing their tonnage; but, either from some injudicious alterations or bad model, they have not proved the ships they ought to have been, carrying their lower deck midship ports only 5 feet 6 inches from the water, whereas our 84's carry theirs 6 feet 2 inches, and *Vanguard* 7 feet. The tonnage of these ships is 2,600, the same as our 92's, *Rodney* class, within a few tons; but their dimensions are the same as the 120's, and they carry their lower deck midships 7 feet from the water, and are evidently a superior description of ship to American two-deckers. The armament of the latter is very heavy, having 42-pounders on their lower decks, and carrying guns on their upper decks all through; making three entire tiers; perhaps their armament is too heavy—give our 62's guns in waist, and they would then mount 1000—but filling up the waist is a very questionable course, and one to which we decidedly object.

The second-class line-of-battle ships, of which there are but three, are fine vessels, about the size of our 80's, as *Indus*, *Bellerophon*, but with one foot more beam, making them about 100 tons larger. These ships also have guns all through on their upper decks, but from some cause (perhaps being over-weighted) carry their lower deck ports only 5 feet from the water, being 4 inches less than our old 74's, and 1 foot lower than the *Bellerophon*.

The first-class frigates are fine vessels, about the size of our razees, but with 2 feet less beam, and therefore inferior, also carrying their main-deck midship ports 1 foot 3 inches lower than our razees; these ships are all double banked, and have carronades on the upper deck. There are but two second-class frigates in the American navy; *Macedonian*, captured from us during the late war, and *Constellation*, one of their earliest; both these are rated 36's, carrying about 46 or 50 guns, and are about the size of our *Blonde*; both very inferior to the *Pique* and her class.

The first-class sloops of war of the United States are neither so large nor so powerful as our razees, such as the *Magicienne*, but they are larger than our other corvettes in point of armament and force. Again, they are vastly inferior as fighting vessels to our 26's, like the *Vestal*, which carry 11, 8 32's and two 68's. The American corvettes are,



moreover, heavy sailers, and carry their midports 1 foot 4 inches lower than the *Vestal* and her class, so that their whole battery is exposed to a vast disadvantage. Indeed, our new 26s are superior to any foreign corvettes in the world.

The second-class of American corvettes are nearly similar to our *Pearl* and *Tweed*, of 20 guns. There is nothing between them and schooners. The Americans have no sloops of war brig-rigged—their small sloops carry 16 guns, but are ships.

The American schooners are very inferior in respect to our new 10-gun brigs, as *Pantaloon*, *Rapid*, &c., being upwards of 100 tons inferior in burthen, also in length and breadth, and their ports more than a foot lower in water; their height between decks also less by nearly two feet. They are, in fact, hardly equal to our old 10 gun brigs.

The first-class war steamers building will, doubtless, be noble vessels; very much larger than any we have, being 30 feet longer than the *Cyclops*, 4 feet more beam, and 600 tons more burthen; they will, doubtless, be very heavily armed, perhaps carrying 30 or 40 guns. These are the only two steamers the Americans have in their navy; but although in this branch we are far ahead of them, having at least 20 to their two, still we should at once lay down some five or six of an equal size. It is not a little odd that the dimensions of these two American war steamers are as nearly as possible the same as the steamer by Captain Hendrie, R. N. To conclude, we have nothing to fear from the Americans, come a contest when it may. With our ships properly armed and fully manned, we may defy them and the world.

## New Work by Boz.

### MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

#### PARTS XLIV & XLV.

##### CHAPTER LXXII.

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead for two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dry flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. It was he who had come to the window overnight and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Seeing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright, clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, some stood uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried "God help him!" as he passed along.

"Neighbor!" said the old man, stopping at the cottage where his young guide's mother dwelt, "how is it that the folks are nearly all in black to-day? I have seen a mourning ribbon or a piece of crape on almost every one."

She could not tell, the woman said.

"You yourself—you wear the color too!" he cried. "Windows are closed that never used to be by day. What does this mean?"

Again the woman said she could not tell.

"We must go back," said the old man, hurriedly. "We must see what this is."

"No, no," cried the child, detaining him. "Remember what you promised. Our way is to the old green lane, where she and I so often were, and where you found us more than once making those garlands for her garden. Do not turn back!"

"Where is she now?" said the old man. "Tell me that?"

"Do you not know?" returned the child. "Did we not leave her, but just now?"

"True. True. It was her we left—was it?"

He pressed his hand upon his brow, looked vacantly round, as if impelled by a sudden thought, crossed the road, and entered the sexton's house. He and his deaf assistant were setting before the fire. Both rose up, on seeing who it was.

The child made a hasty sign to them with his hand. It was the action of an instant, but that, and the old man's look, were quite enough.

"Do you—do you bury any one to-day?" he said, eagerly.

"No, no! Who should we bury, sir?" returned the sexton.

"Aye, who indeed! I say with you, who indeed?"

"It is a holiday with us, good sir," returned the sexton, mildly. "We have no work to do to-day."

"Why, then, I'll go where you will," said the old man, turning to the child. "You're sure of what you tell me? You would not deceive me? I am changed even in the little time since you last saw me."

"Go thy ways with him, sir," cried the sexton, "and Heaven be with ye both!"

"I am quite ready," said the old man, meekly. "Come, boy, come—" and so submitted to be led away.

And now the bell—the bell she had often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and looming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told, how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts seem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretence, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble and late want of rest, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fire-side. He was perfectly exhausted, and they were careful not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

The younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared at the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly obliging the old man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps toward the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed to the schoolmaster's cottage, calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavoring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours, they had little hope of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connexion between inanimate and senseless things and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess how, for many days, the old man pined and moped away the time, and wandered here and there as seeking something, and had no comfort.

Whatever power of thought or memory he retained, was all bound up in her. He never understood, or seemed to care to understand, about his brother. To every endearment and attention he continued listless. If they spoke to him on this, or any other theme—save one—he would hear them patiently for a while, then turn away, and go on seeking as before.

On that one theme, which was in his, and all their minds, it was impossible to touch. Dead! He could not hear or bear the word. The slightest hint of it would throw him into a paroxysm, like that he had had when it was first spoken. In what hope he lived, no man could tell; but that he had some hope of finding her again—some faint and shadowy hope, deferred from day to day, and making him from day to day more sick and sore at heart—was plain to all.

They bethought them of a removal from the scene of this last sorrow; of trying whether change of place would rouse or cheer him. His brother sought the advice of those who were accounted skilful in such matters, and they came and saw him. Some of the number staid upon the spot, conversed with him when he would converse, and watched him as he wandered up and down, alone and silent. Move him where they might, they said, he would ever seek to get back there. His mind would run upon that spot. If they confined him closely, and kept a strict guard upon him, they might hold him prisoner, but if he could by any means escape, he would surely wander back to that place, or die upon the road.

The boy, to whom he had submitted at first, had no longer any influence with him. At times he would suffer the child to walk by his side, or would even take such notice of his presence as giving him his hand, or would stoop to kiss his cheek, or pat him on the head. At other times, he would entreat him—not unkindly—to be gone, and would not brook him near. But whether alone, or with this pliant friend, or with those who would have given him, at any cost or sacrifice, some consolation or some peace of mind, if happily the means could have been devised, he was at all times the same—with no love or care for anything in life, a broken-hearted man.

At length they found one day that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, his own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came, who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave, he said.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept a watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid himself down to rest, and muttered, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave for her. How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free, broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trod—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped was yet to be—rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Oh! Let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he loved so well; and, in the church where they had so often prayed and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

#### CHAPTER THE LAST.

The magic reel, which, rolling on before, has led the chronicler thus far, now slackens in its pace, and stops. It lies before the goal; the pursuit is at an end.

It remains but to dismiss the leaders of the little crowd who have borne us company upon the road, and so to close the journey.

Foremost among them, smooth Sampson Brass and Sally, arm in arm, claim our polite attention.

Mr. Sampson, then, being detained, as already has been shown, by the justice upon whom he called, and being so strongly pressed to protract his stay that he could by no means refuse, remained under his protection for a considerable time, during which the attention of his great entertainer kept him so extremely close, that he was quite lost to society, and never even went abroad for exercise.

saving into a small paved yard. So well, indeed, was his modest and retiring temper understood by those with whom he had to deal, and so jealous were they of his absence, that they required a kind of friendly bond to be entered into by two substantial housekeepers, in the sum of fifteen hundred pounds a-piece, before they would suffer him to quit their hospitable roof—doubting, it appeared, that he would return, if once let loose, on any other terms. Mr. Brass, struck with the humor of this jest, and carrying out its spirit to the utmost, sought from his wide connexion a pair of friends whose joint possessions fell some halfpence short of fifteen pence, and proffered them as bail—for that was the merry word agreed upon on both sides. These gentlemen being rejected after twenty-four hours' pleasantness, Mr. Brass consented to remain, and did remain, until a club of choice spirits called a Grand Jury (who were in the joke) summoned him to a trial before twelve other wags for perjury and fraud, who in their turn found him guilty with a most facetious joy,—nay, the very populace entered into the whim, and when Mr. Brass was moving in a hackney-coach toward the building where these wags assembled, saluted him with rotten eggs and carcasses of kittens, and feigned to wish to tear him into shreds, which greatly increased the comicality of the thing, and made him relish it the more, no doubt.

To work this sportive vein still further, Mr. Brass, by his counsel, moved in arrest of judgement that he had been led to criminate himself, by assurances of safety and promises of pardon, and claimed the leniency which the law extends to such confiding natures as are thus deluded. After solemn argument, this point (with others of a technical nature, whose humorous extravagance it would be difficult to exaggerate) was referred to the judges for their decision, Sampson being meantime removed to his former quarters. Finally, some of the points were given in Sampson's favor, and some against him; and the upshot was that, instead of being desired to travel for a time in foreign parts, he was permitted to grace the mother country under certain insignificant restrictions.

These were, that he should, for a term of years, reside in a spacious mansion where several other gentlemen were lodged and boarded at the public charge, who went clad in a sober uniform of grey turned up with yellow, had their hair cut extremely short, and principally lived on gruel and light soup. It was also required of him that he should partake their exercise of constantly ascending an endless flight of stairs; and lest his legs, unused to such exertion, should be weakened by it, that he should wear upon one ankle an amulet or charm of iron. These conditions being arranged, he was removed one evening to his new abode, and enjoyed, in common with nine other gentlemen and two ladies, the privilege of being taken to this place of retirement in one of Royalty's own carriages.

Over and above these trifling penalties, his name was erased and blotted out from the roll of attorneys; which erasure has been always held in these latter times to be a great degradation and reproach, and to imply the commission of some amazing villany—as indeed would seem to be the case, when so many worthless names remain among its better records, unmolested.

Of Sally Brass, conflicting rumors went abroad. Some said with confidence that she had gone down to the docks in male attire, and had become a female sailor; others darkly whispered that she had enlisted as a private in the second regiment of Foot Guards, and had been seen in uniform and on duty, to wit, leaning on her musket and looking out of a sentry-box in St. James's Park, one evening. There were many such whispers as these in circulation; but the truth appears to be that, after a lapse of some five years (during which there is no direct evidence of her having been seen at all), two wretched people were more than once observed to crawl at dusk from the inmost recesses of St. Giles's, and to take their way along the streets, with shuffling steps and cowering, shivering forms, looking into the roads and kennels as they went in search of refuse food or disregarded offal. These forms were never beheld but into those nights of gloom, when the terrible spectres, who lie at all other times in the obscene hiding-places of London, in archways, dark vaults and cellars, venture to creep in the streets; the embodied spirits of Disease, and Vice, and Famine. It was whispered by those who should have known, that these were Sampson and his sister Sally; and to this day, it is said, they sometimes pass, on bad nights, in the same loathsome guise, close at the elbow of the shrinking passenger.

The body of Quilp being found—though not until some days had elapsed—an inquest was held on it near the spot where it had been washed ashore. The general supposition was that he had committed suicide, and this appearing to be favored by all the circumstances of his death, the verdict was to that effect. He was left to be buried with a stake through his heart in the centre of four lonely roads.

It was rumored afterward that this horrible and barbarous ceremony had been dispensed with, and that the remains had been secretly given up to Tom Scott. But even here, opinion was divided; for some said that Tom had dug them up at midnight, and carried them to a place indicated to him by the widow. It is probable that both these stories may have had their origin in the simple fact of Tom's shedding tears upon the inquest—which he certainly did, extraordinary as it may appear. He manifested, beside, a strong desire to assault the jury; and being restrained and conducted out of court, darkened its only window by standing on his head upon the sill, until he was dexterously tilted upon his feet again by a cautious beadle.

Being cast upon the world by his master's death, he determined to go through it upon his head and hands, and accordingly began to tumble for his bread. Finding, however, his English birth an insurmountable obstacle to his advancement in this pursuit (notwithstanding that his art was in high repute and favor,) he assumed the name of an Italian image lad, with whom he had become acquainted; and afterward tumbled with extraordinary success, and to overflowing audiences.

Little Mrs. Quilp never forgave herself the one deceit that lay so heavy on her conscience, and never spoke or thought of it but with bitter tears. Her husband had no relations, and she was rich. He had made no will, or she would probably have been poor. Having married the first time at her mother's instigation, she consulted in her second choice nobody but herself. It fell upon a smart young

fellow enough; and as he made it a preliminary condition that Mrs. Jiniwin should be thenceforth an out-pensioner, they lived together after marriage with no more than the average amount of quarrelling, and led a merry life upon the dead dwarf's money.

Mr. and Mrs. Garland, and Mr. Abel, went on as usual, (except that there was a change in their household, as will be seen presently,) and in due time the latter went into partnership with his friend the notary, on which occasion there was a dinner, and a ball, and great extent of dissipation. Unto this ball there happened to be invited the most bashful young lady that was ever seen, with whom Mr. Abel happened to fall in love. How it happened, or how they found it out, or which of them first communicated the discovery to the other, nobody knows. But certain it is, that in the course of time they were married; and equally certain it is that they were the happiest of the happy; and no less certain it is that they reared a family; because any propagation of goodness and benevolence is no small addition to the aristocracy of nature, and no small subject of rejoicing for mankind at large.

The pony preserved his character for independence and principle down to the last moment of his life; which was an unusually long one, and caused him to be looked upon, indeed, as the very Old Parr of ponies. He often went to and fro with the little phaeton between Mr. Garland's and his son's, and, as the old people and the young were frequently together, had a stable of his own at the new establishment, into which he would walk of himself with surprising dignity. He condescended to play with the children, as they grew old enough to cultivate his friendship, and would run up and down the little paddock with them like a dog; but though he relaxed so far, and allowed them such small freedoms as caresses, or even to look at his shoes, or hang on by his tail, he never permitted any one among them to mount his back or drive him; thus showing that even their familiarity must have its limits, and that there were points between far too serious for trifling.

He was not unsusceptible of warm attachments in his latter life; for when the good bachelor came to live with Mr. Garland, upon the clergyman's decease, he conceived a great friendship for him, and amiably submitted to be driven by his hands without the least resistance. He did not work for two or three years before he died, but lived in clover; and his last act (like a choleric old gentleman) was to kick his doctor.

Mr. Swiveller, recovering very slowly from his illness, and entering into the receipt of his annuity, bought for the Marchioness a handsome stock of clothes, and put her to school forthwith, in redemption of the vow he had made upon his fevered bed. After casting about for some time for a name which should be worthy of her, he decided in favor of Sophronia Sphynx, as being euphonious and genteel, and furthermore indicative of mystery. Under this title the Marchioness repaired, in tears, to the school of his selection, from which, as she soon distanced all competitors, she was removed before the lapse of many quarters to one of a higher grade. It is but bare justice to Mr. Swiveller to say, that, although the expenses of her education kept him in straitened circumstances for half a dozen years, he never slackened in his zeal, and always held himself sufficiently repaid by the accounts he heard (with great gravity) of her advancement, on his monthly visits to the governors, who looked upon him as a literary gentleman of eccentric habits, and of a most prodigious talent in quotation.

In a word, Mr. Swiveller kept the Marchioness at this establishment until she was, at a moderate guess, full nineteen years of age—good-looking, clever, and good-humored; when he began to consider seriously what was to be done next. On one of his periodical visits, while he was revolving this question in his mind, the Marchioness came down to him, alone, looking more smiling and more fresh than ever. Then it occurred to him, but not for the first time, that if she would marry him, how comfortable they might be! So Richard asked her; whatever she said, it was not no; and they were married in good earnest that day week, which gave Mr. Swiveller frequent occasion to remark, at divers subsequent periods, that there had been a young lady saving up for him after all.

A little cottage at Hampstead being to let, which had in its garden a smoking-box, the envy of the civilized world, they agreed to become its tenants; and when the honeymoon was over, entered upon its occupation. To this retreat Mr. Chuckster repaired regularly every Sunday to spend the day—usually beginning with breakfast; and here he was the great purveyor of general news and fashionable intelligence. For some years he continued a deadly foe to Kit, protesting that he had a better opinion of him when he was supposed to have stolen the five-pound note, than when he was shown to be perfectly free of the crime; inasmuch as his guilt would have had in it something daring and bold, whereas his innocence was but another proof of a sneaking and crafty disposition. By slow degrees, however, he was reconciled to him in the end; and even went so far as to honor him with his patronage, as one who had in some measure reformed, and was therefore to be forgiven. But he never forgot or pardoned that circumstance of the shilling; holding that if he had come back to get another he would have done well enough, but that his returning to work out the former gift was a stain upon his moral character which no penitence or contrition could ever wash away.

Mr. Swiveller, having always been in some measure of a philosophic and reflective turn, grew immensely contemplative, at times, in the smoking-box, and was accustomed, at such periods, to debate in his own mind the mysterious question of Sophronia's parentage. Sophronia herself supposed she was an orphan; but Mr. Swiveller, putting various slight circumstances together, often thought Miss Brass must know better than that; and having heard from his wife of her strange interview with Quilp, entertained sundry misgivings whether that person, in his life time, might not also have been able to solve the riddle, had he chosen. These speculations, however, gave him no uneasiness; for Sophronia was ever a most cheerful, affectionate, and provident wife to him; and Dick (excepting for an occasional outbreak with Mr. Chuckster, which she had the good sense rather to encourage than oppose) was to her an attached and domesticated husband. And they played many hundred thousand games of cribbage together. And let it be added, to Dick's honor, that, though we have called her So-

phronia, he called her the Marchioness from first to last; and that upon every anniversary of the day on which he found her in his sick room, Mr. Chuckster came to dinner, and there was great glorification.

The gamblers, Isaac List and Jowl, with their trusty confederate, Mr. James Groves, of unimpeachable memory, pursued their course with varying success, until the failure of a spirited enterprise in the way of their profession, dispersed them in different directions, and caused their career to receive a sudden check from the long and strong arm of the law. This defeat had its origin in the untoward detection of a new associate—young Frederick Trent—who thus became the unconscious instrument of their punishment and his own.

For the young man himself, he rioted abroad for a brief term, living by his wits—which means by the abuse of every faculty that, worthily employed, raises man above the beasts, and so degraded, sinks him far below them. It was not long before his body was recognised by a stranger, who chanced to visit that hospital in Paris where the drowned are laid out to be owned; despite the bruises and disfigurements which were said to have been occasioned by some previous scuffle. But the stranger kept his own counsel until he returned home, and it was never claimed or cared for.

The younger brother, or the single gentleman, for that designation is more familiar, would have drawn the poor schoolmaster from his lone retreat, and made him his companion and friend. But the humble village teacher was timid of venturing into the noisy world, and had become fond of his dwelling in the old churchyard. Calmly happy in his school, and in the spot, and in the attachment of Her little mourner, he pursued his quiet course in peace; and was, through the righteous gratitude of his friend—let this brief mention suffice for that—a poor schoolmaster no more.

That friend—single gentleman, or younger brother, which you will—had at his heart a heavy sorrow; but it bred in him no misanthropy or monastic gloom. He went forth into the world, a lover of his kind. For a long, long time, it was his chief delight to travel in the steps of the old man and the child, (so far as he could trace them from her last narrative,) to halt where they had halted, sympathise where they had suffered, and rejoiced where they had been made glad. Those who had been kind to them, did not escape his search. The sisters at the school—those who were her friends, because themselves so friendless—Mrs. Jarley of the wax-work, Codlin, Short—he found them all; and trust me that the man who fed the furnace fire was not forgotten.

Kit's story having got abroad, raised him up a host of friends, and many offers of provision for his future life. He had no idea at first of ever quitting Mr. Garland's service; but, after serious remonstrance and advice from that gentleman, began to contemplate the possibility of such a change being brought about in time. A good post was procured for him, with a rapidity which took away his breath, by some of the gentlemen who had believed him guilty of the offence laid to his charge, and who had acted upon that belief. Through the same kind agency, his mother was secured from want, and made quite happy. Thus, as Kit often said, his great misfortune turned out to be the source of all his subsequent prosperity.

Did Kit live a single man all his days, or did he marry? Of course he married, and who should be his wife but Barbara? And the best of it was, he married so soon that little Jacob was an uncle, before the calves of his legs, already mentioned in this history, had ever been encased in broadcloth pantaloons—though that was not quite the best either, for of necessity the baby was an uncle too. The delight of Kit's mother and of Barbara's mother upon the great occasion is past all telling; finding they agreed so well on that, and on all other subjects, they took up their abode together, and were a most harmonious pair of friends from that time forth. And had n't Astley's cause to bless itself for their all going together once a quarter—to the pit—and did n't Kit's mother always say, when they painted the outside, that Kit's last treat had helped to that, and wonder what the manager would feel if he but knew it as they passed his house!

When Kit had children six and seven years old, there was a Barbara among them, and a pretty Barbara she was. Nor was there wanting an exact fac-simile and copy of little Jacob as he appeared in those remote times when they taught him what oysters meant. Of course there was an Abel, own godson to the Mr. Garland of that name; and there was a Dick, whom Mr. Swiveller did especially favor. The little group would often gather round him of a night and beg him to tell again that story of good Miss Nell who died. This Kit would do; and when they cried to hear it, wishing it longer too, he would teach them how she had gone to Heaven, as all good people did; and how, if they were good like her, they might hope to be there too one day, and to see and know her as he had done when he was quite a boy. Then he would relate to them how needy he used to be, and how she had taught him what he was otherwise too poor to learn, and how the old man had been used to say "she always laughs at Kit;" at which they would brush away their tears, and laugh themselves to think that she had done so, and be again quite merry.

He sometimes took them to the street where she had lived; but new improvements had altered it so much, it was not like the same. The old house had been long ago pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place. At first he would draw with his stick a square upon the ground to show them where it used to stand. But he soon became uncertain of the spot, and could only say it was thereabouts, he thought, and that these alterations were confusing.

Such are the changes which a few years bring about, and so do things pass away, like a tale that is told!

END OF "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

I was musing the other evening upon the characters and incidents with which I had been so long engaged; wondering how I could ever have looked forward with pleasure to the completion of my tale, and reproaching myself for having done so, as if it were a kind of cruelty to those companions of my solitude whom I had now dismissed, and could never again recall; when my clock struck ten. Punctual to the hour, my friends appeared.

On our last night of meeting, we had finished the story which the reader has just concluded. Our conversation



took the same current as the meditations which the entrance of my friends had interrupted, and the Old Curiosity Shop was the staple of our discourse.

I may confide to the reader now, that in connection with this little history I had something upon my mind—something to communicate which I had all along with difficulty repressed—something I had deemed it, during the progress of the story, necessary to its interest to disclose, and which, now that it was over, I wished, and was yet reluctant to disclose.

To conceal anything from those to whom I am attached, is not in my nature. I can never close my lips where I have opened my heart. This temper and the consciousness of having done some violence to it in my narrative, laid me under a restraint which I should have had great difficulty in overcoming, but for a timely remark from Mr. Miles, who, as I hinted in a former paper, is a gentleman of business habits, and of great exactness and propriety in all his transactions.

"I could have wished," my friend objected; "that we had been made acquainted with the single gentleman's name. I don't like his withholding his name. It made me look upon him at first with suspicion, and caused me to doubt his moral character, I assure you. I am fully satisfied by this time of his being a worthy creature, but in this respect he certainly would not appear to have acted at all like a man of business."

"My friends," said I, drawing to the table at which they were by this time seated in their usual chairs, "do you remember that story bore another title beside that one we have so often heard of late?"

Mr. Miles had his pocket-book out in an instant, and referring to an entry therein, rejoined "Certainly. Personal adventures of Master Humphrey. Here it is. I made a note of it at the time."

I was about to resume what I had to tell them, when the same Mr. Miles again interrupted me, observing that the narrative originated in a personal adventure of my own, and that was no doubt the reason for its being thus designated.

This led me to the point at once.

"You will one and all forgive me," I returned, "if, for the greater convenience of the story, and for its better introduction, that adventure was fictitious. I had my share indeed—no light or trivial one—in the pages we have read, but it was not the share I feigned to have at first. The younger brother, the single gentleman, the nameless actor in this little drama, stands before you now."

It was easy to see they had not expected this disclosure.

"Yes," I pursued. "I can look back upon my part in it with a calm, half-smiling pity for myself as for some other man. But I am he indeed; and now the chief sorrows of my life are yours."

I need not say what true gratification I derived from the sympathy and kindness with which this acknowledgment was received; nor how often it had risen to my lips before; nor how difficult I had found it—how impossible, when I came to those passages which touched me most, and most nearly concerned me—to sustain the character I had assumed. It is enough to say that I replaced in the clock-case the record of so many trials—sorrowfully, it is true, but with a softened sorrow which was almost pleasure; and felt that in living through the past again, and communicating to others the lesson it had helped to teach me, I had been a happier man.

We lingered so long over the leaves from which I had read, that as I consigned them to their former resting-place, the hand of my trusty clock pointed to twelve, and there came toward us upon the wind the voice of the deep and distant bell of St. Paul's as it struck the hour of midnight.

"This," said I, returning with a manuscript I had taken, at the moment, from the same repository, "to be opened to such music, should be a tale where London's face by night is darkly seen, and where some deed of such a time as this is dimly shadowed out. Which of us here has seen the working of that great machine whose voice has just now ceased?"

Mr. Pickwick had, of course, and so had Mr. Miles. Jack and my deaf friend were in the minority.

I had seen it but a few days before, and could not help telling them of the fancy I had had about it.

I paid my fee of twopence upon entering, to one of the money-changers who sit within the Temple; and falling, after a few turns up and down, into the quiet train of thought which such a place awakens, paced the echoing stones like some old monk whose present world lay all within its walls. As I looked afar up into the lofty dome, I could not help wondering what were his reflections whose genius reared that mighty pile, when the last small wedge of timber fixed, the last nail driven into its home for many centuries, the clang of hammers, and the hum of busy voices, gone, and the Great Silence whole years of noise had helped to make, reigning undisturbed around, he mused as I did now, upon his work, and lost himself amid its vast extent. I could not quite determine whether the contemplation of it would impress him with a sense of greatness or of insignificance; but when I remembered how long a time it had taken to erect, in how short a space it might be traversed even to its remotest parts, for how brief a term he, or any of those who cared to bear his name, would live to see it, or know of its existence, I imagined him far more melancholy than proud, and looking with regret upon his labor done. With these thoughts in my mind, I began to ascend, almost unconsciously, the flight of steps leading to the several wonders of the building, and found myself before a barrier where another money-taker sat, who demanded which among them I would choose to see. There were the stone-gallery, he said, and the whispering gallery, the geometrical staircase, the room of models, the clock—the clock being quite in my way, I stopped him there, and chose that sight from all the rest.

I groped my way into the Turret which it occupies, and saw before me, in a kind of loft, what seemed to be a great, old, oaken press with folding doors. These being thrown back by the attendant (who was sleeping when I came upon him, and looked a drowsy fellow, as though his close companionship with Time had made him quite indifferent to it) disclosed a complicated crowd of wheels and chains in iron and brass—great, sturdy, rattling engines—suggestive of breaking a finger put in here or there, and grinding the bone to powder—and these were the Clock! Its very

pulse, if I may use the word, was like no other clock. It did not mark the flight of every moment with a gentle second stroke as though it would check old Time, and have him stay his pace in pity, but measured it with one sledge-hammer beat, as if its business were to crush the seconds as they came trooping on, and remorselessly to clear a path before the Day of Judgement.

I sat down opposite to it, and hearing its regular and never-changing voice, that one deep, constant note, uppermost amongst all the noise and clatter in the streets below—marking that, let that tumult rise or fall, go on or stop—let it be night or noon, to-morrow or to-day, this year or next—it still performed its functions with the same dull constancy, and regulated the progress of the life around, the fancy came upon me that this was London's Heart, and that when it should cease to beat, the City would be no more.

It is night. Calm and unmoved amidst the scenes that darkness favors, the great heart of London throbs in its Giant breast. Wealth and beggary, vice and virtue, guilt and innocence, repletion and the direst hunger, all treading on each other and crowding together, are gathered round it. Draw but a little circle above the clustering house-tops, and you shall have within its space, everything with its opposite extreme and contradiction, close beside. Where yonder feeble light is shining, a man is but this moment dead. The taper at a few yards' distance, is seen by eyes that have this instant opened on the world. There are two houses separated by but an inch or two of wall. In one, there are quiet minds at rest; in the other a waking conscience that one might think would trouble the very air. In that close corner where the roofs shrink down and cower together as if to hide their secrets from the handsome street hard by, there are such dark crimes, such miseries and horrors, as could be hardly told in whispers. In the handsome street, there are folks asleep who have dwelt there all their lives, and have no more knowledge of these things than if they had never been, or were transacted at the remotest limits of the world—who, if they were hinted at, would shake their heads, look wise, and frown, and say they were impossible, and out of Nature—as if all great tows were net. Does not this Heart of London, that nothing moves, nor stops, nor quickens—that goes on the same, let what will be done—does it not express the city's character well?

The day begins to break, and soon there is the hum and noise of life. Those who have spent the night on door-steps and cold stones, crawl off to bed; they who have slept in beds, come forth to their occupation too, and business is astir. The fog of sleep rolls slowly off, and London shines awake. The streets are filled with carriages, and people gaily clad. The jails are full too, to the threat, nor have the workhouses or hospitals much room to spare. The courts of law are crowded. Taverns have their regular frequenters by this time, and every mart of traffic has its throng. Each of these places is a world, and has its own inhabitants; each is distinct from, and almost unconscious of the existence of any other. There are some people well to do, who remember to have heard it said, that numbers of men and women—thousands they think it was—get up in London every day, unknowing where to lay their heads at night; and that there are quarters of the town where misery and famine always are. They don't believe it quite—there may be some truth in it, but it is exaggerated of course. So, each of these thousand worlds goes on, intent upon itself, until night comes again—first with its lights and pleasures, and its cheerful streets; then with its guilt and darkness.

Heart of London, there is a moral in thy every stroke! As I look on at thy indomitable working, which neither death, nor press of life, nor grief, nor gladness out of doors will influence one jot, I seem to hear a voice within thee which sinks into my heart, bidding me, as I elbow my way among the crowd, have some thought for the meanest wretch that passes, and, being a man, to turn away with scorn and pride from none that bear the human shape.

I am by no means sure that I might not have been tempted to enlarge upon this subject, had not the papers that lay before me on the table, been a silent reproach for even this digression. I took them up again when I had got thus far, and seriously prepared to read.

The hand-writing was strange to me, for the manuscript had been fairly copied. As it is against our rules in such a case to inquire into the authorship until the reading is concluded, I could only glance at the different faces round me, in search of some expression which should betray the writer. Whoever he might be, he was prepared for this, and gave no sign for my enlightenment.

I had the papers in my hand, when my deaf friend interposed with a suggestion.

"It has occurred to me," he said, "bearing in mind your sequel to the tale we have finished, that if such of us as have anything to relate of our own lives, could interweave it with our contribution to the Clock, it would be well to do so. This need be no restraint upon us, either as to time, or place, or incident, since any real passage of this kind may be surrounded by fictitious circumstances, and represented by fictitious characters. What if we made this, an article of agreement among ourselves?"

This proposition was cordially received, but the difficulty appeared to be that here was a long story written before we had thought of it.

"Unless," said I, "it should have happened that the writer of this tale—which is not impossible, for men are apt to do so when they write—has actually mingled with it something of his own endurance and experience."

Nobody spoke, but I thought I detected in one quarter that this was really the case.

"If I have no assurance to the contrary," I added, therefore, "I shall take it for granted that he has done so, and that even these papers come within our new agreement. Everybody being mute, we hold that understanding if you please."

And here I was about to begin again, when Jack informed us softly, that during the progress of our last narrative, Mr. Weller's Watch had adjourned its sittings from the kitchen, and regularly met outside our door, where he had no doubt that august body would be found at the present moment. As this was for the convenience of listening to our stories, he submitted that they might be suffered to come in, and hear them more pleasantly.

To this we one and all yielded a ready assent, and the

party being discovered as Jack had supposed, and invited to walk in, entered (though not without great confusion at having been detected) and were accommodated with chairs at a little distance.

Then, the lamp being trimmed, the fire well-stirred and burning brightly, the hearth clean swept, the curtains closely drawn, the clock wound up, we entered on our new story—BARNET RUDGE.

## SONG.

### IN EARTH'S LONELY DESERT.

SWISS AIR, 'RANS DES VACHES.'

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

In Earth's lonely desert,  
In regions above,  
To mortals and angels  
There's nothing like love;  
It brightens the landscape  
Wherever we go,  
And beams like a star  
On our pathway of woe.

When the myrtles of love  
Breathe their odors around,  
The music of hope  
Gives to silence a sound.  
Oh! dear is the spot  
Where our glances first met;  
There sorrow will linger,  
Though joy may forget.

All melody breathing,  
All sunshine and bloom,  
Love sings to our cradle,  
And garlands our tomb.  
Far away, far away,  
Where the bright planets roll,  
Oh! there is Love's home,  
In the land of the soul.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

Mr. Titmouse had laid aside his cigar, in compliment to Miss Quirk, who had a long, black veil on, and an elegant light shawl, and looked uncommonly like a young bride setting off—oh, Heavens! that it had been so!—on her wedding excursion. Mr. Gammon slouched his hat over his eyes, and inclined his head downward, fit to expire with vexation and disgust, as he observed the grin and titling of the crowd around; but Titmouse, who was most splendidly dressed, took off his hat on sitting down, and bowed several times to, as he supposed, the admiring crowd.

"Get on, boys!" growled Mr. Gammon; and away they went, exciting equal surprise and applause wherever they went. No one that met them but must have taken Titmouse and Miss Quirk for a newly-married couple—probably the son or daughter of one of the sheriffs, who had least the state carriage to add *éclat* to the interesting occasion.

With the exception of the sensation produced at every place where they changed horses, the only incident worth noting that occurred during their journey, was at the third stage from London. As they came dashing up to the door of the inn, their advent setting all the bells of the establishment ringing, and waiters and ostlers scampering up to them like mad, they beheld a plain and laden dusty travelling-carriage, waiting for horses—and Gammon quickly perceived it to be the carriage of the unfortunate Aubreys! The travellers had alighted. The graceful figure of Miss Aubrey, her face pale, and wearing an expression of manifest anxiety and fatigue, was standing near the door, talking kindly to a beggar-woman, with a cluster of half-naked children around her; while little Aubrey was romping about with Miss Aubrey's beautiful little spaniel, Cato; Agnes, looking on and laughing merrily, and trying to escape from the hand of her attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey were talking together, close beside the carriage-door. Gammon observed all this, and particularly that Mr. Aubrey was scrutinizing their appearance, with a sort of half-smile on his countenance, melancholy as it was.

"Horses on!" said Gammon, leaning back in the carriage.

"That's a monstrous fine woman standing at the inn door, Titmouse, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Yahoo, who had alighted for a moment, and stood beside the door of Titmouse's carriage, looking with brutal eye toward Miss Aubrey. "I wonder who and what she is? By Jove, 'tis the face—the figure of an angel! egad, they're somebody; I'll look at their panels."

"I know who it is," said Titmouse, rather faintly; "I'll tell you by and by."

"Now, now! my dear fellow. Our divinity is vanishing," whispered Mr. Yahoo eagerly, as Miss Aubrey, having slipped something into the beggar's hand, stepped into the carriage. She was the last to get in; and as soon as the door was closed, they drove off.

"Who's that, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Miss Quirk, with a little eagerness, observing—woman are very quick in detecting such matters—that both Gammon and Titmouse looked rather embarrassed.

"It's the—the Aubreys," replied Titmouse.

"Eh! By Jove—is it?" quickly inquired old Quirk, putting his head out of the window; "how very odd, to meet the old birds! Egad! their nest must be yet warm—ha, ha!"

"What! dear papa, are those the people you've turned out? Gracious! I thought I heard some one say that Miss Aubrey was pretty! La! I'm sure I thought—now what do you think, Mr. Titmouse?" she added, turning keenly at him.

"Oh! upon my life, I—I—see nothing at all in her—devilish plain, I should say—infernally pale, and all that!" They were soon on their way again. Titmouse quickly

recovered his equanimity, but Gammon continued silent and thoughtful for many—many miles; and the reader would not be surprised at it, if he knew as well as I do the thoughts which the unexpected sight of that travelling-carriage of Mr. Aubrey had suggested to Mr. Gammon.

As they approached the scene of triumph and rejoicing, and ascertained that they were within little more than a mile of the peaceful little village of Yatton, the travellers began to look out for indications of the kind which Mr. Gammon had mentioned to Titmouse, viz. a band and procession, and an attendant crowd. But however careful and extensive might have been the arrangements of those to whom that matter had been entrusted, they were likely to be sadly interfered with by a circumstance which, happening just then, might, to a weaker and more superstitious mind than that of Mr. Titmouse, have looked a little ominous—namely, a tremendous thunder-storm. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon. The whole day had been overcast, and the sky threatening; and just as the two carriages came to that turning in the road which gave them the first glimpse of the Hall—only, however, the tops of the great chimneys, which were visible above the surrounding trees—a fearful, long-continued flash of lightning burst from the angry heavens, followed, after an interval of but a second or two, by a peal of thunder which sounded as if a park of artillery was being rapidly discharged immediately overhead.

"Mind your horses' heads, boys," called out Gammon; "keep a tight rein."

Miss Quirk was dreadfully alarmed, and clung to her father; Titmouse also seemed disconcerted, and looked to Gammon, who was perfectly calm, though his face was not free from anxiety. The ghastly glare of the lightning was again around them—all involuntarily hid their faces in their hands—and again rattled the thunder in a peal that lasted more than half a minute, and seemed in frightful contiguity, as it were only a few yards above their heads. Down, then, came the long-suspended rain, pouring like a deluge, and so it continued, with frequent returns of the thunder and lightning, for nearly a quarter of an hour. The last turning brought them within sight of the village, and also of some fifty or sixty persons crowding under the hedges, on each side—these were the procession; musicians, banner-men, footmen, horsemen, all dripping with wet, surely a piteous spectacle to behold. Out, however, they all turned, true to their orders, as soon as they saw the carriages, which immediately slackened their speed—the rain, also, somewhat abating. The flagman tried to unfold a wet banner, of considerable size, with the words,

"WELCOME TO YATTON!"

in gilded letters: while the band (consisting of a man with a big drum, another with a serpent, a third with a trumpet, a fourth with a bassoon, two with clarionets, and a boy with a fife) struck up, "See the conquering hero comes!" They puffed and blew lustily; bang! bang! went the drum; but the rain, the thunder, and the lightning wofully interfered with their harmony. "T'would have made your heart ache to see the wet flag clinging obstinately to the pole, in spite of all the efforts of its burly bearer! First, on horseback, was Barnabas Bloodsuck, (senior,) Esq.; beside him rode his son, Barnabas Bloodsuck, (junior,) Esq.; then came the Reverend Gideon Fleahpot, the vicar of Griston, the only Radical clergyman in that part of the country; beside him, the Reverend Smirk Mudflint, a flippant, bitter, little Unitarian parson, a great crony of Mr. Fleahpot, and his name singularly enough designating the qualities of his brain and heart. Next to these, alone in his one horse chaise (looking like a pill-box drawn by a leech) came the little fat Whig apothecary, Gargle Glyster, Esq. Following him, came Going Gone, Esq., the auctioneer—the main prop of the Liberal side, being a most eloquent speaker—and Mr. Hic Hæc Hoc, a learned schoolmaster, who taught the Latin grammar up as far as the syntax. Then there were Mr. Centipede, the editor, and Mr. Woodlouse, the publisher and proprietor of the "YORKSHIRE STING," for which, also, Mr. Mudflint wrote a great deal. These, and about a dozen others, the flower of "the party" thereabouts, disdainful of the inclement weather, bent on displaying their attachment to the new Whig owner of Yatton, and so-lacing each his patient inner man with anticipation of the jolly cheer that awaited them at the Hall, formed the principal part of the procession; the rest, consisting of rather a miscellaneous assortment of scot-and-lot and pot-walloper looking people, all very wet and hungry, and ever and anon casting a look of devout expectation toward the Hall. Scarcely a villager of Yatton was to be seen stirring; nor did any of the tenants of the estate join in the procession: even had they not felt far otherwise disposed, they had luckily a complete excuse for their non appearance in the deplorable state of the weather. Sometimes the band played; then a peal of thunder came; then a cry of "Hurra! Titmouse forever! hurra!" then the band, and then the thunder, and rain! rain! rain! Thus they got to the park gates, where they paused, shouting, "Titmouse for ever! hurra—a—a!" Mr. Titmouse bobbing about, now at one window, then at the other, with his hat off, in the most gracious manner. Really, it almost seemed as if the elements were conspiring to signalize, by their disfavor, Mr. Titmouse's assumption of Yatton; for just as he was passing under the old gateway, out flashed the lightning more vividly than it had yet appeared, and the thunder bellowed and reverberated among the woods as though it would never have ceased. The music and shouting ceased suddenly; carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians quickened their pace in silence, as if anxious to get out of the storm; the horses now and then rearing violently. Titmouse was terribly frightened, in spite of his desperate efforts to appear unconcerned. He was as pale as death, and looked anxiously at Gammon, as if hoping to derive courage from the sight of his countenance. Miss Quirk trembled violently, and several times uttered a faint scream; but her father, old Mr. Quirk, did not seem to care a pinch of snuff about the whole matter: he rubbed his hands together cheerily, chuckled his daughter under the chin, rallied Titmouse, and nudged and jeered Gammon, who seemed disposed to be serious and silent. Having drawn up opposite the Hall door, it was opened by Mr. Griffiths, with rather a saddened, but a most respectful look and manner; and in the same way might be characterised some six or seven servants standing behind him, in readiness to receive the new-comers. The

half-drowned musicians tried to strike up "Rule Britannia," as the hero of the day, Mr. Titmouse, descended from his carriage, Mr. Griffiths holding an umbrella for him, and bounded out of the rain with a hop, step, and a jump into the Hall, where the first words he was heard to utter were—

"What a devilish rum old place!"

"God bless you! God bless you! God bless you, Titmouse!" exclaimed old Mr. Quirk, grasping him by the hand, as soon as he had entered. Titmouse shook hands with Miss Quirk, who immediately followed a female servant to an apartment, being exceedingly nervous and agitated. Gammon seemed a little out of spirits; and said simply, "You know, Titmouse, how fervently I congratulate you."

"Oh! my dear boy, Tit, do, for Heaven's sake, if you do want the thunder and lightning to cease, order those wretched devils off—send them any where, but do stop their cursed noise, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mr. Yahoo, as soon as he had entered, patting his fingers to his ears.

"Mr. What's-your-name," said Titmouse, addressing Mr. Griffiths, "I'll trouble you to order off those fellows and their infernal noise. There's a precious row making up above, and surely one at a time!"

"Ah ha, capital joke, by Jove! capital!" said Mr. Fitz-Snooks.

"A—Titmouse—by Jupiter," said Mr. Yahoo, as, twirling his fingers about his long, black hair, of which he seemed very proud, he glanced about the hall, "this ain't so much amiss! Do you know, my dear boy, I rather like it; it's substantial, antique, and so forth."

"Who are those dem ugly old fellows up there?" presently exclaimed Titmouse, as, with his glass stuck into his right eye, and his hands in his coat pockets, he stood staring at the old-fashioned pictures standing round the hall.

"Some of them are ancestors of the Dreddingtons, others of the Aubrey families. They are very old, sir," continued Mr. Griffiths, "and are much admired, and Mr. Aubrey desired me to say, that if you should be disposed to part"—

"Oh confound him, he may have 'em all, if that's what he wants; I shall soon send them packing off!" Mr. Griffiths bowed, and heaved a very deep sigh. By this time the hall was crowded with the gentlemen who had formed part of the procession, and who came bowing and scraping to Titmouse, congratulating him, and wishing him health and happiness. As soon as he could disengage himself from their flattering but somewhat troublesome civilities, his valet came and whispered, "Will you dress, sir? All is ready," and Titmouse followed him to the dressing-room which had formerly been young Mrs. Aubrey's.

It was the first time that Titmouse ever experienced the attentions of a valet, and he was quite nonplussed at the multitudinousness and elegance of the arrangements around him. Such quantities of clothes of all sorts—dressing-implements, combs, brushes, razors, a splendid dressing-case, scents in profusion, oils, bear's grease, four or five different sorts of soaps, &c., &c., &c., all this gave Titmouse a far livelier idea of his altered circumstances, of his having really become a gentleman, than any thing that he had up to that moment experienced. He thought his valet one of the cleverest and most obliging men in the world, only he oppressed him with his attentions, and at length Mr. Titmouse said he preferred, this time, dressing alone, and so dismissed his obsequious attendant. In about an hour's time, having been obliged to summon Tweedle to his assistance after all, he had completed his toilet, and was ushered into the drawing-room, which, as well as the dining-room, was ready prepared for the banquet, forty or fifty covers, being laid in the two rooms, and good, substantial fare for at least as many more, in the servants' hall, where operations had already commenced. On entering the drawing-room, his appearance seemed to produce a great sensation, and after a little pause, the only county gentleman who was present advanced and introduced himself, his wife and daughter. This was Sir Harkaway Roigut Wildfire, Baronet, a tall and somewhat corpulent man of about fifty, very choleric and overbearing, his countenance showing the hard life he had led, his nose being red, and his forehead and mouth beset with pimples. He had been a bitter political opponent of Mr. Aubrey, and had once been a member of the county, but had so crippled his resources by hunting and horse-racing, as to compel the sacrifice of his town amusements, viz. his seat in the House of Commons, and Lady Wildfire's box at the opera. This had soured both of them not a little, and they had sunk, as it were, out of the county circle, in which they had once been sufficiently conspicuous.

Sir Harkaway had an eye to the borough of Yatton on the happening of the next election, as soon as he had obtained an inkling that the new proprietor of Yatton was a very weak young man; and hence his patronising presence at Yatton, in consequence of the invitation respectfully conveyed to him in Mr. Titmouse's name, through Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son. Besides Lady Wildfire and her daughter, both of whom had inquired with a sort of haughty curiosity about the lady who had accompanied Mr. Titmouse from town—a point which had been at length cleared up to their satisfaction—there were about a dozen ladies, the wives of the gentlemen who had borne so distinguished a part in the triumphal procession. They looked rather a queer set, and none of them dared to speak either to Lady Wildfire or her daughter till spoken to by them. Never had old Yatton beheld within its walls so motley a group; and had the Aubreys continued there, hospitable as they were, accessible and charitable as they were, I leave the reader to guess whether such creatures ever would have found their way thither. By such guests, however, were the two principal tables crowded on this joyous occasion, and about half past six o'clock the feast commenced; and a feast it certainly was, both elegant and substantial, nothing having been spared that money could procure. Mr. Aubrey had a fine cellar of wines at Yatton, which, owing to some strange misunderstanding, had been sold by private contract, not amongst his own friends in the neighborhood, as Mr. Aubrey had intended, and imagined that he had directed, but to Mr. Titmouse. Choice, indeed, were these wines, and supplied on the present occasion in wanton profusion. Champagne, burgundy, and claret flowed like water, and the other wines in like manner; but which last were not, like the former class of wines, confined to the two principal rooms, but found their way into the servants'

hall, and were there drunk without stint. Merriment echoed uproariously from all parts of the old Hall, and Mr. Titmouse was universally declared to be a very fine fellow, and likely to become by far the most popular man in the county. The Reverend Mr. Fleahpot said grace, and the Reverend Mr. Mudflint returned thanks; and shortly afterwards Sir Harkaway arose, and, his eye fixed firmly on the adjoining borough, and also on the jolly table which promised to be ever open to him at Yatton, he proposed the health of the distinguished proprietor of Yatton, in certainly a somewhat fulsome strain. The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm; the gentlemen shouted and jingled their glasses on the table, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs; indeed the scene was one of such overpowering excitement, that Miss Quirk burst into tears, overcome by her emotions; her papa winking very hard to those about him, and using every exertion in his power to point the attention of those present to the probability that a very near and tender relationship was going to exist between that young lady and Mr. Titmouse. Mr. Gammon, who sat next to Titmouse, assured him that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a speech to the company in acknowledgment of the compliment which had just been paid him.

"I shall put my foot in it—by jingo I shall! You must help me!" he whispered to Mr. Gammon, in an agony of trepidation and a mist of confusion, as he rose from his chair, being welcomed in the most enthusiastic manner by applause of every kind, lasting for several minutes. At length, when the noise had subsided into a fearful silence, he stammered out, prompted incessantly by Mr. Gammon, something exceedingly like the following, if, indeed, he did not use these very words:

"Mr.—I beg pardon—Sir Hark—away, and gentlemen—gentlemen and ladies, am most uncommon, monstrous—particularly happy to—to—(eh? what d'ye say, Mr. Gammon?) see you all here—at this place—here—at Yatton." (Applause.) "Ladies and gentlemen—I say—hem!—unaccustomed as"—(much applause, during which Titmouse stooped and whispered to Gammon, "Curse me if I can catch a word you say!") "Happy and proud to see you all here—at Yatton—homes of my ancestry—known to you all—centuries. Enjoyed yourselves, I hope—(great applause)—and hope you'll often come and do the same—(Still greater applause.) Particular glad to see the ladies—(applause)—often heard of the beauties of Yatton—never believed it—no—beg pardon, mean I now see them—(applause.) Am fond of horses—(applause)—racing, hunting, and all that." (Here Sir Harkaway, extending his hand, publicly shook that of the eloquent speaker.) "Sorry to turn out the—the old bird—but—nest not his—mine all the while—(emotion)—bear him no ill-will—(applause.) Political principles—(profound silence)—good old Whig principles—(loud applause)—rights of the people—religious liberty and all that—(vociferous applause)—found at my post in the hour of danger—enemy stole a march on me—(great laughter and applause.) Won't detain you, ladies and gentlemen—drink your good healths, and many happy returns of the day." Down sat Mr. Titmouse, exhausted with this his maiden speech; and quite overpowered moreover, by the extraordinary applause with which he was greeted at its conclusion. In due course many other toasts were drunk. "Lady Wildfire and the married ladies." "Miss Wildfire and the single ladies." "Sir Harkaway Roigut Wildfire." "Religious liberty," (to which Mr. Mudflint responded in a very eloquent speech.) "The liberty of the Press." "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, the enterprising, skilful, and learned professional advisers of Mr. Titmouse." Dancing was now loudly called for; and the hall was speedily prepared for it. By this time, however, it was past eleven o'clock: the free potations of all the men, and indeed of more than one of the ladies, were beginning to tell, and the noise and confusion were very great. Fierce confused sounds issued from the servants' hall, where it proved that a great fight was going on between Pumpkin the gardener, and a man who insisted on shouting "Titmouse for ever—down with the Tory Aubrey!" Pumpkin had much the best of it, and beat his opponent, after a severe encounter, into silence and submission. Then there were songs sung in all the rooms at once—speeches made, half-a-dozen at the same time; in short, never before had such scenes been witnessed, or such uproar heard, within the decorous, the dignified, and venerable precincts of Yatton. Scenes ensued which really baffle description. Mr. Titmouse, of course, drank a great quantity of wine, although Mr. Gammon never left his side, and checked him fifty times when he was about to fill his glass; and the excitement produced by wine will, I trust, in some measure, mitigate the reader's indignation at hearing of a little incident which occurred, in which Titmouse was concerned, and which, about half past 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, served to bring that brilliant entertainment to a somewhat abrupt and rather unpleasant termination. Scarcely knowing where he was, or what he was about, I am sorry to say, that while standing as well as he could, beside Miss Wildfire, to dance for the fifth time with her—a plump, fair-faced, good-natured girl of about nineteen or twenty—he suddenly threw his arms around her, and imprinted half-a-dozen kisses on her forehead, lips, cheek, and neck, before she could recover from the confusion into which this extraordinary assault had thrown her. Her faint shriek reached her father's ears, while he was, in a distant part of the room, persecuting Miss Quirk with his drunken and profligate importunities. Hastily approaching the quarter where his daughter's voice had issued, he beheld her just extricated from the insolent embrace of the half-unconscious Titmouse, and greatly agitated. With flaming eye and outstretched arm, he approached his unfortunate little host, and seizing hold of his right ear, almost wrung it out of his head, Titmouse quite shrieking with the pain it occasioned. Still retaining his hold, uttering the while most fearful imprecations—he gave him three violent kicks upon the seat of honor, the last of which sent him spinning into the arms of old Mr. Quirk, who was hurrying up to his relief, and who fell flat on the floor, with the violent concussion. Then Miss Quirk rushed forward and screamed; a scene of dreadful confusion ensued; and at length the infuriated and half-drunken baronet, forced away his wife and his daughter, quitted the Hall, and got into his carriage, uttering fearful threats and curses all the way home; without once adverting to the



circumstance, of which also Lady Wildfire and her daughter were not aware, that he had been himself engaged in perpetrating the very same kind of misconduct which he had so severely and justly punished in poor Titmouse. As for Mr. Yahoo and Mr. Fitz-Snooks, they had been in quest of the same species of amusement the whole night; and had each of them, in pursuing their adventures in the servants' hall, very narrowly escaped much more serious indignities and injuries than had fallen to the lot of the hospitable owner of the mansion.

About half-past four o'clock, the sun was shining in cloudless splendor, the air cleared, and all nature seeming freshened after the storm of the preceding day; but what a scene was presented at Yatton! Two or three persons, one with his hat off, asleep; another grasping a half-empty bottle; and a third in a state of desperate indisposition, were to be seen, at considerable distances from each other, by the side of the carriage-road leading down to the park-gates. Four or five horses, ready saddled and bridled, but neglected, and apparently forgotten by both servants and masters, were wandering about the fine green old court opposite the hall door, eating the grass, and crushing with their hoofs the beautiful beds of flowers and shrubs which surrounded it. Mr. Glyster's gig had got its wheels entangled with the old sundial—having been drawn thither by the horse, which had been put into it at least two hours ago; opposite the hall-door stood the post-chaise which had brought Mr. and Mrs. Muddint and their daughter. The latter two were sitting in it, one asleep—the other, Mrs. Muddint, anxiously on the look-out for her husband, from time to time calling to him, but in vain; for, about half an hour before, he had quitted the room where he, Mr. Fleeshpot, Mr. Going Gone, and Mr. Centipede had been playing a rubber at whist, till they almost all of them fell asleep with their cards in their hands, and made his way to the stables, where, not finding his chaise in the yard, or his horses in the stalls, he supposed his wife and daughter had gone home, whither he followed them by the footpath leading through the fields which stretched along the high-road to Grilston; and along which said fields he was, at that moment, staggering, hiccupping, not clearly understanding where he was, nor where he had last seen his wife and daughter. Candles and lamps were still burning and glimmering in some of the rooms; and in the servants' hall there were some dozen or so, who, having awaked from deep sleep, were calling for more ale, or wine or whatever else they could get. Some of the old family servants had fled hours ago from scenes of such unwonted riot, to their bed-rooms, and, having locked and barricaded the doors, gone to sleep. Mr. Griffiths sat in an old arm chair in the library, the picture of misery; he had been repeatedly abused and insulted during the night, and had fled thither, unable to bear the sight of the disgusting revelry that was every where around going forward.—In short, at every point that caught the eye, were visible the evidences of the villainous debauchery that had prevailed for the last seven hours; and which, under the Titmouse dynasty, was likely to prevail at all times thereafter. As for Mr. Titmouse, half stunned with the treatment he had experienced at the hands of Sir Harkaway, he had been carried to bed—to the late bed-room of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey—where his excessive, and miscellaneous, and large-continued potations, aiding the effect of the serious injuries which he had sustained, he lay sprawling on the bed, half undressed, in a truly deplorable condition. Mr. Glyster, who had been summoned to his bed-side upward of an hour before, sat, now nodding in his chair, beside his patient; and pretty nearly in a state of similar exhaustion were his valet and the housekeeper, who had, from time to time, wiped her eyes, and sobbed aloud when thinking of past times, and the grievous change that had come over old Yatton. Mr. Yahoo, Mr. Fitz-Snooks, Mr. Snap, Mr. Quirk, and Miss Quirk, (the last having retired to her bed-room in alarm, at the time of Titmouse's mischance,) were in their respective chambers, all of them probably asleep. Poor Hector, chained to his kennel, having barked himself hoarse for several hours, lay fast asleep, no one having attended to him, or given him any thing to eat since Mr. Titmouse's arrival. Gammon had fled from the scene, in disgust and alarm, to his bed-room some three hours before, but unable to sleep—not, however, with excess of wine, for he had drunk but a very few glasses—had arisen about four o'clock, and was at that moment wandering slowly, with folded arms and downcast countenance, up and down the fine avenue of elm-trees, where, it may be recollected, Mr. Aubrey had spent a portion of the last evening of his stay at Yatton.

Such is my account—and as fair an account as I know how to give of the matter; but it is curious to observe how very differently the same thing will strike different people. As soon as the grateful Mr. Centipede had recovered from the excitement occasioned by the part he had taken in the memorable occasion above described, he set to work with the pen of a ready-writer, and in the next number of the "Yorkshire Stingo," there appeared the following interesting account of the

"FESTIVITIES at YATTON-HALL, on the occasion of POSSESSION being taken by TITMOUSE, Esquire.

Yesterday this interesting event came off with signal éclat. Notwithstanding the very unfavorable state of the weather, about five o'clock in the evening, an imposing cavalcade, comprising many of the leading gentry and yeomanry of this part of the county, on foot and on horseback, preceded by an admirable band, and a large and splendid banner, bearing the inscription—"Welcome to Yatton," went out to meet the above gentleman, whose cortege, in two carriages, made its appearance in the village about half-past five. The band immediately struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes!" which, however, was nearly drowned in the shout which welcomed the new proprietor of the noble estate of Yatton. His carriage was of the most tasteful, splendid, and unique description, and attracted universal admiration.—Mr. Titmouse repeatedly bowed through the carriage windows, in graceful acknowledgment of the cordial welcome and congratulations with which he was received. He was dressed in a light-blue surcoat, with velvet collar, full black stock, and a rich velvet waistcoat of plaid pattern. His countenance is handsome and expressive, his eye penetrating, and his brow strongly indicative of thought.—He appears to be little more than

twenty-five years old; so that he has before him the prospect of a long and brilliant career of happiness and public usefulness. Tables were spread in all the chief apartments, groaning beneath the most costly viands. All the luxuries of the season were there; and the wines (which we believe were those of Mr. Aubrey) were of the first description. Grace was said by the exemplary vicar of Grilston, the Rev. Mr. Fleeshpot; and the Rev. Mr. Muddint returned thanks. Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire (whose amiable lady and accomplished daughter were present) proposed the health of Mr. Titmouse in a brief, but manly and cordial address; and the manner in which Mr. Titmouse acknowledged the toast, which was drunk with the greatest possible enthusiasm—the simplicity, point, and fervor which characterized every word he uttered—were such as to excite lively emotion in all who heard it, and warrant the highest expectations of his success in parliament.—Nothing could be more touching than his brief allusions to the sufferings and privations which he had undergone—nothing more delicate and forbearing than the feeling which pervaded his momentary allusions to the late occupant of Yatton. When, however, he distinctly avowed his political principles as those of a strong and decided Whig—as those of a dauntless champion of civil and religious liberty among all classes of his Majesty's subjects—the applause was long and enthusiastic. After dinner, the great hall was cleared for dancing, which was opened by Mr. Titmouse and Miss Wildfire; Lady Wildfire being led out by the Honorable Mr. Yahoo, an intimate friend of Mr. Titmouse. We should not omit to mention that Miss Quirk (the only daughter of Caleb Quirk, Esq., the head of the distinguished firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, of London, to whose untiring and most able exertions is owing the happy change which has taken place in the ownership of the Yatton property) accompanied her father, at the earnest request of Mr. Titmouse, who danced several sets with her. Sir Algernon Fitz-Snooks, a distinguished fashionable, also accompanied Mr. Titmouse, and entered with great spirit into all the gaieties of the evening. The "light fantastic toe" was kept "tripping" till a late, or rather very early hour in the morning—when the old hall was once more (for a time) surrendered to the repose and solitude from which it has been so suddenly and joyously aroused." (In another part of the paper was contained a bitter and abusive paragraph, charging Mr. Aubrey with being a party to the "flagrant and iniquitous job," by which Sir Percival Pickering was returned for the borough; and intimating pretty distinctly, that Mr. Aubrey had not gone without "a consideration" for his share in the nefarious transaction.)

A somewhat different account of the affair appeared in the "YORK TRUE BLUE" of the same day.

"We have received one or two accounts of the orgies of which Yatton Hall was yesterday the scene, on occasion of Mr. Titmouse taking possession. We shall not give publicity to the details which have been furnished us—hoping that the youth and inexperience of the new owner of Yatton (all allowance, also, being made for the very natural excitement of such an occasion) will be allowed in some measure to palliate the conduct then exhibited. One fact, however, we may mention, that a very serious fracas arose between Mr. Titmouse and a certain well-known sporting Baronet, which is expected to give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. Nothing, by the way, could be more absurd and contemptible than the attempt at a 'Procession' which was got up—of which our accounts are ludicrous in the extreme. Will our readers believe it, that the chief personages figuring on the occasion were the editor and publisher of a certain low Radical paper—which will no doubt, this day, favor its readers with a flaming description of this 'memorable affair!'"

Titmouse, assisted by his anxious valet, made a desperate attempt to get up, and make his appearance the next day at dinner. Aided by a glass of pretty strong brandy and water, he at length got through the fatiguing duties of the toilet, and entered the drawing-room, where his traveling companions were awaiting his arrival—dinner being momentarily expected to be announced. He was deadly pale; his knees trembled; his eyes could not bear the light; and everything seemed in undulating motion around him, as he sunk in silent exhaustion on the sofa. After a few minutes' continuance, he was compelled to leave the room, leaning on Gammon's arm, who conducted him to his bed-room, and left him in charge of his valet, who got him again into bed, where he lay enduring much agony, (Dr. Goddard being sent for,) while his friends were enjoying themselves at dinner.

Snap had set off the ensuing day for town, by the first coach, pursuant to the arrangement already spoken of; but I think that old Mr. Quirk would have made up his mind to continue at Yatton till something definite had been done by Titmouse, in two matters which absorbed all the thoughts of the old gentleman—his daughter, and the *Ten Thousand Pounds* bond. Miss Quirk, however, intense as was her anxiety to become the affianced bride of Titmouse, and as such the mistress of the delightful domain where at present she dwelt only as a guest—and in a very embarrassing position—was not so blind to all perception of womanly delicacy as to prolong her stay at Yatton; and at length prevailed upon her father to take their departure on the day but one after that which they had arrived. Mr. Quirk was perfectly wretched; he vehemently distrusted Titmouse—he feared and detested Gammon. As for the former gentleman, he had not made any definite advances whatever toward Miss Quirk. He had not afforded to any one the slightest evidence of a promise of marriage, either expressed or implied. He chattered to Miss Quirk an infinite deal of civil nonsense—but that was all, in spite of the innumerable opportunities afforded him by the lady. Was Titmouse acting under the secret advice of that deceitful devil Gammon?—thought Mr. Quirk in an ecstasy of perplexity and apprehension—then as to the other matter—but there Gammon had as deep a stake, almost, in proportion, as Quirk himself. On the morning of his departure, he and Gammon had a very long interview, in which they several times came to high words; but in the end Gammon vanquished his opponent as usual; allayed all his apprehensions; accounted for Titmouse's conduct in the most natural way in the world—look at his position just now, the excitement, the novelty, the bewilderment, the indisposition he was experiencing: surely, surely that was not a moment to bring him to book! In

short, Gammon at length brought Quirk, who had received the first intimation with a sudden gust of surprise and anger, to acknowledge the propriety of Gammon's remaining behind, to protect Titmouse from the designing Yahoo that had got hold of him; and solemnly pledged himself, as in the sight of Heaven, to use his utmost efforts to bring about, as speedily as possible, the two grand objects of Mr. Quirk's wishes. With this the old man was fain to be satisfied; but entered the chaise which was to convey Miss Quirk and himself to Grilston, with as rueful a countenance as he had ever exhibited in his life. Mr. Titmouse was sufficiently recovered to be present at the departure of Miss Quirk, who regarded his interesting and languid looks with an eye of melting sympathy and affection. With half a smile and half a tear, she slipped into his hand, as he led her to the chaise, a little sprig of heart's ease, which he at once stuck into the button-hole of his coat.

"Pon my soul—must you go? Devilish sorry you can't stay to have seen some fun! The old gent (meaning her father) do n't quite seem to like it—he, he!" said he in a low tone; then he handed her into the chaise, she dropping her veil to conceal the starting tear of mingled disappointment, and desire, and disgust—and they drove off, Titmouse kissing his hand to her, as he stood upon the steps; and, as soon as they were out of sight, he exchanged a very significant smile with Mr. Gammon.

The next day, Titmouse rose about ten o'clock, almost entirely recovered from his indisposition. Accompanied by Mr. Yahoo and Mr. Fitz-Snooks, with whom he was conversing as to the course he should take with reference to Sir Harkaway—whom, however, they advised him to treat with silent contempt, as he, Titmouse, was clearly in the wrong—he took a stroll, about noon, down the path leading to the park gates. They all three had cigars in their mouths. Titmouse walking between them, as odious-looking a little puppy, sure, as man ever saw—puffing out his smokes lowly, and with half-closed eyes, his right hand stuck into his coat pocket, and resting on his hip. These three figures—Heaven save the mark!—were the new lord of Yatton and his select friends!

"By jingo, here comes a parson," quoth Titmouse; "what the d—l can he want with me?" "T was Dr. Tatham, who slowly approached them, dressed in his Sunday suit, and leaning on his old-fashioned walking-stick, given him many, many years ago by the deceased Mrs. Aubrey.

"Let's have sport," said Fitz-Snooks.

"We must look devilish serious—no grinning till the proper time," said Yahoo.

"Hallo—you, sir!" commenced Titmouse, "who are you?"

Dr. Tatham took off his hat, bowed, and was passing on.

"Devilish cool, upon—my—soul—sir!" said Titmouse, stopping, and staring impudently at the worthy little Doctor, who seemed taken quite by surprise.

"My worthy old gentleman," said Yahoo, with mock respect, "are you aware who it was that asked you a question?"

"I am not, sir," replied Dr. Tatham quietly, but resolutely.

"My name is Tittlebat Titmouse, at your service—and you are now in my grounds," said Titmouse, approaching him with an impudent air.

"Have I really the honor to address Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Dr. Tatham, somewhat incredulously.

"Why, 'pon my life I think so, unless I'm changed lately: and by Jove, sir—now, who are you?"

"I am Dr. Tatham, sir, the vicar of Yatton; I had intended calling at the Hall to offer my compliments, but I fear I am intruding."

"Devil a bit—no, 'pon honor, no! you're a very good old fellow, I do n't doubt—is that little church outside, yours?"

"It is, sir," replied Dr. Tatham, seriously and sternly; his manner a little abashing the presumptuous little coxcomb who addressed him.

"Oh—well—I—I—'pon my soul, happy to see you, sir—you'll find something to eat in the Hall, I dare say."

"Do you preach there next Sunday?" inquired Mr. Yahoo, whose gross countenance filled Dr. Tatham with unspeakable aversion.

"I preach there every Sunday, sir, twice," he replied, gravely and distantly.

"You see, sir," lisped Fitz-Snooks, "the prayers are so—so—devilish long and tiresome—if you could—eh?—shorten 'em a little?"

Dr. Tatham slowly turned away from them, and disregarding their calls to him, though their tone and voice were greatly altered, walked back again toward the gate, and quitted the park, for the first time in his life, with feelings of mortal repugnance. On reaching his little study, he sat down in his old arm-chair, and fell into a sad reverie that lasted more than an hour, and then he got up to go and see the old blind stag-hound fed—and he looked at it, licking his hands, with feelings of unusual tenderness; and the little doctor shed a tear or two as he patted its smooth grey old head.

On a Saturday morning, Mr. Titmouse, at Mr. Gammon's instance, had fixed to go over the estate, accompanied by that gentleman and by Mr. Waters and Dickons, to give all the information required of them, and point out the position and extent of the property. To an eye capable of appreciating, in what admirable order was everything! but Titmouse quickly tired of it, and when about a mile from the Hall, discovered that he had left his cigar-box behind him; at which he expressed infinite concern, and, greatly to the annoyance of Gammon, and the contempt of his two bailiffs, insisted on returning home; so they re-entered the park. How beautiful it was! Its gently undulating surface, smooth as if overspread with green velvet; trees, great and small, single and in clumps, standing in positions so picturesque and commanding; the broad, babbling, clear trout-stream winding through every part of the park, with here and there a mimic fall, seen faintly flashing and glistening in the distance; herds of deer suddenly started amid their green pastures and silent shades, and moving off with graceful ease and rapidity; here and there a rustic bridge over the stream; here an old stone bench placed on an elevation commanding an extensive prospect; there a kind of grotto, or an ivy-covered summer-house; then the dense, extensive, and gloomy woods, forming a semicircular sweep round the back of the Hall; all around, nearly as far as the

eye could reach, land of every kind in the highest state of cultivation, plentifully stocked with fine cattle, and interspersed with snug and substantial farms.

All this, thought Titmouse, might do very well for those who fancied that sort of thing; but as for him, how the devil could he have thought of leaving his cigars behind him! Where, he wondered, were Yahoo and Fitz-Snooks? and quickened his pace homeward.

On Gammon the scene they had been witnessing had made a profound impression; and as his attention was now and then called off from contemplating it by some ignorant and puerile remark of the proprietor of the fine domain, he felt a momentary exasperation at himself for the part he had taken in the expulsion of the Aubreys, and the introduction of such a creature as Titmouse. That revived certain other thoughts, which led him into speculations of a description which would have afforded uneasiness even to the little idiot beside him, could he have been made aware of them. But the cloud that had darkened his brow was dispelled by a word or two of Titmouse. "Mr. Gammon, 'pon my soul you're devilish dull to-day!" said he. Gammon started; and with his winning smile and cheerful voice, instantly replied, "Oh, Mr. Titmouse, I was only thinking how happy you are; and that you deserve it!"

"Yes; 'pon my soul it ought all to have been mine at my birth! Don't it tire you, Mr. Gammon, to walk in this up-and-down, zig-zag, here-and-there sort of way? It does me 'pon my life! What would I give for a cigar at this moment!"

The next day was the Sabbath, tranquil and beautiful; and just as the little tinkling bell of Yatton church had ceased, Dr. Tatham rose, in his reading desk, and commenced the prayers. The church was quite full, for every one was naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of the new tenants of the squire's pew. It was empty, however, till about five minutes after the service had commenced, when a gentleman walked slowly up to the church-door; and having whispered an inquiry of the old pew-opener which was the squire's pew, she led him into it—all eyes settled upon him, and all were struck with his appearance, his calm, keen features, and gentlemanly figure. 'Twas of course, Gammon; who, with the utmost decorum and solemnity, having stood for near a minute with his hat covering his face, during which time he reflected that Miss Aubrey had sat in that pew on the last occasion of his attendance at the church, turned round, and behaved with the greatest seriousness and reverence throughout the service, paying marked attention to the sermon. Gammon was an unbeliever, but he thought Dr. Tatham a very sensible man, who was most probably in earnest; and he felt disposed to admit, as his eyes glanced round the attentive and decent congregation, that the sort of thing was not without its advantages. Almost all present took him for Titmouse, and watched every turn of his countenance with intense interest; and, in their simplicity, they rejoiced that Mr. Aubrey's successor was, at all events, so grave and respectable-looking a man; and they fancied that he frequently thought of those whose seat he was occupying with kindness and regret. About the middle of the service, the doors of the church being wide open, the congregation beheld three gentlemen smoking cigars, and laughing and talking together, approaching the porch. They were dressed very finely indeed; and were supposed to be some of the great friends of the new squire. They stopped when within a few yards of the church; and after whispering together for a moment, one of them having expelled a mouthful of smoke, stepped forward to the door holding his cigar in one hand, and with the other taking off his hat. There was a faint smirk on his face, (for he did not catch the stern countenance of Gammon anxiously directed toward him,) till he beheld Dr. Tatham's solemn eye fixed upon him, while he made a momentary pause. Titmouse blushed scarlet; made a hesitating but a most respectful bow; and, stepping back a few paces, replaced his hat on his head, and lit his cigar from that of Mr. Fitz-Snooks, perhaps unconsciously, within view of more than half the congregation. Then the three gentlemen, after Mr. Titmouse had spoken a word or two to them, burst out into a laugh, and quitted the churchyard.

Aubrey's sudden plunge into the cold and deep stream of trouble, had—the first shock over—served, as it were, to brace his nerves. 'Tis at such a time, and on such an occasion, that the temper and quality of the soul are tried; whether it be weak in seeming strength or strong in seeming weakness. How many are there, walking with smiling, complacent confidence along the flowery bank, who, if suddenly bidden to strip and enter, would turn pale and tremble as they reluctantly prepared to obey the stern mandate; and, after a convulsive shudder, a faint shriek, a brief struggle, disappear from the surface, paralysed, never to be seen again! In such a point of view, let me hope that the situation of Aubrey, one of deepening difficulty and danger—the issue of which, hid in the darkness of the future, no earthly intelligence can predict—will excite in the thoughtful reader an anxiety not unmingled with confidence.

The enervating effects of inactivity upon the physical structure and energies of mankind, few can have failed to observe. Rust is more fatal to metal than wear. A thorough-bred racer, if confined in stable or paddock, or a boxer, born of the finest muscular make, if prematurely incarcerated in a jail, will, after a few years, become quite unable to compete with those vastly their inferiors in natural endowments and capabilities; however, they may, with careful training, be restored to the full enjoyment and exercise of their powers. Thus is it with the temper and intellect of man, which, secluded from the scenes of appropriate stimulus and exercise, become relaxed and weakened. What would have become of the glorious spirit and powers of Achilles, if his days had all melted away in the tender, delicate, emasculating inactivity and indulgence of the court of Lyncmedes? The language of the ancient orator concerning art may be applied to life, that not only its greatness, but its enjoyment, consists in action—action—ACTION. The feelings, for instance, may become so morbidly sensitive, as to give an appearance of weakness to the whole character; and this is likely to be especially the case of one born with feelings of superior liveliness and delicacy, if he moves only in the regions of silent and profound abstraction and contemplation—in those refined regions which may be termed a sort of paradise, where every conceivable source of enjoyment is cultivated for the fortunate and fastidious oc-

cupants, to the very uttermost, and all those innumerable things which fret, worry, and harass the temper, the head and the heart of the dwellers in the rude regions of ordinary life—most anxiously weeded out; instead of entering into the throng of life, and taking part in its constant cares and conflicts—scenes which require all his energies always in exercise, to keep his place and escape being trodden under foot. Rely upon it, that the man who feels a tendency to shrink from collision with his fellows, to run away with distaste or apprehension from the great practical business of life, does not enjoy complete moral or intellectual health—will quickly contract a silly conceit and fastidiousness, or sink into imbecility and misanthropy; and should devoutly thank Providence for the occasion, however momentarily startling and irritating, which stirs him out of his lethargy, his cowardly lethargy, and sends him among his fellows—puts him, in a manner, upon a course of training; upon an experience of comparative suffering, it may be of sorrow, requiring the exercise of powers of which he had scarcely been conscious, and gives him presently the exhilarating consciousness that he is exhibiting himself—a man; and "ay, every inch"—A MAN.

"It is probable," says a very acute and powerful writer of the present day, Mr. Foster in his Essay on "Decision of Character"—"that the men most distinguished for decision, have not, in general, possessed a large share of tenderness; and it is easy to imagine that the laws, according to which our nature is formed, will with great difficulty allow the combination of the refined sensibilities, with a hardy, never shrinking, never yielding constancy. Is it not almost of the essence of this constancy, to be free from even the perception of such impressions as cause a mind, weak through susceptibility, to relax, or to waver? No doubt, this firmness consists partly in overcoming feelings; but it may consist partly, too, in not having them." The case I am contemplating is perhaps the difficult, though by no means, I am persuaded, uncommon one—of a person possessing these delicate sensibilities these lively feelings; yet with a native strength of character, beneath which, when the occasion for its display has arisen—when it is placed in a scene of constant and compulsory action, will fully evince and vindicate itself. It is then "that another essential principle of decision of character," to quote from another part of the same essay, "will be displayed; namely, a total incapability of surrendering to indifference or delay the serious determinations of the mind." A strenuous WILL must accompany the conclusions of thought, and constantly urge the utmost efforts for their practical accomplishment. The intellect must be invested, as it were, with a glowing atmosphere of passion, under the influence of which the cold dictates of reason take fire, and spring into active powers."

There is, indeed, nothing like throwing a man of the description we are considering upon his own resources, and compelling him to exertion. Listen, ye languid and often gifted victims of indolence and *ennui*, to the noble language of one gifted with as great powers as perhaps were ever vouchsafed to man—Edmund Burke!

"DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme ordination of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better, too. *Pater ipse colendi, haud facilius esse viam voluit.* He then wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty, obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations; it will not suffer us to be superficial."

The man whose disposition is one of sterling excellence, despite the few foibles which it may have contracted in comparative solitude and inactivity, when he is compelled to mix indiscriminately with the great family of man, oh, how patient and tolerant becomes he of the weakness and errors of others, when thus constantly reminded of, and made to feel, his own! Oh, how pitiful! how very pitiful is he!—how his heart yearns and overflows with love, and mercy, and charity toward his species, *individually*—whose eye looks on their grievous privations, their often incurable distress and misery! and who penetrates even to those deserted quarters,

"Where hopeless anguish pours her moan  
And lonely want retires to die!"

It may be that some of the preceding observations are applicable to many individuals of the purest and most amiable characters, and powerful and cultivated intellects, in the higher classes of society, whose affluence exempts them from the necessity of actively intermingling with the concerns of life, and feeling the consciousness of individual responsibility, of having a personal necessity for anxious care and exertion. A position of real precariousness and danger, is that which is requisite for developing the energies of a man of high moral and intellectual character, as it will expose to destruction one of a contrary description. I have endeavored, in previous portions of this history, to delineate faithfully the character of Mr. Aubrey—one (how idle and childish would have been the attempt!) by no means perfect, yet with very high qualities; a noble simplicity, generous, confiding, sincere, affectionate; possessing a profound sense of religion, *really influencing his course in life*; an intellect of a superior order, of a practical turn, of a masculine strength—as had been evidenced by his successful academical career, his thorough mastery of some of the most important and difficult branches of human knowledge, and by his superior aptitude for public business. He was at the same time possessed of a sensibility that was certainly excessive. He had a morbid tendency to pensiveness, if not melancholy, which, with a feeble physical constitution, was partly derived from his mother and partly accounted for by the species of life which he had led. From his early youth he had been addicted to close and severe study, which had given permanence and strength to his naturally contemplative turn. Permit me also to observe, that he had not, moreover, with too many of his means and station, entered, just at the dawn and bloom of manhood, upon that course of dissipation which is a sure and speedy means of destroying "the freshness of thought and of feeling," and inducing a lowered tone of feeling, and a callousness which some consider necessary to enable them to pass through life easily and agreeably. He, on the contrary, had stepped out of the gloom and solitude of the cloister into the pure and peaceful region of domestic life, with all its hallowed and unutterable tendernesses, where the affections grew luxu-

riantly; in the constant society of such women as his mother, his sister, his wife, and latterly, his lovely children. Then he was possessed all this while, of a fine fortune—one which placed him far beyond the necessity for anxiety or exertion. With such tastes as these, such a temperament as his, and leading such a life as his, is it surprising that the tone of his feelings should have become somewhat relaxed? The three or four years which he had spent in Parliament, when he plunged into its fierce and absorbing excitement with characteristic ardor and determination, though calculated to sharpen the faculties, and draw forth the resources of his intellect, subjected him to those alternations of excitement and depression, those extremes of action and re-action, which were not calculated to correct his morbid tendencies. Therefore there came up to him a messenger from Heaven with trouble and affliction in his countenance, telling him to descend from the happy solitude of his high mountain, into the dismal hubbub and conflict in the plain beneath. He came down with humility and awe, and with reverent resignation; and was instantly surrounded.

A weak man would have been confused and stunned, and so sunk helpless into the leaden arms of despair. But it was not so with Aubrey. There was that dormant energy within, which, when appealed to, quickly shook off the weakness contracted by inaction, and told him to be up and doing; and that, not with the fitful energy of mere impulse, but the constant strength of a well-regulated mind, conscious of its critical position; and also of a calm inflexible determination to vanquish difficulty, and escape the eminent danger, however long and doubtful might prove the conflict. Above all, he was consoled and blessed by the conviction, that nothing could befall him that was not the ordination of Providence.

—"supremely wise,  
Alike in what it gives and what denies;"

that His was the ordering of the sunshine and the gloom, the tempest and the calm of life. This was—this is—as the humble writer of these pages (who has had in his time his measure of anxiety and affliction) has in his soul a profound and intimate persuasion and conviction of—the only source of real fortitude and resignation, amidst the perplexities and afflictions, and dangers of life. Depend upon it, a secret and scarce-acknowledged disbelief, or at least doubt and distrust of the very existence of God, and of his government of the world—HIS REAL PRESENCE AND INTERFERENCE with the men and the things of the world—lies at the bottom of almost all impatience and despair under adverse circumstances. How can he be impatient, or despairing, who believes not only the existence of God, and his moral government of the world, but that He has mercifully vouchsafed to reveal and declare expressly that the infliction of suffering and sorrow is directly from Himself, and designed solely for the advantage of his creatures? "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees." While thus benignantly teacheth the voice of God, thought Aubrey, shall I rather incline mine ear to the blighting whisper of the Evil One—a *fiar*, and the father of a lie, who would fain that I should become a fool, saying within my heart there is no God—or, if I can! not but believe that there is one, provoking me to charge Him foolishly, to curse Him, and die? Not so, however, had Aubrey read the Scriptures—not so had he learned the Christian religion.

The last time that we caught a glimpse of the ruined family of the Aubreys, they had arrived nearly at the end of their long and melancholy journey from Yatton to the metropolis. When before had such been the character of their journey to town? Had they not ever looked forward with pleasure toward the brilliant gayeties of the season; their reunion with an extensive and splendid circle of friends—and he to the delightful excitement of political life—the opening of the parliamentary campaign? Alas, how changed now all this! how gloomy and threatening the aspect of the metropolis, whose dusky outlooks they were entering! with what feelings of oppression—of vague indefinite apprehension—did they now approach it; their spirits heavy, their hearts bleeding with their recent severance from Yatton! And distress, desertion, dismay, seemed associated with the formidable name of "London." They had now no place of their own awaiting, thoroughly prepared for them, their welcome arrival—but must drive to some quiet and unexpensive family hotel for temporary shelter. As their eyes caught familiar point after point in their route through the suburbs—now passed at a moderate pace, with a modest pair of horses; formerly dashed through by them in their carriage-and-four—there were very few words spoken by those within the carriage. Both the children were fast asleep. Poor Kate as they entered Piccadilly, burst into tears; her pent up feelings suddenly gave way, and she cried heartily; Mrs. Aubrey also shedding tears. Mr. Aubrey was calm, but evidently oppressed with profound anxiety. Still he affectionately grasped their hands, and, in something designed for a cheerful tone and manner, besought them to restrain their feelings, and thank Heaven that so far they had got on safely.

"I shall be better presently, Charles," said Miss Aubrey passionately, burying her face in her handkerchief, "but I feel quite afraid of London!"

Over the pavement they rattled, meeting carriages rolling in all directions—for it was about the dinner hour, and in the height of the season; and it was the casual but vivid evidence thus afforded of their desolate position, this sudden glimpse of old familiar scenes, which had momentarily overcome the fortitude of Miss Aubrey. They drove to a quiet family hotel in a retired street running parallel with Piccadilly; they were all wearied, both in mind and body, and after a very slight repast, and much anxious and desponding conversation, they bade each other affectionate adieu, and retired to rest. They rose in the morning refreshed with



repose, and in a much more tranquil mood of mind than could have been expected.

"Now, we enter," said Aubrey, with a cheerful smile, "upon the real business of life; so we must discard sentiment—we must not think of the past, but the future."

At their request, they, shortly after breakfast, accompanied him to the house agent, who had been commissioned by Mr. Runnington to look out two or three residences such as, on their arrival in town, they might easily select from. One was particularly recommended to them; and, after due enquiry, within three days after their arrival in town, they engaged it. "It was a small, but convenient, airy, and comfortable house, within five minute's walk of Hyde Park, and situated in Vivian Street—a recent street—and as quiet and retired as they could have wished. The rent, too, was moderate—fifty pounds a year. Though none of the houses in the street were large, they were all strictly private residences, and had an air of thorough respectability. Mr. Aubrey's house had but one window to the dining-room, and two to the drawing-room."

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

THE WAR QUESTION seems to be the all-absorbing topic of the day; and it has gained much additional interest from the fact of news having arrived by the steamer President, of a debate in the British Parliament on the point at issue between Great Britain and the United States, viz: the arrest and approaching trial of McLeod. Indeed, until within a day or two there have been two grounds of contention; but the late news from Washington on the Maine Boundary question is so decidedly pacific, that we may consider it (at least temporarily) settled; and we therefore treat the McLeod affair as the only one deserving much regard.

The official declaration, by Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords, and by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, that the British government assumed the responsibility of the destruction of the steamboat Caroline, reduces the matter to a very simple issue. That act, on the part of the authorities of Canada, must be discussed by the respective governments, and the violation of our territory must be atoned for in some adequate and satisfactory manner as speedily as snail-paced negotiation can accomplish so desirable a result. How far England will perseveringly attempt to justify what she does not now hesitate to avow, remains to be seen; and it also remains to be seen, in case such attempt at justification is made, how far our own government will acquiesce in the proceeding. But all this part of the matter is of future concern only: for many months may elapse before any decisive action can be had in the premises.

In the meantime, what is to be done with McLeod? for upon this question all that is of immediate interest depends. The British Government, having assumed the act for an alleged participation in which McLeod is now awaiting his trial, must, and of course will, formally claim his discharge from our authorities, not from the general or state government alternatively; for the British Government can make no distinction: diplomatically, they know but one party in the transaction, and he is the Chief Magistrate of the United States: an attempt on his part to evade the demand, and refer the English Government to the Governor of New York, could be regarded in no other light than a refusal to accede to the claim. Besides what we have said the British Government must and would do in regard to claiming the discharge of McLeod, we may add, it unquestionably has done, through the bearer of despatches who arrived in the President.

Now, in this posture of affairs, one of two things must happen: the President will flatly refuse to surrender McLeod; or, he will despatch a Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to London to answer the demand, guaranteeing McLeod's personal safety in the mean time.

The former of these two things we do not regard as likely to take place; it would be rather too summary a way of treating a momentous subject. Of course the latter event, or something equivalent to it, must, in our judgement, occur; and the result of such a mission will necessarily depend much on the man, and more on his instructions.

But, meanwhile, McLeod must be tried; and if he is acquitted, there is an end of the business. And inasmuch as acquitting a guilty man—supposing him to be guilty—is a very insignificant matter compared with a question of peace or war, we must devoutly hope that such will be the result of the trial: more especially as the fact of his guilt is very doubtful. We will freely acknowledge, however, that if he should be found guilty, the affair would become rather delicate.

Not that we think war would inevitably ensue, even should New-York follow up the verdict by sentence and execution: for we are strongly of the opinion that England would think twice, and look across the channel once, before going to extremities. However, we waive this part of the matter, as being of very improbable occurrence. Indeed, independently of other considerations, it may well be doubted whether it would be proper to hang a man for partially participating in an act, to the commission of

which he, in connexion with others, was imperatively ordered by the rulers whom he was legally bound to obey: so that, supposing a verdict of guilty to be rendered, it would, under all the circumstances, be a very proper case for the exercise of executive clemency.

Nevertheless, in contemplation of such a pardon, national honor must not be disregarded. Great Britain might take ground so peremptorily and inopportunistically as to prevent a pardon otherwise inevitable: that is, she might say, before our executive had an opportunity to exercise his prerogative,—if you hang McLeod, we declare war; and this might happen to occur at such a stage of proceedings that it would be difficult to grant even an equitable pardon, lest we should be suspected of having done so under compulsion, or in fear of the consequences of a different course. Should such an unfortunate crisis arrive, everything would depend on the address of our plenipotentiary.

In fact, this functionary may, in a supposable case, have the whole affair in his own hands—viz. our claim for redress in the matter of the Caroline, and the British claim for McLeod's discharge. If the British Government is ready to admit our claim, the release of McLeod—guilty or not guilty—may very properly be made the turning point of the negotiation: we may, with honor, propose to discharge him even under the clearest evidence of guilt, if Great Britain, on her part, will make adequate compensation for her authorized and avowed act. The death of McLeod, under such circumstances, could be of no relative value or importance to us—but his release might, upon a reasonable basis, decide a question of peace or war. Whatever be his merits, we have an equitable claim for redress—and if, in the event, McLeod's position can be made use of to expedite the settlement of that claim, his arrest will prove to have been a very fortunate occurrence. We, certainly, have far greater reason for declaring war if our claim is disregarded, than Great Britain would have in case McLeod were executed: and as the British ministers cannot fail to perceive this, we apprehend that they will be rather glad of the opportunity of making the proper atonement, under cover of our acceding to their own claim for Mr. McLeod's release.

In view of the whole ground, therefore, we come to the conclusion—corresponding to the opinion we have long entertained and frequently expressed—that there is no prospect of war.

### LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

By the Government express, which reached this city at half past 11 o'clock on Thursday night in the unexpired time of ten and a half hours from Washington, we have received the INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON, pronounced by him before an assemblage of some 50,000 citizens at the Capitol on Thursday. We place it before our readers with the greatest possible dispatch. They will not expect any comments at this time; but the Inaugural strikes us on first reading as characterized by great vigor and soundness of thought, clearness and general felicity of expression, and as calculated to add to the great popularity of its illustrious author.

From some unexplained cause, the letter of our special correspondent, descriptive of the Inauguration, did not reach us by the Express, though we had made a liberal disbursement to secure its arrival. We believe the Government Express, arranged by Postmaster NILES, through the liberality of the Railroad Companies, has superseded that arranged by the newspapers of this city; and this has probably been precluded from bringing any thing beside the Inaugural. Further intelligence in our next.

From the Washington papers of Wednesday night and Thursday morning, we learn that the Senate held protracted Executive Sessions on the nights of both Tuesday and Wednesday. From the latter we have no advices; but at the former the Judicial nominations of President Van Buren were all confirmed, including that of Peter V. Daniel to be a Justice of the Supreme Court in place of P. B. BARBOUR, deceased, although the Senate had previously decided by a strong vote to abolish the district (Virginia and North Carolina) from which Mr. Daniel is taken. The Whig Senators had nearly all retired before these appointments were confirmed. The National Intelligencer is very severe upon them.

We understand from Washington that Vice President JOHNSON will give a cordial support to the Administration of his old associate in arms, President HARRISON.

The Twenty-sixth Congress expired by limitation on Wednesday night, leaving full three-fourths of its business unfinished. Not one twentieth of the bills reported by the Committees were definitely acted on. All the regular appropriation bills, however, were passed, with amendments cutting down all the most lucrative offices. The Navy Pension Bill was lost in the Senate—23 to 17. The bill providing for the payment of Maine for her Aroostook War expenses, was passed with an amendment paying a similar claim to Georgia.

The bill reorganizing the Judicial Districts of the United States was in the House. A motion to take it up was lost: Yeas 93 (not two-thirds); nays 72.

Hon. R. M. JOHNSON vacated the chair of the Senate on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday, Hon. WM. R. KING of Alabama, was chosen President *pro tem.* by 16 votes to 9 for Hon. Samuel Southard and 5 scattering.

Hardly any private bills have passed.

We learn from Richmond that the Which Members of the Virginia Legislature, on Tuesday evening, selected Hon. WILLIAM S. ARCHER, (formerly a distinguished Member of the House) as their candidate for U. S. Senator. The election was to be made the next day. It was rumored that the Van Buren Members had a caucus and agreed to cast their votes for an "Impracticable" Whig, and had hopes of electing him, or preventing a choice.

The Vice President elect (Gov. Tyler) called on the President of the United States (Mr. Van Buren) on Tuesday, by whom he was very courteously received, and on the ex-Vice President, who was not at the moment at home.

From the Washington Globe of Wednesday, March 3d, APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Philemon Dickerson, to be Judge of the United States for the District of New Jersey, in the place of Mahlon Dickerson, resigned.

Peter N. Daniel, of Virginia, to be one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the place of Philip P. Barbour, deceased.

John Y. Mason, of Virginia, to be Judge of the United States for the eastern district of Virginia, in the place of Peter V. Daniel.

Solomon Westcott, to be Deputy Postmaster at Hudson, in the State of New York.

John F. Kackler, Collector of the Customs for the District of St. Marks, in the Territory of Florida, vice Francis S. Beattie removed.

### By Railroad Express from Washington IN TEN AND A HALF HOURS.

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS

OF

### PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Called from a retirement which I had supposed was to continue for the residue of my life, to fill the chief Executive office of this great and free nation, I appear before you, fellow-citizens, to take the oaths which the Constitution prescribes as a necessary qualification for the performance of its duties. And in obedience to a custom coeval with our Government, and what I believe to be your expectations, I proceed to present to you a summary of the principles which will govern me in the discharge of the duties which I shall be called on to perform.

It was the remark of a Roman Consul, in an early period of that celebrated Republic, that a most striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust, before and after obtaining them—they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made to the former. However much the world may have improved, in many respects, in the lapse of upward of two thousand years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern elective Governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence.

Although the fiat of the People has gone forth, proclaiming me the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, nothing on their part remaining to be done, it may be thought that a motive may exist to keep up the delusion under which they may be supposed to have acted in relation to my principles and opinions; and perhaps there may be some in this assembly who have come here either prepared to condemn those I shall now deliver, or, approving them, to doubt the sincerity with which they are uttered. But the lapse of a few months will confirm or dispel their fears. The outline of principles to govern, and measures to be adopted by an Administration not yet begun, will soon be exchanged for immutable history, and I shall stand, either exonerated by my countrymen, or classed with the mass of those who promised that they might deceive, and flattered with the intention to betray.

However strong may be my present purpose to realize the expectations of a magnanimous and confiding People, I too well understand the infirmities of human nature, and the dangerous temptations to which I shall be exposed from the magnitude of the power which it has been the pleasure of the People to commit to my hands, not to place my chief confidence upon the aid of the Almighty Power, which has hitherto protected me, and enabled me to bring to favorable issues other important but still greatly inferior trusts, heretofore confided to me by my country.

The broad foundation upon which our Constitution rests being the People—a breath of theirs having made, as a breath can unmake, change, or modify it—it can be assigned to none of the great divisions of Government but to that of Democracy. If such is its theory, those who are called upon to administer it must recognise, as its leading principle, the duty of shaping their measures so as to produce the greatest good to the greatest number. But, with these broad admissions, if we would compare the sovereignty acknowledged to exist in the mass of our People with the power claimed by other sovereignties, even by those which have been considered most purely democratic, we shall find a most essential difference. All others lay claim to power limited only to their own will. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, possess a sovereignty with an amount of power precisely equal to that which has been granted to them by the parties to the national compact, and nothing beyond. We admit of no Government by Divine right; believing that, so far as power is concerned, the beneficent Creator has made no distinction among men, that all are on an equality, and that the only legitimate right to govern is an express grant of power from the governed. The Constitution of the United States is the instrument containing this grant of power to the repre-

ral departments composing the Government. On an examination of that instrument, it will be found to contain declarations of power granted, and of power withheld.—The latter is also susceptible of division into power which the majority had the right to grant, but which they did not think proper to entrust to their agents, and that which they could not have granted, not being possessed themselves. In other words, there are certain rights possessed by each individual American citizen, which, in his compact with the others, he has never surrendered. Some of them, indeed, he is unable to surrender, being, in the language of our system, unalienable.

The boasted privilege of a Roman citizen was to him a shield only against a petty provincial ruler, whilst the proud democrat of Athens could console himself under a sentence of death, for a supposed violation of the national faith, which no one understood, and which at times was the subject of the mockery of all, or of banishment from his home, his family, and his country, with or without an alleged cause; that it was the act not of a single tyrant, or hated aristocracy, but of his assembled countrymen. Far different is the power of our sovereignty. It can interfere with no one's faith, prescribe forms of worship for no one's observance, inflict no punishment but after well-ascertained guilt, the result of investigation under forms prescribed by the Constitution itself. These precious privileges, and those scarcely less important of giving expression to his thoughts and opinions, either by writing or speaking, unrestrained but by the liability for injury to others, and that of a full participation in all the advantages which flow from the Government, the acknowledged property of all, the American citizen derives from no charter granted by his fellow-man. He claims them because he is himself a man, fashioned by the same Almighty hand as the rest of his species, and entitled to a full share of the blessings with which he has endowed them.

Notwithstanding the limited sovereignty possessed by the People of the United States, and the restricted grant of power to the Government which they have adopted, enough has been given to accomplish all the objects for which it was created. It has been found powerful in war, and, hitherto, justice has been administered, an intimate union effected, domestic tranquility preserved, and personal liberty secured to the citizen. As was to be expected, however, from the defect of language, and the necessarily tentative manner in which the Constitution is written, disputes have arisen as to the amount of power which it has actually granted, or was intended to grant. This is more particularly the case in relation to that part of the instrument which treats of the legislative branch. And not only as regards the exercise of powers claimed under a general clause, giving that body the authority to pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the specified powers, but in relation to the latter also. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that most of the instances of alleged departure from the letter or spirit of the Constitution have ultimately received the sanction of a majority of the People. And the fact, that many of our statesmen, most distinguished for talent and patriotism, have been, at one time or other of their political career, on both sides of each of the most warmly-disputed questions, forces upon us the inference that the errors, if errors there were, are attributable to the intrinsic difficulty, in many instances, of ascertaining the intention of the framers of the Constitution, rather than the influence of any sinister or unpatriotic motive.

But the great danger to our institutions does not appear to me to be in a usurpation, by the Government, of power not granted by the People, but by the accumulation, in one of the departments, of that which was assigned to others. Limited as are the powers which have been granted, still enough have been granted to constitute a despotism, if concentrated in one of the departments. The danger is greatly heightened, as it has always been observable that men are less jealous of encroachments of one department upon another, than upon their own reserved rights.

When the Constitution of the United States first came from the hands of the Convention which formed it, many of the sternest republicans of the day were alarmed at the extent of the power which had been granted to the Federal Government, and more particularly of that portion which had been assigned to the Executive branch. There were in it features which appeared not to be in harmony with their ideas of a simple representative democracy, or republic. And knowing the tendency of power to increase itself, particularly when executed by a single individual, predictions were made that, at no very remote period, the Government would terminate in virtual monarchy. It would not become me to say that the fears of these patriots have been already realized. But, as I sincerely believe that the tendency of measures, and of men's opinions, for some years past, has been in that direction, it is, I conceive, strictly proper that I should take this occasion to repeat the assurances I have heretofore given, of my determination to arrest the progress of that tendency, if it really exists, and restore the Government to its pristine health and vigor, as far as this can be affected by any legitimate exercise of the power placed in my hands.

I proceed to state, in as summary a manner as I can, my opinion of the sources of the evils which have been so extensively complained of, and the correctives which may be applied. Some of the former are unquestionably to be found in the defects of the Constitution; others, in my judgement, are attributable to a misconstruction of some of its provisions. Of the former is the eligibility of the same individual to a second term of the Presidency. The sagacious mind of Mr. Jefferson early saw and lamented this error, and attempts have been made, hitherto without success, to apply the amendatory power of the States to its correction.

As, however, one mode of correction is in the power of every President, and consequently in mine, it would be useless, and perhaps invidious, to enumerate the evils of which, in the opinion of many of our fellow-citizens, this error of the sages who framed the Constitution may have been the source, and the bitter fruits which we are still to gather from it if it continues to disfigure our system. It may be observed, however, as a general remark, that republics can commit no greater error than to adopt or continue any feature in their systems of government which may be calculated to create or increase the love of power in the bosoms of those to whom necessity obliges them to commit the

management of their affairs. And surely nothing is more likely to produce such a state of mind than the long continuance of an office of high trust. Nothing can be more corrupting, nothing more destructive of all those noble feelings which belong to the character of a devoted republican patriot. When this corrupting passion once takes possession of the human mind, like the love of gold, it becomes insatiable. It is the never-dying worm to his bosom, grows with his growth, and strengthens with the declining years of its victim. If this is true, it is the part of wisdom for a republic to limit the service of that officer, at least, to whom she has entrusted the management of her foreign relations, the execution of her laws, and the command of her armies and navies, to a period so short as to prevent his forgetting that he is the accountable agent, not the principal—the servant, not the master. Until an amendment of the Constitution can be effected, public opinion may secure the desired object. I give my aid to it by renewing the pledge heretofore given, that, under no circumstances, will I consent to serve a second term.

But if there is danger to public liberty from the acknowledged defects of the Constitution, in the want of limit to the continuance of the Executive power in the same hands, there is, I apprehend, not much less from a misconstruction of that instrument, as it regards the power actually given. I cannot conceive that, by a fair construction, any or either of its provisions would be found to constitute the President a part of the legislative power. It cannot be claimed from the power to recommend, since, although enjoined as a duty upon him, it is a privilege which he holds in common with every other citizen. And although there may be something more of confidence in the propriety of the measures recommended in the one case than in the other, in the obligations of ultimate decision there can be no difference. In the language of the Constitution, "all the legislative powers" which it grants "are vested in the Congress of the United States." It would be a solecism in language to say that any portion of these is not included in the whole.

It may be said, indeed, that the Constitution has given to the Executive the power to annul the acts of the Legislative body by refusing to them his assent. So a similar power has necessarily resulted from that instrument to the Judiciary: and yet the Judiciary forms no part of the Legislature. There is, it is true, this difference between these grants of power: the Executive can put his negative upon the acts of the Legislature for other cause than that of want of conformity to the Constitution, whilst the Judiciary can only declare void those which violate that instrument. But the decision of the Judiciary is final in such a case, whereas, in every instance where the veto of the Executive is applied, it may be overcome by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. The negative upon the acts of the Legislative, by the Executive authority, and that in the hands of one individual, would seem to be an incongruity in our system. Like some others of a similar character, however, it appears to be highly expedient; and if used only with the forbearance and in the spirit which was intended by its authors, it may be productive of great good, and be found one of the best safeguards to the Union.

At the period of the formation of the Constitution, the principle does not appear to have enjoyed much favor in the State Governments. It existed but in two, and in one of these there was a plural Executive. If we would search for the motives which operated upon the purely patriotic and enlightened assembly who framed the Constitution, for the adoption of a provision so apparently repugnant to the leading democratic principle, that the majority should govern, we must reject the idea that they anticipated from it any benefit to the ordinary course of legislation. They knew too well the high degree of intelligence which existed among the People, and the enlightened character of the State Legislatures, not to have the fullest confidence that the two bodies elected by them would be worthy representatives of such constituents, and, of course, that they would require no aid in conceiving and maturing the measures which the circumstances of the country might require. And it is preposterous to suppose that a thought could for a moment have been entertained that the President, placed at the capital, in the centre of the country, could better understand the wants and wishes of the People than their own immediate Representatives, who spend a part of every year among them, living with them, often laboring with them, and bound to them by the triple tie of interest, duty, and affection. To assist or control Congress, then, in its ordinary legislation, could not, I conceive, have been the motive for conferring the veto power on the President. This argument acquires additional force from the fact of its never having been thus used by the first six Presidents—and two of them were members of the Convention, one presiding over its deliberations, and the other having a larger share in consummating the labors of that august body than any other person. But if bills were never returned to Congress by either of the Presidents above referred to, upon the ground of their being inexpedient, or not as well adapted as they might be to the wants of the People, the veto was applied upon that of want of conformity to the Constitution, or because errors had been committed from too hasty enactment.

There is another ground for the adoption of the veto principle, which had probably more influence in recommending it to the convention than any other. I refer to the security which it gives to the just and equitable action of the Legislature upon all parts of the Union. It could not but have occurred to the convention that, in a country so extensive, embracing so great a variety of soil and climate, and, consequently, of products, and which, from the same causes, must ever exhibit a great difference in the amount of the population of its various sections, calling for a great diversity in the employments of the People, that the legislation of the majority might not always justly regard the rights and interests of the minority; and that acts of this character might be passed, under an express grant by the words of the Constitution, and, therefore, not within the competency of the Judiciary to declare void. That however enlightened and patriotic they might suppose, from past experience, the Members of Congress might be, and however largely partaking, in the general, of liberal feelings of the People, it was impossible to expect that bodies so constituted should not sometimes be controlled by local interests and sectional feelings. It was proper, therefore, to provide some umpire, from whose situation and mode of appointment more independence and free-

dom from such influences might be expected. Such a one was afforded by the Executive Department, constituted by the Constitution. A person elected to that high office, having his constituents in every section, State, and subdivision of the Union, must consider himself bound by the most solemn sanctions, to guard, protect, and defend the rights of all, and of every portion, great or small, from the injustice and oppression of the rest. I consider the veto power, therefore, given by the Constitution to the Executive of the United States, solely as a conservative power: to be used only, 1st, to protect the Constitution from violation; 2dly, the People from the effects of hasty legislation, where their will has been probably disregarded or not well understood; and, 3dly, to prevent the effects of combinations violative of the rights of minorities. In reference to the second of these objects, I may observe that I consider it the right and privilege of the People to decide disputed points of the Constitution, arising from the general grant of power to Congress to carry into effect the power expressly given. And I believe, with Mr. Madison, "that repeated recognitions under varied circumstances, in acts of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the Government, accompanied by indications in different modes of the concurrence of the general will of the nation, as affording to the President sufficient authority for his considering such disputed points as settled."

Upwards of half a century has elapsed since the adoption of our present form of Government. It would be an object more highly desirable than the gratification of the curiosity of speculative statesmen, if its precise situation could be ascertained, a fair exhibit made of the operations of each of its Departments, of the powers which they respectively claim and exercise, of the collisions which have occurred between them, or between the whole Government and those of the States, or either of them. We could then compare our actual condition, after fifty years' trial of our system, with what it was in the commencement of its operations, and ascertain whether the predictions of the patriots who opposed its adoption, or the confident hopes of its advocates have been best realized. The great dread of the former seems to have been, that the reserved powers of the States would be absorbed by those of the Federal Government, and a consolidated power established, leaving to the States the shadow only, of that independent action for which they had so zealously contended, and on the preservation of which they relied as the last hope of liberty. Without denying that the result to which they looked with so much apprehension is in the way of being realized, it is obvious that they did not clearly see the mode of its accomplishment. The General Government has seized upon none of the reserved rights of the States. As far as any open warfare may have gone, the State authorities have amply maintained their rights. To a casual observer, our system presents no appearance of discord between the different members which compose it. Even the addition of many new ones has produced no jarring. They move in their respective orbits in perfect harmony with the central head, and with each other. But there is still an under current at work, by which, if not seasonably checked, the worst apprehensions of our anti-federal patriots will be realized. And not only will the State authorities be overshadowed by the great increase of power in the Executive Department of the General Government, but the character of that Government, if not its designation, be essentially and radically changed. This state of things has been in part effected by causes inherent in the Constitution, and in part by the never-failing tendency of political power to increase itself.

By making the President the sole distributor of all the patronage of the Government, the framers of the Constitution do not appear to have anticipated at how short a period it would become a formidable instrument to control the free operations of the State Governments. Of trifling importance at first, it had, early in Mr. Jefferson's Administration, become so powerful as to create great alarm in the mind of that patriot, from the potent influence it might exert in controlling the freedom of the elective franchise. If such could have then been the effects of its influence, how much greater must be the danger at this time, quadrupled in amount, as it certainly is, and more completely under the control of the Executive will than their construction of their powers allowed, or the forbearing characters of all the early Presidents permitted them to make! But it is not by the extent of its patronage alone that the Executive Department has become dangerous, but by the use which it appears may be made of the appointing power, to bring under its control the whole revenues of the country. The Constitution has declared it to be the duty of the President to see that the laws are executed, and it makes him the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Navy of the United States. If the opinion of the most approved writers upon that species of mixed Government which, in modern Europe, is termed *Monarchy*, in contradistinction to *Despotism*, is correct, there was wanting no other addition to the powers of our Chief Magistrate to stamp a monarchical character on our Government but the control of the public finances. And to me it appears strange, indeed, that any one should doubt that the entire control which the President possesses over the officers who have the custody of the public money, by the power of removal with or without cause, does, for all mischievous purposes at least, virtually subject the treasure also to his disposal.

The first Roman Emperor, in his attempt to seize the sacred treasure, silenced the opposition of the officer to whose charge it had been committed, by a significant allusion to his sword. By a selection of political instruments for the care of the public money, a reference to their commissions by a President, would be quite as effectual an argument as that of Cæsar to the Roman Knight. I am not insensible of the great difficulty that exists in devising a proper plan for the safe-keeping and disbursement of the public revenues, and I know the importance which has been attached by men of great abilities and patriotism to the divorce, as it is called, of the Treasury from the banking institutions. It is not the divorce which is complained of, but the unallowed union of the Treasury with the Executive Department which has created such extensive alarm. To this danger to our republican institutions, and that created by the influence given to the Executive through the instrumentality of the federal officers, I propose to apply all the remedies which may be at my command. It was certainly a great error in the framers of the Constitution,



not to have made the officer at the head of the Treasury Department entirely independent of the Executive. He should at least have been removable only upon the demand of the popular branch of the Legislature. I have determined never to remove a Secretary of the Treasury without communicating all the circumstances attending such removal to both Houses of Congress. The influence of the Executive in controlling the freedom of the elective franchise through the medium of the public officers can be effectually checked by renewing the prohibition published by Mr. Jefferson, forbidding their interference in elections, further than giving their own votes; and their own independence secured by an assurance of perfect immunity, in exercising this sacred privilege of freemen under the dictates of their own unbiased judgements. Never, with my consent, shall an officer of the People, compensated for his services out of their pockets, become the pliant instrument of Executive will.

There is no part of the means placed in the hands of the Executive which might be used with greater effect, for unhallowed purposes, than the control of the public press. The maxim which our ancestors derived from the mother country, that "the freedom of the press is the great bulwark of civil and religious liberty," is one of the most precious legacies which they have left us. We have learned, from our own as well as the experience of other countries, that golden shackles, by whomsoever or by whatever pretence imposed, are as fatal to it as the iron bonds of Despotism. The presses in the necessary employ of the Government should never be used 'to clear the guilty or to varnish crimes.' A decent and manly examination of the acts of the Government should be not only tolerated but encouraged.

Upon another occasion I have given my opinion, at some length, upon the impropriety of Executive interference in the legislation of Congress. That the article in the Constitution making it the duty of the President to communicate information, and authorizing him to recommend measures, was not intended to make him the source of legislation, and in particular that he should never be looked to for schemes of finance. It would be very strange, indeed, that the Constitution should have strictly forbidden one branch of the Legislature from interfering in the origination of such bill, and that it should be considered proper that an altogether different department of the Government should be permitted to do so. Some of our best political maxims and opinions have been drawn from our parent Isle.

There are others, however, which cannot be introduced in our system without singular incongruity, and the production of much mischief. And this I conceive to be one. No matter in which of the Houses of Parliament a bill may originate, nor by whom introduced, a minister, or a member or a member of the opposition, by the fiction of law, or rather of Constitutional principle, the Sovereign is supposed to have prepared it agreeably to his will, and then submitted it to Parliament for their advice and consent. Now, the very reverse is the case here, not only with regard to the principle, but the forms prescribed by the Constitution. The principle certainly assigns to the only body constituted by the Constitution, (the legislative body,) the power to make laws, and the forms even direct that the enactment should be ascribed to them. The Senate, in relation to Revenue bills, have the right to propose amendments; and so has the Executive, by the power given him to return them to the House of Representatives, with his objections. It is in his power, also, to propose amendments in the existing revenue laws, suggested by his observations upon their defective or injurious operation. But the delicate duty of devising schemes of revenue should be left where the Constitution has placed it—with the immediate representatives of the People. For similar reasons, the mode of keeping the public treasure should be prescribed by them; and the farther removed it may be from the control of the Executive, the more wholesome the arrangement, and the more in accordance with Republican principle.

Connected with this subject is the character of the currency. The idea of making it exclusively metallic, however well intended, appears to me to be fraught with more fatal consequences than any other scheme, having no relation to the personal rights of the citizen, that has ever been devised. If any single scheme could produce the effect of arresting, at once, that mutation of condition by which thousands of our most indigent fellow-citizens, by their industry and enterprise, are raised to the possession of wealth, that is the one. If there is one measure better calculated than another to produce that state of things so much decried by all true republicans, by which the rich are daily adding to their hoards, and the poor sinking deeper into penury, it is an exclusive metallic currency. Or if there is a process by which the character of the country for generosity and nobleness of feeling may be destroyed by the great increase and necessary toleration of usury, it is an exclusive metallic currency.

Amongst the other duties of a delicate character which the President is called upon to perform, is the supervision of the government of the Territories of the United States. Those of them which are destined to become members of our great political family, are compensated by their rapid progress from infancy to manhood, for the partial and temporary deprivation of their political rights. It is in this District, only, where American citizens are to be found, who, under a settled system of policy, are deprived of many important political privileges, without any inspiring hope as to the future. Their only consolation, under circumstances of such deprivation, is that of the devoted exterior guards of a camp—that their sufferings secure tranquility and safety within. Are there any of their countrymen who would subject them to greater sacrifices, to any other humiliations than those essentially necessary to the security of the object for which they were thus separated from their fellow-citizens? Are their rights alone not to be guaranteed by the application of those great principles upon which all our constitutions are founded? We are told by the greatest of British Orators and Statesmen, that, at the commencement of the war of the Revolution, the most stupid men in England spoke of "their American subjects." Are there, indeed, citizens of any of our States who have dreamed of their subjects in the District of Columbia? Such dreams can never be realized by any agency of mine.

The people of the District of Columbia are not the subjects of the people of the States, but free American citizens. Being in the latter condition when the Constitution was formed, no words used in that instrument could have been

intended to deprive them of that character. If there is any thing in the great principles of unalienable rights, so emphatically insisted upon in our Declaration of Independence, they could neither make, nor the United States accept, a surrender of their liberties, and become the subjects, in other words, the slaves, of their former fellow citizens. If this be true, and it will scarcely be denied by any one who has a correct idea of his own rights as an American citizen, the grant to Congress of exclusive jurisdiction in the District of Columbia, can be interpreted, so far as respects the aggregate people of the United States, as meaning nothing more than to allow to Congress the controlling power necessary to afford a free and safe exercise of the functions assigned to the General Government by the Constitution. In all other respects, the legislation of Congress should be adapted to their peculiar positions and wants, and be conformable with their deliberate opinions of their own interests.

I have spoken of the necessity of keeping the respective Departments of the Government, as well as all the other authorities of our country, within their appropriate orbits. This is a matter of difficulty in some cases, as the powers which they respectively claim are often not defined by very distinct lines. Mischievous, however, in their tendencies, as collisions of this kind may be, those which arise between the respective communities, which for certain purposes compose one nation, are much more so; for no such nation can long exist without the careful culture of those feelings of confidence and affection which are the effective bonds of union between free and confederated States. Strong as is the ties of interest, it has been often found ineffectual. Men, blinded by their passions, have been known to adopt measures for their country in direct opposition to all the suggestions of policy. The alternative, then, is, to destroy or keep down a bad passion by creating and fostering a good one; and this seems to be the corner stone upon which our American political architects have reared the fabric of our Government. The cement which was to bind it, and perpetuate its existence, was the affectionate attachment between all its members. To insure the continuance of this feeling, produced at first by a community of dangers, of sufferings, and of interests, the advantages of each were made accessible to all.

No participation in any good, possessed by any member of an extensive confederacy, except in domestic government, was withheld from the citizen of any other member. By a process attended with no difficulty, no delay, no expense but that of removal, the citizen of one might become the citizen of any other, and successively of the whole. The lines, too, separating powers to be exercised by the citizens of one State from those of another, seem to be so distinctly drawn as to leave no room for misunderstanding. The citizens of each State unite in their persons all the privileges which that character confers, and all that they may claim as citizens of the United States; but in no case can the same person, at the same time, act as the citizen of two separate States, and he is therefore positively precluded from any interference with the reserved powers of any State but that of which he is, for the time being, a citizen. He may indeed offer to the citizens of other States his advice as to their management, and the form in which it is tendered is left to his own discretion and sense of propriety.

It may be observed, however, that organized associations of citizens, requiring compliances with their wishes, too much resemble the recommendations of Athens to her allies, supported by an armed and powerful fleet. It was, indeed, to the ambition of the leading States of Greece to control the domestic concerns of the others, that the destruction of that celebrated confederacy, and subsequently of all its members, is mainly to be attributed. And it is owing to the absence of that spirit that the Helvetic confederacy has for so many years been preserved. Never has there been seen in the institutions of the separate members of any confederacy more elements of discord. In the principles and forms of government and religion, as well as in the circumstances of the several cantons, so marked a discrepancy was observable, as to promise any thing but harmony in their intercourse or permanency in their alliance. And yet, for ages, neither has been interrupted. Content with the positive benefits which their union produced, with the independence and safety from foreign aggression which it secured, these sagacious People respected the institutions of each other, however repugnant to their own principles and prejudices.

Our Confederacy, fellow-citizens, can only be preserved by the same forbearance. Our citizens must be content with the exercise of the powers with which the Constitution clothes them. The attempt of those of one State to control the domestic institutions of another can only result in feelings of distrust and jealousy, the certain harbingers of disunion, violence, civil war, and the ultimate destruction of our free institutions. Our Confederacy is perfectly illustrated by the terms and principles governing a common co-partnership. There a fund of power is to be exercised under the direction of the joint councils of the allied members, but that which has been reserved by the individual members is intangible by the common government or the individual members composing it. To attempt it finds no support in the principles of our Constitution. It should be our constant and earnest endeavor mutually to cultivate a spirit of concord and harmony among the various parts of our Confederacy. Experience has abundantly taught us that the agitation by citizens of one part of the Union of a subject not confided to the General Government, but exclusively under the guardianship of the local authorities, is productive of no other consequences than bitterness, alienation, discord, and injury to the very cause which is intended to be advanced. Of all the great interests which appertain to our country, that of union, cordial, confiding, fraternal union, is by far the most important, since it is the only true and sure guaranty of all others.

In consequence of the embarrassed state of business and the currency, some of the States may meet with difficulty in their financial concerns. However deeply we may regret any thing imprudent or excessive in the engagements into which States have entered for purposes of their own, it does not become us to disparage the State Governments, nor to discourage them from making proper efforts for their own relief; on the contrary, it is our duty to encourage them, to the extent of our constitutional authority, to apply their best means, and cheerfully to make all necessary sacrifices and submit to all necessary burdens to fulfil their en-

gagements and maintain their credit; for the character and credit of the several States form part of the character and credit of the whole country. The resources of the country are abundant, the enterprise and activity of our people proverbial; and we may well hope that wise legislation and prudent administration, by the respective Governments, each acting within its own sphere, will restore former prosperity.

Unpleasant and even dangerous as collisions may sometimes be, between the constituted authorities or the citizens of our country, in relation to the lines which separate their respective jurisdictions, the results can be of no vital injury to our institutions, if that ardent patriotism, that devoted attachment to liberty, that spirit of moderation and forbearance for which our countrymen were once distinguished, continue to be cherished. If this continues to be the ruling passion of our souls, the weaker feelings of the mistaken enthusiast will be corrected, the Utopian dreams of the scheming politician dissipated, and the complicated intrigues of the demagogue rendered harmless. The spirit of liberty is the sovereign balm for every injury which our institutions may receive. On the contrary, no care that can be used in the construction of our Governments, no division of powers, no distribution of checks in its several departments, will prove effectual to keep us a free People, if this spirit is suffered to decay; and decay it will without constant nurture. To the neglect of this duty, the best historians agree in attributing the ruin of all the Republics with whose existence and fall their writings have made us acquainted. The same causes will ever produce the same effects; and as long as the love of power is a dominant passion of the human bosom, and as long as the understandings of men can be warped and their affections changed by operations upon their passions and prejudices, so long will the liberty of a people depend on their own constant attention to its preservation.

The danger to all well-established free Governments arises from the unwillingness of the People to believe in its existence, or from the influence of designing men, diverting their attention from the quarter whence it approaches, to a source from which it can never come. This is the old trick of those who would usurp the Government of their country. In the name of Democracy they speak, warning the People against the influence of wealth and the danger of aristocracy. History, ancient and modern, is full of such examples. Cæsar became the master of the Roman people and the Senate, under the pretence of supporting the democratic claims of the former against the aristocracy of the latter; Cromwell, in the character of Protector of the liberties of the People, became the Dictator of England; and Bolivar possessed himself of unlimited power, with the title of his country's Liberator. There is, on the contrary, no single instance on record of an extensive and well-established republic being changed into an aristocracy. The tendencies of all such governments in their decline is to monarchy; and the antagonist principle to liberty there is the spirit of faction—a spirit which assumes the character, and in times of great excitement imposes itself upon the People as the genuine spirit of freedom, and like the false Christs whose coming was foretold by the Saviour, seeks to, and were it possible, would impose upon the true and most faithful disciples of liberty.

It is in periods like this that it behooves the People to be most watchful of those to whom they have intrusted power. And although there is at times much difficulty in distinguishing the false from the true spirit, a calm and dispassionate investigation will detect the counterfeit as well by the character of its operations, as the results that are produced. The true spirit of liberty, although devoted, persevering, bold, and uncompromising in principle, that secured, is mild, and tolerant, and scrupulous as to the means it employs; whilst the spirit of party assuming to be that of liberty, is harsh, vindictive, and intolerant, and totally reckless as to the character of the allies which it brings to the aid of its cause. When the genuine spirit of liberty animates the body of a people to a thorough examination of their affairs, it leads to the excision of every excrescence which may have fastened itself upon say of the Departments of the Government, and restores the system to its pristine health and beauty. But the reign of an intolerant spirit of party among a free people, seldom fails to result in a dangerous accession to the Executive power introduced and established amidst unusual professions of devotion to democracy.

The foregoing remarks relate almost exclusively to matters connected with our domestic concerns. It may be proper, however, that I should give some indications to my fellow-citizens of my proposed course of conduct in the management of our foreign relations. I assure them, therefore, that it is my intention to use every means in my power to preserve the friendly intercourse which now so happily subsists with every foreign nation; and that, although, of course, not well informed as to the state of any pending negotiations with any of them, I see in the personal characters of the Sovereigns, as well as in the mutual interest of our own and of the Government with which our relations are most intimate, a pleasing guaranty that the harmony so important to the interests of their subjects, as well as our citizens, will not be interrupted by the advancement of any claim, or pretension upon their part to which our honor would not permit us to yield. Long the defender of my country's rights in the field, I trust that my fellow-citizens will not see in my earnest desire to preserve peace with foreign Powers, any indication that their rights will ever be sacrificed, or the honor of the nation tarnished, by any admission on the part of their Chief Magistrate unworthy of their former glory.

In our intercourse with our Aboriginal neighbors, the same liberality and justice, which marked the course prescribed to me by two of my illustrious predecessors, when acting under their direction in the discharge of the duties of Superintendent and Commissioner, shall be strictly observed. I can conceive of no more sublime spectacle—none more likely to propitiate an impartial and common Creator, than a rigid adherence to the principles of justice on the part of a powerful nation in its transactions with a weaker and uncivilized people, whom circumstances have placed at its disposal.

Before concluding, fellow-citizens, I must say something to you on the subject of the parties at this time existing in our country. To me it appears perfectly clear, that the interest of that country requires that the violence of the

spirit by which those spirits are governed, must be greatly mitigated, if not entirely extinguished, or consequences will ensue which are appalling to be thought of. If parties in a Republic are necessary to secure a degree of vigilance sufficient to keep the public functionaries within the bounds of law and duty, at that point their usefulness ends. Beyond that they become destructive of public virtue, the parents of a spirit antagonist to that of liberty, and, eventually, its inevitable conqueror.

We have examples of Republics, where the love of country and of liberty, at one time, were the dominant passions of the whole mass of citizens. And yet, with the continuance of the names and forms of free Government, not a vestige of these qualities remaining in the bosom of any one of its citizens. It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer, that "in the Roman Senate, Octavius had a party, and Anthony a party, but the Commonwealth had none." Yet the Senate continued to meet in the Temple of Liberty, to talk of the sacredness and beauty of the Commonwealth, and gaze at the statue of the elder Brutus and of the Curtii and Decii. And the people assembled in the forum, not as in the days of Camillus and the Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual Magistrates, or pass upon the acts of the Senate, but to receive from the hands of the leaders of the respective parties their share of the spoils, and to shout for one, or the other, as those collected in Gaul, or Egypt, and the Lesser Asia, would furnish the larger dividend. The spirit of liberty had fled, and, avoiding the abodes of civilized man, had sought protection in the wilds of Scythia or Scandinavia; and so, under the operation of the same causes and influences, it will fly from our Capitol and our forums. A calamity so awful, not only to our country but to the world, must be deprecated by every patriot; and every tendency to a state of things likely to produce it immediately checked. Such a tendency has existed—does exist.

Always the friends of my countrymen, never their flatterer, it becomes my duty to say to them from this high place to which their partiality has exalted me, that there exists in the land a spirit hostile to their best interests—hostile to liberty itself. It is a spirit contracted in its views, selfish in its object. It looks to the aggrandisement of a few, even to the destruction of the interest of the whole. The entire remedy is with the People. Something, however, may be effected by the means which they have placed in my hands. It is union that we want, not of a party for the sake of that party, but a union of the whole country for the sake of the whole country—for the defence of its interests and its honor against foreign aggression, for the defence of those principles for which our ancestors so gloriously contended. As far as it depends upon me, it shall be accomplished. All the influence that I possess shall be exerted to prevent the formation at least of an Executive party in the halls of the Legislative body. I wish for the support of no member of that body to any measure of mine that does not satisfy his judgment and his sense of duty to those from whom he holds his appointment; nor any confidence in advance from the People, but that asked for by Mr. Jefferson, "to give firmness and effect to the legal administration of their affairs."

I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow-citizens a profound reverence for the Christian Religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness; and to that good Being who has blessed us by the gifts of civil and religious freedom, who watched over and prospered the labors of our Fathers, and has hitherto preserved to us institutions far exceeding in excellence those of any other people, let us unite in fervently commending every interest of our beloved country in all future time.

Fellow-citizens: Being fully invested with that high office to which the partiality of my countrymen has called me, I now take an affectionate leave of you. You will bear with you to your homes the remembrance of the pledge I have this day given to discharge all the high duties of my exalted station, according to the best of my ability; and I shall enter upon their performance with entire confidence in the support of a just and generous People.

## The Old World.

### ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT. SIX DAYS LATER.

The steamship President arrived on Wednesday. We give below a letter from our London Correspondent, and an interesting debate which took place in the British Parliament, with regard to the case of McLeod.

#### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Tuesday, February 9, 1841.

An overland express from India was received on Saturday, bringing intelligence from Canton down to the 3d November. The intelligence is very unsatisfactory, as it leaves the negotiations between Admiral Elliot and the Chinese authorities in the same state as they were at the date of the accounts received from Canton four weeks ago. The only facts of importance contained in the despatches now received are, that the Chinese have given up Commissioner Lin to the English, and that his successor has proceeded from Peking to Canton for the purpose of proceeding with the negotiations. Sickness prevails to the extent of about forty per cent. among the English troops.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's copyright bill was lost in the House of Commons on the second reading, on Friday night. The majority against it was seven. The unexpected result was brought about by a most splendid speech by Mr. Macaulay, in opposition to the measure.

The severity of the weather for the last eight days has been almost unprecedented in this country. There have been various instances of able-bodied men having been frozen to death while walking in the public roads.

The Royal christening takes place to-morrow. It was

currently reported a few days ago, that the ceremony was to be postponed till the 16th inst.; but it now appears the rumor was without foundation. The King and Queen of Belgium are hourly expected to arrive in this country to be present on the occasion. The ceremony, owing to the inclemency of the weather, is not to take place, as at one time intended, in the Royal Chapel, but in Buckingham Palace.

From the London Standard of February 11.  
THE CASE OF McLEOD.

Lord Stanley's questions to Lord Palmerston, touching the ominous aspect of our relations with the republic of the United States "came off," as the phrase is, yesterday, in the house of commons. The result was what every one acquainted with the manoeuvres of our Foreign Secretary foresaw—a shuffling assurance that he had done his duty—that her majesty's government would do its duty—that the case was a delicate one—the old Palmerston tale of "pending negotiations," and therefore, with a view to "public interest," which often signifies nothing more than the "personal convenience" of a certain noble Viscount, it required to be treated with "great reserve both by Lord Stanley and by himself."

The noble member for North Lancashire gave the House a lucid, and at the same time a naked, narrative of the events connected with the revolting case of the Caroline—the atrocious outrages which that vessel had been employed to perpetrate; the substantial and manifest justice of the act by which she was destroyed; the remonstrances of the American government, and its demands of reparation from the government of Great Britain, which was the aggrieved one; the seeming stagnation of the subject ever since, in so far as any approach to a right understanding upon it was concerned; and the fearful nature of the recent proceedings by the state of New York, by the seizure, imprisonment, and threatened trial of Mr. McLeod, a British officer, who, if he acted at all on the occasion of the Caroline, had avowedly done so by orders of the colonial authorities of his sovereign.

Lord Stanley conducted his address to the House and to Lord Palmerston with consummate prudence and discretion. He gave the facts, and not a word more. He took care not to compromise himself, or to extricate, or in any manner to relieve the ministers, by declaring any opinion of his own. He made a case of the most glaring probability of extreme neglect of duty by Lord Palmerston, who, in three years, had not written one producible despatch in reply to the American demand of reparation, or enabled Mr. Fox to clear away the difficulties which it entailed upon the government, or the dangers in which our countrymen were thereby involved. The noble Lord then demanded from Lord Palmerston such papers as might qualify the people of England to form a judgment upon the relations subsisting between us and the United States, no less than on the conduct of the Foreign Secretary.

The answer was as we have before described it—"There are negotiations pending," and therefore inaccessible to all the world but myself; so that whether I managed them well or ill—towards a beneficial result, or one ever so disastrous, you shall not know a word about the matter until all is ended, whether for peace or war!" Now, is not this cool on the part of an English minister? The Americans allow no such latitude to their public servants. They don't beg for papers; they insist upon having them; and the only documents with which, on this occasion, Lord Palmerston deigned to indulge the house of commons were those which had already been laid before congress, and were to be found in all the newspapers.

One question might have been put, but was not—namely, "Have you, Lord Palmerston, written any instructions of any sort or kind to the British Minister at Washington since the notes which passed in the beginning of 1838?" Lord Palmerston refused flatly to produce any correspondence; but the country is not officially informed as to the fact itself, which is of vital interest, and with regard to which public opinion is strong against the Foreign Secretary, viz., whether any negotiation was carried on during all that period of three years or not?

There many circumstances attending the measures and the tone of the United States Government at this particular crisis of European politics which we shall not now enlarge upon, although we are by no means without a full sense of their importance.

According to the argument used by the Government at Washington, affirming the independence of the State of New-York in matters relating to the violation of its own territory, England would draw no more than a just and logical inference from that statement by seeking redress for an outrage upon her subject, and then alleging that she made war upon "New-York alone."

It is to be further observed, that when Lord Palmerston was asked whether any steps, and what, had been taken for the preservation of Mr. McLeod, he assured the House, in a very shuffling way, that of course Her Majesty's Government will take proper steps for the protection of Her Majesty's subjects.

The evident anxiety and alarm of Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell were not relieved until the subject of attention had been changed by Sir Robert Peel, who asked a question concerning our relations with the Government of Persia, which we have now the satisfaction of finding are in a condition almost as comfortable as those with the United States.

The London Standard of the same date holds the following language on the same subject:

The facts that transpired in the discussion of Mr. McLeod's case, last night, illustrate, in a remarkable manner, the danger of leaving unsettled all disputed points of international relations. It now appears that the question of the seizure of the Caroline has never yet been adjusted, though surely nothing can be imagined more capable of a simple arrangement than the case in question. The fact that the Caroline was employed in a piratical war against the British territory, and that in order to defend her Majesty's dominions and subjects, it was necessary to seize the vessel, is unquestioned, and, indeed, admits of no question. Whether it was right to seize her in the waters of the United States is the only topic of inquiry; and this, in our

view, could not be a difficult topic to deal with. If the American authorities affirm, contrary to the fact, that the law and government of the States were in full vigor at the port from which the Caroline conveyed arms, provisions, ammunition, and reinforcements to the pirates at Navy Island, they acknowledge that the States prosecuted an undeclared war against Great Britain. If, on the other hand, they admit, as truth would compel them to admit, that the Caroline was sent from a port that had renounced the law and government of the States, they have no cause of quarrel, for the port in question for the time constituted *de facto* no part of the Union. In punishing her own enemies, Great Britain was only chastising their rebels. The neighbor who pursues a burglar into another's house, and seizes him there, surely commits no wrong to him whose house he may unceremoniously invade, but rather renders him a service.

But, however the question of strict law might be decided, there was still to be considered the necessity of the case. It was necessary to the safety of her Majesty's territory, and for the protection of her subjects, that the pirates of Navy Island should be deprived of the vessel that constantly supplied them with whatever they wanted from the New York shore. Now, in cases of necessity, it is permitted to supersede the authority of strict law, as houses are often pulled down to prevent the extension of a fire: all that can be expected in such cases is, that the party who suffers loss shall be compensated to the full amount of the injury sustained. If, therefore, the parties interested in the Caroline and the authorities of New York felt themselves guilty of wrong in the matter, they ought to have demanded compensation for the loss of the vessel, and an apology for the insult offered to their soil, and it would not have humiliated the British government in the slightest degree to render both. It appears that the American government made such a demand as we surmise—that the British government refused to concede it, doubtless upon the just ground that the subjects of the United States had by their own wrong-doing discredited themselves to either compensation or apology—and that the American government declined to press the demand, unquestionably upon this same consideration. Mr. Van Buren's part in the matter was, no doubt, a difficult one. To have openly disclaimed and denounced the abettors and auxiliaries of the pirates would have exposed him to the enmity of the anti-English faction—to have insisted upon redress for an injury rendered necessary by the crimes of the Republicans, and by the weakness of his government, would (besides the shocking imprudence of the proceeding) have involved him in a war which must, at the time, have been the reverse of popular in the States. No such difficulties, however, could have embarrassed the British Minister. He it was who ought to have demanded redress, and a reimbursement of all the expenses and losses caused by the invasion from the Republic. Nothing could be easier than for him to say—Call in an umpire; let him decide who has been the wrong-doer in the late transactions.

If it is said that England is to blame, England shall make amends in every way—if, on the other hand, the original outrage has proceeded from the States, let us have no pettiness about the incidents of an unprovoked war, caused by the perverseness of some of your people, and by the weakness of your government; but let the Republic do that which is substantially just, *tota re perspecta*. This was the language that became a British Minister, and this language would have settled the question one way or the other. As affairs have been left, great disgrace attaches to both governments, though undoubtedly the greater to the government of the States. The Cabinet of Washington having made a claim, suspended it as not tenable by evidence or argument, but lay two years on the watch to try if the confessed injustice might not be enforced by a cruel outrage upon the person of an unguarded and unoffending individual weak enough to trust to Republican faith and hospitality. On the other side, the British Minister, in his wish to rescue the President from a difficulty, has observed a degree of forbearance which the insolent enemies of England are willing enough to accept as an evidence of fear; and meanwhile, has left the delicate question in dispute unsettled, to remain as the germ of future mischief. He ought to have known that in dealing with governments like that of Washington, gratitude or honor must not be calculated upon, and that towards a democratical republic, there is but one safe policy to be observed—*distrust*. It is not, however, because under such governments all the people, or even the greater part, are necessarily bad, but because the bad portion, be they few or many, will generally be the ruling party.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

### DEBATE IN THE BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON THE BURNING OF THE CAROLINE AND THE CASE OF McLEOD.

*Arrest of Mr. McLeod.*—The Earl of MOUNTCASSELL said he perceived that some correspondence had taken place between Mr. Fox, the British Minister to the United States, and Mr. Forsyth, the American Secretary of State, relative to the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. McLeod on a charge of murder and arson; but no official information had been received on the subject. It appeared from the public prints that certain members of Congress had spoken in a violent manner on the subject—in a manner not alone disrespectful to the government of this country, but in a manner exceedingly harsh and violent towards the accused individual. He therefore felt it to be his humble duty to bring the matter before their lordships, for the purpose of eliciting some information or statement from her Majesty's government. At the same time, he much feared that what transpired in that house would not arrive in America in sufficient time to save this unfortunate gentleman, who appeared to be most falsely and unjustly accused. He begged leave to state, that he had the opportunity of knowing, through the means of Capt. Drew, that Mr. McLeod was not present when the steamer Caroline was burnt, and that he was, in fact, on shore at the time, doing his duty, in obedience to the commands of his superiors. It would therefore appear, that the persons who came forward with the charge had made a false and unjust accusation. He had, in the hopes of saving the life of a British subject, brought this matter before the house. It was, in a public point of view, a matter of much more importance than some individuals might suppose. It was, in fact, very near-



y connected with our honor as a nation; and he did hope and trust that the government would take active and energetic steps to assert, maintain, and uphold the character of this great country. He hoped that they would not, by tamely submitting to insult and wrong, suffer the national character to sink into contempt. Looking to the hostile feelings that had been manifested in the United States, it was evident to him that if they did not take a dignified position they would be trampled on—on every occasion they would be insulted wheresoever they went. In short, there would be no safety abroad for British subjects. He hoped, therefore, that government would exert themselves for the preservation of the valuable life of this worthy individual, who was now suffering in a dungeon of the United States, and that they would fully vindicate the character of this country.

The vessel in question, the *Caroline*, was actively employed during the late troubles in Canada, in assisting those who were armed against British authority. A party of marauders from the United States had, at that time, taken possession of an island belonging to Great Britain; and this vessel was employed in carrying thither men, provisions, and ammunition. The vessel was originally engaged in smuggling between the Coast of the United States and Canada. She was next employed in that most illegal act which he had described. Now, he would ask, had she letters of marque, or any other authority, for acting in this manner? She had not. She was looked on as a piratical vessel, and treated as such. If an English vessel was taken on the high seas, without letters of marque or any proper authority for cruising in a hostile way, and was taken by a French man-of-war or a Russian man-of-war, would the English Government accuse the French Government or the Russian Government with having acted improperly if a force belonging to them captured such a vessel and hanged her crew at the yard arm? No; they would say that such a capture was perfectly defensible. But it would appear that the Americans had one law for themselves and another for other nations, or else they could never think of punishing a man for destroying a piratical vessel. He only wished that the Americans would act on those principles which we adopted on other occasions. When, in 1818, the Americans purchased the Floridas from Spain, and found themselves engaged in a war with the Seminole Indians, did not General Jackson, when in one of the forts that were captured two English subjects were discovered, order them to be executed? He did; and this government did not interfere, because those parties were acting in a hostile capacity without any authority whatsoever. The noble lord concluded by asking whether any information had been received from Canada of the capture and detention of a British subject in the State of New-York upon a charge of murder, and on suspicion of being one of those who had been engaged in the destruction of the *Caroline* steamer; and, if so, what steps her Majesty's ministers intended taking in consequence?

Viscount Melbourne said, that he would proceed to answer the question without entering into the facts and arguments with which the noble lord had prefaced it. Her Majesty's government had certainly received information that an individual of the name of McLeod had been arrested by the authorities of the state of New York, and by them committed to prison to take his trial upon a charge of murder and arson, which it was stated he had committed upon the occasion of the seizure and destruction of the *Caroline* steamer. Upon hearing this Mr. Fox, our Minister at Washington, demanded his liberation from the general government, and received for reply that the matter entirely rested with the authorities of the state of New York, and that it was neither in the power nor the inclination of the Federal government of America to interfere. That was the way in which the matter stood at present. What her Majesty's ministers meant to do in it, their lordships surely would not expect him then to state. (Hear, hear.) At the same time, the noble lord might be perfectly sure of this, that they would take those measures which in their estimation would be best calculated to secure the safety of her Majesty's subject, and to vindicate the honor of the British nation. (Hear, hear.) Their lordships then adjourned.

#### ARREST OF MR. McLEOD BY THE AUTHORITIES OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Lord Stanley said, that seeing the noble lord the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his place, he rose for the purpose of putting to him the question of which he had given notice the other evening. That question was one of so important a nature, especially at a period so critical as the present, that he was compelled to preface it by such a statement of facts as he believed the laws of the house permitted him to make. He could assure the house that beyond that he did not wish to go one single step. It would be in the recollection of the house that in the latter period of 1837, at a time when by the gallantry of the troops, both of the line and the militia, rebellion had been put down in the province of Upper Canada, and not a single rebel in arms was left within that province, a band of men, consisting partly of Canadians and partly of American subjects, was organized and armed within the frontiers of the United States, possessed themselves of arms by seizing on the arsenals, the property of the United States, and in open day took possession of an island lying in the Niagara river, the property of her Majesty, to which they transported, also in open day, arms, the property of the United States, ammunition and stores, the property of the United States, and brought frequent reinforcements of men, in order to make their position strong. From that position, and with those means, they for a considerable time fired upon the inhabitants of the Canadian frontier at not more than 600 yards distance, and upon boats passing up and down the river. This band, thus posted, was supplied on more than one occasion by a schooner from the American frontier, which they had chartered for that express purpose, with arms, ammunition, and reinforcements.

On the night of the 20th of December, that schooner having been so employed during the day of the 20th, a body of men, by authority of her Majesty, and commanded, or, at least, under the orders of Mr. McNab, Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, who at that time commanded the militia of the province, and was active on behalf of her Majesty, attacked the schooner, lying, undoubtedly, moored by the American shore, and having boarded her, and found it impossible to carry her away, in conse-

quence of the rapidity of the current, set fire to her, and suffered her to fall down the falls of Niagara. Representations relative to that proceeding were immediately made by the authorities of the state of Niagara to the President of the United States, and a counter-statement was at the same time made by the British authorities of Canada, through the medium of Mr. Fox, our minister to the United States. In consequence of the conflicting nature of the evidence then presented, the President communicated with Mr. Fox, and furnished him with the evidence forwarded to their government by the United States authorities, in order that it might be laid before her Majesty's government, with that demand for reparation for that which they characterized as an outrage upon the neutrality of the American territory, the counter-statement of the Canadian authorities being in like manner made the subject of strong counter-representation from her Majesty's minister at Washington. The whole correspondence, in the course of the months of January and February, 1838, was transmitted for the consideration of her Majesty's government, with the demand for reparation to which he had referred. He believed that after that period they had no information furnished from the Foreign Office of any transactions on this subject.

The Colonial Office, in 1838, and at subsequent periods, had laid before the house various papers, among which were the proceedings of the House of Assembly and her Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, who, in their public dispatches, strongly supported the view taken by the Canadian authorities, and spoke in terms of the highest approbation of those who had attacked and sunk the schooner. He believed that the country generally considered this question between the two countries as fairly settled, but on the 12th of November last he was given to understand a gentleman named McLeod, who belonged to the service of her Majesty, filling in Canada the situation of one of the council, who had taken an active part in repelling invasion from the province, but who, as far as he (Lord Stanley) was able to learn, had taken no part whatever in the affair of the *Caroline*, was seized in the state of New York by the authorities on a charge of murder and arson, was committed to jail for an act done under the sanction of the Canadian authorities, to repel the invasion of the Canadian territory, and under the immediate command of the gentleman to whom the military force of the province had at that time been intrusted. Mr. McLeod was apprehended and was about to be tried by a jury of the state of New York. He hoped he was stating facts correctly; he did so without making any comments, and if he were not correct, he hoped the noble lord would set him right. In the month of January, Congress, on its meeting, applied to the President to lay before them any communications with the British government in reference to this subject. In doing so the President, among other papers, laid before them a strong remonstrance which Mr. Fox had felt it to be his duty to make as a British Minister and the representative of his Sovereign against the apprehension of a British subject for an offence, if offence it were, which had received the sanction of the British authorities, and which at that moment was under the consideration of the two governments, and had been for three years the subject of negotiation between them.

The answer of the President, continued the noble lord, was to refuse altogether to admit the claim of Mr. Fox, on behalf of Mr. McLeod, for his liberation, partly on the ground that the Federal government in such cases had no power to interfere with the authority of the several independent states, and also on the ground that, if it possessed such power and the right to interfere, the case stated by Mr. Fox was not one in which it would exercise it, inasmuch as questions of international right between the general governments of the two countries in no degree interfered with the administration of justice by the several states of the union. Mr. Fox closed the correspondence by the strongest expressions of his regret at the views which the President had taken upon the matter. He said he was not authorized to express the views of his government; but, on his own part, he made the strongest protest in his power against these views, and without loss of time would lay the whole before her Majesty's government for its opinion. Sir, this is the position in which the matter at present stands:—A British subject was arrested in the month of November; the assizes will take place during the present month, February; and at this hour, (and this is my vindication for interfering, in any degree, in a matter on which communications have taken place between two great nations, which are now in a very critical state,) at this moment, the life of a British subject may be in jeopardy, in consequence of his having acted in defence of his native country, and under the orders, and by the authority of the military powers of this country, to whom he was compelled to give obedience in repelling invasion and rebellion. The questions I wish to put to the noble lord are, inasmuch as this negotiation commenced so early as January, 1838—I wish to ask the noble lord whether he has any objection to lay on the table of the house the correspondence between her Majesty's government and the United States, relative to the destruction of the schooner *Caroline*, on the night of the 20th December, 1837? Whether the noble lord has received the despatches of Mr. Fox, referred to in the recent accounts from the United States, dated the 20th of September, which Mr. Fox stated he had transmitted to the government at home, (and which I presume the noble lord has received, he having acknowledged despatches up to the 8th of February,) relative to the apprehension of Mr. McLeod? Whether her Majesty's government have taken any, and if so, what steps, for the protection of Mr. McLeod, and whether the noble lord will lay upon the table of the house the correspondence upon that subject between the government at home, and British representative at Washington, and the representative of the United States? (Hear, hear.)

Lord PALMERSTON.—I must confess the noble lord has adverted, with great discretion, to a subject of extreme interest, and which, from its great delicacy, involving considerations of a very grave nature between the two countries, I am sure the house will feel should be touched upon with great reserve, either by the noble lord or by myself in my answer. Now, as to the statement of the noble lord with respect to the occurrence which led to this matter, it is strictly, as far as my memory serves me, correct. I will first answer the questions the noble lord has put to me, and

afterward say one word in explanation of the transaction. I think it is not expedient in the present state of the discussion between the two governments as to the seizure and destruction of the *Caroline*, to lay on the table that correspondence. Whenever it is brought to a close, of course there can be no objection to do so. Her Majesty's government having received within the last few days dispatches from Mr. Fox and his correspondence with the authorities of the United States, which correspondence has been furnished to the public in the American papers, there can be no objection to lay before parliament those papers that are already before the public. (Laughter.) But this is a departure from what I consider an important rule in regard to international affairs, (hear, hear,) and one which may operate injuriously to national interests, to lay before parliament documents relating to pending discussions; but, as I have before said, some of these having been already furnished, as respects them there can be no objection. I think it important to make, with reference to the notice of Mr. Forsyth, one observation. The noble lord said, he believed Mr. McLeod was not one of the party by whom the *Caroline* was attacked. My information goes precisely to the same conclusion; but with regard to the ground taken by Mr. Forsyth, in reply to Mr. Fox, I think it right to state, that the American government undoubtedly might have considered this transaction either as a transaction to be dealt with between the two governments, by demands for redress by one to be granted or refused by the other, and dealt with accordingly; or it might have been considered, as the British authorities consider proceedings between American citizens on the British side of the border, as matter to be dealt with by the local authorities. But the American government chose the former course, by treating this matter as one to be decided between the two governments, and this is the ground on which they are entitled to demand redress from the British government for the acts of its subjects, and from that ground they cannot now be permitted to recede. I assure the house that on a matter of such extreme difficulty it would be improper for me to enter into further remarks or observations, and I shall therefore content myself with answering the noble lord's questions by stating the matters of fact I have just mentioned.

Lord Stanley.—I apprehend that the noble lord has not correctly understood my question—for one of them, and that the most important, he has not answered. That question was, whether the government had taken any, and if so, what steps, for the protection and liberation of Mr. McLeod? (Hear, hear.)

Lord Palmerston.—It was my intention to have answered that question of the noble lord before I sat down, but it escaped my memory at the moment. I may state that a case somewhat similar in principle to the present was expected to take place a year and a half or two years ago, and at that time instructions were sent out to Mr. Fox, on which were founded some of the communications lately made by him to the American authorities. Of course, the house will, I trust, suppose that her Majesty's government will send—they have, indeed, sent—certain instructions; but till we get the conclusion of the correspondence it is impossible to send final instructions. I trust the house will believe the government will send further instructions as they may think it to be their duty to do, but I am not prepared now to state formally what those instructions may be. (Hear.)

Mr. Hume wished to ask a question of the noble lord, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but as the noble lord had made a speech on the subject, he must first beg of the house to suspend their judgment until they had before them the whole of the papers on the subject. The question he wished to ask was this:—It appeared by the papers which he had in his possession, that in January, 1838, a motion was made in the House of Representatives, calling upon the government to place on the table of the house all the papers respecting the *Caroline*, and in consequence of that motion certain papers which had been received from Mr. Stevenson, had been laid on the table of the house on the 15th of May, together with a letter from that gentleman. In that letter the allegations as to the attack by the *Caroline* were denied, and he (Mr. Hume) had seen a letter from Mr. Stevenson, in which he stated that no answer had been given to his application in 1838, and he begged to be informed whether he should urge the matter on the attention of the British Government, for the American Government did not yet know whether the enterprise of the *Caroline* was to be considered as sanctioned by the British Government. What he wanted to know from the noble lord was, what were the instructions of Mr. Stevenson upon which he had acted as he had done? He again hoped that the house would suspend its judgment on the question until all the documents were before it.

Lord Palmerston said—I rather think that my honorable friend will find in that correspondence that instructions from the American Government were given to Mr. Stevenson to abstain from pressing the subject. (Hear.) With regard to the letter of Mr. Forsyth, I beg leave to say, that the principle stands thus:—In the case of the American citizens engaged in invading Canada, the American Government disavowed the acts of those citizens, and stated that the British authorities might deal with them as they pleased (hear), and that they were persons who were not in any degree entitled to the protection of the United States. But in the other case they treated the affair of the *Caroline* as one to be considered as that of the Government, and not to be left upon the responsibilities of individuals. Until, therefore, the British Government disavowed those persons, as the American Government disavowed their citizens in the other case, they would have no right to change their ground upon the question. (Hear, hear.)

Sir R. Peel wished to ask the noble lord the Secretary for the Colonies, one question as to a matter of fact; it was, whether there were not officers of her Majesty's army and navy engaged in the affair of the *Caroline*, and wounded in that service; and further, whether they had received the same pensions as they would have received if they had suffered such wounds in the service to which they regularly belonged?

Lord J. Russell said, he had understood that officers of her Majesty's army and navy were employed on that occasion, under the orders of the colonial authorities, and that some of them were wounded in that service; but he had not heard that they had received any pensions.

## Congressional.

THURSDAY, Feb. 23.

In the SENATE but little business of a public nature was transacted, the day having been devoted to the consideration of private bills.

The General Appropriation bill was received from the House, and referred to the Committee on Finance, whence it will probably be reported in a day or two, with several amendments.

In the HOUSE the Navy Appropriation bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Saltonstall, of Mass., moved to increase the appropriation from \$1,425,000 to \$2,000,000. A long debate arose on this motion, and on an amendment offered by Mr. Mallory, of Va., to appropriate \$500,000 for the building of steam ships. At 8 o'clock the committee rose without having come to any conclusion, and the House adjourned.

FRIDAY, Feb. 24.

In the SENATE, as soon as the Journal was read, Mr. Roane of Va., communicated to the Chair a letter from the Chief Justice of the United States announcing the death of Judge Barbour, and enclosing a copy of the funeral ceremonies which had been determined upon.

Mr. Roane made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion; and in conclusion moved that the Senate adjourn, at two o'clock for the purpose of attending the funeral, which was agreed to.

Mr. Clay of Ky., addressed the Senate until the hour of adjournment against the pending amendment to include banks in the compulsory process; denying the constitutionality of such a law, and declaring it to be unwise and inexpedient even if the power were express.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Andrews offered a resolution to allow pay to all such Members of the House as were detained on their way to the seat of government at the commencement of the session by the weather. Several Members objected to this, but it was finally carried: Yeas 100; Nays 48.

SATURDAY, Feb. 27.

In the SENATE, the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was reported by the Committee of Finance, with many amendments, mostly concerning the salaries of office holders. The amendments reported by the Committee were ordered to be printed, together with some amendments proposed by Mr. Anderson of Tenn., designed to reduce the emoluments of collectors of customs.

On motion of Mr. Clay of Ala., a resolution was adopted changing the circuits of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

In the HOUSE, the Army and Navy Appropriation bills were both passed, the latter with the amendment proposed by Mr. Saltonstall of Mass., appropriating \$500,000 for the building of steam-ships. Mr. Evans of Maine, offered an amendment to the Army bill, making an increased appropriation for the Florida service, but it was rejected by the House.

MONDAY, March 1.

In Senate, Mr. Buchanan moved to discharge the Committee of Foreign Relations from the further consideration of the resolution calling for the correspondence which has passed between the British minister and the Secretary of State, on the subject of our relations with Great Britain. Mr. B. took occasion to express his belief that peace would be preserved between the two nations; and declared that the reports intimating that an angry controversy had taken place between Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth, were entirely unfounded.

Mr. Clay, of Ky., also made a few remarks in the same conciliatory strain. Mr. C. gave it as his decided opinion that the difference with England would not require a special minister.

Mr. Cuthbert, of Ga., said he had, on the occasion of the resignation of Mr. Webster, charged him with holding abolition principles; he would now prove the charge. Mr. C. accordingly read from some documents what he considered conclusive proofs of the matter. This led to a highly interesting debate, which lasted until the recess.

TUESDAY, March 2d.

In the SENATE, the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bills were passed, the amendments of the committee of Finance having first been adopted. The amendments allowed the Marshals pay for Deputy Marshals, and both Marshals and District Attorneys out of the States where fees are small, to retain \$1500 of their fees as a compensation; the balance to go into the National Treasury. Collectors of customs are allowed but \$200 fees in addition to their salary of \$4,000.

**DEATH OF JUDGE BARBOUR.**—The whole city was shocked, yesterday morning, by the information of the sudden demise of the Hon. Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. He was in usual health and even more than usually cheerful at the time of retiring to bed at 10 o'clock on Wednesday night, and the next morning was found in his bed a lifeless corpse!

Judge BARBOUR entered Congress, in the House of Representatives, in the year 1814, and soon signalized himself by considerable ability in debate. He remained in Congress for a number of years, during a part of which time he filled the honorable office of Speaker of the House. Since retiring from Congress, his life had been devoted with great assiduity to the judicial duties which he had been called to perform.—[National Intelligencer of Feb. 26.]

Among the distinguished strangers who have arrived at the seat of Government within the last few days, we observe ex-Governor Schuette and ex-Treasurer Clark, of Pennsylvania; Judge Burnett, of Ohio; Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, of Massachusetts; Hon. Noyes Barber, of Connecticut; and Hon. John Holmes, of Maine.—[Nat. Intell.]

**CRUSHED TO DEATH.**—A man named Rogers was crushed to death on the 2d ult., at the Rosie lead mines, by the falling of a mass of ice under which he was working.

The Hon. Richard H. Menefee, formerly in Congress, and one of the candidates for U. S. Senator at the recent election in Kentucky, died at Lexington on the 20th ult.

## TO OUR PATRONS IN THE COUNTRY.

Those who wish to obtain copies of the Leviathan New World, should send on their orders at an early day. Ten copies will be sent, securely packed, to any address, in return for \$1, received free of postage. A limited number of copies have been retained by us expressly to supply small orders of this kind; but all applications should be made soon, or the whole edition will be exhausted by the city demand. For the manner in which this magnificent sheet has been noticed by the press, the reader is referred to a subsequent column. The Pictorial Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures are, of themselves, worth ten times the price of the paper.

Our Pamphlet edition of the commencement of Ten Thousand a Year, is nearly or quite exhausted, but we have about 50 to 100 sets of the quarto from No. 16, which contains the whole of this story. New subscribers who wish the series complete will do well to order the back Nos. from that time. We can also yet supply the numbers of volume second, which commenced Jan. 2, and each subscriber from that time will also receive a copy of the LEVIATHAN WORLD, No. 2, just issued, of which we have reserved a sufficiency for this purpose. Orders should be forwarded without delay as the edition is fast running out.

## THE LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.

We acknowledge our obligations to the several editors of this city and elsewhere for the complimentary manner in which they have spoken of our LEVIATHAN No. 2, and we present below, the substance of what has been said on the subject for the information of our readers. We are quite aware—and the public will not be long in discovering—that our Leviathans are far the best things of the sort that have ever appeared in this or any country; and we are happy to add that the success of the enterprise has equalled our most sanguine expectations.

**THE NEW WORLD.**—Creation in miniature—so far as typography is concerned; or a new world, so far as all previous diurnal or hebdomadal publications have tended to create a literary world, or a "Republic of letters"—came to us yesterday in the shape of a single newspaper, of the enormous dimensions of seven feet by 5, edited by Park Benjamin. We pity the editor, compositors and pressmen who are concerned in making such a world, but we congratulate the reading public that they can carry about them, an entire library and a picture gallery besides, in a compact form, at a cost less than that of a Dilworth spelling book, while its contents are equal to half a dozen volumes of Harper's Family Library.—[New-York Standard.]

The New World of March 4th, of which we have seen a copy, is an immense sheet; it appears to us far more than ever. It is crowded with literary miscellany, gemmed with a great number of very fine wood engravings. It is a wonder how so vast a sheet can be so beautifully printed.—[Evening Post.]

**THE NEW WORLD.**—We acknowledge the receipt of a mammoth New World, which is certainly the largest newspaper we have ever seen, and well filled with excellent matter, beside being illustrated with wood cuts. It is a literary curiosity which will doubtless be purchased by thousands for the purpose of preservation. We are pleased to perceive that the publishers of this paper continue to receive a liberal support from the public.—[Courier & Enq.]

**THE DOUBLE NEW WORLD** will be for sale to-morrow, we understand. We have received a copy, and recommend every body to buy it, if only for the sake of having such a curiosity. Its size is immense—it is embellished with any quantity of well executed wood cuts, and contains right good reading matter, and plenty of it.—[New-York American.]

**THE NEW WORLD.**—Another gigantic number of this paper will be issued to-morrow. It is huge beyond all precedent, we believe; and certainly beyond all toleration. It is a library in itself—and moreover a gallery of pictures. Its dimensions are—we do not know what, in feet and inches—but they are outrageous. For comfortable reading of it there is but one way—to hang it up against the wall and take aim at it from a considerable distance, with a pocket telescope.—[Commercial Advertiser.]

**THE DOUBLE NEW WORLD.**—This immense sheet is a curiosity worth having. It is embellished with a large number of wood cuts, and contains as much reading as a small library. It will be for sale to-day.—[New-York Express.]

We have received the Leviathan New World. It is beyond all cavil or question the handsomest sheet ever published. The woodcuts are numerous and select, and the reading matter is ditto. The engraving of Napoleon in his coffin is alone worth the price of the paper—ONE SHILLING! One shilling! for a dozen engravings and a week's reading! Verily some things can be done as well as others.—[Evening Times and Star.]

The double New World comes out this week larger than ever.—[Journal of Commerce.]

**THE NEW WORLD.**—The proprietors of this popular journal have issued a second 'Leviathan number,' which surpasses in size, in the beauty of its embellishments and typography, and in the excellence of its literary contents, any single periodical sheet ever published.—[Philadelphia Standard.]

**THE NEW WORLD** comes to us this week particularly interesting. It contains a number of very beautiful wood cuts, besides an immense variety of choice reading matter. We will remark that it is of an extra size.—[Baltimore Clipper.]

**THE NEW WORLD.**—Well may the editors of this paper say "No pent up Utica contracts our powers," for they have just published a sheet nearly as long as from here to Utica. The wood cuts are superb—especially that of Napoleon in his coffin. Altogether, this is the most splendid specimen of the mammoth we have seen. The only way to see it all at once is by looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope.—[New York Democrat.]

**LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.**—We have received from Mr. Redding, 8 State street, where some tons of the same may be procured, this magnificent sheet, which richly merits the appellation given it by the publishers. It contains 44 columns of reading matter, with a numerous array of fine wood engravings, among them Napoleon in his coffin as he appeared at the disinterment. This is unquestionably the largest and best printed newspaper ever issued in the world. Price only twelve and a half cents.—[Boston Transcript.]

**LEVIATHAN SHEET.**—We have before us another Leviathan sheet from the office of the New World, at New-York. It is embellished with a number of very elegant engravings on various subjects, and has reading matter enough in its immense columns to entertain one for a fortnight. This splendid specimen of the typographic art may be had of the agent, Mr. Taylor, No. 4 North street.—[Baltimore American.]

**LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.**—The second number of this immense print has been received by Mr. Redding, the agent in this city, at No. 8 State street. It contains a very large amount of original and selected matter, illustrated by several engravings, published in folio form, on an immense sheet, which well deserves the name given it by the publishers.—[Boston Daily Advertiser.]

Another magnificent number of the "Leviathan New World" was received yesterday by the agent in this city, Mr. G. W. Redding, No. 8 State street. It is a splendid number, and contains numerous beautiful engravings.—[Boston Atlas.]

Redding, at No. 8 State street, has the New World, Leviathan Number, containing about an acre of good reading.—[Boston Post.]

Redding, No. 8 State street, has received a Leviathan number of the New World. It is in every sense of the word a great paper—great in size, great in matter on great men, great events, great pictures, and we suppose there will be a great rush for it.—[Bay State Democrat.]

**SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.**—Our readers, who have been favored with a sight of the "Leviathan New World," cannot fail to have admired the beautiful gallery of "PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, AND VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND," presented on its fourth page. They were executed by B. J. Loosing, and are now for the first time published. They are to adorn the second volume of Mr. Sears's Pictorial Bible; we are confident that they cannot fail highly to recommend this valuable and interesting work, of which the first volume has elicited so many warm and just encomiums.

Mr. SEARS has pursued the right course to bring his popular work largely into notice. He has advertised liberally, and has presented to the public, on which to form a judgment, the unbiased opinions of the better portion of the journals of the day. These, whether religious or secular, unite in commending the book as one which ought to be in the hands of every family throughout the Union. We direct the reader's particular attention to that part of the paper where they may be found. We cordially join our recommendations with those of so many influential and respected editors.

## Married.

On the 23d of February, by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. Isaac Plumb and Miss Catharine Eliza Grant, all of this city.

On the 2d instant, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Hugh Grange and Miss Margaretta L. Cairns.

February 25, by Rev. Mr. Evans, in St. Philip's Church, Mr. James L. Thompson and Miss Matilda Jennings, both of this city.

February 24, by Rev. J. B. Hardenbergh, D. D., Mr. Henry Cameron, jun., and Miss Elizabeth Lippincott, all of this city.

February 24, by the acting Mayor, Mr. Andrew Alexander and Miss Rebecca Wypher, all of this city.

February 24, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. J. L. Tipton and Miss Angelina Shingleton.

In Concord, Mass., February 25, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. Henry Barrett and Miss Hannah R. Hudson.

## Died.

February 28, Mr. Thomas Chester Coit, of the firm of Clark & Coit, aged 49.

March 1, of consumption, Julius Davis, aged 31.

March 1, Caleb D. Haviland, aged 47.

March 2, of consumption, Miss Rebecca R. Ruthven, youngest daughter of the late Cyrus L. Ruthven, aged 17.

February 24, James Barry, in the 41st year of his age.

February 24, Mrs. Sophia B., wife of Charles H. Hill, in the 33d year of her age.

February 21, Mrs. Catharine Parker, wife of Frederick Parker, in the 23d year of her age.

February 24, Mrs. Cornelia G. Barnum, wife of A. Barnum, aged 49.

February 25, Mrs. Lydia Imley, in the 44th year of her age.

February 26, of consumption, Joseph E., son of Christopher Wray, aged 22 years.

February 25, Isabella, wife of Thomas Masters, in the 57th year of her age.

February 25, Miss Janet Shiells, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Shiells, aged 15.

February 26, in the 80th year of her age, Ann Haynes, a native of Gloucester, England, and relict of the late Thomas Haynes.

February 26, Margaret Ann, wife of Alexander Chalmers, and second daughter of Dr. Thomas Boyd.

February 24, Miss Lucy Goodale Thurston, aged 17, daughter of Rev. Asa Thurston, Missionary at Kailua on Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands.

February 26, Mr. Thomas Smith, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 90 years, a native of Hadley, Mass.

February 26, Catharine, wife of John Newhouse, aged 41.

At Provincetown, February 19, Mr. Matthew L. Rowe, a native of Flahkell, N. Y.

At Detroit, February 16, Mrs. William Hunt.

At Honesdale, Penn., February 2, Mrs. Lucy Davis, mother of Gen. George E. Davis, of Troy, aged 75.

At Springville, Michigan, Feb. 15, Mr. John Smith, son of the late Col. Richard Smith.



PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.



"No pent-up Ulica contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

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WHOLE NUMBER 41.



THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

## Heads of the People.

### THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The Country Schoolmaster is one of the most marked characters of the country. Spite of the tingling remembrance of his blows, we have a real love for him, and sympathise with him in his sense of neglect. He complains, and justly too, that he has had the first moulding of the intellects of many of the greatest geniuses which this country has produced, yet what genius in his glory has looked back to his old dominion with a grateful recognition? The worthy Sir Walter Scott is almost the only one. Dominic Sampson, Reuben Butler, Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish-clerk of Gauderleugh, and Peter Pattieson, are delightful proofs of the fact. But Scott saw the world of peculiar character which lies in the Country Schoolmaster, and disdained not to honor it as it deserved. Beyond this, little renown, in faith, has the village Dionysius won. Shenstone has done fitting honor to the village schoolmistress; but the master has been fain to shelter himself under the sole bush of laurel which the good-natured Oliver Goldsmith has planted to his renown in "The Deserted Village."

Poor fellow! true enough are Oliver's words, "Past is all his fame." He has had a quiet and a flattering life of it, for many a generation; the rustics have gazed and wondered

"That one small head could carry all he knew."

But the innovations of this innovating age have reached even him at last. He has built his cabin in an obscure hamlet, or, as in Ireland, set up his hedge-school under some sunny bank; he has retreated to the remotest glens, and the fastnesses of unfrequented mountains, but even there the modern spirit of reform has found him out. He sees a cloud of ruinous blackness collecting over his head, out of which are about to spring ten thousand school-masters of a new-fangled stamp; and he knows that it is all up with him for ever. The railroad of national education is about to run through his ancient patrimony, and he shakes his head as he asks himself whether he is to come in for equitable compensation. No, his fame is past, and his occupation is going too. He is to be run down by an act of parliament to set him up. He was the selector of his own location, the builder of his own fortunes. The good old honest stimulant of caring for himself led him to care for the education of his neighbor's children; he needed no subscription to buy land and build a spacious school; he opened his cottage door, and in walked all the lads of the hamlet and neighboring farms, with slates slung round their necks, books under arms, and their dinners in their bags. For

fourpence a week, reading and spelling, and sixpence for those who write and cipher, he gave them hard benches and hard blows; and when he had as many stowed into his little house as were about enow to stifle him and one another, thought himself a lucky fellow, and looked round on the whole horde, with dirty faces and corduroy jackets and trousers, rough heads, and white or blue pinafores, with a pride which saw the future neighborhood filled with clever fellows, all of his own drubbing.

Poor old schoolmaster! little didst thou foresee these topsy-turvy times when I used to sit amongst such a rustic crew, and achieve pot-hooks and fish-hooks at that sorely blotted and lacerated desk; and saw thee sitting in thy glory, looking, in my eyes, the very image of mortal greatness. Little, as we stole late into school, having been delayed by the charms of birds'-nests or cockchafers, and heard thee thunder forth in lion-tones, "Eh! what's this?"

"A miller, a moller,  
A ten o'clock scholar."

March this way, march this way!" little, as we ran, wild truants, through cowslip fields, and by sunny brooks, with hearts beating with mingled rapture and dread of the morrow; little, as we riotously barred thee out for a holiday; did we ever dream that so dark a day could come upon thee! But, in faith, it is just at hand, and if we are to preserve a portrait of the Country Schoolmaster, we must sketch it now or never.

Oliver Goldsmith has hit off some of his most striking features. The Country Schoolmaster, in his finest field of glory, the hamlet—where, except the clergyman, there are no higher personages than old-fashioned farmers, who received their book-learning from himself or his predecessor—is a man of importance, both in his own eyes and those of others. He yet makes the rustics stare at his "words of learned length and thundering sound;" he can yet dispute with the parson, though he looks frequently in the profound admirer of his reverence: he more upon himself as the greatest man in the parish, except the parson, whose knowledge he extols to the skies, and whose reading of the church services he pronounces the finest in the world. The villagers always link "our parson and our schoolmaster" in one breath of admiration. If the Schoolmaster can quote a sentence of Latin, wonderful is then their wonder of his powers. He is always styled "a long-headed fellow, as deep as the north star." As in Goldsmith's days, he can still often guage, and is the land-measurer of the district. In the bright, evening nook of the public house, where the farmer, and the village shopkeepers, and the blacksmith duly congregate, his voice is loud, his air is lofty, and his word is law. There he often confounds their intellects by some such puzzling query as "Whether the egg or the bird was made first?" "What man Cain expected to meet in the wilderness before there was a man there?" or, "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?"

If he be self-educated, as he generally is, he has spent the best part of his life in studying Latin; or he is deep in mathematics; or he has dived into the mysteries of astrology; has great faith in Raphael's annual prognostications, and in "Culpepper's Herbal." His literature consists of a copy of verses sent now and then to the neighboring newspaper, or solutions of mathematical problems for the learned columns of the same. Perhaps he adventures a flight so high as one of the London magazines; and if, by chance, his lucubration should appear in the "Gentleman's," his pride is unbounded, and his reputation in his neighborhood made for life. His library has been purchased at the bookstall of the next market town, or he has taken it in at the door in numbers from the walking stationer. "Rapin's History of England," "Josephus," and "Barclay's Dictionary," in large quartos on coarse paper, and the histories with coarse cuts, are sure to figure amongst them. He carries on a little trade in ink, pens, writing paper, and other stationery, himself. If he be married, his wife is almost sure to drive a still brisker trade in gingerbread, Darby-and-Joans, toffy and lollipops. As he is famous for his penmanship, he is the great letter-writer of the neighborhood, and many is the love secret that is confided to his ear. Nay, he letters signboards, and cart-boards, and coffin-plates; for who is there besides that can? He makes wills, and has, in former days, before the lawyers hedged round their monopoly with the penalty of illegality on such deeds, drawn conveyances, and was the peaceful practitioner in all such affairs for his neighborhood.

Oh! multifarious are the doings of the Country Schoolmaster, and amusing are their variety. What an air of pedagogic pomp distinguishes him; how antiquely amusing is his school costume often; how much more amusing the piebald patchwork of his language. His address has frequently no little of mine ancient *Pistol* in it. But how uniquely curious is the Country Schoolmaster in love! I happen to have in my possession the actual love-letter of a Country Schoolmaster, which, as a curiosity, is worth transcribing. The Dominie has now long been married to his fair one, who is as pretty a little Tartar as any in the country. He writes something in the phraseology of a Quaker, but he is, in fact, the parish-clerk. In copying the letter, I alter not a word, except the actual names of places.

NUTHURST, Nov. 1st, 1816.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND: I embrace the present opportunity of addressing these few lines unto thee, hoping they will find thee in good health, which leaves me the same, thank my God! Respected P., I have often told thee I don't much like illustrating my sentiments by correspondence, but I write with a majestic air of animation and delight when I communicate my thoughts to one that I love beyond description; yes! to one that is virtuous, innocent, and unblemishable; which has a comely behavior, a loving disposition, and a goodly principle. And thou, the person! charming fair one, which may justly boast of thy virtue, and laugh at others' aspersion. Dear P., when I reflect on all thy amiable qualities, and fond endearments, I am charmingly exalted, and amply satisfied. My senses are the more stimulated with love, and every wish gives thee a congratulation. Amiable P., I've meditated on our former accompaniments, and been wonderfully dignified at thine condescending graces. I, in particular, admire thy good temper, and thine relentful forgiveness. For when we have partook of a walk together, some trifling idea has exasperated my disposition, and rendered my behavior ungenerous and disreputable. Thou, like a benevolent friend, soothe the absurd incensement, and instantly resuscitated our respective amorousness, and doubly exaggerated our loving enamours. While, above all others, I thee regard, and whilst love is spontaneously imprinted in our hearts, let it have its unbounded course. Loving Friend, I was more than a little gratified that thou wrote to thy Mrs., which was thy duty, for she has been thy peculiar friend, and gave thee competent admonition. She is a faithful monitor, and a well-wisher to thine everlasting welfare. I was absolutely grieved when I heard of thee not being well, and completely fretted that I was aloof, and could not sympathize with thy inconsolatory moments. I candidly hope thy cough is better, and I earnestly desire that our absence may be immediately transformed into lasting presence, that we may enjoy our fond hopes and loving embraces.

"My dear, the last Sunday night that I was at Bivington, I parted with thee about four o'clock; and I stopped in the market-place looking at the soldiers parading, and harkening the band playing, till about six; then I proceeded on my nightly excursion. I called at the public house, and was spouting a little of my romantic nonsense, and I instantly received a blow from a person in the adjoining company. I never retaliated, which was very surprising, but a wisely omission. I should not have troubled thee with this tedious explanation hadst thou not been preposterously informed about the subject. Thy ingrateful relations can't help telling thee of my vain actions, which is said purposely to abolish our acquaintance. But we are so accustomed to their insinuating persuasions and ambidextrous tales, that renders them unlikely to execute their wishful designs. Our loves are too inflexible than to be separated by a set of contemptuous ors.

"My dearest dear, at this present I wish I had thee dandling between my arms. I would give that sweet mouth ten thousand kisses, for I prefer thy well-composed structure above all other secular beauties.

"Loving P—, I will positively come to fetch thee at the respective period, when we can have a consolable and delightful journey homeward, reanimate our fond and innocent delights, salute at pleasure, and every kiss will sweeten our progressive paths; they will add delightfully to our warm affections, and invigorate us to perform our journey with the greatest facility.

"I thank thee for sending thy complimentary love to me, which I conclude with ten thousand respects.

"I remain, thine ever faithful and constant lover,  
"S. G.—."

But this is only the ludicrous side of the Country Schoolmaster; he has another and a noble one. Much as we may now despise him, and lightly as we may desire, by one sweeping act of parliament, to consign him and all his compeers to instant ruin and a union work-house *finale*, to him the country owes a large debt of gratitude. Without aid of parliament, or parish, from age to age, he has opened his little gymnasium, and tamed and civilized the Fauns and Satyrs of the rural wilderness. What little light and knowledge have radiated through our villages and fields, it is he that has kindled them. It is he who has enabled the farmer, the miller, the baker, and every little tradesman and mechanic to conduct his affairs, manage his markets, and add to the capital of the nation. It is he who has taught the rough cub of the hamlet to make his bow, to respect his superiors; in fact, to get a little glimmering of morals and manners, and a passable shape of humanity. Nay, many of these humble men have been clergymen, who have won honors at college, and have been full of the fire of genius and the kernel of wisdom, but who, having not the golden wings of this world, have sunk down into obscure Thorpes and Wicks, and in far-off fields and forest regions have gone on their way like little unnoticed books, moaning over their lot, yet scattering plenty and greenness around them. How many such are there, at this day, sitting in uncouth garbs, in uncouth places, on dreary moorlands, and amongst wild falls and mountains. Such have I seen in various parts of these kingdoms, and wondered at their patience and holy resignation. On the tops of the wildest hills, by some little chapel like that of Fribank, near Sedberg, in Yorkshire, I have opened the door of a cabin which was filled with a hum as with bees, and found a company of bare-legged boys and girls round a peat-fire on the hearth; and a young man with the air of a scholar and a clergyman, sitting as their teacher.

It is under such men that Shakspeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Newton, Crabbe, and many another noble genius, have sate in their boyish days, and received from them the elements of that knowledge with which they were afterward to do such marvels before all mankind. We will warrant that such was the man whom good-hearted Goldsmith first trembled at, and then immortalized. The Country Schoolmaster, indeed, has cause of high pride; and when we pass our act of parliament for our ten thousand new schools and spic-and-span new masters, let us remember the long reign, and the glories, and the patient and ill-paid merits of the old Country Schoolmaster, and "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Bitter will be that day of revolution to him, but we can make it less bitter; hard will be the fall, but kindness and generous sympathy can break it,—and dismiss the picturesque, if somewhat dogmatic old man, to an old age of honorable ease.

### THE CHAMBER-MAID.

Comfort is a word truly English; and we have commenced our present sketch with the phrase because the fair young woman who appears above is intimately connected with the quality which, with its outward sign or symbol, is so native to our soil.

We do not doubt that there are many persons among the readers of our paper who have been so placed as to have proved the truth of what we have asserted; who, after a day's journey, have put up at an old inn, and while there seated, forgot the existence of those cares which the slightest hearts are not free from.

How, to such a person, is enjoyment added to enjoyment, until the climax is gained by the appearance of our subject, in all the unadorned freshness which gay spirits and a country life have given her. Let us trace these developments of comfort, and then put the question, whether monarchs might not envy the feelings of men for the consummation of whose earthly bliss Chamber-maids seem to have been formed? Imagine the day dirty and hot, the companions of the traveler silent, or sulky, the time he has been outside the stage twelve hours, the only alleviation to the weariness of which have been a lukewarm breakfast and a hasty dinner; do this, and you will be able to conceive the joy with which he leaps off the stage, and the smile of affection that he vouchsafes to landlord, ostler, boots, waiters and maids.

This, however, is but the beginning of his pleasant time. No sooner is he fairly sheltered in the tavern than the vocation of our subject is made known to him; and happy must any man be to see himself thus surrounded by things that speak of our best and dearest friends!

Sometimes a sense of thankfulness is so strong (and we ourselves do not shrink from the avowal of having so felt) as to make the sojourner, while putting to their various uses he things prepared for him, soliloquize upon the absent provider, asking himself to whom he is indebted for each, and answering such queries with the name of the fair administratrix of his wants. "Who placed this cooling crystal water here?" he inquires, as the pure element is applied to his dusty and sun-tanned face and hands—"The Chamber-maid," is the reply. "Who so nicely and neatly folded this piece of figured and fringed diaper?" is the second question, and, as in the former case, "The Chamber-maid" are the responding words. Thus the gentleman goes on and on, asking and answering; and by the time he has finished, the frequent repetitions of "The Chamber-maid" bring to his recollection the burthen of Dr. Watt's renowned song of childhood.

The presence of the lady so apostrophised does not gladden the eyes and souls of those who await her coming with so great a longing until a late hour, therefore does it impart a higher gratification than would be experienced under

other circumstances. Ample time is given to the gentleman who will at midnight be guided to his bed by so smiling and glad a creature as the Chamber-maid, to enjoy the things before him. A dinner at an inn such as that where he has taken up his present quarters is a meal that, from its abstract substantiality and the absence of those associating fripperies which are seen in higher places, to any man with a human appetite must be delicious. The discussion of this is varied by small talk; and when the banquet (truly so) is finished, the glasses are filled, the cigars lighted, and conversation, which has hitherto only rippled along, swells out into greater breadth and more speedy flow. Yet, whatever subjects are broached—politics, the state of the markets, or a magnificent *murder*—the pauses that now and then occur are devoted to grateful recollections of a certain fair servitor, and a fervent expectation of being put to bed by the same in a manner that Mahomet himself might, were he alive, envy.

When it approaches the hour of twelve, she to whom we have referred prepares to make everything snug for the visitors. With a bright brass candlestick in one hand, and a no less brilliant warming-pan in the other, is she to be seen running up stairs; after she has got over which she is busy with the white smooth sheets that are to swathe the limbs of the wayfarers below. Her action of running the copper round, up, down, and across these, is truly beautiful. Not long is she at her work, and when she finishes, there arises from the couch upon which she has been operating, an atmosphere such as to woo even the least somnolent to its warm and balmy embrace.

From floor to floor does our sweet little friend run with all the swiftness of the sylph Taglioni. At last the preliminaries of rest are concluded, and then comes the thing itself.

"This way, if you please, sir," is said in a low, gentle voice. Had we not eyes to see the speaker, we should know that it was a woman. "Mind that stair, sir," continues the Chamber-maid, as she trips on a little in advance of her companion: "this is your room, sir. Good night." She smiles, curtsies, and prepares to depart; but, ere she has passed the threshold of the bed-room door, she reminds herself of some forgotten duty. It is (blush not, our dear female readers) to adjust the bed-clothes. This operation she performs with all the nicety that characterised her previous efforts. Very gently is the top of counterpane, sheets and blankets laid over and smoothed, and surpassingly delicate is the manner in which the sides receive an extra tuck in. With the completion of these things the pretty girl repeats her "Good night, sir," and flits out of sight, the tapping of her little feet making music upon the stairs. Of him who is left behind what shall we say? Nothing, we think, is necessary to urge, further than a remark, *en passant*, that was it not for fatigue, his slumbers would be in a fair way of knowing a disturbance, and that even as it is he has dreams of her who has so fully administered to his wants.

The Chamber-maid is a thing within a thing—the core of that whose very name and outside are heart-cheering to the last degree. We have said that an English inn is comfortable; so too is its interior stuff: and like a boy seeking for the kernel of some sweet fruit, we can unbind the circles, concentrated in which is the pretty person of our delightful and useful subject.

### Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

#### THE POUNDER.

A ballad concerning another doughty knight of the same family, and most probably, considering the date, a brother of Garcí Perez de Vargas. Its story is thus alluded to in Don Quixote, in the chapter of *The Windmills*:—

"However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, 'I have read,' said he, 'friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a mazy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruiser.' I tell this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe! 'Heaven grant you may,' cried Sancho: 'I believe it all, because your worship says it.'"

The Christians have beleaguere'd the famous walls of Xeres,  
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,  
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,  
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,  
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.  
No knight like Don Diego—no sword like his is found  
In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynims to the ground.

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain,  
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;  
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,  
To serve Diego at his need with faulchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,  
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full  
nigh,  
A comely tree with branches strong, close by the wall of  
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego  
Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive  
strong,  
Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he spurs among the  
God wot! full many a Pagan must in his saddle reel!  
What leech shall cure, what priest shall shrive, if once that  
weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,  
Quoth he, "I've seen some flail-arm'd man belabor barley so!"  
Sure mortal mould did ne'er fold such mastery of power;  
Let's call Diego Perez THE POUNDER from this hour."

\* *Machuca*, from *Machucor*, to pound as in a mortar,  
† *Machucor*.

### Recent Literature.

From the Knickerbocker for March.

#### DON JUAN:

A SPECTRAL RESEARCH.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

"I have heard of spirits walking with aerial bodies, and have been wondered at by others; but I must only wonder at myself, for, if they be not mad, I'm come to my own burial!"—(Shirley's *Witty Fairies* One.)

Every body has heard of the fate of Don Juan, the famous libertine of Seville, who, for his sins against the fair sex, and other minor peccadilloes, was hurried away to the infernal regions. His story has been illustrated in play, in pantomime, and farce, on every stage in Christendom, until at length it has been rendered the theme of the opera of operas, and embalmed to endless duration in the glorious music of Mozart. I well recollect the effect of this story upon my feelings in my boyish days, though represented in grotesque pantomime; the awe with which I contemplated the monumental statue on horseback of the murdered commander, gleaming by pale moonlight in the convent cemetery: how my heart quaked as he bowed his marble head, and accepted the impious invitation of Don Juan: how each foot-fall of the statue smote upon my heart, as I heard it approach, step by step, through the echoing corridor, and beheld it enter, and advance, a moving figure of stone, to the supper table! But then the convivial scene in the charnal house, where Don Juan returned the visit of the statue; was offered a banquet of skulls and bones, and on refusing to partake, was hurled into a yawning gulf, under a tremendous shower of fire! These were accumulated horrors enough to shake the nerves of the most pantomime-loving school-boy. Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere fable. I myself thought so once; but "seeing is believing." I have since beheld the very scene where it took place, and now to indulge any doubt on the subject would be preposterous.

I was one night perambulating the streets of Seville, in company with a Spanish friend, a curious investigator of the popular traditions and other good-for-nothing lore of the city, and who was kind enough to imagine he had met, in me, with a congenial spirit. In the course of our rambles, we were passing by a heavy, dark gate-way, opening into the courtyard of a convent, when he laid his hand upon my arm: "Stop!" said he; "this is the convent of San Francisco; there is a story connected with it, which I am sure must be known to you. You cannot but have heard of Don Juan and the marble statue?"

"Undoubtedly," replied I; "it has been familiar to me from childhood."

"Well, then, it was in the cemetery of this very convent that the events took place."

"Why, you do not mean to say that the story is founded on fact?"

"Undoubtedly it is. The circumstances of the case are said to have occurred during the reign of Alfonso XI. Don Juan was of the noble family of Tenorio, one of the most illustrious houses of Andalusia. His father, Don Diego Tenorio, was a favorite of the king, and his family ranked among the *vieitecueros*, or magistrates, of the city. Presuming on his high descent and powerful connections, Don Juan set no bounds to his excesses: no female, high or low, was sacred from his pursuit; and he soon became the scandal of Seville. One of his most daring outrages was, to penetrate by night into the palace of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, commander of the order of Calatrava, and attempt to carry off his daughter. The household was alarmed; a scuffle in the dark took place; Don Juan escaped, but the unfortunate commander was found weltering in his blood, and expired without being able to name his murderer. Suspicions attached to Don Juan; he did not stop to meet the investigations of justice and the vengeance of the powerful family of Ulloa, but fled from Seville, and took refuge with his uncle, Don Pedro Tenorio, at that time ambassador at the court of Naples. Here he remained until the agitation occasioned by the murder of Don Gonzalo had time to subside; and the scandal which the affair might cause to both the families of Ulloa and Tenorio had induced them to hush it up. Don Juan, however, continued his libertine career at Naples, until at length his excesses forfeited the protection of his uncle, the ambassador, and obliged him again to flee. He had made his way back to Seville, trusting that his past misdeeds were forgotten, or rather trusting to his dare-devil spirit and the power of his family, to carry him through all difficulties.

"It was shortly after his return, and while in the height of his arrogance, that, on visiting this very convent of Francisco, he beheld on a monument the equestrian statue of the murdered commander, who had been buried within the walls of this sacred edifice, where the family of Ulloa had a chapel. It was on this occasion that Don Juan, in a moment of impious levity, invited the statue to the banquet, the awful catastrophe of which has given such celebrity to his story."

"And pray how much of this story," said I, "is believed in Seville?"

"The whole of it by the populace; with whom it has been a favorite tradition since time immemorial, and who crowd to the theatres to see it represented in dramas written long since by Tyro de Molina, and another of our popular writers. Many in our higher ranks also, accustomed from childhood to this story, would feel somewhat indignant at hearing it treated with contempt. An attempt has been made to explain the whole, by asserting that, to put an end to the extravagancies of Don Juan, and to pacify the family of Ulloa, without exposing the delinquent to the degrading penalties of justice, he was decoyed into this convent under false pretext, and either plunged into a perpetual dungeon, or privately hurried out of existence; while the story of the statue was circulated by the monks, to account for his sudden disappearance. The populace, however, are not to be cajoled out of a ghost story by any of these plausible explanations; and the marble statue still strides the stage, and Don Juan is still plunged into the infernal regions, as an awful warning to all rake-helly youngsters, in like case offending."

While my companion was relating these anecdotes, we



had entered the gateway, traversed the exterior court-yard of the convent, and made our way into a great interior court, partly surrounded by cloisters and dormitories, partly by chapels, and having a large fountain in the centre. The pile had evidently once been extensive and magnificent; but it was for the greater part in ruins. By the light of the stars, and of twinkling lamps placed here and there in the corridors, I could see that many of the columns and arches were broken; the walls were rent and riven; while burnt beams and rafters showed the destructive effects of fire. The whole place had a desolate air; the night breeze rustled through grass and weeds flaunting out of the crevices of the walls, or from the shattered columns; the bat flitted about the vaulted passages, and the owl hooted from the ruined belfry. Never was any scene more completely fitted for a ghost story.

While I was indulging in picturings of the fancy, proper to such a place, the deep chaunt of the monks from the convent church came swelling upon the ear. "It is the vesper service," said my companion; "follow me."

Leading the way across the court of the cloisters, and through one or two ruined passages, he reached the distant portals of the church, and pushing open a wicket, cut in the folding doors, we found ourselves in the deep arched vestibule of the sacred edifice. To our left was the choir, forming one end of the church, and having a low vaulted ceiling, which gave it the look of a cavern. About this were ranged the monks, seated on stools, and chaunting from immense books placed on music-stands, and having the notes scored in such gigantic characters as to be legible from every part of the choir. A few lights on these music-stands dimly illuminated the choir, gleamed on the shaven heads of the monks, and threw their shadows on the walls. They were gross, blue-bearded, bullet-headed men, with bass voices, of deep metallic tone, that reverberated out of the cavernous choir.

To our right extended the great body of the church. It was spacious and lofty; some of the side chapels had gilded grates, and were decorated with images and paintings, representing the sufferings of our Saviour. Aloft was a great painting by Murillo, but too much in the dark to be distinguished. The gloom of the whole church was but faintly relieved by the reflected light from the choir, and the glimmering here and there of a votive lamp before the shrine of a saint.

As my eye roamed about the shadowy pile, it was struck with the dimly seen figure of a man on horseback, near a distant altar. I touched my companion, and pointed to it: "The spectre statue!" said I.

"No," replied he; "it is the statue of the blessed St. Iago; the statue of the commander was in the cemetery of the convent, and was destroyed at the time of the conflagration. But," added he, "as I see you take a proper interest in these kind of stories, come with me to the other end of the church, where our whisperings will not disturb these holy fathers at their devotions, and I will tell you another story, that has been current for some generations in our city, by which you will find that Don Juan is not the only libertine that has been the object of supernatural castigation in Seville."

I accordingly followed him with noiseless tread to the farther part of the church, where we took our seats on the steps of an altar, opposite to the suspicious-looking figure on horseback, and there, in a low mysterious voice, he related to me the following narrative:

"There was once in Seville a gay young fellow, Don Manuel de Manara by name, who having come to a great estate by the death of his father, gave the reins to his passions, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. Like Don Juan, whom he seemed to have taken for a model, he became famous for his enterprises among the fair sex, and was the cause of doors being barred and windows grated with more than usual strictness. All in vain. No balcony was too high for him to scale; no bolt or bar was proof against his efforts; and his very name was a word of terror to all the jealous husbands and cautious fathers of Seville. His exploits extended to country as well as city; and in the village dependant on his castle, scarce a rural beauty was safe from his arts and enterprises.

"As he was one day ranging the streets of Seville, with several of his dissolute companions, he beheld a procession about to enter the gate of a convent. In the centre was a young female, arrayed in the dress of a bride; it was a novice, who, having accomplished her year of probation, was about to take the black veil, and consecrate herself to heaven. The companions of Don Manuel drew back, out of respect to the sacred pageant; but he pressed forward, with his usual impetuosity, to gain a near view of the novice. He almost jostled her, in passing through the portal of the church, when, on her turning round, he beheld the countenance of a beautiful village girl, who had been the object of his ardent pursuit, but who had been spirited secretly out of his reach by her relatives. She recognized him at the same moment, and fainted; but was borne within the grate of the chapel. It was supposed the agitation of the ceremony and the heat of the throng had overcome her. After some time, the curtain which hung within the grate was drawn up: there stood the novice, pale and trembling, surrounded by the abbess and the nuns. The ceremony proceeded; the crown of flowers was taken from her head: she was shorn of her silken tresses, received the black veil, and went passively through the remainder of the ceremony.

"Don Manuel de Manara, on the contrary, was roused to fury at the sight of this sacrifice. His passion, which had almost faded away in the absence of the object, now glowed with tenfold ardor, being inflamed by the difficulties placed in his way, and piqued by the measures which had been taken to defeat him. Never had the object of his pursuit appeared so lovely and desirable as when within the grate of the convent; and he swore to have her, in defiance of heaven and earth. By dint of bribing a female servant of the convent, he contrived to convey letters to her, pleading his passion in the most eloquent and seductive terms. How successful they were, is only matter of conjecture; certain it is, he undertook one night to scale the garden wall of the convent, either to carry off the nun, or gain admission to her cell. Just as he was mounting the wall, he was suddenly plucked back, and a stranger, muffled in a cloak, stood before him.

"'Rash man, forbear!' cried he: 'is it not enough to

have violated all human ties? Wouldst thou steal a bride from Heaven!'

"The sword of Don Manuel had been drawn on the instant, and furious at this interruption, he passed it through the body of the stranger, who fell dead at his feet. Hearing approaching footsteps, he fled the fatal spot, and mounting his horse, which was at hand, retreated to his estate in the country, at no great distance from Seville. Here he remained throughout the next day, full of horror and remorse; dreading lest he should be known as the murderer of the deceased, and fearing each moment the arrival of the officers of justice.

"The day passed, however, without molestation; and, as the evening advanced, unable any longer to endure this state of uncertainty and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Irresistibly his footsteps took the direction of the convent; but he paused and hovered at a distance from the scene of blood. Several persons were gathered round the place, one of whom was busy nailing something against the convent wall. After a while they dispersed, and one passed near to Don Manuel. The latter addressed him, with hesitating voice.

"Señor," said he, "may I ask the reason of yonder throng?"

"A cavalier," replied the other, "has been murdered."

"Murdered!" echoed Don Manuel; "and can you tell me his name?"

"Don Manuel de Manara," replied the stranger, and passed on.

Don Manuel was startled at this mention of his own name; especially when applied to the murdered man. He ventured, when it was entirely deserted, to approach the fatal spot. A small cross had been nailed against the wall, as is customary in Spain, to mark the place where a murder has been committed; and just below it he read, by the twinkling light of a lamp: "Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God for his soul!"

Still more confounded and perplexed by this inscription, he wandered about the streets until the night was far advanced, and all was still and lonely. As he entered the principal square, the light of torches suddenly broke on him, and he beheld a grand funeral procession moving across it. There was a great train of priests, and many persons of dignified appearance, in ancient Spanish dresses, attending as mourners, none of whom he knew. Accosting a servant who followed in the train, he demanded the name of the defunct.

"Don Manuel de Manara," was the reply; and it went cold to his heart. He looked, and indeed beheld the armorial bearings of his family emblazoned on the funeral escutcheons. Yet not one of his family was to be seen among the mourners. The mystery was more and more incomprehensible.

He followed the procession as it moved on to the cathedral. The bier was deposited before the high altar; the funeral service was commenced, and the grand organ began to peal through the vaulted aisles.

Again the youth ventured to question this awful pageant. "Father," said he, with trembling voice, to one of the priests, "who is this you are about to inter?"

"Don Manuel de Manara!" replied the priest.

"Father," cried Don Manuel, impatiently, "you are deceived. This is some imposture. Know that Don Manuel de Manara is alive and well, and now stands before you. I am Don Manuel de Manara!"

"'Avant, rash youth!" cried the priest; "know that Don Manuel de Manara is dead!—is dead!—is dead!—and we are all souls from purgatory, his deceased relatives and ancestors, and others that have been aided by masses from his family, who are permitted to come here and pray for the repose of his soul!"

"Don Manuel cast round a fearful glance upon the assemblage, in antiquated Spanish garb, and recognised in their pale and ghastly countenances the portraits of many an ancestor that hung in the family picture-gallery. He now lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself, but in the fixed and livid lineaments of death. Just at that moment the whole choir burst forth with a 'Requiescat in pace,' that shook the vaults of the cathedral. Don Manuel sank senseless on the pavement. He was found there early the next morning by the sacristan, and conveyed to his home. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for a friar, and made a full confession of all that had happened.

"My son," said the friar, "all this is a miracle and a mystery, intended for thy conversion and salvation. The corpse thou hast seen was a token that thou hadst died to sin and the world: take warning by it, and henceforth live to righteousness and heaven!"

"Don Manuel did take warning by it. Guided by the counsils of the worthy friar, he disposed of all his temporal affairs; dedicated the greater part of his wealth to pious uses, especially to the performance of masses for souls in purgatory; and finally, entering a convent, became one of the most zealous and exemplary monks in Seville."

While my companion was relating this story, my eyes wandered, from time to time, about the dusky church. Methought the burly countenances of the monks in the distant choir assumed a pallid, ghastly hue, and their deep, metallic voices had a sepulchral sound. By the time the story was ended, they had ended their chaunt; and, extinguishing their lights, glided one by one, like shadows, through a small door in the side of the choir. A deeper gloom prevailed over the church; the figure opposite me on horseback grew more and more spectral; and I almost expected to see it bow its head.

"It is time to be off," said my companion, "unless we intend to sup with the statue."

"I have no relish for such fare or such company," replied I; and, following my companion, we groped our way through the mouldering cloisters. As we passed by the ruined cemetery, keeping up a casual conversation, by way of dispelling the loneliness of the scene, I called to mind the words of the poet:

— "The tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold  
And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart!  
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;  
Nay, speak—and let me hear thy voice;  
Mine own affrights me with its echoes."

There wanted nothing but the marble statue of the com-

mander, striding along the echoing cloisters, to complete the haunted scene.

Since that time, I never fail to attend the theatre whenever the story of Don Juan is represented, whether in pantomime or opera. In the sepulchral scene, I feel myself quite at home; and when the statue makes his appearance, I greet him as an old acquaintance. When the audience applaud, I look round upon them with a degree of compassion: "Poor souls!" I say to myself, "they think they are pleased; they think they enjoy this piece, and yet they consider the whole as a fiction! How much more would they enjoy it, if like me they knew it to be true—and had seen the very place!"

## BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

By LEIGH HUNT.

We have written elsewhere of "Sleep," and of "Getting up on Cold Mornings," and divers other matters connected with bed; but, unless we had written volumes on that one subject, it would be hard indeed if we could not find fresh matter to speak of, connected with the bed itself, and the room which it inhabits; especially during the month of January. We involuntarily use a verb with a human sense—"inhabits"; for of all goods and chattels, this surely contracts a kind of humanity from the warmth so often given to it by the comfortable soul within. Its pillows—as a philosophic punster would observe—have something in them "next to the human cheek." A blow given in anger to the body of it would seem almost an affront to a sentiment. And we have sometimes a difficulty in believing, that its very posts are the mere staid and indifferent personages they pretend to be.

"Home is home," says the good proverb, "however homely." Equally certain are we, that bed is bed, however *beddy*. (We have a regard for this bit of parody on the old saying, because we made Charles Lamb laugh one night with it, when we were coming away with him out of a friend's house.) Bed is the home of home; the innermost part of the content. It is sweet within sweet; a nut in the nut; within the suggest nest, a snugger nest; my retreat from the publicity of my privacy: my room within my room, walled (if we please) with curtains; a box, a separation, a snug corner, such as children love when they play at "house;" the place where I draw a direct line between me and my cares; where I enter upon a new existence, free, yet well invested, reposing, but full of power; where the act of lying down, and pulling the clothes over one's head, seems to exclude matters that have to do with us when dressed and on our legs; where, though in repose, one is never more conscious of one's activity, divested of those hampering weeds; where a leg is not a lump of boot and stocking, but a real leg, clear, natural, fleshy, delighting to thrust itself hither and thither; and lo! so recreating itself, it comes in contact with another; to wit, one's own. One should hardly guess as much, did it remain eternally divorced from its companion—alienated and altered into leather and prunella. Of more legs we speak not. The bed we are at this moment presenting to our imagination, is a bachelor's; for we must be cautious how we touch upon others. They are either still better or much the reverse; but they are not the plain, real, unsophisticated bed for bed's sake, that a bachelor's [and a bachelor's only be; that is to say, one in which only one person can rest at a time; for bachelor, as every body knows, is a term relative, and does not barely signify a man that is unmarried. Your married man is sometimes your bachelor temporary. And, for a like reason, we except an unmarried lady's bed, if there is such a thing—*Bachelora's*; but we dare not think of it. The more we approximate it to our own, the less we discern of a similarity. The other beds are far above, or equally as far below, the real *beddy* character; heavens for two, or hells for one and one; Miltonian Paradises, or horrible consolidated alienations; sweet amalgamators of more than friendship, or—nay, perhaps good and reasonable in their way, but at all events they are not to our purpose. A bed divided, in our present understanding of the word, whether for better, or worse, or neither, is but half a bed; and we are speaking of whole ones. A married man may, to be sure, condescend, if he pleases, for the trifle's sake, to taste of the poor bachelor's satisfaction. He has only to go to bed an hour before his wife. Or the lady may do as much *vice versa*. And herein we can fancy one gratification, even of the bachelor or spinster order, beyond what a bachelor or spinster can often be presumed to realize; which is, the pleasure of being in bed at your ease, united with the highest kind of advantage *over the person that is up*. Let us not be misunderstood. The sense of this advantage is not of the malignant kind. You do not enjoy yourself, because others are in misery; but, because your pleasure at the moment being very much in your bed, and it not being the other's pleasure to come to bed so soon (which you rather wonder at), you are at liberty to make what conclusions you please as to the superior nature of your condition. And there is this consideration besides; namely, that you being in bed, and others up, all cares and attentions naturally fall to their side of duty; so that you are at once the master of your repose, and of their activity. A bachelor, we confess, may enjoy a good deal of this. He may have kindred in the house, or servants, or the man and woman that keep the lodging; and from all or either of these considerations he may derive a considerable satisfaction. It is a lordly thing to reflect, that others are sitting up, and nobly doing some duty or other with sleepy eyes, while ourselves are exquisitely shutting ours; they being also ready to answer one's bell, bring us our white wine whey, or a lamp, or a clean shirt, or even to go out in spite of the rain, for some fruit, should we fancy it, or for a doctor in case we should be ill, or to answer some question for the mere pleasure of answering it.

"Who's there?"

"Me, sir;—Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones; I merely rang to know if you were up."

"Dear me, yes, sir, and likely to be this hour."

(*Aside and happy*)—"Poor soul."

"It's Mr. Jones's club-night."

("Poor Jones! Capital pillow this!")

"And it's a full hour's walk from the Dog and Falcon."

("Poor Jones! Very easy mattress.") *Aloud—Bless*

me, that's a bad business; and it rains, does n't it, Mrs. Jones?"

"A vile rain, sir, with an east wind."  
 "(Poor Jones! Delicious curtains these!) Could n't the servant sit up, and let Mr. Jones in?"

"Lord, sir, we're both of us sitting up, for I'm frightened out of my wits, sitting alone; and Mr. Jones would n't be pleased if I did n't see him in myself."

"(Poor Jones!) Good night, Mrs. Jones, pray do n't stand any longer at that cold door."

"Do you want any thing, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you. I am very comfortable. What o'clock is it?"

"Just going one, sir."

"(Poor woman!—Poor Susan!—Poor Jones!) *Where goes the wind; patter go the windows; rumble goes a coach; past one! goes the watchman; to sleep go I.*

This is pretty; but a wife, instead of the woman of the house—a wife up, and going about like one's guardian angel; we also loving her well, and having entreated her to come to bed, only she can't come for this half hour—either we know nothing of bliss itself—but the variety—merely as a variety—the having a whole bed for half an hour, merely as a change from that other super-human elysian state; the seeing even a little pain borne so beautifully by the partner of one's existence, whom we love the better for it, and cannot but rejoice in seeing gifted with such an opportunity of showing herself to advantage; all this, if we mistake not (owing to our present bachelor hallucination,) must be a sublimation of satisfaction unknown to us sojourners at large, who are but too often accused, with justice, of having more room than we know what to do with.

A bed, to be perfectly comfortable, should be warm, clean, well made, and of a reasonable softness. The general opinion seems to be in favor of feather-beds. To ourselves (if the fact must be publicly torn out of us by a candor trying to our sense of our nothingness) a feather-bed is a Slough of Despond. When we are in the depths of it, we long to be on the heights. When we get on the heights, down they go with us, and turn into depths. The feathers hamper us, obstruct, irritate, suffocate. It is not lying upon a bed, but in it. We lose the sense of repose and independence, and feel ourselves in the hands of a soft lubberly giant. The pleasure of being "tucked up," we can better understand; but it likes us not. What we require is, that the body should be as free as possible from every obstruction. We desire to go counter to all that we endure when up and about. We must have nothing constrained about us, and must be able to thrust arms and legs whithersoever we please. That the bed should be well and delicately tucked up, pleaseth us; but only that we may have the greater satisfaction in disengaging the clothes on each side with a turn of the foot, and so giving freedom to our borders.

Upon my resting body,  
 Lie gently, gentle clothes.

Warmth, cleanliness and ease being secured, it is of minor importance what sort of bed we lie in, whether it has curtains, or a canopy, or even legs. We can lie on the floor for that matter, the palliase being of a decent thickness. The floor itself then becomes a part of the great field of rest, in which we expatiate. There is nothing to bound our right of incumbency; we can gather the clothes about us, and roll over the floor if we please. Much greater philosophy does it take, on the other hand, to make us go up half-a-dozen steps to our bed—to climb up to such lofty absurdities as are shown in old houses for the beds of James's and Charles's time; thrones rather, and canopies for Prester John; edifices of beds, where we make a show of the privatest and humblest of our pleasures; contrivances for the magnificent breaking of our necks; or, if we are not to die that way, three-piled hyperboles of beds to engulf us, like a slough on the top of a mountain. Fine curtains disgust us by the same uneasy contradiction. We do not mean handsome ones of a reasonable kind, but velvet and such like cumbrous clouds, lording it over the sweet idea of rest, and forcing us to think of the most fantastic pretensions. And we hate gilding, and coronets, and imperial eagles, and *fleurs de lis*, and all other conspiracies to put out the natural man in us, and deprive the poor great human being of the sweet privilege of being on a level with his reposing fellow-creatures. We are not sure that we could patronise Cupids, gilt torches, doves and garlands, &c. Flowery curtains we like; but the Cupids and gilt torches are particular. We are not the fonder of them, for being the taste in France. Curtains, paperings, plates and dishes, every thing in that country, babbles, not of green fields as with us, which is pretty, but of gallantry and *la belle passion*. The French (when they are not afraid of being thought afraid) are a good-natured people; and they are much wiser in this good nature, than if they took to "heavy wet," and being sulky. But in these amatory matters we can never find the proper case made out. There is something ever too cold, or too meretricious. And these extremes, like others, are too apt to meet. Our Cupids and torches would be well, provided we could be secure that none but eyes of good taste would see them; but how are they or we to look, when every idle servant, or the glazier, or the landlord, or the man that comes to look at the house when it is to be let, is to gaze about him, and makes an impertinence of our loves and graces? There is one way. Methinks, improving upon the hints afforded by Roman Catholic usages, we could make a pretty compromise enough with our likings and non-likings in this matter. Imitating the oriel or little chapels which they keep locked up in the wall of their bed rooms, we might collect our symbolical paintings and sculptures in the same way, all full of such sentiment as well as beauty, as should do honor to the affections: and so, throwing open our wall at night, and lighting up the silver lamp on our pretty Pagan altar (not without a better religion in it,) repose in the keeping of those half-earthly and half-seraphical arms, till they were withdrawn (like others) with the common light of day. Yet this might be too premeditated, and seem monstrously to attempt joining an impulse with a form.

But we forget our solitary condition. We should almost equally dislike the most gorgeous and the most sorry bedroom, did not the former stand the greater chance of cleanliness. The Duke of Buckingham, "gallant and gay," in one of the state beds of Cliefden's "proud alcove," and

reckless and drunk in "the worst inn's worst room," behind his

"Tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,"

(which, by the way, was not true) is, to our mind, in no such difference of condition as the poet makes him out. And his company were much like one another in both cases. Nay, that is not true neither; for it would have been difficult to pick up such an abomination from a village alehouse, as the Countess of Shrewsbury—a woman, ugly and loathsome all over, with a hard heart. Commend us (for a climate like ours) to a bed-chamber of the middle order, such as it was set out about a hundred years back, and may still be seen in the houses of some old families; the room of moderate size; the four-post bedstead neatly and plentifully, but not richly, draped; the chairs draped also, down to the ground; a drapery over the toilet; the carpet, a good old Turkey or Brussels, not covering the floor, and easily to be taken up and shaken; the wardrobe and drawers of old shining oak, walnut, or mahogany; a few cabinet pictures, as exquisite as you please; the windows with seats, and looking upon some green place; two or three small shelves of books; and the drawers, when they are opened, redolent of lavender and clean linen. We dislike the cut-and-dry look of modern fashions; the cane chairs, formal-patterned carpets, and flimsy rooms. Modern times (or till very lately they were so) are all for lightness, and cheap sufficiency, and what is considered a Grecian elegance; and we realize only an insipid or gaudy anatomy of things, a cold pretension, and houses that will tumble upon the heads of our grand-children. But these matters, like others, are gradually improving. If our bedroom is to be perfect, it should face the east, to rouse us pleasantly with the morning sun; and in case we should be tempted, notwithstanding, to lie too long in so sweet a nest, there should be a happy family of birds at the windows, to shower the springing heart with songs.

It is a good thing: however to reflect, that custom alone is half the secret of content. The reason why we like a hard bed is, that we were brought up at a public school, without any sort of luxuries; and, to this day, we like just such a sort of bed as we had there. We could find a satisfaction in having the identical kind of rug over our sheets; and sheets, too, of no greater fineness. And the same reason makes us prefer a coarse towel to a fine one, and a gown, of some sort, to a coat; with a pocket in the same place as the one in which we used to put our marbles and tops, and our pocket editions of Gray and Collins. We have since slept in houses of all sorts—in rich houses and in poor, in cottages, in taverns and inns, and public-houses, in palaces (what at least the Italian call such), and on board ship; yea, in *bivouacs*—just enough to taste the extremest hardness of the bed military; and for the only contrivance utterly to vitiate our night's rest, commend us to the bed of down. That, and the wooden bed of the guard-house, disputed the palm. Habit does the same with kings and popes. Frederick the Second, probably injured to it by his father, preferred lying in a little tent-bed; such a one as Voltaire found him in at their first interview, shivering with an ague; and we learn from Horace Walpole's Letters, that the good Pope, Benedict the Fourteenth, lay upon one no better—the palliase, most probably, of his convent,—by the side of the gorgeous canopy prepared for his rank. In truth, luxuriate as we may in this our at-different-times-written article (wherein the indulgences and speculations, though true at the moment, are of many years chance preservation on paper, and therefore may crave excuse if they look a little ultra nice and fanciful, beyond the warrant of experience), we should be heartily ashamed of ourselves, at our present time of life, if we could not sleep happily in any bed (down and mud always excepted), provided only it had enough clothes to keep us warm, and were as clean and decent as honest poverty could make it. We talk of fine chambers, and luxurious contrasts of sitters up; but our secret passion is for a very cheerful, little, homely room in a cottage, with perfect quiet, and a book or two, and a sprig of rosemary in the window; not the book or two for the purpose of reading in bed—(having once received a startling lesson that way, and not choosing to burn down the village,)—but in order that we may see them in the window the first thing in the morning, together with the trees of which they discourse. Add to this, a watch-dog at a distance, and a moaning wind, no matter how "melancholy," provided it does not blow a tempest (for though nature does nothing but for good, the particular suffering sometimes presses upon those who have been at sea,) and we drop to sleep in a transport of comfort. Compare such a bed as this with one that we have seen during a storm of fifty-six hours' duration at sea, the occupant (the mate of the vessel) with his hands wet, black, and blistered, and smarting with the cold, and the very bed (a hole in a corner) as wet as his hands! And the common sailors had worse! And yet the worst of all, shut out from wet and cold as they were, but not having work like the seamen to occupy the mind, were the cribs of a parcel of children tossing about in all this tempest, and the bed of their parents on the cabin floor. With these recollections (as the whole vessel got safe) we sometimes think we could find it in our hearts to relish even a feather-bed.

A very large bed-room in an old country-house is not pleasant, where the candle shows you the darkness at the other end of it, and you begin to think it possible for houses to be haunted. And as little comfortable is the bed with a great dusty canopy, such as they say the Highland Laird mistook for the bed itself, and mounted at top of, while he put his servant into the sheets, thinking that the loftier stratum was the place of grandeur. Sometimes these canopies are domed, and adorned with plumes, which gives them a funeral look; and a nervous gentleman, who, while getting into bed, is hardly sure that a hand will not thrust itself out beneath the valence, and catch him by the ankle, does not feel quite so bold in it as the French general, who, when threatened by a few sheeted ghosts, told them to make the best of their way off, or he would give them a sound thrashing. On the other hand, unless warranted by necessity and good humor, which can reconcile anything, it is very disagreeable to see sofa-bedsteads and press-bedsteads in "stived-up" little rooms, half sitting-room and half chamber. They look as if they never could be well aired. For a similar reason, an Englishman cannot well like the French beds, that shut up into alcoves in the wall. We do not like to object to a custom merely because it is foreign;

nor is it unreasonable, or indeed otherwise than agreeable, that a bed-room of good dimensions should include a partial bit of a sitting-room, or boudoir; but in that case, and indeed in all cases, it should be kept scrupulously neat and clean. Order in a house first manifests itself in the room which the house-wife inhabits; and every sentiment of the heart, as well as of the external graces, demands that a very reverence and religion of neatness should be there exhibited; not formality—not a want of snugness: every thing the reverse;—but all with evidences that the esteem of a life is preferred to the slatternliness of the moment, and that two hearts are always reigning together in that apartment, though one person alone should be present.

It is very proper that bed-rooms, which can afford it, should be adorned with agreeable pictures, with flowers by day-time, (they are not wholesome at night,) and, if possible, with sculpture. We are among those who believe, with the old romance of Heliodorus, that objects of beauty or otherwise are not without their influence upon the imagination, under circumstances that affect the earliest periods of existence. Besides, it is wholesome to live in the kindly and tranquil atmosphere of the arts; and few, even of the graceful-minded, turn to half the account they might do, the innumerable beauties which Heaven has lavished upon the world, both in art and nature. Better hang a wild rose over the toilet, than nothing. The eye that looks in the glass will see there something besides itself, and acquire something of a religious right to respect itself, in thinking by how many objects in the creation the bloom of beauty is shared.

The most sordidly ridiculous anecdote we remember of a bed-chamber, is one in the life of Elwes, the rich miser, who, asking a visitor one morning how he had rested, and being told that he could not escape from the rain which came through the roof of the apartment, till he had found out one particular corner in which to stow the trundle-bed, said, laughingly, and without any misgiving, "Ah! what, you found it out, did you? Ah! that's a nice corner, isn't it?" This, however, is surpassed in dramatic effect, by the story of two ministers of state, in the last century, who were seen one day, by a sudden visitor, furiously discussing some great question out of two separate beds in one room, by day-time, their arms and bodies thrust forward toward each other out of the clothes, and the gesticulation going on accordingly. If our memory does not deceive us, one of them was Lord Chatham. He had the gout, and his colleague coming in to see him, and the weather being very cold, and no fire in the room, the Noble Earl had persuaded his visitor to get into the other bed. The most ghastly bed-chamber story, in real life, (next to actually mortal ones,) is that of a lady who dreamt that her servant-maid was coming into the room to murder her, and who, rising in her bed with the horror of the dream in her face, encountered, in the opening door, the no less horrified face of the maid-servant, coming in with a light to do what her mistress apprehended.

To give this article the termination fittest for it, such as leaves the reader with the most comprehensive sense upon him of profound rest, and of whatsoever conduces to lull and secure it, we shall conclude with a marvellously beautiful passage of Spenser, in which, like the other greatest poets, he combines, with the most poetical fiction, that familiar truth which brings its remotest fancies home to us, and makes them live with us for ever. Morpheus, the god of sleep, has an impossible bed somewhere, on the borders of the sea—on the shore of "the world of waters wide and deep," by which its draperies are perpetually washed; but observe how this fictitious bed is made real by every collateral circumstance; and pray be considerate enough to the poet's intention, to read the stanza slowly and softly, with a relish of every word, and with especial pause after every word silence in the last line.

"And more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
 A trickling stream, from high rock tumbling down,  
 And ever-drizzling rains upon the loft,  
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sown  
 Of awning bees, did cast him in a swoon.  
 No other noise, nor people's troubled cries  
 As still are wont to annoy the walled towns,  
 Might there be heard; but careless quiet lyes,  
 Wrapt in eternal silence—farre from ennyeyes."  
 Faerie Queene. Book I. Canto I. Stanza 14.

## THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER. A LEGEND.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW, LATE MRS. TURNBULL.

Fair maiden, let thy father make a ring of jewels rare,  
 And with some curious workmanship entwine this lock of hair;  
 I mean it as a gift to one whose beauty is my pride.  
 So, prithee, let the ring be wrought fit for a royal bride.

The maiden's cheek turned deadly pale, as he repeated o'er  
 The order for that fatal ring beneath her father's door. [blond,  
 How often had that treacherous knight stood there with whispers  
 Relating tales of faithful love, as he fondly pressed her hand!

But honied words and sunny smiles will lead young hearts astray,  
 And looks as gentle as the lamb's sometimes the wolf betray.  
 That knight's dark eyes are turned from hers, there's coldness in  
 his tone,  
 And bitterly that maiden wept in silence when alone.

The ring is wrought with sapphire stones, encircled round with pearl  
 And emerald and diamond wreaths surround a raven cur;  
 And tears stole down the maiden's cheek, as her trembling fingers  
 strove

To weave the hair in some device that told of treacherous love.

One morning at the Goldsmith's gate a cavalcade was seen,  
 And on a snow white charger rode a knight of graceful mien;  
 "Make haste, my child!" the old man cried; "make haste, and  
 hither bring

To the princely knight, who waiteth here, his lady's bridal ring."

With faltering steps the girl obeyed her father's hard commands,  
 And in the wilderness of despair before her father's love stands;  
 He gave her but one thrilling look, and then with rapture cried—  
 "The ring, beloved one, is for thee, my beautiful, my bride!"

ORIENTAL PLEASURE.—The grey dawn of the morning  
 had just streaked the eastern horizon, and was rapidly  
 deepening into the crimson glories of day, as we stood  
 with folded arms by the bank of the Euphrates, and listened to  
 the heavy rush of its waters. We sat down and began to  
 smoke a pipe by the bank of the river; and, ere long, en-  
 veloped in the light-blue clouds that rose in graceful wreaths  
 from the silver edges of our pipes, we surrendered ourselves  
 to that negation of thought or care which creates a *dolce*  
*far niente* paradise for the mind, in whose dreamy realm  
 all, save existence itself, becomes a burden.



## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

The passage and stair-case were sufficiently commodious, as were the rooms. At the back of the house was a small garden, about twenty yards in length, and about ten yards in width, with several lilacs, laburnums, and shrubs; and a considerable portion of the wall was covered with ivy. Was not this a delightful place for the children to play about in? The back parlor, a somewhat small room, certainly, looked into this garden; and that room was at once appropriated to the study of Mr. Aubrey. Within a week's time, all their luggage, furniture, &c., had arrived in town from Yatton; and they had quite sufficient to furnish their little residence out of the wreck of the furniture and equipments of the old Hall—adopted, as it was, under the tasteful superintendence of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, with equal regard to elegance, simplicity, and economy. How busy were they all for a fortnight! Many and many an irrepressible sigh, and rebellious tear, would the sight of these old familiar objects, in their new situation, occasion there!—Some half-dozen family pictures hung upon the wall. Over the mantel piece was suspended a piece of beautiful embroidery—by poor old Mrs. Aubrey, many years before—of the arms of the family. In the dining-room was the old high-backed chair in which she had sat for twenty years and more. In the drawing-room was Miss Aubrey's favorite cabinet, and Mrs. Aubrey's piano; and in both the rooms were to be seen every where the delicate traces of dear, dear, graceful, and elegant woman—touching nothing that she adorns not! What with the silk curtains, and a carpet of simple, but tasteful pattern, and the various articles of furniture and ornament, all possessing a kind of old family air—all from Yatton, I declare there was a kind of richness about the general aspect of the room; and when Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey came to fetch Mr. Aubrey out of his study to witness the completion of their labors, he gazed round him, looked at each object, and then at the two dear fond beings standing beside him, awaiting his opinion with woman's eagerness; but he could not express his feelings. He kissed each of them very tenderly, and in silence, and then they were a little overcome. His study, also, though very small, was as snug and comfortable as a book-worm could desire. All the sides were covered with books, and in the middle was the library-table and arm-chair which he had used in Grosvenor street. That they were not incessantly and very painfully reminded of the contrast afforded by their present to their former circumstances, I do not pretend to assert; but it very, very seldom formed a topic of conversation between any of them. When, however, the little bustle and occupation of arranging their house was over, and Mrs. Aubrey and Kate were left a good deal to themselves—Mr. Aubrey being either absent from home, or in his study, engaged in matters of the last importance to them all—then they would talk together with increasing eagerness and excitement about past times, and their recent troubles and bereavements; not displaying, then—sweet souls!—quite that degree of resignation and fortitude which they strove to exhibit in the presence of Mr. Aubrey.

"Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon." They passed a good deal of their time in-door in needle-work, practical family needle-work, an art in which they were not particularly accomplished, but which they quickly acquired from a sempstress whom they kept engaged constantly in the house for several weeks. Then sometimes they would sit down to the piano; at other times they would read—on all occasions, however, frequently falling into conversation on the all-engrossing topic of their expulsion from Yatton. Sometimes they could scarcely refrain from a melancholy smile, when they remarked upon their shrunken personal appearance. "Really, Agnes," said one day Miss Aubrey, "I feel just as one can fancy a few poor newly shorn sheep must feel! So light and cold! So much less than they were half an hour before! Surely they must hardly know what to make of themselves!"

"Then, I suppose, mamma," said Charles, who was sitting on a stool beside them—making believe to write on a small slate—"I am a little sheep." They both looked at the child, and frequently thought of Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Their proximity to the parks was delightful, and many a pleasant hour did they pass there with the children; and then returning home, would occupy themselves with writing letters—and long ones they usually were—to early and loved friends, especially to Dr. Tatham, with whom Miss Aubrey kept up a constant correspondence. I ought to have mentioned before, that Mr. Aubrey, in bringing his favorite valet up to town with him, had no other design than, with that kind thoughtfulness for which he was remarkable, to have an opportunity of securing for him a good situation; and that he succeeded in doing, after about a fortnight's interval; but the poor fellow was quite confounded when he first heard that he was to quit the service of Mr. Aubrey; and, almost falling on his knees, begged to be permitted to continue and receive no wages, and he should be a happy man. Mr. Aubrey was, however, firm; and on parting with him, which he did with no little emotion, put two guineas into his hand as a present, and wished him health and happiness. The poor fellow's deep distress at parting with the family sensibly affected them all, and reminded them vividly of one of the latest and bitterest scenes at Yatton. On his departure, their little establishment consisted but of three female servants, a cook, a housemaid, and a nurserymaid. It took them some little time to familiarise themselves with the attendance of a female servant at dinner! That was one little matter—and another was Charles' now and then complaining of being tired, and enquiring why his mamma did not drive in the carriage as she used to do, and how he liked to go with her! which brought home to them, in a lively manner, their altered circumstances—their fallen fortunes. Many, many were the anxious calculations they made together, of the probable amount of their annual expenditure—which at length, inexperienced as they were, they fixed at from £300 to £500, including

every thing; Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey eagerly assuring Mr. Aubrey, and each other, that as for clothes—their wardrobe would, with care, last them for three or four years to come—so that that was an item which might be almost altogether excluded from the account; except, by the way, the children—yes, they should be always well-dressed; that all agreed upon. Then there was their education—oh, Kate would see to that! Could they, in this manner, with rigid, systematic economy, hold on their way for a year or two? was a question they often asked one another, with beating hearts. If they could, then, they said, they should be happy; for they had health—they had peace of mind; their consciences were not oppressed by a sense of misconduct—and they were able to put their trust in Providence.

Mr. Aubrey resolved to live in strict privacy; and they communicated their residence to but one or two of their numerous friends, and to them, only in confidence. To have acted otherwise, would have seriously interfered with the arrangements which, long ago contemplated, he had now fixed upon; it would be perpetually calling their attention to the contrast between former days and scenes, and the present; it would disturb their feelings, and might, moreover, subject them to kind and generous importunities and offers, which, however delicate, would be exquisitely painful and trying to an honorable pride. But it is time that I should proceed to give a more particular account of the position, the personal feelings and purposes, and prospects of Mr. Aubrey.

From the moment when Aubrey received the first intimation of the desperate assault about to be made upon his fortunes, he felt a conviction, whether arising from weakness, or superstition, or any other cause, it concerns not me here to say; that the issue would be a disastrous one for him; and, the first alarm and confusion over, with serious calmness, with deep anxiety, addressed himself to the determination of his future course of life. A man of his refined taste and feeling would inevitably appreciate exquisitely, with a most agonising intensity, the loss of all those superior enjoyments, the *delicia* of life, to which he had been from his birth accustomed. *Semper enim delicatè ac moliter vitæ.* I speak not here of the mere exterior "appliances and means" of wealth and station, but of the fastidious and sensitive condition of feeling and temper, which such a state of things is calculated to engender in a person of his description. He could part with one; but how could he divest himself of the other? Even had he been alone in the world, and not surrounded with objects of the tenderest regard, whose safety or ruin was involved in his own, one of the results of his opponent's success, namely, his claim to the meane profits, was calculated to fetter his movements, to hang like a mill-stone round his neck; and that effect, indeed, it had. Still he played the man; resolved to act promptly, and with the best consideration he could give his critical position. He had not yet reached the prime of life; had a fair share of health; had been blessed with the inestimable advantages of a thorough, a first rate education, and, above all, had followed out his early advantages by laborious and systematic study; and had not only made accurate, extensive, and valuable acquisitions, but learned how to use them, to turn them to practical account. What would, he thought, have become of him, had he, or those before him, neglected his education. Then he had acquired a considerable familiarity with business-habits, in the House of Commons; and had friends and connections, who might be of essential service to him, if he could but first succeed in acquiring a position that would enable him to avail himself of them. Surely all these were cheering considerations, subject, however, always to the dreadful drawback to which I have alluded. Had he not even advantages superior to those possessed by many in entering upon some one of the scenes of honorable struggle for a livelihood, and for even distinction? He surveyed them all with much deliberation. The army and navy were of course out of the question. There was the Church; but no, his soul recoiled from the degradation and guilt of entering that holy calling from mercenary motives, merely as a means of acquiring a livelihood; and he would rather have perished, than prefer the prayer of one whose lamentable case is left on record; who "came and crouched for a piece of silver, and a morsel of bread, saying, put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread." A personage of very high distinction in the Church, of eminent piety and learning, who was aware of the misfortunes of Aubrey, and well acquainted with his pure and exemplary character, his learning and acquirements, his fitness for the ministerial office, wrote to him, offering him every facility for taking orders, and assuring him that he need not wait long before very suitable provision would be made for him. Though he assured Mr. Aubrey that he believed himself consulting the best interests, both of Mr. Aubrey and of the Church—the scruples of Mr. Aubrey were not to be overcome, and he wrote to the kind and venerable prelate, a letter declining his offers, and assigning reasons which filled him with profound respect for Mr. Aubrey. Then literature, for which—for real substantial literature—he possessed superior qualifications, was proverbially precarious. As for teaching, he felt quite unfit for it; he had not the least inclination for it; 'twas a cheerless scene of exertion; in which, as it were, he felt his energies perishing in the using. The Bar was the profession to which his tastes and inclinations, and, he hoped, his qualifications pointed him. One of the first things he did, on reaching London, was to apply for information to one consummately qualified to guide him in the matter. He wrote to the Attorney-General, soliciting an interview at his chambers upon the subject of entering the profession; and received an immediate answer, appointing ten o'clock on Saturday, on which day the Attorney-General expected to be free from public engagements. Precisely at that hour, Mr. Aubrey entered the chambers of that distinguished person, whose arrival he anticipated. Poor Aubrey felt a little nervous and depressed as the fussy clerk showed him into the room—as he fancied, and only fancied—with an air of patronizing civility, as if aware of diminished personal consequence. He stood for a minute or two very close to Mr. Aubrey, with a sort of confidence in his manner, as he rubbed his hands, and observed on the innumerable engagements of the Attorney-General, which slightly—very slightly—displeased Mr. Aubrey, suggesting the idea of undue familiarity. He answered him therefore courteously,

but with an evident disinclination to prolong the conversation, and was quickly left alone. Poor Aubrey's pride had taken the alarm. Was it possible that the man had been presuming to give him a hint not to occupy much of the Attorney-General's time? Was it even possible that it had been done in consequence of an intimation from the Attorney-General himself? Oh, no—his own good sense came presently to his assistance, and banished so absurd a notion. There were three tables in the room, and each was laden with briefs, some of them of prodigious bulk. Seven or eight very recent ones were placed on the table opposite to which his vacant chair was standing; the very sight of them oppressed Aubrey: how could one man's head manage so much? He was ruminating on such matters, and especially upon the powerful, versatile, and practised intellect which was requisite to get through so much, amid all the harassing responsibilities and occupations of political office, when the Attorney-General entered. He was a tall and handsome man, about forty-five, with an extremely graceful and gentleman-like carriage; a slight dash of negligence in it; his manner fraught with cheerful composure. He looked like a man of the world; you would have thought that he could have nothing to do but lounge at his club, ride round the Park, and saunter into the House of Lords for an hour or two. There was not a trace of anxiety or exhaustion about him; yet he had been engaged during the whole of the preceding day conducting a great political cause, and not concluding his reply till nine o'clock at night! There was a playful smile about his mouth; his ample forehead seemed unfurrowed by a wrinkle; and his bright, penetrating, hazel eyes seemed never the worse for wear with all the tens of thousands of brief sheets on which they had travelled for the last twenty years.

"Ha, Aubrey, I'm a few minutes behind time, I'm afraid! How are you?" said he, with a cheerful air, grasping his saddened visitor by the hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Attorney—*Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia, salus,*" commenced Aubrey, pointing to the piles of briefs.

"Pho, my dear Aubrey; nonsense! They've enough of my time, surely, without grudging me half an hour's conversation with a friend—ah, ha!" They were both quickly seated—and within a minute or two's time the Attorney-General had got to business—the business of the visit. Aubrey perceived the rapidity of the movement; but nothing could be kinder than the manner of his companion, however distinct and decisive his intimation that time was very precious. He approved entirely of Mr. Aubrey's coming to the bar, and strongly recommended him not to lose one day in entering upon the serious practical study of it; informing him, that within three years' time he would be eligible to be called to the bar. "I'll call you myself, Aubrey, if you will allow me," said he; but before that period had arrived, he had taken his seat upon the Woolsack, as Lord High Chancellor of England.

"Undoubtedly," said he, amongst other things, when pressed by Aubrey about the difficulties he should have to encounter, "the acquisition of the technical knowledge will be for some little time rather troublesome; but a twelvemonth's steady study by a man who is in earnest and accustomed to work, will make a vast inroad on it. Every thing you master, you see, helps to master much more."

"Three years serious application to the law by a man like you, will place you far ahead of the bulk of men at the bar. Besides, 'tis not the study but the *practice* of the law that teaches law most effectually. Always have an eye to principle, and resolve thoroughly to understand the smallest details; and it will be a wonderful assistance in fixing them for practical use in your mind, to learn as much as you can of the reasons and policy in which they originated. You'll find Reeves' History of the English Law of infinite service to you; I should read it in the evenings; 'tis full of interest in every point of view. I read every word of it, very carefully, soon after I left college; and, by the way, I'll tell you another book, by which I did the same—the State Trials: ay, by Jove, Aubrey, I read every word of them—speeches, examinations, cross-examination of witnesses, reply, and summing up. That's where I first learned how to examine and cross-examine a witness. Consider, the counsel employed were, you know, generally first-rate men. And then you learn a great deal of constitutional law. You ask how I get through so much? To be sure, one has enough to do, and I'm afraid I neglect a good deal; but the great secret is—attention, and to one thing at a time. The sun's rays scattered are comparatively powerless; condense them, they are irresistible;—but all this you know as well as I do. Certainly, law is difficult; but its difficulty is often overrated, especially by imperfectly educated and ill-disciplined, quick, sharp men. You will find it a very different matter. What is wanted is a clear head, a good memory, strong common sense, an aptitude for analysis and arrangement; before these combined, the difficulties of the law fly like the morning mist before the sun. Tact with the court and a jury is acquired by practice, to a considerable extent, in the absence even of natural endowments. And as for you, Aubrey—upon my honor, I've often listened with great satisfaction to you in the House; few ever made clearer statements of facts, or reasoned more closely and cogently than you did; with practice, you would have become a formidable debater. In your new profession you will find facts become quite different things; flexible, elastic, accommodating—you may do anything with them—twist, and turn, and combine; ha! ha! Aubrey!" [Here the Attorney-General laughed in the plenitude of his own conscious power.] "In a word, Aubrey, if you determine to get on at the bar, you will; and if you can but get a bit of start at beginning; now there's Runnington's house—one of the very first in London—why if they would push you—your fortune's made. But you must make up your mind to wait a little; you can't get into a great business by a hop, step, and a jump, believe me. Certainly I have no cause to be dissatisfied; I've done pretty well; but I can tell you that eight years passed over me before I earned enough a-year to pay my landlady! With me, accident supplied the place of connection; but only suppose how I must have worked in the meantime to be able to do business when it came to me. I know it's said that I was always an idle man; but people were a good deal mistaken about that matter, I can promise them! What idiots they were to suppose such a thing! Why, the first start I got lifted me into a business of a thousand a-year;

and in the name of common sense, how could I have got through it, if I hadn't worked beforehand? Bah! Now, if Runnington will stand by you, I'll guarantee your making £500 your first year! and if they won't, why, don't despair, you'll have to wait a little longer; but it will come at last, depend on it, if you continue on the look out! Besides, you can help me a little bit, eh? It will be a sort of introduction, you know; but we've time enough to see about that. I recommend you to get at once into the chambers of some hard-working man, with a good deal of general business, particularly pleading—let me see"—Here the Attorney-General paused and stroked his chin for about a minute, in a musing manner; "Ah! yes, there's Weasel, the very man for your purpose. He's a good pleader, and a very neat draftsman; gets through his work very *cleanly*—ah! Weasel's a clear-headed pains-taking man—all for law; and he's got a good deal of it. He's not a very polished person, Weasel, ha! ha! but he's an honorable, right-minded man—shall I introduce you? Well, by and by, I'll walk over with you. Books? oh! why—I suppose you've looked into Blackstone? He's a fine fellow, Blackstone, and deserves all that has been said in his praise. Many think that it's only to be glanced at, at the beginning of their studies; never believe it, he's good to the end of the chapter! I've a profound respect for Blackstone; it's the only book I've read four or five times through—ay, from cover to cover; he makes law lovely! Stick to Blackstone by all means! Reeves—oh! I mentioned him, you know. Then I should go, I think, to Coke on Littleton; but we shall have several opportunities of talking over these matters. I really believe, Aubrey, that you are doing a very wise thing in coming to the bar. If you've health, and the average opportunities, (though I think you will have more,) I'll undertake to say that in a few years time you will realize an income—which you'll *earn*, as you did not the one you've lost; and you'll enjoy it, Aubrey, ten thousand times more! All that I can do for you, in every way, I'll command me? By the way," he added, assuming a somewhat anxious expression of countenance, and a manner very different from the free, buoyant, off-hand manner in which, for the last twenty minutes he had been speaking, (Aubrey feeling all the while the easy commanding power and simplicity of the splendid intellect with which he was communing,) "I'm almost afraid to ask; but how do you come on, about the—the *Memo Profits*?"

"I have heard nothing whatever about them, as yet," replied Aubrey, sighing; his face suddenly overshadowed with gloom. A moment's pause ensued; which was interrupted by the Attorney-General, saying, in a very earnest and feeling manner, "I hope to God you'll be able to get some favorable arrangement made! You've not seen any thing of Mr. Titmouse's attorneys, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! nor heard anything from them."

"I've had very little to do with them, Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; these are the people, eh?" Mr. Aubrey nodded. "Old Quirk is a stubborn old wooden-headed fellow, an old hedgehog! Egad! that man's compounded more felonies, the old scamp, than any man in England! I should like to have him in the witness-box for a couple of hours, or so! I think I'd tickle him a little," said the Attorney-General, with a bitter smile. "They say he's a confidential adviser to a sort of Thieves' Association. But there's Gammon; I've had several things to do with him. He is a superior man, that Gammon; a very superior man. A keen dog! I recollect him being principal witness in a cause when I was for the plaintiff; and he completely baffles Subtle—ah, ah, and well I recollect it!—Subtle lost his temper at last, because he couldn't make Gammon lose his! Ah, how cleverly the fellow twisted and turned with Subtle for nearly an hour! ah, ha—Subtle looked so chagrined! Have you seen Mr. Gammon?"

"No, I've had no occasion."

"He has a pleasing, gentlemanlike appearance; rather a striking face. He's the man you'll have to deal with in any negotiations on the subject I named. You must mind what you're about with him. You mustn't think me intrusive, Aubrey; but, have they sent in their bill yet?"

Mr. Aubrey involuntarily shuddered, as he answered in the negative.

"I'd give a trifle to know how the plague such people ever came to be concerned in such a case. 'Tis quite out of their way—which is in the criminal line of business! They'll make their client pay for it through the nose, I warrant him. By the way, what an inconceivable ridiculous little ass that Titmouse is—I saw him in court at York. If he'd only go on the stage, and act *naturally*, he'd make his fortune as a fool!" Mr. Aubrey faintly smiled at this sally; but the topics which the Attorney-General had just before touched upon, had not a little oppressed his spirits.

"As this is comparatively an idle day with me," said the Attorney-General, "and I've got ten minutes more at your service—suppose I go with you at once—nothing like the present moment—to Mr. Weasel's!"

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Aubrey—and both rose to go. "Say I shall be back in a few minutes," said the Attorney-General, in answer to his clerk, who reminded him, as he passed the clerk's door, that Mr. Serjeant Squelch and Mr. Putty would be there in a moment or two's time. As they crossed the court—"How do you do, Mr. Putty," said the Attorney-General, with lofty civility to a grinning little confident personage who met him, exclaiming with flippant familiarity, "How do you do, Mr. Attorney? Coming to your chambers—you do n't forget? Consultation, eh?"

"I perfectly recollect it, Mr. Putty, I shall return"—replied the Attorney-General, somewhat stiffly and passed on, arm-in-arm with Mr. Aubrey.

"Now, that forward little imp's name, Aubrey, is Putty. He was a glazier by trade; but just as he finished his apprenticeship, an uncle left him a few hundred pounds, with which—would you believe it?—nothing would suit him, but coming to the Bar—ah, ha!—The fellow's creeping into a little business, positively! They say he has a cousin who is one of the officers to the Sheriff of Middlesex, and puts a good many little things in his way! He's my junior in a criminal information against a newspaper, for charging his father-in-law—a baker, who supplies some workhouse with bread—with making it of only one-third flour, one-third rye, and the remainder sawdust—ha, ha!—I dared hardly look at the judges while I moved the Rule Nisi, for fear of laugh-

ing! This is the case in which we are going to have the consultation he spoke of—but here's Mr. Weasel's." They mounted a narrow dingy-looking, well-worn staircase—and on the first floor, beheld "Mr. WEASEL," painted over the door. On the Attorney-General knocking as soon as his clear silvery voice was heard asking for Mr. Weasel, and his dignified figure had been recognised by the clerk, who had one pen in his mouth, and another behind his ear—that humble functionary suddenly bent himself almost double three or four times; and with flustered obsequiousness assured the great man that Mr. Weasel was quite at liberty. The next moment the Attorney-General and Mr. Aubrey were introduced into Mr. Weasel's room—a small dusky room, wretchedly furnished, the walls lined with bookshelves, well filled—and the table at which he was writing, and a chair on each side of him, covered with draft paper which he was covering at a prodigious rate. He was, in fact, drawing a "Declaration" in an action for a *Breach of promise of Marriage*; (taking a hasty pinch of fiery Welch snuff every three minutes;) and his task was rendered very difficult, by the strange conduct of the defendant—surely the most fickle of mankind—who with an extraordinary inconsistency, not knowing his own mind for a day together, had promised to marry Miss M'Squint, the heart-broken plaintiff, *firstly*, within a reasonable time; *secondly*, on a given day; *thirdly*, on the defendant's return from the continent; *fourthly*, on the death of his father, (both of which events were averred to have taken place); *fifthly*, when the defendant should have cut his wise teeth; (which it was averred he had,) and lastly, on "being requested" by the lady—which it was averred she had done, and in the most precise and positive manner, had been *ready and willing*, and then [what will the ladies say?] *tendered and offered herself to marry the said defendant*, who had then wholly neglected and refused "to do any such thing." One notable peculiarity of the case was, that all these promises had been made, and all these events had transpired in one particular place—and that rather an odd one, viz., in "the parish of St. Mary Le Bone, in the ward of Cheap, in the City of London." If you had been better acquainted with Mr. Weasel's associations and mode of doing business, you would have discovered that in his imagination, all the occurrences of life took place at the same spot! But to return—thus was Mr. Weasel engaged when they entered. He was a bachelor, upwards of forty; was of spare make, of low stature, had a thin, sharp, fallow face; there was an appearance about the eyes as if they were half-blinded with being incessantly directed to white paper; he had a furrowed forehead, a small pursed-up mouth—one hardly knew why, but really there was something about his look that instantly suggested to you the image of the creature whose name he bore. He was a ravenous lawyer, darting at the point and pith of every case he was concerned in, and sticking to it—just as would his blood-thirsty namesake at the neck of a rabbit. In *law* he lived, moved, and had his being. In his dreams he was everlastingly spinning out pleadings which he never could understand, and hunting for cases which he could not discover. In the daytime, however, he was more successful. In fact, every thing he saw, heard, or read of—wherever he was, whatever he was doing, suggested to him question of law that might arise out of it. At his sister's wedding (whither he had not gone without reluctance) he got into a wrangle with the bridegroom, on a question started by himself, whether an *infant* was liable for goods supplied to his wife before marriage; at his grandmother's funeral he got into an intricate discussion with a proctor about *bona notabilia*, with reference to a pair of horn spectacles, which the venerable deceased had left behind her in Scotland, and a poodle in the Isle of Man; and at church, the reading of the parable of the Unjust Steward, set his devout, ingenious, and fertile mind at work for the remainder of the service, as to the modes of stating the case now-a-days against the offender, and whether it would be more advisable to proceed civilly or criminally; and if the former, at law or in equity. He was a hard-headed man; very clear and acute, and accurate in his legal knowledge: every other sort of knowledge he despised, if, indeed, he had more than the faintest hearsay knowledge of its existence. He was a Cambridge man; and there had read nothing but mathematics, in which he had made a decent figure. As soon as he had taken his degree, he migrated to the Temple, where he had ever since continued engaged in the study, and then the successful practice of the law, as a special pleader under the bar. He had a very large business, which he got through ably and rapidly. He scarcely ever went into society; when (as was seldom the case) he ventured out for a walk, he went (muttering to himself) at a postman's pace, to get the greatest quantity of exercise, in the smallest space of time. He was not a bad-tempered man, but had become nervous, fidgety, and irritable. His tone of voice was feeble, his utterance hesitating, his manner hurried. What a laughable contrast between him and his visitor! The Attorney-General coming to Mr. Weasel's chamber, suggested the idea of a magnificent mastiff suddenly poking his head into the little kennel of a querulous pug-dog; and I suppose Mr. Aubrey might be likened to a greyhound accompanying the aforesaid mastiff! On seeing his visitors, Mr. Weasel instantly got up, with a blush of surprise, and a little hurry and embarrassment of manner. His clerk put out a couple of chairs, and down they sat. The Attorney-General came to the point in half a minute, and the matter was very quickly settled; and it was arranged that within a day or two's time, as soon as the forms necessary for admitting Mr. Aubrey to an Inn of Court should have been completed, he should commence his attendance at Mr. Weasel's, from ten o'clock till five, daily.

"It's a comical looking little animal, isn't it?" quoth the Attorney-General, with a laugh, as soon as they had got out of hearing.

"Certainly, I do n't feel particularly prepossessed!"

"Oh, phoo! He's the very man for you—the very man. There's no nonsense with Weasel; you may learn an infinite deal of law from him, and that is all you want. He's a very inoffensive fellow; and I've no doubt you'll soon like his chambers greatly, if you're in earnest in studying the law. You go or not, of course, as you choose; whatever you do is perfectly voluntary; pay him his hundred guineas, and then, if you like, you may get many thousand pounds' worth out of him in the twelvemonth. Now, I must bid you good morning—I've really not another moment to spare. God bless you, my dear Aubrey; and,"

he added, with great kindness, and a very pointed manner, "whenever you may think it worth your while to talk over your affairs with me, come without notice or ceremony—wherever I may be, I shall be delighted to see you."

Then they parted. Mr. Aubrey was not aware of a certain stroke of delicacy and generosity on the part of the Attorney-General; viz., that immediately on the *Rule* being discharged, he had sent for Mr. Runnington, and insisted on returning every sixpence of his fees, upwards of six hundred guineas, desiring that Mr. Aubrey should not be made acquainted with it, if by any means Messrs Runnington could conceal it from him!

A little fatigued and harassed by several important matters, which kept him engaged till a late hour in the afternoon, he reached Vivian street in a depressed and deponding mood. Just as he turned the corner, he beheld, at about twenty yards' distance, Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey slowly walking home on their return from the Park. Mrs. Aubrey held Charles by the hand, who was dancing and frisking wildly about, and Miss Aubrey's beautiful little Cato she was leading along by a slender chain. They were in half-mourning; there was such an air of elegant simplicity about them, their figures, their carriage, so easy and graceful! Aubrey, as he neared them, gazed at them with mingled feelings of pride and tenderness.

"Oh, my papa! my papa!" suddenly exclaimed Charles, who, in turning round, had caught sight of his father, and ran eagerly down to him: with what a thrill of love did he take in his arms the beautiful breathless boy, and how his heart yearned toward his wife and sister, as they also turned quickly round to meet him, after a long day's absence! How inexpressibly dear were they to him—how, that day, he enjoyed their quiet little dinner-table—the romp with his children afterward—and a long evening of eager and interesting conversation, after the little ones had gone to bed, Mrs. Aubrey and Kate busy the while with some slight matter of needlework! They had received several letters from Yorkshire, which they read to him. One was from poor Dr. Tatham, who, though he concealed a good deal that would have occasioned needless pain, yet gave them a melancholy notion of the altered state of things at the Hall.

Though it was rather late before they retired to rest on the evening of the ensuing Sunday, Mr. Aubrey was to be found seated in his study by half-past four on Monday morning, perusing, with profound attention, stimulated by the strong observation of the Attorney-General, the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries—a work with which he had already a very tolerable familiarity. "Twas really a thing to be proud of, that Mr. Aubrey, with so many absorbing anxieties, such distracting apprehensions concerning the future, could command his attention in the way he did. To be sure, he felt that it was plainly life-and-death work with him; but he might have derived great encouragement from perceiving himself possessed of that faculty of concentrating the attention which the Attorney-General had spoken of as so essential an attribute of a lawyer. The way in which he parcelled out his time was this: From the time that he entered his study till breakfast-time, he resolved to read law—from ten o'clock till four or five, was to be spent at Mr. Weasel's chambers—and the evenings were to be devoted to the society of his children, his wife, and sister, and also to certain occasional literary efforts, from which he hoped to derive some little increase to his means. This was severe work; but it was probable the most fortunate and salutary thing in the world for Aubrey, that his energies should be thus occupied, and his mind kept from the corroding effects of constant reflection upon his misfortunes, and dismal apprehensions concerning the future. After he had spent a few days in Mr. Weasel's chambers, a good deal of prejudice against that gentleman began to wear off. Mr. Aubrey found him all that the Attorney-General had described him as being—a very acute and able lawyer, with a constant current of important, varied, and instructive business running through his chambers, and every disposition to render his utmost assistance to Mr. Aubrey, whom he quickly found out to be a man of very superior intellect, and most seriously bent upon acquiring a knowledge of the profession. Mr. Weasel was not bleated with the power of formally communicating elementary knowledge; Mr. Aubrey had, as it were, to *extract* from him what he wanted, with something like a painful effort. The advantages of his position were the innumerable practicable hints and suggestions as to the mode of dealing with miscellaneous business, which he derived from a watchful attention to whatever passed in chambers—to the mode in which Weasel hunted up and applied his law, and reduced the facts involved in litigation into legal shape and language, in the process of pleading. The penetrating eye of Mr. Aubrey, thus closely fixed on every thing that came under his notice, quickly began to discover and appreciate the good sense, the practical utility of most of the positive rules of law which he saw in operation; and at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, he began to feel interest in the study upon which he had so vigorously entered, and in which he felt himself making real progress. Mr. Weasel, during even that time, perceived the prodigious superiority of Mr. Aubrey over another pupil, who had nearly completed his second year in Mr. Weasel's chambers, after a twelvemonth spent in a conveyancer's; not, of course, in respect of legal knowledge, but of intellectual power and aptitude for business. He would return to Vivian street about six o'clock each day, a little fatigued with a very long day's work, (for he was never later than five o'clock in entering his study in the morning;) but quickly cheered and refreshed by the sight of the fond and lovely beings whom he there rejoined, and who had been counting the very minutes till he returned. Every day knit that little family together, if possible, in stronger bonds of love; for they clung to each other with a feeling of having been thrust out of the great gay world together, and sent, as it were, upon a pilgrimage afar, amidst scenes of increasing difficulty and danger. Every day that bore them further from their expulsion from Yatton, as it were, mellowed their recollections of past scenes, and poured upon their wounded feelings the soothing balm of pious resignation; and sometimes, also, faint and trembling beams of hope concerning the future would steal across the gloomy chambers of their hearts. Thank God, the view of the past presented to them no occasion for shame, for remorse, for self-condemnation! They trusted that in their day of wealth and distinction they had not been found wanting in



the discharge of the duties imposed upon them. Therefore they had consolation from a view of the past. But the future—indeed—

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it."

Their hearts involuntarily fluttered and shrank within them, when they gazed upon the threatening gloom that hung over it. Their straitened circumstances—an honorable poverty—had been a burden, light indeed to bear. They were very happy in one another's company; their house, though small, was convenient, and even elegantly comfortable; they had health; Mr. Aubrey had constant exercise for an active and vigorous mind, in the acquisition of the learning of a noble profession, the practice of which might possibly hereafter raise all of them to even affluence and distinction—at all events, might secure them the substantial comforts of life. But Mr. Aubrey would have moments of heaviness and trepidation. When engaged in his little study, in the profound solitude and silence of the early morning, while he was straining his faculties to their utmost, on behalf of the sweet innocent beings—his wife—his children—his sister—sleeping above, he would sometimes lean back in his chair, with a very deep sigh, and sink into a reverie—oh, how sad and painful!—deepening occasionally into agony; but he would suddenly arouse himself, and resume his studies with a powerful effort at abstraction—with additional intensity of application. How could he be otherwise than momentarily paralyzed, when he surveyed his alarming and tremendous pecuniary liabilities! Bills of costs—Heaven only knows to what amount—due to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; to his own attorneys, Messrs. Runningtons; and to Mr. Parkinson: and then—sickening and fearful object!—the *Mesne Profits*—what was to become of them all? The man that, in the presence of such disturbing forces as these, could apply its energies so successfully as did that of Mr. Aubrey to the acquisition of knowledge, with any degree of calmness, must surely have been of no common order, and have undergone no slight discipline; but, alas! alas! what could all this have availed him, unless he had been vouchsafed assistance from on high? When the waters were come in unto his soul; when he was sinking in deep mire, where there was no standing; when he was come into deep waters, where the floods overflowed him—whither was he to look but to one quarter, and that above, with earnest, and faithful, and constant supplication to the Almighty?

The constant apprehension of very great evil—*suspense*—is a state almost as terrible and insupportable, especially to those of lively susceptibilities, as that produced by the infliction of the evil. Every morning when Aubrey left home, he dreaded to think of what might happen before his return; and when he quitted the Temple, he felt a sinking heart when he thought of what might have transpired in his absence. In fact, they all of them felt like those whom the ominous silence and repose of surrounding nature—a portentous calm and gloom overhead—fill with trembling apprehension of the coming storm. Their fears are quickened by the occasional falling of large spreading drops of rain through the sultry sky, not a breath of air stirring. Upward is oft turned the pale cheek and apprehensive eye toward the black accumulating clouds, from which may soon flame the destructive lightning—what, in such a case, is there to rely upon, but the mercy of Him around whose throne are clouds and darkness, and the whirlwind and tempest his ordering?

There were sitting one morning at their usual early and simple breakfast, and Mr. Aubrey was reading aloud, for his wife and sister's suggestions, a second article which he had commenced overnight, designed for one of the *Reviews*—having about a fortnight before sent off his first effort, about which, however, he had as yet heard nothing; and Kate was playfully patting his cheek, and telling him that, for all he might say to the contrary, a particular expression was not, in her opinion, elegant English.

"It is, you puss of a critic," insisted Aubrey, with a good-natured laugh; and then, turning to Mrs. Aubrey, "What do you say, Agnes?"

"Oh—why—I really like it very much as it is."

"I sha'n't alter it," said Aubrey, laughing.

"Then I'll alter it when you're gone," quoth Kate, with affected pertness, and, bringing her beautiful laughing face so near his own, with a kind of air of defiance, that he kissed her forehead, and said it should be as she chose.

Just then a knock at the door announced a visiter, who proved to be Mr. Runnington. Why it was, they hardly knew; but they all slightly changed color. He had called so early, he said, to ensure seeing Mr. Aubrey before he went to the Temple; and, though he had been shown into the study, Mr. Aubrey insisted on his joining the breakfast table.

"We've very plain fare for you, however," said he, as Mr. Runnington yielded to his wishes.

Mr. Aubrey perceived with some uneasiness, that his kind and thoughtful countenance wore rather an anxious expression. And indeed so it was. When he looked at those who sat before him—interesting, elegant, yet with a plainly forced cheerfulness—reflected on the sufferings which they had passed through, and that which was in store for them—and for the first bitter instalment of which he had come to prepare Mr. Aubrey—could he but feel very deep sympathy for them? As soon as he had retired with Mr. Aubrey to the study, in a low tone he informed Mr. Aubrey of his errand, which was to apprise him that, the evening before, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's *MILL* had come in.

"Well, show it me, if you please," said Mr. Aubrey, calmly, extending his hand.

"My dear sir, why do you suppose I have it with me?" inquired Mr. Runnington, with a concerned air. "You are not accustomed to such matters—God forbid you should! It is too bulky for me to have brought with me, and lies at our office."

"What is the amount of it, then?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, dreading to hear the answer; while Mr. Runnington took out of his pocket book a slip of paper which he handed to Mr. Aubrey, and on which the latter read: "£.3946, 14s. 6d." He gazed at it for some moments in silence, and became very pale. Mr. Runnington could hardly bear to look at him, and think of the two lovely women in the adjoining room, who were so fearfully interested in the intelligence which had so dismayed Mr. Aubrey.

"This is a very—large—amount," said he, at length, with forced calmness.

"Then there is yours—and Mr. Parkinson's."

"Oh, Mr. Aubrey—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"Will you oblige me by saying, what is the probable amount of your bill?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, with a calmness which seemed lent to him by despair.

"Oh! I assure you we have thought nothing at all about it, nor shall we for some time to come, Mr. Aubrey. We have not the slightest intention of troubling ourselves, or you, with the matter till you may be in a position to attend to it without serious inconvenience."

"But do favor me with something like a notion," pressed the unhappy Aubrey.

"Why—perhaps I am hardly doing right in mentioning it; but whenever our bill is sent in, it will be less by some six hundred and fifty pounds, by the noble generosity of the Attorney-General, who has returned all his fees!"

"Returned all his fees!" echoed Mr. Aubrey, starting, while the color rushed into his cheek, and the expression of his countenance was of pride struggling with astonishment, and gratitude, and admiration. He exquisitely appreciated the conduct of his distinguished friend; and at the same time felt a totally new and very painful sense of pecuniary obligation.

"I feel, Mr. Aubrey, that I have broken my promise to the Attorney-General, who extracted from me a solemn pledge, to endeavor so to manage the matter as that you should never know it. What is it, after all—noble as it is—to the Attorney-General, with his £12,000 or £15,000 a-year?"

"Oh—do not talk so, Mr. Runnington; I am overpowered, oppressed. Never in all my life have I experienced feelings like those by which I am now agitated!" He rose, and stood opposite the window for a few minutes—neither of them speaking. Then he returned to his seat.

"How much does that leave me your debtor?"

"Why—really it is hard to say, unprepared—I should imagine that our account is reduced to some £1500 or £1600—about which?"

"Then there is Mr. Parkinson's," said Aubrey, in a low tone, but with a desperate air; presently adding—"Here are some £6000 or £7000 to start with; and then we come to the *mesne profits*—gracious, gracious God!" he suddenly added, with a visible shudder. He folded his arms convulsively, and gazed, for a second or two, at Mr. Runnington, with an eye whose expression was overpowering. In his face Mr. Runnington beheld no longer the mild and melancholy expression to which he had been accustomed, but a sternness and power were apparent in his features, which he had not imagined them capable of exhibiting. They told of a strong soul thoroughly roused, and excited, and in agony. At that moment a knocking was heard at the door, as of very little fingers. "Come in!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, with unusual quickness and sternness. The door was gently opened, and Charles' little face peeped into the room timidly, quite startled by the tone in which he had been addressed. "Come in, my child!" said Mr. Aubrey, rather tremulously, when he observed the apprehensiveness overspreading the little features of his son. Charles immediately advanced, with a serious submissive air, saying—"This letter is just come—Mamma sent me with it."

"Give it me, Charles," said Mr. Aubrey, extending his hand for it, while with the other he gently placed the child upon his lap—kissed him. "I'm not angry with you, Charles," said he tenderly.

"I've not been naughty, you know, dear papa?" said he with innocent surprise.

"No, no, my little love." The FATHER could say no more; but putting aside the child's flowing curly locks from his temples, as it were mechanically, he gazed on his little fact for a moment, and then folded him in his arms with unspeakable tenderness. Mr. Runnington rose, and stood for some moments gazing through the window, unwilling that his own emotion should be observed. When Mr. Aubrey opened the letter, it proved to be from the publisher of the *Review* to which he had sent his article, enclosing a cheque for forty guineas, expressing an earnest desire that he would continue his contributions, and assuring him that the editor considered the article "in every way admirable." As soon as he had glanced over the letter—"You little messenger of hope and mercy!" he thought, again kissing his son, who sat passively gazing at the agitated countenance of his FATHER—"I cannot, I will not despair! You have brought me, as it were, a ray of light from heaven, piercing the fearful gloom of my situation: 'tis a token, surely, that I am not forgotten: I feel as though an angel, momentarily brightening the night of sorrow, had come and whispered in my ear—'COURAGE!'" His features began to resume their natural serenity of expression. "Take it in to your mamma," said he, kissing little Charles, and dispatching him with the letter.

Shortly afterward, as soon as he had recovered the command of his manner sufficiently to avoid occasioning uneasiness to Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, he proposed to Mr. Runnington that they should walk toward the Temple; and bidding adieu to those whom he left behind him, without giving them an opportunity to ask him as to the nature of Mr. Runnington's errand, but leaving them in high spirits at the letter which he had sent in to them, he quitted the house arm-in-arm with Mr. Runnington. I am persuaded that if that gentleman had had no one to consult, he would have relieved Mr. Aubrey altogether from liability to him; but he had four partners; their own pecuniary outlay had been considerable; and, therefore, the thing was really out of the question. As they walked along, in the course of much anxious conversation, Mr. Runnington told Mr. Aubrey, that he considered Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's bill to be extortionate; and that it might, on taxation—a process which he explained to Mr. Aubrey—be reduced, probably, by at least one-half. But he also reminded Mr. Aubrey of the power which they held in their hands, in respect of the *mesne profits*; and intimated his opinion, that in all probability they had made out their bill with an eye to such considerations, namely, that it should be discharged without rigorous scrutiny into its constituent items, before they would listen to any terms whatever for the payment of the *mesne profits*; and that Mr. Aubrey's position, with respect to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, was one which

required the greatest possible deliberation and circumspection on his part, especially in the matter of the bill just delivered in by them.

"I see the whole," said Mr. Aubrey, "comes to this: they will relieve me from liability to Mr. Titmouse, for as much of what may be due to him, as they can divert into their own pockets!"

"That certainly seems very much like it," replied Mr. Runnington, shrugging his shoulders; "but you will leave all such considerations and matters to us; and rely on our honor and our discretion. At what may appear to us the exact moment for doing so with effect, depend upon our most cautious interference. We know, Mr. Aubrey, the kind of people we have to deal with. Mr. Titmouse is very likely to be merely a puppet in their hands—at least in those of Mr. Gammon, who is a very long-headed man, and with whom, I have no doubt, our negotiations will have to be carried on."

"That is just what the Attorney-General said—and he invited me, moreover, to converse with him whenever I might consider that his advice would be useful."

"Could you have a better adviser? He has a most penetrating sagacity, long exercised—in short, his qualifications are consummate; and I should not hesitate about consulting him whenever we feel at a loss."

"Why should I disguise any thing from you, Mr. Runnington?" said Mr. Aubrey—"you ought to know the exact state of my affairs. I have a little family plate, which I could not bear to part with; my books; and the remnants of the furniture at Yatton, which I have saved in order to furnish our present residence. Besides this, the outside of all that I am possessed of—and I have no expectations, nor has my wife nor my poor sister, from any quarter—is a sum of about £3000 in the funds, and and £423 at my banker's. These are my circumstances; they appal me merely in stating them:—Why, I owe double the sum I have named, for lawyers' bills only. I have not enough, without parting with my books and plate, to discharge even Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's bill!"

"It would be cruel and absurd in me not to express at once, Mr. Aubrey, my conviction that your situation is fearfully critical; and that your sole hope is in the treatment which may be expected from Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, and their client, Mr. Titmouse. Serious as are, at present, your other liabilities—to that one, they are but as a bucket of water to the Thames. As we are talking, Mr. Aubrey, in this candid and unrestrained manner, I will tell you my chief source of apprehension on your account, with reference to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap; namely, that they may possibly speculate on your being able, if placed in real peril, to call around you, in your extremity, a host of wealthy and powerful friends—as security, or otherwise!"

"They will find themselves, then, utterly mistaken. If they and their client are really capable of such shocking brutality—such wanton oppression—let them do their worst: I am resigned. Providence will find out a shelter for my wife and children, and my dear, devoted, high-spirited sister; and as for myself, rather than satiate the rapacity of such wretches, by plundering good-natured and generous friends, I will end my days in a prison."

Mr. Aubrey was evidently not a little excited while he said this; but there was that in his tone of voice, and in his eye, which told Mr. Runnington that he meant what he said; and that, as soon as it should have come to the point of oppression and injustice, no man could resist more powerfully, or endure with a more dignified and inflexible resolution. But Mr. Runnington would fain hope that it would not come to such an issue. He consoled Mr. Aubrey with assurances, that as for their own demand, it might stand over for several years; and that so, he was sure, would it be with the far lesser demand of Mr. Parkinson; and that if, by a great effort, sufficient could be raised to discharge promptly the bill of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, some much more favorable arrangement respecting the amount and mode of payment of the *mesne profits* might be effected, leaving Mr. Aubrey, in the mean time, leisure to apply himself vigorously to his studies for the bar, for which Mr. Runnington assured him that he considered him peculiarly qualified; and pledged himself to back him with all the influence he had, or could command.

"Gracious Heaven, Mr. Runnington!" said Aubrey, with a little excitement, "is it not very nearly intolerable that I should pass the prime of my days in thralldom to such people as these? and be encircled by the chains of such a man as this Titmouse is represented as being? I will not call myself his foe, nor his victim; but I am the one through whose sudden destitution he has obtained a splendid fortune. I did not knowingly deprive him of it—he must be bereft of all the ordinary feelings of humanity, to place me, whom he has already stripped of all, upon the rack—the rack of extortion! Oh! put me in his place, and him in mine—do you think I would not have been satisfied with what I had gained? Would I have alarmed and tortured him by calling for an account of what he had spent, with a firm, a reasonable persuasion that it was his own? Oh, no! I could not only have forgiven him all, but endeavored to secure him from future want." He sighed. "Oh, that I were at this moment a free man! *pauper—sed in meo ere*; that I had but five hundred pounds to keep me and mine for a year or two—with a mind at ease and fit for study! but here we are, at the Temple. When shall we meet again—or shall I hear from you?"

"Very shortly," replied Mr. Runnington, who for the last few minutes had been listening to Mr. Aubrey in respectful and sympathizing silence; and, shaking him warmly by the hand, with much cordiality and fervency of manner, he pledged himself to do all in his power to promote his interests.

When Mr. Aubrey arrived at Mr. Weasel's chambers, he looked dejected and harrassed; but with a noble effort of self-command, at once addressed himself, calmly and vigorously, to the business of the day. From time to time he peremptorily excluded the harassing thoughts and recollections arising out of his morning's interview with Mr. Runnington; and succeeded in concentrating his attention upon a case of more than usual intricacy and multifariousness of details, which Mr. Weasel, having glanced over, had laid aside for a more leisurely perusal. He handed it, however, to Mr. Aubrey, soon after his arrival, with some-

thing approaching to a secret satisfaction, in the expectation of its "proving too much for him;" but he was mistaken. Mr. Aubrey left a little earlier than usual; but not before he had sent in the voluminous "case" to Mr. Weasel's room by the clerk, together with a half-sheet of draft paper, containing a brief summary of the results at which he had arrived; and which not a little surprised Mr. Weasel. The case did not happen to involve much technical knowledge; but in respect of the imperfect manner in which it was drawn up, and the confusion worse confounded of the transactions themselves, out of which the question arose, required patient, persevering attention, strength of memory, and great clear-headedness. In short, Weasel owned to himself that poor Aubrey had taken a very masterly view of the case; and how would his estimate of his pupil's ability have been enhanced, by a knowledge of the situation in which he was placed—one so calculated to distract his attention, and prevent that hearty and complete devotion to legal studies, without which Mr. Weasel well knew how vain was the attempt to master them!

"Read Aubrey's opinion on that troublesome case—I mean the Cornish Bank?" inquired Weasel, taking a pinch of snuff, of Mr. Thoroughpace, another pupil who had just taken his seat beside Mr. Weasel, to see him "settle," [i. e., score out, interline, and alter,] a pleading drawn by the aforesaid Thoroughpace. That gentleman replied in the negative. "He's got a headpiece of his own, I can tell you. Egad, somehow or another, he always contrives to hit the nail on the head."

"I'd a sort of notion, the very first day he came, that he was a superior man," replied Thoroughpace. "He makes a very few notes—seems to trust entirely to his head."

"Ah! a man may carry that too far," interrupted Mr. Weasel, thrusting a pinch of snuff up his nose.

"Then I wish I could," replied Thoroughpace. "Is n't there such a thing as making the hand engross the business of the head?" Mr. Weasel—recollecting that in his library stood twelve thick folio volumes of manuscript "precedents," which he had been fool enough to copy out with his own hand during his pupillage, and the first year or two of his setting up in business—hemmed, and again applied to his snuff-box. "How do you get on with him in the pupil's room?" he inquired.

"Why, I did n't like him at first. Very reserved, and has a little *hauteur*. Even now, though very courteous, he says little, seems entirely absorbed by his studies, and yet to have something or other on his mind."

"Ah! I dare say, law's no trifle, I warrant him. I dare say it teases him."

"By Jove! but I do n't think it does. I never saw a man to whom it seemed to yield so easily. He's a particularly gentlemanlike person; and there's something very attractive in his countenance. He seems highly connected. I've seen several notes come here for him with coronets on the seals, and several well-known."

"You've heard of the great cause of *Doe d. Titmouse, v. Jotter*, a Yorkshire ejectment case, tried only last Spring assizes? Well, he's the defendant, and has, I hear, lost everything."

"You astonish me! By Jove, but he had need work!"

"Shall we set to work, Mr. Thoroughpace?" said Weasel suddenly, looking at his watch lying on his desk. "I've promised to let them have this plea by six o'clock—or they'll be signing judgement;" and plunging his pen into the inkstand, to work he went, *more suo*, as if such a man as his pupil, Mr. Aubrey, had never existed. He was not a particularly hard-hearted man; but I believe that if a *capias ad satisfaciendum* (i. e. process to take the body into custody) against Charles Aubrey, Esquire, had come into Mr. Weasel's chambers to settle, as requiring special accuracy, after humming and hawing a bit, and taking an extra pinch of snuff, he would have settled it, marked his *seven-and-sixpence* in the corner, and sent it out with the others as a matter of course.

On Mr. Aubrey's return home to dinner, he found that his sister had received another long letter from Dr. Tatham, to which was appended a postscript mentioning Mr. Gammon in such terms as suggested to Mr. Aubrey a little scheme which he resolved to carry into effect on the morrow—namely, to call himself at the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, and seek an interview with Mr. Gammon, who, Dr. Tatham stated, had quitted Yatton for town only the day before the doctor had written to Miss Aubrey. After a very restless and unhappy night, during which he was tormented with all kinds of dismal dreams, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap figuring in each as the stern and mysterious arbiters of his earthly destiny, he resolved to put an end to his present insupportable suspense—to learn at once the extent of what he had either to hope or to fear—by calling that very afternoon at Saffron Hill. For that purpose, he quitted Mr. Weasel's at the early hour of three o'clock; and straightway bent his steps through Fetter Lane to Hatton Garden, and thence inquiring his way to Saffron Hill. He was not long in finding the house of which he was in quest, his eye being soon attracted by the great, gleaming brass plate with "QUIRK, GAMMON and SNAP," as prominent and threatening as ever those names had appeared to Titmouse in the day of his agony and suspense. He had stood gazing at them with idiot longing and vulgar apprehension, as the reader has seen. How very different a person now looked at them with feelings of intense interest and overmastering anxiety, as at the names of those who had him completely in their power—his fortunes, his *liberty*, his livelihood, and that of the dear beings whose interests, whose all on earth, whose personal safety were bound up in his. Mr. Aubrey, with a jaded air, dressed in a buttoned black surcoat, and with an umbrella under his arm, entered the hall, where were sitting and standing two or three strange-looking people—one suffering evidently great agitation; in fact, relatives of prisoners, whose trials for capital offences were coming on the next day at Newgate—and made his way into a room, on the door of which he read "Clerk's Room."

"Now, sir, your business?" said a showily dressed Jewish-looking youth, lolling at a desk from which he did not move, and speaking in a tone of very disagreeable assurance.

"Is Mr. Gammon within?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, taking off his hat; and there was a certain something in his voice, countenance and bearing that induced the personage he ad-

ressed to slip off his stool, and exhibit as courteous an air as he could possibly assume.

"Mr. Gammon is in his room, sir, and alone. I believe he is rather busy—but I've no doubt you can see him."

The fact was, that at that moment Mr. Gammon was engaged drawing up "Instructions to prepare Declaration" in an action for *mesne profits*, against Mr. Aubrey! He had only the day before returned from Yatton, where circumstances had occurred which had quickened their intended proceeding against Mr. Aubrey—as the first quarter to which, at Mr. Titmouse's suggestion, they were to look for a considerable supply of ready money. That morning, in the very room into which Mr. Aubrey was to be presently shown, had taken place a long discussion between Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon, on the subject which had now brought to their office Mr. Aubrey. Mr. Quirk was for making short work of it—for "going straight ahead"—and getting the whole £60,000, or security for the greater portion, and £20,000 down! Gammon, however, was of opinion that that was mere madness; that by attempting to proceed to extremities against so unfortunate a sufferer as Mr. Aubrey, they could not fail of drawing down on themselves and their client universal execration; and, moreover, of driving Mr. Aubrey desperate, and forcing him either to quit the country, or accept the protection of the insolvent laws. He had, at length, satisfied Mr. Quirk that their only chance was in gentleness and moderation; and the old gentleman had, as usual, agreed to adopt the plan of operations suggested by Gammon. The latter personage had quite as keen a desire and firm determination as the former, to wring out of their wretched victim the very last farthing that there was the slightest probability of obtaining; for Titmouse had pointed to that quarter for the discharge of his ten thousand pound bond to the firm, and also their bill of costs to him, (which contained some three hundred items, slightly varied in language, that were also charged in their bill to Mr. Aubrey;) then twenty—or at least fifteen thousand pounds, were to be handed over to himself, Titmouse; and all the rest that could be got, Mr. Gammon might appropriate to his own use. His inquiries into Mr. Aubrey's circumstances, had completely convinced him that it would be impossible to extract any considerable sum from that unfortunate gentleman; and that if they could contrive to get their bill paid, perhaps substantial security for four or five thousand of the *mesne profits*, and his own personal security for any portion of the remainder, hereafter—they had better rest satisfied—and look for liquidation of their own heavy claim to a mortgage upon the Yatton estates. Mr. Gammon had also proposed to himself certain other objects, in dealing with Mr. Aubrey, than the mere extraction of money from him; and, in short, prompted by considerations, such as those above intimated, he had come to the determination, an hour or so before Mr. Aubrey's most unexpected visit, to be at once prepared with the necessary means for setting in motion legal proceedings for the recovery of the arrear of *mesne profits*.

"Have I the honor to address Mr. Gammon?" commenced Mr. Aubrey, courteously, on being shown into the room—not announced by name, where Gammon sat busily engaged writing out the "Instructions" for framing the rack on which it was designed to extend the as yet unconscious Aubrey.

"Sir, my name is Gammon," he replied, coloring a little—rising from his chair, with an expression of very great surprise—"I believe I have the honor of seeing Mr. Aubrey! I beg you will allow me to offer you a chair," he continued, placing one as far as he could from the table, and then, getting another, he sat down between Mr. Aubrey and the table; expecting to hear his visitor at once open the subject of their bill, which they had so recently sent in.

"Will you suffer me, Mr. Aubrey," commenced Gammon, with a bland and subdued air, not fulsome, but extremely deferential, "before entering on any business which may have brought you here, to express deep and sincere sympathy with your sufferings, and my *personal* regret at the share we have had in the proceedings which have ended so adversely for your interests? But our duty as professional men, Mr. Aubrey, is often as plain as painful!"

"I feel obliged for your kind expressions of sympathy—but I cannot for a moment conceive any apology necessary. Neither I nor my advisers have had cause to complain of harsh or unprofessional treatment on your part. Your proceedings certainly came upon me—upon all of us—like a thunderstroke," said Mr. Aubrey, with a subdued sigh. "I trust that you have given me credit, Mr. Gammon, for offering no vexatious or unconscientious obstacles."

"Oh, Mr. Aubrey, on the contrary, I am at a loss for words to express my sense of your straight-forward and high-minded conduct; and have often expressed my sentiments on that subject to Messrs. Runningsons," Mr. Aubrey bowed—"and again anxiously beg that you will give me credit for feeling the profoundest sympathy"—he paused, as if from emotion; and such might well have been excited, by the appearance of Mr. Aubrey—calm, and melancholy—his face full of anxiety, and his figure, naturally slender, evidently somewhat emaciated. ["I wonder," thought Gammon, "whether he has any *insurances on his life*. He certainly has rather a consumptive look: how could one ascertain whether he has insured? And where?"] "I trust, most sincerely, Mr. Aubrey, that the mental sufferings you must have undergone have not affected your health?" inquired Gammon, with an air of infinite concern.

"A little, but thank God, not materially; I never was very robust," he replied, with a faint, sad smile.

"[How like his sister!]" thought Gammon, watching his companion's countenance with real interest.

"I am not quite sure, Mr. Gammon," continued Aubrey, "that I am observing etiquette in thus coming to you, on a matter which you may consider ought to have been left to my attorneys, who know nothing of my present visit—but—"

"An honorable mind like yours, Mr. Aubrey, may surely act according to its own impulses, with safety! As for etiquette, I know of no professional rule which I break, in entering into a discussion with you of any topic connected with the action which has recently been determined," said Gammon, cautiously, and particularly on his guard, as soon as his penetrating eye had detected the acuteness which was mingled with the sincerity and sim-

plicity of character beaming in the countenance of Mr. Aubrey.

"I dare say you can guess the occasion of my visit, Mr. Gammon?"

"[There goes our bill—whew! What now?]" thought Gammon.

Mr. Gammon bowed, with an anxious, expectant air.

"I allude to the question yet remaining between your client, Mr. Titmouse, and me—the *mesne profits*!"

"I feared—I expected as much! It gave me infinite anxiety, as soon as I found you were approaching the subject!"

"To me it is really a matter of life and death, Mr. Gammon. It is one pressing me on almost to the very verge of madness!"

"My dear Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, in a tone and with a look which touched the heart of his agitated companion, "do n't magnify the mischief. Do n't—I beg—imagine your position one so hopeless! What is there to stand in the way of an amicable adjustment of these claims? If I had my way, Mr. Aubrey—and if I thought I should not be acting the part of the unjust steward in Scripture—I would write sixty thousand farthings for sixty thousand pounds!"

"You have named the sum for which I believe I am legally liable to Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Aubrey, with forced composure; "It is a sum as completely out of my power to pay, or secure—or even a quarter of it—as to give him one of the stars."

"I am aware, Mr. Aubrey, that you must have had many calls upon you, which must have temporarily crippled your resources."

"Temporarily!" echoed Mr. Aubrey, with a sickening smile.

"I devoutly trust that it is only temporary! For your own and family's sake," he added quickly, observing the watchfulness with which his every look and word was regarded by his companion. "Any proposal, Mr. Aubrey," he continued, with the same apparent kindness of manner, but with serious deliberation, "which you may think proper to make, I am ready—eager—to receive and consider in a liberal spirit. I repeat—if you had me only to deal with—you would leave this room with a lightened heart; but, to be plain and candid, our client, Mr. Titmouse, is a very difficult person to deal with. I pledge my word of honor to you—[Oh Gammon! Gammon! Gammon!]<sup>1</sup>—that I have repeatedly urged upon Mr. Titmouse to release you from all the rents received by you previously to your receiving legal notice of the late proceedings." I suppose Gammon felt this declaration was not received by Mr. Aubrey as implicitly as the former desired and expected; for with a slight stiffness, he added, "I assure you, sir, that it is a fact. I have always been of opinion that the law is harsh, and even faulty in principle, which, in such a case as yours where the possessor of an estate, to which he believed himself born, is ousted by a title of which he had no previous knowledge, nor means of knowledge"—Gammon uttered this very pointedly, and with his eyes fixed searchingly upon that of Mr. Aubrey—"requires the ousted party to make good the rents he had so innocently appropriated to his own use. That is my *opinion*, though it may be wrong. I am bound to say, however, that as the law now stands—if Mr. Titmouse should, contrary to my advice—determine to stand upon his strict rights"—Gammon paused, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and looked with melancholy significance at Mr. Aubrey.

"I am entirely at his mercy! I understand. I do trust, however, that in the name of our common humanity, he will have some consideration for the helpless—the miserable situation in which I am so unexpectedly placed," said Aubrey, with mournful energy. "Never having imagined it necessary to save money—"

"Oh no—not with such an income as yours was, to resort, I fear, to any of the ordinary modes—insurance, and so forth," interposed Gammon, with an easy air.

"No—not nothing of the sort"—[Ah! the device you have not!]" thought Gammon—"and I confess it was improvident of me. My situation is so deplorable and desperate, that disguise would be absurd, even could I stoop to it; and I declare, in the presence of Heaven, Mr. Gammon, that without parting with the little remnant of plate I have preserved, and my books, I am unable to make up even the amount of your bill sent in the day before yesterday"—Gammon gazed at Aubrey, earnestly, but in silence—"and if my miserable remnant of means be so appropriated, we are *literally beggars*"—he paused, and his voice faltered.

"Indeed—indeed, you distress me beyond measure, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, in a low tone.

"If you can but secure me a merciful interval, to prepare myself for the profession which I have entered—the Bar—whatever earnings I might obtain, after saving a bare maintenance for myself and family, shall be devoted faithfully to liquidate the heavy claims upon me! For myself, Mr. Gammon, I do not care about living upon bread and water for the next ten years; but there are others"—his voice trembled. "Sir, by every consideration which a gentleman may be influenced by, I conjure you to interfere between me and utter, immediate ruin!" This was the real, thrilling language of the heart; but it failed to produce the least impression upon Gammon, exciting only intense chagrin and disappointment. "Oh that it were but in my power," said he, with great energy, "to send you out of this room a free man! If I alone were to be consulted, I would instantly absolve you from all demands—or at least give you your own time, and take no other security than your honor."

"Oh! what a happy—happy man! what a happy family should we be if only"—he could not finish the sentence, for he was greatly moved.

"[Here's a kettle of fish,]" thought Gammon to himself, and bending down his head, he covered his eyes with his hands;—"worse far worse than I had suspected. I would take five pounds for all my residuary interest in the sixty thousand pounds! I've not the least doubt that he's speaking the truth. But the *bill* part of the business is highly unsatisfactory! I should like old Quirk to be here just now! Surely he must be able to get security! Such friends and connections as his. If one could only get them to join him in security for ten thousand pounds—stay—that won't exactly do, either; I must have my thumb upon him,"]



"I am so profoundly affected by the situation in which you are placed, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, at length appearing to have subdued his emotion, and feeling it necessary to say something, "that I think I may take upon myself to say the instructions which we have received shall not be acted upon, come what may. Those must be really monsters, not men, who could press upon one in your position; and that such should be attempted by one who has succeeded to your former advantages, is inconceivably shocking. Mr. Aubrey, you shall not be crushed—indeed you shall not, so long as I am a member—perhaps not the least influential one—in this firm, and have any influence with your formidable creditor, Mr. Titmouse. I cannot do justice to my desire to shelter you and yours, Mr. Aubrey, from the storm you dread so justly." There was a warmth, an energy in Gammon's manner, while saying all this, which cheered the drooping heart of poor Mr. Aubrey. "What I am about to say, Mr. Aubrey, is in complete confidence," continued Gammon, in a low tone. Mr. Aubrey bowed, with a little anxious excitement in his manner. "May I rely on your honor and secrecy?"

"Most implicitly Sir. What you desire me to keep within my own breast, no one on earth shall know from me."

"There are serious difficulties in the way of serving you. Mr. Titmouse is a weak and inexperienced young man, naturally excited to a great pitch by his present elevation, and already embarrassed for want of ready money. You may imagine, sir, that his liabilities to us are of considerable magnitude. You would hardly credit, Mr. Aubrey, the amount of mere money out of pocket for which he stands indebted to us; our outlay during the last two years, having considerably crippled our pecuniary resources, in an extensive practice like ours, and driven us to incur liabilities, which are beginning to occasion my partners and myself considerable anxiety. Of course, Mr. Aubrey, we must look to Mr. Titmouse to be speedily reimbursed; he insists upon our immediately calling upon you; and I have reason to suspect that he has at his elbow one or two very heartless advisers, who have suggested this to him; for he follows it most pertinaciously. That he cannot meet the liabilities I have alluded to, out of his annual income, without swallowing it up entirely for eighteen months or two years, is certain. I regret to say that Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap encourage his disposition to press you;—do not be alarmed, my dear sir!" he continued, observing the deadly paleness of Mr. Aubrey, whose eye was riveted upon that of Gammon, "for I declare that I will stand between you and them, and it is enough for me to say that I have the power of doing so. I am the only person living who happens to possess the means of influencing Mr. Titmouse; and I am determined to avail myself of them. Now, bearing in mind that I have no legal authority from him, and am, at the same time, only one of a firm, and assuring you that I am entailing a serious responsibility upon myself in what I am doing, let me throw out for your consideration my general notion of what I think ought to be done—merely my off-hand notion."

"I perfectly understand; I listen with inexpressible anxiety," said Mr. Aubrey.

"Had I been consulted, we should have proposed to you, with reference to our bill (which I candidly acknowledge contains a much more liberal entry than would be allowed on taxation, and which is none of my doing.)—Gammon knew the credit for candor which this acknowledgement of a fact of which Messrs. Runningtons would quickly apprise him on looking at the bill, was likely to obtain for him with Mr. Aubrey—"I say, I should have proposed to you, in the first instance, the payment of our bill by instalments, during the next three or four years, provided you could have obtained partial security. But I am only one of three, and I know the determination of Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap, not to listen to any proposal with reference to the mere profits, which is not based upon—in short, they say, the bill must be paid without being looked into—I mean," he added quickly, "without its being subjected to the harassing and protracted scrutiny which a distrustful, an ungrateful client, has it too frequently in his power to inflict. Oh, let me disguise nothing from you, my dear sir, in a conversation of this kind between two gentlemen," continued Gammon with an admirable air of frankness, for he perceived that Mr. Aubrey looked slightly staggered. "I am ashamed to acknowledge that that bill does contain exorbitant entries—entries which have led to very frequent and fierce disputes between me and my partners. But what is to be done? Mr. Quirk is the monied man of the firm; and if you were to glance at the articles of our partnership"—Gammon shrugged his shoulders and sighed,—"you would see the tyrannical extent of power over his partners which, in virtue of that circumstance, he has secured! You observe how candid I am—perhaps foolishly so."

"I've not quite mastered him—I can tell it by his eye,"—thought Gammon—"is this a game of chess between us? I wonder whether, after all, Messrs. Runningtons are aware of his being here—knowing his ability—and have put him thoroughly on his guard? He is checking strong feelings incessantly, and evidently weighing every word I utter. Misery has sharpened faculties naturally acute."]

"Pray do not say so, Mr. Gammon; I fully appreciate your motives. I am devoured with anxiety for an intimation of the nature of the terms which you were about, so kindly to specify."

"Specify is perhaps rather too strong a term; but to proceed. Supposing, Mr. Aubrey, the preliminary matter which I have alluded to, satisfactorily arranged, I am disposed to say that if you could find security for the payment of the sum of ten thousand pounds, within a year, or a year and a-half,—[Mr. Aubrey's teeth almost chattered at the mention of it.]—"I—I—that is, my impression is—but it is only mine"—added Gammon, earnestly—"that the rest should be left to your own honor, giving at the same time a personal undertaking to pay at a future—a very distant day—in the manner most convenient to yourself—the sum of ten thousand pounds more—making in all only one-third of the sum due from you; and receiving an absolute release from Mr. Titmouse in respect of the remaining two-thirds, namely, forty thousand pounds."

Mr. Aubrey listened to all this with his feelings and faculties strung to the utmost pitch of intensity; and when Gammon had ceased, experienced a transient sense, as of the

fearful mountain that had pressed so long on his heart, moving.

"Have I made myself intelligible, Mr. Aubrey?" inquired Gammon, with a kind but serious air.

"Perfectly—but I feel so oppressed and overwhelmed with the magnitude of the topics we are discussing, that I scarcely at present appreciate the position in which you would place me. I must throw myself, Mr. Gammon, entirely on your indulgence!"

Gammon looked a little disappointed.

"I can imagine your feelings, sir." He took a sheet of paper and a pencil; and while he made a few memoranda of the arrangement which he had been mentioning—"You see,—the great result of what I have been hastily sketching off is—to give you ample time to pay the sums which I have named, and to relieve you, at once, absolutely from no less a sum than FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS," said he, with emphasis and deliberation, "for which—and with interest—you would otherwise remain liable to the day of your death—there could be no escape—except, perhaps, into banishment, which with your feelings would be worse than death—for it would be a dishonorable exile—to avoid just liabilities—and those who bear your name."

"Pay sir, be silent!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, in a tone that electrified Gammon—starting from his chair. His face was whitened; his eye glanced lightning at his companion. Dagon-like, Gammon had put forth his hand, and touched the ark of Aubrey's honor. Gammon lost his color, and for the first time quailed before the majesty of man; 't was also the majesty of suffering; he had been torturing a noble nature. Neither of them spoke for some time—Mr. Aubrey continuing highly excited—Gammon gazing at him with unfeigned amazement. The paper which he held in his hand trembled; he was obliged to lay it down on his lap, lest Mr. Aubrey should perceive his agitation.

"I am guilty of great weakness, sir," said at length Mr. Aubrey—his excitement only a little abated. He stood erect, and spoke with stern precision; "but you, perhaps unconsciously, provoked the display of it. Sir, I am ruined; I am a beggar; we are all ruined; we are all beggars; it is the ordering of God, and I bow to it. Do you, sir, presume to think that at last my honor is in danger? and consider it necessary, as if you were warning one whom you saw about to become a criminal, to expatiate on the nature of the meditated act by which I am to disgrace myself and my family?" Here they seemed suddenly standing around him; his lip quivered, his eyes filled, and he trembled with excessive emotion.

"This is a sally equally unexpected, Mr. Aubrey, and permit me to add unwarrantable," said Gammon calmly, having recovered his self-possession. "You have entirely misunderstood me; or I have ill explained myself. Your evident excitement and distress touch my very soul, Mr. Aubrey." Gammon's voice trembled. "Suffer me to tell you that I feel an inexpressible respect and admiration for you; and am miserable at the thought of one word of mine having occasioned you an instant's uneasiness." When a generous nature is thus treated, it is apt to feel an excessive contrition for any fault or extravagance which it may have committed—an excessive appreciation of the pain it may have inflicted on another. Thus it was, that by the time Gammon had done speaking, Mr. Aubrey felt ashamed and mortified at himself, and conceived an admiration of the dignified forbearance of Gammon, which quickly heightened into respect for his general character, and fervent gratitude for the disposition which he had evinced, from first to last, so disinterestedly to serve a ruined man. He seemed now to view all that Gammon had proposed in quite a new light—through quite another medium; and his excitable feelings were in some danger of disturbing his judgement.

"As I am a man of business, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, with a very captivating smile—how frank and forgiving seemed his temper to Aubrey!—"and this is a place for business, shall we resume our conversation? With reference to the first ten thousand pounds, it can be a matter of future arrangement, as to the instruments by which its payment is to be secured, and as to the remaining ten thousand, if I were not afraid of rendering myself liable to Mr. Titmouse for neglecting his interests, I should be content with your verbal promise—your mere word of honor, to pay it, as and when you conveniently could. But, in justice to myself, I really must take a *show* of security from you. Say, for instance, two promissory notes, for £5000 each, payable to Mr. Titmouse. You may really regard them as matters of mere form; for when you shall have given them to me they shall be deposited *there*," (pointing to an iron safe,) "and not again be heard of, until you may inquire for them. The influence which I happen to have obtained over Mr. Titmouse, you may rely upon my exercising with some energy, if ever he should be disposed to press you for payment of either of the instruments I have mentioned. I tell you candidly that they must be negotiable in point of form; and I assure you, as sincerely, that I will not permit them to be negotiated. Now, may I venture to hope that we understand each other," added Gammon, with a cheerful air: "and that if this be an arrangement which I shall be able to carry into effect, it is a sufficient evidence of my desire to serve you, and have the effect of relieving you from an immense load of anxiety and liability."

"An immense—a crushing load, indeed, sir, if you have but power to carry your views into effect," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a sigh of anxiety, and a look of gratitude.

"Leave that to me, my dear sir; I will undertake to do it; I will move heaven and earth to do it—and the more eagerly and anxiously, for that I may thereby hope to establish a kind of set-off against the misery and loss which my professional exertions have contributed to occasion you!"

"I feel very deeply sensible of your very great—your unexpected kindness, Mr. Gammon; but still, the arrangement suggested is one which occasions me dreadful anxiety as to my being able to carry out my part of it."

"Never, never despair Mr. Aubrey! Heaven helps those who help themselves; and I really imagine I see your powerful energies already beginning to surmount your prodigious difficulties! When you have slept over the matter you will feel the full relief which this arrangement is so calculated to afford your spirits. Of course, too, you will lose no time in communicating to Messrs. Runningtons the nature of the arrangement which I have proposed. I can predict that they will be not a little disposed to urge you to

complete it. I cannot, however, help once more reminding you, in justice to myself, Mr. Aubrey, that it is but a proposition, in making which, I hope it will not prove that I have been carried away by my feelings much farther than my duty to my client or his interests!"

Mr. Aubrey was afraid to hear him finish the sentence, lest the faint dawn of hope should disappear from the dark and troubled surface. "I will consult, as you suggest, sir, my professional advisers; and feel confident that they will feel as you predict. I feel bound to consult them!"

"Oh, certainly! certainly! I am very strict in the observance of professional etiquette, Mr. Aubrey, I assure you; and should not think of going on with this arrangement, except with them, acting on your behalf. One thing I have got to beg, Mr. Aubrey, that either you or they will communicate the result of your deliberations to me, personally. I am very desirous that the suggested arrangement should be broken to them by me. By the way, if you would favor me with your address, I would make a point of calling at your house either late in the evening or early in the morning."

[As if Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap had not kept eagle eyes upon his every movement since quitting Yatton, with a view to any sudden application for a writ of *Ne Exeat*, which a suspicious movement of his toward the seacoast might render necessary.]

"I am infinitely obliged to you sir—but it would be far more convenient for both of us, if you could drop me a line, or favor me with a call at Mr. Weasel's, in Pomegranate Court in the Temple."

Gammon blushed scarlet; but for this accidental mention of the name of Mr. Weasel, who was one of the pleaders occasionally employed by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap in heavy matters—in all probability Mr. Aubrey might have had to exercise his faculties, if so disposed, upon a declaration of trespass for mere profits, in a cause of "Titmouse v. Aubrey!"

"As you like—as you like, Mr. Aubrey," replied Gammon, with difficulty concealing his feelings of pique and disappointment at losing the opportunity of a personal introduction to Mr. Aubrey's family. After a few words of general conversation, Gammon inquiring how Mr. Aubrey liked his new profession, and assuring him in an emphatic manner, that he might rely upon being supported, from the moment of his being called to the bar; by almost all the common-law business of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon and Snap"—they parted. It had been to Mr. Aubrey a memorable interview—and to Gammon a somewhat arduous affair; taxing to an unusual extent his power of self-command and of dissimulation. As soon as he was left alone, his thoughts instantly recurred to Aubrey's singular burst of hauteur and indignation; Gammon had a stinging sense of submission to superior energy—and felt indignant with himself for not having resented it. Setting aside this source of exquisite irritation to the feelings of a proud man, Gammon felt a depressing consciousness that he had not met with his usual success, in his recent encounter with Mr. Aubrey, who had been throughout cautious, watchful, and courteously distrustful. He had afforded occasional glimpses of the unapproachable pride of his nature—and Gammon had crouched! Was there any thing in their interview—thought Gammon, walking thoughtfully to and fro in his room—which, when Aubrey came to reflect upon—for instance—had Gammon disclosed too much about the extent of his influence over Titmouse? His cheek slightly flushed; a sigh of fatigue and excitement escaped him; and gathering together his papers, he began to prepare for quitting the office for the day.

Mr. Aubrey quitted Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office with feelings of mingled exhaustion and despondency. As he walked down Saffron Hill—a dismal, deplorable neighborhood! what scenes did he witness? Poverty and profligacy reveling on all hands in their wild and filthy excesses! Here was a Irishman, half-stupified with liquor and bathed in blood, having just been rescued from a dreadful fight in a low, underground, public-house cellar, by his squalid wife, with dishevelled hair and a filthy infant in her arms—who walked beside him cursing, pinching, and striking him—reproaching him with the knowledge that she and her seven children were lying starving at home; presently he fell down into the gutter, and she with her infant fell down over him!

There was a woman—as it were a bloated mass of filth steeped in gin—standing with a drunken smile, at an old clothes-stall, pawing for a glass of gin a dirty little shirt, which she had a few minutes before stripped from the back of one of her then half-naked children!

A little further on was a noisy crowd round two men carrying a shutter, on which was strapped the bleeding body (a handkerchief spread over the face,) of a poor bricklayer, fallen a few minutes before from the top of some scaffolding, and then in the agonies of death—leaving behind him a wife and twelve children, for whom he had slaved from morning to night, who were ignorant of what had befallen him, and that they were left entirely destitute.

There was a skinny little terrified urchin, about eight years old, with nothing to conceal his dirty, half-starved body, but a tattered man's coat, pinned round him; dying with hunger, he had stolen a villainous-looking bare bone—scarce a halfpenny worth of meat upon it; and a brawny constable, his knuckles fiercely dug into the poor little offender's neck, with his tight grasp, was leading him off to the police office, followed by his shrieking mother; from the police office he would be committed to Newgate, and thence, after two or three months' imprisonment, he would be flogged—miserable little wretch!—by the common hangman, (who had hanged the child's father some six months before,) and discharged—to return several times and undergo a similar process; then to be transported; and finally be hanged, as had been his father before him.

These startling scenes passed before Mr. Aubrey, in the course of a five minutes' walk down Saffron Hill—during which period he now and then paused, and gazed around him with feelings of pity, of astonishment, of disgust, which presently blended and deepened into one feeling of horror. These scenes, to some so fatally familiar—*fatally*, I mean, on account of the *indifference* which their familiarity is apt to induce—to Mr. Aubrey, had on them all the frightful glare of novelty. He had never witnessed any thing of the sort before; and had no notion of its existence. The people on each side of the Hill, however, seemed perfectly familiar with such scenes, which they seemed to view with

the same stupid indifference with which a lamb to the slaughter is beheld by one that has spent his life next door to the slaughter-house. The Jew clothes-man, before whose door he stood for a second or two, arrested by the horrifying spectacle of the bleeding wretch borne along to the hospital—took the opportunity to assail him with insolent importunity. A fat baker, and a greasy eating-house keeper, stood each at his door. Oh, how utterly insensible to the ravenous want that flitted incessantly past them! The pallid spectres haunting the gin-palace at the corner, gazed with sunken, lack-lustre eye and drunken apathy at the man borne by. What scenes were these! And what other hidden scenes did they not indicate the existence of! "Gracious mercy!" thought Aubrey, "what a world have I been living in! And this dismal aspect of it exposed to me just when I have lost all power of relieving its wretchedness!"—here a thrill of anguish passed through his heart—"but woe, woe is me! if at this moment I had a thousand times ten thousand a-year, how far would it go amidst the scenes similar to this, which abound in this one city! Oh, God! what unutterable horror must be in store for those who, entrusted by Thee with an overflowing abundance, disregard the misery around them in guilty selfishness and indolence, or"—he shuddered—"expend it in sensuality and profligacy! Will Dives become sensible of his misconduct, only when he shall have entered upon his next scene of existence and punishment! Oh, merciful Creator! how is my heart wrung by the sight of such scenes as these! Awful and mysterious Author of existence, Father of the spirits of all flesh, are these states of being which Thou hast ordained? Are these thy children? Are these my fellow creatures? Oh, help me! help me! my weak heart faints; my clouded understanding is confounded! I cannot—insect that I am!—discern the scope and end of thy economy, of thy dread government of the world; yet I know that thou reignest! though clouds and darkness are around thee! Righteousness and judgement are the habitation of thy throne! with righteousness shalt thou judge the world, AND THE PEOPLE WITH EQUITY!"

Like as the lesser light is lost in the greater, so, in Aubrey's case, was the lesser misery he suffered, merged in his sense of the greater misery he witnessed. What, after all, was his position, in comparison with that of those now before and around him? What cause of thankfulness had he not, for the merciful mildness of the dispensation of Providence towards him and his? Such were his thoughts and feelings, as he stood gazing at the scenes which had called them forth, when his eye lit on the figure of Mr. Gammon approaching him. He was threading his way, apparently lost in thought, through the scenes which had so powerfully affected Mr. Aubrey, who stood eyeing him with a sort of unconscious intensity, as if secure from his observation, till he was actually addressed by him.

"Mr. Aubrey!" exclaimed Gammon, courteously saluting him. Each took off his hat to the other. Though Aubrey hardly intended it, he found himself engaged in conversation with Gammon, who, in a remarkably feeling tone, and with a happy flattering deference of manner, intimated that he could guess the subject of Mr. Aubrey's thoughts, namely, the absorbing matters which they had been discussing together.

"No, I was not," said Aubrey with a sigh as he walked on—Gammon keeping easily beside him—"I have been profoundly affected by scenes which I have witnessed in the immediate neighborhood of your office, since quitting it; what misery! what horror!"

"Ah, Mr. Aubrey!"—exclaimed Gammon, with a sigh, as they very slowly ascended Holborn Hill, separate, but side by side—"what a checkered scene is life! Guilt and innocence—happiness and misery—wealth and poverty—disease and health—wisdom and folly—sensuality and refinement—piety and irreligion—how strangely intermingled we behold them, wherever we look on life—how difficult to the philosopher to detect the principle!"

"Difficult?—Impossible! Impossible!"—exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, thoughtfully.

"Comparison, I have often thought," said Gammon, after a pause—"comparison of one's own misfortunes with the greater misfortunes endured by others, is beneficial or prejudicial—consolatory or disheartening—according as the mind of him who makes the comparison is well or ill regulated—possessed or destitute of moral and religious principle!"

"It is so, indeed," said Mr. Aubrey; though not particularly inclined to enter into conversation, he was pleased with the tone of his companion's remark.

"As for me"—proceeded Gammon, with a slight sigh—"the absorbing anxieties of professional life; and, too, a branch of professional life which, infinitely to my distaste, brings me constantly into scenes such as you have been observing, have contributed to render me less sensible of their real character; yet can I vividly conceive the effect they must, when first seen, produce upon the mind and heart of a compassionate, an observant, a reflecting man, Mr. Aubrey!"

Gammon looked a gentleman; his address was easy and insinuating, full of delicate deference, without the slightest tendency to cant or sycophancy; his countenance was an intellectual and expressive one; his conversation that of an educated and thinking man. He was striving his utmost to produce a favorable impression on Mr. Aubrey; and, as is very little to be surprised at, he succeeded. By the time that they had got about twenty yards beyond Fetter Lane, they might have been seen walking together arm-in-arm. As they approached Oxford street, they suddenly stumbled on Mr. Runnington.

"God bless me, Mr. Aubrey!" said he, surprisedly—"and Mr. Gammon? How do you do, Mr. Gammon?" he continued, taking off his hat with a little formality, and speaking in a corresponding tone; but he was encountered by Gammon with greatly superior ease and distance, and was not a little nettled at it; for he was so palpably foiled with his own weapons.

"Well, I shall now resign you to your legitimate adviser, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, with a smile; then addressing Mr. Runnington, in whose countenance pique and pride were abundantly visible,—"Mr. Aubrey has favored me with a call to-day, and we have had some little discussion on a matter which he will explain to you. As for me, Mr. Aubrey, I ought to have turned off two streets ago—so I wish you a good evening."

Mr. Aubrey and he shook hands as they exchanged adieus. Mr. Runnington and he simply raised each his hat, and bowed to the other with cold politeness. As Mr. Runnington and Mr. Aubrey walked westward together, the former, who was a very cautious man did not think fit to express the uneasiness he felt at Mr. Aubrey's having entered into anything like confidential intercourse with one whom he believed to be so subtle and dangerous a person as Mr. Gammon. He was, however, very greatly surprised when he came to hear of the proposal which had been made up by Mr. Gammon, concerning the meagre profits, which, he said, was so unaccountably reasonable and liberal, considering the parties by whom it was made, that he feared Mr. Aubrey must be lying under some mistake. He would, however, turn it anxiously over in his mind, and consult with his partners; and, in short, do whatever they conceived best for Mr. Aubrey—that he might depend upon. "And, in the mean time, my dear air," added Mr. Runnington, with a smile designed to disguise considerable anxiety, "it may be as well for you not to have any further personal communication with these parties whom you do not know as well as we do; but to let us negotiate with them in everything!" Thus they parted, and Mr. Aubrey entered Vivian street with a considerably lighter heart than he had ever before carried into it. A vivid recollection of the scenes which he had witnessed at Saffron Hill, caused him exquisitely to appreciate the comforts of his little home, and to return the welcomes and caresses he received with a kind of trembling tenderness and energy. As he folded his still blooming but somewhat anxious wife fondly to his bosom, kissed his high-spirited and lovely sister, and fondled the prattling innocents that came clambering up upon his lap, he forgot the difficulties, but remembered the lesson of the day.

But I must return to Yatton, where same matters had transpired which are worth noticing. Though Mr. Yahoo paid rather anxious court to Mr. Gammon, who was very far too much for him in every way, 't was plain that he dreaded and disliked, as much as he was despised by that gentleman. Mr. Gammon easily extracted from Titmouse that Yahoo was endeavoring, from time to time, artfully to set him against his protector, Mr. Gammon. This was something; but more than this—Yahoo, a bold, dashing scoundrel, was obtaining a growing ascendancy over Titmouse, whom he was rapidly initiating into all manner of vile habits and practices; and, in short, completely corrupting. But, above all, Gammon ascertained that Yahoo had already commenced, with great success, his experiments upon the purse of Titmouse. Before they had been a week at Yatton, down came a splendid billiard table with its appendages from London, accompanied by a man to fix it—as he did—in the library, which he quickly denuded of all traces of its former character; and here Yahoo, Titmouse, and Fitz-Snooks would pass a good deal of their time. Then they would have tables and chairs, and cards, cigars, and brandy and water, out upon the beautiful "soft, smooth-shaven lawn," and sit there playing *ecarté*, at once pleasantly soothed and stimulated by their cigars and brandy and water, for half a day together. Then Yahoo got up frequent excursions to Grilston, and even to York; where, together with his two companions, he had "great sport," as the newspapers began to intimate with growing frequency and distinctness. Actuated by that execrable licentiousness with reference to the female sex, by which he was peculiarly distinguished, and of which he boasted, he had got into several curious adventures with farmers' girls, and others in the vicinity of Yatton, and even among the female members of the establishment at the Hall; in which latter quarter Fitz-Snooks and Titmouse began to imitate his example. Mr. Gammon conceived a fearful, a shuddering loathing and disgust for the miscreant leader into these enormities; and, but for certain consequences, would have despatched him with as much indifference as he would have laid arsenic in the way of a bold voracious rat, or killed a snake. As it was, he secretly caused him to experience, on one or two occasions, the effects of his good-will toward him. Yahoo had offered certain atrocious indignities to the sweetheart of a strapping young farmer; whose furious complaints coming to Mr. Gammon's ears, that gentleman, under a pledge of secrecy, gave him two guineas to be on the look-out for Yahoo, and give him the best taste he knew how, of a pair of Yorkshire fists. A day or two afterward, the Satyr fell in with his unsuspected enemy. Yahoo was a strongly-built man, and an excellent bruiser; but was at first disposed to shirk the fight, on glancing at the prodigious proportions of Hazel, and the fury flaming in his eyes. The instant, however, that he saw the attitude into which poor Hazel threw himself, Yahoo smiled, stripped, and set to. I am sorry to say that it was a good while before Hazel could get one single blow at his accomplished opponent; whom, however, he at length began to wear out. Then he gave him a miserable pomeling, to be sure; and finished by knocking out five of his front teeth, viz., three in the upper and two in the under jaw—beautifully white and regular teeth they certainly were; and the loss of them caused him great affliction on the score of his appearance, and also not a little interfered with the process of cigar-smoking; and would, besides, have debarred him from enlisting as a soldier, inasmuch as he could not bite off the end of his cartridge: wherefore it would seem that Hazel had committed the offence of *Mayhem*. Mr. Gammon condescended heartily with Mr. Yahoo, on hearing of the brutal attack which had been made upon him, and, as the assault had not been committed in the presence of a third party, strongly recommended him to bring an action of *trespass vi et armis* against Hazel, which Gammon undertook to conduct for him to—a nonsuit. While they were conversing in this friendly way together, it suddenly occurred to Gammon that there was another service he could render Mr. Yahoo, and with equally strict observance of the injunction, *not to let his left hand know what his right hand did*; for he loved the character of a secret benefactor. So he wrote up a letter to Snap, (whom he knew to have been treated very insolently by Yahoo,) desiring him to go to two or three flash bill-brokers and money-lenders, and ascertain whether they had any paper by them with the name of "Yahoo" on it; and in the event of such being discovered, he was to act in the manner pointed out by Gammon. Off went Snap like a shot, on receiving this letter; and the very first gentleman he applied to, viz., Suck'em Dax, Esq., proved to be possessed of an acceptance of Yahoo's for £200, for which Dry had given only five pounds on speculation. He readily

yielded to Snap's representation, that he would give him—Dry—a shilling at Mr. Yahoo, gratis—and put the document into the hands of Snap; who forthwith delivered it confidentially, to Swindle Shark, gent., &c., a little Jew attorney in Chancery Lane, into whose office the dirty work of Quirk, Gammon and Snap was swept—in cases where they did not choose to appear.

I wish the mutilated Yahoo could have seen the mouthful of glittering teeth that were displayed by the hungry Jew, on receiving the above commission. His duties, though of a painful, were of a brief and simple description. 'T was a plain case of *Indorse v. Acceptor*. The affidavit of debt was sworn the same afternoon; and within an hour's time afterward, a thin slip of paper was delivered into the hands of the Under-sheriff of Yorkshire, commanding him to take the body of Pimp Yahoo, if he should be found in his bailiwick, and him safely keep—out of harm's way—to enable him to pay £200 debt to Suck'em Dry, and £24. 6s. 10d. costs to Swindle Shark. Down went that little "infernal machine" to Yorkshire by that night's post. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and concern with which Mr. Gammon, the evening but one afterward, on returning to the Hall from a ride to Grilston, heard Titmouse and Fitz-Snooks—deserted beings!—tell him how an hour before, two big vulgar fellows, one of them with a long slip of paper in his hands, had called at the Hall, asked for the innocent, unsuspecting Yahoo, just as he was putting his last ball into the pocket of the billiard-table—an admirable coup—and insisted on his accompanying them to the house of one of them, and then on to York Castle. They had brought a tax-cart with them for his convenience; and into it, between his two new friends, was forced to get the astonished Yahoo—smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, with which he had filled all his pockets, and swearing oaths enough to last the whole neighborhood for a fortnight at least.

## Original Poetry.

For the New World.

### THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON.

(HIS FEATURES SAID TO BE PERFECTLY PRESERVED.)

Gather around his grave,  
Ye who his features knew!  
Who saw him 'mid the ranks of war  
When his peerless Eagle flew!

Look on what is—of him  
The loftiest of his kind—  
Whose word was law to millions,  
Whose gaze made monarchs blind.

Now lift the coffin lid—  
Heavens! Death has lost his power!  
Why this is he, as when he stood  
In triumph's loftiest hour!

The same pale ample brow—  
The lip compressed, and thin—  
The deathless spirit's majesty!  
The impress from within!

Soldiers!—your leader claim!  
Once more your arms advance!  
Up with the Eagles! charge for fame!  
For Liberty! for France!

Where are the foes of France  
That triumph in her shame?  
March with the dead Napoleon!  
Cry—Vengeance!—in his name!

Recall the glorious past!  
To Ansterlitz return—  
To Jena, Eckmühl and Arcole,  
Marengo and Asperne!

We have a leader now,  
We'll give no price for peace:  
Let Phillipist chicanery  
And Guizot truckling cease!

He comes! the Conqueror comes!  
Pale Europe owns her lord  
Who made her monarchs tremble,  
When he looked upon his sword!

He comes!—the Peasant-King—  
What though beneath a pall?  
The people's love hath circled him,  
And his grandeur cannot fall.

He comes!—a Spirit-King,  
And his eye is fixed and dim;  
But where 's the rigid rebel's knee  
That doth not bend to him?

Earth! search thy scanty history!  
It hath no page like this!  
He smileth in his coffin,  
Throne, camp and church are his!

His reign in life was brief,  
But his reign is hence for ever!  
And fickle France henceforth will be  
False to Napoleon—never.

TO LIGHT A CANDLE BY APPLICATION OF ICE.—Attach to the wick of a candle, a small piece or globe of potassium (the metallic base of potash) of the size of a small shot. Apply an icicle or point of ice to the metal, and it will instantly inflame.



## The Scrap-Book.

From the Ladies' Companion

## HAPPINESS LOST AND FOUND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I.  
Our cot was in a forest glade,  
Where sunbeams stole to mock the shade,  
And wild-flowers round the lattice played,  
By beam and breeze caressed:  
And in our Mary's form and face,  
Was all the blossom's glowing grace;  
A lovely human flower, was she,  
Nay! more, a bird, in tireless glee,  
The darling of the nest!  
She came, an orphan, to our wild;  
But fondly on her kinsman's child,  
My mother, her true welcome, smiled,  
And so our home was blest.

II.  
Yet I, alas! unconscious then,  
How rich, within our woodland glen,  
Were we, afar from world-worn men,  
For gaudier pleasures pined:  
For I had seen, in dreams at night,  
A being, lovely as the light,  
With eyes like Heaven, of changeable blue,  
And hair, that gleamed of gold stole through,  
And lips in dimples shrined.  
Her name was Happiness, she said;  
And soon, by blind Ambition led,  
I left our lowly, love-warmed shed,  
To seek this maiden kind.

III.  
I sought her far—I sought her wide,  
I sought her in the halls of pride,  
Her angel smile was still denied,  
Where gems less lovely shone.  
I asked of Fame her fairest crown:—  
With mocking laugh she cast it down.  
No spell was in the wreath, tho' fair,  
To win the maid with golden hair;  
And I was all alone.  
I asked of Wealth his coffer's key:  
He smiled, and flung them wide to me,  
The glittering treasure, fair and free,  
I lavished.—Soon 't was flown.

IV.  
It bought me rank;—it bought me power;  
It bought me Pleasure's fleeting flower,  
And many a plaything of an hour:  
Ah, me! 't was little worth!  
It could not buy that being fair,  
The vision with the shining hair;  
No! far from me, her low, sweet lay,  
Young Joy was warbling all the day,  
While I, o'er half the earth  
Went wandering for her looks of light.  
At length, I wearied of the sight,  
Of palace-halls. I dreamed one night  
Of her, who gave me birth.

V.  
And coldly, on the morrow-morn,  
With sorrow in my soul and scorn,  
I sought the glen where I was born,  
How holy seemed the air!  
The wild-flower, with its early glow,  
Still lightly laced the lattice low;  
Still sang the rill;—the forest trees  
Bent, as of old, beneath the breeze,  
And all was free and fair.  
The Zephyr, with its breath of balm,  
The sunshine smiling, soft and calm,  
Wrought, in my very heart a charm,  
And made it Summer there.

VI.  
Some dreamy moments passed, before  
My trembling hand unlatched the door,  
And I, beneath that roof once more,  
Stood silent with delight.  
My mother welcomed back her boy;  
My bashful Mary blushed her joy;  
And folding to my heart the prize,  
That now seemed dearest in mine eyes,  
And loveliest and most bright,  
I saw again the vision fair,  
The maiden with the radiant hair;  
For Joy and I had parted there,  
As there we met that night!

VII.  
Ah! many a youth will search like me,  
Will roam the land and cross the sea,  
In quest of Happiness, while she  
Sits all the while unseen,  
Beside the very hearth he leaves,  
And there her golden web she weaves,  
Perchance arrayed in lowly guise,  
But still with Heaven-illumined eyes,  
And frank and smiling mien.  
We fondlest prize the gem we miss;  
We prize for absent friendship's kiss;  
We know not, 'till we lose the bliss  
That dwells at home serene.

RESERVE PASTE FOR DYEING SHAWLS.—Klein recommends for this purpose, to mix chalk into a paste with albumen; a solution of gum arabic is then to be added, about equal to half the volume of albumen. The desired consistence is then to be obtained by adding water. This reserve is applied by means of a brush to the borders and ornaments to be reserved. In a few minutes it becomes dry. To procure its complete effect, it must be applied on both sides—the shawls rather to be immersed in the dyeing vat. The reserve paste is to be removed by washing the shawl afterward in water, and pressing it between the hands.

## THE BLUE STOCKING.

"A beautiful, a very beautiful work. The incidents are natural in themselves, and their continuity is most artistically managed. The language is flowing, and the sentiments advanced are imbued with the color of original thought. To night you shall see the author. He is an angelic being, my most particular friend, and I have sent him an invitation, which, dear creature, he has graciously accepted."

These few words are uttered by a lady of whom we must give a description. In stature she is short, and rather fat, though any flesh she may possess does not prevent her action being very quick. Of a pale hue is her complexion; her eyes are grey; and her hair dark and curling. About her forehead there is a peculiar look, the fair dame, believing in the truth of phrenology and in her own possession of intellect, having caused some portion of her ringlets to be cut away, the effect of which is a dark shade over her brows. Equally singular with the appearance of the head is the voice of the blue stocking. It is in tones very shrill and loud, in manner so quick as, did not the force of utterance prevent such, would make it difficult for a listener to recognise the several words.

The apartment in which this female Solon is now conversing with a friend who, as yet, wears only socks of a light azure, harmonizes very strictly with the idea of the possessor. It is well furnished; there are several busts standing upon pedestals against the walls, while on a table that is placed in the centre of the room there are scattered newspapers, novels, and reviews. There rests the *Morning Post* with its fashionable columns upward; close by it is one of the Messrs. Colburn and Bentley's new fictions; and but a small distance further is the volume of strictures upon the literature and music that the present quarter has produced.

The little which has already been put down will be a sufficient specimen of our subject's tone of conversation. She scarcely ever opens her mouth without recording the praises of some idol, though we must say that we cannot subscribe to her opinions. Like some people's taste in dress, the blue stocking's estimate of genius is dependant upon its delicacy or glitter. She supposes Lytton Bulwer to be the finest romancist that the world ever produced, and that before the greater glory of the wreath which encircles the brows of Harrison Ainsworth the chaplets of both Shakspeare and Milton must look pale. She has a regard, too, for the author of "Nicholas Nickleby," but this has been greatly increased since last September. Until that month came, her estimate had been but so-so; but the long fingers, the wristbands, the languid eye, and the hair brought about a revolution. Yes, for the last nine months has our dear friend confessed the genius of "Boz." It is this individual, indeed, whom she has spoken of on the present occasion as an "angelic being." It is most assuredly very laughable to see how we, poor human creatures, can even deceive our own minds. Miss Sappho Green thinks that her idolatry springs from an intuitive love of talent, but she is mistaken; it is not the highly gifted author whom she bows to, but the nice, the very nice, and gentlemanly looking young man.

Before we have done with our sweet subject we will show her amongst those literary luminaries that occasionally shine in her apartments. Till we come to that part of our duties let us take a slight view of the blue-stocking's attainments—those mighty powers that some people suppose have an existence in the brain of Miss Sappho Green.

Well, the lady can talk; and her education has been such as to make her have the names of things at her fingers' ends. She is well aware of the existence of art and science; further, she knows that these include such things as painting, music, geography, mathematics, hydraulics, ethica, pneumatics, zoology, and the like. Each of these is, in its turn, the subject of her discourse, and she goes on and on in a manner to astonish any person save one who has not had a practical acquaintance with the fact that most very talkative people are the same as the empty bottles that make the greatest noise. Miss S. G.'s purpose is served. She deals in big words, and so nicely strings them together as to create an impression of vast intellectuality. Of light and shade she speaks, then come the technicalities of other pursuits—tones, semi-tones, strata, fossils, angles, squares, lines; and the effect of this is, on her side, self-gratulation; on that of her listen, crwonder, admiration, and sometimes profound awe.

Her best suite of rooms is thrown open, and she, with others, is already in the place of action. Vastly poetical is the receiving dress of the delectable Sappho. There, indeed, have been mingled two of the things she has lately been conversing about—light and shade, for she has, with artificial aids, increased the white hue of her flesh and the raven one of her locks. Her gown is sky blue silk; over her brow is a band of gold; and on her bosom is an amulet looking thing, which, on a closer survey, will be discovered to be the likeness of some great creature, either living or defunct.

We could detect the knock of the author of "Pelham" were we to hear it among a thousand. It is so very gentlemanly, so truly white-kid-glove like, as to put doubt to the flight. That knock have we just heard, and here comes the giver. A very long and thin face graced on the sides by bushy whiskers, and on the under lip by what is called a tip, luxuriant and rather curling hair, peculiarly bright eyes, and a voice whose tone is rather affected than otherwise, make up Sir Lytton Bulwer's claims to fascination.

"Dear Sir Edward, I am so happy to see you!" exclaims the lady entertainer. She runs to the gentleman spoken to, and he returns the salutation in a manner that would do honor to St. James's itself. Then from the pocket of the dress-coat is the magnificent handkerchief extracted, and the air becomes ambrosial.

There is another knock. That, though it is not so individual as the former, we think we can tell whose hand it proceeds from. We are right again—it is the editor of "Bentley's Miscellany." A fine fellow, truly, though, notwithstanding the good offices of the tailor and jeweller, to leave out of our account Dame Nature's handiwork in the way of an ample bust, well-carved features, and shining curls, having insomuch of Jack Sheppard about him.

Presently comes a third knock! When it has been answered there is announced a name—a very common one, indeed, but that it is not the designation of a very

common person is proved by the eager look which is directed to the room-door. He—the celebrated one—makes his appearance, about which there is little that to the common speaks of what exists within. It is a very attractive visage, that on which we are looking. At least the ladies have said so, and we suppose that they are in the right.

But what with our fair subject's friends, we have lost sight of her for a few minutes or so. We will make amends by more narrowly noticing her. There she is, all alive and in her own element, saying pretty little things to her literary guests, as well as receiving from their lips a due return. Happy, but deceived creature, in thus being able to take one character for another! Thou art not the vain, flippant, foolish, or ostentatious woman—in thine own opinion, let add. No; viewed through the glass of thine own estimation, thou art the spiritual, the good, the gay—in short, the BLUE STOCKING!

J. C.

## RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHARIVARI.

It is the nature of man to be doing; whatever may be his age and his position, he must have an occupation of some sort, whether physical or intellectual; I do not believe in the possibility of absolute idleness, not even in the dependants on the charity of the *l'Etat-civil*.

I have not chosen this theme in order to discuss it at length: heaven preserve me from it, and you also, reader! That which you may have mistaken for the grave introduction to a learned dissertation, was nothing more than a reflection into which I was led while contemplating from my window an excellent and worthy neighbor of mine, M. Fromageot.

This respectable *pater familias*, of whom I will not say that age had whitened his venerable locks, seeing that for the last ten years his head had cast off that ornament as a superfluity which hairdressers and bear's grease had rendered too expensive, not long since exercised the profession of haberdasher, in the Rue St. Denis, the favored quarter of this useful class. His ledgers were well filled, and kept with scrupulous exactitude; but he had a clerk to whom these delicate functions were exclusively consigned. From morn to dewy eve his shop was crowded with purchasers; but here, again, he kept apprentices, whose duty it was to unfold, exhibit, and refold his wares. M. Fromageot had reserved for himself no special task but that, as he expressed himself, of keeping an eye on every thing, meaning that he spent the whole day in circulating, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, from the shop to the counter, from the counter to the shop, stimulating with a word or a look, the activity of his men, who, notwithstanding, performed their duties neither better nor worse. Nevertheless, Madame Fromageot, a lady who, from time to time, does me the honor to exchange remarks on the state of the temperature, or the demand for night-caps, does not remember a single instance, during the last twenty years, of her husband going to bed without exclaiming, "What a weary life! When shall I be able to retire from business and repose myself?" But this is the accustomed exclamation of all who labor to gain a living or save a competency; and I have further observed, that the moment this retirement has arrived, they all look on the repose so long the object of their wishes in about the same light as M. Fromageot.

Would you know how my neighbor enjoys his repose now that he is shut up in a charming little country-house, where all the comforts of existence are to be found? This is what I have witnessed from the first day of the year to the last.

At four in the morning in summer, at seven in winter, M. Fromageot throws himself from a bed of thrice-driven down; he puts on a blouse, steps into an enormous pair of *sabots*, defends his head with a nightcap striped blue and white, heaps upon his shoulder a spade, a pickaxe, a rake, a pitchfork, and a dibber, takes up a large basket, wherein are methodically arranged his cabbage, salad, and strawberry plants, and away he trudges to his garden. There he sticks for twelve or fifteen hours, his spine continually bent, making holes in the ground, tracing furrows, planting endive and lettuce, weeding beans, digging potatoes, with all the ardor of the most inveterate market-gardener. Think not that he allows himself the least cessation to his labors. Yesterday he was picking caterpillars from his plum-trees; to-day he is renewing a border of thyme, which is not more than 600 feet in length; to-morrow he will have to drive 2,000 nails to trail his vines and peach-trees. Though the wind blow with all its fury, though the rain pour down in torrent, though the sun dart his vertical rays on him, though the hairs of his beard stiffen with the sleet of January, he is staunch to his post, staunch as a brave soldier on the field of glory; a visit from his dearest friend could not induce him to forego one stroke of his spade; and if, peradventure, the temptation of satisfying his vanity should lead him for a few moments from his work, in order to display with pride his gigantic pumpkin to an admiring amateur, or to recount the history of some marvellous graft, he would take care, on going to bed, to advance his alarm one hour, that he might, as he would say, recover lost time. He often forgets his breakfast hour, and the same thing would happen with his dinner, were it not that his wife, after having in vain called him two or three times, tears him almost by force from his well-beloved plantations.

When a violent storm, or a hard frost, renders all gardening operations impracticable, and condemns M. Fromageot to keep within doors, the poor man really looks like a perturbed spirit; he wanders fretfully from one room to another, descends into the cellar, goes up into the garret, quarrels with his wife, scolds his servant, until he is struck, as with lightning, with the brilliant idea of splitting wood, or making a new railing for his rabbit-hutch.

For such repose has M. Fromageot amassed franc on franc for the last twenty years, until he has realized a capital of 200,000f., and he reckons on enjoying this sweet repose for the next thirty years, unless it procure him some inflammation of the chest to carry him off prematurely.

Thus M. Fromageot, after reposing all the while he fancied he was working, works all the while he is reposing. It is the history of many of his fellow-men.

Never despise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.

## The World of Science &amp; Art.

**HENRI MONDEUX, THE CALCULATING BOY.**—M. Cauchy lately presented to the French Academy a report on this remarkable mental calculator. It appears from the report, that when he is required to multiply the one by the other of two given numbers, he often divides these numbers into sets of two figures; having observed that in those cases where the factors are equal, the operation becomes more simple. The rules which he employs to form the product, or rather the power required, are precisely those which the formula known under the name of the binomial theorem of Newton would give. Guided by these rules, he can state, at the same instant, when required, the squares and cubes of a variety of numbers. As he knows nearly by heart all the squares of all the whole numbers under 100, the division of the larger numbers into sets of two figures, enables him to obtain their squares more easily. He has thus been enabled, in presence of the Academy, to state almost instantaneously the square of 756. Mondeux has of himself discovered the well known method, which gives the sum of a progression. Several of the rules which he has contrived for resolving different problems, are those which are deducible from certain algebraical formulas; as examples may be cited the rules by which he calculates the sums of squares, cubes, fourth, and even the fifth powers of natural numbers. To resolve two simultaneous equations of the first degree, Mondeux employs a method which ought to be made known. He seeks first the difference of the unknown quantities; and in order to arrive at this object, he subtracts the one equation from the other after having multiplied the first by the proportion which exists between the sums formed successively to each other with the co-efficients of the two unknown quantities. This process may be simplified, as Mondeux has observed, viz., by subtracting the one equation from the other, after having divided each of them by the sum of the co-efficients which affect, in the first place, the two unknown quantities: then the resulting equation immediately would furnish the difference between the two unknown quantities, from which the unknown quantities themselves can be easily deduced. If required to resolve a single equation of a degree higher than the first, Mondeux employs a method which may be illustrated by an example: he was asked to find a number, such that its cube increased by 84, affords a sum equal to the product of this number by 37. Mondeux gave the numbers 3 and 4 as an answer. To obtain them, he began by transforming the equation required to be resolved, and dividing the two numbers by that sought; then the proposed equation was reduced to the following:—to find a number such that its square increased by the quotient obtained by dividing 84 by the number will produce 37. By means of the transformation pointed out, Mondeux immediately perceived that the required number was inferior to the square root of 36, viz. 6; a few trials would soon enable him to arrive at the numbers already mentioned. Mondeux also resolves questions of indeterminate analysis. He was required to give two squares, the difference of which should be 123; he immediately gave 66 and 67; and being asked for a more simple solution, he answered 13 and 6. He reasoned thus: the difference between the squares of the numbers sought exceeds the square of their difference by a quantity which is equal to the double of this difference multiplied by the smallest. The question proposed may therefore be stated thus:—"To subtract from 133 a square such that the remainder may be divisible by the double of the root." If we try the following squares in succession, 1, 4, 9, 16, 25, 36, 49, we find that 1 and 49 will alone answer. By subtracting 133 and dividing the remainders, 132 and 84, by the roots doubled, that is by 2 and 12, we obtain 66 and 67; the numbers given by Mondeux. Mondeux has no memory for the names of persons, places, and objects. Even the names of geometrical figures and the construction of squares or cubes make less impression on him than the study of the properties of the numbers by which they are represented. Mondeux is the son of a shepherd; M. Jacobi, of Tours, hearing of his fondness for figures, took him and educated him. An application has been made to the French government to enable Jacobi to continue the education of the boy.

**ACROGRAPHY; OR ETCHING IN RELIEF.**—This is a new art, which well deserves the attention of designers and publishers, though as yet in its infancy, and by no means so perfect as is desirable in its results. The defects in the cuts are want of sharpness and clearness in the lines, and a monotony of tint; but what share of these faults belong to the transferring process, we have not the means of determining; we incline to the opinion, however, that the feeble effect is partly attributable to the artist, the broken and coarse lines to the process itself, and the heavy and dirty impression to the printer. When we call to mind the first rude efforts in lithography, and compare them with the beautiful productions now issuing from the lithographic press, there is reason to expect a proportionate improvement in acrography—which resembles lithography in this, that the artist's own work yields the impression: it is to lithography what wood-block printing is to copperplate.

The peculiar advantage of acrography over lithography is that the impressions are printed with type by a common letter-press: its superiority to wood engraving consists in the blocks being the designer's own work; thus saving the time, expense, and loss of spirit consequent on the process of cutting. We must not be misunderstood to say that the acrographic impressions are equal in power and effect to highly-finished wood engravings; or that the relief-etchings are as firm, bright and delicate as copper-plate, or as pen-and-ink drawing on stone: acrography, probably, may never realize such brilliant results, as regards execution; but in point of freedom and purpose in the design, it bids fair to be successful enough to invite artists of superior talent to make trial of it.

The ordinary mode of drawing with an etching-point on a black ground is adopted, but a lithographic stone is preferable to a copper-plate. From the incised lines a cast is taken in metal, by a process invented by a Mr. Louis Schonberg, of Hatton Garden, and known only to him; and from this metal block, having the lines in relief, the impressions are printed, in the same manner as from a wood-block. The nicety required in the operation of taking a

cast from so delicate a mould as that formed by the scratches of a needle through a thin coating of wax and lamb-black, makes the difficulty and ingenuity of Mr. Schonberg's process obvious at first sight: how far it is susceptible of being improved upon remains to be ascertained. Meanwhile, we may observe that the most extraordinary example of acrography is a medallion of Addison, engraved in a similar style to that of Collas's patent, and not distinguishable from its productions except by the lines being imperfect.

We should think the electrotype process might be employed with advantage in producing casts in relief from etchings, by means of a ground chemically prepared.—[London Spectator.

**METHOD OF ZINCING COPPER AND BRASS.**—M. Boettger has succeeded in covering plates and wires of copper, brass, pins, &c., with a brilliant coating of zinc. His method is as follows: granulated zinc is prepared by pouring the fused metal into a mortar of heated iron, and stirring it rapidly with the pestle until it is solidified. The metal thus granulated is placed in a porcelain capsule, or in some other non-metallic vessel. A saturated solution of sal-ammoniac is poured over it; the mixture is boiled; the objects to be rendered white are now placed in it, previously dipped in dilute hydrochloric acid: in a few minutes they are covered with a brilliant coating of zinc, which it is very difficult to remove by friction. The galvanic action is thus explained: the double chloride of zinc and ammonium formed is decomposed by the zinc and the plate of copper; the chlorine disengaged from the sal-ammoniac goes to the zinc; the ammonium is disengaged in the form of gas, and the undecomposed sal-ammoniac combines with the chloride of zinc to form the double chloride, a very soluble and easily decomposed salt. If then an excess of zinc exists in the solution in contact with the electro-negative copper, the salt is decomposed into its elements, and the reduced zinc is deposited on the negative copper.

**A TWELVE MONTHS' CLOCK.**—At the rooms of the United States Society of Science and Mechanism, No. 67 Liberty street, there is now exhibiting a newly invented clock, which must of necessity be more accurate as a time-keeper than any pendulum clock, and which possesses the remarkable power of running *twelve months*, without being wound up during that long period. It would seem, therefore, that the same principle, scientifically multiplied, would very nearly approximate to perpetual motion.

Indeed, the principle of this clock can be adapted to any period of running, from two days to two hundred years—and the price of the article is proportioned to the time the clock is made to run without winding. We copy the following particulars from the Newark Daily Advertiser:—

The clock contains only six wheels of from 60 to 96 teeth, and 5 pinions of 6, 8, 10, 12 and 16 leaves, 4 wheels and 4 pinions in the striking part, and 2 wheels and 1 pinion in the time part. The whole is driven and kept in motion by once winding for 376 days, by a spring of a strength when wound up equal to only 12 pounds weight.

The improvement in the striking part consists principally in the application of a rotary hammer: is very simple and requires 52 times less maintaining power than other clocks. The time part is driven by the striking part by means of a small spring, which forms a complete retaining power while winding, and, like the striking part, requires 52 times less maintaining power.

The great improvement in the time part consists principally in the regulating motion, and may be called a rotary or torsion pendulum, the ball is of a globular form and hollow, and suspended by a small spring; near the upper end of this spring is fastened an arm in the form of a crank: the ball being turned, twists the spring and causes the arm to perform an arch, acting upon and receiving the impulse from the swing wheel by means of a lever connected with the arm; which impulse is carried through the spring to the ball and keeps it in motion. The spring in a quiescent state is longest: by its being twisted either way from that state it is shortened, and the ball made to rise—returning by the reaction of the spring and the force of gravity, receiving the impulse from the maintaining power at each return. There is an irregularity existing in the common pendulum, by a loss of power arising from an increase of friction, thereby lessening the impulse given to it and shortening the arc of its vibrations. If it measures true time in an arc of 4 degrees, it will gain 10 seconds a day by vibrating in an arc of 3 degrees, so that by an increase of friction and loss of power, which is always the case, it will gain time.

Any difference of friction or maintaining power in this clock will not affect the time given by this pendulum: its revolutions or vibrations are rendered perfectly isochronal, by the influence that the torsion of the spring has (when made of a certain width to its thickness) in its reaction, upon the force of gravity of the ball.

The different degrees of temperature do not affect the time given by this pendulum: the time it would lose by the expansion of the spring in length, is accurately counteracted by the time it gains by its expansion in width and thickness. Let the expansibility of the metal of which the ball is made be what it may, the time it would lose by its expansion outward from its axis of motion is compensated for at the same time, by the time it gains, by the regulator rising on the spring and shortening the active part of it, by the expansion of the ball upward from the nut on which it rests.

**IMPROVED MICROSCOPE.**—M. Donne, who has delivered lectures on microscopical anatomy, has made a small addition to the instrument which is very useful in a class room. "My microscope," he says, "carry their light with them; a small lamp is placed in a kind of dark lantern, which is adapted to the microscope so as to throw light upon the reflecting mirror: all the other parts of the instrument are fixed; for example, the object is retained upon the platform by a small compressor, so that when the focus is ascertained, the microscope may be passed from one person to another without any other preparation being required than to direct the eye to the object." This arrangement will be exceedingly advantageous for clinical inquiries.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

## BARNABY RUDGE,

A NEW WORK BY CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., (Box,) another of the "The old Curiosity Shop," "The Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," &c.

In the next number of the New World or in the number succeeding, we shall begin the publication of the above story, said, by those who have seen the commencement of it in England, to be the very best production of its popular author. [It will be remembered that this work was announced more than a year since; public expectation, then universally excited, will now be gratified. In consequence of the frequency of the arrivals from England, we probably shall be able to give a chapter each week, till the whole romance is concluded. *Are we asking too much of the Editors, with whom we exchange, when we beg that they will announce the above work as forthcoming in the New World?*]

We expect that the first demand will be very great; and for that reason we are induced to solicit new subscribers to forward their orders immediately. We are quite willing to receive "Red Back" bills, in spite of the machinations of the New York Brokers, from every man who will send us \$3 for a year's subscription. We shall signify to each new subscriber, our receipt of his commands, by forwarding to him a copy of our just issued Leviathan New World.

Address J. WINCHESTER,

30 Ann street, New York.

"RED BACKS."—We again have occasion to say to our country friends that they must not be alarmed at the Wall street bulletin which discredits the notes of the new banks. There is no sound reason whatever for the panic recently "got up," but it is the result, doubtless, of a combination of certain Wall street worthies who do not hesitate to frighten the people into parting with their hard earnings at a sacrifice of twenty per cent., if they can put the difference in their own pockets.

The nominal cause of the recent decline in the market value of these bank notes, is the depreciation in value of certain State stocks of the same kind as these banks have previously lodged with the Comptroller to secure the redemption of the notes they received from him. But the fact is kept studiously out of sight that the stocks were pledged *not at par*, but at the then current market rates, which rates probably do not very greatly differ from the present rates: besides, if these banks have managed their affairs properly, (and in general there is no imputation to the contrary,) their notes are good without recourse to the security, inasmuch as they are issued by the banks *for value*, in exchange for good promissory notes, or other satisfactory securities. So that in fact, these notes are *better* than the notes of other banks, because they are doubly secured.

As to the State stocks, it is true that there has recently been a considerable decline in their market value—but we see no reason on earth for supposing that their intrinsic value has decreased. On the contrary, Indiana and Illinois have both, by Legislative enactment, provided for the payment of their interest; and as for Mississippi—although some action was proposed by the Governor of that State opposing the payment of interest, the Legislature very promptly rebuked and overruled his disgraceful proposal. Besides, Mississippi bonds, we imagine, have not been pledged by our new banks to the Comptroller—or at least to a very moderate extent.

As regard the red-back notes, they are passing here currently enough—despite the Wall street combination to depreciate them. Many trades people and others have today advertised to receive them at par; and we hereby notify our subscribers that we will take them as heretofore.

§§ We are inclined highly to applaud the sentiment in President Harrison's Inaugural Address concerning his intention to do all in his power to allay the force of party spirit. These sentiments are perfectly in accordance with those expressed by President Washington, in his Farewell Address. The question now arises, how it is that President Harrison can best carry into effect his determination of exerting his influence in this regard for the whole country. The obvious answer is, *by not removing the present incumbents from office, except for good and sufficient reasons.*

Mr. Clay would have none removed, except those who have made their situations subservient to the uses of party. We are afraid that this exception would be rather too comprehensive. Under the system which has prevailed for twelve years past, office holders have been compelled, as it were, under "the enticement of a handspike," to tug like galley-slaves at the political oars, which have been forced into their hands. Having thus acted under compulsion,



they cannot, with strict justice, be held responsible for the practices, of which they are truly accused. Extend pardon to these people, and more is done in a moment to quench party spirit than could by other means be effected in years. Not a man of them but would be a Whig, before one with moderate haste might count a hundred; and he would change his politics on such good grounds that it would be quite impossible for his old coadjutors to quarrel with him.

Nothing can be more anti-democratic than the slavery of party. On this point President Harrison has declared himself an abolitionist. This is a pledge as direct and as forcible, and one which ought to be as binding, as any that he has made. In accordance with this pledge, he surely cannot turn men out of offices, because they are members of an antagonist party, and install others in their places, because they are adherents to what is called "the Whig cause." No! If the President be really sincere in his expressed resolution to "emancipate the office holders," and to put to sleep this raging spirit of party, he will not eject a competent man from office, the duties of which he has faithfully and ably performed, only to put in his place some bold and forward claimant, who urges his services to the party, as his sole qualifications.

To prove to those, who did not attentively read President Harrison's Inaugural Address, that the above remarks are fully authorized by his views, we quote three admirable sentences:

The true spirit of liberty, although devoted, persevering, bold, and uncompromising in principle, that secured, is mild, and tolerant, and scrupulous as to the means it employs; whilst the spirit of party, assuming to be that of liberty, is harsh, vindictive, and intolerant, and totally reckless as to the character of the allies which it brings to the aid of its cause. When the genuine spirit of liberty animates the body of a people to a thorough examination of their affairs, it leads to the excision of every excrescence which may have fastened itself upon any of the Departments of the Government, and restores the system to its pristine health and beauty. But the reign of an intolerant spirit of party amongst a free people, seldom fails to result in a dangerous accession to the Executive power introduced and established amidst unusual professions of devotion to democracy.

**JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.**—The Courier and Enquirer of Tuesday morning contains a letter addressed to its editor by Andrew M. Barber, Esq. late editor of the *Otsego Republican*, in which are recited certain facts concerning a libel suit brought against Mr. Barber by the most distinguished and estimable man in the United States.

It appears that Mr. Cooper prosecuted Mr. Barber for libel in the Supreme Court, and obtained a judgement, under which the types and press of Mr. Barber were levied on and sold in July last—the consequence of which procedure was, of course, the breaking up of the newspaper in question. The sale of these effects, however, did not produce the amount of the judgement, so that a balance still remained due from Mr. Barber to Mr. Cooper; for the recovery of which balance, the latter distinguished and estimable gentleman, as it seems from Mr. Barber's statement, recently despatched the sheriff to the lodgings of Mr. B. This officer obtained access to Mr. B's trunks, and took therefrom a sum of money—but still not enough to satisfy the claim. Under what process of law this seizure was made, we do not precisely understand; but we suppose it was authorized by the law in some way, or it would not have been made. At any rate, law or no law, the seizure had the sanction of the aforesaid distinguished, and amiable, and philanthropic, and charitable, and never-sufficiently-to-be-respected, Mr. Cooper, author of *Home as found*—and that fact puts civil and criticism at rest. What he did, or ordered to be done, or sanctioned after it was done, is beyond all peradventure right.

The letter of Mr. Barber, in reply to Col. Webb, also introduces a letter by the same writer to Mr. Cooper which occupies the greater part of a column in the Courier, and which sets forth pretty distinctly Mr. Barber's views of Mr. Cooper's proceedings.

Under ordinary circumstances, this letter to Mr. Cooper might be considered as an expression of honest indignation, excited by a most cruel and arbitrary persecution; but the outrage of thinking or speaking harshly of Mr. Cooper, and the honor of being held to answer for it, do not come within the range of the aforesaid ordinary circumstances; therefore, being unequal to the task, we abstain from comment, and recommend all our readers to abstain from looking into the columns of the Courier and Enquirer for the present.

§3—When the bill empowering married women to make bequests of property belonging to them was before the House of Representatives in Massachusetts, Mr. Bradburn, of Nantucket, raised a question of order by inquiring of the Speaker, if, under the rule which forbids members directly interested in any subject to vote thereon, all married men were not disabled from voting on this question! The Chair said that if Mr. B. would put the case of any individual member whose wife held property, the point of order should be decided. Mr. Bradburn said he could furnish a list of fifty of the gentlemen so situated, but to save time he would leave the matter to their own consciences.

## FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1841

The immense crowds congregated here have begun to disperse. To-day it commenced snowing—then it hailed—and now it is raining violently, and an occasional peal of thunder gives cheering token of the approach of spring.

I have no news of any interest to communicate. The office-seekers are still kept in doubt. My own opinion, founded on that of those who know Harrison best, is, that the new administration will be extremely cautious and forbearing in making removals.

Gen. Harrison is finally comfortably installed in the White House. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harrison, presides over his domestic arrangements. She is a lady of very uncommon personal attractions, dignified though gentle and courteous in her manners, with a noble figure and a face of much sweetness and intelligence. I cannot imagine one better fitted to do the honors of the President's House. Mrs. Harrison is a widow with two or three children; though she is not apparently more than thirty. She has with her a niece, Miss Ramsay, who, in personal charms, found few compeers even at a time when representations of the beauty of the whole Union were assembled in Washington.

Gen. Harrison has made a most agreeable impression upon all who have had any intercourse with him. His conversational powers are certainly extraordinary. He speaks with fluency, and his thoughts fall naturally into a mould of the choicest and most beautiful language. I could detect nothing like affectation or effort in his conversation. He has one of the most suggestive minds I ever encountered; and having passed through a career full of incident and variety, his retentive memory seems to be constantly on the alert for illustrations drawn from his own experience of any points that may occur.

The ball on the evening of the inauguration passed off in excellent style. Some twelve hundred persons were present; and a gayer and more enlivening scene has rarely been witnessed, even in this city of extraordinary scenes. The members of the Cabinet, of the Senate and the House, were nearly all present; and about ten o'clock the President elect, with Mrs. Seaton on his arm, and attended by his suite, entered the hall. A line was formed for him, fenced on both sides by a row of beauties eager to catch a glance of the new Chief Magistrate, who repaid their welcoming smiles with his accustomed gallantry of demeanor. He staid but a few moments, and visited, I believe, the other balls given in his honor. The foreign ministers and secretaries, with their court dresses, and some officers of our navy in their uniforms, added much, by their appearance, to the brilliancy of the scene.

WASHINGTON Tuesday Evening.

A scene of unusual excitement, which led to the preliminaries to a duel between two members of Congress, took place in the Senate to-day during the prolonged debate relative to taking away the printing of that body from Blair and Rives. For the last six years, as is well known, the Globe has assailed Mr. Clay with a bitterness and asperity, which have rarely been paralleled; and yesterday the distinguished Senator from Kentucky took occasion to pay off the long arrears of vengeance and punishment with compound interest. His descent upon the editor of the Globe was withering and crushing. The scorn, contempt and vehemence of his denunciation were overwhelming. It was a process of pulverization, which excited the resentment of some and the hearty acquiescence of others. He denounced Blair as the infamous conductor of an infamous sheet—as a daily libeller, and a mass of reeking putridity, offensive to the very air.

Mr. King, of Alabama, who from his lady-like manners has long been known by the soubriquet of Miss Nancy, took up the cudgels this morning in behalf of his friend Blair, and remarked, substantially, that the editor of the Globe was no more infamous than Mr. Clay, and that his private character would rise in comparison with that of the Kentucky Senator. Mr. Clay rose under strong excitement, and, after alluding to the indignities to which he and others had been subjected for a series of years by the press which he had denounced, he ended by declaring the remarks of Mr. King "entirely untrue, unjust and cowardly."

Hereupon the Senator from Alabama rose and remarked, in a very significant manner, that he had nothing to say in that place. He then, with some ostentation, drew forth a sheet, went through the pantomime of penning a challenge—called to Dr. Linn, of Missouri, and, in a very mysterious manner, withdrew arm in arm with him from the hall. Every one understood of course that the impression meant to be conveyed was, that a challenge was in the wind. In about ten minutes Dr. Linn returned, looking quite grave, and as soon as the Senate adjourned, Mr. Clay formally received a challenge and as formally accepted it.

But if Mr. King was really anxious for a fight, why the deuce did he proclaim it to the world, when he must have known that the consequence must necessarily be the arrest of the parties? So it turned out. Mr. King was arrested

quite as speedily as he could have desired, and obliged to give bonds that he would keep the peace. Mr. Clay was also confronted by the Marshall, as he was coming down the avenue with Mr. Preston, and released on his parole.

A thousand rumors touching this affair are afloat, so that it is rather difficult to arrive at the true state of the case. There will be no fight—thanks to the prudence and forethought of Mr. King, in allowing the public to get wind of his intentions.

Nothing farther is known in regard to the Collectorship of New-York. The friends of Mess. Wetmore and Curtis are still active in behalf of each, and it is feared by some that a third candidate will step in to reap the advantages of the contest.

The office-seekers still hang on. They waylay the poor President in his sunrise walks—hedge him at every turning, and make interest with his barber to allow them to approach him while undergoing the operation of shaving. Is it not too bad?

The Supreme Court gave their opinion to-day in the *Amistad* case. It was in favor of the liberation of the slaves.

**POWHATAN—A metrical Romance in Seven Cantos.** By SEBA SMITH.—This is the title of a new and original work by an American author, who already stands so high in the estimation of the public, that we have but to mention his name to insure a favorable attention. His new work is in the press of Harper & Brothers, and will be published in the course of the present month. The language is at once simple and poetical; the versification, in its various measures is extremely musical; and the story is conducted in a manner to give to the work the interest of a skilfully constructed romance.

We shall indeed despair of poetry's ever being profitable to its cultivators, if "Powhatan" does not find numerous admirers who are willing to exchange their dross of money for its fine gold of thought. The notes to the poem indicate much research into the history and habits of the aborigines of our country, and give a sterling historical value to the work, which ought alone to establish its claims to a high rank in our American literature.

The reader will call to mind, that Mr. Seba Smith was the originator of those famous specimens of humor and talent known as the Jack Downing Letters; the present production proves that he, like the celebrated English author, Thomas Hood, has a fancy quite as express and remarkable as his wit.

§3—The Courier and Enquirer does not approve of our article entitled "A Bomb-Shell for the Capitol," and is of opinion that "the vision of the writer who does not see the wide difference in the two cases, (namely, those of General Jackson and General Harrison, in the appointment of members of Congress to office,) must be obstructed by some member of Congress standing between him and office." Now, as we are not among those editors who are applicants for office, and are not influenced in the slightest degree in our editorial course by the hope of reward, we deny the soft impeachment. When a man has his back turned on office, he cares very little how many aspirants "stand between;" though if his face be that way, intervening objects, in the shape of members of Congress, are apt to "obstruct his vision."

§3—A writer in the Evening Post suggests that all legal actions in cases of debt to a small amount—say under two hundred dollars—should be abolished.

Indeed, he would abolish all actions on simple contract debts, excepting perhaps claims for wages, and what are held in law as executory contracts. From the present, he confines the question only to debts of small amount. What would be the effect of such a measure?

Its benefits would soon make themselves felt by creditors, debtors and the community.

As to the former, it would teach them to rely upon their own sagacity and prudence, rather than upon courts of justice and penalties. They would look about them before they trusted any man, to ascertain the extent of his property, his habits of business, and the worth of his character. No indolent or vicious person, no profligate spendthrift, no rogue, in short, no one whose reputation for honesty did not vouch for his responsibility, would be permitted to share their favors. They would first make sure of their man, before they would allow him accumulate indebtedness upon their books. They would have substantial pledges of security, either in the known value of his possessions, or in the prosperity of his business and his industry and thrift,—or not grant him credit. In this way all their debts would be good debts, and exhibit of their accounts would be nearly equivalent to an exhibit of ready money.

§3—THE KNICKERBOCKER for March is another capital number of this popular Magazine, containing twenty-eight original papers, besides literary notices, etc. We are glad to learn that the Knickerbocker is steadily and rapidly increasing in its circulation.

## THE INAUGURATION.

Disappointed in receiving a letter from a correspondent at Washington, who had positively engaged to furnish us with a full account of President Harrison's Inauguration, we lay before our readers the account of the National Intelligencer, shorn of its superfluities.

The consummation of the great political contest which terminated in the election of General Harrison as President of the United States, took place on the fourth of March, by the inauguration of the President at the Capitol, preceded by the installation of the Vice-President, in the presence of an immense multitude of citizens, who had travelled from all parts of the Union to witness the imposing and interesting solemnities of the occasion.

Early in the morning, long before sun-rise, the shrill whistle of the Cars, and the tramping of feet along Pennsylvania avenue toward the hotels and boarding-houses, gave notice that our number of visitors was greatly increasing, and that the auspicious day of the Inauguration had arrived. The morning broke somewhat cloudily, and the horizon seemed rather to betoken snow or rain. At sunrise a salute of twenty-six guns was fired from the Mall. Soon after the firing of these guns, the entire body, apparently, of our citizens and numerous visitors, roused from their slumbers, thronged the Pennsylvania avenue and our principal streets, and gave to them a very animated and lively appearance; the throng continuing to increase until eight o'clock, when the various delegations, military companies, Tippecanoe clubs, associations, and citizens assembled at their respective posts.

Soon after ten o'clock the procession moved from the head of Four-and-a-half street; when a salute of three guns announced their march toward the quarters of the President elect. Having there received Gen. HARRISON, attended by his personal friends, the procession moved on from the quarters of the President elect, to the south gate of the eastern yard of the capitol, exactly as laid down in the programme.

The scene was highly interesting and imposing. The ladies every where, from the windows on each side the avenue, waved their handkerchiefs or hands in token of their kind feelings, and Gen. HARRISON returned their smiles and greetings with repeated bows.

The enthusiastic cheers of the citizens who moved in the procession were, with equal enthusiasm, responded to by thousands of citizen spectators, who lined Pennsylvania avenue, or appeared at the side windows, in the numerous balconies, on the tops of houses, or on other elevated stands. At the head of the procession was the chief marshal, who was mounted on a fine horse, suitably caparisoned; as also were his two aids.

After the officers and soldiers who fought under General Harrison came

## THE PRESIDENT ELECT,

mounted on a white charger, and accompanied by his suite of personal friends.

On his right were seven citizen marshals; on his left were the Marshals of the District of Columbia and his four Aids.

The approaches to the Capitol presented a scene to gratify the eye of a painter. The thronging crowds, the groups, the solitary foot-passenger—and then the stately coach, with its freight of fashion and beauty—all eager, all animated, all in conversation, and some in song—all pressing onward toward one central point. Here might be seen a little fellow of seven or eight, his chubby cheeks rosy with joy, his bright eye sparkling with the bustle and gladness of so novel a scene. There was a group of black laborers, tricked out in all their Sunday finery, with saucer eyes, staring at the bright figures which passed them, or gazing at the horse of some young apprentice, carolling along the Avenue, at once to the glory and manifest danger of his rider. There hurried along a marshal of the day, with his rose of purple, and his yellow scarf, conscious, apparently, of the dignity of his station. Here strode on some military officers, glittering in blue and gold. The Ladies, too, (God bless them!) the ladies shared, fully, in the excitement of the hour; their eyes glancing, their cheeks glowing, and their tongues (for ladies have such things) were in rapid and harmonious motion. Every thing was in its best bib and tucker.

In the Senate Chamber, though reserved for the privileged persons, there was a crowd at an early hour. Long, long before any thing official was to be seen or heard, the Ladies' Circular Gallery on the one hand, and the Gentleman's Gallery on the other, were filled to overflowing. What eager looks, what rich and lustrous shawls, what waving handkerchiefs, what fluttering fans were there to be seen! Nods of recognition, smiles of pleasure, peering looks of eager curiosity every where met the eye. When some full-uniformed officer of the Army or Navy entered the Hall, with his straw-colored plumes and his massive epaulettes, what a craning out of snowy necks, what an exchange of inquiries, what looks of awakened interest pervaded the circle! Scott and Gaines, Macomb, and Jones, and Wool, presented a brilliant group, while on the opposite side might be seen the nominated members of the new Cabinet.

The Senate (convened by the President in Extra Session) having been called to order by the Secretary, the oath of office was, by order of the Senate, administered by Mr. Clay to Mr. King, of Alabama, (on his re-election for a new term,) who was then unanimously re-elected President pro tempore of that body.

Mr. King thereupon took the Chair of the Senate.

The Diplomatic Corps now entered the Hall, and assumed the seats provided for them in front and on the left of the Chair. A most brilliant appearance they made, decorated, as they were, not only with the insignia of their various orders, but half covered with the richest embroidery in silver and in gold.

On the opposite side of the Chair appeared, soon after, in the strongest contrast, the array of the Judges of the Supreme Court, in their black robes, with their grave, intellectual, reflecting countenances.

The late Vice President and the Vice President elect became the next objects of notice. They advanced together to the steps of the President's chair, when Mr. Tyler, having been presented to the Presiding Officer, took the oath

of office, and then ascending to the chair, which had been vacated for his reception by Mr. King, delivered an address to the Senate of moderate length.

The new Senators were then successively sworn in, and took their seats.

At twenty minutes past 12 o'clock, the warning note was heard from the table of the Vice President, when General Harrison entered and took the seat prepared for him in front of the Secretary's table. He looked cheerful but composed: his bodily health was manifestly perfect: there was an alertness in his movement which is quite astonishing, considering his advanced age, the multiplied hardships through which his frame has passed, and the fatigues he has lately undergone.

After he had retained his seat for a few minutes, preparations were made for forming the line of procession to the platform prepared for the ceremony of the Inauguration, erected over the front steps of the portico of the east front of the Capitol.

On the platform, seats had been provided for the President and the Chief Justice, who were placed immediately in front. On their right, seats were assigned to the Diplomatic Corps. Behind sat Members of both Houses of Congress, officers of the Army and Navy, and many distinguished characters now assembled in the city, intermingled with a great company of ladies, who occupied not only the steps in the rear of the platform, but both the broad abutments of stone which support the steps on either side.

But the sight which attracted and arrested and filled the eye of all those who were fortunate enough to get a favorable post of observation from which to witness the scene was THE PEOPLE. There they stood, and had stood for hours, in a solid, dense mass, variously estimated to contain (in the space before the Capitol and extending back some distance into the open square) from thirty to fifty, and even sixty thousand.

While patiently waiting for the arrival of the President, this mass of heads resembled some placid lake, not in a perfect calm, but gently rippled by a passing breeze, its waters in perpetual but gentle motion; but the instant he was seen advancing from the Capitol, it suddenly resembled that same lake when a blast from the mountain has descended upon it, and thrown it into tumultuous agitation.

When the uproar had subsided, it was succeeded by the deep stillness of expectation, and the new President forthwith proceeded to read, in accents loud and clear, his Address to the Nation. In its delivery the voice of General Harrison never flagged, but to the end retained its full and commanding tone.

Previous to delivering the closing sentences of the Address, the oath of office, tendered by the Chief Justice, was taken by the President, in tones loud, distinct and solemn, manifesting a deep and deep impression of the importance of the act; after which the President pronounced the remaining passage of his Address.

The pealing cannon then announced to the country that it had a new Chief Magistrate. The procession was again formed, and, setting out from the Capitol, proceeded along Pennsylvania Avenue to the mansion of the President.

Nearly the whole throng of visitors accompanied the President to his new abode, and as many as possible entered and paid their personal respects to him. The whole building, however, could hardly contain a fortieth part of them; so that very many were unable to obtain admission at all.

In the evening the several ball-rooms and places of amusement were filled with crowds of gentlemen and ladies attracted to this city by the novelty and interest of the great occasion. In the course of the evening the President of the United States paid a short visit to each of the Assemblies held in honor of the Inauguration.

The end of the day was marked, as its progress from the early morning hour had been, by quiet and order.

## SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

TUESDAY, March 4, 1841.

The Senate convened in pursuance of notice from the President of the United States.

Mr. KING, of Alabama, having been sworn in upon his appearing upon re-election to a new term, was then elected President pro tem. of the Senate.

Several other of the old members of the Senate were sworn in upon re-election.

The following entirely new members attended, were qualified, and took their seats, viz.

From Maine, the Hon. GEORGE EVANS.  
From Illinois, the Hon. SAMUEL McROBERTS.  
From Rhode Island, the Hon. JAMES F. SIMMONS.  
From Michigan, the Hon. WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE.  
From New Jersey, the Hon. JACOB W. MILLER.  
From Louisiana, the Hon. ALEXANDER BARROW.  
From New Hampshire, the Hon. LEVI WOODBURY.  
From Georgia, the Hon. JOHN McPHERSON BERRIEN.  
From Kentucky, the Hon. JAMES T. MOREHEAD.

The VICE PRESIDENT having taken the oath of office, and assumed his place as President of the Senate, delivered the following address:

SENATORS: Called by the People of the United States to preside over your deliberations, I cannot withhold the expression of the high estimate I place on the honor which they have conferred on me. To occupy the seat which has been filled and adorned—to say nothing of my more immediate predecessors—by an ADAMS, a JEFFERSON, a GERRY, a CLINTON, and a TOMPKINS, names that, although belonging to the dead, still live in the recollection of a grateful country, is an honor of which any man would have just cause to be proud. But this honor is greatly augmented by the consideration of the true character of this body—by the high order of moral and intellectual power which has distinguished it in all past time, and which still distinguishes it—by the dignity which has, for the most part, marked its proceedings, and, above all, by the important duties which have devolved upon it under the constitution. Here are to be found the immediate representatives of the States, by whose sovereign will the Government has been spoken into existence. Here exists that perfect equality among the members of this Confederacy, which gives to the smallest State in the Union a voice as potential as that of the largest. To this body is committed, in an eminent degree, the trust of guarding and protecting the institutions handed down to us from our fathers, as well against the waves of popular

and rash impulses on the one hand, as against attempts at Executive encroachment on the other.

It may properly be regarded as holding the balance in which are weighed the powers conceded to this Government and the rights reserved to the States and to the People. It is its province to concede what has been granted—to withhold what has been denied, thus in all its features exhibiting a true type of the glorious Confederacy under which it is our happiness to live. Should the spirit of Faction—that destructive spirit which recklessly walks over prostrate rights, and tramples laws and constitutions in the dust—ever find an abiding place within this Hall, then indeed will a sentence of condemnation be issued against the peace and happiness of this people, and their political institutions be made to topple to their foundations. But while this body shall continue to be what by its framers it was designed to be, deliberative in its character, unbiased in its course, and independent in its action, then may Liberty be regarded as entrenched in safety behind the sacred ramparts of the Constitution.

While I occupy this chair, Senators, I shall have frequent occasion to invoke your indulgence for my defects, and your charity for my errors. I am but little skilled in Parliamentary law, and have been unused to preside over deliberative assemblies. All that I can urge in excuse of my defects is, that I bring with me to this chair an earnest wish to discharge properly its duties, and a fixed determination to preside over your deliberations with entire impartiality.

## PRESENTATION OF FOREIGN MINISTERS.

The members of the Diplomatic Body, now in Washington, and accredited to the Government of the United States, were, as we learn from the National Intelligencer, received by the President on Tuesday at 2 o'clock. Mr. Fox, the British Minister, on being presented by the Secretary of State, made to the President the following address:

SIR: I have the honor to address you in the name of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the United States of America. We hasten, sir, to congratulate you upon your accession to the high office of President of this Republic, which the confidence of your fellow-citizens has conferred upon you. We speak the true sentiments of our respective Governments and countries, in offering this testimony of regard and respect for your person and for your station. We rejoice, sir, to have heard from your own lips, in your Inaugural Address, the declaration of a virtuous desire to promote the relations of national friendship and peace between the United States and Foreign Powers; and we are happy to recognize, in your personal character and qualities, the strongest assurance that the efforts of your Government will be faithfully directed to accomplish so wise and noble a purpose.

To this address the President of the United States made the following reply:

SIR: I receive with great pleasure the congratulations you have been pleased to offer me in the name of the distinguished Diplomatic Body now present, the Representatives of the most powerful and polished nations with whom the Republic which has honored me with the office of its Chief Magistrate, has the most intimate relations—relations which I trust no sinister event will, for ages, interrupt.

The sentiments contained in my late address to my Fellow-Citizens, and to which you have been pleased to advert, are those which will continue to govern my conduct through the whole course of my administration. Lately one of the People, the undisputed sovereigns of the country, and coming immediately from amongst them, I am enabled, with confidence, to say that in thus acting I shall be sustained by their undivided approbation.

I beg leave to add, sir, that both from duty and inclination I shall omit nothing in my power to contribute to your own personal happiness and that of the friends whom, on this occasion, you represent, as long as you may continue amongst us.

The other Ministers, with their Secretaries, and the persons attached to their respective Missions, were then successively presented to the President. The Minister of Russia, we learn, was prevented from being present, by indisposition, which, we are happy to be able to say, is not serious.

Among other questions which failed of being decided in Congress at the last Session, was the great fundamental question of the expediency of establishing a uniform System of Bankruptcy, such as was in the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution. It failed for want of time to mature a bill for the purpose. Whether it would not have failed, under any circumstances, (as the Senate was then constituted,) is, thinks the National Intelligencer, a matter of great doubt.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—Mr. Legrand's bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, which passed the Maryland House of Delegates by a handsome majority, has been put to death in the Senate; and this barbarous, unjust, inhuman, and impolitic practice still stains the character of our state, and opposes its baleful influence against the business interests of Baltimore, says the Sun.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—We are highly gratified in witnessing the steadiness with which the general government keep pace with the liberal and philanthropic course of most of the states with regard to abolishing of imprisonment for debt.

It is to be hoped, that all will join in sweeping this relic of barbarism from the land. It is now in the power of each state, not only to put an end to imprisonment for debt, within its own sole jurisdiction; but also in all cases where the Federal courts have concurrent or sole jurisdiction within its limits.—[Louisville Public Advertiser.]

A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valor of which the human soul is capable.



## AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

THE STEAMBOAT CREOLE BURNED—LOSS OF MANY LIVES, AND GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

The steamboat Creole, Captain Dalman, one of the Red River packets, on her passage from Natchitoches to New Orleans, with a cargo of upwards of 1000 bales of cotton, boxes of specie, bundles of bank notes, merchandize, &c., came out of Red River at the grey of dawn on Monday morning. When about twelve miles below, she was discovered to be on fire, and a general alarm was given. The passengers, more than sixty in number, and consisting of men, women, and children, were all in their berths at the time. The fire commenced at the after part of the boat, the tiller ropes were immediately severed, and the confusion, consternation and panic which ensued defies description. Amid the raging of the flames, the engine continued working, and drove the boat directly against the shore. Here four persons leaped off and escaped. Rebounding, as it appeared, she altered her course, and running near a mile and a half, brought up against the bank on the opposite side of the river.

In the mean time, and while the Creole was crossing the river, many of the passengers, and some of the crew, threw over bales of cotton on which they embarked. Some, missing their aim in jumping, or their balance afterwards, were precipitated into the stream and drowned. Many remained on board till she reached the opposite shore, when they leaped off. A few were fortunate enough to reach the land, but the greater part plunged into the water, and it is believed of these nearly all were rescued. The present estimate is that about TWELVE human beings lost their lives by the catastrophe. Of the 20 or 30 unaccounted for it is hoped most of them floated off on cotton bales and may have been picked up by steamboats and other crafts. There was scarcely an article saved. The passengers, male and female, with scarcely an exception, escaped with barely what they slept in. The proverbial hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants of the neighborhood relieved their pressing necessities, and enabled them to reach the city.

The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, in giving place to the above, remarks, among other things—

The present calamity should be a warning to the public. Cotton boats, from the nature of their cargo, are extremely liable to accidents of the kind. The only safety of passengers is in the unceasing watchfulness and wise precaution of those who have the management of the vessel. We do not know that blame attaches to any particular officer in the present instance, but where accidents so fearful and devastating in their character occur, public opinion is prone to ascribe the disaster to the negligence of those having the vessel in charge.

For our own part, we have little desire to comment on this disaster at all: partly because we have formerly said all that can be said on similar occasions, and partly because such comments are wasted words in the public ear. The occurrence—or we should rather say the constant recurrence, of steam boat disasters on the Mississippi has ceased to attract much attention, unless the damage to life and property exceeds a certain average: some fifteen to twenty lives lost and a few hundred thousand dollars of property destroyed do not amount to a "dreadful catastrophe" by any means: it is a thing of every-day occurrence. The heart sickens, the hand trembles and the cheek grows pale at the contemplation of such facts.

We certainly do wonder that experience is of no value to steamboat navigators and passengers. We wonder that the engine of a burning boat is not *always* stopped. We wonder that passengers are not provided with life-preservers. But we forbear. This disaster has occurred, and, so far as the sufferers are concerned, suggestions as to what *might have been*, are in vain—and our daily experience goes to prove, that they are equally vain for the government of those who are still destined to suffer from similar catastrophes in future.

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, to be Secretary of State.

Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury.

John Bell, of Tennessee, to be Secretary of War.

George E. Badger, of North Carolina, to be Secretary of the Navy.

John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, to be Attorney General.

Francis Granger, of New-York, to be Postmaster General.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—At the large Ball, given in Portland in the Exchange Hall, before the dancing had begun, Mr William Parker having led his partner to the floor for the purpose of taking part in the first dance, fell suddenly to the floor, and was carried out of the room. A surgeon was immediately called, and he was found lifeless. His death was occasioned by an organic disease of the heart. The appalling event was not generally known in the hall, and the entertainments of the evening were not interrupted.

**RESIGNATION OF SENATOR TOMPKINS.**—The Hon. Minthorne Tompkins, Senator from this District, has forwarded his resignation to Albany. The reason that has urged him to this course, was his entire inability to attend to his official duties, in consequence of private business, which required his time and attention.

**ILLINOIS.**—About twenty million bushels of Corn were produced in Illinois last year. There were also produced 385,963 lbs. of tobacco, 28,121 lbs. rice, 194,191 lbs. cotton, and 323,296 lbs. sugar.

**THE FARTH OF INDIANA.**—The Legislature of Indian has levied a direct tax to meet the interest on their State Debt.

## Patchwork.

## THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The days of old were days of might,  
In forms of greatness moulded;  
And flowers of Heaven grew on the earth,  
Within the Church unfolded;  
For grace fell fast as summer dew,  
And Saints to giant stature grew.

But, one by one, the gifts are gone  
That in the Church resided,  
And gone the Spirit's living light  
That on her walls abided,  
When by our shrines He came to dwell  
In power and presence visible.

A blight hath past upon the Church,  
Her summer hath departed,  
The chill of age is on her sons,  
The cold, and fearful-hearted;  
And sad, amid neglect and scorn,  
Our Mother sits and weeps forlorn.

Narrow and narrower still each year  
The holy circle groweth;  
And what the end of all shall be  
Nor man nor angel knoweth:  
And so we wait and watch in fear;—  
It may be that the Lord is near!

Q.—The following capital *jeu d'esprit* is taken from the Post. It is reported that Brower and Homan never ride in their own omnibuses, through fear of breaking their necks. "No blame whatever is attached to the drivers."

THE RACES.—Mr. Editor: Will you please announce to your readers, that in consequence of the storm, the racing between the omnibuses in Broadway, is suspended until further notice. Thus far it is thought that Brower's line will take the cup, but Homan comes hard upon him. On Thursday last the latter succeeded in three out of five trials.

P. S.—The gentleman whose neck was broken on Monday is recovering as fast as can be expected. His gig, which was dashed to pieces, continues in the same state.

Q.—The life of every man, great or humble, happy or miserable, has its Night and its Morning. The meanest creature that crawls the earth, provided the soul of a man is not altogether extinguished in him, is still seen groping toward some light out of whatever darkness may surround him.

CANADA STEAM FRIGATE.—The Sackett's Harbor Journal states that a steam frigate of one thousand tons burthen is under contract to be built for the Colonial Government, at Kingston, Canada. The construction of such a vessel on Lake Ontario, should excite the immediate attention of our government, either to inquire the cause for such a movement, on the part of our frontier neighbors, or to build a ship of similar tonnage.

Q.—The Attorney General of Louisiana has instituted proceedings against the parties concerned in the late fatal duel at New Orleans. A few convictions for murder, and this relic of barbarous jurisprudence which fashion, set by a few silly actions of royalty, afterwards made the text of honor, will follow the age of chivalry, as it should have done centuries ago.

Q.—WILLIAM S. ARCHER, Whig, has been elected a Senator of the United States from the State of Virginia, for six years from last Thursday, to succeed Mr. Roane, whose term has expired.

Q.—At the Charter Election in Rochester, which took place on the 2d inst. the Whigs elected their Mayor by a majority of 224, and the Democrats elected supervisors in three wards out of five. The Whigs have elected Aldermen in three of the five wards.

Q.—At the recent Charter Election in Ithica the entire Whig ticket was elected. Last year the result was exactly the reverse of this.

BUFFALO CHARTER ELECTION.—Isaac R. Harrington is elected Mayor, and John D. Harty, Justice. The election was not contested on political grounds, both candidates for Mayor being Whigs, though the Democrats generally supported Harrington. The Council is divided as during the past year—7 Whigs, 3 Democrats.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—A Bill reported from the Committee on Colleges, Common Schools, &c. to the Assembly of this State which has been read twice and committed to a Committee of the whole, and made the special order for last Friday, contains a section to this purport: That a school for colored children may be established in any city or town in the State, with the approbation of the commissioners, and such school is put upon the same footing with the other common schools, as to public money, teachers, &c.

PROSPECTIVE IMPEACHMENT.—The Pottsville (Pa.) Miner's Journal says, numerous petitions are in circulation in various parts of the State, to have the Governor impeached for his gross prostitution of the pardoning power; and it is possible that action may be taken upon it at the present session of the Legislature.

Q.—The Whig Editorial Dinner, of which notice was given a few days ago, took place on Friday evening of last week. Thirty-seven gentlemen sat down. W. W. Seaton, Esq., of the National Intelligencer, and Wm. L. Stone, Esq. of the New York Commercial Advertiser, acted as Presidents. A number of spirited toasts were given, and many eloquent speeches made. The dinner and wines were of the first order; and the whole affair passed off in the most delightful manner.

SMALL BILLS.—The bill to repeal so much of the law of last session of the Ohio Legislature as prohibits the banks from issuing notes of less denomination than five dollars, passed the House of Representatives of that State on Monday, by a vote of 38 to 17.

Q.—The Rev. George Cookman, chaplain to the Senate of the United States, has been appointed a delegate from the American Bible Society, to represent that body at the next anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in May next.

Q.—George Bancroft, Collector of the port of Boston, sent in his resignation to the authorities at Washington, immediately on learning that his successor had been selected.

Q.—The Toronto (U. C.) Patriot states that upwards of 15,000 soldiers, horse, foot and artillery, the very elite of the British army, are now stationed in the United Canadas.

Q.—"In this country," says an English editor, "it is considered the height of folly for a man to get drunk and lie across a railroad with the idea of obtaining repose." The same opinion obtains to a considerable extent in America.

Q.—A bill to preserve the purity of elections has passed the Senate of Ohio, by an almost unanimous vote, both parties cordially uniting upon it.

Capt. Tatnall has been appointed to the command of the Fairfield sloop of war, now at the navy yard.

EMIGRANTS.—A report made to Congress by the State Department, shows, from returns not entirely complete, that 115,206 persons came into the United States by sea during the year 1840.

This number, however, includes such of our own citizens as returned during the year from abroad.

Q.—The Officers of the NAVY and MARINE CORPS now in Washington waited upon the Secretary of the Navy Department on Monday, at 11 o'clock, to pay their respects to him, and were then, by appointment, presented to the President of the United States.

Q.—We learn from the Providence Journal that it is in contemplation to run a day line from New-York to Boston, the boat from New-York to land passengers at Stonington, and then proceed to Newport. The whole trip will be accomplished by daylight.

Q.—Numerous Temperance Societies are forming in Wisconsin Territory, and the papers suggest that the present year will witness a vast improvement among its inhabitants.

Q.—The government express, with the Inaugural Address of the President, which left Washington on the 4th, at seventeen minutes past 12 M. arrived at the New York City post office, at 45 minutes past 10 P. M.—making precisely 10 hours and 28 minutes, from city to city; the shortest period it is believed that it has ever been performed in—the average running being rather more than 22 miles an hour.

Q.—"Is Jonathan Dumpy here?" asked a raw country fellow, bolting into a city printing office. "I don't know such a man," replied the foreman. "Don't you know him?" exclaimed Jonathan, "why he courted my sister!"

DEATH OF MYRON HOLLEY.—We learn from the Rochester Daily Advertiser that Myron Holley died in that city on Thursday, in the 62d year of his age.

"Let me have girls about me that are fat"—Shakspeare.

A girl from New Hampshire, seven years old, is shown in Boston. She weighs 220 pounds. What a whapper she will be when she grows up! Col. Greene of the Post describes her as walking in the procession that celebrated President Harrison's inauguration.

AN UNPROFITABLE BUSINESS.—The Paymaster General of the Missouri Militia has made a report, in which it appears that what he calls the *Mormon War* cost the State of Missouri one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.—Mr. Abijah Pope, of Juniata, has been found guilty, and fined \$8.20 for an assault and battery on Philemon H. Mann.

Q.—Major James Norton, an old pioneer of Texas, died suddenly, at Matagorda, on the 4th inst., aged 65 years.

Q.—Miss Catharine Moffat, aged 22, was instantly killed a few days since, near Peoria, Illinois, by the overturning of a wagon in which she, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, was going to a wedding.

Q.—The cataract of Niagara is still falling—so is United States Bank stock; both will probably go into liquidation.

## LOSS OF THE SCHOONER COL. CROCKETT.

CAPTAIN ORLANDO M. AUSTIN.

THE NEWBURGH JOURNAL of the 6th inst. gives an interesting narrative of the loss of this schooner. It seems that the vessel sailed from Newburgh on the 29th of June, 1839, on a trading voyage to the coast of Africa and the neighboring islands. In May last she entered Delago river and sailed up that stream nearly 100 miles, where the Captain opened a trade with the natives, and having succeeded in completing a valuable cargo of ivory, gold dust, ostrich feathers, shells, ebony wood, &c., was returning to the Bay with the intention of coming immediately home, when the vessel unfortunately grounded on a bar at the mouth of the river. On her way down the river, most of the crew were taken sick with the fever of the country, and the remainder were unable to haul off the vessel. The Captain and a part of the crew then attempted to proceed in a boat for assistance to the Portuguese settlement at English River, sixty miles from the place of the disaster, but they could not pass the surf. Mr. Reed, the second mate, then volunteered to accompany the Captain over land. It was unfortunately determined to go unarmed, so as to afford the natives less temptation for molesting them. At first they were treated kindly, but toward night, after travelling about 35 miles, the savages fell upon them with spears, killed the Captain, and wounded the mate so severely that they supposed him to be also dead.

Mr. Reed states that he presented his side and received most of the spears in his arm. One, however, struck him near his eye, and he for a time became senseless. On his recovery he observed the negroes cutting up and roasting and making their supper on the body of the captain. He lay still until night when the cannibals fell asleep—then crept into the bush and made his escape to the schooner, which he reached in a miserable condition. A few days after the return of Mr. Reed with the melancholy intelligence of the murder of Captain Austin, Mr. Daniel Wood, of Poughkeepsie, chief mate, Robert McTurk of this village, Robert Blainey and John Fowler, a colored seaman of this place, died of fever.

A part of the survivors, burying their dead companions in the sand of the beach, again took the yawl, and making another attempt, succeeded in getting through the surf and reaching the settlement on English River, from whence another boat was sent to the schooner, which returned with the sick that were left on board. The Governor subsequently despatched a boat to the wreck, with a crew of six or seven natives to save a portion of the cargo. It was loaded with some of the most valuable articles, but in returning the boat was swamped, and all on board perished.

Only three of the company survived. Charles Wilson, (stipped in a foreign port,) and David Baker, a lad, the only person living of the crew that left this village in 1839, went on board the English iron steamer Nemesis, and subsequently got on board of a Stonington whale ship, which arrived last week. Baker got back to Newburgh last Thursday. David Reed, the second mate, not having sufficiently recovered from his wounds and the fever, was left at Delago Bay.

Capt. Austin and Mr. Wood were highly esteemed by the citizens of Newburgh. They made several voyages in the ships Portland and Illinois, in the employ of the Newburgh Whaling Company. On their return from the last cruise of these ships, they projected the voyage, the melancholy results of which are above recorded, and which, until the schooner grounded at the bar of the river on her return had been very successful: her cargo at the time being worth twenty or thirty thousand dollars. They had experienced no sickness on the coast until a few days previous to that unfortunate occurrence. There was no insurance on the vessel or cargo, which was owned by the captain and Mr. Wood and two or three citizens of Newburgh.

63- The number of buildings in the compact part of the city of New-York, is 32,116; of which there are used as breweries, distilleries, tanneries, and the like, 46; as dwelling houses exclusively, 16,458; as dwellings with shops, 6,814; as stores and offices exclusively, 3,855; as taverns and private boarding houses, 736; as baths, 9; as factories, with engines equal to 1100 horse power, 74; as large factories, with labor-saving power, 172; as private stables, 2,603; as livery stables, 137; as dairy stables, 57; miscellaneous, 1,355.

The valuation of real estate in the city, as corrected by the Board of Supervisors in 1840, is \$187,922,714; and of personal estate, \$35,013,801. Aggregate, \$222,936,515.

From 1810 to 1841, the Corporation has expended, for opening, widening, and improving streets, &c. \$6,275,317.

The total amount derived from the city, by the state, from auction duties, from 1816 to 1840 inclusive, is \$4,249,527.

The receipts into the general Treasury, during the year 1840, from the ordinary revenues of the city, from the negotiation of its stocks, and from the management of its "trust accounts," including the cash on hand at the commencement of the year, amounted to \$8,004,610 12.

The amount of warrants drawn upon the Treasurer, for the ordinary expenses of the City government, the payment of its pre-existing debts, for its disbursements on the public works, and on its "trust accounts," including the warrants outstanding at the commencement of the year, amounted to \$6,007,280 54; from which is to be deducted the warrants outstanding and unclaimed at the close of the year, amounting to \$176,829 50. The result, showing that the actual amount paid by the Treasurer, during the year, to be \$5,830,451 04; and the cash balance in the Treasury, January 1st, 1841, to be \$174,179 08.

DISTRESSING.—On the night of the 24th ult., the store and dwelling of Reuben Wharton, in Liberty, Kentucky, was entirely consumed with all it contained, and Mr. Wharton perished in the flames, in endeavoring to save his money, books, &c., all of which were destroyed by the devouring element, and the balance of the family with difficulty made their escape, without even their clothing. While the ashes of a husband and father are mingling with those of all his earthly possessions, a widow and eight children are left, seven of whom are helpless females, to suffer under this awful calamity.

63- Massachusetts keeps 7000 volunteer militia under pay.

## THE NEW WORLD.

EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The handsomest and cheapest Weekly Newspaper in America—Price THREE DOLLARS per annum, or FIVE DOLLARS for two copies—Published in two forms, Quarto and Folio.

The Quarto form contains sixteen three-column pages, elegantly printed, in a convenient form for binding, occasionally embellished with Engravings and Music. The Second Volume of the Quarto was commenced on the 1st of January, 1841; and new Volumes will begin on each 1st of January and 1st of July hereafter, making two volumes per year of 416 pages each, to which a title-page and index will be given, and which, when bound, will form a most valuable repository of the Periodical Literature of the day.

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## THE NEW WORLD

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A most attractive feature in the New World at present is a new story by Boz (Charles Dickens), author of Oliver Twist, &c. entitled "BARNABY RUDGE." It will be regularly continued from week to week; and, as it has just been commenced, back numbers can be supplied.

The New World is frequently embellished with costly and beautiful Engravings.

Though striving to say much in few words, it is quite vain to attempt setting forth half the attractions of the New World in this place. It will speak for itself. Specimen numbers can always be sent to any part of the country to post-paid orders.

We cannot forbear to add in conclusion that the New World studiously avoids all party politics, and is conducted on principles of the strictest neutrality. No profane or improper jest, no vulgar allusion, no irreverent sentiment is ever allowed to soil its pages. Reverence of God and respect to man govern it always. The rule of the Editor is never to publish a line which he would hesitate to read aloud in the hearing of virtuous and intelligent females. THUS THE NEW WORLD IS MADE AN UNEXCEPTIONABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, and is earnestly recommended to the regard of every friend of a pure literature, as well as of correct morals and the public good.

TERMS.—Three Dollars a year in advance; Two copies for Five Dollars. All remittances must be post-paid or free, and the invariable rule of the office is to discontinue every subscription at the expiration of the time paid for, unless previously renewed by a further payment in advance. No subscriptions received without advance payment. Address J. WINCHESTER, New-York, March 10, 1841. 30 Ann st., New-York.

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A Monthly Magazine of New and Popular Tales and Poetry.

EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN.

This Magazine was originally commenced in obedience to the wishes of many of the subscribers to the New World, who desired to have the valuable and interesting articles which that journal contained, in some form suitable for preservation. At that time the New World was published only in the larger or folio form. Since the Quarto has been commenced the Evergreen has been rendered less valuable—and it HAS THEREFORE BEEN DETERMINED TO GIVE IT A NEW AND ORIGINAL CHARACTER.

With the exception of those which are already in the course of publication, no continued stories, which are issued in the New World, will appear in the Evergreen. But we shall avail ourselves of our copious supplies of new works from England, to publish in the Evergreen those which the New World, spacious as it is, is unable to contain. In the March number appear the first parts of OLD ST. PAULS, a new romance by W. Harrison Ainsworth, author of Crichton, Rookwood, The Tower of London, &c., and GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN, OR THE PRINCE, by Henry Cockton, Esq., author of Valentine Vox, Stanley Thorn, &c. These romances promise to be extremely interesting; they appear in London in weekly and monthly parts, and are given in the Evergreen soon after their receipt in this country; they will alone richly be worth the low sum demanded for this cheapest of the monthly periodicals.

This will be a change of matter and not of plan in the conduct of the Evergreen. It will be a repository of new articles and not simply a repetition of those appearing in another journal; but in all essential respects it will offer precisely the same claims as were set forth in its first prospectus.

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Two DOLLARS per annum in advance; Three copies for Five Dollars. Any person remitting Ten Dollars for five copies, shall receive the sixth copy free. Agents' commissions, 25 per cent.

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J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

## LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH SHEET.—We acknowledge the courtesy of the Editors of the "New World" in sending us their second mammoth sheet. This is as handsome in appearance as the other, while its pictorial embellishments are superior to those of the other. One of the most interesting is the representation (and an excellent one it is) of the exhumation of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon. This great sheet is a wonderful specimen of art, and will strike all with admiration. As for reading it, the best way to accomplish that is, according to the advice of the New York Commercial, to hang it upon a wall and at a little distance to read it through a spy glass.—[Richmond Compiler.

The mammoth "New World" is received. It is got up under the supervision of that accomplished "Columbus" of the newspaper press, Park Benjamin. He lays himself out without measure or stint, giving square feet of delightful reading, with "pictures to match," for only a York shilling. The "imp" at our elbow has just covered one side of a spacious room with this leviathan sheet, and since then he disappeared, doubtless to borrow a ladder to climb up to the top of its dizzy height.—[Philadelphia North American.

LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.—We are indebted to the editors for a copy of this number, which is undoubtedly the largest specimen of a single sheet ever printed. As there are now two steamers a day, of the first class, from New-York, we can conceive of the possibility of transporting a sufficient number to supply the demand of the Yankees. It contains forty-four columns of editorial and well-selected reading matter, with a numerous array of fine wood engravings, among them Napoleon in his coffin as he appeared at the disinterment.—[Boston Am. Traveller.

THE GREAT LEVIATHAN, No. 2, of the New York "New World" was squeezed into our sanctum yesterday, and after repeated trials at a peep in order to get an idea of its immense proportions, and being as repeatedly defeated, we had the monster dragged out upon the flat—laid out to dry—and then stood with staring eyes, taking a good look at his majesty. And, oh! such a Leviathan! We lost our yard stick, and consequently could not take a correct measurement; but, supposed that it was about the size of a blanket. When any of our neighbor's barn-doors should unhinge, they will call at our office for the "Leviathan." It would serve admirable as a substitute.—[Columbia (Pa.) Spy.

THE NEW WORLD, a double sheet, containing all sorts of reading, and embellished with an abundance of wood cuts, is received by Taylor, No. 12 North street. It is such a good 'un.—[Baltimore Sun.

## Married.

On the 10th inst. by Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Mr. Rowell Dickinson and Miss Mary Emma, only daughter of the late Daniel H. Covert. March 1, by Rev. Mr. Van Hagan, Mr. Charles Wilmot and Miss Tamol, youngest daughter of the late Isaac Leggett, Esq. In Albany, March 4, by Rev. Mr. Kipp, Mr. Joseph B. Francis, of this city, and Miss Eliza, eldest daughter of George Geary, Esq. In Granville, N. Y., Mr. Alfred W. Upham, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Elizabeth R., wife of the late Lyman Granger, and daughter of the late Hon. Judge Gibbs, of G. On Wednesday evening, March 3, by Rev. E. S. Jones, William Sutherland and Eliza Baldwin, all of this city. On Thursday evening, March 4, at the Mission Church of the Epiphany, by Rev. Lot Jones, Mr. James N. Merritt, of the firms of Merritt & Page and M. & J. Merritt, and Miss Mary Jane Watkins, all of this city. March 3, by Rev. Dr. Milnor, Mr. John S. Gilbert, of Louisiana, and Miss Lucy Pond, daughter of the late Sylvester Pond, of Addison, Vt. March 1, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. Henry Waring, of Greenwich, Ct., and Miss Rachel Augusta, daughter of Captain Andrew Bird, of this city. Feb. 8, by Rev. Mr. Choles, Mr. William Fowler and Miss Sarah Homan, step-daughter of Mr. John Wright, all of this city. On Tuesday morning, March 9, after a short but painful illness, Catharine Ann, youngest daughter of Henry and Eliza Sherwood, aged 4 years 2 months and 2 days. March 8, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Jonathan Y. Brindley, and Miss Dorothea Lasgley, all of this city. March 8, by Rev. Mr. Chrystie, Mr. Robert Milikin and Miss Margaret Murray, all of this city. In Jersey City, March 4, by Rev. Matthias Lusk, Mr. David Scott and Miss Euphemia Anderson. In Brooklyn, March 3, by Rev. Mr. Spencer, Mr. William Bellard and Miss Mary K. Henderson. March 5, at the Astor House, by Rev. Mr. Beebe, Mr. James B. Kendall, of Athol, Mass., and Miss Maria L. Saunders, of Winchendon, Mass. In Brooklyn, March 4, by Rev. Dr. Cutler, James H. Clark, Jr., son of J. H. Clark, Esq., U. S. N., and Miss Anna Eliza, daughter of Capt. W. L. Hudson, of the U. S. N.

## Died.

March 8, Mrs. Catharine Vanderbeck, aged 77. March 9, Caroline L., wife of Ezra Wheeler, aged 26. March 8, of consumption, Marcelle, only daughter of Robert Usher, late of New-York, now of Louisville, Ky., aged 21. March 8, Mrs. Jane Hick, relict of the late Reuben Hick, aged 71. March 8, Matilda, wife of Joseph Christaers, aged 22. March 8, of consumption, Mrs. Agnes, wife of the late James M. Mills, aged 33. March 8, Mrs. Agnes, wife of the late John Brown, aged 40. At Newark, on Tuesday, 2d instant, of consumption, Mrs. Harriet Crowell, in the 47th year of her age. In Washington, March 7, Mr. Charles H. W. Wharton, aged 62. In this city, March 4, Jane, relict of the late Captain John Bowden, in the 68th year of her age. March 2, of chronic rheumatism, Mrs. Julia Kavanagh, relict of the late James Kavanagh, aged 70. March 3, of consumption, Mr. John J. G. Potts. March 3, Maria Byrne, in the 16th year of her age. March 3, Lucinda Whitney, wife of D. E. Glover, aged 33. March 3, Mr. Alexander T. Bearn, aged 34. March 3, Richard Cunningham, in the 35th year of his age. March 3, Eliza, second daughter of George Youle, aged 22. March 4, Edward N., son of the late Abnerus Turk, aged 15. March 4, John Walker, in the 69th year of his age. March 5, Eliza, wife of Peter Donnelly, aged 38. March 5, Michael B. Walsh, aged 72. March 5, Mr. Timothy Woodbury, of Salem, Mass., formerly mate of a vessel out of this port. March 6, William Timpson, merchant, of this city, in the 47th year of his age. March 6, Mr. Adolphus Sarony, a native of Prussia, in the 52d year of his age. March 7, Mrs. Jane Heaton, relict of Mr. John Heaton, and daughter of Major Samuel Cooper, in the 58th year of her age. March 7, Mrs. Jane Heaton, relict of Mr. John Heaton, and daughter of the late Samuel Cooper, in the 58th year of her age. March 8, Mr. Daniel Sweeney, in the 36th year of his age. March 8, of consumption, Miss Jean Telfair. At the residence of Rev. Starks Van Santvoord, New-Baltimore, N. Y., Mr. William McMurray, son of Robert McMurray, of Delaware Co., in the 30th year of his age.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

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## Original Articles.

## THE HARP OF ERIN.

Oh! still lies thy harp, dearest idle of the ocean!  
 Its soft echoes sleep thy green mountains among;  
 Where, where are thy bards, that with fondest devotion,  
 Poured forth the sweet numbers that breathed through  
 thy song!

Thy glory gone by, like the dream of ambition,  
 Around thee a night dark and starless is cast!  
 Now hushed are thy strains—as the voice of a vision,  
 The dreamer scarce hears, ere he wakes—and 'tis past!

Oh! where, hapless Erin, is the light we saw shining  
 On thy children, like fame o'er the warriors head?  
 Those children enchained are in death-sleep reclining—  
 That light was a sun-burst which dazzled and fled.

How proud were thy hopes when its lustre was glowing  
 On the banner of Freedom then o'er thee unfurled;  
 And how sweet were the notes from thy thousand harps  
 flowing.

Whose tones were sent back by an echoing world.  
 They fled like the dreams of life's beautiful morning,  
 Those hopes—but still dimly in memory they glow;  
 The rainbow that spanned thee, though bright, was the  
 waning

Of the darkness and tempest that brood o'er thee now!  
 My thoughts, like the bird that soars back to the bowers  
 Where it first tried its pinions, though seas intervene,  
 For ever return to those long faded hours,  
 When thy hopes, like thy bosom, oh Erin! were green.

Yet mourn not, my soul! o'er the wide waste of waters,  
 A star hath arisen, whose far-beaming ray  
 Shall light up the smiles of thy desolate daughters,  
 And the woes of thy sons disperse fleetly away.

O mourn then no more, though the night's dark and dreary,  
 For see in the west beaming liberty's star:  
 It's bright rays descend on the Shamrock so cheery,  
 And thy harp, newly strung, shall send music afar.

No more shall thy white-bosomed maids be forsaken,  
 No more through the cold world disconsolate roam;  
 But Erin-maidens their voices awaken—  
 Or Erin-go-bragh while their hearts are at home.

While the harp, on whose tones we have dwelt with emo-  
 Univalled its soft strains of feeling shall draw; [tion,  
 And then, as the pledge of our heart's true devotion,  
 "We'll strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh."  
*St. Patrick's Day. E. N. GAMBLE.*

## THE LEGAL PROTECTION OF THE SENTIMENTS AND AFFECTIONS.

## A Lecture,

Delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of New York,

BY E. P. HURLBUT, ESQ.

Man is endowed with certain propensities which impel him to a prompt and vigorous defence of his person and his rights; and in the absence of a superior protection he has always the right to defend himself. Laws for the protection of humanity emanate from man's superior nature, and therefore, whenever it is possible, they ought to furnish a full measure of protection, rather than leave any man to passionate and vindictive self-defence. The most perfect of human laws, and their most rigorous administration, will, however, always leave man exposed in society to aggression, which he may properly resist by force. The law cannot always shield his person from the ruffian's attack, although it might punish the aggressor after his mischiefs are perpetrated. It cannot secure his property from theft or embezzlement, although it may inflict penalties upon the offender. So that in the best ordered society man will have occasion to draw upon his combativeness and destructiveness, when these can avail, him to prevent injuries to his rights. One of the legitimate offices of these instincts is, the opposing of force as the means of preventing injury. If they go farther, either in or out of society, they offend the superior sentiments. Acting under the control of the moral powers, they work for defence, and not for vengeance. Taking into view the harmonious action of man's moral and intellectual, as well as his passionate nature, and giving

the control to the former, man never could have had the right of vindictive self-redress.

Conscientiousness was ordained, under the enlightenment of the intellectual faculties, to determine between the accuser and the accused—between him who demanded and him who withheld right. From his very constitution, as we have seen, man must exist in society—where he can always have an appeal for justice to his impartial fellow-men. They immediately sympathize with the injured, and are impelled by their moral feelings to redress his wrongs. If in a moment of excitement he exceed the limit of defence, and take vengeance, he offends against the moral feelings of his brethren, and wounds his own superior sentiments, so that he feels the agony of remorse, after they regain the just supremacy of his mind. Self-redress, then, by way of taking vengeance upon the aggressor, is not a natural right—but a natural wrong; and man in society does but obey the true law of his nature when he looks to the social body for the redress of injuries. In the prevention of wrongs, then, the animal powers of the individual may be properly exerted, while in the redress of them the moral powers of the social body must have exclusive sway.

But benevolence, not less than justice, is all-pervading in human society, and dictates the benign sentiment of mercy and good will to all the sensitive creation. It disposes man to desire the prevention of offences, as it shrinks from their punishment, and looks in mercy even upon the vilest offender. It infuses a spirit of philanthropy in the legal code, tempers justice with mercy, and sheds a tear for the victim of the offended laws. It would not, nevertheless, defeat justice, but would prevent the occasion for its exercise; and, under its blessed influences, the social body is stimulated to make provision for the prevention of wrong, and to inflict punishment only as one means of prevention.

But such is the nature of man, that an offence to any of his rights so disturbs the serenity of his mind, and its harmonious action, and produces such a mingled excitement of both his sentiments and his passions, that unless the laws afford him redress, he will take it upon himself to obtain it, and he will oftentimes execute vengeance upon the offender; which is the product of conscientiousness, combativeness, and destructiveness, acting in combination. For in the act of self-redress, justice often arrays herself in a ruffian garb, and uses the assassin's weapons. Vengeance comes of enraged justice; and greater wrong may be done in the passionate redress of injuries, than in the perpetration by the first offender. But this wrong proceeds from the disturbed and inharmonious activity of man's innate faculties; and laws emanating from, and adapted to the harmony of his mental forces, must provide for the exclusion of so great an evil in human society. How shall this be done? By a legal recognition of every human right, and guaranteeing to each, as far as possible, a full and complete measure of protection. Humanity will forever cry aloud for the protection of her rights, and for the redress of injuries. And when human law fails to mete out justice to man, be not astonished if he take vengeance instead. Society claims the right to punish, in order to deter from crime; when it fails to punish, the aggrieved party will be inclined to supply the omission; but if while smarting under a sense of injury he act out this inclination, he will do that for which he himself will be punishable, and thus he will conceive himself to be the victim of three wrongs. The first comes from society, a wrong of omission in not protecting his infringed rights; the second, an actual wrong from the individual aggressor; and the third, the outrage of society, in punishing him for obtaining that redress for himself, which it had failed to afford him. He will conceive himself to be the victim of society, and not unlikely will be a perverse citizen ever after.

Let me illustrate this with a few examples. The law leaves the citizen perfectly unprotected from the rudest insult by simple speech. His truth, integrity, honor or courage, may be called to naught; the honor of his wife or daughter may be openly impeached by the rudest assailant; and thus his self-esteem, approbation, and feelings of domestic attachment may be wounded in the highest degree; yet the law leaves him to take care of himself. Combativeness and destructiveness, however, do not desert him, but rush to the aid of these wounded feelings, and inflict instantaneous personal chastisement upon the offender. An assault and battery is committed, and justice now removes the bandage from her eyes, and beholds this as the first wrong!

She declares that no mere words can justify a battery, and that the man beaten has an action for his damages against him who smote him—and moreover, that so much does the Law abhor bodily strife, and desire peace among men, that the battery is subject to further punishment as a misdemeanor, and that he who smote the rude and insolent accuser, must pay a fine to the state for the offence, and be imprisoned in a common jail for a period fixed by the same just law. How feels the prisoner now? He very naturally wants to inflict chastisement upon the blind goddess herself, conceiving that she has done him far them greatest injury in the case.

But let us suppose a far more serious case of wrong; that

of a husband injured in the most sacred of the marital rights. He detects the destroyer of his peace, and kills him on the spot. This killing is pronounced manslaughter; for which the injured husband is condemned to the state prison at hard labor for a term of years. But suppose that he refrains from killing at the instant, and challenges the author of his ruin to mortal combat. The coward and villain takes the challenge to the police, and the injured husband is arrested for merely sending the challenge, and condemned to prison as a felon. But suppose the wrong-doer to accept the challenge; they go to the field, and the husband speeds the bullet to his heart—he dies, and in the eye of the law, he is a murdered man, and the broken-hearted husband is pronounced a wilful murderer, and expiates his offence upon the gallows! What ought he to have done? What only the law allowed him to do. He should have left his house with great equanimity of mind, as soon as he discovered the damning deed which stung him with the deepest agony; he should have abstained even from giving vent to his feelings by words, lest he should have used profane oaths—which the laws punish by a fine. He should have gone to a gentleman of the bar, coolly stated his case, and received for answer, that as there was no witness to prove the wrong, the law could afford no redress—but in case of a witness, then he could have his action and recover a COMPENSATION IN MONEY for this wrong! "Money—a world's wealth!" say—"an universe of worlds!" would he not exclaim—"I'll have none of it—I'll murder him and die, for life has ceased to be a blessing now!" And yet by our law, money atones for this deepest and darkest of domestic wrongs, and when the offender shall have paid the sum ordained, he may go about at noonday, serene and calm, as a gentleman and good citizen! Why mock the injured in such a case by treating this wrong, as one that can be atoned for by money! Retain this sort of redress, if you please, for that order of men who will stoop to receive it; but do not allow a wrong which destroys the happiness of a fellow being for life, to pass with lighter condemnation than the least offence to the right of property. Our laws punish certain injuries to the latter right as felonies. The stealing of property to the value of twenty-five dollars is an infamous crime, and punishable by imprisonment in a State prison for a term of years; and yet how slightly is man's happiness affected by the injury thus redressed?

We have statutes for the protection of animals from cruel and inhuman treatment, making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment; while human affections are left exposed to the deepest wounds, and the wrong doer may walk abroad the companion and equal of judges and legislators, nay, may sit upon the bench himself, and be clothed with the holy ermine of justice, instead of being condemned to the cells of a prison, to wear a felon's garb.

The peace of families is also left entirely exposed to other acts of profligacy. The parent may find the honor of a daughter lost; and the law which took its origin in a barbarous age, and which recognized in this no other injury to the parent than the loss of the daughter's services, affords him a compensation in money for that loss; to which may now be added something more, if the jury please, for the wounded feelings of the parent. Against the form of the remedy the injured party first revolts, and next against the idea of a compensation in damages. These wanting all proper appreciation of the wrong, may perhaps be content with damages; but those whose sense of the injury is the keenest, scorn your legal remedy, and go unredressed by the law. In either event the wrong-doer escapes all degradation; and after having done a felon's wrong, walks forth a gentleman. If his deed were made a felony, he would not fall below his victim.

Mr. Chitty, in his learned and admirable work upon Medical Jurisprudence, notices a case of this character, where the defendant insultingly sent the £1,000 damages awarded by the jury to the injured father, by a livery servant, with his compliments, and that he would with pleasure pay him another £1000, if he would send him his second daughter. If this wretch had been condemned as a felon, what servant would have worn his livery, or delivered his bitter taunts! And yet society consents to harbor such a man in her bosom, while she condemns the petty swindler to the dungeons of a prison! Nay, more—if the injured father should take such vengeance upon him as his feelings should prompt, he would become a criminal himself, and forfeit his liberty or his life, for yielding to the impulses of his nature in vindicating his honor, and his happiness, where the law had failed to protect them.

If the social body leave any man unprotected in any of his rights, as to those rights and their vindication, he must be left to his natural remedies. I do not contend that a man unprotected has the right to execute vengeance upon the wrong-doer; but I insist that it is a known fact that a large portion of mankind will be prompted by their natural impulses to do so; and it becomes a grave question whether men in society, having neglected a due measure of protection, have acquired the right to punish the individual who resorts to self-redress. It seems to me the social body can only punish him who redresses a wrong by an act of ven-

geance, when they can point to the law, and say to the offender, "here was your redress; had you appealed to our laws, your rights would have been fully vindicated—but having chosen vengeance when justice was within your reach, we condemn you." The taking of vengeance is a moral offence, in the absence of any human law for the protection of rights; but I apprehend it is not an offence of which the social body can take any cognizance, but it must be left to the Creator's laws.

It would follow, then, that society, in order to acquire the right to punish an act of self-redress, must first have afforded a due measure of legal protection to the right, whose infringement occasioned the act of vengeance.

"As the state," says Vattel, "does not permit an individual to pursue, with arms in his hands, the usurper of his fortune, only because he may obtain justice from the magistrate; so if the sovereign will not allow him to draw his sword against him from whom he received an insult, he ought necessarily to take such measures, that the patience and obedience of the citizen insulted shall be no prejudice to him. The society cannot deprive a man of his natural right of making war against an aggressor, without furnishing him with other means of securing himself from the evil his enemy would do him, for in all those occasions which the public authority cannot lend us its assistance, we resume our primary right of natural self-defence."

About seven or eight years ago, a case of self-defence occurred in the central part of this state, under peculiar circumstances. Nathaniel Foster was indicted for the wilful murder of Peter Waters, an outlaw of the St. Regis tribe of Indians, and who occupied, as his hunting grounds, the forests in the northern part of Herkimer and Hamilton counties.

Foster was another Leatherstocking, passionately addicted to hunting, and who had left a cultivated farm in Herkimer county, in the care of his sons, and, with his wife alone, removed into the northern wilderness, and occupied a rude cabin some fifty miles from any settlement. The Indian and Foster, occupying the same hunting grounds, occasionally met in the course of their excursions in quest of game; and at times Foster was enabled to furnish the Indian with ammunition and stores of provisions for his comfort. This Foster was the more inclined to do, from a sense of insecurity, and fear that the Indian would take his life. For he was not only a savage, but one of fierce and malignant dispositions, which were rendered worse by intemperate habits. Foster was a celebrated shot with his rifle, he never missed his mark, and his success was always great as a huntsman. The Indian became jealous of him, and at length manifested open signs of hatred and malice. He came once near to the door of Foster's cabin, and called out for him.

Foster's wife opened the door, when she beheld the Indian with his rifle raised in an attitude to fire; but, seeing the woman instead of his intended victim, he went away. After this he openly threatened to execute his murderous purpose. Foster had attained to at least fifty-five years of age when this occurred, had always before lived in a well settled and agricultural district, and was esteemed a good citizen. He was rather distinguished for his kindness as a neighbor and his pride of character as a man. He knew that the laws ought to afford him protection, and accordingly he took a journey through the wilderness alone, went to the nearest settlement, and made complaint to a Justice of the Peace against the Indian, and declared that he considered his life in jeopardy. The magistrate feared to do his duty, saying that the Indian was a malignant fellow, and if he meddled with him it would be at the hazard of losing his own life. He therefore refused to afford Foster any protection. Foster returned to his lone cabin. In a short time afterward a party of men from Lewis county, three or four in number, came to Foster's to join him in a hunting and fishing excursion upon a lake in his vicinity, and while they were making their preparations the Indian came among them and rudely assailed Foster, threw him upon the ground, drew a knife and stabbed him in the arm; but was prevented by the interference of the party from doing further harm. As soon as he was taken off from Foster he said, "now I kill you, Foster," and went away. Foster knew not only the Indian character, but the particular dispositions of this individual, and he therefore knew that whenever the Indian saw him again, he would attempt to shoot him, and his own life depended upon the fact whether the Indian should see him first, and have time to take deadly aim before he should perceive him. He therefore concluded that his safety depended upon taking the Indian's life. He informed his party that he should not go with them, and they went off without him. He took down his rifle, withdrew the charge it contained, loaded it anew, put in two balls, and started in pursuit of the Indian. He found him at a distance of four or five miles from the place of the morning's encounter, in his bark canoe in the vicinity of the other men who formed the intended party that were at Foster's in the morning, and were in a canoe together.

A rustle was heard in the thicket on the shore. The fishing party looked eagerly thither. The Indian was appalled, knew his fate, and rowed eagerly toward the other boat. A moment more, and a rifle shot was heard—the Indian fell over his canoe dead—his heart pierced at its centre with two balls. Foster walked away from the smoke in the thicket, and afterward openly acknowledged that he killed the Indian.

He was arrested for wilful murder. Before the indictment was found, and while he was at large on bail, the public discussed his case a great deal, and many thought and told him he could not escape punishment, although they thought it a hard case. He nevertheless could not be induced to flee. He uniformly said to me that he supposed he was guilty of murder in the eye of the law, but that by the laws of God he was an innocent man. It came to my lot as junior counsel to open his defence to the jury, and in doing so endeavored to show them that Foster was entirely without the protection of the law. That it was true he was within the territorial jurisdiction of the State, and of the county where he was tried, but that the law afforded him no protection whatever; that he had a right to defend his life against any assailant; and that, as the enemy against whom he was defending was a savage, unknown to the law, who lurked about for revenge, and who never forgave a real or supposed injury, but took life at the first opportunity—that Foster was not bound to wait till his rifle flashed, or he was in the act of fulfilling his murderous intention—

but if he was morally sure that the Indian intended to kill him at first sight after the morning's encounter, he had a right to follow him any distance, and at the first sight to take his life. I could take no other ground; the case of killing was quite clear, and that Foster was the man there was no reasonable doubt. By the law of the land this killing was wilful murder; and yet the public sentiment was in favor of Foster's entire acquittal—inasmuch that a verdict of guilty would have produced a popular demonstration, and perhaps an attempt to rescue the prisoner. So painful did the public prosecutor find his duty in presenting the case to the jury, that when summing up for the people he was wholly overpowered by his feelings, and wept like a child, giving utterance only to sobs at some times, while addressing the jury. After deliberating some two hours the jury pronounced a verdict of not guilty, and Foster was discharged out of custody to the great joy of the whole community. He yet lives—a vigorous and jolly woodsman, the best rifle shot in all the country, and scarcely showing any signs of decay. If he had been the original of old Balt, of "Greyslaer," the portraiture of his character by the writer of that admirable novel could scarcely have been made truer to the life.\*

Wherever the social body neglects to protect the human sentiments and affections, it must leave the lacerated victim of another's wrongs to wreak his own vengeance upon the offender; and if assaults, duels and assassinations ensue, no statute can properly denounce its penalties upon the vindicator of his rights, and all that the courts can inquire into is, whether there was such a provocation as ordinarily produces the consequences which happened; if so, and such provocation was not punishable by law, then the law shall take no notice of the consequences! This would produce a dreadful state of society, but not a state much more to be dreaded, than one which allows the holiest sentiments and affections of man's nature to be wounded with impunity, the most flagrant wrongs to be unprevented and unpunished, and yet denounces the severest punishments upon the man, who, smarting under a sense of the deepest injury, takes vengeance upon the wrong-doer.

I pray you not to misconstrue my meaning. I am not the advocate of either of these conditions in society, but most heartily condemn both as an entire departure from the true rule of social organization.

My appeal is for humanity. I demand for it full and perfect protection by the laws of society; and I demand that the human sentiments and affections shall have a measure of protection commensurate with their dignity and importance to man's happiness; and I have only designed to point out the injustice of society, in neglecting a just and general protection to all the rights of man.

"Although it will be admitted," says Mr. Chitty, "that the true object of law ought to be security to individuals of the full enjoyment of those endowments with which the Almighty has blessed mankind; yet the English law is singularly defective in the protection of the natural passions and feelings from injuries. It in general interferes only where there has been a visible bodily injury, inflicted by force or poison, while it leaves almost entirely unprotected the whole class of the most malignant mental injuries and sufferings, unless in a few cases, where, by descending to fiction, it sordidly supposes some pecuniary loss, and sometimes under that mask, indirectly, and contrary to its own legal principle, affords compensation for wounded feelings. Thus a parent cannot in that character sue for an injury inflicted on his child, and on his own domestic happiness; nor can he punish the silent seducer of his daughter, occasioning his most agonizing mental sufferings, and her ruin, unless the facts will sustain the allegation that the daughter was a servant of the father, and that by reason of the seduction he lost the benefit of her services. Nor is there punishment for many verbal slanders, undermining the character of the person calumniated, and occasioning the most dangerous illness, or even death."

Mr. Chitty further notices that the killing of a person by fright or alarm is not a felonious murder, but at most a misdemeanor; and that in point of law it is not murder to work on the imagination so that death ensue, or to call the feelings into so strong an exercise as to produce a fatal malady; and he concludes that the British law is entirely defective in not punishing, corporeally, those who wilfully occasion injuries to the passions, emotions, affections, or feelings of another.

Many of you, doubtless, remember a most distressing case of suicide, by a young gentleman of this city, some two years ago, who rushed to the top of his house, which was three stories high, and precipitated himself thence upon the pavement below, thus occasioning his awful and instantaneous death. A few weeks before this most melancholy event he was in perfect health, mingling with his fellow-citizens, having their highest respect, and the attachment of many warm and devoted friends. His domestic character was a model of the most affectionate kindness and perfect devotion to the happiness of a mother (his only surviving parent) and his brothers and sisters. His charities were liberal; no worthy applicant for aid ever went away empty from his door. He was generous even to a fault. His integrity was of the highest order, and he preserved the most unsullied honor, it was his soul—his life. In fine, he was one of the noblest young men I have ever known, and was whose memory I shall always cherish to the latest hour

\* This trial took place in the then Fifth Circuit of this State, before the Hon. Hiram Denio, then Circuit Judge; and I cannot refrain from expressing my conceptions of that gentleman's judicial character. I have never seen a more competent or upright judge upon the bench. During his brief but brilliant judicial career, (which was terminated by ill health,) he sometimes held an entire session without an exception being taken to his decisions. He despatched business without hurry, and was always kind and courteous, without the slightest relaxation of the proper rigor of a court of justice. His mind is of the first order; his brain of the largest size, well balanced, and rendered active by high cultivation and exercise. His charge to the jury, in the case referred to, was well worthy of imitation. He presented the evidence to the jury, with the arguments which had been and might be urged upon it, both for and against the prisoner, with such minuteness that not the slightest circumstance or inference which made for either side was omitted, and with such impartiality, that no one could have conjectured from his language or manner, whether he believed the prisoner to be innocent or guilty. He did not invade the true province of the jury, by a word or suggestion, nor even by a look; but left them to determine both the law and the fact, according to the spirit of our criminal code. He gave them all the liberal light of his own gifted mind, without its conclusions, its prejudices, or colorings, if any existed in it.

of my life. I would that it were divested of the story of his unhappy fate.

A few days before his melancholy death he called upon me, under great anxiety of mind, and stated to me, more as a friend than as his professional adviser, the details of a conspiracy formed to extort money from him, by several abandoned people in this city, one of whom had sought his acquaintance to ask charity, and who had received pecuniary relief at his hands.

The conspirators had a scurrilous paper in their interest, and a threat of a libellous publication had been made in its columns. This was his concern at the time of his visit to me. I inquired into the whole matter with great interest and anxiety. I know the truth of his case, and I know to a moral certainty that there was not a shadow of just foundation for the least censure upon his fair fame. I advised him to treat the conspirators with utter contempt, and to pay them not the least attention. He soon after received from some lawyer, who read the laws but to violate their spirit, and whose moral nature was attuned to the work of mischief, further intimation that the conspiracy was to be consummated by a suit at law. He brooded over this matter till sleep and rest forsook him. The scurrilous print came out with its brutal libel, and its victim fell beneath the stroke. When he next called upon me, which was the day after the publication, I think, his whole appearance was that of a maniac, and his wild exclamations, his intense mental suffering, amounting to the most dreadful agony, baffled description. Alas! I could not soothe his wounded spirit,—he was taken to his home, and when I inquired after him at the next opportunity, I learned his awful death. This man was murdered, and his murderers live unmolested by the law.

"If," says Mr. Chitty, "legislators had sufficiently considered the connection of mind with external objects, and that the miseries and sufferings of the mind may be infinitely greater than those of the body, adequate punishments would have been provided for many mental injuries, which at present can only be visited by the censure of mankind, or, at the most, by inadequate discretionary punishment, limited to fine and imprisonment."

The reflections of this profound jurist upon the British law, are equally applicable to our own. The same defects exist in our legal code; the most sacred rights of humanity cry out in vain for protection to either British or American laws. Nay, more; the legislatures of both countries have hitherto treated with derision and contempt, the petitions which have been presented to them upon the subject of laws for the protection of human sentiments and affections. There were presented to the legislature of this state, at the last session, sundry petitions from ladies in one or more of the counties, praying that the grossest violation of the marital rights, and the vilest infringement of the domestic peace might be punished as crimes. These grave legislators ill concealed their mirth at this outbreak of humanity. It was a capital joke, and made them merry for a season. If these ladies had presented a petition, praying for further protection of their wardrobes from theft, a bill for that purpose would have been passed by this gallant legislature. But as they sought for protection for domestic love and peace, for noble pride, and kind affections, for honor and happiness, these Solons derided the application. They could appreciate silks and laces, and yet deride the holiest sentiments of the being they adorned—"they could pity the plumage—and forget the dying bird."

Let us now examine more minutely some of the rights of man, arising from the sentiments and affections of his nature, with a view to the ascertainment of what is a proper measure of legal defence and vindication. And first—the marital rights. The sexes are born nearly equal in point of numbers, and this alone creates a natural necessity for their uniting in pairs. But it would go no farther; it would not determine the permanency of that union, but leave it to be dissolved at the mere option of either of the parties, upon the slightest occasion. The law of nature, however, has not only ordained the pairing of the sexes, but the permanency and sacred inviolability of the union. It is true that the instincts which lie at the foundation of it, are shared by man in common with all the animal creation; but in man these instincts are strengthened and consecrated by high and noble sentiments, which are wanting in animals; and we have seen that the most sacred rights emanate from these sentiments, and among the chief of these are the marital rights. Offspring result from the marriage union. Mankind have a natural love of offspring—heightened by holy hope, and just pride, and benevolent affections. The parents have to deal also with sensitive, rational, and moral beings in their children, whose fate is so connected with their own, as that they are bound to preserve inviolate that union which has called them into being, and whose continuance alone can promote their happiness. Man is denied his animal freedom in this regard; it is subject to his moral and superior nature, and it is well that it is so. Moreover, such is the nature of human affection, that a judicious attachment is strengthened by indulgence and time, so that a separation by death, even, is among the severest trials of the afflicted. If so great distress come from the act of Providence, to which man is disposed, by his reverence and awe, to submit with meek and pious endurance, what must he suffer, whose domestic affections are wounded by that worse deprivation, the moral death of the being whom only he loved? No sentiment of veneration and submission to the Creator's laws, now soothes his wounded spirit; but his pride, his honor, and his sense of justice are rudely lacerated, and his entire moral nature revolts at the wrong. Marriage is an institution of nature. The sacred exclusiveness of domestic love is demanded by the laws of the human mind, and hence the right to its inviolability. The human legislator cannot plead that he instituted the married state, and may therefore notice, or disregard its claims, as he shall choose. He is bound to regard it as the institution of nature, and to vindicate its rights by appropriate laws.

Consider next the wounds inflicted upon parental feelings. Philoprogenitiveness and Adhesiveness cling to the child. Benevolence showers blessings around it, and hope and pride look forward with exultation to its advancement and success in life. The object of so much attachment, and who promises so much, attains to womanhood—sweet, confiding, innocent, and beautiful, but falls the victim of such vile art and falsehood, as was so foreign from her nature

\* See 1 Chit. Med. Jur. 320-322



that she was not prepared for its encounter. The parent is stung with the deepest agony. Every sentiment and affection which before derived pleasure from her existence, is now a source of torment to him. He was before happy, he is now miserable; his rights therefore have been invaded, and he justly demands protection from the law.

We have seen that a sense of pride and love of approbation were innate in man; these may be wounded by malicious detraction and insult, and this will disturb the peace of the injured individual. He therefore demands, very properly, legal protection for these sentiments.

I cite these instances for the purpose of leading the way to a discussion of the species of redress which the law ought to afford for injuries to the sentiments and affections. The right of property is fully acknowledged by our laws, and in general is well protected. A man injured in this right has secured to him a civil action for redress, in which he recovers a compensation in money for the wrong done him; and in cases of injury by theft, embezzlement and, in some cases, of fraud, and imposture, the law has made the offence criminal, and punished it as a felony. One would suppose that a right so sacredly guarded by the law must have a higher and holier origin than others, and that its protection was of higher importance to man's happiness than those rights which were entirely neglected. Whence then the origin of this right? It emanates from the instinct to acquire. Man has a natural desire to acquire and keep property. This instinct is possessed in a slight degree by some of the animal tribes, and it does not aspire to the dignity of a sentiment. It, however, calls the sentiment of self-esteem to its aid, and then says, "this is mine; and because it is mine, it is better than if it were *thine*; and I am better than thou art, because I have it and thou hast it not." Now if you deprive this man of this thing, you become a felon; but if you only take away his wife, or degrade his daughter, or destroy his character, you are still a gentleman in the eye of the law!

The person is also greatly favored in our jurisprudence. Not only its utility but its symmetrical beauty has met with a most favorable consideration. If you cut off a man's ear, or slit his nose, or otherwise maim him, you are regarded as a felon; but you may so lacerate his feelings as to destroy his reason, and escape without legal notice. An ear or nose is more valuable, says the law, than the reasonable faculties. Nay, so jealous is the law of injury to the corporeal man, that you may not shake your feet at him without striking distance, though you touch him not, but forthwith you will be arrested and carried before a magistrate for the offence, and if he himself does not call you a coward, vagabond, and knave, he will be regarded as uncommonly civil and reserved upon the occasion!

Now, all human rights emanate from the natural sentiments and desires of the mind; they have, therefore, the same source, but it does not necessarily follow that they enjoy the same rank and dignity; some are more sacred and important than others to human happiness.

Every member of man's physical frame is of some degree of importance in the exercise of its corporeal functions; but he can bear the loss of one with less sacrifice than another, because it is not of equal importance to his bodily strength or activity. The loss of his finger is not equal to the deprivation of his hand, nor his arm to that of his leg. It becomes us then, to fix the grade of man's intellectual powers, and to determine the relative rank and dignity of the various faculties, dispositions, and sentiments of the human mind. The supremacy will be conceded to man's moral nature; his intellectual faculties are next in rank, but wholly subsequent to it, as are also the animal feelings.

Man's highest enjoyments consist in the gratification of his sentiments. His secondary pleasures arise from the indulgence of his animal feelings, under the restraint of the sentiments and the intellect. The source of his highest enjoyments, when disturbed or wounded, becomes the source of his most poignant suffering. He can bear pecuniary loss easier than domestic deprivation, an injury to his person with less sacrifice than an injury to his character. Fraud and deception offend him more than theft, and obtaining by false pretences more than robbery. He can endure hunger and want easier than the loss of his good name, and will sacrifice the peace of his body for his peace of mind. He will lay down life itself for freedom, truth, or justice, and enlist all the powers of his nature in the service of its benevolence. He will spend his fortune to satisfy his love of praise, and devote his life to gratify his pride and ambition. Nay, he will deny himself the entire gratification of the lower propensities, unless their indulgence can proceed under the sanction of his moral sentiments. If this be so, ought not the law to recognise these gradations of nature, and to award its protection according to their demands?

Injuries to the sentiments and affections then ought to be regarded as criminal offences, and be punishable according to their degree of moral turpitude; and the conviction of the offender in any of these cases should be a moral stigma upon his character. In the most enormous of these offences, such as those most deeply affecting the marital rights, and domestic love and peace, the law ought to pronounce them felonies, and punish them as such, as also those lacerations of the sentiments which result in the wreck of human reason. And it seems to me that all idea of pecuniary compensation for this class of injuries, ought to be banished from the mind. Slander and libel which wound the sentiments only, and do not directly injure a man's pecuniary interest, ought also to be treated as criminal offences, and the civil action for pecuniary compensation ought to be abolished altogether. The rule which I contend for is this—when the injury is an offence to the moral feelings or affections, it should be treated as a crime and as such only. The idea of bartering a man's moral nature for money, of enduring so much mental agony for so many dollars, is utterly degrading to humanity. Money is not the standard by which to estimate moral worth or human happiness. But where the offence is against the right of property, the extent of the injury can be measured by this standard, and a compensation be made in money. Such injury may also be a moral offence; and when so, should be treated as a crime.

This would abolish the civil action of adultery, the action for debauching a daughter, and the action for slander and libel, except where the words published occasioned a direct and immediate pecuniary injury. It would abolish

the action of assault and battery except where the bodily injury was such as to occasion a pecuniary loss, and it would substitute criminal punishment as the sole measure of protection and redress. All fraud and false pretences which injured another's right would be regarded as criminal, and if they produce pecuniary loss, the civil action would also be retained for redress in damages. The rule, in fine, would be, to treat all offences against the sentiments and affections of man's nature as moral wrongs, and to lay all atonement by money for injuries to human rights entirely out of view, except where the injury affected the right of property directly.

This would prevent and redress moral wrongs by moral means, and award for pecuniary wrongs their only appropriate remedy. What! shall a man's whole moral nature be grossly outraged and lacerated by the vilest wrong, and the law deal out a bait to a mere instinct by way of atonement and satisfaction? Suppose self-esteem, approbation, adhesiveness, benevolence, and conscientiousness to be raging under offence and injury, and you soothe them by gratifying acquisitiveness? As well might you, when acquisitiveness itself was outraged by an injury to property, attempt to redress the wrong by gratifying the organs of music, and give solemn judgement in your courts that the defendant should play for the plaintiff some of his favorite tunes.

It may be objected that there is a vast disparity in the extent and seriousness of the various injuries to the sentiments and affections, according to the malignity of the offender, the sentiment or affection which should be wounded, and the organization and external condition of the aggrieved person, and that therefore it would be difficult if not impossible to frame a code of laws which should afford the required recognition and protection of these rights, without endangering the rights and liberty of the accused. I answer, that the laws already recognize and afford protection to rights where the same difficulty exists; and what has been safely done in one case can be done in another of the same nature.

The right of life itself is protected by our statutes, which declare that the destruction of human life may be either murder, punishable by death—or manslaughter, punishable by imprisonment in a state-prison, for a long term of years—or manslaughter punishable by a shorter term of imprisonment; or the same offence, punishable by imprisonment in a county jail, or by a fine only. And cases are declared in which the taking of human life is either justifiable or excusable homicide, which of course are not punishable at all.

Now the punishment for the taking of human life is not regulated by the mere fact of the destruction of life, for if it were, there would be but one offence, and one punishment; but the circumstances attending each case are considered, and the crime takes its character and meets its punishment from the degree of moral turpitude manifested in its perpetration. We have seen that every man has an innate love of life—and in one, this intuitive attachment to life is much stronger than in another, and yet the law does not attempt to measure the offence of man-killing by the amount of the instinctive attachment which was violated by the act of killing. The law recognizes the instinct and the right, and protects it whether it be strong or weak. The killing of a human being who should be so disgusted with life, as that he would have committed suicide, if he had not been murdered, is as much a crime in the eye of the law as if the deceased had the most ardent attachment to life. So also the life of the humble is as sacredly protected as that of the great.

The same holds true of the right of property. The law regards the right alike, and its violation as the same offence, whether the owner was a miser or philanthropist, whether he had much or little. The offender who steals from a man with large acquisitiveness, commits no greater offence than when he steals from one with a small instinctive love of property. The offence is against the right, and the means of prevention and punishment are to be graduated according to the degree of moral turpitude manifested by the offender. Accordingly he who steals a loaf of bread is not punished to the same extent as he who takes hundreds of dollars. So also the law has already distinguished between various degrees of forgery, and created several distinct grades of this crime, and awarded various degrees of punishment. The same may be said of the crime of arson. I am not required to show that these gradations or any of them are correct; but I cite these instances to show—not only that by our law at present there are recognized several distinct crimes, from those meeting with capital punishment to the lesser sort, punishable by slight imprisonment—but moreover that offences against the same right are graduated, and meet with different degrees of punishment.

Suppose, then, the law should declare seduction to be a moral offence of which it would take cognizance; that if the victim of it was under a certain age, and it was effected by a pledge of marriage—it should be punishable by imprisonment for a certain term of years; if of mature years, and the circumstances were less aggravating—with a lesser term—leaving the jury to find the degree of the crime as it should be defined by law, and have the punishment for that degree fixed and certain. No greater difficulty could be encountered here than legislation has already overcome, in cases of homicide, arson, forgery and theft.

So in cases of slander. Written slander, or libel, is now regarded, by law, as exhibiting greater moral turpitude, and as more to be dreaded than verbal slander. The former is indictable as a misdemeanor now, while the latter is not, but is the subject only of a civil action for damages. Would there be any difficulty in pronouncing them both to be criminal offences, and graduating their punishment according to the degree of moral turpitude evinced in their perpetration?

This much the law could do at any rate; it could define what should be the first degree of any moral offence, and could fix its certain punishment, and it could declare that all other like offences should fall within either a second or third degree, in the discretion of a jury who should weigh the circumstances of each case; and the punishment for these degrees could also be graduated and fixed by law. This would take all arbitrary discretion from the courts, and leave the accused in the hands of a jury of the country, coming from the body of the people, and properly repre-

senting the just sentiment of an enlightened and virtuous community.

I perceive no insurmountable difficulty in the practical application of the principles of legislation, for which I have striven in this discourse. They at least invite candid investigation. Humanity pleads for their adoption; the noblest sentiments of our nature impel us to demand their consideration in the halls of legislation; and I have yet to be convinced, that He who ordained the pressing demands of the human sentiments and affections, and conferred upon man intellectual powers to subserve them, has been so sparing of the latter endowment, as that, how hard soever he shall strive, his reasoning powers will fail of securing an adequate measure of legal protection against the vilest wrongs which one human being can inflict upon another.

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

### THE MURDER OF THE MASTER OF SAINT IAGO.

The next four ballads relate to the history of Don Pedro, King of Castille, called The Cruel.

An ingenious person not long ago published a work, the avowed purpose of which was to prove that Tiberius was a humane and contemplative prince, who retired to the Island of Capree only that he might indulge in the harmless luxury of philosophic meditation; and, in like manner, Pedro, the Cruel has found, in these latter times, his defenders and apologists; above all, Voltaire.

There may be found, without doubt, in the circumstances which attended his accession, something to palliate the atrocity of several of his bloody acts. His father had treated his mother with contempt: He had not only entertained, as his mistress, in her lifetime, a lady of the powerful family of Guzman, but actually proclaimed that lady his queen, and brought up her sons as princes in his palace; nay, he had even betrayed some intentions of violating, in their favor, the order of succession, and the rights of Pedro. And, accordingly, no sooner was Alphonso dead, and Pedro acknowledged by the nobility, than Donna Leonora de Guzman and her sons, whether from consciousness of guilt, or from fear of violence, or from both of these causes, betook themselves to various places of strength, where they endeavored to defend themselves against the authority of the new King. After a little time, matters were so far accommodated by the interference of friends, and Donna Leonora took up her residence at Seville; but Pedro was suddenly, while in that city, seized with a distemper which his physicians said must, in all probability, have a mortal termination; and during his confinement, (which lasted for several weeks) many intrigues were set on foot, and the pretensions of various candidates for the throne openly canvassed among the nobility of Castille.

Whether the King had, on his recovery, discovered any thing indicative of treasonous intentions in the recent conduct of Leonora and her family, (which, all things considered, seems not improbable), or whether he merely suffered himself, as was said at the time, to be overpowered by the undictive arguments of his own mother, the queen-dowager, the fact is certain, that in the course of a few days, Donna Leonora was arrested, and put to death by Pedro's command, in the Castle of Talavera. Don Fadrique, (or Frederick), one of her sons, who had obtained the dignity of Master of the order of St. Iago, fled upon this into Portugal, and fortified himself in the city Coimbra; while another of them, Don Enrique, or Henry, Lord of Trastamara, took refuge at the Court of Arragon, openly renouncing his allegiance to the crown of Castille, and professing himself henceforth, in all things, the subject and vassal of the prince who gave him protection. Henry of Trastamara was, from this time, the declared and active enemy of his brother; and in consequence of his influence, and that of his mother's kindred, but most of all, in consequence of Don Pedro's own atrocious proceedings, Castille itself was filled with continual tumults and insurrections.

Don Fadrique, however, made his peace with Pedro. After a lapse of many months he was invited to come to the court at Seville, and take his share in the amusements of an approaching tournament. He accepted the invitation, but was received with terrible coldness, and immediately executed within the palace. The friends of Pedro asserted that the King had that very day detected Don Fadrique in a correspondence with his brother, Henry of Trastamara, and the Arragonese; while popular belief attributed the slaughter of The Master to the unhappy influence which the too celebrated Maria de Padilla had long ago thus begun to exercise over Pedro's mind.

Maria was often, in consequence of her close intimacy with the King, called by the name of their hated race; but she was in reality not only of Christian, but of noble descent in Spain. However that might be, Pedro found her in the family of his minister, Albuquerque, where she had been brought up, loved her with all the violence of his temper, and made her his wife in all things but the name. Although political motives induced him, not long afterward, to contract an alliance with a princess of the French blood royal—the unfortunate Blanche of Bourbon,—he lived with his young queen but a few days and then deserted her for ever, for the sake of this beautiful, jealous and imperious mistress.

The reader will observe, that there is a strange peculiarity in the structure of the ballad which narrates the Murder of the Master of St. Iago. The unfortunate Fadrique is introduced in the beginning of it as telling his own story, and so he carries it on, in the first person, until the order for his execution is pronounced by Pedro. The sequel is given as if by another voice. I can suppose this singularity to have had a musical origin.

The Master was slain in the year 1358.

I.  
"I sat alone in Coimbra—the town myself had ta'en,—  
When came into my chamber, a messenger from Spain;  
There was no treason in his look, an honest look he wore:  
I from his hand the letter took,—my brother's seal it bore.

II.  
"Come, brother dear, the day draws near," ('twas thus bespoke the King,) (ring,)"  
"For plenary court and knightly sport, within the listed  
Alas! unhappy Master, I easy credence lent;  
Alas! for fast and faster I at his bidding went.

III.  
"When I set off from Coimbra, and pass'd the bound of Spain,  
I had a goodly company of spearmen in my train;  
A gallant force, a score of horse, and sturdy mules thirteen;  
With joyful heart I held my course—my years were young and green.

IV.  
"A journey of good fifteen days within the week was done,  
I halted not, though signs I got, dark tokens many a one;  
A strong stream master'd horse and mule, I lost my poniard fine,  
And left a page within the pool, a faithful page of mine.

V.  
"Yet on to proud Seville I rode; when to the gate I came,  
Before me stood a man of God, to warn me from the same;  
The words he spake I would not hear, his grief I would not see,  
I seek, said I, my brother dear—I will not stop for thee.

VI.  
"No lists were closed upon the sand, for royal tourney dight;  
No pawing horse was seen to stand, I saw no armed knight;  
Yet aye I gave my mule the spur, and hasten'd through the town,  
I stooped before his palace-door, then gaily leapt I down.

VII.  
"They shut the door, my trusty score of friends were left behind; [mind; I would not hear their whisper'd fear, no harm was in my I greeted Pedro, but he turn'd—I wot his look was cold; His brother from his knee he spurn'd—'Stand off, thou Master beld—"

VIII.  
"Stand off, stand off, thou traitor strong," twas thus he said to me, [my knee? "Thy time on earth shall not be long—what brings thee to My Lady craves a New-year's gift, and I will keep my word; Thy head methinks may serve the shift—Good yeoman, draw thy sword."

IX.  
The Master lay upon the floor ere well that word was said, Then in a charger off they bore his pale and bloody head; They brought it to Padilla's chair, they bow'd them on the knee, [thee." "King Pedro greets thee, Lady fair, his gift he sends to

X.  
She gazed upon the Master's head, her scorn it could not scare, [were; And cruel were the words she said, and proud her glances "Thou now shalt pay, thou traitor base, the debt of many a year, [sneer." My dog shall lick that haughty face; no more that lip shall

XI.  
She seized it by the clotted hair, and o'er the window flung; The mastiff smelt it in his lair, forth at her cry he sprung;— The mastiff that had crouch'd so low to lick the Master's hand, He toss'd the morsel to and fro, and lick'd it on the sand.

XII.  
And ever as the mastiff tore, his bloody teeth were shown, With growl and snort he made his sport, and pick'd it to the bone. The baying of the beast was loud, and swiftly on the street There gather'd round a gaping crowd, to see the mastiff eat.

XIII.  
Then out and spake King Pedro—"What governance is this? The rabble rout, my gate without, torment my dogs, I wiss." Then out and spake King Pedro's page, "It is the Master's head, [fed." The mastiff tears it in his rage, therewith they him have

XIV.  
Then out and spake the ancient Nurse, that nursed the brothers twain, [slain; "On thee, King Pedro, lies the curse, thy brother thou hast A thousand harlots there may be within the realm of Spain, But where is she can give to thee thy brother back again?"

XV.  
Came darkness o'er King Pedro's brow, when thus he heard her say; He sorely rued the accursed vow he had fulfilled that day; He pass'd unto his paramour, where on her couch she lay, Leaning from out her painted bower, to see the mastiff's play.

XVI.  
He drew her to a dungeon dark, a dungeon strong and deep; "My father's son lies stiff and stark, and there are few to weep. Fadrique's blood for vengeance calls, his cry is in mine ear; Thou art the cause, thou harlot false, in darkness lie thou here."

## Historical Romance.

### GUY FAWKES.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,  
Author of 'Rookwood,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Crichton,' &c.

#### BOOK THE SECOND.

##### CHAPTER IX.—The Counterplot.

Startled, but not dismayed—for he was a man of great courage—by the sudden address and appearance of Guy Fawkes, Lord Mounteagle instantly sprang to his feet, and, drawing his sword, put himself into a posture of defence.

"You have betrayed me," he cried, seizing Tresham with his left hand; "but if I fall, you shall fall with me."

"You have betrayed yourself, my lord," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "or rather, Heaven has placed you in our hands as an instrument for the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe. You must take an oath of secrecy—a binding oath—such as, being a good Catholic, you cannot break—not to divulge what has come to your knowledge. Nay, you must join me and my confederates, or you quit not this spot with life."

"I refuse your terms," replied Mounteagle, resolutely—"I will never conspire against the monarch to whom I have sworn allegiance. I will not join you. I will not aid you in procuring Viviana Radcliffe's release. Nor will I take the oath you propose. On the contrary, I arrest you as a traitor, and I command you, Tresham, in the King's name, to assist me in his capture."

But suddenly extricating himself from the grasp imposed upon him, and placing Guy Fawkes between him and the Earl, Tresham rejoined—

"It is time to throw off the mask, my good lord and brother. I can render you no assistance. I am sworn to this league, and must support it. Unless you assent to the conditions proposed—and which for your own sake I would counsel you to do—I must, despite our near relationship, take part against you—even," he added, significantly, "if your destruction should be resolved upon."

"I will sell my life dearly, as you shall find," replied Mounteagle. "And, but for the sake of my dear lady, your sister, I would stab you where you stand."

"Your lordship will find resistance in vain," replied Guy Fawkes, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon him. "We seek not your life, but your co-operation. You are a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" echoed Mounteagle, derisively. "You have not secured me yet."

As he spoke he rushed toward the door; but his departure was checked by Bates, who presented himself at the entrance of the passage with a drawn sword in his hand. At the same moment, Catesby and Keyes issued from the closet, while Garnet and the other conspirators likewise issued from their hiding places. Hearing the noise behind him, Lord Mounteagle turned, and beholding the group, uttered an exclamation of surprise and rage.

"I am fairly entrapped," he said, sheathing his sword, and advancing toward them. "Fool that I was, to venture hither!"

"These regrets are too late, my lord," replied Catesby. "You came hither of your own accord. But, being here, nothing, except compliance with our demands, can insure your departure."

"Yes, one thing else," thought Mounteagle—"cunning. It shall go hard if I cannot outwit you. Tresham will act with me. I know his treacherous nature too well to doubt which way he will incline. Interest, as well as relationship, binds him to me. He will acquaint me with their plans. I need not, therefore, compromise myself by joining them. If I take the oath of secrecy, that will suffice—and I will find means of evading the obligation. I may thus make my own bargain with Salisbury. But I must proceed cautiously. Too sudden a compliance might awaken their suspicions."

"My lord," said Catesby, who had watched his countenance narrowly, and distrusted its expression, "we must have no double-dealing. Any attempt to play us false will prove fatal to you."

"I have not yet consented to your terms, Mr. Catesby," replied Mounteagle. "And I demand a few moments' reflection before I do so."

"What say you, gentlemen?" said Catesby. "Do you agree to his lordship's request?"

There was a general answer in the affirmative. "I would also confer for a moment alone with my brother Tresham," said Mounteagle.

"That cannot be, my lord," rejoined Garnet, peremptorily. "And take heed you meditate no treachery toward us, or you will destroy yourself here and hereafter."

"I have no desire to speak with him, father," observed Tresham. "Let him declare what he has to say before you all."

Mounteagle looked hard at him, but he made no remark. "In my opinion, we ought not to trust him," observed Keyes. "It is plain he is decidedly opposed to us. And if the oath is proposed to him, he may take it with some mental reservation."

"I will guard against that," replied Garnet.

"If I take the oath, I will keep it, father," rejoined Mounteagle. "But I have not yet decided."

"You must do so, then, quickly, my lord," returned Catesby.

The earl started. "We mean you no treachery, my lord," observed Keyes, "and expect to be dealt with, with equal fairness."

Surrendering his sword to Catesby, Mounteagle then walked to the farther end of the room, and leaning against the wall, with his back to the conspirators, appeared buried in thought.

"Take Tresham aside," whispered Catesby to Wright. "I do not wish him to overhear our conference. Watch him narrowly, and see that no signal passes between him and Lord Mounteagle."

Wright obeyed; and the others gathering closely together, began to converse in a low tone.

"It will not do to put him to death," observed Garnet. "From what he stated to Tresham, it appears that his servant was aware of his coming hither. If he disappears, therefore, search will be immediately made, and all will be discovered. We must either instantly secure ourselves by flight, and give up the enterprise, or trust him."

"You are right, father," replied Rookwood. "The danger is imminent."

"We are safe at present," observed Percy, "and may escape to France or Flanders before information can be given against us. Nay, we may carry off Mounteagle with us, for that matter. But I am loth to trust him."

"So am I," rejoined Catesby. "I do not like his looks."

"There is no help," said Fawkes. "We must trust him, or give up the enterprise. He may materially aid us, and has himself asserted that he can procure Viviana's liberation from the Tower."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Catesby, impatiently. "What has that to do with the all-important question we are now considering?"

"Much," returned Fawkes. "And I will not move further in the matter, unless that point is insisted on."

"You have become strangely interested in Viviana of late," observed Catesby, sarcastically. "Could I suspect you of so light a passion, I should say you loved her."

A deep flush dyed Fawkes's swarthy cheeks, but he answered in a voice of constrained calmness,

"I do love her,—as a daughter."

"Humph!" exclaimed the other, drily.

"Catesby," rejoined Fawkes, sternly, "you know me well—too well, to suppose I would resort to any paltry subterfuge. I am willing to let what you have said pass. But I counsel you not to jest thus in future."

"Jest?" exclaimed Catesby. "I was never more serious in my life."

"Then you do me wrong," retorted Fawkes, fiercely; "and you will repeat the innuendo at your peril."

"My sons—my sons," interrupted Garnet, "what means this sudden—this needless quarrel, at a moment when we require the utmost calmness to meet the danger that assails us? Guy Fawkes is right. Viviana must be saved. If we desert her, our cause will never prosper. But let us proceed step by step, and first decide upon what is to be done with Lord Mounteagle."

"I am filled with perplexity," replied Catesby.

"Then I will decide for you," replied Percy. "Our project must be abandoned."

"Never," replied Fawkes, energetically. "Fly, and secure your own safety. I will stay and accomplish it alone."

"A brave resolution!" exclaimed Catesby, tendering him his hand, which the other cordially grasped. "I will stand by you to the last. No—we have advanced too far to retreat."

"Additional caution will be needful," observed Keyes. "Can we not make it a condition with Lord Mounteagle to retire, till the blow is struck, to his mansion at Hoxton?"

"That would be of no avail," replied Garnet. "We must trust him wholly, or not at all."

"There I agree with you, father," said Percy. "Let us propose the oath of secrecy to him, and detain him here, until we have found some secure retreat, utterly unknown to him, or to Tresham, whence we can correspond with our friends. A few days will show whether he has betrayed us or not. We need not visit this place again till the moment for action arrives."

"You need not visit it again at all," rejoined Fawkes. "Everything is prepared, and I will undertake to fire the train. Prepare for what is to follow the explosion, and leave the management of that to me."

"I cannot consent to such a course, my son," said Garnet. "The whole risk will thus be yours."

"The whole glory will be mine, also, father," replied Fawkes, enthusiastically. "I pray, you, let me have my own way."

"Well, be it as you will, my son," returned Garnet, with affected reluctance. "I will not oppose the hand of Heaven, which clearly points you out as the chief agent of this mighty enterprise. In reference to what Percy has said about a retreat till Lord Mounteagle's trustworthiness can be ascertained," he added to Catesby, "I have just been thought me of a large retired house on the borders of Epsom Chase, called White Webbs. It has been recently taken by Mrs. Rookwood, and her sister, Ann Vaux, and will afford us a safe asylum."

"An excellent plan, father," cried Catesby. "Since Guy Fawkes is willing to undertake the risk, we will leave Lord Mounteagle in his charge, and go there at once."

"What must be done with Tresham?" asked Percy. "We cannot take him with us, nor must he know of our retreat."

"Leave him with me," said Fawkes.

"You will be at a disadvantage," observed Catesby, "should he take part, as there is reason to fear he may do, with Lord Mounteagle."

"They are both unarmed," returned Fawkes, "but were it otherwise, I would answer with my head for their detention."

"All good saints guard you, my son!" exclaimed Garnet. "Henceforth, we resign the custody of the powder to you."

"It will be in safe keeping," replied Fawkes.

The party then advanced toward Lord Mounteagle, who, hearing their approach, instantly faced them.

"Your decision, my lord?" demanded Catesby.

"You shall have it in a word, sir," replied Mounteagle, firmly. "I will not join you, but I will take the required oath of secrecy."

"Is this your final resolve, my lord?" rejoined Catesby.

"It is," replied the Earl.

"It must content us," observed Garnet; "though we hoped you would have lent your active services to further a cause, having for its sole object the restoration of the church to which you belong."

"I know not the means whereby you propose to restore it, father," replied Mounteagle, "and I do not desire to know them. But I guess that they are dark and bloody, and as such I take no part in them."

"And you refuse to give us any counsel or assistance?" pursued Garnet.

"I will not betray you," replied Mounteagle. "I can say nothing further."

"I would rather be promised too little, than too much," whispered Catesby to Garnet. "I begin to think him sincere."

"I am of the same opinion, my son," returned Garnet.

"One thing you shall do, before I consent to set you free, on any terms, my lord," observed Guy Fawkes. "You shall engage to procure the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe from the Tower. You told Tresham you could easily accomplish it."

"I scarcely knew what I said," replied Mounteagle, with a look of embarrassment.

"You spoke confidently, my lord," rejoined Fawkes.

"Because I had no idea I should be compelled to make good my words," returned the Earl. "But, as a Catholic, and related by marriage to Tresham, who is a suspected person, any active exertions in her behalf on my part might place me in jeopardy."

"This excuse shall not avail you, my lord," replied Fawkes. "You must weigh your own safety against hers. You stir not hence, till you have sworn to free her."

"I must perforce assent, since you will have no refusal," replied Mounteagle. "But I almost despair of success. If I can effect her deliverance, I swear to do so."

"Enough," replied Fawkes.

"And now, gentlemen," said Catesby, appealing to the others, "are you willing to let Lord Mounteagle depart upon the proposed terms?"

"We are," they replied.

"I will administer the oath at once," said Garnet; "and you will bear in mind, my son," he added, in a stern tone to the Earl, "that it will be one which cannot be violated without perdition to your soul."

"I am willing to take it," replied Mounteagle.

Producing a primer, and motioning the Earl to kneel before him, Garnet then proposed an oath of the most solemn and binding description. The other repeated it after him, and at its conclusion placed the book to his lips.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, rising.

"I am," replied Garnet.

"And so am I," thought Tresham, who stood in the rear,—"that he will perjure himself."

"Am I now at liberty to depart?" inquired the Earl.

"Not yet, my lord," replied Catesby. "You must remain here till midnight."

Lord Mounteagle looked uneasy, but seeing remonstrance would be useless, he preserved a sullen silence.

"You need have no fear, my lord," said Catesby; "But we must take such precautions as will ensure our safety, in case you intend us treachery."

"You cannot doubt me, sir, after the oath I have taken," replied Mounteagle, haughtily. "But since you constitute yourself my jailor, I must abide your pleasure."



"If I am your jailer, my lord," rejoined Catesby, "I will prove to you that I am not neglectful of my office. Will it please you to follow me?"

The Earl bowed in acquiescence; and Catesby marching before him to a small room, the windows of which were carefully barred, pointed to a chair, and instantly retiring, looked the door upon him. He then returned to the others, and taking Guy Fawkes aside, observed in a low tone,

"We shall set out instantly for White Webbs. You will remain on guard with Tresham, whom you will, of course, keep in ignorance of our proceedings. After you have set the Earl at liberty, you can follow us, if you choose. But take heed you are not observed."

"Fear nothing," replied Fawkes.

Soon after this, Catesby, and the rest of the conspirators, with the exception of Guy Fawkes and Tresham, quitted the room, and the former concluded they were about to leave the house. He made no remark, however, to his companions but getting between him and the door, folded his arms upon his breast, and continued to pace backward and forward before it.

"Am I a prisoner as well as Lord Mounteagle?" asked Tresham, after a pause.

"You must remain with me here till midnight," replied Fawkes. "We shall not be disturbed."

"What! are the others gone?" cried Tresham.

"They are," was the reply.

Tresham's countenance fell, and he appeared to be meditating some project, which he could not muster courage to execute.

"Be warned by the past, Tresham," said Fawkes, who had regarded him fixedly for some minutes. "If I find reason to doubt you, I will put it out of your power to betray us a second time."

"You have no reason to doubt me," replied Tresham, with apparent candor. "I only wondered that our friends should leave me without any intimation of their purpose. It is for me, not you, to apprehend some ill design. Am I not to act with you further?"

"That depends upon yourself, and on the proofs you give of your sincerity," replied Fawkes. "Answer me frankly. Do you think Lord Mounteagle will keep his oath?"

"I will stake my life upon it," replied Tresham.

The conversation then dropped, and no attempt was made on either side to renew it. In this way several hours passed, when at length silence was broken by Tresham, who requested permission to go in search of some refreshment; and Guy Fawkes assenting, they descended to the lower room, and partook of a slight repast.

Nothing further worthy of notice occurred. On the arrival of the appointed hour, Guy Fawkes signified to his companion that he might liberate Lord Mounteagle; and immediately availing himself of the permission, Tresham repaired to the chamber, and threw open the door. The Earl immediately came forth, and they returned together to the room in which Guy Fawkes remained on guard.

"You are now at liberty to depart, my lord," said the latter; "and Tresham can accompany you if he thinks proper. Remember that you have sworn to procure Viviana's liberation."

"I do," replied the Earl.

And he then quitted the house with Tresham.

"You have had a narrow escape, my lord," replied the latter, as they approached Whitehall, and paused for a moment under the postern of the great western gate.

"True," replied the Earl; "but I do not regret the risk I have run. They are now wholly in my power."

"You forget your oath, my lord," said Tresham.

"If I do," replied the Earl, "I but follow your example. You have broken one equally solemn, equally binding, and would break a thousand more were they imposed upon you. But I will overthrow this conspiracy, and yet not violate mine."

"I see not how that can be, my lord," replied Tresham.

"You shall learn in due season," replied the Earl. "I have had plenty of leisure for reflection in that dark hole, and have hit upon a plan which, I think, cannot fail."

"I hope I am no party to it, my lord," rejoined Tresham. "I dare not hazard myself among them further."

"I cannot do without you," replied Mounteagle; but I will ensure you against all danger. It will be necessary for you, however, to act with the utmost discretion, and keep a constant guard upon every look and movement, as well as upon your words. You must fully regain the confidence of these men, and lull them into security."

"I see your lordship's drift," replied Tresham. "You wish them to proceed to the last point, to enhance the value of the discovery."

"Right," replied the Earl. "The plot must not be discovered till just before its outbreak, when its magnitude and danger will be the more apparent. The reward will then be proportionate. Now, you understand me, Tresham."

"Fully," replied the other.

"Return to your own house," rejoined Mounteagle. "We need hold no further communication together till the time for action arrives."

"And that will not be before the meeting of Parliament," replied Tresham; "for they intend to overwhelm the King and all his nobles in one common destruction."

"By Heaven! a brave design!" cried Mounteagle. "It is a pity to mar it. I knew it was a desperate and daring project, but should never have conceived aught like this. Its discovery will indeed occasion universal consternation."

"It may benefit you and me to divulge it, my lord," said Tresham, "but the disclosure will deeply and lastingly injure the Church of Rome."

"It would injure it more deeply if the plot succeeded," replied Mounteagle, "because all loyal Catholics must disapprove so horrible and sanguinary a design. But we will not discuss the question further, though what you have said confirms my purpose, and removes any misgiving I might have felt as to the betrayal. Farewell, Tresham. Keep a watchful eye upon the conspirators, and communicate with me should any change take place in their plans. We may not meet for some time. Parliament, though summoned for the third of October, will, in all probability, be prorogued till November."

"In that case," replied Tresham, "you will postpone your disclosure likewise till November?"

"Assuredly," replied Mounteagle. "The King must be convinced of his danger. If it were found out now, he would think lightly of it. But if he has actually set foot upon the mine which a single spark might kindle to his destruction, he will duly appreciate the service rendered him. Farewell! and do not neglect my counsel."

#### CHAPTER X....White Webbs.

Tarrying for a short time within the house after the departure of the others, Guy Fawkes lighted a lantern, and concealing it beneath his cloak, proceeded to the cellar, to ascertain that the magazine of powder was safe. Satisfied of this, he made all secure, and was about to return to the house, when he perceived a figure approaching him. Standing aside, but keeping on his guard for fear of a surprise, he would have allowed the person to pass, but the other halted, and after a moment's scrutiny, addressed him by name in the tones of Humphrey Chetham.

"You seem to haunt this spot, sir," said Fawkes, in answer to the address. "This is the third time we have met hereabouts."

"On the last occasion," replied Chetham, "I told you Viviana was a prisoner in the Tower. I have now better news for you. She is free."

"Free!" exclaimed Fawkes, joyfully. "By Lord Mounteagle's instrumentality?—But I forget. He has only just left me."

"She has been freed by my instrumentality," replied the young merchant. "She escaped from the Tower a few hours ago."

"Where is she?" demanded Guy Fawkes, eagerly.

"In a boat at the stairs of the Parliament House," replied Chetham.

"Heaven and our Lady be praised!" exclaimed Fawkes. "This is more than I hoped for. Your news is so good, young sir, that I can scarce credit it."

"Come with me to the boat, and you shall soon be satisfied of the truth of my statements," rejoined Chetham.

And followed by Guy Fawkes, he hurried to the river side, where a wherry was moored. Within it sat Viviana, covered by the tilt.

Assisting her to land, and finding she was too much exhausted to walk, Guy Fawkes took her in his arms, and carried her to the house he had just quitted.

Humphrey Chetham followed as soon as he had dismissed the waterman. Placing his lovely burthen in a seat, Guy Fawkes instantly went in search of such restoratives as the place afforded. Viviana was extremely faint; but after she had swallowed a glass of wine, she revived, and looking around her, inquired where she was.

"Do not ask," replied Fawkes; "let it suffice you are in safety. And now," he added, "perhaps, Humphrey Chetham will inform me in what manner he contrived your escape. I am impatient to know."

The young merchant then gave the required information, and Viviana added such particulars as were necessary to the full understanding of the story. Guy Fawkes could scarcely control himself when she related the tortures she had endured, nor was Chetham less indignant.

"You rescued me just in time," said Viviana. "I should have sunk under the next application."

"Thank Heaven! you have escaped it," exclaimed Fawkes.

"You owe much to Humphrey Chetham, Viviana."

"I do, indeed," she replied.

"And can you not requite it?" he returned. "Can you not make him happy?—Can you not make me happy?"

Viviana's pale cheek was instantly suffused with blushes, but she made no answer.

"Oh, Viviana!" cried Humphrey Chetham, you hear what is said. If you could doubt my love before, you must be convinced of it now. A hope will make me happy. Have I that?"

"Alas! no," she answered. "It would be the height of cruelty, after your kindness, to deceive you. You have not."

The young merchant turned aside to hide his emotion.

"Not even a hope!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, "after what he has done. Viviana, I cannot understand you. Does gratitude form no part of your nature?"

"I hope so," she replied, "way, I am sure so—for I feel the deepest gratitude toward Humphrey Chetham. But gratitude is not love, and must not be mistaken for it."

"I understand the distinction too well," returned the young merchant, sadly.

"It is more than I do," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "and I will frankly confess that I think the important services Humphrey Chetham has rendered you entitle him to your hand. It is seldom—whatever poets may feign—that love is so strongly proved as his has been; and it ought to be adequately requited."

"Say no more about it, I entreat," interposed Chetham.

"But I will deliver my opinion," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "because I am sure what I advise is for Viviana's happiness. No one can love her better than you. No one is more worthy of her. Nor is there any one to whom I so much desire to see her united."

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed Viviana. "This is worse than the torture."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Fawkes, in astonishment.

"She means," interposed Chetham, "that this is not the fitting season to urge the subject—that she will never marry."

"True—true," replied Viviana. "If I ever did marry—I ought to select you."

"You ought," replied Fawkes. "And I know nothing of the female heart, if it can be insensible to youth, devotion, and manly appearance like that of Humphrey Chetham."

"You do know nothing of it," rejoined Chetham, bitterly. "Woman's fancies are unaccountable."

"Such is the received opinion," replied Fawkes; "but as I am ignorant of the sex, I can only judge from report. You are the person I should imagine she would love—nay, to be frank, whom I thought she *did* love."

"No more," said Humphrey Chetham. "It is painful both to Viviana and to me."

"This is not a time for delicacy," rejoined Guy Fawkes. "Viviana has given me the privilege of a father with her."

And where her happiness is so much concerned as in the present case, I should imperfectly discharge my duty if I did not speak out. It would sincerely rejoice me, and I am sure contribute materially to her own happiness, if she would unite herself to you."

"I cannot—I cannot," she rejoined. "I will never marry."

"You hear what she says," remarked Chetham. "Do not urge the matter further."

"I admire maiden delicacy and reserve," replied Fawkes; "but when a man has acted as you have done, he deserves to be treated with frankness. I am sure Viviana loves you. Let her tell you so."

"You are mistaken," replied Chetham; "and it is time you should be undeceived. She loves another."

"Is this so?" cried Fawkes, in astonishment.

She made no answer.

"Whom do you love?" he asked.

Still, no answer.

"I will tell you whom she loves—and let her contradict me if I am wrong," said Chetham.

"Oh, no!—no!—in pity spare me!" cried Viviana.

"Speak!" thundered Fawkes. "Who is it?"

"Yourself," replied Chetham.

"What!" exclaimed Fawkes, recoiling—"love me! I will not believe it. She loves me as a father—but nothing more—nothing more. But you were right. Let us change the subject. A more fitting season may arrive for its discussion."

After some further conversation, it was agreed that Viviana should be taken to White Webbs; and leaving her in charge of Humphrey Chetham, Guy Fawkes went in search of a conveyance to Enfield.

Traversing the Strand—every hostel in which was closed—he turned up Wych street, immediately on the right of which there was a large inn (still in existence,) and entering the yard, discovered a knot of carriers moving about with lanterns in their hands. To his inquiries respecting a conveyance to Enfield, one of them answered, that he was about to return thither with his waggon at four o'clock—it was then two—and should be glad to take him and his friends. Overjoyed at the intelligence, and at once agreeing to the man's terms, Guy Fawkes hurried back to his companions, and, with the assistance of Humphrey Chetham, contrived to carry Viviana (for she was utterly unable to support herself) to the inn yard, where she was immediately placed in the waggon, on a heap of fresh straw.

About an hour after this, but long before daybreak, the carrier attached his horses to the waggon, and set out. Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham were seated near Viviana, but little was said during the journey, which occupied about three hours. By this time, it was broad daylight; and as the carrier stopped at the door of a small inn, Guy Fawkes, alighted, and inquired the distance to White Webbs.

"It is about a mile and a half off," replied the man. "If you pursue that lane, it will bring you to a small village about half a mile from this, where you are sure to find some one who will gladly guide you to the house, which is a little out of the road, on the borders of the forest."

He then assisted Viviana to alight, and Humphrey Chetham descending at the same time, the party took the road indicated—a winding country lane with high hedges, broken by beautiful timber—and proceeding at a slow pace, they arrived in about half an hour at a little cluster of cottages, which Guy Fawkes guessed to be the village alluded to by the carrier. As they approached it, a rustic leaped a hedge, and was about to cross to another field, when Guy Fawkes, calling to him, inquired the way to White Webbs.

"I am going in that direction," replied the man. "If you desire it, I will show you the road."

"I shall feel much indebted to you, friend," returned Fawkes, "and will reward you for your trouble."

"I want no reward," returned the countryman, trudging forward.

Following their guide, after a few minutes' brisk walking, they reached the borders of the forest, and took their way along a patch of green sward that skirted it. In some places, their track was impeded by gigantic thorns and brushwood, while at others avenues opened upon them affording them peeps into the heart of the wood. It was a beautiful sylvan scene. And as at length they arrived at the head of a long glade, at the farther end of which a herd of deer were seen, with their branching antlers mingling with the overhanging boughs, Viviana could not help pausing to admire it.

"King James often hunts within the forest," observed the countryman. "Indeed, I heard one of the rangers say it was not unlikely he might be here to-day. He is at Theobald's Palace now."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fawkes. "Let us proceed. We lose time. Are we far from the house?"

"Not above a quarter of a mile," was the answer.

"You will see it at the next turn of the road."

As the countryman had intimated, they speedily perceived the roof and tall chimneys of an ancient house above the trees, and as it was now impossible to mistake the road, Guy Fawkes thanked their guide for his trouble, and would have rewarded him, but he refused the gratuity, and, leaping a hedge, disappeared.

Pursuing the road, they shortly afterward arrived at a gate leading to the house—a large building, erected probably at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign—and entering it, they passed under an avenue of trees. On approaching the mansion, they observed that many of the windows were closed, and the whole appearance of the place was melancholy and deserted. The garden was overgrown with weeds, and the door looked as if it was rarely opened.

Not discouraged by these appearances, but rather satisfied by them of the security of the asylum, Guy Fawkes proceeded to the back of the house, and entering a court, the flags and stones of which were covered with moss, while the interstices were filled with long grass, Guy Fawkes knocked against a small door, and, after repeating the summons, it was answered by an old woman-servant, who popped her head out of an upper window, and demanded his business.

Guy Fawkes was about to inquire for Mrs. Brooksby, when another head, which proved to be that of Catesby, appeared at the window. On seeing Fawkes and his companions, Catesby instantly descended, and unfastened the door. The house proved far more comfortable within than

its exterior promised; and the old female domestic having taken word to Anne Vaux that Viviana was below, the former lady, who had not yet risen, sent for her to her chamber, and provided every thing for her comfort.

Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham, neither of whom had rested during the night, were glad to obtain a few hours' repose on the floor of the first room into which they were shewn, and they were not disturbed until the day had considerably advanced, when Catesby thought fit to rouse them from their slumbers.

Explanations were then given on both sides. Chetham detailed the manner of Viviana's escape from the Tower, and Catesby in his turn acquainted them that Father Oldcorne was in the house, having found his way thither after his escape from the dwelling at Lambeth. Guy Fawkes was greatly rejoiced at the intelligence, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of meeting with the priest. At noon, the whole party assembled, with the exception of Viviana, who by the advice of Anne Vaux kept her chamber, to recruit herself after the sufferings she had undergone.

Humphrey Chetham, of whom no suspicions were now entertained, and of whom Catesby no longer felt any jealousy, was invited to stay in the house: and he was easily induced to pass his time near Viviana, although he might not be able to see her. Long and frequent consultations were held by the conspirators, and letters were despatched by Catesby to the elder Winter at his seat, Huddington in Worcestershire, entreating him to make every preparation for the crisis, as well as to Sir Everard Digby, to desire him to assemble as many friends as he could muster against the meeting of Parliament, at Dunchurch in Warwickshire, under the plea of a grand hunting-party.

Arrangements were next made as to the steps to be taken by the different parties after the explosion. Catesby undertook with a sufficient force to seize the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James the First, who was then at the residence of the Earl of Harrington, near Coventry, and to proclaim her Queen, in case the others should fail in securing the princes. It was supposed that Henry, Prince of Wales, (who, it need scarcely be mentioned, died in his youth,) would be present with the King, his father, in the Parliament House, and would perish with him; and in this case, as Charles, Duke of York, (afterwards Charles the First,) would become successor to the throne, it was resolved that he should be seized by Percy, and instantly proclaimed. Other resolutions were decided upon, and the whole time of the conspirators was spent in maturing their projects.

And thus, weeks and even months stole on. Viviana had completely regained her strength, and passed a life of perfect seclusion; seldom, if ever, mixing with the others. She, however, took a kindly farewell of Humphrey Chetham before his departure for Manchester (for which place he set out about a fortnight after his arrival at White Webbs, having first sought out his servant, Martin Heydocke); but, though strongly urged by Guy Fawkes, she would hold out no hopes of a change in her sentiments toward the young merchant. Meetings were occasionally held by the conspirators elsewhere, and Catesby and Fawkes had more than one interview with Tresham—but never, except in places where they were secure from surprise.

The latter end of September had now arrived, and the meeting of Parliament was still fixed for the third of October. On the last day of the month, Guy Fawkes prepared to start for town, but before doing so, he desired to see Viviana. They had not met for some weeks; nor indeed, since Fawkes had discovered the secret of her heart (and perhaps of his own,) had they ever met with the same freedom as heretofore. As she entered the room in which he awaited her coming, a tremor agitated his frame, but he had nerved himself for the interview, and speedily subdued the feeling.

"I am starting for London, Viviana," he said, in a voice of forced calmness. "You may guess for what purpose. But, as I may never behold you again, I would not part with you without a confession of my weakness. I will not deny that what Humphrey Chetham stated, and which you have never contradicted—namely, that you loved me, for I must speak out—has produced a strong effect upon me. I have endeavored to conquer it, but it will return. Till I knew you, I never loved, Viviana."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed.

"Never," he replied. "The fairest had not power to move me. But I grieve to say—notwithstanding my struggles—I do not continue equally insensible."

"Ah!" she ejaculated, becoming as pale as death.

"Why should I hesitate to declare my feelings? Why should I not tell you that—though blinded to it so long—I have discovered that I do love you. Why should I hesitate to tell you that I regret this, and lament that we ever met?"

"What mean you?" cried Viviana, with a terrified look.

"I will tell you, replied Fawkes. "Till I saw you, my thoughts were removed from earth, and fixed on one object. Till I saw you, I asked not to live, but to die the death of a martyr."

"Die so still," rejoined Viviana. "Forget me—oh! forget me."

"I cannot," replied Fawkes. "I have striven against it. But your image is perpetually before me. Nay, at this very moment, when I am about to set out on the enterprise, you alone detain me."

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Viviana, fervently. "Oh that I could prevent you—could save you!"

"Save me!" echoed Fawkes, bitterly. "You destroy me."

"How?" she asked.

"Because I am sworn to this project," he rejoined; "and if I were turned from it, I would perish by my own hand."

"Oh! say not so," replied Viviana, "but listen to me. Abandon it, and I will devote myself to you."

Guy Fawkes gazed at her for a moment passionately, and then, covering his face with his hands, appeared torn by conflicting emotions.

Viviana approached him, and pressing his arm, asked in an entreating voice, "Are you still determined to pursue your dreadful project?"

"I am," replied Fawkes, uncovering his face, and gazing

at her; "but, if I remain here a moment longer, I shall not be able to do so."

"I will detain you then," she rejoined, "and exercise the power I possess over you for your benefit."

"No!" he replied, vehemently. "It must not be. Farewell, for ever."

And breaking from her, he rushed out the room. As he gained the passage, he encountered Catesby, who looked abashed at seeing him.

"I have overheard what has passed," said the latter, "and applaud your resolution. Few men, similarly circumstanced, would have acted as you have done."

"You would not," said Fawkes, coldly.

"Perhaps not," rejoined Catesby. "But that does not lessen my admiration of your conduct."

"I am devoted to one object," replied Fawkes, "and nothing shall turn me from it."

"Remove yourself instantly from temptation," replied Catesby. "I will meet you at the cellar beneath the Parliament House to-morrow night."

With this, he accompanied Guy Fawkes to the door; and the latter, without hazarding a look behind, set out for London, where he arrived at nightfall.

On the following night, Fawkes examined the cellar, and found it in all respects as he had left it; and, apprehensive lest some difficulty might arise, he resolved to make every preparation. He, accordingly, pierced the sides of several of the barrels piled against the walls with a gimblet, and inserted in the holes small pieces of a slow burning match. Not content with this, he staved in the tops of the uppermost tier, and scattered powder among them to secure their instantaneous ignition.

This done, he took a powder-horn, with which he was provided, and kneeling down, and holding his lantern so as to throw a light upon the floor, laid a train to one of the lower barrels, and brought it within a few inches of the door, intending to fire it from that point. His arrangements completed, he arose, and muttered,

"A vessel is provided for my escape in the river, and my companions advise me to use a slow match, which will allow me to get out of harm's way. But I will see the deed done, and if the train fails, will hold a torch to the barrels myself."

At this juncture, a slight tap was heard without.

Guy Fawkes instantly masked his lantern, and, cautiously opening the door, beheld Catesby.

"I am come to tell you that Parliament is prorogued," said the latter. "The House does not meet till the fifth of November. We have another month to wait."

"I am sorry for it," rejoined Fawkes. "I have just laid the train. The lucky moment will pass."

And, locking the door, he proceeded with Catesby to the adjoining house.

They had scarcely been gone more than a second, when two figures, muffled in cloaks, emerged from behind a wall.

"The train is laid," observed the foremost, "and they are gone to the house. You might seize them now without danger."

"That will not answer my purpose," replied the other. "I will give them another month."

"Another month!" replied the first speaker. "Who knows what may happen in that time? They may abandon their project."

"There is no fear of that," replied the other. "But you had better go and join them."

## Original Poetry.

To the Editor of the New World:

DEAR SIR: In addressing the first-born of my muse to the Editor of a periodical so high in point of literary merit as the New World, you may well imagine that my heart trembles, and beats violently against the bony gratings of its earthly prison-house, while my fingers are scrawling a letter of introduction for my offering to the grim executioner of poor "Flaccus." But, in "good earnest," do not judge too harshly the following lines; and if they are worthy a place in the green borders of the "New World," grant them a resting-place from their weary journey and send joy to the heart of their conceited author, by clothing them in the robes of print, that they may greet his eye joyfully in their borrowed plumage.

As I never have ventured to send a piece of my rhyming nonsense, as you will perchance call it, to the printer's ken, you will do me the great favor, should you deem the poetry good for any thing, to correct for me the *bad punctuation*, and not throw the piece aside on this account.

Yours, &c., R. H. B.

### TO THE MOON.

I've seen thee, moon, when rising on the ocean,  
Streaming in one bright glance of trembling light  
Far on its bosom breezed with gentle motion  
By new-born breezes of the summer night.

And I have seen thee when on high careering  
Through the clear softness of the azure sky,—  
The lovely guardian of the night appearing,  
While all thy starry train is marshalled nigh.

And I have seen thee in the midnight hour,  
When all around is slumbering and still,  
Send down thy beams on some old ruined tower,  
And with thy light its crumbling chambers fill;

As if thou'dst hear its old and hidden story—  
Who its grim dwellers were, and how they died—  
Whether on battle-field they fell in glory,  
Or in gray hairs were buried at its side.

And I have seen thee when, with fitful gleaming,  
From the thick clouds thou look'st in brightness down,  
While through the sky the lightning fires are streaming,  
And in the west the moaning tempest frown.

And then I've seen thee when the winds are blowing  
Fainter and fainter on the billowy sea;  
While yet the rocks the spray are backward throwing,  
And raindrops glitter on each plant and tree,  
And there is ever on thy clear brow dwelling  
The same calm smile of loveliness and joy;  
And in my heart the same sweet tale thou'rt telling  
That made me, years ago, a thoughtful boy.  
Still o'er the earth thy welcome light is pouring  
Down the bright arch of thy imperial throne;  
And, all thy majesty and grace adoring,  
I kneel and worship at thy shrine alone.

Fish Creek, Dec. 1840.

R. H. B.

To R. H. B.

Most welcome correspondent: We array in letters of black ink verses worthy of being printed in letters of fine gold. We must, perforce, acknowledge that we do not admire the originality of your subject so much as we do the beauty of your thoughts and the melodious stanzas in which they are conveyed. *Macte virtute!* which meaneth in the vulgar "go ahead!" This counsel we seldom extend to rhymesters. Customarily, we exorcise the whole race of hardlings, who exclude readable paragraphs from the columns of weakly newspapers. But thee we welcome!

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

Mr. Gammon was quite shocked at the indignity which had been perpetrated, and asked why the villains had not been kept till he could have been sent for. Then, leaving the melancholy Titmouse and Fitz-Snooks to themselves for a little while, he took a solitary walk in the Elm avenue, where—grief has different modes of expressing itself—he relieved his excited feelings by reiterated bursts of laughter. As soon as the *York True Blue* had, amongst other intimations of fashionable movements, informed the public that "The Hon. Pimp Yahoo" had quitted Yatton Hall for York Castle, where he intended to remain and receive a large party of friends—it was astonishing how soon they began to muster and rally round him. "Detainers!"—so that species of visiting cards is called—came fluttering in like snow; and, in short, there was no end of the messages of civility and condolence which he received from those whom he had obliged with his valuable countenance and custom.

Ah me, poor Yahoo, completely done! Oft is it, in this infernal world of ours, that the best concerted schemes are thus suddenly defeated by the envious and capricious fates! Thus were thy arms suddenly held back from behind, just as they were encircling as pretty, plump a pigeon as ever nestled in them with pert and playful confidence, to be plucked! Alas, alas! And didst thou behold the danger to which it was exposed, as it fluttered upward unconsciously into the region where thine affectionate eye detected the keen hawk in deadly poise? Ah me! Oh dear! What shall I do? What can I say? How vent my grief for The Prematurely Caged?

"Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam chari capitis?—  
Ergo Yahoem perpetuus carcer  
Tenet? Cui Pudor, et Justitiam soror,  
Incorrupta Fides, pudique Veritas,  
Quando ultum inveniet parem?  
Multis ille bonis flebilis abjicit!  
Nulli flebilior, quam tibi, Tittlebat!  
Tu frustra plus, haui! non ita credulum  
Poenis Yahoem creditorem—  
Quem brevi semel horrido,  
Nigro compulerit Gammonis gregi.  
Durum!"

Poor Titmouse was very dull for some little time after this sudden abduction of the bold and brilliant spirit, for whom I have above poured out the deep sorrows of my soul, and wished to bring an action, at the suggestion of Fitz-Snooks, against the miscreant who had dared to set the law in motion at Yatton, under the very nose of its lord and master. As soon, however, as Gammon intimated to him that all those who had lent Yahoo money, might now rely upon that gentleman's honor, and whistle back their money at their leisure, Titmouse burst into a great rage, telling Gammon that he, Titmouse, had only a day or two before lent Yahoo £150, of good and lawful money of Great Britain; and that he was a "cursed scamp," who knew he could not pay; and a Detainer, at the suit of "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.," was one of the very earliest that found its way into the Sheriff's office, that gentleman becoming one of the very bitterest and most relentless creditors of the fallen Yahoo, except, perhaps, Mr. Fitz-Snooks, who, having lent the amiable Yahoo no less than thirteen hundred pounds, remained easy all the while, under the impression that certain precious documents called "I. O. U.'s" of the said Yahoo were as good as cash, was infinitely dismayed on discovering that it was otherwise; that he was not to be paid before all other creditors, and immediately; so he also sent a special message in the shape of a detainer, backed by a great number of curses.

In process of time Mr. Yahoo bethought himself of getting "whitewashed;" but when he came to be inspected, it was considered that he was not *seasoned*; so the operation was delayed for two years, under a very arbitrary statute, which enacted, "that if it should appear that the said prisoner had contracted any of his debts fraudulently, or by means of false pretences, or without having had any reasonable expectation at the time when contracted of paying the same, &c. &c. &c., or shall be indebted for damages recovered in any action for criminal conversation, or seduction, or for malicious injuries, &c. &c., such prisoner shall be discharged as to such debts and damages, so soon only as he shall have been in custody at the suit of such creditors for a period or

\* Elegance all—*"Titmouseull."*

† Hor. Carm. l. xxiv.



periods not exceeding two years." Such is the odious restraint upon the liberty of the subject, which at this day, in the nineteenth century, is suffered to disgrace the statute law of England; for, in order to put other Yahoos upon their guard against the cruel and iniquitous designs upon them, I here inform them that the laws upon which Mr. Yahoo suffered his two years' incarceration, every one of his debts, &c., coming under one or other of the descriptions above-mentioned, are, *propter pudor!* re-enacted, and at this moment in force, as several most respectable gentlemen, if you could get access to them, would tell you.

Yahoo having been thus adroitly disposed of, Mr. Gammon had the gratification of finding that mischievous simpleton, Fitz-Snooks, very soon afterward take his departure. He pined for the pleasures of the town, (which he had money enough to enjoy for about three years longer, with economy; after which he might go abroad, or to the dogs—wherever they were to be found.) "I was indeed monstrous dull at Yatton; the game, which Yahoo had given him a taste for, was so very strictly preserved there! and the birds so uncommon shy and wild, and strong on the wing! Besides, Gammon's presence was a terrible pressure upon him, overawing and beaunting him, in spite of several attempts which he had made, when charged with the requisite quantity of wine, to exhibit an impertinent familiarity, or even defiance. As soon as poor Titmouse had bade him good-by, shaken hands with him, and lost sight of him—he was at Yatton, alone with Gammon, and felt as if a spell were upon him—he was completely cowed and prostrate. Yet Gammon laid himself out to the very uttermost to please him, and re-assure his drooping spirits. Titmouse had got it into his head that the mysterious and dreadful Gammon had, in some deep way or other, been at the bottom of Yahoo's abduction and the disappearance of Fitz-Snooks, and would, by-and-by, do the same for him. He had no feeling of ownership of Yatton; but of being, as it were, only tenant-at-will thereof to Mr. Gammon. Whenever he tried to re-assure himself, by repeating to himself that it did not signify—for Yatton was his own—and he might do as he liked, his feelings might be compared to a balloon, which, with the eye of eager and anxious thousands upon it, yet cannot get inflated sufficiently to rise one inch from the ground. How was it? Mr. Gammon's manner toward him was most uncommonly respectful; what else could he wish for? Yet he would have given a thousand pounds to Mr. Gammon to take himself off, and never show his nose again at Yatton! It annoyed him, too, more than he could express, to perceive the deference and respect which every one at the Hall manifested toward Mr. Gammon. Titmouse would sometimes stamp his foot, when alone, with childish fury on the ground, when he thought of it. When at dinner, and sitting together afterward, Gammon would rack his invention for jokes and anecdotes to amuse Titmouse—who would certainly give a kind of laugh, exclaim—"Bravo! Ha, ha! 'Pon my life!—capital!—By Jove! Most uncommon good! you don't say so?" and go on, drinking glass after glass of wine, or brandy and water, and smoking cigar after cigar, till he felt duddled and sick, in which condition he would retire to bed, and leave Gammon clear and serene in head and temper, to his meditations. When, at length, Gammon broached the subject of their bill—a frightful amount it was; of the monies advanced by Mr. Quirk, for his support for eight or nine months, on a liberal scale; and which mounted up to a sum infinitely larger than could have been supposed; and lastly, of the bond for ten thousand pounds, as the just reward to the firm for their long-continued, most anxious, and successful exertions on Titmouse's behalf—Titmouse mustered up all his resolution, as for a last desperate struggle; swore they were robbing him; and added, with a furious snap of the fingers, "they had better take the estate themselves—allow him a pound a week, and send him back to Tagrag's." Then he burst into tears, and cried like a child, long and bitterly.

"Well, sir," said Gammon, after remaining silent for some time, looking at Titmouse calmly, but with an expression of face which frightened him out of his wits, "if this is to be really the way in which I am to be treated by you—I, the only real disinterested friend you have in the world, (as you have had hundreds of opportunities of ascertaining,) if my advice is to be spurned, and my motives suspected; if your first and deliberate engagements to our firm are to be wantonly broken!"

"I've been humbugged into making them," said Titmouse, passionately.

"Why, you little miscreant!" exclaimed Gammon, starting up in his chair, and gazing at him as if he would have scooped him with his eye. "Do you DARE to say so? If you have no gratitude—have you lost your memory; what were you when I dug you out of your dismal hole at Closest Court? Did you not repeatedly go down on your knees to us? Did you not promise a thousand times to do more than you are now called upon to do? And is this, you insolent little fellow—is this the return you make us for putting you, a beggar—and very nearly, too, an idiot?"

"You're most uncommon polite," said Titmouse, suddenly and bitterly.

"Silence, sir! I am in no humor for trifling!" interrupted Gammon, sternly. "I say, is this the return you think of making us; not only to insult us, but refuse to pay money actually advanced by us to save you from starvation—money, and days and nights, and weeks and months, and many months of intense anxiety, expended in discovering how to put you in possession of a splendid fortune?—Poh! you little wretched trifler—why should I trouble myself thus? Remember—remember, Tittlebat Titmouse," continued Gammon, in a low tone, and extending toward him threateningly his long thin fore-finger, "I who made you, will one day—one single day—unmake you—blow you away like a bit of froth; you shall never be seen, or heard of, or thought of, except by some draper whose shopman you may be!"

"Ah!—'pon my life! Dare say you think I'm uncommon frightened! Ah, ha! Monstrous—particular good!" said Titmouse.

Gammon perceived that he trembled in every limb; and the smile which he tried to throw into his face was so wretched, that had you seen him at that moment, and considered his position, much and justly as you now despise him, you must have pitied him. "You're always now going on in this way—it's so very likely! Why, 'pon my soul, am not I to be a lone one of these days? Can you

help that? Can you send a lord behind a draper's counter? 'Pon my soul, what do you say to that? I like that, uncommon!"

"What do I say?" replied Gammon, calmly; "why, that I've a great mind to say and do something that would make you—make you—fit to drown yourself in a rain-tub."

Titmouse's heart was lying fluttering in his throat.

"Tittlebat, Tittlebat!" continued Gammon, dropping his voice, and speaking in a very kind and earnest manner, "if you did but know the extent to which an accident has placed you in my power! at this moment in my power! Really I almost tremble, myself, to think of it!" He rose, brought his chamber-candlestick out of the hall—lit it—bade Titmouse good night, sadly but sternly—and shook him by the hand—"I may rid you of my presence to-morrow morning, Mr. Titmouse. May you find a truer—a more powerful friend than you will have lost in me!" Titmouse never shrunk more helplessly under the eye of Mr. Gammon than he did at that moment.

"You—'pon my life—stop and smoke another cigar with a poor devil, will you, Mr. Gammon?" he inquired, faintly. "It's somehow—most uncommon lonely in this queer, large, old-fashioned!"

"Not to-night, thank you," replied Gammon—and withdrew, leaving Titmouse in a state of mingled alarm and anger—the former, however, predominating.

"By jingo!" he at length exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, after a reverie of about three minutes, gulping down the remainder of his brandy and water. "If that same gent, Mr. Gammon, a'n't the—the devil—he's the very best imitation of him that ever I heard tell of!" Here he glanced furtively round the room; then he got a little flustered; rang his bell quickly for his valet, and, followed by him, retired to his dressing-room.

The next morning the storm had entirely blown over. When they met at breakfast, Titmouse, as Gammon knew would be the case, was all submission and respect; in fact, he was evidently thoroughly frightened by what Gammon had said, and infinitely more by the manner in which he had said what he did say over-night. Gammon, however, preserved for some little time the haughty air with which he had met him: but a few words of poor Titmouse's, expressing his regret for what he had said when he had drunk too much—poor little soul!—over night, and unqualifyingly submitting to every one of the requisitions which had been insisted on by Mr. Gammon—quickly dispersed the cloud that was settled on Gammon's brow.

"Now, my dear sir," said he, very graciously, "You show yourself the gentleman I always took you for—and I forget, for ever, all that passed between us so unpleasantly last night. I am sure it will never be so again: for now we entirely understand each other!"

"Oh yes—'pon my life—quite entirely!" replied Titmouse, meekly.

Soon after breakfast, they adjourned, at Gammon's request, to the billiard-room; where, though that gentleman knew how to handle a cue, and Titmouse did not, he expressed great admiration for Titmouse's play, and felt great interest in being shown by him how to get a ball, now and then, into each pocket at one stroke, a masterly manoeuvre which Titmouse succeeded in two or three times, and Gammon, not once, during their hour's play. "It was upon that occasion that they had the friendly conversation in which Titmouse made the suggestion we have already heard of, viz., that Gammon should immediately clap the screw upon Aubrey, with a view to squeezing out of him at least sufficient to pay the £10,000 bond, and their bill of costs, immediately; and Titmouse urged Gammon at once to send Aubrey packing after Yahoo to York Castle, as an inducement to an early settlement of the remainder. Gammon, however assured Mr. Titmouse that in all probability Mr. Aubrey had not a couple of thousand pounds in the world.

"Well—that will do to begin with," said Titmouse, "and the rest must come, sooner or later."

"Leave him to me, my dear Titmouse, or rather to Mr. Quirk—who'll wring him before he's done with him, I'll warrant him! But, in the meanwhile, I'll work day and night, but I'll relieve you from this claim of Mr. Quirk, for, in fact, I have little or no real interest in the matter."

"You'll take a slapping slice out of the bond, eh? Aha, Mr. Gammon! But what were you saying you'd do for me?"

"I repeat that I am your only disinterested friend, Mr. Titmouse; I shall never see a hundred pounds of what is going into Mr. Quirk's hands, who, I must say, however, has richly earned what he's going to get, by following my directions throughout. But I was saying that I had hit upon a scheme for ridding you of your difficulties. Though you have only just stepped into your property, and consequently people are very shy of advancing money on mortgage, if you'll only keep quiet, and leave the affair entirely to me, I will undertake to get you a sum of possibly twenty thousand pounds."

"My eyes!" exclaimed Titmouse, excitedly; quickly, however, adding, with a sad air—"but then, what a lot of it will go to old Quirk?"

"He is rather a keen and hard—ahem! I own; but—"

"'Pon my life—could n't we do the old gent?"

"On no consideration, Mr. Titmouse: it would be a fatal step for you—and indeed for me."

"What? and can he do any thing, too? I thought it was only you."—The little fool had brought a glimpse of color into Gammon's cheek—but Titmouse's volatility quickly relieved his Prospero. "By the way, 'pon my life—ah!—I have to pay it all back again!—There's a go! I had n't thought of that."

"I shall first try to get it out of Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, "and then out of another friend of yours. In the mean while, we must n't drop the Tag-rags, just yet." They then got into a long and confidential conversation together; in the course of which, Titmouse happened to pop out a little secret of his, which till then he had managed to keep from Gammon, and which occasioned that gentleman a great and sudden inward confusion—one which it was odd that so keen an observer as Titmouse did not perceive indications of in the countenance of Gammon, viz. his—Titmouse's—fervent and disinterested love for Miss Aubrey. While he was rattling on with eager volubility upon this topic, Gammon, after casting about a little in his mind, as

to how he should deal with this interesting discovery, resolved for the present to humor the notion, and got out of Titmouse a full and particular account of his original "smite"—the indelible impression she had made on his heart—the letter which he had addressed to her—[here Gammon's vivid fancy portrayed to him the sort of composition which must have reached Miss Aubrey, and he nearly burst into a gentle fit of laughter]—and, with a strange candor—or rather, to do him justice, with that frank simplicity which is characteristic of noble natures—he at length described his unlucky encounter with Miss Aubrey and her maid, in the winter; whereat Gammon felt a sort of sudden inward spasm, which, by a sort of sympathy, excited a twinkling sensation in his right toe—but it passed away—"it was only a juvenile indiscretion of Titmouse's; and Gammon, with rather a serious air, assured Titmouse that he had probably greatly endangered his prospects with Miss Aubrey.

"Eh? Why, de—vil take it! a'n't I going to offer to her though she's got nothing!" interrupted Titmouse, with astonishment.

"True—Ah, I had lost sight of that! Well—if you will pledge yourself to address no more letters to her, nor take any steps to see her, without first communicating with me—I think I can promise—hem!" he looked archly at Titmouse.

"She's a most uncommon lovely gall!"—he simpered, sheepishly. The fact was that Gammon had conceived quite another scheme for Titmouse—wholly inconsistent with his pure, ardent, and enlightened attachment to Miss Aubrey; 'twas undoubtedly rather a bold and ambitious one, but Gammon did not despair; for he had that confidence in himself, and in his knowledge of human nature, which always supported him in the most arduous and apparently hopeless undertakings.

There was a visible alteration for the better in the state of things at Yatton, as soon as Messrs. Yahoo and Fitz-Snooks had been disposed of. Now and then a few of the distinguished people who had honored Mr. Titmouse by going out in procession to meet and welcome him, were invited to spend a day at Yatton; and generally quitted full of admiration of the dinner and wines they got, the unaffected good-nature and simplicity of their hospitable host, and the bland, composed, and intellectual deportment and conversation of Mr. Gammon. When rent-day arrived, Mr. Titmouse, attended by Mr. Gammon, made his appearance from time to time, in the steward's room, and also in the hall, where, according to former custom, good substantial fare was set out for the tenants. They received him with a due respect of manner; but where was the cheerfulness, the cordiality, the rough, honest heartiness of days gone by? Few of them stayed to partake of the good things prepared for them, which greatly affected Mr. Griffiths, and piqued Mr. Gammon: as for Titmouse, however, he said, with a laugh, "Curse them! let 'em leave it alone if they a'n't hungry!" and any faint feeling of mortification he might have experienced, was dissipated by the amount of the sum paid into his bankers. Gammon was sensible that the scenes which had been exhibited at Yatton on the first night of his protégé's arrival, had seriously injured him in the neighborhood and county, and was bent upon effacing, as quickly as possible, such unfavorable impressions, by prevailing on Titmouse to "purge and live cleanly"—at all events for the present.

Let me pause now, for a moment, to inquire, ought not this favored young man to have felt happy? Here he was, master of a fine estate, producing him a very splendid rent-roll; a delightful residence, suggesting innumerable dear and dignified associations connected with old English feeling; a luxurious table, with the choicest liquors and wines in abundance; might smoke the finest cigars that the world could produce, from morning to night, if so disposed; had unlimited facilities for securing a distinguished personal appearance, as far as dress and decoration went; had all the amusements of the county at his command; troops of servants, eager and obsequious in their attentions; horses and carriages of every description which he might have chosen to order out—had, in short, all the "appliances and means to boot," which could be desired or imagined by a gentleman of his station and affluence. Mr. Gammon was, though somewhat stern and plain spoken, still a most sincere and powerful friend, deeply and disinterestedly solicitous about his interest, and protecting him from villainous and designing adventurers; then he had in prospect the brilliant mazes of fashionable life in town—oh, in the name of every thing that this world can produce, and of the feelings it should excite, ought not Titmouse to have enjoyed life—to have been happy? Yet he was not; he felt, quite independently of any constraint occasioned by the presence of Mr. Gammon, full of deplorable ennui, and wearisomeness inexpressible, and which nothing could alleviate but the constant use of cigars and brandy and water. On the first Sunday after the departure of Fitz-Snooks, he was prevailed upon to accompany the devout and exemplary Gammon to church; where, barring a good many ill-concealed yawns and constant fidgetiness, he conducted himself with tolerable decorum. Yet still the style of his dress, his air, and his countenance, filled the little congregation with feelings of great astonishment, when they thought that that was the new Squire of Yatton, and for a melancholy moment contrasted him with his predecessor, Mr. Aubrey. As for the worthy vicar, Dr. Tatham, Gammon resolved to secure his good graces, and succeeded. He called upon him soon after having heard from Titmouse of his, Yahoo, and Fitz-Snooks' encounter with Dr. Tatham, and expressed profound concern on hearing of the rude treatment he had encountered. There was a gentleness and affability—tempering at once and enhancing his evident acuteness and knowledge of the world—which quite captivated the little doctor. But, above all, the expressions of delicate sympathy and regret, with which he now and then alluded to the late occupants of Yatton and toward whom the stern requisitions of professional duty had caused him to play so odious a part, and inquired about them, drew out almost all that was in the little doctor's heart concerning his departed friends. Gammon gazed with deep interest at the old blind stag-hound, and feeble old Peggy, and seemed never tired of hearing the doctor's little anecdotes concerning them. He introduced Titmouse to the vicar; and, in his presence, Gammon declared his (Titmouse's) hatred and contempt for the two fellows who were with him when first he saw

Dr. Tatham; who thereupon banished from his heart all recollection of the conduct which had so deeply hurt his feelings. Gammon, on another occasion, infinitely delighted the doctor by calling on a Monday morning, and alluding with evident interest and anxiety to certain passages in the doctor's sermon of the day before, and which led to a very lengthened and interesting discussion. In consequence of what then transpired, the doctor suddenly be-thought himself of writing out an old sermon, which he had once preached before the judges of assize—and which, during the week, he touched up with a good deal of care for the ensuing Sunday—when he had the satisfaction of observing the marked and undeviating attention with which Mr. Gammon sat listening to him; and he afterward stepped into the little vestry, and warmly complimented the doctor upon his performance.

Thus it was that Dr. Tatham came to pen a postscript to one of his letters to Mrs. Aubrey, which I have formerly alluded to, and of which the following is a copy:—"P. S. By the way, the altered state of things at the Hall, I am of opinion, is entirely owing to the presence and the influence of a Mr. Gammon—one of the chief of Mr. Titmouse's solicitors, and to whom he seems very firmly attached. I have lived too long in the world to form hasty opinions, and am not apt to be deceived in my estimate of character; but I must say, I consider him to be a very superior man, both in character, intellect, and acquirements. He possesses great acuteness and knowledge of the world, general information, a very calm and courteous address—and, above and beyond all, is a man of very enlightened, religious feeling. He comes constantly to church, and presents a truly edifying example to all around, of decorum and attention. You would be delighted to hear the discussions we have had on points which my sermons have suggested to him. I preached one lately, specially aimed at him, which, thank God! I have every reason to believe has been attended with happy effects, and allayed some startling doubts which had been for years tormenting him. I am sure that my dear friend" (i. e. Mr. Aubrey) "would be delighted with him. I had myself, I assure you, to overcome a very strong prejudice against him—a thing I always love to attempt—and have in a measure, in the present instance, succeeded. He speaks of you all frequently, with evident caution, but, at the same time, respect and sympathy."

This postscript it was, which, as I have already intimated, suggested to Mr. Aubrey to seek the interview with Gammon which has been described, and during which it was frequently present to his mind.

While, however, under the pressure of Mr. Gammon's presence and authority, Titmouse was for a brief while leading this sober, retired life at Yatton—why, he hardly knew, except that Gammon willed it—a circumstance occurred which suddenly placed him on the very highest pinnacle of popularity in metropolitan society. I hardly know how to suppress my feelings of exultation, in retracing the rapid steps by which Mr. Titmouse was transformed into a lion of the first magnitude. Be it known that there was a Mr. Bladdery Pip, a fashionable novelist, possessed of most extraordinary versatility and power; for he had, at the end of every nine months, during the last nine years, produced a novel in three volumes—each succeeding one eclipsing the splendor of its predecessor, (in the judgement of the most able and disinterested newspaper critics,) in "the masterly structure of the plot"—the "vivid and varied delineation of character"—the "profound acquaintance with the workings of the human heart"—"exquisite appreciation of life in all its endless varieties"—"piercing but delicate satire"—"bold and powerful denunciations of popular vices"—"rich and tender domestic scenes"—"inimitable ease and grace"—"consummate tact and judgement"—"reflection co-extensive with observation"—"the style flowing, brilliant, nervous, varied, picturesque," *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. We have, in the present day, thank Heaven! at least a hundred such writers; but at the time about which I am writing, Mr. Bladdery Pip was pretty nearly alone in his glory. Such was the man, to whom it suddenly occurred, on glancing over the newspaper report of the trial of *Doe on the demise of Titmouse v. Joller*, to make the interesting facts of the case the basis of a new novel, on quite a new plan, which was approved of by no less than fifty ladies of rank, to whom the secret had been, in the strictest confidence, entrusted; and which was infinitely to transcend all his former works, and occasion quite a revolution in that brilliant and instructive species of literature. To work went Mr. Pip, within a day or two after the trial was over, and in an incredibly short space of time had got to the close of his labors; practice had made him perfect, and given him infinite facility in the production of first-rate writing. The spirited publisher quickly set to work to get the steam up. How skillfully he went to work! For some time there appeared numerous intimations in the daily papers, that "the circles of ton" were "on the qui vive" with expectation of a certain, &c. &c. &c., that "disclosures of a very extraordinary character" were being looked for—"attempts made to suppress," &c. &c.—"compromising certain distinguished," &c. &c., and so forth; all these paragraphs being in the unquestionable editorial style, and genuine indications of a mysterious under-current of curiosity and excitement, existing in those regions which were watched with reverential awe and constancy, by those in the lower regions. As time advanced, more frequent and distinct became the intimations of what was going forward, and what might be shortly expected, from the appearance of the long-promised work. Take, for instance, the following, which ran the round of every newspaper in town and country:

"The efforts made to deprive the public of the interesting and peculiar scenes contained in the forthcoming novel, and to suppress it, have entirely failed, owing to the resolution of the author, and the determination of the publisher; and their only effect has been to stimulate and expedite their efforts. It will bear the exciting and piquant title—"*TIPPTIWINK*;" and is founded on the remarkable circumstances attending the recent trial of a great ejection case at York. More than one noble family's history is involved in some of the details which will be found in the forthcoming publication, for which, we are assured, there are already symptoms of an unprecedented demand. The "favored few" who have seen it, predict that it will produce a prodigious sensation. The happy audacity with which facts are adhered to, will, we trust, not lead to the disa-

greeable consequences that are looked for in certain quarters with some anxiety. When we announce that its author is the gifted writer of the "*THE SILVER SPURS*," "*SPIN-NACH*," "*TEETOTUM HALL*," "*THE DEVIL'S CHALICE*," "*THE PIROUETTE*," &c. &c. &c., we trust we are violating no literary confidence."

There was no resisting this sort of thing. In that day, a skillfully-directed play of puffs laid prostrate the whole reading and fashionable world, producing the excitement of which they affected to chronicle the existence. The publisher hit upon another admirable device. He had seven hundred copies printed off; and, allowing a hundred for a first edition, he varied the title-pages of the remaining six hundred by the words—"Second Edition"—"*Third Edition*"—"Fourth Edition"—"*Fifth Edition*"—"Sixth Edition"—"*Seventh Edition*." By the time that the fourth edition had been announced, there existed a real rage for the book; the circulating libraries at the West End of the town were besieged by applicants for a perusal of the work; and "notices" and "extracts" began to make their appearance in the newspapers. The idea of the work was admirable. *Tippetiowink*, the hero, was a young gentleman of ancient family—the only child—kidnapped away in his infancy by the malignant agency of "the demon *Mowbray*," a distant relative, of a fierce and wicked character, who succeeded to the enjoyment of the estate, and would have come, in time, to the honors and estates of the most ancient and noble family in the kingdom, the *Earl of Frizzleton*. Poor *Tippetiowink* was at length discovered by his illustrious kinsman, by mere accident, in an obscure capacity, in the employ of a benevolent linen-draper, *Blackbag*, who was described as one of the most amiable and generous of linen-drapers; and, after a series of wonderful adventures, in which he displayed the most heroic constancy, the Earl succeeds in reinstating his oppressed and injured kinsman in the lofty station he ought always to have occupied. His daughter—a paragon of female loveliness—the *Lady Sapphira Sigh-away*—evinces the deepest interest in the success of *Tippetiowink*; and at length—the happy result may be guessed. Out of these few and natural incidents, Mr. Bladdery Pip was pronounced at length, by those who govern, if they do not indeed constitute public opinion, to have produced an imperishable record of his genius, avoiding all the faults, and combining all the excellencies, of all his former productions. The identity between *Titmouse* and *Tippetiowink*, Lord Dreddlington and Lord *Frizzleton*, *Lady Cecilia* and *Lady Sapphira*, and Mr. Aubrey and "*the demon Mowbray*," was quickly established. The novel passed speedily into the tenth edition; and, an undoubted, and a very great sensation was produced; extracts descriptive of the persons, particularly that of *Titmouse*, and the Earl, and *Lady Cecilia*, figuring in the story, were given in the London papers, and thence transferred into these all over the country. The very author, Mr. Bladdery Pip, became a resuscitated lion, and had his portrait, looking most intensely intellectual, prefixed to the tenth edition. Then came portraits of "*Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.*," (for which he had never sat,) giving him large, melting eyes, and a very pensive face, and a most fashionable dress. The Earl of Dreddlington and *Lady Cecilia* became also a lion and lioness. Hundreds of opera-glasses were directed at once to their box; innumerable were the anxious salutations they received as they drove round the Park—and they drove round it three or four times as often as they had ever done before. "T was whispered that the King had read the book, and drank the Earl's health, under the name of Lord *Frizzleton*, while the Queen did the same for *Lady Cecilia* as *Lady Sapphira*. Their appearance produced a manifest sensation at both the levee and drawing-room—Majesty looked blander than usual as they approached: poor Lord Dreddlington and *Lady Cecilia* mounted in a trice into the seventh heaven of rapturous excitement; for there was that buoyant quality about their heads which secured them a graceful and rapid upward motion. They were both unutterably happy, living in a gentle, delicious tumult of excited feelings. Irrepressible exultation glistened in the Earl's eyes; he threw an infinite deal of blandness and courtesy into his manners wherever he was and whomsoever he addressed, as if he could now easily afford it, confident in the inaccessible sublimity of his position. It was slightly laughable to observe, however, the desperate efforts he made to maintain his former frigid composure of manner, but in vain; his nervousness looked almost like a sudden, though gentle, accession of St. Vitus's dance. Innumerable were the inquiries made after *Titmouse*—his person—his manners—his character—his dress, by her friends, of *Lady Cecilia*. Young ladies tormented her for his autograph. "T was with her as if the level surface of the Dead Sea had been stirred by the freshening breeze!

When a thing of this sort is once fairly set going, where is it to end? When fashion does go mad, her madness is wonderful; and she very soon turns the world mad. Presently the young men appeared in stocks—black satin stocks, embroidered some with flowers, and others with gold, were worn every where, called "*Titmouse Ties*;" and hats, with high crowns and rims a quarter of an inch in depth, called "*Tittlebats*." All the young blades about town, especially in the City, dressed themselves in the most extravagant style; an amazing impetus was given to the cigar trade—the shops were crowded, and every puppy that walked the streets puffed cigar-smoke in your eyes. In short, lively *Titmouse* might be seen running about the streets in all directions. As for Tag-rag, wonders befel him. A paragraph in a paper pointed him out as the original *Blackbag*, and his shop as the scene of *Titmouse's* service. Thither quickly poured the tide of fashionable curiosity and custom. His business was soon trebled. He wore his best clothes every day, and smirked, and smiled, and bustled about in a perfect crowd in his shop, in a fever of excitement. He began to think of buying the adjoining premises, and adding them to his own; and set his name down as a subscriber of half-a-guinea a-year to the "*Decayed Drapers' Association*." These were glorious times for Mr. Tag-rag. He had to engage a dozen extra hands; there were never less than fifty or a hundred persons in his shop at once; strings of carriages before his door, sometimes two deep, and strugglings between the coachmen for precedence; in fact, he believed that the Millennium was coming in earnest.

The undulations of the popular excitement in town, were not long in reaching the calm retreat of *Titmouse* in York-

shire. To say nothing of his having on several occasions observed artists busily engaged in sketching different views of the Hall and surrounding scenery, and, on inquiry, discovered that they were sent from town for the express purpose of presenting to the public sketches of the "residence of Mr. *Titmouse*," a copy of the inimitable performance of Mr. Bladdery Pip—viz., "*TIPPTIWINK*," tenth edition—was sent down to Mr. *Titmouse* by Gammon; who also forwarded to him, from time to time, newspapers containing those paragraphs which identified *Titmouse* with the hero of the novel and also testified the profound impression which it was making upon the thinking classes of the community. Was *Titmouse's* wish to witness the ferment he had so unconsciously produced in the metropolis unreasonable? Yatton was beginning to look duller daily, even before the arrival of this simultaneous intelligence from town; *Titmouse* feeling quite out of his element. So—Gammon was contradicted—up came *Titmouse* to town. If he had not been naturally a fool, the notice he attracted in London must soon have made him one. He had been for coming up in a post chaise and four; but Gammon, in a letter, succeeded in dissuading him from incurring so useless an expense, assuring him that men of as high consideration as himself, constantly availed themselves of the safe and rapid transit afforded by the royal mail. His valet, on being appealed to, corroborated Mr. Gammon's representations; adding, that the late hour in the evening at which the mail arrived in town, would effectually shroud him from public observation. Giving strict and repeated orders to his valet to deposit him at once "in a first-rate West-End hotel," the haughty lord of Yatton, plentifully provided with cigars, stepped into the mail, his valet perched upon the box-seat. That functionary was well acquainted with town, and resolved on his master's taking up his quarters at the Harcourt Hotel, in the immediate vicinity of Bond street. The mail passed the Peacock, at Islington, about half-past eight o'clock; and long before they had reached even that point, the eager and anxious eye of *Titmouse* had been on the look-out for indications of his celebrity. He was, however, compelled to own that both people and places seemed much as usual, wearing no particular air of excitement. He was a little chagrined, till he reflected on the vulgar ignorance of the movements of the great for which the eastern regions of the metropolis were proverbial, and also on the increasing duskiness of the evening, the rapid pace at which the mail rattled along, and the circumstance of his being concealed inside. When his humble hackney-coach (its driver a feeble old man, with a wisp of straw for a hat-band, and sitting on the rickety box like a heap of dirty old clothes, and the flagging and limping horses looking truly miserable objects) had rumbled slowly up to the lofty and gloomy door of the Harcourt Hotel, it seemed to excite no notice whatever. A tall waiter, in a plain suit of black evening dress, continued standing in the ample doorway, eyeing the plebeian vehicle which had drawn up with utter indifference—conjecturing, probably, that it had come to the wrong door. With the same air of provoking superciliousness he stood, till the valet, having jumped down from his seat beside the driver, ran up, and in a peremptory sort of way exclaimed, "Mr. *Titmouse* of Yatton!" This stirred the waiter into something like energy.

"Here, sir!" called out Mr. *Titmouse*, from within the coach; and on the waiter's slowly approaching, inquired with sufficiently swaggering manner, "Pray, has the Earl of Dreddlington been inquiring for me here to-day?" The words seemed to operate like magic, converting the person addressed, in a moment, into a slave—supple and obsequious.

"His lordship has not been here to-day, sir," he replied in a low tone, with a most courteous inclination; and gently opening the door, and noiselessly letting down the steps, "Do you alight, sir?"

"Who—a—have you room for me, and my fellows there?"

"Oh yes, sir! certainly. Shall I show you into the coffee-room, sir?"

"The coffee-room? Curse the coffee-room, sir! Do you suppose I'm a commercial traveler? Show me into a private room, sir!" The waiter bowed low; and in silent surprise led Mr. *Titmouse* to a very spacious and elegantly furnished apartment—where, amidst the blaze of six wax candles, and attended by three waiters, he supped an hour or two afterward, in great state—retiring about eleven o'clock to his apartment, overcome with fatigue, and brandy and water: having fortunately escaped the indignity of being forced to sit in the same room where an English nobleman, one or two members of parliament, and a couple of foreign princes, were sitting sipping their claret, some writing letters, and others coming over the evening papers. About noon, the next day, he called upon the Earl of Dreddlington; and, though, under ordinary circumstances, his lordship would have considered the visit rather unseasonable, he nevertheless received his fortunate and now truly distinguished kinsman with the most urbane cordiality. At the Earl's suggestion, and with Mr. Gammon's concurrence, *Titmouse*, within about a week after his arrival in town, took chambers in the Albany, together with the elegant furniture which had belonged to their late tenant, a young officer of distinction, who had shortly before suddenly gone abroad upon a diplomatic mission. Mr. *Titmouse* soon began to feel, in various ways, the distinction which was attached to his name—commencing, as he did at once, the gay and brilliant life of a man of high fashion, and under the august auspices of the Earl of Dreddlington. Like a cat, shod with walnut-shells by some merry young scapegrace, doubtless feels more and more astonished and excited at the clatter it makes in scampering up and down the bare echoing floors and staircases; so, in some sort, was it with *Titmouse*, and the sudden and amazing *collet* with which all his appearances and movements were attended in the regions of fashion. 'Tis a matter of indifference to a fool, whether you laugh with him or at him; so as that you do but laugh, an observation which will account for much of the conduct both of Lord Dreddlington and *Titmouse*. In this short life, and dull world, the thing is, to create a sensation, never mind how; and every opportunity of doing so should be gratefully seized hold of, and improved to the uttermost, by those who have nothing else to do and have an inclination to distinguish themselves from the common herd of mankind. Lord Dreddlington had got so inflated by the attention he excited, that he set down



everything he witnessed to the score of deference and admiration. His self-conceit was so intense, that it consumed every vestige of sense he had about him. He stood in solitary grandeur upon the lofty pillar of his pride, inaccessible to ridicule, and impenetrable indeed of its approach, like some "on a monument smiling at" seers. Indeed,

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

He did not conceive it possible for any one to laugh at him, or anything he might choose to do, or any one he might think fit to associate with and introduce to the notice of society—which kind office he forthwith performed for Titmouse, with whose odd person, and somewhat eccentric dress and demeanor, his lordship (who imagined that the same operation was going on in the minds of other people) was growing daily more familiar. Thus, that which had at first so shocked him, he got at length thoroughly reconciled to, and began to suspect whether it was not assumed by Titmouse out of a daring scorn for the intrusive opinions of the world, which showed a loftiness of spirit akin to his own. Beside, in another point of view—suppose the manner and appearance of Titmouse were ever so absurd, so long as his lordship chose to tolerate them, who should venture to gainsay them? So the earl asked him frequently to dinner; took him with them when his lordship and lady Cecilia went out in the evenings; gave him a seat in his carriage in going down to the House; and invited him, to accompany him and lady Cecilia when they either drove or rode round the Park; as to which latter, Titmouse's assiduous attention at the riding-school enabled him to appear on horseback without being glaringly unequal to the management of his horse, which, however, he once or twice contrived to give an inclination toward backing upon those of lady Cecilia and the Earl. Titmouse happening to let fall, at the Earl's table that he had that day ordered an elegant chariot to be built for him, his lordship intimated that a cab was the usual turn-out of a bachelor man of fashion; whereupon Titmouse the next day countermanded his order, and was fortunate enough to secure a cab which had just been completed for a young nobleman who was unable to pay for it, and whom, consequently, the builder did not care about disappointing. He soon provided himself with a great horse and a little tiger. What pen can do justice to the feelings with which he first sat down in that cab, yielding upon its well-balanced springs, took the reins from his little tiger, and then heard him jump up behind! As it was a trifle too early for the Park, he suddenly bethought himself of exhibiting his splendors before the establishment of Mr. Tag-rag; so he desired his little imp behind to run and summon his valet, who in a trice came down; and in answer to a question, "whether there was n't something wanting from a draper or hosiery," was informed glibly, that six dozen of best cambric pocket handkerchiefs, a dozen or two pair of white kid gloves, half a dozen stocks, and various other items were "wanting"—(i. e. by the valet himself, for Titmouse was already sufficiently provided.) Off, however, he drove, and succeeded at length in reaching the Oxford street establishment, before the door of which five or six carriages were standing. I should say that, at the moment of Mr. Titmouse's strutting into that scene of his former miserable servitude, he experienced a gush of delight which was sufficient to efface all recollection of the misery, privation and oppression endured in his early days. There was presently an evident flutter among the gentlemen engaged behind the counter—for it must be "the great Mr. Titmouse!" Tag-rag, catching sight of him, bounced out of his little room, and bustled up to him through the crowd of customers, bowing, scraping, blushing, and rubbing his hands, full of pleasurable excitement, and exhibiting the most profound obsequiousness. "Hope you're well, sir," he commenced in a low tone, but instantly added, in a louder tone, observing that Titmouse had come upon business, "what can I have the honor to do for you, sir, this morning?" And handing him a stool, Tag-rag, with a respectful air, received a very liberal order from Mr. Titmouse, and minuted it down in his memorandum book.

"Dear me, sir, is that your cab?" said Tag-rag, as having accompanied Titmouse, bowing every step, to the door, they both stood there for a moment, "I never saw such a beautiful turn-out in my life, sir!"

"Ye—a—a. Pretty well—pretty well; but that young rascal of mine's dirtied one of his boots a little—darn him!" and he looked terrors at the tiger.

"Oh dear!—so he has; shall I wipe it off, sir? Do let me!"

"No, it don't signify much. By the way, Mr. Tag-rag," added Mr. Titmouse, in a drawing way, "all well—at—at—demme if I've not this moment forgot the name of your place in the country?"

"Satin Lodge, sir," said Tag-rag, meekly, but with infinite inward uneasiness.

"Oh—ay, to be sure. One sees, 'pon my soul, such a lot of places—but—all well?"

"All very well, indeed, sir; and constantly talking of you, sir."

"Ah—well! My compliments"—here he drew on his second glove, and moved toward his cab, Tag-rag accompanying him—"glad they're well. If ever I'm driving that way—good day!" In popped Titmouse—crack went his whip—away darted the horse—Tag-rag following it with an admiring and anxious eye.

As Mr. Titmouse sat in his new vehicle, on his way to the Park, dressed in the extreme of the mode, his glossy hat perched sideways on his bushy, well-oiled, but somewhat mottled hair; his waistcoat lined with velvet; his full satin stock, spangled with inwrought gold flowers, and with two splendid pinks, connected together with delicate double gold chains; his shirt-collars turned down over his stock; his chased gold eyeglass stuck in his right eye; the stiff wristbands of his shirt turned back over his coat cuffs; and his hands in snowy kid gloves, holding his whip and reins: when he considered the exquisite figure he must thus present to the eye of all beholders, and gave them credit for gazing at him with the same feelings which similar sights had, but a few months before, called forth in his despairing breast, his little cap of happiness was full, and even brimming over. This, though I doubt whether it was a just reflection, was still a very natural one; for he knew what his own feelings were, though not how weak and absurd they were, and of course judged others by himself. If the Mar-

quis of Whigborough, with his £200,000 a-year, and 5000 independent voters at his command, were on his way down to the House, absorbed with anxiety as to the effect of the final threat he was going to make to the Minister, that, unless he had a few strawberry leaves promised him, he would feel it his duty to record his vote against the great bill for "Giving Every Body Every Thing," which stood for a third reading that evening; or if the great Duke of Thunderbolt, a glance of whose eye, or a wave of whose hand, would lift up an European war, and who was balancing in his mind the fate of millions of mankind, as depending upon his fiat for peace or war—I say that if both or either of these personages had passed or met Titmouse, in their cabs, which they were mechanically urging onward, so absorbed the while with their own thoughts, that they scarce knew whether they were in a cab or on a handbarrow, in which latter, had it been before their gates, either of them might in his abstraction have seated himself; Titmouse's superior acquaintance with human nature assured him that the sight of his tip-top turn-out could not fail of attracting their attention, and setting their pride. Whether Milton, if cast on a desolate island, but with the means of writing *Paradise Lost*, would have done so, had he been certain that no human eye would ever peruse a line of it; or whether Mr. Titmouse, had he been suddenly deposited, in his splendid cab, in the midst of the desert of Sahara, with not one of his species to fix an envious eye upon him, would nevertheless have experienced a great measure of satisfaction, I am not prepared to say. As, however, every condition of life has its mixture of good and evil, so, if Titmouse had been placed in the midst of the aforesaid desert at the time when he was last before the reader, instead of dashing along Oxford Street, he would have escaped certain difficulties and dangers which he presently encountered. Had an ape, not acquainted with the science of driving, been put into Titmouse's place, he would probably have driven much in the same style, though he would have had greatly the advantage over his rival in respect of his simple and natural appearance; being, to the eye of correct taste, "when unadorned, adorned the most." Mr. Titmouse, in spite of the assistance to his sight which he derived from his glass, was continually coming into collision with the vehicles which met and passed him, on his way to Cumberland Gate. He got into no fewer than four distinct rows (to say nothing of the flying curses which he received in passing,) between the point I have named and Mr. Tag-rag's premises. But as he was by no means destitute of spirit, he sat in his cab, on these four occasions, cursing and blaspheming like a little fiend, till he almost brought tears of vexation into the eyes of one or two of his opponents, (cads, cab-drivers, watermen, hackney-coachmen, market-gardeners, and draymen,) who unexpectedly found their own weapons—i. e. slang—wielded with such superior power and effect, for once in a way, by a swell—an aristocrat. The more mainly of his opponents were filled with secret respect for the possessor of such powers. Still it was unpleasant for a person of Mr. Titmouse's distinction to be engaged in these conflicts; and he would have given the world to be able to conquer his conceit so far as to summon his little tiger within, and surrender to him the reins. Such a ridiculous confession of his own incapacity, however, he could not think of, and he got into several little disturbances in the Park; after which he drove home: the battered cab had to be taken to the maker's, where the injuries it had sustained were repaired for the trifling sum of twenty pounds.

The eminent position secured for Titmouse by the masterly genius of Mr. Bladdery Pip, was continued and strengthened by much more substantial claims upon the respect of society, possessed by the first-named gentleman. Rumor is a dame that always looks at objects through very strong magnifying glasses; and guided by what she saw, she soon gave out that Titmouse was patron of three boroughs, had a clear rent-roll of thirty thousand a-year, and had already received nearly a hundred thousand pounds in hard cash from the previous proprietor of his estates, as a compensation for the back rents, which that usurper had been for so many years in the receipt of. Then he was very near in succession to the ancient and distinguished Barony of Dreilincourt, and the extensive estates thereto annexed. He was young; by no means ill-looking; and was—unmarried. Under the mask of modesty and eccentricity, it was believed that he concealed great natural acuteness, for the purpose of ascertaining who were his real and who only his pretended friends and well-wishers; and that his noble relatives had given in to his little scheme for the purpose of aiding him in the important discovery upon which he was bent. Infinite effect was thus given to the Earl's introductions. Wherever Titmouse went he found new and delightful acquaintances; and invitations to dinners, balls, routs, soirées, came showering daily into his rooms at the Albany, where also were left innumerable cards, bearing names of very high fashion. All who had daughters or sisters in the market, paid eager and persevering court to Mr. Titmouse, and still more so to the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, his august sponsors; so that—such being the will of that merry jade Fortune—they who had once regarded him as an object only of shuddering disgust and ineffable contempt, and had been disposed to order their servants to show him out again into the streets, were now in a manner, magnified and made honorable by means of their connection with him; or rather, society, through his means, had become suddenly sensible of the commanding qualities and pretensions of the Earl of Dreddlington and the Lady Cecilia. In the ball-room, at Almack's even, how many young men, handsome, accomplished, and of real consequence, applied in vain for the hand of haughty beauty, which Mr. Titmouse had only to ask for, and have! Whose was the opera-box into which he might not drop as a welcome visitor, and be seen lounging in envied familiarity with its fair and brilliant inmates? Were there not mothers of high fashion, of stately pride, of soaring rank, who would have humbled themselves before Titmouse, if thereby he could have been brought a savior to the feet of one of their daughters? But it was not over the fair sex alone that the magic of Mr. Titmouse's name and pretensions had obtained this great and sudden ascendancy; he excited no small attention among men of fashion—great numbers of whom quickly recognised in him one very fit to become their butt and their dupe. What signified it to men secure of their own position in society, that they were seen openly

associating with one so outrageously absurd in his dress—and vulgar and ignorant beyond all example? So long as he bled freely, and trotted out briskly and willingly, his eccentricities could be not merely tolerated, but humored. Take, for instance, the gay and popular MARQUIS GANTS-JAUNES DE MILLEFLEURS; but he is worth a word or two of description, because of the position he had contrived to acquire and retain, and the influence which he managed to exercise over a considerable portion of London society. The post he was anxious to secure was that of the leader of *ton*; and he wished it to appear that that was the sole object of his ambition. While, however, he affected to be entirely engrossed by such matters as devising new and exquisite variations of dress and equipage, he was, in reality, bent upon graver pursuits—upon gratifying his own licentious tastes and inclinations with secrecy and impunity. He despised folly, cultivating and practising only vice, in which he was, in a manner, an epicure.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

### BARNABY RUDGE

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

#### CHAPTER I.

In the year 1775, there stood upon the borders of Epping Forest, at a distance of about twelve miles from London—measuring from the Standard in Cornhill, or rather from the spot on or near to which the Standard used to be in days of yore—a house of public entertainment, called the Maypole; which fact was demonstrated to all such travellers as could neither read nor write (and sixty-six years ago, a vast number, both of travellers and stay-at-homes, were in this condition) by the emblem reared on the roadside, over against the house, which, if not of those goodly proportions that Maypoles were wont to present in olden times, was a fair young ash, thirty feet in height, and straight as any arrow that ever English yeoman drew.

The Maypole, by which term from henceforth is meant the house, and not its sign—the Maypole was an old building, with more gable-ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; huge zig-zag chimneys, out of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it its tortuous progress; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous, and empty. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry the Eighth; and there was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night, while upon a hunting excursion, to wit, in a certain oak-panelled room, with a deep bay window, but that next morning, while standing on a mounting block, before the door, with one foot in the stirrup, the virgin monarch had then and there boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty. The matter-of-fact and doubtful folks, of whom there was a few among the Maypole customers, as unselectly there always are in every little community, were inclined to look upon this tradition as rather apocryphal; but whenever the landlord of that ancient hostelry appealed to the mounting block itself, as evidence, and triumphantly pointed out that there it stood in the same place to that very day, the doubters never failed to be put down by a large majority, and all true believers exulted as in a victory.

Whether these and many other stories of the like nature, were true or untrue, the Maypole was really an old house, a very old house, perhaps as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps older, which will sometimes happen with houses of an uncertain, as with ladies of a certain age. Its windows were olddiamond pane lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved; and here on summer evenings the more favored customers smoked and drank—ay, and sang many a good song too, sometimes—reposing on two grim-looking, high backed settles, which, like the twin dragons of some fairy tale, guarded the entrance to the mansion.

In the chimneys of the disused rooms, swallows had built their nests for a many a long year, and from earliest spring to latest autumn, whole colonies of sparrows chirped and twittered in the eaves. There were more pigeons about the dreary stable-yard and outbuildings than anybody but the landlord could reckon up. The wheeling and circling flights of runts, fantails, tumblers, and pouters, were perhaps not quite consistent with the grave and sober character of the building; but the monotonous cooing, which never ceased to be raised by some among them, all day long, suited it exactly, and seemed to lull it to rest. With its overhanging stories, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway, the old house looked as if it were nodding in its sleep. Indeed it needed no very great stretch of fancy to detect in it other resemblances to humanity. The bricks of which it was built, had originally been a deep dark red, but had grown yellow and discolored like an old man's skin; the sturdy timbers had decayed like teeth; and here and there the ivy, like a warm garment to comfort it in its age, wrapt its green leaves closely round the time-worn walls.

It was a hale and hearty age, though, still—and in the summer or autumn evenings, when the glow of the setting sun fell upon the oak and chestnut trees of the adjacent forest, the old house, partaking of its lustre, seemed their fit companion, and to have many good years of life in him yet.

The evening with which we have to do, was neither a summer nor an autumn one, but the twilight of a day in March, when the wind howled dismally among the bare branches of the trees, and, rumbling in the wide chimneys and driving the rain against the windows of the Maypole Inn, gave such of its frequenters as chanced to be there at the moment, an undeniable reason for prolonging their stay, and caused the landlord to prophecy that the night would certainly clear at eleven o'clock precisely, which by a remarkable coincidence was the hour at which he always closed his house.

The name of him upon whom the spirit of prophecy thus descended was John Willet, a burly, large-headed man with a fat face, which betokened profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance

upon his own merits. It was John Willet's ordinary boast in his more placid moods that if he was slow he was sure; which assertion could in one sense at least be by no means gainsaid, seeing that he was in everything unquestionably the reverse of fast, and withal one of the most dogged and positive fellows in existence—always sure that what he thought or said or did was right, and holding it as a thing quite settled and ordained by the laws of nature and Providence, that anybody who said or did or thought otherwise must be inevitably and of necessity wrong.

Mr. Willet walked slowly up to the window, flattened his fat nose against the cold glass, and, shading his eyes that his sight might not be affected by the ruddy glow of the fire, looked abroad. Then he walked slowly back to his old seat in the chimney-corner, and, composing himself in it with a slight shiver, such as a man might give way to and so acquire an additional relish for the warm blaze, said, looking round upon his guests:

"It'll clear at eleven o'clock. No sooner and no later. Not before and not afterward."

"How do you make out that?" said a little man in the opposite corner. "The moon is past the full, and she rises at nine."

John looked sedately and solemnly at his questioner until he had brought his mind to bear upon the whole observation, and then made answer, in a tone which seemed to imply that the moon was peculiarly his business and nobody else's:

"Never you mind about the moon. Do n't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone, and I'll let you alone."

"No offence, I hope?" said the little man.

Again John waited leisurely until the observation had thoroughly penetrated to his brain, and then replying, "No offence as yet," applied a light to his pipe and smoked in placid silence; now and then casting a sidelong look at a man wrapped in a loose riding-coat with huge cuffs ornamented with tarnished silver lace and large metal buttons, who sat apart from the regular frequenters of the house, and, wearing a hat flapped over his face, which was still further shaded by the hand on which his forehead rested, looked unobscured enough.

There was another guest, who sat, booted and spurred, at some distance from the fire also, and whose thoughts—to judge from his folded arms and knitted brows, and from the unaltered liquor before him—were occupied with other matters than the topics under discussion or the persons who discussed them. This was a young man of about eight-and-twenty, rather above the middle height, and though of a somewhat slight figure, gracefully and strongly made. He wore his own dark hair, and was accoutred in a riding dress, which, together with his large boots (resembling in shape and fashion those worn by our Life Guardsmen at the present day,) showed indisputable traces of the bad condition of the roads. But travel-stained though he was, he was well and even richly attired, and without being over-dressed looked a gallant gentleman.

Lying upon the table beside him, as he had carelessly thrown them down, were a heavy riding-whip and a slouched hat, the latter worn no doubt as being best suited to the inclemency of the weather. There, too, were a pair of pistols in a holster-case, and a short riding cloak. Little of his face was visible, except the long, dark lashes which concealed his downcast eyes; but an air of careless ease and natural gracefulness of demeanor pervaded the figure, and seemed to comprehend even these slight accessories, which were all handsome, and in good keeping.

Toward this young gentleman the eyes of Mr. Willet wandered but once, and then as if in mute inquiry whether he had observed his silent neighbor. It was plain that John and the young gentleman had often met before. Finding that his look was not returned, or indeed observed by the person to whom it was addressed, John gradually concentrated the whole power of his eyes into one focus, and brought it to bear upon the man in the flapped hat, at whom he came to stare in course of time with an intensity so remarkable that it affected his fireside cronies, who all, as with one accord, took their pipes from their lips, and stared with open mouths at the stranger likewise.

The sturdy landlord had a large pair of dull, fish-like eyes, and the little man who had hazarded the remark about the moon (and who was the parish clerk and bell-ringer of Ohigwell; a village hard by,) had little, round, black, shiny eyes like beads; moreover this little man wore at the knees of his rusty black breeches, and on his rusty black coat, and all down his long flapped waistcoat, little queer buttons like nothing except his eyes; but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light of the fire, which shone too in his bright shoe-buckles, he seemed all eyes from head to foot, and to be gazing with every one of them at the unknown customer. No wonder that a man should grow restless under such an inspection as this, to say nothing of the eyes belonging to short Tom Cobb the general chandler and post-office keeper, and long Phil Parkes the ranger, both of whom, infected by the example of their companions, regarded him of the flapped hat no less attentively.

The stranger became restless; perhaps from being exposed to this raking fire of eyes, perhaps from the nature of his previous meditations—most probably from the latter cause, for, as he changed his position and looked hastily round, he started to find himself the object of such keen regard, and darted an angry and suspicious glance at the fireside group. It had the effect of immediately diverting all eyes to the chimney, except those of John Willet, who, finding himself, as it were, caught in the fact, and not being (as has been already observed) of a very ready nature, remained staring at his guest in a particularly awkward and disconcerted manner.

"Well?" said the stranger.

Well. There was not much in well. It was not a long speech. "I thought you gave an order," said the landlord, after a pause for two or three minutes for consideration.

The stranger took off his hat, and disclosed the hard features of a man of sixty or thereabouts, much weather-beaten and worn by time, and the naturally harsh expression of which was not improved by a dark handkerchief, which was bound tightly round his head, and, while it served the purpose of a wig, shaded his forehead, and almost hid his eyebrows. If it were intended to conceal or

divert attention from a deep gash, now healed into an ugly scar, which, when it was first inflicted, must have laid bare his cheekbone, the object was but indifferently attained, for it could scarcely fail to be noted at a glance. His complexion was of a cadaverous hue, and he had a grizzly, jagged beard of some three weeks' date. Such was the figure (very meanly and poorly clad) that now rose from the seat, and, stalking across the room, sat down in a corner of the chimney, which the politeness or fears of the little clerk very readily assigned to him.

"A highwayman!" whispered Tom Cobb, to Parkes the ranger.

"Do you suppose highwaymen do n't dress handsomer than that?" replied Parkes. "It's a better business than you think for, Tom, and highwaymen do n't need or use to be shabby, take my word for it."

Meanwhile, the subject of their speculations had done honor to the house, by calling for some drink, which was promptly supplied by the landlord's son, Joe, a broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow, of twenty, whom it pleased his father still to consider a little boy, and to treat accordingly.

Stretching out his hands to warm them by the blazing fire, the man turned his head toward the company, and after running his eye sharply over them said, in a voice well suited to his appearance,

"What house is that which stands a mile or so from here?"

"Public house?" said the landlord, with his usual deliberation.

"Public house, father!" exclaimed Joe, "where's the public house, within a mile or so of the Maypole? He means the great house—the Warren—naturally and of course. The old, red, brick house, sir, that stands in its own grounds—"

"Ay," said the stranger.

"And that fifteen or twenty years ago, stood in a park, five times as broad, which, with other and richer property, has bit by bit, changed hands and dwindled away—more's the pity!" pursued the young man.

"Maybe," was the reply. "But my question related to the owner. What it has been, I do n't care to know, and what it is, I can see for myself."

The heir-apparent to the Maypole pressed his finger on his lips, and glancing at the young gentleman, already noticed, who had changed his attitude, when the house was first mentioned, replied in a lower tone,

"The owner's name is Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey Haredale, and"—again he glanced in the same direction as before—"and a worthy gentleman, too—hem!"

Paying as little regard to this admonitory cough, as to the significant gesture that had preceded it, the stranger pursued his questioning.

"I turned out of my way, coming here, and took the footpath that crosses the grounds. Who was the young lady that I saw entering a carriage? His daughter?"

"Why, how should I know, honest man?" replied Joe, contriving in the course of some arrangements about the hearth, to advance close to his questioner, and pluck him by the sleeve, "I did n't see the young lady, you know."

Whew! There's the wind again—and rain—well it is a night!

"Rough weather, indeed!" observed the strange man.

"You're used to it?" said Joe, catching at anything which seemed to promise a diversion of the subject.

"Pretty well," returned the other. "About the young lady—has Mr. Haredale a daughter?"

"No, no," said the young fellow, fretfully, "he's a single gentleman—he's—be quiet, can't you, man? Don't you see this talk is not relished yonder?"

Regardless of this whispered remonstrance, and affecting not to hear it, his tormentor provokingly continued:

"Single men have had daughters before now. Perhaps she may be his daughter, though he is not married."

"What do you mean?" said Joe, adding, in an under tone, as he approached him again, "You'll come in for it presently, I know you will!"

"I mean no harm," returned the traveller, boldly, "and have said none that I know of. I ask a few questions—as any stranger may, and not unnaturally—about the inmates of a remarkable house in a neighborhood which is new to me, and you are as agast and disturbed as if I were talking treason against King George. Perhaps you can tell me why, sir, for (as I say) I am a stranger, and this is Greek to me!"

The latter question was addressed to the obvious cause of Joe Willet's discomposure, who had risen and was adjusting his riding-cloak preparatory to stalling abroad. Briefly replying that he could give him no information, the young man beckoned to Joe, and handing him a piece of money in payment of his reckoning, hurried out attended by young Willet himself, who, taking up a candle, followed to light him to the house door.

While Joe was absent on this errand, the elder Willet and his three companions continued to smoke with profound gravity, and in a deep silence, each having his eyes fixed on a huge copper boiler that was suspended over the fire. After some time Joe Willet slowly shook his head, and thereupon his friends slowly shook theirs; but no man withdrew his eyes from the boiler, or altered the solemn expression of his countenance in the slightest degree.

At length Joe returned—very talkative and conciliatory, as though with a strong presentiment that he was going to be found fault with.

"Such a thing as love is!" he said, drawing a chair near the fire, and looking round for sympathy. "He has set off to walk to London—all the way to London. His nag gone lame in riding out here this blessed afternoon, and comfortably littered down in our stable at this minute; and he giving up a good hot supper and our best bed, because Miss Haredale has gone to a masquerade up in town, and he has set his heart upon seeing her! I don't think I could persuade myself to do that, beautiful as she is—but then I'm not in love, (at least I don't think I am,) and that's the whole difference."

"He is in love then?" said the stranger.

"Rather," replied Joe. "He'll never be more in love, and may very easily be less."

"Silence, sir!" cried his father.

"What a chap you are, Joe!" said Long Parkes.

"Such an inconsiderate lad!" murmured Tom Cobb.

"Putting himself forward and wringing the very nose off

his own father's face!" exclaimed the parish clerk, metaphorically.

"What does I do?" reasoned poor Joe.

"Silence, sir!" returned his father, "what do you mean by talking, when you see people that are more than two or three times your age, sitting still and silent and not dreaming of saying a word?"

"Why that's the proper time for me to talk, isn't it?" said Joe, rebelliously.

"The proper time, sir!" retorted his father, "the proper time's no time."

"Ah to be sure!" muttered Parkes, nodding gravely to the other two who nodded likewise, observing under their breaths that that was the point.

"The proper time's no time, sir," repeated John Willet; "when I was your age I never talked, I never wanted to talk, I listened and improved myself, that's what I did."

"And you'd find your father rather a tough customer in argument, Joe, if anybody was to try and tackle him"—said Parkes.

"For the matter o' that, Phil!" observed Mr. Willet, blowing a long, thin, spiral cloud of smoke out of the corner of his mouth, and staring at it abstractedly as it floated away; "For the matter o' that, Phil, argument is a gift of Natur. If Natur has gifted a man with powers of argument, a man has a right to make the best of 'em, and has not a right to stand on false delicacy, and deny that he is so gifted; for that is a turning of his back on Natur, a flouting of her, a slighting of her precious caskets, and a proving of one's self to be a swine that is n't worth her scattering pearls before."

The landlord pausing here for a very long time, Mr. Parkes naturally concluded that he had brought his discourse to an end; and therefore, turning to the young man with some austerity, exclaimed:

"You hear what your father says, Joe? You would n't much like to tackle him in argument, I'm thinking, sir."

"—Ir," said John Willet, turning his eyes from the ceiling to the face of his interrupter, and uttering the monosyllable in capitals, to apprise him that he had put in his oar, as the vulgar say, with unbecoming and irreverent haste; "Ir, sir, Natur has fixed upon me the gift of argument, why should I not own to it, and rather glory in the same? Yes, sir, I am a tough customer that way. You are right, sir. My toughness has been proved, sir, in this room many and many a time, as I think you know; and if you don't know," added John, putting his pipe into his mouth again, "so much the better, for I ain't proud and am not going to tell you."

A general murmur from his three cronies, and a general shaking of heads at the copper boiler, assured John Willet that they had had good experience of his powers and needed no further evidence to assure them of his superiority. John smoked with a little more dignity and surveyed them in silence.

"It's all very fine talking," muttered Joe, who had been fidgeting in his chair with divers uneasy gestures. "But if you mean to tell me that I'm never to open my lips—"

"Silence, sir!" roared his father. "No, you never are. When your opinion's wanted, you give it. When you're spoke to, you speak. When your opinion's not wanted and you're not spoke to, don't you give an opinion and don't you speak. The world's undergone a nice alteration since my time, certainly. My belief is that there ain't any boys left—that there is n't such a thing as a boy—that there's nothing now between a male baby and a man—and that all the boys went out with his blessed Majesty King George the Second."

"That's a very true observation, always excepting the young princes," said the parish-clerk, who, as the representative of church and state in that company, held himself bound to the nicest loyalty. "If it's godly and righteous for boys, being of the ages of boys, to behave themselves like boys, then the young princes must be boys and cannot be otherwise."

"Did you ever hear tell of mermaids, sir?" said Mr. Willet.

"Certainly I have," replied the clerk.

"Very good," said Mr. Willet. "According to the constitution of mermaids, so much of a mermaid as is not a woman must be a fish. According to the constitution of young princes, so much of a young prince (if anything) as is not actually an angel, must be godly and righteous. Therefore if it's becoming and godly and righteous in the young princes (as it is at their ages) that they should be boys, they are and must be boys, and cannot by possibility be anything else."

This elucidation of a knotty point being received with such marks of approval as to put John Willet into a good humor, he contented himself with repeating to his son his command of silence, and addressing the stranger, said:

"If you had asked your questions of a grown-up person—of me or any of these gentlemen—you'd have had some satisfaction, and would n't have wasted breath. Miss Haredale is Mr. Geoffrey Haredale's niece."

"Is her father alive?" said the man carelessly.

"No," rejoined the landlord, "he is not alive, and he is not dead—"

"Not dead!" cried the other.

"Not dead in a common sort of way," said the landlord.

The cronies nodded to each other, and Mr. Parkes remarked in an undertone, shaking his head meanwhile as who should say, "let no man contradict me, for I won't believe him," that John Willet was in amazing force to-night, and fit to tackle a Chief Justice.

The stranger suffered a short pause to elapse, and then asked abruptly, "What do you mean?"

"More than you think for, friend," returned John Willet. "Perhaps there's more meaning in them words than you suspect."

"Perhaps there is," said the strange man, gruffly; "but what the devil do you speak in such mysteries for? You tell me first that a man is not alive, nor yet dead—then that he's not dead in a common sort of way—then, that you mean a great deal more than I think for. To tell you the truth, you may do that easily; for so far as I can make out, you mean nothing. What do you mean, I ask again?"

"That," returned the landlord, a little brought down from his dignity by the stranger's surliness, "is a Maypole story, and has been any time these four-and-twenty years. That story is Solomon Daisy's story. It belongs to the



house; and nobody but Solomon Daisy has ever told it under this roof, or ever shall—that's more."

The man glanced at the parish-clerk, whose air of consciousness and importance plainly betokened him to be the person referred to, and, observing that he had taken his pipe from his lips, after a very long whiff to keep it alight, and was evidently about to tell his story without further solicitation, gathering his large coat about him, and shrinking further back was almost lost in the gloom of the spacious chimney-corner, except when the flame, struggling from under a great sagot whose weight almost crushed it for the time, shot upward with a strong and sudden glare, and illuminating his figure for a moment, seemed afterward to cast it into deeper obscurity than before.

By this flickering light, which made the old room, with its heavy timbers and pannelled walls, look as if it were built of polished ebony—the wind roaring and howling without, now rattling the latch and creaking the hinges of the stout oaken door, and now driving at the casement as though it would beat it in—by this light, and under circumstances so suspicious, Solomon Daisy began his tale:

"It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother—"

Here he came to a dead stop, and made so long a pause that even John Willett grew impatient and asked why he did not proceed.

"Cob," said Solomon Daisy, dropping his voice, and appealing to the post-office keeper; "what day of the month is this?"

"The nineteenth."

"Of March," said the clerk, bending forward, "the nineteenth of March; that's very strange."

In a low voice they all acquiesced, and Solomon went on:

"It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother, that twenty-two years was the owner of the Warren, which, as Joe has said—not that you remember it Joe, for a boy like you can't do that, but because you have often heard me say so—was then a much larger and better place, and a much more valuable property than it is now. His lady was lately dead, and he was left with one child; the Miss Haredale you have been inquiring about; who was then scarcely a year old."

Although the speaker addressed himself to the man who had shown so much curiosity about this same family, and made a pause here as if expecting some exclamation of surprise or encouragement, the latter made no remark, nor gave any indication that he heard or was interested in what was said. Solomon therefore turned to his old companions, whose noses were brightly illuminated by the deep red glow from the bowls of their pipes; assured, by long experience, of their attention, and resolved to show his sense of such indecent behavior.

"Mr. Haredale," said Solomon, turning his back upon the strange man, "left this place when his lady died, feeling it lonely like, and went up to London, where he stopped some months; but finding that place as lonely as this—as I suppose and have always heard say—he suddenly came back again with his little girl to the Warren, bringing with him beside, that day, only two women servants, and his steward, and a gardener."

Mr. Daisy stopped to take a whiff at his pipe, which was going out, and then proceeded—at first in a snuffing tone, occasioned by keen enjoyment of the tobacco and strong pulling at the pipe, and afterward with increasing distinctness:

"—Bringing with him two women servants, and his steward and a gardener. The rest stopped behind up in London, and were to follow next day. It happened that that night, an old gentleman who lived at Chigwell-row, and had long been poorly, deceased, and an order came to me at half after twelve o'clock at night to go and toll the passing bell."

There was a movement in the little group of listeners, sufficiently indicative of the strong repugnance any one of them would have felt to have turned out at such a time upon such an errand. The clerk felt and understood it, and pursued his theme accordingly.

"It was a dreary thing, especially as the grave-digger was laid up in his bed, from long working in a damp soil and sitting down to take his dinner on cold tombstones, and I was consequently under obligation to go alone, for it was too late to hope to get any other companion. However, I was n't unprepared for it; as the old gentleman had often made it a request that the bell should be tolled as soon as possible after the breath was out of his body, and he had been expected to go for some days. I put as good a face upon it as I could, and muffled myself up, (for it was mortal cold,) started out with a lighted lantern in one hand and the key of the church in the other."

At this point of the narrative, the dress of the strange man rustled as if he had turned himself to hear more distinctly. Slightly pointing over his shoulder, Solomon elevated his eyebrows and nodded a silent inquiry to Joe whether this was the case. Joe shaded his eyes with his hand and peered into the corner, but could make out nothing, and so shook his head.

"It was just such a night as this; blowing a hurricane, raining heavily, and very dark—I often think now, darker than I ever saw it before or since; that may be my fancy, but the houses were all close shut and the folks in-doors, and perhaps there is only one other man who knows how dark it really was. I got into the church, chained the door back so that it should keep ajar—for to tell the truth, I did n't like to be shut in there alone—and putting my lantern on the stone seat in the little corner where the bell-ropes is, sat down beside it to trim the candle."

"I sat down to trim the candle, and when I had done so, I could not persuade myself to get up again and go about my work. I do n't know how it was, but I thought of all the ghost stories I had ever heard, even those that I had heard when I was a boy at school, and had forgotten long ago; and they did n't come into my mind one after another but all crowding at once, like. I recollected one story there was in the village, how that on a certain night in the year (it might be that very night for anything I knew,) all the dead people came out of the ground and sat at the heads of their own graves till morning. This made me think how many people I had known were buried between the church door and the churchyard gate, and what a dreadful thing it would be to have to pass among them and know them

again, so earthy and unlike themselves. I had known all the niches and arches in the church, from a child; still I could n't persuade myself that those were their natural shadows, which I saw on the pavement, but felt sure there were some ugly figures hiding among 'em and peeping out. Thinking on in this way, I began to think of the old gentleman who was just dead, and I could have sworn, as I looked up the dark chancel, that I saw him in his usual place, wrapping his shroud around him, and shivering as if he felt it cold. All this time I sat listening, and hardly dared to breathe. At length I started up and took the bell-ropes in my hands. At that minute there rang—not that bell, for I had hardly touched the rope—but another!

"I heard the ringing of another bell, and a deep bell too, plainly. It was only for an instant, and even then the wind carried the sound away, but I heard it. I listened for a long time, but it rang no more. I had heard of corpse candles, and at last I persuaded myself that this must be a corpse bell tolling of itself at midnight for the dead. I tolled my bell—how, or how long, I do n't know—and ran home to bed as fast as I could touch the ground."

"I was up early next morning, after a restless night, and told the story to my neighbors. Some were serious, and some made light of it: I do n't think anybody believed it real. But that morning, Mr. Reuben Haredale was found murdered in his bed-chamber, and in his hand was a piece of the cord attached to an alarm-bell, outside the roof, which hung in his room, and had been cut asunder, no doubt by the murderer, when he seized it."

"That was the bell I heard."

"A bureau was found opened, and a cash-box, which Mr. Haredale had brought down that day, and was supposed to contain a large sum of money, was gone. The steward and gardener were both missing, and both suspected for a long time, but they were never found, though hunted far and wide. And far enough they might have looked for poor Mr. Rudge, the steward, whose body—scarcely to be recognized, but by his clothes, and the watch and ring he wore—was found, months afterward, at the bottom of a piece of water, in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed with a knife. He was only partly dressed; and people all agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of the blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master."

"Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he has never been heard of, from that time to this, he will be, mark my words. The crime was committed this day two-and-twenty years—on the nineteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three. On the nineteenth of March, in some year, no matter when—I know it, I am sure of it, for we have always, in some strange way or other, been brought back to the subject on that day ever since—on the nineteenth of March, in some year, sooner or later, that man will be discovered."

## CHAPTER II.

"A strange story!" said the man, who had been the cause of the narration. "Stranger still, if it comes about as you predict. Is that all?"

A question so unexpected, nettled Solomon Daisy not a little. By dint of relating the story very often, and ornamenting it (according to village report) with a few flourishes, suggested by the various hearers, from time to time, he had come by degrees to tell it with great effect; and "is that all?" after the climax, was not what he was accustomed to.

"Is that all!" he repeated, "yes, that's all, sir. And enough, too, I think."

"I think so too. My horse, young man. He is but a hack, hired from a road-side posting house, but he must carry me to London, to-night."

"To-night!" said Joe.

"To-night," returned the other. "What do you stare at? This tavern would seem to be a House of Call, for all the gaping idlers of the neighborhood!"

At this remark, which evidently had reference to the scrutiny he had undergone, as mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the eyes of John Willett and his friends were diverted with marvellous rapidity to the copper boiler again—Not so with Joe, who being a mettlesome fellow, returned the stranger's angry glance with a steady look, and rejoined:

"It's not a very bold thing to wonder at your going out to-night—surely you have been asked such a harmless question in an inn before, and in better weather than this. I thought you might n't know the way, as you seem strange to this part."

"The way—" repeated the other, irritably.

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I'll—Humph!—I'll find it," replied the man, waving his hand and turning on his heel. "Landlord, take the reckoning here."

John Willett did as he was desired, for on that point he was seldom slow, except in the particulars of giving change, and testing the goodness of any piece of coin that was offered to him, by the application of his teeth or his tongue, or some other test, or, in doubtful cases, in a long series of tests, terminating in its rejection. The guest then wrapt his garments about him, so as to shelter himself as effectually as he could from the rough weather, and without any word or sign of farewell, betook himself to the stable yard. Here Joe (who had left the room, on the conclusion of their short dialogue) was protecting himself and the horse from the rain, under the shelter of an old pent-house roof.

"He's pretty much of my opinion," said Joe, patting the horse upon the neck; "I'll wager that your stopping here, to-night, would please him better than it would please me."

"He and I are of different opinions, as we have been more than once on our way here," was the short reply.

"So I was thinking, before you came out, for he has felt your spurs, poor beast."

The stranger adjusted his coat collar about his face, and made no answer.

"You'll know me again, I see," he said, marking the young fellow's earnest gaze, when he had sprung into the saddle.

"The man's worth knowing, master, who travels a road he don't know, mounted on a jaded horse, and leaves good quarters to do it on such a night as this."

"Yet have sharp eyes, and a sharp tongue, I find."

"Both I hope by nature, but the last grows rusty sometimes, for the want of using."

"Use the first less, too, and keep their sharpness for your sweethearts, boy," said the man.

So saying, he shook his hand from the bridle, struck him roughly on the head with the butt-end of his whip, and galloped away; dashing through the mud and darkness with a headlong speed, which few badly-mounted horsemen would have cared to venture, even had they been thoroughly acquainted with the country, and which, to one who knew nothing of the way he rode, was attended at every step with great hazard and danger.

The roads, even within twelve miles of London, were at that time ill-paved, seldom repaired, and very badly made. The way this rider traversed, had been ploughed up by the wheels of heavy wagons, and rendered rotten by the frosts and thaws of the preceding winter, or possibly of many winters. Great holes and gaps had worn into the soil, which being now filled with water from the late rains, were not easily distinguishable, even by day; and a plunge into any one of them, might have brought down a surer-footed horse, than the poor beast now urged forward to the utmost extent of his powers. Sharp flints and stones rolled from under his hoofs continually; the rider could scarcely see beyond the animal's head, or further on either side than his own arm would have extended. At that time, too, all the roads in the neighborhood of the metropolis were infested by foot-pads, or highwaymen, and it was a night, of all others, in which any evil-disposed person of this class might have pursued his unlawful calling with little fear of detection.

Still, the traveller dashed forward at the same reckless pace, regardless alike of the dirt and wet which flew about his head, the profound darkness of the night, and the probability of encountering some desperate characters abroad. At every turn and angle, even where a deviation from the direct course might have been least expected, and could not possibly be seen until he was close upon it, he guided the bridle with an unerring hand, and kept the middle of the road. Thus he sped onward, raising himself in the stirrups, leaning his body forward until it almost touched the horse's neck, and flourishing his heavy whip above his head with the fervor of a madman.

There are times when the elements being in unusual commotion, those who are bent on daring enterprises, or agitated by great thoughts, whether of good or evil, feel a mysterious sympathy with the tumult of nature, and are roused into corresponding violence. In the midst of thunder, lightning, and storm, many tremendous deeds have been committed; men, self-possessed before have given a sudden loose to passions they could no longer control. The demons of wrath and despair have striven to emulate those who ride the whirlwind and direct the storm; and man, lashed into madness, with the roaring winds and boiling waters, has become for the time as wild and merciless as the elements themselves.

Whether the traveller was possessed by thoughts which the fury of the night had heated and stimulated into a quicker current, or was merely impelled by some strong motive to reach his journey's end, on he swept more like a hunted phantom than a man, nor checked his pace until arriving at some cross roads, one of which led by a longer route to the place whence he had lately started, he bore down so suddenly upon a vehicle, which was coming toward him, that in the effort to avoid it, he well-nigh pulled his horse upon his haunches, and narrowly escaped being thrown.

"Yohe!" cried the voice of a man. "What's that? who goes there?"

"A friend!" replied the traveller.

"A friend!" repeated the voice. "Who the devil calls himself a friend and rides like that, abusing Heaven's gifts in the shape of horseflesh, and endangering—not only his own neck, which might be no great matter, but the necks of other people?"

"You have a lantern there, I see," said the traveller, dismounting, "lend it me for a moment. You have wounded my horse, I think, with your shaft or wheel."

"Wounded him!" cried the other, "if I have n't killed him, it's no fault of yours. What do you mean by galloping along the king's highway like that, eh?"

"Give me the light," returned the traveller, snatching it from his hand, "and do n't ask idle questions of a man who is in a mood for talking."

"If you had said you were in no mood for talking before, I should perhaps have been in no mood for lighting," said the voice, "however, as it's the poor horse that's damaged, and not you, one of you is welcome to the light at all events—but it's not the sturdy one."

The traveller returned no answer to this speech, but holding the light near to his panting and reeking beast, examined him in limb and carcase. Meanwhile the other man sat very composedly in his vehicle, which was a kind of chaise, with a depository for a large bag of tools, and watched his proceedings with a careful eye.

The looker-on was a round, red-faced, sturdy yeoman, with a double chin, and a voice husky with good living, good sleeping, good humor, and good health. He was past the prime of life, but Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he carries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young, and in full vigor. With such people, the gray head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand, in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life.

The person whom the traveller had thus so abruptly encountered, was off this kind, bluff, hale, hearty, and in a green old age: at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world. Although muffled up in divers coats and handkerchiefs—one of which, passed over his crown and tied in a convenient crease of his double chin, secured his three-cornered hat and bob-wig from blowing off his head—there was no disguising his plump and comfortable figure; neither did certain dirty finger-marks upon his face, give it any other than an odd and comical expression, through which its natural good humor shone with undiminished lustre.

"He is not hurt," said the traveller, at length, raising his head and the light together.

"You have found that out at last, have you?" rejoined the old man. "My eyes have seen more fight than yours, but I would n't change with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! I could have told you that he was n't hurt five minutes ago. Give me the light, friend; ride forward at a gentler pace; and good night."

In handing up the lantern, the man necessarily cast its rays full on the speaker's face. Their eyes met at the instant. He suddenly dropped it and crushed it with his foot.

"Saw you never a locksmith before, that you start as if you had come upon a ghost?" cried the old man in the chaise, "or is this," he added hastily, thrusting his hand into the tool basket and drawing out a hammer, "a scheme for robbing me? I know these roads, friend. When I travel them, I carry nothing but a few shillings, and not a crown's worth of them. I tell you plainly, to save us both trouble, that there's nothing to be got from me, but a pretty stout arm, considering my years, and this tool which mayhap from long acquaintance with, I can use pretty briskly. You shall not have it all your own way, I promise you, if you play at that game." With these words he stood upon the defensive.

"I am not what you take me for, Gabriel Vardon," replied the other.

"Then what and who are you?" returned the locksmith.

"You know my name it seems. Let me know yours."

"I have not gained the information from any confidence of yours, but from the inscription on your cart, which tells it to all the town," replied the traveller.

"You have better eyes for that than you had for your horse, then," said Vardon, descending aimlessly from his chaise: "who are you? Let me see your face."

While the locksmith alighted, the traveller had regained his saddle, from which he now confronted the old man, who, moving as the horse moved in chafing under the tightened rein, kept close beside him.

"Let me see your face, I say."

"Stand off?"

"No masquerading tricks," said the locksmith, "and tales at the club to-morrow how Gabriel Vernon was frightened by a surly voice and a dark night. Stand—let me see your face."

Finding that further resistance would only involve him in a personal struggle with an antagonist by no means to be despised, the traveller threw back his coat, and stooping down looked steadily at the locksmith.

Perhaps two men more powerfully contrasted, never opposed each other face to face. The ruddy features of the locksmith, so set off and heightened the excessive pallor of the man on horseback that he looked like a bloodless ghost, while the moisture which hard riding had brought out upon his skin, hung there in dark and heavy drops, like the dew of agony and death. The countenance of the old locksmith was lighted up with the smile of one expecting to detect in this unpromising stranger some latent roguery of eye or lip which should reveal a familiar person in that arch disguise, and spoil his jest. The face of the other, sullen and fierce, but shrinking too, was that of a man who stood at bay; while his firmly closed jaws, his puckered mouth, and more than all a certain stealthy motion of the hand within his breast, seemed to announce a desperate purpose very foreign to acting, or child's play.

Thus they regarded each other for some time in silence.

"Humph!" he said, when he had scanned his features:

"I do n't know you."

"Do n't desire to?" returned the other, muffling himself as before.

"I do n't," said Gabriel; "to be plain with you, friend, you do n't carry in your countenance a letter of recommendation."

"It's not my wish," said the traveller. "My humor is to be avoided."

"Well," said the locksmith, bluntly, "I think you'll have your humor."

"I will, at any cost," rejoined the traveller. "In proof of it, lay this to heart—that you were never in such peril of your life as you have been within these few moments; when you are within five minutes of breathing your last, you will not be nearer death than you have been to-night!"

"Ay!" said the sturdy locksmith.

"Ay! and a violent death."

"From whose hand?"

"From mine," replied the traveller.

With that he put spurs to his horse, and rode away; at first clashing heavily through the mire at a smart trot, but gradually increasing in speed until the last sound of his horse's hoofs died away upon the wind, when he was again hurrying on at the same furious gallop which had been his pace when the locksmith first encountered him.

Gabriel Vardon remained standing in the road with the broken lantern in his hand, listening in stupefied silence until no sound reached his ear but the moaning of the wind, and the fast-falling rain, when he struck himself one or two smart blows in the breast by way of rousing himself, and broke into an exclamation of surprise.

"What is the name of wonder can this fellow be? a madman? a highwayman? a cut throat? If he had not scoured off so fast, we'd have seen who was in the most danger, he or I. I never nearer death than I have been to-night! I hope I may be no nearer to it for a score of years to come—if so, I'll be content to be no further from it. My stars!—a pretty brag this to a stout man—pooh, pooh!"

Gabriel resumed his seat, and looking wistfully upon the road by which the traveller had come, murmuring in a half whisper:

"The Maypole—two miles to the Maypole. I came the other road from the Warren after a long day's work at locks and bells, on purpose that I should not come by the Maypole and break my promise to Martha by looking in—there's resolution! It would be dangerous to go on to London without a light, and it's four miles, and a good half-mile besides, to the Halfway-House, and between this and that is the very place where one needs a light most. Two miles to the Maypole! I told Martha I would n't; I said I would n't, and I did n't—there's resolution!"

Repeating these two last words very often, as if to compensate for the little resolution he was going to show by piquing himself on the great resolution he had shown, Gabriel Vardon quietly turned back, determining to get a light at the Maypole, and to take nothing but a light.

When he got to the Maypole, however, and Joe, responding to his well known hail, came running out to the horse's head, leaving the door open behind him, and disclosing a

delicious perspective of warmth and brightness—when the ruddy gleam of the fire streaming through the old red curtains of the common room, seemed to bring with it as part of itself, a pleasant hum of voices, and flaming odor of steaming grog and rare tobacco, all steeped as it were in the cheerful glow—when the shadows sitting across the curtain, showed that those inside had risen from their snug seat, and were making room in the snugest corner (how well he knew that corner!) for the honest locksmith, and a broad glare suddenly streaming up, bespoke the goodness of the crackling log from which a brilliant train of sparks was doubtless at that moment whirling up the chimney in honor of his coming—when, superadded to these enticements, there stole upon him from the distant kitchen a gentle sound of frying, with a musical clatter of plates and dishes, and a savory smell that made even the boisterous wind a perfume, Gabriel felt his firmness oozing rapidly away. He tried to look stoically at the tavern, but his features would relax into a look of fondness. He turned his head the other way, and the cold black country seemed to frown him off, and to drive him for a refuge into its hospitable arms.

"The merciful man, Joe," said the locksmith, "is merciful to his beast. I'll get out for a little while."

And how unnatural it seemed for a sober man to be plodding wearily along through miry roads, encountering the rude buffets of the wind and pelting of the rain, when there was a clean floor covered with crisp white sand, a well-swept hearth, a blazing fire, a table decorated with white cloth, bright pewter flagons, and other tempting preparations for a well-cooked meal—when there were these things, and company disposed to make the most of them, all ready to his hand, and entreating him to enjoyment!

Such were the locksmith's thoughts when first seated in the snug corner; and slowly recovering from a pleasant defect of vision—pleasant, because occasioned by the wind blowing in his eyes, which made it matter of sound policy and duty to himself that he should take refuge from the weather, and tempted him for the same reason to aggravate a slight cough, and declare he felt but poorly. Such were still his thoughts more than a full hour afterward, when, supper over, he still sat with shining jovial face in the same warm nook, listening to the cricket-like chirrup of little Solomon Daisy, and bearing no unimportant or slightly respected part in the social gossip round the Maypole fire.

"I wish he may be an honest man, that's all," said Solomon, winding up a variety of speculations relative to the stranger, concerning whom Gabriel had compared notes with the company, and so raised a grave discussion; "I wish he may be an honest man."

"So we all do, I suppose, do n't we?" observed the locksmith.

"I do n't," said Joe.

"No!" cried Gabriel.

"No. He struck me with his whip, the coward, when he was mounted and I afoot, and I should be better pleased that he turned out what I think him."

"And what may that be, Joe?"

"No good, Mr. Vardon. You may shake your head father, but I say no good, and will say no good, and I would say no good a hundred times over, if that would bring him back to have the drubbing he deserves."

"Hold your tongue sir," said John Willet.

"I won't, father. It's all along of you that he dared to do what he did. Seeing me treated like a child, and put down like a fool, he plucks up a heart and has a fling at a fellow that he thinks—and may well think too—has n't a grain of spirit. But he's mistaken as I'll show him, and as I'll show all of you before long."

"Does the boy know what he's a saying of?" cried the astonished John Willet.

"Father," returned Joe, "I know what I say and mean well—better than you do when you hear me. I can bear with you, but I cannot bear the contempt that your treating me in the way you do brings upon me from others every day. Look at other young men of my age. Have they no liberty, no will, no right to speak? Are they obliged to sit munched, and are they ordered about till they are the laughing-stock of young and old? I'm a bye-word all over Chigwell, and I say—and it's fairer my saying so now than waiting till you are dead, and I have got your money—I say that before long I shall be driven to break such bounds, and that when I do, it won't be me that you'll have to blame, but your own self, and no other."

John Willet was so amazed by the exasperation and boldness of his hopeful son, that he sat as one bewildered, staring in a ludicrous manner at the boiler, and endeavoring, but quite ineffectually, to collect his tardy thoughts, and invent an answer. The guests, scarcely less disturbed, were equally at a loss, and at length with a variety of muttered, half-expressed condolences and pieces of advice, rose to depart, being at the same time slightly muddled with liquor.

The honest locksmith alone addressed a few words of coherent and sensible advice to both parties, urging John Willet to remember that Joe was nearly arrived at man's estate, and should not be ruled with too tight a hand, and exhorting Joe himself to bear with his father's caprices, and rather endeavor to turn them aside by temperate remonstrance than by ill-timed rebellion. This advice was received as such advice usually is. On John Willet it made almost as much impression as on the sign outside the door, while Joe who took it in the best part, avowed himself more obliged than he could well express, but politely intimated his intention nevertheless of taking his own course uninfluenced by anybody.

"You have always been a very good friend to me, Mr. Vardon," he said, as they stood without the porch, and the locksmith was equipping himself for his journey home; "I take it very kind in you to say all this, but the time's nearly come when the Maypole and I must part company."

"Roving stones gather no moss, Joe," said Gabriel.

"Nor mile-stones much," replied Joe. "I'm little better than one here, and see about as much of the world."

"Then what would you do, Joe," pursued the locksmith, stroking his chin reflectively, "What would you be? where could you go, you see?"

"I must trust to chance, Mr. Vardon."

"A bad thing to trust to, Joe. I don't like it. I always tell my girl, when we talk about a husband for her, never to trust to chance, but to make sure beforehand that she has a good man and true, and then chance will neither

make her nor break her. What are you fidgeting about there, Joe? Nothing gone in the harness I hope?"

"No, no," said Joe—finding, however, something very engrossing to do in the way of strapping and buckling—"Miss Dolly quite well?"

"Hearty, thanks. She looks pretty enough to be well, and good too."

"She's always both, sir."

"So she is, thank God!"

"I hope"—said Joe, after some hesitation, "that you won't tell this story against me—this of my having been beat like the boy they'd make of me—at all events, till I have met this man again and settled the account—it'll be a better story then."

"Why, who should I tell it to?" returned Gabriel. "They know it here, and I'm not likely to come across anybody else who would care about it."

"That's true enough"—said the young fellow, with a sigh. "I quite forgot that. Yes, that's true!"

So saying, he raised his face, which was very red—no doubt from the exertion of strapping and buckling as afore-said—and giving the reins to the old man, who had by this time taken his seat, sighed again and bade him good night.

"Good night!" cried Gabriel. "Now think better of what we have just been speaking of, and don't be rash, there's a good fellow; I have an interest in you and would n't have you cast yourself away. Good night!"

Returning his cheery farewell with cordial good will, Joe Willet lingered until the sound of wheels ceased to vibrate in his ears, and then shaking his head mournfully, re-entered the house.

Gabriel Vardon wended his way toward London, thinking of a great many things, and most of all of flaming terms in which to relate his adventure, and so account satisfactorily to Mrs. Vardon for visiting the Maypole, despite certain solemn covenants between himself and that lady. Thinking begets not only thought but drowsiness occasionally, and the more the locksmith thought, the more sleepy he became.

A man may be very sober—or at least firmly set upon his legs on that neutral ground which lies between the confines of perfect sobriety and slight tipsiness—and yet feel a strong tendency to mingle up present circumstances with others which have no manner of connexion with them; to confound all consideration of persons, things, times, and places; and to jumble his disjointed thoughts together in a kind of mental kaleidoscope, producing combinations as unexpected as they are transitory. This was Gabriel Vardon's state, as nodding in his dog sleep, and leaving his horse to pursue a road with which he was well acquainted, he got over the ground unconsciously, and drew nearer and nearer home. He roused himself once when the horse stopped until the turnpike gate was opened, and had cried a lusty "good night" to the toll-keeper, but then he woke out of a dream about picking a lock in the stomach of the Great Mogul, and even when he did wake, mixed up the turnpike man with his mother-in-law who had been dead twenty years. It is not surprising, therefore, that he soon relapsed, and jogged heavily along, quite insensible to his progress.

And now he approached the great city, which lay outstretched before him like a dark shadow on the ground, reddening the sluggish air with a deep, dull light, that told of labyrinths of public ways and shops, and swarms of busy people. Approaching nearer and nearer yet, this halo began to fade, and the causes which produced it slowly to develop themselves. Long lines of lighted streets might be faintly traced, with here and there a lighter spot where lamps were clustered about a square or market or round some great building; after a time these grew more distinct, and the lamps themselves visible—slight yellow specks that seemed to be rapidly snuffed out one by one as intervening obstacles hid them from the sight. Then sounds arose—the striking of church clocks, the distant bark of dogs, the hum of traffic in the streets; then outlines might be traced—tall steeples looming in the air, and piles of unequal roofs oppressed by chimneys; then the noise swelled into a louder sound, and forms grew more distinct and numerous still, and London—visible in the darkness by its own faint light, and not by that of Heaven—was at hand.

The locksmith, however, all unsuspecting of its near vicinity, still jogged on, half sleeping and half waking, when a loud cry at no great distance ahead, roused him with a start.

For a moment or two he looked about him like a man who had been transported to some strange country in his sleep, but soon recognizing familiar objects, rubbed his eyes lazily and might have relapsed again, but that the cry was repeated—not once or twice or thrice, but many times, and each time, if possible, with increased vehemence. Thoroughly aroused, Gabriel, who was a bold man and not easily daunted, made straight to the spot, urging on his stout little horse as if for life or death.

The matter indeed looked sufficiently serious, for, coming to the place whence the cries had proceeded, he descried the figure of a man extended in an apparently lifeless state upon the pathway, and hovering round him another person with a torch in his hand, which he waved in the air with a wild impatience, redoubling meanwhile those cries for help which had brought the locksmith to the spot.

"What's here to do?" said the old man, alighting.

"How's this—what—Barnaby?"

The bearer of the torch shook his long loose hair back from his eyes, and thrusting his face eagerly into that of the locksmith, fixed upon him a look which told his history at once. He was an idiot.

"You know me, Barnaby?" said Vardon.

The idiot nodded—not once or twice, but a score of times, and that with a fantastic exaggeration which would have kept his head in motion for an hour, but that the locksmith held up his finger and fixing his eye sternly upon him caused him to desist, then pointed to the body with an inquiring look.

"There's blood upon him," said Barnaby, with a shudder. "It makes me sick."

"How came it there?" demanded Vardon.

"Steel, steel, steel!" replied the idiot, fiercely, imitating with his hand the thrust of a sword.

"Is he robbed?" said the locksmith.



Barnaby caught him by the arm, and nodded "Yes;" then pointed toward the city.

"Oh!" said the old man, bending over the body, and looking round as he spoke into Barnaby's pale face, strangely lighted up by something which was not intellect. "The robber made off that way, did he? Well, well, never mind that just now. Held your torch this way—a little further off—so. Now stand quiet while I try to see what harm is done."

With these words, he applied himself to a closer examination of the prostrate form, while Barnaby, holding the torch as he had been directed, looked on in silence, fascinated by interest or curiosity, but repelled nevertheless by some strong and secret horror which convulsed him in every nerve.

As he stood at that moment, half shrinking back and half bending forward, both his face and figure were full in the strong glare of the light, and as distinctly revealed as though it had been broad day. He was about three and twenty years old, and though rather spare, of a fair height and strong make. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and, hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his wild and restless looks an expression quite unearthly—enhanced by the paleness of his complexion and the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes. Starting as his aspect was, the features were good, and there was something plaintive in his wan and haggard look. But the absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than in a dead one, and in this unfortunate being its noblest powers were wanting.

His dress was of green, clumsily trimmed here and there—apparently by his own hands—with gaudy lace; brightest where the cloth was most worn and soiled, and poorest where it was at the best. A pair of tawdry ruffles dangled at his wrists, while his throat was nearly bare. He had ornamented his hat with a cluster of peacock's feathers, but they were limp and broken and now trailed negligently down his back; girded to his side was the steel hilt of an old sword without blade or scabbard; and some parti-colored ends of ribbons and poor glass toys completed the ornamental portion of his attire. The flattered and confused disposition of all the motley scraps that formed his dress, bespoke in a scarcely less degree than his eager and unsettled manner, the disorder of his mind, and by a grotesque contrast set off and heightened the more impressive wildness of his face.

"Barnaby," said the locksmith, after a hasty but careful inspection, "this man is not dead, but he has a wound in his side, and is in a fainting fit."

"I know him, I know him!" cried Barnaby, clapping his hands.

"Know him?" repeated the locksmith.

"Hush!" said Barnaby, laying his fingers on his lips. "He went out to-day a wooing. I would n't for a light guinea that he should never go a wooing again, for if he did some eyes would grow dim that are now as bright as—see, when I talk of eyes, the stars come out. Whose eyes are they? If they are angel's eyes, why do they look down here and see good men hurt and only wink and sparkle all the night?"

"Now God help this silly fellow," murmured the perplexed locksmith, "can he know this gentleman? His mother's house is not far off; I had better see if she can tell me who he is—Barnaby, my man, help me to put him in the chaise, and we'll ride home together."

"I can't touch him!" cried the idiot, falling back, and shuddering as with a strong spasm; "he's bloody."

"It's in his nature I know," muttered the locksmith, "it's cruel to ask him, but I must have help—Barnaby—good Barnaby—dear Barnaby—if you know this gentleman, for the sake of his life and every body's life that loves him, help me to raise him and lay him down."

"Cover him up then, wrap him close—do n't let me see it—smell it—hear the word. Do n't speak the word—do n't!"

They placed him in the carriage with great ease, for Barnaby was strong and active, but all the time they were so occupied he shivered from head to foot, and evidently experienced such an ecstasy of terror that the locksmith could scarcely endure to witness his suffering.

This accomplished, and the wounded man being covered with Vardon's own great-coat, which he took off for the purpose, they proceeded onward at a brisk pace: Barnaby gaily counting the stars upon his fingers, and Gabriel inwardly congratulating himself upon having an adventure now which would silence Mrs. Vardon upon the subject of the Maypole for that night, or there was no faith in woman.

From the London Athenæum.

## LINES

Written after a visit to the Poet Wordsworth.

O England! full of years—yet passing fair—  
I drink thy beauty with a child's delight,  
The tear upon my face.

Thy moss-crown'd heights,  
Beneath whose base 't would seem that Time had  
paus'd

Like an o'erseer destroyer—and laid down  
Feigning to sleep, and let their glory pass—  
Thy proud, baronial mansions, deck'd with all  
That wealth can win from Art—but more than these,  
Thy mist enircled hills—thy crystal lakes  
Glossing themselves amid the velvet meads—  
Thy green, green hedges, with their tufted bloom—  
Thy cottage children, playing 'mid the flowers  
That make their thatch-roof'd homes so beautiful—  
These well repay me, to have dared for thee  
The tempest-swoln Atlantic, though unused  
To perils on the deep.

But most of all,

That I have found thee, in thy rural bower,  
Whose music thrill'd my heart, when life was new—  
That I have seen thy face and heard thy voice,  
Is glorious gain: for on the sacred walls  
Of the soul's cabinet, where she retires  
To muse amid her treasure'd imagery,  
Henceforth shall hang thy picture—mild with thought,  
And sublimed with genius—ne'er to fade,  
Till Death shall darken all material things.

Anti-Slaid, August, 1841.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## The Scrap-Book.

### CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE

Between Mr. Gibbon, author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Dr. Priestley, author of "History of the Corruptions of Christianity."

MR. GIBBON TO DR. PRIESTLEY.

January 23, 1783.

SIR: As a mark of your esteem, I should have accepted with pleasure your History of the Corruptions of Christianity. You have been careful to inform me, that it is intended, not as a gift, but as a challenge, and such a challenge you must permit me to decline. At the same time you glory in outstripping the zeal of the Mufti and the Lama, it may be proper to declare, that I should equally refuse the defiance of these venerable divines. Once, and once only, the just defence of my own veracity provoked me to descend into the amphitheatre; but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may safely exult in my silence and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility of miracles,) which you choose to suppose, and wish to argue, is a trite and ancient topic of controversy, and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourself and me, it does not appear probable that our disputes would either edify or enlighten the public.

The public will decide to whom the invidious name of unbeliever more justly belongs; to the historian, who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts, or to the disputant who proudly rejects all natural proofs of the immortality of the soul, overthrows (by circumscribing) the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles, and condemns the religion of every Christian nation, as a fable less innocent, but not less absurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third Heaven.

And now, sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive wish, of the philosophic world: that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements can be made. Remember the end of your predecessor Servetus, not of his life, (the Calvins of our days are restrained from the use of the same fiery arguments,) but, I mean, the end of his reputation. His theological writings are lost in oblivion; and if his book on the Trinity be still preserved, it is only because it contains the first rudiments of the discovery of the circulation of the blood. I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant.

DR. PRIESTLEY TO MR. GIBBON.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 3, 1783.

SIR: It would have been impertinent in me, especially considering the object of my History, to have sent you a copy of it as a mark of my esteem or friendship. What I meant was to act the part of a fair and open adversary, and I am truly sorry that you decline the discussion I proposed: for, though you are of a different opinion, I do not think that either of us could be better employed; and, should the Mufti and the Lama, whose challenge, you say, you would also decline, become parties in the business, I should reject the more. I do not well know what you can mean by intimating, that I am a greater unbeliever than yourself; that I attack opinions which you never maintained, and maintain principles which you never denied. If you mean to assert that you are a believer in Christianity, and meant to recommend it, I must say, that your mode of writing has been very ill adapted to gain your purpose. If there be any certain method of discovering a man's real object, yours has been to discredit Christianity in fact, while in words you represent yourself as a friend to it: a conduct which I scruple not to call highly unworthy and mean; an insult on the common sense of the Christian world; as a method of screening you from the notice of the law, (which is as hostile to me as it is to you,) you must know that it could avail you nothing; and though that mode of writing might be deemed ingenious and witty in the first inventor of it, it has been too often repeated to deserve that appellation now.

According to your own rule of conduct, this charge ought to provoke you to descend into the amphitheatre once more, as much as the accusation of Mr. Davis: for it is a call upon you to defend, not your principles only, but also your honor. For what can reflect greater dishonor on a man, than to say one thing and mean another? You have certainly been very far from confining yourself, as you pretend, to a simple narrative of authentic facts, without interposing your own sentiments. I hold no opinions, obnoxious as they are, that I am not ready both to avow in the most explicit manner, and also to defend with any person of competent judgement and ability. Had I not considered you in this light, and also as fairly open, by the strain of your writings, to such a challenge, I should not have called upon you as I have done. The public will form its own judgement both of that and of your silence on the occasion; and finally decide between you, the humble historian, and me, the proud disputant.

As to my reputation, for which you are so very obligingly concerned, give me leave to observe, that, as far as it is an object with any person, and a thing to be enjoyed by himself, it must depend upon his particular notions and feelings. Now, odd as it will appear to you, the esteem of a very few rational Christian friends (though I know that it will insure me the detestation of the greater part of the present nominally Christian world that happen to hear me) gives me more real satisfaction, than the applause of what you call the philosophic world. I admire Servetus, by whose example you wish me to take warning, more for his courage in dying for the cause of important truth, than I should have done it, beside the certain discovery of the circulation of the blood, he had made any other the most celebrated discovery in philosophy.

However, I do not see what my philosophical friends (of whom I have many, and whom I think I value as I ought,) have to do with my metaphysical or theological writings. They may, if they please, consider them as my particular whims or amusements, and accordingly neglect them. They have, in fact, interfered very little with my application to philosophy, since I have had the means of doing it. I was never more busy, or more successfully so, in my philo-

sophical pursuits, than during the time I have been employed about the History of the Corruptions of Christianity. I am at this very time, *totus in illis*, as my friends know, and as the public will know in due time, which with me is never long; and if you had thought proper to enter into the discussion I proposed, it would not have made me neglect my laboratory, or omit a single experiment that I should otherwise have made. I am, sir, your very humble servant.

J. PRIESTLEY.

MR. GIBBON TO DR. PRIESTLEY.

BENTINCK STREET, Feb. 6, 1783.

SIR: As I do not pretend to judge of the sentiments or intentions of another, I shall not inquire how far you are inclined to suffer or inflict martyrdom. It only becomes me to say, that the style and temper of your last letter have satisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correspondence, whether public or private, with such an adversary. I am, sir, your humble servant.

DR. PRIESTLEY TO MR. GIBBON.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 10, 1783.

SIR: I neither requested nor wished to have any private correspondence with you. All that my MS. card required, was a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the copy of my work. You chose, however, to give me a specimen of your temper and feelings; and also, what I thought to be an opening to a further call upon you for a justification of yourself in public. Of this I was willing to take advantage; and at the same time to satisfy you that my philosophical pursuits, for which, whether in earnest or not, you were pleased to express some concern, would not be interrupted in consequence of it.

As this correspondence, from the origin and nature of it, cannot be deemed confidential, I may, especially if I resume my observations on your conduct as an historian, give the public an opportunity of judging of the propriety of my answer to your first extraordinary letter, and also to this last truly enigmatical one; to interpret which requires much more sagacity, than to discover your real intentions with respect to Christianity, though you might think you had carefully concealed them from all human inspection.

Wishing to hear from you just as little as you please in private, and just as much as you please in public, I am, sir, your humble servant.

MR. GIBBON TO DR. PRIESTLEY.

February 22, 1783.

If Dr. Priestley consults his friends, he will probably learn, that a single copy of a paper, addressed under a seal to a single person, and not relative to any public or official business, must always be considered as private correspondence; which a man of honor is not at liberty to print without the consent of the writer. That consent in the present instance, Mr. Gibbon thinks proper to withhold; and, as he desires to escape all further altercation, he shall not trouble Dr. Priestley or himself with explaining the motives of his refusal.

DR. PRIESTLEY TO MR. GIBBON.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 25, 1783.

Dr. Priestley is as unwilling to be guilty of any real impropriety as Mr. Gibbon can wish him to be: but as the correspondence between them relates not to any private, but only a public matter, he apprehends that it may, according to Mr. Gibbon's own distinction, at the pleasure of either of the parties, be laid before the public; who, in fact, are interested to know, at least, the result of it. Dr. Priestley's conduct will always be open to the animadversion of Mr. Gibbon, or of any other person. His appeal is to men of honor, and even men of the world; and he desires no favor.

Dr. Priestley has sent a single copy of the correspondence to a friend in London, with leave to show it to any other common friends, but with a prohibition to take any other copy; but between this and printing there is no difference, except in mode and extent. In the eye of the law and of reason both are equally publications; and has Mr. Gibbon never thought himself at liberty to show a copy of a letter to a third person?

Mr. Gibbon may easily escape all further altercation by discontinuing this mutually disagreeable correspondence, by leaving Dr. Priestley to act as his own discretion or indiscretion may dictate; and for this, himself only, and not Mr. Gibbon, is responsible.

From the London Athenæum.

## ON SEEING THE STATUE OF THE SPINNING GIRL,

At the Seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

Spin on, most beautiful—

Thy simple labour here. Majestic forms  
Of high renown, and brows of classic grace,  
Whose sculptured features speak the breathing soul,  
Rise in illustrious ranks, but not to scorn  
Thy lowly toil—

Even so, it was of old,  
That woman's hand, amid the elements  
Of patient industry and household good,  
Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread  
From the light distaff—or in skillful loom  
Weaving rich tissues—or with glowing tints  
Of rich embroidery, pleas'd to decorate  
The mantle of her lord—And it was well—  
For in such shelter'd and congenial sphere  
Content, with duty dwelt—

Yet few there were,  
Sweet Filatrice—who in their earnest task  
Found such retreat as thine—'mid lordly halls,  
And sparkling fountains, and umbrageous trees,  
And parks far stretching, where the antler'd deer  
Forget the hound and horn.

And we, who roam  
'Mid all this grand enchantment—proud saloons,  
And galleries radiant with the gems of art  
And genius, ravish'd from the grasp of Time—  
And princely chapel, uttering praise to God—  
Or lose ourselves amid the wildering maze  
Of plants, and flowers, and blossoms, breathing forth  
Their eloquence to Him—delighted lay  
This slight memorial at thy snowy feet.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1841.

**A LAW** is wanted to control the use of steam. It is the boast of Americans that in no country is there better protection for life and property; yet in no country is there a greater recklessness in what concerns life when personal safety and the immediate exigencies of property seem to clash; in no country are vast and perilous mechanical agencies employed with less regard to the protection of the human beings who put them in motion. Steam is used throughout the land; its disastrous powers, when uncontrolled are universally known; and yet there is no law to secure the efficiency and vigilance of the control to which it should be unceasingly subjected.

To say that rail-road travelling and suicide are convertible terms, is becoming hardly an hyperbole. The papers still record "frightful accidents," "shocking and fatal collisions," by the dozen.

There must be causes for this monstrous indifference to human safety; and they do not appear obscure, nor difficult of prevention. One predisposing cause to carelessness is no doubt the very potency of the agent which destroys: the ease with which steam performs its function lull men, by the force of association, into a state of heedless repose: relieved of trouble of one sort, they look for no trouble at all, and thus are content to let their fellow creatures be crushed to atoms, or blown and scorched to a blackened cinder, for want of turning a lantern or filling up a steam-gauge of which the mercury has been blown out. Frequent as accidents are, in the vast majority of cases, and in the daily experience of most men whose business it is to deal with steam, there is impunity for negligence. The mercury may often be blown out of the steam-gauge, and the engineer "never know any harm to come of it;" the water may not often "take it into its head" just then to run low and blow up the boiler with superabundant steam: but it may, and the poor heedless engineer may be blown to a shapeless and mutilated mass, with nothing in his miserable suffering to console others for the fault which deprives them of husbands or parents. "Seeing is believing," however: daily experience of impunity, and the remoteness and uncertainty of the danger, breed a habit of heedlessness.

The want is the supply of some motive to attention and caution. Means should be devised to force upon those having the direction of enterprises in which steam power is employed, whether in ships, or railroads, that decent regard to the lives of their fellow-creatures which it appears their own good feeling cannot secure, in the selection of proper persons to overlook and manage the gigantic power now intrusted to brute ignorance. But, with the best selection, a controlling authority should be felt each instant by every hand engaged in the management of steam: if possible destruction to life is not sufficient to frighten an engineer from neglect and recklessness, something must be found out that will be sufficient. Some severe and clearly defined punishment—a hard term of imprisonment, or a heavy pecuniary mulct—is of that nature; a penalty not merely upon the completion of the remote and possible catastrophe, but upon the acts which are the first to lead to it; a penalty, for instance, upon loading the safety-valve of an engine. And the penalty should not merely be of that kind which would be, though a sacrifice, an easy sacrifice, to the offender: it should be such as to deter—to frighten him from conduct from which the chance of doing murder will not frighten him; it should be a penalty so frightful, and so certain, that the thought of it would operate each moment of his occupation.

**JAMES FENIMORE COOPER AGAIN.**—We beg pardon of our readers for obtruding upon them the name of this estimable personage so frequently; but really, the *Boston Times* is getting too insufferable on the same subject and we must exchange a parting word with it. Will the reader believe it? The worthy editor of that paper has inflicted on his subscribers, since Monday, three leaders of more than a column each in laudation and glorification of *Home as Found!* proving, directly, that the American public have never understood that wonderful book; and, indirectly, that they have never appreciated its wonderful author. We do not say—observe—that the editor of the *Times* wrote these articles; for we suspect him of no such solemn foolery; and, besides, they bear intrinsic evidence of a very different authorship. The real writer betrays the same uneasiness at the public *misunderstanding* of his books and *misapprehension* of his own personal and philosophical qualifications that shines so conspicuously in the pages of "A Letter to his Countrymen," and it seems altogether out of the question that these articles and that letter could have been written by two different persons.

Not that we would accuse Mr. Cooper of deliberately puffing his own books: he has no such intention: he despises such an imputation. But surely, when he finds that his most elaborate works do not take, and that he is him-

self losing ground through the misapprehension of the public, he, above all others, is the fitting person to apprise the public of their abominable stupidity, point out their innumerable errors of judgement, and lay on with a trowel the thick plaster of anonymous self-glorification.

We very much regret that our "devil" has absquatulated with the first two numbers of the *Times* aforesaid, because they contained some choice bits for extracting: but, as the case stands, we will make the best of the last, (*mean* we greatly fear that it will not be the last) and indulge our readers with a few quiet specimens.

In number two, the distinguished writer essays to prove that pride of birth in a Republic (he means, in an inhabitant of a Republic) is a proof of republicanism, and therefore a merit; but the same feeling in a monarchy (i. e., in the inhabitant or subject of a monarchy) is despicable, because such individual may happen, by reason of his birth, to receive honors of which he is unworthy. We presume he had no interested motive in going into an elaborate argument, in the columns of a newspaper, on this vitally important distinction. At the same time, we feel bound to admit our belief that the celebrated Mr. Cooper boasts of his birth, high descent and long lineage, with no remarkable meekness of manner or voice; and we are grieved to add that some very positive statements in the *Courier & Enquirer* have rendered his assumptions on these points somewhat debateable, in the way of abstract argument: but it does not appear from all this that there is any necessary connexion between the distinguished writer in the *Times* and the no less distinguished Mr. Cooper: yet it must be conceded that the distinction between pride of birth in an American and in an Englishman is a matter of no trifling importance, and we believe it is also conceded by historians that Mr. Cooper is a native of New Jersey.

We cannot discuss this matter in its length and breadth as we should be happy to do, because our columns have a limit, if these of the *Times* have not; yet we cannot deny our readers the gratification of inspecting a few elegant extracts from the number three before us. For instance:

"Mr. Cooper has been charged with aristocracy, for representing the Effinghams as reserved in their social intercourse; and this charge, like the one already noticed, shows how little his critics understand him. Mr. Cooper contends for no social inequalities. He is no advocate of cliques and coteries; he contends for no lines of demarkation between different portions of society, of which one is to be higher than the rest, and from which all the rest are to be excluded with jealous solicitude. Instead of this, he ridicules that ignorant, vulgar pretension which is so frequently displayed in jealousies about circles, and sects, and society, and social position, and fear of being undervalued. Every human being has a natural right to choose its own company, at least so far as concerns refusal of association. This is a democratic right, and no one contends for it more zealously or philosophically than Mr. Cooper."

There, reader! that is extract number one. Allow us to call your attention to two of its characteristics: first, the remarkable familiarity of a *third person* (the writer) with Mr. Cooper's peculiar views of matters and things in general; and secondly, the correctness of the writer's style. Mr. C., he says, has been charged with aristocracy. Now, a plain English scholar would probably suppose he meant loaded with aristocracy; and in this sense we apprehend the assertion would come pretty near the truth, if it were expressed in the present tense, as well as the past, i. e., he is loaded with aristocracy,—for he *fires off* aristocracy at a terrible rate among "his countrymen." But it is pretty obvious, from the connexion in which "aristocracy" is used, that the distinguished writer means, Mr. C. has been charged with being an aristocrat, &c. "Aristocracy" was probably used in preference to what the distinguished writer really meant, because it is more condensed. Of the same condensed style is the line, "Every human being has a right to choose its own company." But we leave the remainder of quotation, number one, with the reader, for we must hasten to a conclusion.

Quotation, number two, illustrates the distinguished writer's views of "his countrymen" and of English vulgarity, &c. It does appear to us that something very like this occurs in some one or more of Mr. Cooper's novels; but the coincidence of expression may be accidental:

"Every close observer of human nature, especially in commercial cities, where wealth is often regarded by the genteel vulgar as synonymous with moral and intellectual superiority, can bear testimony to Mr. Cooper's philosophical discrimination in these descriptions. In such cities we witness a continual struggle for social superiority; a continual and vulgar war between squads and cliques and circles, each straining and pushing and shoving to reach what is considered a greater elevation. This vile practice is of genuine English growth, and effectually stamps the Anglo-Saxon race with the deplorable distinction of being the most ill-bred people in the world. In England, where the vulgarities, the brutalities, the abominations of conventional aristocracy exist in all their horrors, this base, degrading, withering war is waged with ferocious intensity, and produces every cruel, unchristian device by which one human being can trample upon the feelings of another."

There, reader! what do you think of that? Isn't that fine? Isn't it republican independence? Isn't it "what you may call" the annihilating style? Thank fortune, we are not an Englishman!

But pause one moment, gentle reader! we will tax your

patience with only one more extract; and, for the present, come to the end. And in giving you this extract, number three, we will say that we give it merely as a pleasant commentary on the *spirit* manifested in number two:

"What an aristocrat is this Mr. Cooper, for inculcating principles that raise all mankind to the same level of *self-respect* and *brotherly kindness*! What an aristocrat for wishing that every human being might become enlightened, refined, just and humane!"

The *italicising* in this extract is the aforesaid distinguished writer's own handiwork, and that is the beauty of it!

**GOOD-BREEDING**—says an old writer of the eighteenth century—is an amiable and persuasive thing. It beautifies the actions and looks of men. But equally odious is the grimace of good-breeding. In comparison with this, Bluntness is an accomplishment. The ape of a well-bred man is just as offensive as the well-bred man is agreeable: he is a nuisance to his acquaintance. I am frightened at the affected smile and the apish shrug. When these foul copies of gentlemen throw their civil grin in one's face, it is as much as one can do to avoid spitting in theirs. A starched rogue, forcing smiles, is a more hideous sight than a mummy. He is a fugitive from nature; and it is notable impudence in such a creature to pretend to be courteous.

**NEWSPAPER READERS.**—The tastes of the readers of a newspaper are sufficiently various and singular. One reads nothing but the poet's corner; another considers poetry, and all that sort of stuff, horrid trash. One deems politics the only business of life; another votes that department a bore. This one reads the deaths and marriages, and that one looks only to the advertisements. There are various other idiosyncracies too numerous to mention; but certainly the most singular one we ever heard of, was the case of the lady who was obliged to consult the celebrated Abenethy, because "for several mornings past she had not been able to relish her murders." We should like to have seen the doctor's phrenology on the occasion.

**CORRECTION.**—We have received a letter from the author of "Two years before the mast," requesting us to correct the statement made in the *New World* of last week, that his work had been offered to the Boston publishers and refused by them previously to its having been submitted to the more discerning judgement of Harper and Brothers of this city. The latter were the first and only publishers to whom the manuscript was submitted.

**THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY.**—Ogden Hoffman, Esq., has been appointed District Attorney in the place of B. F. Butler, Esq., resigned. This is an excellent selection—one with which, we imagine, the Democrats will be no less satisfied than the Whigs. Mr. Hoffman's high talents, strict honor and chivalrous manners have won for him the esteem of both political parties—a distinction far more desirable than the renown of a noisy leader of faction. We have no doubt that Mr. Hoffman will dignify his station, and continue to adorn a profession which is sadly in want of men of scrupulous integrity and elevated worth.

## Literary.

**VOICES OF THE NIGHT, BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW** It is a noteworthy circumstance in the annals of American literature, that a collection of poems, within two years from its first day of publication, reached a third edition. The booksellers tell us that poetry is a drug in the market—and we believe them. We believe that no small quantity of poems that are printed, never see any light beyond that which glimmers through the windows of a binder's attic. They wax old and dingy in the obscurity of unfolded sheets, and are never "drawn out," except by the trunkmaker. But the reason of this is different from what the booksellers suppose. The poems are not unsaleable because they are poems, but because they are bad poems—or, at all events, so middling that bad were better. The same ideas in prose would be quite as much neglected; though, perhaps, more people would be able to tell how utterly worthless they were.

Good poetry—really good—poetry which thrills the heart, makes the pulse beat faster, and the eye grow dim with tears or brighten with joy—poetry which elevates or subdues—colors external objects with the hues of imagination, and causes us to hear

"A sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream—"

such poetry will always be popular, and what the publisher may consider the more acceptable word, profitable.

With the "Earlier Poems" of Professor Longfellow, contained in this volume, we cannot express ourselves especially gratified. They seem to us feeble, and written after a bad model. In most of them we can discern a mimicry of the affectations of another American versifier, to whom the imitator is vastly superior. We would not go so far as to assert that the imitation was intentional; but it is evident enough that it existed. A glaring instance will satisfy the reader:



With what a tender and *expressional* voice  
It fills the *rice and delicate ear of thought*  
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes  
*O'er-riding the grey hills with golden scarf*;  
Or when the cowed and dinky-maddled Eve  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate  
Departs with silent pace!

Unassisted by the italics even, which we have thrown into the lines, he who remembers the quires of blank verse which used to elicit the admiration of boarding-school misses and under-graduates, will easily acknowledge their resemblance to the effusions of "Roy"—the youthful signature of Mr. N. P. Willis.

The "Voices of the Night"—poems that give a title to the volume—are so totally different from these "Earlier Poems," that we can hardly convince ourselves of the sameness of their origin. Between his early and his later years, the taste of the writer seems to have been taught in a school of chaste and severe forms of beauty. His mind grew, expanded, blossomed and bore fruit in the atmosphere of generous study. Its roots were moistened by water from "the old well of English undefiled" and its branches warmed by the rays of German genius. Indeed, so much nurture has this poet derived from the primeval authors of our Saxon tongue and the great spirits of modern Germany, that he has, with some shadow of reason, been accused of plagiarism. A single instance will suffice to illustrate the grounds upon which this poet is charged with a lack of originality.

When John Neal—himself a poet of great excellence—was connected with the critical department of this journal he quoted and "set a-going," prefaced by one of his bursts of enthusiastic eulogy, a stanza, which has since been transferred to nine-tenths of our newspapers—

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

Straying into the alcove of a library, the other day, we lighted upon a small volume, containing among other scraps of old English poetry, these verses by King, Bishop of Ghilchester:

But hark! my pulse like a soft drum  
Beats my approach to thee—I come!  
And slow how'er my marches be  
I shall at last lie down with thee.

It is not at all impossible that Professor Longfellow may not have seen the latter quotation; but, as the kind old toady in Miss Pickering's admirable novel, "Who shall be heir?" says, "it is a striking coincidence!"

We have rambled on to a much greater length than we intended in taking up our pen—the simple object of which was to echo the praises bestowed on these elaborate productions of a favorite author. The volume, which has been the immediate cause of this notice, is a very elegant one from the press of John Owen, Cambridge, Mass. The type really seems to luxuriate in the breadth of margin by which it is surrounded; pretty as it is, however, it is rather too small for its situation, and puts us in mind of the pet of the family seated in grandfather's beautiful, big arm-chair.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND OTHER TALES, by Charles Dickens, with numerous illustrations by Catherine and Brown.

With this title page, LEE & BLANCHARD of Philadelphia have issued in a handsome volume, all the numbers of that series of papers, which we have published under the general name of MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. The book is neatly printed in double columns, and we wish that we were not obliged to say that the wood-cuts are wretched affairs. An apprentice in his art should be heartily ashamed of such shabby work. Those who have looked over the English edition will with difficulty recognise even the subjects of these cuts to be the same. But the volume, as a whole, is one which the lovers of the beautiful and the humorous will not fail to obtain and to read, again and again, with scarcely diminished delight.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.—Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, have issued, in an elegant octavo volume of 370 pages, the Heads of the People. The public are already familiar with the great merit of this series of pictures, through the English edition, which has, within two years past, appeared in numbers. When we say that the present edition is in no respect inferior, not even in the etching of the portraits and the style of their printing—the reader can easily appreciate its merits.

To us a high recommendation of this book appears in its genuineness. There is nothing "catchpenny" about it; no one can deny that it is well worth buying. It contains a vast fund of amusement. The written delineations are hardly less graphic than those which they are intended to illustrate. Upon them, the first periodical writers of the day have been engaged. To prove this, it is enough to mention the names of Douglas Jerrold, (the largest as he is the best contributor) William Thackeray, William Howitt, Mrs. Gore, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Charles Whitehead, &c.

The only fault we have to find with the copy presented to us is its binding. The leaves are very loosely put together, and the work ill done.

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, of Boston, propose to publish Biographical Memorials of James Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia: by Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D., Corresponding member of the Georgia Historical Society.

This work is to give an account of his early life and education—his chivalric service under the celebrated Prince Eugene of Savoy—his influence as a member of successive Parliaments in Great Britain, with extracts from his speeches—his grand undertaking in the settlement of Georgia—his defence of the Colony against the Spaniards, and devotedness to its interests for eleven years—his military engagement under Marshal Wade in 1745, against the forces of the Pretender—and details of his domestic and social relations through the latter part of his long and eventful life.

It will make an octavo volume of about three hundred and fifty pages, neatly printed, and adorned with a frontispiece full-length portrait—a plate representing the Arms of the family, the Honorary Medal, the Seal of the Trustees, and the Lighthouse of Tybee—and a Map.

PAST DAYS: A Story for Children: By Esther Whitlock. D. Appleton & Co.

The Messrs. Abbotts have, within a few years past, written a great number of books for children which have superseded almost all preceding works of the kind and attained a very extensive circulation. Those denominated "the Rollo books" have been the most popular.

"Past Days," to our mind, is superior to anything written by the Abbotts, and deserves at least equal success. Indeed, we regard it as one of the very best books for children that ever was written; and we strongly recommend all of our readers who have families to obtain it.

THE QUADROONE.—From the press of Harper and Brothers, we have a copy of this new novel, by J. H. Ingraham, Esq., a gentleman who has gained some celebrity as a novelist. There is a tendency to overdo, in his writings, which critics are bound to find fault with, but they are enjoyed and held in much regard, we believe, by a numerous class of readers. And after all, the multitude of readers constitute the tribunal whose verdict is desirable to an author.

GIBSON'S RAMBLES IN EUROPE.—Lee & Blanchard have published, in a handsome volume, "The Records of Rambles in Europe, by Dr. Gibson, Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania."

## Patchwork.

EDUCATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—There were 282,410 pupils, in the different literary institutions of Pennsylvania, during the past year. Of this number, 1,839 pupils are in colleges and universities; 1,430 in female seminaries; 2,465 in academies; 21,968 in the public schools of Philadelphia, and 254,968 in the common schools throughout the State. In the cause of elementary education at least, it must be admitted that the Keystone State is doing well.

### CUPID'S ARROW.

Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day  
And besought him to look at his arrow:  
"Tis useless," he cried; "you must mend it, I say;  
'Tis fit to let fly at a sparrow.  
There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,  
For it flutters quite false to my aim:  
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,  
And the world really jest at my name.  
'I have straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare,  
I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;  
'Tis feather'd with ringlets my mother might wear,  
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;  
But it falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow,  
For there's Hymen beginning to pout;  
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low,  
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,  
Till Vulcan the weapon restored.  
"There, take it, young sir; try it now—if it fail  
I will neither ask fee nor reward."  
The urchin shot out, and a rare havoc he made;  
The wounded and dead were untold;  
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,  
For the arrow was laden with gold.

RELICS OF A LEVIATHAN.—Mr. James Bull, of Detroit, Michigan, has in his possession a fossil remain, which appears to be one of the divisions of the back bone of a monster of the past. It is a perfect specimen, and is supposed to have belonged to an animal of the whale species. It was found, several years since, on the Paw-Paw river, in Van Buren county, in the interior of the State. It measures within a fraction of twelve inches in diameter, and is nearly eighteen in length.

"My uncle was one of the framers of the Constitution," said a youth the other day of patrician blood, to another of a more plebeian origin. "Who cares for that?" quoth the latter, "My father was one of the framers of our new meeting-house."

IN WISCONSIN TERRITORY, the past winter, they have had but little extremely cold weather—not more than two or three weeks if put together. Of intense cold they have had but a few hours' duration. Many days in February the hardy people might have been seen driving team, hauling wood, &c., in "shirt sleeves." There had been but little snow, and not a drop of rain, and consequently no devastating freshets, such as we have had in the East. Cattle unprovided with shelter are said to stand the winters better in Wisconsin than in Ohio. The climate of Wisconsin, therefore, has many advantages to overbalance a few days of severe cold. These advantages are, dry, clear, bracing weather in winter, gentle showers in summer, and perhaps a greater number of corn-growing days than in the same parallels of latitude to the East.

NATIVE STEEL.—The Albany Evening Journal of Friday of last week contains a report by Prof. E. Emmons to the Legislature on the steel mine discovered in Franklin county. The Report is able, evinces a scientific investigation of the subject, and seems to prove incontestably that native steel, to an indefinite extent, can be dug "out of the bowels of the harmless earth" in our own State. This discovery is of far greater value than the finding of a hundred gold mines.

"WHAT SHADOWS WE ARE AND WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE."—It is stated on good authority, that Judge Barbour, whose recent decease at Washington was so sudden, wrote a letter to his family on the evening of his death. He stated to them that his health was never better, and his prospect of returning to his home in Virginia to him was delightful. The mail following the one which conveyed this letter, carried the heart-rending intelligence of his death!

JAMAICA CURRENCY.—By an act of the Colonial Legislature of the Island of Jamaica, which has received the assent of the Queen in Council, the currency of that island has been altered to correspond with the sterling money of Great Britain, and hereafter all accounts are to be kept, quotations of prices current made, &c., in sterling money. All subsisting contracts are to be settled at the rate of £100 sterling for every £166 13s. 4d. currency. The gold and silver coins of Great Britain are a legal tender in Jamaica, the Spanish dollar at 4s. 2d., and the doubloon at £3 4s.

Hudson River.—The steam boat Utica, which left here on Friday or Saturday of last week, with the intention of going through to Albany, succeeded, we are informed, in getting only as far as Hamburg, seven or eight miles below Poughkeepsie, and is there frozen fast in the ice.

LICENCES TO RETAIL INTOXICATING LIQUORS.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that in the city of Lowell, on the question, "Shall the Mayor and Aldermen be instructed to grant no Licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, during the ensuing municipal year?" the vote was as follows:—Yeas, 830; Nays, 365.

Net one Baptist negro in the island of Jamaica, has been convicted of crime since the passing of the Emancipation act.

SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS.—According to the "German Pedagogic Magazine," there died a few years ago in Suabia, a schoolmaster, who, for fifty-one years, had superintended an institution with old-fashioned severity. From averages inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertions he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tanks to be got by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 600 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,708 hold the rod. There's a glutton for you! Ninety average punishments per working diem. Thank the stars we are getting out of all this.

The Mormon War has cost the State of Missouri \$150,000! This is the amount in dollars and cents. The extent of the suffering which this ferocious outrage inflicted upon the poor defenceless Mormons, is incalculable. The effect of it has been, to create much public sympathy in their behalf, and their numbers and wealth have vastly increased since the persecution.

The Penny Postage in Great Britain, which it was prophesied would not pay its expenses, has yielded £441,000, net revenue in the first year of its experiment.

MURDER.—The feelings of this community have been shocked by a most horrid murder, which was perpetrated in the vicinity of this place, on Sunday evening last. Miss Rachel Whitacre, who has resided for the last twelve years with one of our citizens, was on a visit to her brother-in-law's, about two miles from this place, and on Sunday, about four o'clock, told her sister that she would take a walk. She did not return, and, although diligent search was made, her body was not discovered until Monday evening, about a fourth of a mile distant, with her skull broken. Suspicion has rested upon a young man named Kem, of a most respectable family. He is now confined in the county jail. We do not feel at liberty to give publicity to the many reports which are in circulation, as he will be tried by the laws of his country.—(Richmond (Va.) Palladium.

## Twenty-Sixth Congress.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1841.

After the Journal was read, the vice-president announced to the Senate that he should vacate his seat during the day, in order that the Senate might have an opportunity of electing a President pro tem.

The Senate then proceeded to the discussion of the resolution dismissing Blair and Rives as printers to the 27th Congress, when

Mr. Berrien rose and addressed the body at some length in favor of the resolution, and in reply to the several arguments urged against its adoption.

Mr. Benton made a brief remark in reply, when the question was taken on the adoption of the resolution, and decided in the affirmative as follows:

**YEAS**—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Clay of Ky., Clayton, Dixon, Evans, Henderson, Huntington, Kerr, Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Merrick, Phelps, Porter, Preston, Simmons, Smith of Indiana, Southard, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge.—26.

**NAYS**—Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Clay, of Ala., Cuthbert, Falton, King, Linn, McRoberts, Nicholson, Sevier, Smith, of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Williams, Woodbury.—18.

Mr. Clay then rose and moved that the Secretary of the Senate be directed to deliver to Blair & Rives their official bond.

Mr. Benton asked for the yeas and nays, when there appeared as follows:

**YEAS**—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Clay, of Kentucky, Clayton, Dixon, Evans, Henderson, Huntington, Kerr, Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Merrick, Phelps, Porter, Preston, Simmons, Smith of Indiana, Southard, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge.—26.

**NAYS**—Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Clay, of Alabama, Cuthbert, Fulton, King, Linn, McRoberts, Nicholson, Sevier, Smith of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Williams, Woodbury.—18.

So the motion was carried.

The Vice President then in pursuance of the notice he had previously given, withdrew from the chair as presiding officer for the residue of the present session.

On motion of Mr. Clay, the Senate proceeded to ballot for President pro tem.

On the ballot forty-six votes were cast—of which number

Mr. Southard, of New-Jersey, received.....26

Mr. King, of Alabama, received.....15

Scattering.....2

Mr. Southard having been declared duly elected, was accompanied to the chair by Messrs. Clay and Preston, when he rose and addressed the Senate.

Blair & Rives, it appears, are determined to dig in on the question of the public printing; but the Senate as also appears, treat this manifesto rather cavalierly.

## SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Monday, March 14, 1841.

Mr. Tappan presented the following letter of Messrs. Blair and Rives, which was read:

GLOBE OFFICE, }  
WASHINGTON, March 13th, 1841.

On the 12th inst., the Secretary of the Senate, in obedience to a resolution of the Senate, sent to us a letter enclosing our bond for executing the printing for that body during the 27th Congress; the contents of which letter we did not know when it was handed to us; and on examining its contents, we immediately returned it to the Secretary's office, where it was left, with a letter demanding of him all the copy that has been ordered to be printed, or that may be ordered to be printed, by the Senate, during the 27th Congress.

We now inform the Senate that we are prepared, and have been ever since our election, to execute any printing that has been ordered; and shall keep ourselves prepared to execute all the printing that may be ordered by the Senate during the 27th Congress; and we hereby respectfully demand the copy of all that has been ordered, and all that may be ordered during the 27th Congress, as fast as the orders shall be made.

Respectfully,

BLAIR &amp; RIVES.

To the Senate of the United States.

The letter was ordered to lie on the table.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Monday, March 15.

## Reconciliation between Mr. Clay and Mr. King.

After the Senate opened this morning, Mr. Preston rose and remarked upon the deep regret felt by himself and others at the collision which had lately taken place in the Senate between two of its most distinguished members. But he believed that the difficulty had arisen from a misconception on the part of the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Clay) as to what was said by the Senator from Alabama (Mr. King). He had it from an undoubted source that there was no intention on the part of the Senator from Alabama to wound the feelings of the Senator from Kentucky. He expressed a hope, therefore, that the unhappy difference might soon be settled to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

Mr. Clay then said that although he had misconceived the tenor of the remarks of the Senator from Alabama, and had acted on the belief that there was an intention to wound him, yet being more prompt to repair than to repel an injury, he would say that he was now convinced that the Senator from Alabama had no design to insult him; and he now cheerfully took back all that he had said in reply.

A burst of applause followed Mr. Clay's remarks.

Mr. King rose and stated, in substance, that he hoped his course here had been always marked by forbearance and courtesy; and, in reference to this matter, he would, after the frank declaration of the Senator, say that he had

never meditated or uttered any thing intended to be insulting to him or disparaging of him.

Mr. Clay then advanced toward Mr. King, and offered his hand, which was most cordially received. The galleries and lobbies then set up a shout of applause, which was not checked.

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Ogden Hoffman to be District Attorney of the United States for the Southern District of New York in place of B. F. Butler, resigned.

Solomon Lincoln, to be Marshall of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, in the place of Jonas Sibley, whose term of office expired on the 3d inst.

William Barrow, to be Marshall of the United States for the District of Vermont, in place of Heman Lowry, whose term of office has expired.

NATHANIEL P. CAUSEN, Jun., Secretary to the President to sign patents.

HENRY SOUTHAMPTON, Assistant Collector of the Customs for District of New-York, to reside at Jersey City.

JAMES DONAGHE, Collector at New Haven, Connecticut.

WILLIAM P. GREENE, Surveyor and Inspector at Providence, Rhode Island.

ROBERT BUTLER, Surveyor and Inspector at Southfield, Virginia.

JAMES M. HARTFORD, Register Land Office at Jackson, Mississippi.

JESSE K. DUBOIS, Register Land Office at Palestine, Illinois.

BERNARD PEYTON, Deputy Postmaster at Richmond, Virginia.

WILLIAM BARROW, Marshal for District of Vermont.

SOLOMON LINCOLN, Marshal for District of Massachusetts.

EBENEZER BACON, Collector of Customs, Barnstable, Massachusetts.

MILES SELDEN WATKINS, Deputy Postmaster at Huntsville, Alabama.

Gordon Forbes, Surveyor and Inspector, Yeocomico, Virginia.

Allen A. Hall, of Tennessee, Charge d'Affaires at Venezuela.

Thomas Hayes, Navy Agent, Philadelphia.

Lorenzo Draper, Consul, Paris, France.

Henry C. Bowler, U. S. Marshal, for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

Daniel Huganin, U. S. Marshal for the District of Wisconsin.

Clark Robinson, U. S. Marshal for the Northern District of New-York.

William M. Meredith, Attorney U. S. for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Walter Forward, Attorney U. S. for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

Henderson Taylor, Attorney U. S. Western District of Louisiana.

Isaac N. Stoddard, Collector and Inspector, Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Myles Eliot, Surveyor and Inspector, Hertford, North Carolina.

Wm. Pinkney, Surveyor, Baltimore.

Nathan Cummings, Collector, Portland, Me.

Arthur Baldwin, Collector, Middletown, Conn.

Wm. E. Watson, Collector, Providence, R. I.

Geo. Howland, Surveyor, Tiverton, R. I.

Geo. W. Knight, Surveyor, Pawtucket, R. I.

Dani. Rennick, Collector, Kennebunk, Me.

Tristram Storer, Collector, Saco, Me.

Lieut. W. K. Hanson, to be a Captain by brevet.

William A. Spencer, to be a Captain in the Navy.

Abraham Bigelow, to be a Commander in the Navy.

William L. Maury, to be a Lieutenant in the Navy.

Hon. J. Phillips Phoenix has been nominated for Mayor by the Whigs of New-York.

Alderman Purdy will probably be put in nomination by the Democrats. If Mr. Ex-Recorder Morris is nominated, he will be beaten by an overwhelming majority. The people of New-York will never indorse his infamous act of seizing private papers and thus violating the best privilege of a freeman.

**FURTHER AND LATE PARTICULARS FROM FLORIDA.**—

Information reached here last evening, that an express arrived at Pilatka, from Fort Russell, on the night of the 4th, bringing intelligence that Capt. Barum, with one hundred men, (including nine mounted,) came up with the Indians, (whom Lieut. Alburts had been compelled to retreat from, on account of the smallness of his force,) at the head of Orange Lake, and commenced an attack upon them. Captain B. had placed the nine mounted men in ambush, as a reserve, and led on the others; but finding the Indians in such a body, he made a signal for the mounted men to come up. No sooner was the signal made, than the Indians having cut off these men from the main body, fired upon them, killing six, and the other three retreated to the Fort, being wounded. The express was immediately sent off to Pilatka, without knowing any thing further. The wounded men state that Capt. B. was still fighting.

Capt. Carr, 2d Dragoons, with one hundred men, was sent out from Pilatka a few days previous, and returned shortly after the express had arrived from Fort Russell. He immediately supplied his men with provisions, and started for Capt. Barum's battle ground. It is impossible to give the particulars under such a circumstance. There is no knowing the loss, as yet, that Capt. B. has met with. Lieut. Alburts had lost six or seven men the day before, in his skirmish with the Indians, and was forced to retreat on account of their number. This looks very much like "peace." —[St. Augustine News, March 7.]

**STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.**—The steamboat John Randolph, on her way up the river last night, struck a snag in the Bend above Carrollton, and sunk soon after. Loss of property estimated at \$150,000—supposed to be mostly insured. Insurance on the boat \$30,000. She had on board a large quantity of coffee and other merchandise, besides about 300 hhd's sugar. It is said 22 persons were drowned; whilst another rumor makes 8 missing. It is said that another steamboat disaster happened higher up the river.—[N. O. Free American.]

## BARNABY RUDGE,

A NEW WORK BY CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., (Boz.) another of the "The old Curiosity Shop," "The Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," &c.

In the present number of the New World we begin the publication of the above story, said to be the very best production of its popular author. This work was announced more than a year since; public expectation, then universally excited, will now be gratified. In consequence of the frequency of the arrivals from England, we probably shall be able to give a chapter each week, till the whole romance is concluded. *Are we asking too much of the Editors, with whom we exchange, when we beg that they will announce the above work as forthcoming in the New World?*

We expect that the first demand will be very great; and for that reason we are induced to solicit new subscribers to forward their orders immediately.

**THE LEVIATHAN.**—Orders for this beautiful sheet can yet be filled, since we have reserved a sufficient number the purpose. All new subscribers, who pay one year in advance, will have a copy sent them of the LEVIATHAN.

Postmasters who have acted as agents in the transmission of payments for the New World, and who have not already received a copy, will be entitled to a number, on apprising us of the omission.

Ten copies are sent for \$1, current money, remitted free of postage, or 100 copies for eight dollars. Address the Publisher.

## BACK NUMBERS

Can be furnished from the commencement of "Ten Thousand a Year," to new subscribers; or from January 1st, the beginning of the new volume. As the numbers we have on hand are fast diminishing, Agents should urge upon all who intend subscribing to do so without delay. Our pamphlet edition of Ten Thousand a Year is entirely exhausted, but in lieu of it a copy of the Leviathan will be sent to new subscribers.

**THE EVERGREEN.**—Back Numbers from April 1840 can be furnished to new subscribers. For \$3 current money remitted without charge for postage, the work will be sent from that time (April 1840) to December 1841. Two new works, not published in the New World, were commenced in the March number, as will be seen by the prospectus.

## Married.

On Thursday evening, March 11, by Rev. Mr. Pease, Mr. T. W. Reeve and Miss Julia Long, only daughter of Francis Ferry, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, March 14, by Rev. Mr. Higby, Mr. SMITH A. PARKS and Miss MARIAN MATILDA, youngest daughter of Samuel Maverick, Esq.

On Saturday morning, March 13, by Rev. Orville Dewey, Mr. Geo. Palmer Putnam and Miss Victoria Haven, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, March 11, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Robert Handley and Miss Mary E., second daughter of Mr. William Heckman, all of this city.

March 4, by Rev. Dr. Brownlee, Mr. John William Smith and Miss Mary Valvolan, all of this city.

March 11, by Rev. Dr. Brownlee, Mr. Hugh Craighton and Miss Ann Cornwell, all of this city.

At March 10, at St. Bartholomew's Church, by Rev. Mr. Balch, Wm. P. Hall and Harriet A., daughter of George Miller, Esq., all of this city.

March 10, by Rev. Samuel D. Burchard, Mr. Francis W. Speck and Miss Margaret E. Hall, daughter of the late John P. Hall, all of this city.

March 10, at St. John's Chapel, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, Benjamin B. Howell, Esq., and Mrs. Angelica L. Burrallough, daughter of the late Peter Ritter.

March 9, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, John Steward, Jr., and Catherine Elizabeth, daughter of Campbell F. White.

By Rev. Mr. Starr, Benjamin W. Kirkham and Miss Caroline C. Hammond, both of this city.

March 15, by Rev. William D. Strobel, Mr. James Baker and Miss Mary Baugh, all of this city.

In Brooklyn, March 2, by Rev. Dr. Cutler, John Saetan and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Col. J. M. Gamble, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

In Brooklyn, March 10, by Rev. J. S. Spencer, C. Dunning, of this city, and Miss Elizabeth, daughter of John Alexander, Esq., of the former place.

At Kingston, Ulster co., March 3, by Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Saml. A. Green, of this city, and Miss Susan Ann Hamilton, of K.

## Died.

March 15, Eliza, widow of the late Sylvester Robinson, aged 59.

March 15, Ann, widow of the late George Meinel, aged 80.

March 16, Thomas G. Evans, aged 32.

At Hempstead, L. I., March 13, Major William McNeill, in the 50th year of his age, and for the last 12 years justice of the peace in that town.

In Stamford, Ct., March 7, Mrs. Ann E., wife of Capt. Edward Lockwood, and only daughter of Royal L. Gay, Esq., aged 90.

In Washington, D. C., March 5, Francis Smyth Beattie, M. D., of Orange Co., N. Y.

At Kingston, Jamaica, January 9, of yellow fever, Rev. Isaiah G. De Graze, late pastor of St. Matthew's Church, of this city, aged 32.

In this city, March 11, Selina, wife of Abraham M. Griffin, counsel at law, and daughter of Hon. Stephen Allen, aged 45.

March 10, Mr. James McBryde, late of Augusta, Ga.

March 10, Mrs. Juliana Reeder, aged 75.

March 10, Ann Ingraham, a native of England, aged 55.

March 11, George Forrie, aged 67.

March 11, Mr. David H. Borside, aged 34.

March 12, Mr. Samuel Smith, in the 44th year his age.

March 15, suddenly, Julia A., wife of Allen C. Bull, in the 39th year of her age.

March 13, Col. Robert Elting, aged 56 years, formerly of Clermont, Columbia, co.

March 13, Mrs. Frances Tremain, relict of the late Joseph Tremain

March 13, Catharine, wife of Bartley Magee, aged 38.

March 14, Mrs. Hannah Sands, widow of the late Benjamin Sands, aged 78.

March 14, Elizabeth B., wife of George Townsend, aged 69.

March 13, Mr. William McQuae, formerly resident of Jorico, L. I. aged 43.

March 13, Mrs. Elizabeth Simms, aged 77.

March 13, Mr. Henry Schindler, aged 39.





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WHOLE NUMBER 43.

## Original Articles.

## PRINCE HOEL'S LAY OF LOVE.

[The following beautiful song, composed, in blank verse, by a writer that can never be forgotten, (while there is a vestige of English literature,) has lately been put into rhyme by Maria del Occidente, author of "Zophiel."—Ed.]

I've harnessed thee, my faithful steed,  
Now, by the ocean, prove thy speed,  
While, as we pass, th' advancing spray  
Shall kiss thy side of glossy gray;  
Oh! fairer than the ocean foam  
Is that cold maid for whom we roam!

Her cheek is like the apple flower,  
Or summer heavens, at evening hour,  
While, in her tender bashfulness,  
She starts and flies my love's excess,  
Tho' dim my brow, beneath its mail,  
As ocean when the sun is pale.

On! on! until my longing sight,  
Can fix upon that dwelling white,  
Beside a verdant bank that braves  
The ocean's ever-sounding waves;—  
There, all alone, she loves to sing,  
Watching the silver sea-mew's wing.

In crowded halls, my spirit flies  
To wait on her—and wasting sighs  
Consume my nights—where'er I turn  
For her I pant, for her I burn,  
Who, like some timid, graceful bird,  
Shrinks from my glance and fears my word.

I faint; my glow of youth is gone;  
Sleepless at night and sick at morn,  
My strength departs; I droop, I fade,  
Yet think upon that lonely maid,  
And pity her, the while I pine  
That she should spurn a love like mine.

This, Madoc took the harp to play;  
Cold in the earth Prince Hoel lay;  
And Llaian listened, fain to speak,  
But wept as if her heart would break.

## REMARKS.

When a child of ten years old I could admire the poem "Madoc," such is the simplicity of its sentiments and the beauty of its delineations. Looking it over, here, (amidst the woods and canes of that island where repose the bones of Columbus,) the song of Prince Hoel attached itself to my thoughts, and has been (involuntarily) put into rhyme. This song may be found in the first part of the poem mentioned. The lyric metre in which it now appears must rather injure than improve the "beaute nature" of the original. Still I wish it to be published, as coming from my hand; because it gives me an opportunity of expressing, in some degree, my unqualified admiration of its composer. Well may he be called "THE POET AND HISTORIAN OF THE NEW WORLD." To justify this appellation, one has only to look at "Madoc" and the "History of Brazil." I have heard, from a friend, of a rumor that Southey is ill; and, as it is feared, irrecoverably.

This intelligence is unexpected as it is melancholy; for who had better reason to look forward to a protracted existence upon earth, than he who has written more than any other man except Voltaire—than Robert Southey, perfectly proportioned in person, just in mind, regular in his way of living, and benevolent in all his doings?

During that spring which hallowed the last revolution in France, (that of July, 1830,) I saw this "bard of the lakes" surrounded by his most amiable and certainly beautiful family; one only individual of which, his "Dark-eyed Birtha, maid as a dove," was then absent.

I must ever believe that a common reputation for beauty depends more on circumstances than on any particular faultlessness in the person said generally to be handsome.

Byron, in some one of the letters or conversations, written either by or for him, says, or is said to say: "I saw Southey (naming the time) at Lord Holland's, and would give Newton for his head and shoulders." This quotation is from memory, but, I trust, right, in sentiment, though it may not be perfectly so in words; but I have seen little else concerning the physique either of him "Who framed of Thalaba that wild and wondrous song," or of those to whom his blood is transmitted.

Still, at the time I have mentioned, it was impossible to look unmoved upon so much perfection of color, sound and expression as arrested my eyes at Keawick; in the tasteful and hospitable dwelling of him who brought to earth that "Glendower," "one of the fairest race of Heaven," (the Heaven of India,) who averted the designs of Arvalan, in that glowing and magnificent poem "The curse of Kama."

The "Herodotus of Brazil," himself, had seen, when I first saw him, fifty-seven winters; but his once dark locks,

though sprinkled with snow, were still curling as if childhood had not passed; and looked wild and thick as those of his own "Thalaba."

A "chevelure" like this, with black eyes, aquiline features, and figure tall and slender, without attenuation, assisted in presenting such an image as is seldom viewed in reality; while the effect of the whole was enhanced by easy, unpretending and affectionate manners.

The eldest daughter of this "Minstrel of the Mountains" was called Edith May, (the name of May having been given because she was born in the month of blossoms.) This lady (now Mrs. Warton,) was the bard himself with a different sex and complexion. "Her features his, but softened." Her gentle, graceful deportment was in perfect harmony with flaxen hair tinted with gold; and the outline of her father's face was embellished by the blue eyes and other delicate colors of her too sensitive mother, (named, also, Edith,) who had been chosen for "love alone."

The second daughter, Birtha, as I have said, was absent. The third, Catherine, "between the woman and the child," had hazel eyes and fine features, altogether with a delicate shape and complexion.

Cuthbert, the only son, was a boy of eleven or twelve with an open, expressive countenance.

I could not help remarking that in the names of each individual of this pleasing group was heard that sound produced by the letter T followed by its companion H, which is so difficult to the organs of foreigners, but which, when tenderly pronounced, brings to mind the down of a swan or the wing of a dove. Edith, Birtha, Catharine, Cuthbert, Southey.

If affection and innocence can insure felicity on earth, the course of their lives must be smooth as waters where the swan reposes; for certainly all their movements seemed innocent as those of the dove.

The month of March was nearly half gone, when I reached Keswick, by the road from Edinburgh; having passed, in my way, an old stone building, pointed out to me as "Branksome Tower," known by the "Lay of the last Minstrel," who has sung the achievements of Scottish knights and ladies.

This village, at the foot of Skiddaw, though much visited in the summer, has still all the wildness of nature. Daffodils were in blossom when I walked there; and primroses, daisies and violets opened, among the trees, upon every bank and grass plat, while the mountains, clustering about "Derwent Water," assumed such tints and shades of purple and blue as are peculiar to a northern climate.

"Oh, man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!"

All these pleasing images seemed to flit before me while putting into rhyme the "Song of Prince Hoel,"—but before I could write it down, tidings reached me of the illness, (perhaps incurable,) of him who drew it from the oblivion of its native Welsh.

Death already has robbed me of so much, that I have become, as it were, insensate to grief, and accustomed, even in my least unhappy moments, to reflect on the incertitude of all earthly hopes and wishes. I can now hear of losses with melancholy rather than with horror.

So much of the soul of Robert Southey has been dispersed about the world, that a "translation" to some other state of being, (now, before time has given him any burthen to carry,) would be, perhaps, no misfortune, except to those left to sorrow. Yet to know that so benevolent a being is still existing, feeling, joying, and suffering, on the sphere of our own mortality, awakens a feeling so nearly allied to pleasure, that all who can appreciate excellence must entreat of Heaven the continuance upon earth of a cotemporary of whom it may be said:

"VIRTUE AND HE ARE ONE!"

MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

Island of Cuba, Cafetal Hermita, Partido Guamaeo, Jan. 20, 1841

[The following is the thrilling and effective song which was given with such splendid effect by Russell at his Concert last Tuesday evening. It is now for the first time printed. It is the production of DR. COATES.

## THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!  
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!  
Shivering she watches by the cradle side  
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!"  
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!  
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!  
And I believed 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!"

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!  
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!  
Famine and cold their wearying work have done. [one.  
My heart must break!—And thou!—The clock strikes

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!  
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!  
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?  
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!"

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!  
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!  
And I could starve and bless him but for you,  
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.  
Mdan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!  
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"  
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay  
Night after night in loneliness to pray  
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!  
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we'll not part!  
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!"  
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

In addition to the above the following concluding stanza, from the pen of another gentleman, himself the author of some fine songs, was sung by Mr. Russell:

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath  
The wife and child are number'd with the dead. [fled!—  
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,  
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast:  
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—  
Dread silence reign'd around—the clock struck four!

## Recent Literature.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE MEMBER'S LADY.

The little borough town of H— was, at the period from whence my story dates its commencement, in a state of most unusual bustle and excitement. The old member, who had quietly walked the course at every election for the last thirty years, was gathered to the vault of his forefathers; an opposition candidate had been put forward to dispute the succession with his nephew, and the little town, usually so peaceful, was all alive with preparations for a contested election. Yes; the Honorable Charles Dacre was gone to his long home, and there were actually doubts whether his nephew and heir, the Honorable Henry, would be allowed to reign in his stead! Even that minute section of the great world, that island of life in the midst of an ocean of woodland and field, and meadow, was as full of the fire and rancor of party spirit for the time being, as the largest manufacturing town in the kingdom could have been. Once it had been a united little community; every man was in the Dacre interest, every woman wore the Dacre blue, and the Dacres were universally permitted to be lords, and masters, and "monarchs of all they surveyed." But a change had been quietly going on during the latter years of the old member's life. There were many who cherished doubts whether the feeble and aged man who generally paired off in the middle of the session with some equally active member of the opposition, was as efficient a representative as their thriving little borough might have had. Moreover, radical orators, men in queer broad-skirted coats, dirty waistcoats, and low-crowned, white hats, might occasionally be seen to pay short visits to H—, and finding some sparks of discontent already kindled there, they failed not to return again and again, till the flame had spread so far that, more than once, crowds of gaping auditors assembled in the tap-room of the "Green Dragon," and listened to and wondered at the spoutings of the strangers, and who came from none knew whence, and went none knew whither. Men in paper caps, or leather aprons, might now be seen at the street corners, or by the tap-room fire, spelling over some pamphlet left by the last orator, or devouring the columns of some "liberal" print, which had found its way to the landlord of the aforesaid "Green Dragon" through the post office. There was a talk, too, of a Mechanics' Institute, which could, would, and should be established in an old house in the Market-place, shut up for years, because it was haunted; but old superstitions had the better of modern innovation in this last instance, and the palefaced youth who had been sent from some mysterious source to superintend the formation of the society in question, gave up the attempt in despair; but, being too much fascinated by the dark eyes of the barmaid at the "Swan" to think of quitting H—, he opened a school, wherein he dealt out mathematics, latin, natural history, and various other branches of useful knowledge to the youth of the place, at the charge of eight pence per week for each pupil.

All these "signs of the times" were thickening in H—, when suddenly the death of Mr. Dacre brought the latent principle of opposition into action, and now drums were beating, flags flying, and streamers fluttering from the windows of the "Green Dragon" and the "Swan" bearing the different colors and devices of the Honorable Henry Dacre, and Wilmot Frisby, Esq.

It is not my intention here to detail the humors of an election, nor should I have adverted to the subject, but that

that memorable contest led to more important consequences for Henry Dacre than even his return to parliament. He had very seldom visited H— during his uncle's life, but the influence of name, property, and his excellent character ensured his triumph, though it was not achieved without a severe struggle.

He was a fine looking man of about two and thirty. His manners were perfectly polished and gentlemanly, yet scarcely prepossessing to strangers. He was naturally shy, and his shyness was accounted pride; peculiarly quiet in company, and his enemies charged his reserve upon stupidity, but nothing could be farther from the truth. He had read much, and was a vigilant observer of men and things; had a cool, clear head, great good sense, and most valuable business habits; just the man of whom a useful working member might be made, though very unlikely to shine as an orator. He had been in Parliament before, and had always proved himself a sound reasoner, and a useful man. When he spoke, which was but seldom, his speeches were clear and concise, full of plain demonstrations and solid sense, but they were delivered tamely, and were utterly unadorned. He had never personally canvassed the free and independent electors of H—, till the week preceding the election, and even then his sterling qualities might have been of little avail, but for the assistance of one, better skilled than himself to win the "golden opinions" requisite to success in the approaching contest.

Sir Arthur De Lisle was five or six years younger than Dacre, and of a far gayer and more vivacious disposition. He was just the very person to be popular on an occasion like the present; an adept in the art of pleasing, and full of animal spirits. He had engaged himself in his friend's cause, partly from real regard for him, and partly from a love of that fun and frolic which he anticipated would abound at a country election. He was naturally idle, but not indolent, very wealthy, and though sufficiently dissipated, had not yet arrived at that stage of listless satiety which prevents a man from finding amusement in the bustle and excitement of the scenes around him. He had offered to accompany Dacre from town to the scene of action, and his proposal, if not joyfully received, was at least complacently acquiesced in.

"We have got on nobly to-day, Dacre," exclaimed Sir Arthur, as on the afternoon of their third day's canvass, they emerged from the last straggling street at the outskirts of the town, and turned down a quiet green lane, by the sides of which were scattered a few dwellings of different degrees of pretension. "All have been gone through now except this handful of houses, and we may count on two-thirds as sure. We will finish our business here at once, for to-morrow will be a busy day with us."

They entered a small farm-house as they spoke, and having, through the eloquence of Sir Arthur, obtained a promise from its mistress, that her husband should vote for Mr. Dacre, "though to be sure he had been thinking Master Frisby would be a good enough man for a change," they proceeded to make memoranda of such particulars respecting the neighboring householders, as the good woman could afford them.

"Next house, Gabriel Gripp—two votes, father and son, but supposed to be pledged already to the Frisby interest; the green gate on the other side, Abel Flummy, a sure card; next to him, Mr. Longborrow, an old bachelor, politics unknown, but keeps a housekeeper—must have a word with her. White cottage, Mr. Fulham."

"Well, do you know what side Mr. Fulham is likely to take?"

"Lauk, sir, Mr. Fulham be in his grave this eight months!"

"Then there is no voter living there?"

"No, not that the worthy dame had ever heard of; but there was Giles Dingaway, the parish clerk, at the bottom of the lane, and of course he would vote for Mr. Dacre."

So bidding the woman a courteous good day, the gentlemen departed.

Of their adventures with the families of Gripp, Flummy, Longborrow, and Dingaway it boots not to tell, inasmuch as it has nothing to do with the story. But as they passed the white cottage in order to reach the residence of the "true blue" clerk, which stood a few hundred yards farther on, both paused for a minute in admiration of its beauty. It was very small, but every thing about it was in the nicest order; the little flower pots were beautifully kept, the grass had the brilliancy and smoothness of velvet, the palings that divided it from the road were snowy white, and the inner fence of sweet briar, unequalled in luxuriance and fragrance. Every thing about the dwelling was in the same style, the walls were as white as the palings, the long transom windows shone like crystal, and the porch above the door was covered with the most beautiful creepers. The little stand of green-house plants upon the grass, was filled with the very choicest kinds, and not a fallen leaf, not a broken twig had been permitted to remain upon the smooth turf around them. The casements were open to admit the soft summer air, but the blinds in the lower rooms were drawn, and there was altogether such an air of intense quiet about the place that it might have been supposed to be uninhabited, but for a form that suddenly appeared at an upper window. It was that of a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen or seventeen, dressed in the deepest mourning, yet dressed so carefully and neatly that the presiding genius of the grass plots and flower beds was at once revealed. Her complexion, though inclining to brunette, was beautifully clear; her throat and bosom formed the most perfect symmetry; and the hand with which she drew aside the curtain, was small and delicate, as a hand could be. Her dark hair was simply parted on her forehead, and twisted up behind in a knot, from which a few luxuriant tresses fell in rich waves on her shoulders. Altogether, her appearance was so singular, as well as beautiful, that Dacre and his friend gazed on her for some moments as if spell-bound, without speaking a word. If she perceived them, she gave no indication that she was conscious of their presence, for after looking for some little time toward the distant prospect of blue hills, which stretched far into the distance, she quietly let down the blind and retired.

"How very, very lovely!" said Dacre, as they pursued their way.

"Which?" interrogated Sir Arthur, "the cottage or the widow?"

"Surely that was no widow?" said Dacre; "so young, so beautiful,—besides, though she was in deep mourning, she did not wear a widow's cap."

"Very true," said Sir Arthur, as they stopped at Mr. Dingaway's door.

"Where are you going now, De Lisle?" asked Dacre, with a surprised air, as, on their return up the lane, Sir Arthur suddenly paused before the white cottage, and unlatched the little gate.

"How can you ask, man?" was the reply, "I am going to make acquaintance with Mrs. Fulham."

"But, my dear fellow, we have not the shadow of an excuse. No gentleman resides here," remonstrated Dacre.

"We are not obliged to know that, are we?" said Sir Arthur, as he rapped at the door. "Leave it all to me."

The apartment into which they were shown was small, and though the furniture was unexpensive, much taste was displayed in the arrangement of it. There were some traces of better times in a handsome piano, some valuable old china, and a few richly bound books, and there were two portraits on the wall, one of which, though of a lady of middle age, bore some resemblance to the fair apparition at the window.

"Mamma will be down immediately, gentlemen, if you can wait a few minutes," said a female voice, and the same apparition was before them. Dacre merely bowed, but Sir Arthur, who was never abashed, or at a loss for words, began at once to converse with the fair girl with all the ease imaginable.

"Miss Fulham, I presume,—pray pardon our intrusion, but we called on a little business which we shall have the honor of explaining to your mamma presently. Meanwhile, I must congratulate you in having found so beautiful a residence in this neighborhood, though I doubt not it owes most of its beauty to your influence."

"We certainly have a very fine prospect from our windows," said Ellen; and simple and common as her words were, Dacre thought he had never heard so musical a sentence issue from human lips; and as De Lisle and she talked, the discourse gradually turning on the flowers before them, and the little canary that hung in the window, and as she descanted on the culture of the one, and made the other sing his sweetest song, with all the artless enthusiasm of a very young girl, Dacre felt as if a new world of beauty had opened on his senses, as if a new existence were beginning within him. Her manner was utterly free from affectation, frank and artless as that of a little child, yet without the least taint of boldness or hoydenism. She laughed at some sally of De Lisle, and what a sweet laugh was hers! No school girl giggle, no hysterical cackinnation, but a smile made vocal, a sudden gush of music from the heart strings. I wish I could find words wherewith to portray the loveliness of Ellen Fulham, but I might as well describe the tints of a rainbow or the radiance of a meteor.

Presently Mrs. Fulham made her appearance, and while De Lisle is making the best apology he can frame for the intrusion of himself and his companion, we will retrace a little of the former history of the widow and her beautiful daughter.

When very young she had become the wife of Mr. Fulham, a man many years older than herself, and the leading banker in a flourishing provincial town. He lived in no noble style, and kept up his credit so well, that until his death, it was never suspected that his affairs were in any way involved. On examination, however, they appeared to be in the greatest confusion, and had he lived a few months longer he would have been inevitably a bankrupt. As it was, through the clemency of some of the principal creditors, a slender provision was secured to his widow for her life, but a change in her manner of living was necessary. She was a woman of a meek and chastened spirit, a sincere and humble Christian, and therefore she repined not at the loss of the luxuries and elegance which hitherto surrounded her. Her health had for many years been delicate, and even in her time of splendor, she had been so accustomed to consider "this world as all a fleeting show," that she was the better prepared to acquiesce in whatever might be the will of the Almighty concerning her. She was never heard to murmur when she left her large mansion, and retired with her only child to the small cottage, where they now resided. Yet one anxious thought did sometimes trouble her quiet and resigned spirit. What would be the fate of that child should she be deprived of her mother's fostering care? True, there were friends and relatives who would not let that fair girl absolutely want, but dependence is a bitter thing, more especially to those who have known none, save on the kindness that never disappoints—that of fond and indulgent parents.

"Very true, ma'am, exactly so; but if you have no votes connected with you, you must have interest. Miss Fulham, we called to ask for your interest; you can promise us that, at any rate."

"My daughter and myself live in such complete retirement, that we are not likely to have an opportunity of testing the strength of our influence," replied Mrs. Fulham, coldly, for she was already aware of the admiration with which De Lisle regarded Ellen, and her motherly heart took alarm.

"Well, then, your good wishes. My dear lady, you can certainly promise us your good wishes," said De Lisle, as he reluctantly rose to depart. He shook hands with both ladies, while Dacre only ventured to bow. "You will permit us to call, and tell you the event of this contest," he continued; and without waiting to hear Mrs. Fulham's answer, they hastily left the house.

"What an exceedingly intrusive and impertinent person!" exclaimed Mrs. Fulham, as soon as the door had closed upon them. "They must have known perfectly well that there were no gentlemen here."

"Oh, mamma, why should they have come then?" said Ellen, and she stopped short; the color rising in her cheek, as a suspicion of the true object of their call rushed into her mind. "Besides, I thought him such a pleasant man," she continued, though without raising her eyes.

"I know you did, Ellen; and that very circumstance gives me pain. Do not look so grave, my darling; come here and sit by me, whilst I talk to you."

Ellen sat down on a low cushion by her mother's knee, as she had done from a little child, and looked up in Mrs. Fulham's face with eyes so sweet and soft, that the mistress stooped and kissed her smooth brow before she proceeded.

"I do not see why you should be so much pleased with this Sir Arthur De Lisle, if that be his name; or I should not have said a word about it. It always grieves me, Ellen, to see you, as I sometimes fear you are, disposed to take strong likings to people at first sight. I fear this person is one who would not improve upon acquaintance."

"Dear mamma, how can you think so? He seemed to me so pleasant and gentlemanly!"

"You thought him pleasant, my Ellen, because he paid you a few idle compliments, and was evidently struck with your appearance. Ellen, you know I have never used the policy which would strive to conceal from you that you have a pretty face. I only want to teach you to rate it at its true value, and strive to let your chief attraction lie in something far better. As to calling him gentlemanly, depend on it his friend, Mr. Dacre, is ten times more of a gentleman than he."

"What! that cold, proud, silent man?"

"Even so, my dear; at any rate he was not talking nonsense or using impertinent familiarity in a house where he was an entire stranger. I could plainly see that he was vexed and embarrassed by the very free and easy bearing of his companion. But we will say no more of them; for I see a defence of Sir Arthur rising to your lips. I only hope they will come no more."

"I hope so too, mamma," said Ellen; but the deceived herself: she would have felt really disappointed if they had not called again.

Two hours indeed had scarcely elapsed before a messenger arrived from the visitants of the morning. He brought a note for Mrs. Fulham, most respectfully worded, beginning with "My dear Madam," and ending with "Yours most faithfully, Arthur De Lisle;" and accompanied by two splendid favors of the Dacre blue, richly ornamented with silver. They were sent, said the note, to remind Mrs. Fulham that she was fairly enlisted in the Dacre interest, and that she must wish them good speed with all her heart. Good Mrs. Fulham! She was not without a touch of human weakness after all; and she read the note aloud in a very complacent tone of voice, after having first perused it to herself. It was very politely turned, certainly; and there was no allusion to Ellen, except a "compts. to Miss Fulham," by way of postscript. She did not say she was pleased, but she laid the note carefully by with the favors, and wondered whether the opposition candidate had any chance.

The nomination of the candidates was appointed for the following day, and of course the bustle in the town was increased tenfold; but the white cottage was as quiet as ever—nay, it seemed even quieter than usual, as the distant sounds of noisy music and loud voices were borne past it on the wind.

That day Sir Arthur de Lisle was just in his element, in the centre of noise and excitement; speechifying, coaxing, cajoling, dazzling all with his brilliancy, and confounding those whom he did not convince with his rapid and witty eloquence. The heats about H— were famous for the breeding of a remarkably strong and useful species of donkeys, and the donkey owners were rather an influential body. The Frisbyites had marked them for their own; for one or two elders of the tribe were known to be "liberally" inclined; but the eloquence of Sir Arthur prevailed even in this instance, and the donkey owners of H— went over in a body to the Dacre interest. I do not think the image of Ellen Fulham ever troubled the mind of De Lisle during that eventful day; though when its business was concluded, he gallantly drank her health in a bumper of Burgundy. But with Dacre it was otherwise. The fair face of our heroine had beamed on him amidst all the crowd and confusion, like that of a guardian angel! and her sweet voice was still lingering about his memory, apart from and unmingled with the harsher sounds that forced themselves on his outward sense. Let no sceptic insinuate that love at first sight is an impossible thing. Dacre had seen Ellen Fulham but once, but he felt that she could never—never be forgotten.

In the times of which I write, an election was a very different thing to the business-like affairs of these degenerate days. All the tradespeople who sold any article liable to an extra consumption at such a time—all the voters whose residences were at some distance—all the idle boys, and almost all the women, felt it to be their interest to keep the poll open as long as possible. It was a holiday—a jubilee—a time to eat, drink, and be merry, for every body except the quiet householders, and the unfortunate candidates themselves. Therefore, when, at the end of the ninth day, Mr. Frisby resigned, having only three more men to poll, and Mr. Dacre was declared duly elected, all the interested parties aforesaid felt disappointed and annoyed, as they surely had a right to be. For once the successful candidate did not rejoice over the comparatively early settlement of the contest, for his business called him at once to London, and Ellen Fulham had to be parted with. Both he and De Lisle had made many opportunities of seeing her during the last week of their stay, for perseverance effects wonders; and Sir Arthur had made good his footing at the White Cottage, and went in and out just as he pleased, before worthy Mrs. Fulham could devise means to prevent it. Her dislike to him was fast giving way before his powers of pleasing. She had learnt to be amused with his brilliant conversation, and to feel disappointed when his call was made at a later hour than usual. Both Dacre and De Lisle regarded Ellen as the loveliest creature on earth, yet their feelings about her were as different as possible. De Lisle never for an instant dreamed of marrying the beautiful recluse. He intended that his wife should possess rank and wealth, as well as beauty; and Ellen had neither. He told Dacre, indeed, that he adored her, but that whatever the sacrifice might cost him, he must resign her; and immediately after this confidential communication, he went whistling down stairs to give some order respecting their next day's journey.

Dacre's love for Ellen was such as a man of high and lofty feelings and unblemished honor was likely to entertain for a beautiful and innocent girl; and loving her thus honorably, he was resolved, could he win her, to make her his wife. He had secretly dreaded the superior tact and accomplishments of De Lisle, and it was an infinite relief to him to find he need have no serious apprehensions of a rival in his friend. Still he was a prudent man, and before making Ellen a regular offer, he determined to see some friends of Mrs. Fulham, residing in London, of whose respectability he was aware, and from them ascertain if the represen-



tations she made of her situation were correct. Should his inquiries prove satisfactory, he resolved at once to learn his fate from Ellen herself. He and De Lisle went together to take leave of the Fulhams, and Dacre was pained to see that Ellen appeared surprised and hurt at the unabated good spirits of Sir Arthur. The fact was, he had flirted with her, was leaving her, might never see her again, and was already anticipating new pleasures in London; therefore he showed as little emotion as he felt. She had gathered two beautiful roses, and gave one to De Lisle, which he received with the most fluent expressions of gratitude; she offered the other to Dacre, and—though his thanks were less fervently expressed, she could not but see how real was the pleasure with which he took it from her hand. In a few minutes, De Lisle had inadvertently twisted his flower to pieces, but Dacre's was held as carefully as if it had been a fairy treasure. Weeks afterward the circumstance was recalled to her mind, and the withered rose produced in at-testation of how dearly it had been prized.

"This place really does seem duller than it used to be," said Mrs. Fulham, one hot drowsy afternoon about a week or ten days after the departure of Dacre and De Lisle; "I am sorry now for your sake, Ellen, that these people ever came for you miss them sadly I am sure."

"Oh, mamma, you know we have just the same sources of amusement we had before we knew them, and besides, you have often said it is wrong to repine when Providence withdraws a pleasure or a blessing;" and she stopped and turned away, for her eyes were filled with tears, and she did not wish her mother to see them. She was often sad now, and wherefore? Was she in love? and was it with Sir Arthur De Lisle? Not exactly; he had not the noble qualities that awaken that deep and undying attachment of which a girl, such as Ellen Fulham was then, is capable; but he had excited, dazzled, and flattered her, and she had learned to look forward to his coming with trembling eagerness, and to feel a gentle regret when he left her. Then there was Dacre, whose good sense and richly stored mind had inspired her with a sort of reverence for him; yet she was certain she was not in love with him—he was too old, too grave, too silent. Yet she was sorry, very sorry to lose his society, for he could tell her every thing she wanted to know, and she felt a kind of reliance on all he said, which she would have been puzzled to describe or account for. Now they were both gone—should they ever meet her again? But who is that tall, gentlemanly man coming down the lane? Not De Lisle—he was more stately of bearing. Nearer and nearer he came—it was Dacre—certainly it was Dacre! That it was he, and the reason of his early return to their neighborhood, flashed over her mind with the rapidity of lightning. The "oh, mother! there is Mr. Dacre!" which informed Mrs. Fulham of his approach, was followed by a hasty retreat to her chamber; and before Ellen had arranged her hair to her mind, and effected all the changes in her attire which she deemed needful, Dacre was in the house, quietly but fervently revealing to Mrs. Fulham the love with which her daughter had inspired him, and offering the most liberal settlements in case she should consent to become his wife.

The gratitude of Mrs. Fulham on the prospect of such an advantageous marriage for her beautiful child, may be easily conceived. It was splendid beyond her most sanguine hopes. She was not naturally an ambitious or an avaricious woman, but she could not be blind to the advantages of such a union, and joyfully commiserated Dacre's proposal to Ellen. Before the trembling girl could collect her ideas, or fairly balance in her mind the question of whether she really loved or not, she was his betrothed bride, and he had pressed her to his heart, and saluted her as his own beloved Ellen.

The inhabitants of H— had scarcely subsided into tolerable calmness after the election, when they were called upon to gossip and wonder over the approaching marriage of their new member. Amongst the young ladies, indeed, the astonishment was boundless. Who was this Ellen Fulham? Nobody knew any thing of her or her mother; they never visited, they had not attended the election-ball, or joined the canvassing party for Mr. Dacre, formed by the more vivacious ladies in the little town. Where on earth had he picked up so obscure a bride? There was one young lady who had three votes in her household, which she had teased her father and brothers into bestowing on Mr. Dacre, because Sir Arthur De Lisle had assured her that Dacre remembered her as a child, and had spoken with delight of the prospect of seeing her again! There were others similarly situated, who were all astonished beyond measure; and each secretly holding herself to be ill-used and deceived, resolved never to put faith in a baronet again. Still the preparations for the wedding went on. It was understood that the principal part of the bridal paraphernalia was to come from London, but the orders given to the *artistes* of H— were so ample, that many doubted if any thing more could possibly be required.

At length the eventful morning dawned. The bishop of the diocese attended at the parish church, and pronounced the nuptial benediction. The bride looked lovelier than ever; for lace, satin, and pearls, beautified even such beauty as hers. Bells rang, children shouted, horses pranced, banners waved; and amidst all the joyful tumult called forth by the occasion, the young bride was borne away toward the metropolis in her husband's splendid traveling carriage. Alas! of all those who gazed on the member's lady with looks of envy and admiration, there was, perhaps, not one—no, not the poorest in the throng—who would have changed places with her, could the veil of the future have been raised before their eyes!

If ever woman on earth was happy, surely Mrs. Dacre was so during the first years of her married life: yet, perhaps, her happiness was not altogether derived from the mere indulgence of affection. She was mistress of a princely establishment; she was permitted to receive her mother as an inmate whenever and for as long as she pleased, and to add to her comforts by many valuable presents; she had not a wish ungratified, and might indulge at will in all the gaities that women, especially very young women, are fond of. If she had been very deeply in love with her husband, she would, perhaps, have seen that he would have been as well content had she devoted more of her time to home and its quiet pleasures; but though she loved him dearly in some sort, I will not affirm that he really constituted the principal source of her happiness. Dress, jewels, furniture;

these had become her delight. She had an exquisite taste, and her house, her furniture, and her equipage, were all allowed to be unexceptionable. She delighted in inventing new costumes, peculiarly becoming to her style of beauty; though to give her her due, she always ran first to her husband when she had any thing new or pretty to display. For his part, he looked on dress as so very childish and trifling an affair, that he would scarcely have noticed the fashion of her garments, if she had not called his attention to them herself. He looked at her with mingled pleasure and pain on such occasions;—pleasure, that she looked so lovely, and was desirous to please him—pain, that her mind was so much directed to such insignificant matters. Perhaps he did not understand her either; he did not see how completely her happiness was nurtured in excitement. He had a proud, deep love for her; he was proud of her beauty and her elegance—proud to see her admired, and to hear her spoken of in terms of glowing praise; and he loved her tenderly as his wife and the mother of his child. But his was not the lip-love that is forever flowing forth in rhapsodies about itself or its object. He seldom said anything about it, while every day, every hour, it shone conspicuous in contrivances to give her pleasure, or to add to the luxuries that surrounded her. Now, her affection, less profound in kind, and more completely the creature of circumstances, had a great inclination for display—not, indeed, before others—her sense of propriety would have forbidden that; but she would steal into his study when he was alone and busy, and really tease him with the expressions of her affection. She had a hundred pretty phrases of love on her tongue, and a playful tenderness of manner, that to any one less grave than Dacre would have been bewitching; but to say nothing of the difference of their years, that of their dispositions prevented her fascinations being fully appreciated. There was no response in his manner to hers. At the time he was receiving her caresses, an observer would have thought him cold and unfeeling; but it was not so. His heart was fuller of love than even her own, but his quiet and somewhat formal manner prevented the utterance of it.

If Ellen had been beautiful as a girl, she was endued with tenfold loveliness as a wife and mother. The tastefulness of her dress, and the constant serenity of a mind that had nothing to oppose its will or ruffle its peace, had their due effect in improving her appearance. She retained all the freshness of childhood and elasticity of youth, while her manner was refined, and her enthusiastic spirit directed toward the most graceful pursuits by the example of those among whom she dwelt. To see her bending over her embroidery frame, her delicate fingers busy among the brightest silks and richest satins, was to look on a personification of luxury. She retained all her fondness for flowers and birds, and her conservatory was filled with the rarest exotics, and cages of bright-plumed prisoners from all quarters of the world. Her child was a beautiful creature, bearing a marked resemblance to herself, and she loved him with a feeling more resembling a passion than the calm steady depths of maternal affection; and it was in such a home, thus surrounded by every thing that can "minister delight unto the sense," that Sir Arthur De Lisle found her on his return from a lengthened sojourn on the Continent.

He had not seen Ellen since the day of her marriage, when he himself had given her away; and though he had always thought her pretty, he really felt surprised at finding her much more beautiful than he formerly supposed her to be. Whether he saw her in her graceful morning attire, surrounded by all the elegancies that set off female loveliness to the best advantage, and playing the mother so prettily as she fondled her beautiful child, or in her rich evening dress, the centre of some group of admirers, the life and light of her husband's stately mansion, he decided her to be the loveliest creature under heaven, and marvelled at his own stupidity in not discerning the germs of all her perfections in the fair young girl who had caught his fickle fancy in days gone by—who had been so lightly resigned and so easily forgotten. Less innocent thoughts and feelings than had been awakened by her beauty before, were aroused within him, for he had undergone even a greater change than herself. The gay youth, whose errors had seemed to spring more from thoughtlessness than premeditation, had become a dissipated man of the world. His manners were more conspicuous than before; but three years' residence on the Continent had destroyed the small influence that moral principle had ever possessed over his mind, and imbued it with that intense selfishness in the pursuit of his pleasures, which is the inseparable companion of unrestrained indulgence. Moreover, the refined loveliness of Ellen, her winning manner, her polished elegance, had kindled in his breast a feeling more nearly akin to real attachment than any he had ever experienced; and, with a strange inconsistency, he soon began to regard Dacre as one that had in some sort defrauded him of this beautiful prize.

Had Mr. Dacre been less occupied with public affairs, and had circumstances permitted him to spend as much time in the society of De Lisle as he had formerly done, it is more than probable that the material change in the character of the latter would not have escaped his observation. An hour occasionally passed with him while others were present, did not afford him much opportunity for detecting the real state of De Lisle's feelings; and on the whole, he thought him rather improved than otherwise. Therefore it was, that Sir Arthur was permitted to pass hours and hours with Mrs. Dacre; therefore it was, that her long morning and her noontide drive or ride were shared with him; and the world, the Argus-eyed world of fashion, was making its comments and whispering its suspicions, long before Dacre dreamed that cause for suspicion existed.

It could serve no useful purpose to detail the process by which Sir Arthur De Lisle succeeded in weaning Mrs. Dacre's affections from her husband, and fixing them on himself. I might probably render my tale more interesting by describing the allurements to which she was exposed, and the many struggles of her own mind before she yielded to their influence; but I much doubt the goodness of the effect produced by such displays of human weakness. Suffice it that she imagined she found in De Lisle all that she missed in Dacre—affection that was eloquent as well as deep, attention to her every caprice, unwearied devotion, that flattered her vanity and fed her fanciful craving for excitement;

and for this, these vain and deceptive appearances, she put away the faith of her wedded love, nor doubted that the sterling qualities on which she had leaned in Dacre, whose real worth she had never known, because their support had never been withdrawn from her for a moment, would be also in De Lisle.

I have said that Dacre was long before he had even suspected that any thing unusual was going on in his house. The town had been talking of Mrs. Dacre's strange conduct for weeks before Dacre himself had observed any thing strange in it. How his jealousy became aroused I know not, but it was at one of their country seats that Ellen received the first intimation of his uneasiness.

Dacre had not invited De Lisle to accompany them to H—; nevertheless, the second day of their sojourn there witnessed the arrival of Sir Arthur at the Swan Hotel, and the next morning brought him to Dacre's house. He declined staying to dinner, however, a circumstance which, as it will presently be seen, served to increase Mr. Dacre's suspicions.

"Ellen," said he to his wife, on the following day, "I want to say a few words to you." The color left her cheek in an instant, and her heart beat so violently that she could scarcely stand.

"Why do you tremble so?" said he, with a searching look; "I am only going to ask where you walked last evening after you left me in the dining-room?"

She saw that evasion would avail her nothing, and she falteringly answered, "through the shrubberies."

"And who did you chance to meet there, Ellen? Who brought you back as far as the green gate, and was so long in taking leave?"

Again she felt compelled to answer truly, and she replied, "Sir Arthur De Lisle."

"Then, in future, Ellen, I expect that you will oblige me by remaining within doors after sunset, unless I am with you. Ellen, Ellen," he continued, after a moment's pause, "you do not know what thorns you are planting in my heart!"

She was silent, but the color returned vividly to her cheek—then left it pale as before, and she leaned against a chair for support.

"I am not naturally of a jealous temper," said Dacre, in a softened tone. "Ellen, you cannot say that I have ever exhibited that peevish watchfulness which some call a proof of love; and yet the Almighty only knows how deeply and entirely I have loved you! I believe you yet love me. I do not accuse you of crime, my dear Ellen, but I have lately observed some imprudence in your conduct—imprudence utterly unworthy of you as a wife, a mother, and a lady of high station. Abjure this folly, dearest; I know you have but to be convinced of your error to resign it; assume that proper dignity which will be a wall and bulwark to you, and all will yet be well."

What a multitude of feelings rushed through Ellen's heart, what thoughts crowded on her brain, as the words of her husband reached her ears. He did not know the worst then; did not even suspect it; knew not that her whole heart (so she vainly deemed) was given up to the idol of her fancy! Well, it was a momentary relief—a breathing time—yet she felt ready to sink beneath the burden of her secret shame and remorse! In the depth of her infatuation she had persuaded herself that Dacre was cold and insensible, and that his indifference in some degree justified her in her devotion to the enthusiastic De Lisle; yet, now he showed himself all that was affectionate, and mild, and generous. What *should* she do? She felt that things could not be allowed to continue in their present position much longer. Must she fall at Dacre's feet, and confess all the guilt and agony that was at work within her? How could she make so mighty an effort! Yet to feel herself reinstated in his favor, to continue to share his wealth and honors, knowing that he blindly believed her innocent—oh, that could never be! She put her hand to her forehead, and felt for a moment as if she were going mad.

Dacre drew nearer to her side, and evidently touched by her emotion, continued thus: "I see, dearest, that you are bewildered and terrified at the sudden idea that any conduct of yours could ever lay you open to animadversion; I did not for an instant imagine that you knew you were doing wrong; the very innocence of your mind might blind you as to the possible effect of your behavior; but believe me, sweet, we live in a censorious world, and the very appearance of evil must be avoided. Putting aside my own feelings in the case, it was surely my part, as your nearest and truest friend, to warn you of the error you were falling into." He put his arm round her waist and kissed her, but started back as he felt the icy coldness of her cheek. At the same moment she slid from his embrace, and sank senseless at his feet.

"The time has arrived, adorable Ellen, when you must make trial of the strength of that love in which you have so often professed your entire confidence. The tranquillity of your life has been broken, and the suspicion once awakened, will never be satisfied until all is revealed. How much better, then, that the scene, which must come sooner or later, should be enacted in your absence? Every arrangement for our flight and for our future happiness is already made, and I wait with impatience for the sign of assent that shall make you mine for ever. Delay no longer, beloved love! I assure you it is useless torture. What you have endured already is not a hundredth part of the suffering that awaits us both if you remain where you are. Exactly at three o'clock to-morrow morning I shall have a carriage waiting at the end of the path through the copse. You can easily reach it with the assistance of Jackson, who is true as steel. God bless you—send me one word—one line—but no refusal, or you will drive me frantic. God bless you!"

A. DE L—.

Such was the note which Mrs. Jackson delivered into her lady's hand, as she reclined languidly on a sofa three days after the memorable interview with her husband. She read it, and, wringing her hands, addressed herself to her maid, as if that worthy personage were already apprised of its contents, as there is little doubt she was—"Oh, Jackson, what *must* I do?"

"Why, ma'am, in course you will do just what you think best," replied the maid, pertly; "but after all that's come and gone, I think you had far best try 'all for love or the world well lost,' as my poor mother used to say. You

may depend on it master has been looking uncommon curious and cross-grained ever since you took ill, and it's my solemn opinion he's only waiting till you're better, to examine into every thing; and though I'm sure he shall cut out my tongue before he gets a word from me, there's others who might speak, both what they know and what they do n't, which is worse; and then he might find the letters, too, if he took it into his head to search the cabinet, and I can't well take 'em without being seen, because he or his valet keeps in that anti-room every hour of the day."

"This is most dreadful," groaned Ellen, "Is there no escape—no alternative?"

"Why, ma'am, if you don't consider Sir Arthur's proposal as an escape, I don't know what is one," quoth Jackson. "I'm sure we may as well go with him at once, and far better too, for what's done can't be undone; and to my mind, Sir Arthur was the man you ought to have married all along, so after all 't is no great harm to nobody."

"But, my child, Jackson! Oh, I could never, never leave my own only child!" cried Ellen, passionately.

"Why so, ma'am? I am sure he'll be taken all care of, and he is not old enough to feel the miss of you very much, and we could do no good with him on the journey." But though the wife's sense of duty was blunted and perverted, the mother's love was yet keenly alive; and the miserable and guilty Ellen, while she made up her mind to forsake the husband of her youth, was resolute not to move one step from her home unless her child bore her company.

It was a moonless night, but the sky was thickly studded with stars, looking as purely and calmly down as if no scene of human guilt or agony were going on beneath them. The trembling Ellen, supported by Jackson, who carried a small bundle, stole noiselessly forth, and her child slept soundly under the influence of a soporific draught in the arms of De Lisle's valet, who had been sent to meet them. They reached the appointed spot without discovery, and Mrs. Dacre, more dead than alive, was assisted into the carriage by De Lisle, the child being placed on her lap.

"What is this?" cried De Lisle, as the soft hand of the little innocent brushed his cheek as it was lifted in.

"My child" murmured Ellen, faintly—"Oh, Arthur, I could not leave my child!"

"This was more than I bargained for!" muttered the baronet to himself, "but no matter now!"

The door closed—the postillions mounted.

"Won't us cut a figure in the papers?" quoth Mr. Crimpe, the valet, as he climbed into the rumble behind, and gallantly drew Mrs. Jackson beneath his ample cloak to shield her from the cold. The whips cracked, the horses sprang forward, and Ellen Dacre was an exile from her home forever.

We must now change the scene to Switzerland, and introduce our readers to the retreat of the guilty fugitives, which was a small but pretty cottage in the neighborhood of Chamouni. A lovelier summer residence could scarcely have been chosen. It stood on a gentle declivity at the foot of a lofty mountain, whose noble summit, "built as for eternity," rose protectively behind it. The former occupier had taken much pleasure in improving it, and it stood half embowered in evergreens and flowering shrubs, its rustic porches and verandah being covered with the choicest climbing plants. The interior was handsomely furnished, and with more attention to comfort than is usually found in a continental residence. In addition to this, De Lisle had spared no expense on any alteration that could add to Ellen's convenience or pleasure. Both pictures and musical instruments had been transported there as if by magic. And in the midst of all this luxury and beauty, if I were drawing a fancy picture, I should represent my heroine as gloomy and dispirited, tortured with the horrors of remorse, and vainly longing after the home she had left for ever. But I tell an over true tale, and it was not yet that Ellen felt the bitterness of the lot she had chosen for herself. As yet it realised her visions of romantic happiness to the uttermost. She had persuaded herself that Dacre did not love her with the intense and passionate devotion which she was entitled to receive, and which she felt she did receive from De Lisle. If a rising thought of pity and sorrow for what she had caused him to suffer clouded her mind, she put it away, and assured herself that he would not feel it very keenly, at least not for long, and that amidst the business and bustle of the world he would soon forget her. On gloomy days, when De Lisle was not with her, as was sometimes the case, or in the dead of night, when she suddenly started up, awakening from some dream of old times, a deep sharp pang would momentarily pierce her heart; but the spell, the infatuation was still upon her, and its breaking was yet to come. There was yet no retribution manifested, and her conscience slept that enchanted sleep, from whence the awakening is unspeakably terrible.

It was summer-time then, and she was happy. Let me not be misunderstood—her happiness was not an enviable one. With that deep, chastened peace which pervades the mind of the Christian, with that calm and tranquil happiness which is the result of high and holy principle, she had nothing to do. But she was happy so far as the absence of want, or sickness, or unkindness, and the presence of a devoted lover and her own beautiful child could make her. That child was just beginning to speak, to lispen her name, to take delight in flowers and birds, and all beautiful things. Her maid, Mrs. Jackson, who, presuming on her mistress's situation, had grown insolent and tyrannical, had been dismissed by Sir Arthur, and the Swiss servants about her treated her with the utmost deference. All things were submitted to her will—all things were at her command, and therefore she esteemed herself happy.

It was a lovely summer evening; Sir Arthur was absent, having gone to the next town to transact some business at his banker's, and Ellen sat by the window watching for his return, but meanwhile occupied in observing the beautiful effect of the sunset light on the opposite range of snow-capped mountains. Her child reposed at her feet on a velvet cushion—she had laid him there in preference to sending him to bed, for amidst all her happiness she had a lurking dislike to entire loneliness, and the tears swelled into her eyes as something like a vague thought of the time when she so rested by her mother passed over her mind.

That mother was now no more. She had died rather suddenly whilst on a visit at Dacre's, during the second year of her daughter's marriage; and for the first time since her elopement, the thought of how her mother would have felt, had she been living, came into her mind. And that thought once awakened, how many other and darker ones might have followed—it was but one linked unto many; but her meditations were interrupted by the approach of two persons by the same road on which she expected to see De Lisle. They stopped before the gate of the cottage, then went a few steps farther—passed again—returned and entered. A feeling of unaccountable terror seized her mind. She trembled excessively, and almost shrieked as they knocked at the door, although both were entire strangers to her, and she had no idea of the real object of their visit. The door was opened to them by the valet, Mr. Crimpe, and one of them addressed him in French, but the other impatiently interrupted him, exclaiming in English, "We are all right—this is the valet I know—is Mrs. Dacre at home, my friend?" The man stammered out a denial, and asserted that the house was inhabited only by a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, which was the name the guilty fugitives had assumed. But the gentleman pushed him aside, and opening the door of the sitting-room, presented himself before Ellen. "Mrs. Dacre, I believe," said he, bowing to the object of his search, who had risen and stood before him, mute and pale as a statue. "I beg your pardon, madam, I have no wish to alarm you, but we come from Mr. Dacre." If a thunderbolt had fallen and rent the earth at her feet, the startled cry of Ellen could scarcely have been more full of terror. She replied not, but she stood with her lips apart, her cheek blanched to the hue of death, and her hand lifted and extended, gazing on the speaker in silent alarm. "We have undertaken a very unpleasant task, Mrs. Dacre," continued the spokesman, "but having undertaken it, we must perform it, and I am glad on the whole that we find you alone." Rousing herself in some degree from her trance of surprise and terror, Ellen motioned to the strangers to be seated, and sank back herself on the sofa. "It is only natural that Mr. Dacre should try to regain possession of a treasure so very dear to him as that he has been robbed of—he is resolved on its restoration, and you cannot blame us if"—"Must I go with you at once," said Ellen, faintly, "Must I?"—"Our commission does not extend to you, madam," was the reply; "Mr. Dacre never spoke of recalling you, nor will he attempt to do so, but we have orders, by any means, to take with us his son and heir, the child who accompanied your flight."

The shriek that Ellen Dacre gave at that moment was so unearthly, so appalling, that even the strong hearts of the men before her quailed and sank as it reached their ears. Its piercing tones resounded through every corner of the house, and immediately drew the servants to the apartment. She had now started from the couch, and was clasping the child to her bosom, and he had awakened, and clinging around her neck was crying bitterly. The strangers were not unmoved, but their orders were positive, and one of them advancing toward her endeavored to induce her to be calm. But she heard and heeded him not; still retaining her convulsive hold of the child, she sprang toward the door, and finding herself intercepted by the other unwelcome visitor, she sank suddenly down in helpless insensibility. It was long before she returned to consciousness, and when she was in some degree restored, she found that her child had been taken away during her swoon, and that the strangers had departed with it. Many days elapsed ere she regained any degree of tranquillity; and Sir Arthur's consolations, when she was sufficiently composed to listen to them, were not exactly of the kind she required. He, who could not appreciate the beauty of a pure and virtuous attachment—how could he enter into the holy depths of a mother's love and sorrow? The words "Do not fret so sadly, my sweet Ellen; you are more my own than ever; I have no rival now!" fell coldly on her ears, for she felt that they contained no sign of sympathy in her sufferings. All things around her seemed changed—a vast revulsion of feeling had come upon her. Her child had possessed far more of her real affection than her husband had ever received, even in their happiest days, and in taking him with her she thought she had secured her principal source of happiness. With him, and with the devoted lover who seemed so well to appreciate the sacrifices she had made for him, her life had been like a fairy dream; but her idol was wrested from her, and her heart went with it. Her health began to be impaired by her mental suffering, and the more so that she felt herself compelled to avoid alluding to her loss before Sir Arthur; for she soon found he was impatient of hearing of it: her lamentations implied a reproach to him, and she forbore them, but her pale and sunken cheek soon upbraided him more eloquently than words. He perceived her declining health, but he chose to attribute it to some unwholesome miasma from the neighboring lake, and proposed a change of residence. To this Ellen made no objection; nay, she felt it would be a relief, for here the face of her child looked up to her from every object she gazed upon.

Paris! They were in that centre of all that is gay and dissipated; and Ellen's beautiful figure, set off by the most splendid dresses, and her lovely face, whose paleness was disguised by art, were to be seen in every public place of amusement, and in not a few private houses, where the wealth and rank of Sir Arthur procured them admission; and despite the sorrow that was corroding her heart, she had hours of triumph and of gratification—the gratification of vanity, for her beauty and her doubtful position drew trains of admirers around her. And yet, when she returned to the magnificent hotel where they resided, she would weep bitterly as she laid aside her gorgeous ornaments, and wonder how she could have been gay. She felt, too, that Sir Arthur was changed; he was not less attentive to her wants and wishes; he treated her still with the same marked devotion; but she felt in her inmost soul that there was less of his heart in this outward show than there had formerly been. Yes! he was wearying of her, and the bare supposition was too dreadful to be contemplated: yet what right had she to complain? Her child! oh, could she but once more hear his prattling voice, and feel his little arms around her neck, what balm—what blessedness would it bring to her troubled mind! So she thought one evening as she sat in her splendid drawing-room, ready dressed for a large party, and only awaiting Sir Arthur's leisure to accompany him thither.

He entered—her eyes were full of tears; he spoke—and they overflowed in spite of her efforts to subdue the emotion which she knew from experience he disliked to witness. He asked her the cause of her grief, and she flung herself into his arms, and sobbed in agony. "My child, my child!" was all she could utter. He half pushed her from him, with a sudden gesture of vexation, and then asked, somewhat sternly—"What of that child, Ellen? Have you heard any bad news of him? Is he sick or dead?" "No, no," she murmured; "but indeed I cannot help it; thoughts—terrible thoughts will come to me as I sit alone. But do not be angry with me; I am weak and foolish, and I will strive against it—I will, indeed!" and as she made this promise, she sank on the sofa, and sobbed more violently than ever.

"Really, Ellen," said Sir Arthur, "this is too preposterous; what could you do with your child now, if you had him here? Depend on it, he will be better brought up than he could be by us; and I really think you ought to feel grateful to Dacre for relieving you of any further care about him." It was the first time he had named Dacre voluntarily since their fatal elopement, and the name did not soothe Ellen's ruffled feelings. "Oh, that I was with him once more—that I had never left him!" was her mental ejaculation; but she dared not for the world have given it utterance, for she had already found that De Lisle could frown even upon her, and her own wicked folly had cast from her every other being to whom she could look for kindness. She had been his mistress—she was fast verging into his slave.

From that evening Sir Arthur's attachment to his victim visibly declined, and he no longer took pains to conceal that such was the case. Her beauty was sadly impaired already, and her depression of spirits increased day by day. Sir Arthur accused her of ill temper, of want of affection, of useless repinings and discontent, and, finally—proposed a separation, promising to make ample provision for her support. This, however was still deferred; for heartless and selfish as De Lisle really was, he could not be unmoved by her agonised prayers that he would not forsake her—her humble supplications to continue with him still. "We have sinned," she would say, "woefully, fatally have we sinned, and it is just that we should suffer, but oh, let it be together!"

One night—oh, what a night of terrible anxiety and suspense to that trembling, sinful woman!—Sir Arthur did not return home, and the next morning a small parcel was delivered to her by a porter. It contained bills for five hundred pounds, and a note which ran as follows:

"You seem completely set against our parting, Ellen; and indeed a formal parting is a thing more to be dreaded than desired: I shall therefore continue to consider you as much mine as ever. But I am obliged to go to England on business, and my return is quite uncertain. Amuse yourself as well as you can during my absence, and consider yourself free to act as you please in every way. When the money now enclosed to you is expended, write to me, and you shall have more. Do not think I cease to love you—I assure you I entertain the sincerest regard for you, and it is this that prompts me to my present course of action. Our tempers are unsuited to each other, and though we may still be really attached, it is better we should not reside together in future. Of course you will not think of coming to England. When I revisit Paris, believe me my first object will be to see you, and it will rejoice me much to find you well and happy.—Yours, devotedly as ever,

"A. DE LISLE."

Fallen and disgraced as Ellen Dacre was, she was not without some remains of pride. She saw the professions of esteem in Sir Arthur's letter meant nothing, and she felt at once that she was discarded and forsaken. The thought of plunging deeper and deeper into the abyss of guilt she had entered did not dwell on her mind for an instant. What could she do? Paris was no place for her now: her position there, and the insult to which she might be exposed in consequence of it, was too degrading to be borne. She paid her few debts—Sir Arthur's liberality had left her very few, and prepared to leave Paris. She had never traveled twenty miles alone in her life, and the only path left for her seemed to be that which led to England. Yes! she would go there; make one effort to see her child and her husband, to ask and obtain forgiveness, and then pray to be laid early beside her departed mother.

She landed at Dover. She had been there twice before—once as the bride of Dacre, and once when flying with Sir Arthur; and now she was there again, separated for ever from them both! She rested but a single night, and then proceeded to London. She did not distinctly know where she should go, and left the decision to the post-boy, who drove her to an obscure hotel not far from Covent Garden. Here she chanced to take up a paper, and the first article that met her eye was the "great cause of Dacre versus De Lisle." She eagerly ran her eye over it—this then was the business which had brought De Lisle to England! She looked to the end with breathless anxiety—the paper was only of that morning; the case had been left undecided on account of the lateness of the hour, and her head whirled round as she thought it might be closing even then.

How dreadfully black did her conduct seem according to the evidence brought forward there! In her romantic dreams how different she had thought it, and while she acknowledged the truth of each separate allegation against her, she shuddered with a strange unbelief that she could be the vile and worthless being whose portrait she now looked upon! Then the defence—she could herself have exclaimed against it! It was filled with insinuations against Dacre, and it asserted that he had treated her with unkindness, had thrown her in the way of temptation, and that she had been the victim of a scheme to get rid of her! Oh, how utterly false she felt it was!

How should she ascertain the event of the trial? She felt as if every one must know that she who inquired was the guilty cause of the proceedings, and she trembled even as she begged the waiter to procure her a copy of that evening's paper, which she concluded would contain the information she sought. It came, and all that had hitherto seemed a horrible dream glared on her in frightful reality; her husband had gained his cause, and she was branded for ever as a vile and degraded creature, a traitress to all the purest and holiest ties of life. There was an eloquent re-



ply to the defence that had been set up, wherein all the allegations against Dacre were triumphantly refuted, and her own iniquity and falsehood were unsparingly commented upon. Her breach of faith to the kind and affectionate husband who had so raised her in the scale of society at her marriage—her cruelty toward him and toward her only child were portrayed in their true colors—and all ended with the verdict of the jury in her husband's favor, awarding him heavy damages. She was glad, actually glad. For a moment she seemed separated from her own identity, and enjoying the triumph of the right. Then with a sudden consciousness of the real state of the case, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

And now she began to ask herself why had she come to London? Surely she had no lurking wish to force herself back on him who had destroyed and forsaken her? No—her child was the magnet that had drawn her there—could she but see him once more! She dared not hope that Dacre would see her—she dared not think it possible he could ever forgive her—but if he could! oh, what rapture to receive his forgiveness and die!

It was twilight; Mr. Dacre's splendid mansion looked dull and deserted, for no merry party was there—no gay throng ever assembled in its wide saloons now. There was a light in the drawing-room, but all was hushed within! A female paced backward and forward before the house, her form concealed by a cloak, and her face hidden in a deep mourning bonnet, and ever and anon she paused and gazed wistfully at the solitary light. It was Ellen; she was hovering about the scene of her former happiness, and desolate and wretched as she was, she clung to that place as to the last wreck of home that remained to her. She had taken lodgings in a small quiet street at no great distance, and never ventured out till twilight, when she constantly promenaded the square where her husband resided. She had as yet never seen her child but once, for, as she concluded, it was usually put to bed before the hour at which she dared go out; but once she had caught a glimpse of it at the window, in the arms of a niece of Dacre, who she concluded was now his guest. Once, too, she had seen Dacre himself as he stepped from the door to his carriage; she could not see his face, but she thought he looked thinner. And now she had watched for many weary evenings, and her child had not appeared, and the mother's agonized yearnings could no longer be subdued. She resolved upon one mighty effort, one struggle to see her child, and, if possible, her husband, for she knew he was already seeking to be divorced from her, and while yet his wife, she longed to implore his forgiveness. It was only by an extraordinary exercise of resolution that she ventured with trembling hand to knock at the door that had once unclosed at her approach as if by magic. To her great relief it was opened by a strange servant, for all those whom she had personally known had been discharged since her flight. She inquired feebly for Mr. Dacre, and was informed he was at home, for Dacre never suffered himself to be denied to the meanest comer, if he were in the house. But the servant said it was a strange time to call on business—could she not come in the morning?

"No—her business was most urgent," and she sank half fainting upon a bench.

The porter happened to have a compassionate heart, and gathering from her manner that she was agitated and distressed, he hastened to procure her a glass of water, and then having ushered her into a small study, proceeded to inform his master that his presence was required there. That room was only too familiar to her. It was here that Dacre had been accustomed to write his letters, and here she had broken in upon him time after time, to show him some splendid toy or some new fancy in her dress. She felt as if a weight were upon her and around her, that must crush her to death.

A few minutes passed; a well-known footstep was in the passage, and Dacre entered. He did not recognise her, for the room was imperfectly lighted, and her bonnet and veil almost hid her face. She could not speak—she could not even rise to return his bow, but sat cold and motionless.

"You wish to speak to me, madam," said Dacre in a tone that thrilled her very soul. "You did not send up your name, but I imagine I speak to that unhappy lady, Mrs. Spearman, of whom my niece, Lady Denham, was speaking a few days since."

Ellen could not reply, but her tears began to flow in spite of her efforts to restrain them, and her low suppressed sobs reached Dacre's ear.

"Be comforted, my dear madam," he continued, in a kind and cordial tone, "we have all our afflictions, but he who sends them can give us strength to bear them. If I am rightly informed, your husband was a brave man and fell gallantly in a good cause; how much better that he should so have perished than that he should ever have proved himself unworthy of your affections."

There was a mournful cadence in his voice, and abstraction in his manner, as he uttered the last words of the sentence. He seemed to be thinking aloud—but after a moment he resumed:—

"Pray be composed—I doubt not that Lady Denham will be able to procure you a comfortable situation, such as you desire; and I will attend to the interests of your son. If he be only trustworthy I think I can promise."

But trust Ellen's feelings utterly overcame her. She threw herself at his feet, and clasping her hands, exclaimed—"Oh, Dacre, Dacre, only forgive me!"

Pale and speechless Dacre gazed for some moments on the suppliant—his gasping lips scarcely able to frame the words, which at length came slowly forth.

"Ellen—unfortunate, wretched woman, why, oh why are you here?"

"I know I have no right here—I know you ought to spurn me away—I am wretched, and vile, and lost, yet listen to me for a moment, only a moment, Dacre, and I will go away and never trouble you again. Only tell me of my child, only let me see him—I will not touch him—I will not contaminate him; let me see him, if it is only in his sleep."

Dacre did not immediately reply. He was gazing on the emaciated form and altered dress of the speaker; he was recalling all she had been, and contrasting it with what she was, and the tears swelled to his eyes, but he made an effort to command himself, and he succeeded.

"Ellen," he said, "this is foolish and useless; your child

is not here, he was removed some days since into the country, and even were he here, what right have you to see him now? I cannot permit it—it is best he should forget you, and never hear even your name if I can prevent it, for why should his young days be shadowed with the cloud that has fallen so darkly upon mine? I forgive you, from my very heart, I forgive you, but you have chosen your own path, and a very little time will take from me all right to interfere with you, and deprive you of all claim on me. Nevertheless—" He paused, for the unhappy girl, who had been growing paler and paler as he spoke, fell heavily at his feet, as she had once done before—and how vividly that time came back upon him.

Dacre was extremely distressed, not only by the sudden re-appearance of Ellen, but by her illness, for he feared to call in the servants, lest his agitation should betray how strong an interest he felt in her. He raised her in his arms, loosed her bonnet to give her air, and chafed her cold hands between his own. Whilst performing these offices for her, it seemed as if the old times had come back, and that he was but exercising that tender care which he had shown her during her temporary indispositions in days gone by. She gave a long drawn sigh, and the reality of their position was again before him, but still his heart was softened toward the lovely and helpless outcast. He placed her in a large chair, and sat down near her, and though he was silent for some minutes, he addressed her at last, and spoke both calmly and kindly.

"Ellen, you have wrung my heart sorely, but now it bleeds most for you. I can read your story at once. You have indeed sown the wind and have reaped the whirlwind. You betrayed the trust I placed in you, and in your turn you have been betrayed. But I cannot bear to contemplate the utter ruin that lies before you if you are thrown friendless on the world. How you are supported now I dare scarcely ask."

"I understand you," said Ellen, with something like the pride of the days gone by; "I am living on the wages of sin, but I never received them but from one, nor will I from another, though I should lie down and perish from actual want."

"Send all that you have left back to him from whom you received it," said Dacre, hastily, "send it to the uttermost farthing. You shall not want, Ellen, if you will do this; I will see that a shelter and a home is provided for you; for even yet, you had better owe it to me than to any one else on earth."

He would not permit her even to return to her lodging, but delivered her to the care of the housekeeper, as a lady who was to receive every attention at her hands, and promising to see her on the morrow, bade her good night.

It was not in the room she used to occupy that Ellen passed the night. The mansion where she once reigned mistress was no more at her control, or she felt she would have chosen her own room beyond all the rest. But she was placed in the apartment which her mother had occupied when in town, and in which she had breathed her last, thanking God for all his mercy to herself and to her child, and little foreseeing that that child would herself destroy the happiness by which she saw her surrounded. Of all the nights Ellen had spent since her flight, that was the most insupportable.

They met once more, the wretched wife and the scarcely less wretched husband, and, heart-broken as both felt, they talked calmly and collectedly together; yet while outwardly composed, Ellen felt as if she were the actor in a dream. Was not this her own husband? Why did he sit so far away from her, with such mournful eyes, and such a pale, cold brow? Why did she not dare to fling herself on his neck, and weep? What spell was around her, what magic held back her bursting heart—bursting now, as it seemed to her, as much with its old affection as with its sorrow? How natural it would have seemed to feel his arm around her waist, and to see his eyes looking into hers as of old! But she knew this could not be—she could no more stir or ease her heart by impassioned expressions of her agony, than the troubled dreamer whose eyes are open, who sees all that is real around him, yet cannot make the movement of hand or foot which he feels would at once relieve him. God help her! She felt as if reason must have deserted her.

All was arranged in that interview. Dacre proposed to withdraw her from London, and convey her to a small seaport town at a considerable distance, where, under a feigned name, he knew he should be able to place her as a boarder in a respectable family. She was not to attempt to write to him, or see him again. He promised that every quarter a sufficient sum for her wants, far more, indeed, than she really needed, should be forwarded to her, and that when she received this, she should also be informed of his welfare, and that of her child. He proposed that she should leave town immediately, and resolved himself to be her escort during the journey. She was passive as an infant, and quietly agreed to all, for she felt she had no right of choice now, and she had a mournful pleasure in acceding thus far to his wishes. The carriage was soon at the door; he placed her in it, mounted the box himself, and they departed. During the day, he never spoke to her, except to inquire if she needed refreshment, and late in the evening they reached their destination.

Dacre bestowed his unhappy wife in the best hotel that the place afforded, and left her whilst he went to make arrangements with the person with whom he wished to place her. He had known the family long ago, and therefore needed no introduction. He simply described Ellen as a Miss Meadows—a lady, who had lost her friends, (ah, she had not utterly lost the best, even then!) and represented himself as her guardian. Money can achieve wonders—it overcame at once all the surprise and scruples, and want of preparation in Mrs. Ashford's dwelling, and she agreed to receive her new inmate that very night. Miss Meadows was to have every indulgence that money could procure, and no attempt was to be made to pry into her history, or start conjectures respecting her. If Mrs. Ashford ever suspected her to be the guilty wife of Dacre, she never breathed her suspicion to any one.

The parting hour came. Ellen stood as in a trance, when Dacre entered her apartment to bid her farewell. He took her hand in his—it was cold as marble; he yielded to the impulse of the moment, and impressed one fervent kiss upon her chilly forehead. The next moment he was

gone; but he had forgiven her—she was sure now he had forgiven her, and that that one kiss was the seal of her pardon. Wild and vain was the hope that arose in her mind that even yet there were happy days in store for her, and that in some foreign land, or in some remote corner of her own, she might yet be permitted to spend at least a portion of her time beside him. She knew that she was no more his wife by law, for the sentence of divorce was obtained very shortly after her arrival in S—. But still she dreamed and hoped—she scarcely knew what; and amidst all her desolate wretchedness, her fancy clung to the one gleam of sunshine that she herself had conjured up. She framed her life as she thought Dacre would wish her to do; she read, she prayed, she shrank from observation as much as she could, and her charities to the poor were extensive and well-directed. She forebore to trouble him with letter or token, and for some years she received a few lines each quarter from his man of business, formally announcing that Mr. Dacre and his son continued in their usual health. Often, too, the public prints conveyed to her the news of the political triumph of Dacre's party, and spoke enthusiastically of the coolness, the usefulness, the many excellent qualities which had at last won for him a distinguished place amongst the ministry. And in all this honor and distinction she might have shared, had she not herself flung away her right to partake of it! But yet her heart warmed as she read, and thought, and hoped, that perhaps, even whilst he was involved in the turmoils and triumphs of his position, she was yet remembered with regret in some secret corner of his heart—happy delusion!

But this was not to last. The quiet that had been gradually gathering around her spirit was too great a boon to be long enjoyed by such an one as she was. Mrs. Ashford was one evening dozing forth the contents of an ancient newspaper, for the benefit of Miss Meadows, her own daughter, and one or two neighbors who were drinking tea with her. Poor Ellen was lying listlessly on the sofa, lending a sort of languid attention to the scraps of slip-slop it contained, and her worthy hostess's comments thereon, when she began to read the list of recent marriages:

"Sir Stephen Harding to Miss Wetherby."

"Edward Longford, Esq., to Clarissa, only daughter—"

"Why, bless me, Miss Meadows, what's this?—here's an old friend of yours married again, and to think we never heard of it!"

"On Tuesday last, at the residence of the Earl of Barsbury, by special license, the Honorable Henry Dacre, Esq., M. P., to the Lady Amelia Elizabeth Dunsley, only daughter of the late Earl of Dunningford."

But ere the sentence was concluded, Ellen had started from the sofa, and snatched the fatal paper from the astonished Mrs. Ashford. It was no mistake—no error—there it stood glaring, as it seemed to her, into her very soul, and the vague and unfounded hope that she had so long secretly cherished was swept away for ever! She was forgotten—utterly forgotten; what more had she to do with life?

She fell with a heavy groan upon the seat from which she had arisen, her face buried in the pillow. Her companions looked at each other in astonishment, for her strange and sudden emotion had startled them from their presence of mind. When they approached the sofa they perceived a small, dark red stream trickling over the pillow; they lifted her head from its resting-place, and saw that the lower part of her face was covered with the same fearful hue. She had burst a blood-vessel.

She never spoke again, although she lingered for a few days. The news of her illness was transmitted to Mr. Dacre's agent, and through him to his employer; but long before it reached him in the distant county where he was spending the honeymoon with his young and beautiful bride, the grave had closed over the emaciated form of the guilty and unhappy divorcee.

## THE TRAVELER AT THE RED SEA.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

At last have I found thee, thou dark rolling sea!—  
I gaze on thy face, and I listen to thee,  
With a spirit o'erawed by the sight and the sound,  
While mountain and desert frown gloomy around.

And thee, mighty deep, from afar I behold,  
Which God swept apart for his people of old,  
That Egypt's proud army, unstained by their blood,  
Received on thy bed to entomb in thy flood.

I cast my eye out, where the cohorts went down;  
A throng of pale spectres no waters can drown,  
With banner and blades seem surmounting the waves,  
As Pharaoh's bold hosts sunk in arms to their graves.

But quick from the light of the skies they withdraw,  
At silent Omnipotence shrinking with awe:  
And each shrinks away in his billowy shroud,  
From Him who walked here, clothed in fire and a cloud.

I stand by the pass the freed Hebrews then trod,  
Sustained by the hand of Jehovah, dry-shod;  
And think how the song of salvation they sang,  
With praise to His name, through the wilderness rang.

Our Father, who then didst Thine Israel guide,  
Rebuke and console in their wanderings wide,  
From these gloomy waters, through this desert drear,  
O, still in life's maze to thy pilgrim be near.

Whilst Thou, day by day, wilt thy manna bestow,  
And make, for my thirst, the rock-fountain to flow,  
Refreshed by the way, will I speed to the clime  
Of rest for the weary, beyond earth and time.

A ROYAL FATHER'S EYE!—A gentleman who has the honor of assisting Prince Albert in his English studies, being at the Palace, was asked by his Royal Highness if he would like to see the Princess. The answer may be guessed. The Prince immediately proceeded to the nursery, and brought the infant in his own arms to the gentleman. "To you," his Royal Highness affably remarked, "I suppose children seem all alike; but to my eye this little girl appears more beautiful than any other infant I have ever seen!"—[Court Journal.]

From the London Morning Post.

## SIR ASTLEY P. COOPER, BART.

It is with regret that we have to announce the decease of this distinguished surgeon, which took place on the 14th of February at his house in Conduit-street, after a short illness. The following brief sketch will not be unacceptable to our readers, to many of whom he was personally known, and to all of whom his reputation must have rendered his name familiar:—

He was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, by a co-heiress descended from the family of Paston, Earls of Yarmouth; and from this lady, whose attainments were of no common order, he derived many of those qualities of mind that raised him to the highest professional eminence. His career commenced under the guidance of the late Mr. Cline, of whom he long continued the distinguished pupil, and for whose character and memory he always entertained the warmest regard and respect. The period of his pupilage was not marked by close application to his pursuits; nor was it until he was joined with Mr. Cline as a lecturer on anatomy that he became conscious of his great natural powers, and brought them into exercise by the aid of unceasing industry and perseverance. His brilliant and perspicuous mode of lecturing soon attracted the largest number of students that had ever been collected within the walls of an anatomical theatre, conferring a degree of celebrity on the surgical schools of London that before his time they had never enjoyed. His reputation as an anatomist was soon surpassed by his rising fame as a skilful and accomplished surgeon; and the appointment of surgeon to Guy's Hospital, which he obtained in the year 1800, gave him the opportunity of displaying his extraordinary tact in the detection and treatment of disease, and obtained for him an extent of private practice far surpassing that of any surgeon of past or present times. The pecuniary independence which he thus acquired, and which would have disposed most to the enjoyment of repose, served to him but as the means of more extensively following his favorite pursuit of anatomy and pathology, and drew from his pen those splendid works in surgery, which, however the science may advance, will always continue to hold their rank as the text-books of the student and the guide of the practising surgeon.

The reputation which he had earned for himself, and which, from being confined to the British dominions, soon became European, was appropriately acknowledged by the reigning Sovereign, George the Fourth, and honored by the appointment of Sergeant-Surgeon and a Baronetcy, the highest honors which his profession have reached. Subsequently his late Majesty William the Fourth conferred on him the distinction of Grand Cross of the Royal Guelphic Order. Of both these Sovereigns, and of the late Duke of York, he enjoyed the regard and confidence, attending them professionally during the latter years of their lives to the time of their decease.

Arrived at the middle period of life, Sir Astley found himself at the head of his profession, in the enjoyment of an unrivalled and unsullied character, and of the confidence of the large body of English surgeons. The profession on the Continent were not slow to recognise him as the acknowledged leader of English surgery. No surgeon of distinction arrived from the Continent without an introduction to him, and paying him the tribute of respect due no less to his talents than to his position. The French Institute and several learned societies in Germany and America enrolled him as a member of their bodies. The high promise which he gave at the commencement of his career was fully sustained throughout the whole of his life. His popularity (a term that ill expresses the universal feeling entertained toward him), not founded on the temporary caprices of the public or profession, attended him to the last. The zeal that marked his earlier years continued to keep him in a course of vigorous activity at a time of life when others would have sought repose from the fatiguing calls of a laborious profession; and his whole leisure, up to the commencement of his illness, was unceasingly devoted to professional pursuits. It is well to state, for the example of his professional brethren, that at the age of 71 he gave to the profession a pathological work equal in research and correctness to those of his best days.

The person of Sir Astley was distinguished for manly beauty as his manner was for an engaging frankness that won the hearts of all who were within its influence. The expression of his countenance gave a lustre to features remarkable for their proportion and outline. His kindness of heart and liberality of feeling never allowed him to forgo an opportunity of doing an act of kindness to any that applied for his assistance; and the calls upon him were both numerous and heavy. His professional income was such, that, had he been bent on the accumulation of money, to the neglect of the ties of consanguinity and friendship, he might have lived and died a millionaire. But he preferred the nobler part of aiding those of his own family who needed his assistance, and those friends who were reduced by misfortune. His conduct was marked by the absence of all intrigue, and by a spirit of liberality toward the members of his profession almost without a parallel. No instance can be adduced of his aggrandising his own fame by the depression of that of others, or of his omitting to raise the character of the junior members of his profession on every occasion that offered. The qualities of his mind were proportioned to those of his heart. His understanding was peculiarly clear and active. His views on all subjects simple but comprehensive, his memory most retentive, and his energy unbounded. These qualities, joined to a strong physical frame, enabled him to withstand the fatigues of an arduous profession, and to raise himself to a position as a scientific surgeon that left him without a rival. The united voices of the profession, we conscientiously believe, will confirm these sentiments, and will not be slow in testifying that in Sir Astley Cooper they have lost the representative of British surgery.

The complaint of which he died was effusion on the chest, occasioned by an affection of the heart, of the existence of which disease he had for some time entertained a presentiment. The first serious symptom he experienced was walking to church at Strathfieldsaye with his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who had honored him with a large measure of his regard and confidence, and for whom Sir Astley entertained the deepest respect and esteem. Among the consol-

ing incidents of his last illness were the affectionate inquiries made by his Grace personally in Conduit-street. His sufferings were not acute, though his breathing was much oppressed, and his rest much disturbed by a troublesome cough. He gradually became weaker, until death found him calm and resigned.

Sir Astley dying without issue, the bulk of his property descends, with the title and estates, to his nephew, Sir Astley Paston Cooper, the present baronet, married to Elizabeth, the only child of William Rickford, Esq., M. P., by whom he has a large family.

From the Court Gazette, Feb. 13.

## CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Princess Royal was on Wednesday admitted a member of the Christian church, and though perhaps some disappointment may have been felt that a ceremony so interesting and important should not have been solemnized in a more public manner, yet, as it was decided to have it performed within the precincts of Buckingham Palace, nothing was left undone that could at all contribute to its splendor or effect. The ceremony was in every respect what in Court parlance is called state, that is to say, all the splendor and resources of the Royal Household were put in requisition, and the same forms and etiquette were observed as when the Queen performs any public act as Sovereign. The christening took place in the throne-room, the throne being removed and an altar erected in its stead, covered with crimson velvet, and having the sacred insignia of Christian faith embroidered in gold. On it were placed the massive silver gilt communion service of the Chapel Royal, lighted with gold candelabra. The railing enclosing the altar was covered with crimson velvet trimmed with gold lace, and in front, and spread over the rich and costly carpet of the room, was a large square of crimson velvet, beautifully embroidered in the centre and at the four corners in gold, and trimmed all round with gold lace. On this was the font, and round it were assembled the Queen, Prince Albert, the sponsors, and the officiating prelates and clergyman. In front of the altar stood the Archbishop of Canterbury, having on one side the Archbishop of York, and on the other the Bishop of London; the Bishop of Norwich and the Dean of Carlisle being in a little behind. The Queen and Prince Albert took their stations on the left of the Archbishop. The sponsors were the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who appeared by proxy, the proxy being the Duke of Wellington. The Queen Dowager, the King of the Belgians, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester, were seated in front of the Archbishop, and facing the altar; the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Wellington being opposite to the Queen and Prince Albert, and thus the whole group formed a square, of which the font was the centre. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince George of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, stood behind the Queen Dowager, and the rest of the guests ranged themselves around. The Queen was dressed in white, and looked cheerful and in excellent health. Her Majesty wore a deep and splendid tiara of diamonds, of which the Maltese cross and the *fleur de lis* were the principal ornaments, large diamond earrings, and a diamond stomacher, and the riband and star of the order of the Garter; as did the Duke of Wellington, and also his Waterloo medal. The Duke of Sussex appeared in the uniform of Captain-General of the Hon. Artillery Company, and wore the uniform of Field Marshal, and the Order of the Garter. Prince George wore the uniform of his regiment, with the Order of the Garter. The Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent wore white satin and diamonds. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, who has suffered lately from the severity of the weather, enveloped herself in a magnificent mantle of ermine. The appearance of the Duke of Wellington excited the greatest interest in the illustrious circle; his Grace appeared to have recovered completely from his late indisposition, and looked tolerably well; but it is useless to conceal, that age and infirmity have made fearful inroads upon his constitution. Surely the compliment of selecting his Grace from among all the subjects of Great Britain, to be the representative of Prince Albert's father on this occasion, could not have been better bestowed, or better deserved, and so every one of the illustrious guests seemed to think; even the band of the Coldstreams seemed influenced by the general feeling; for though in the middle of the performance of some other piece of music on the Duke's arrival at the Palace, they immediately left off, and saluted him with "See the conquering hero comes," until he had fairly entered the state apartments.

The font, which was made expressly for the occasion, showed a great deal of elegant fancy in the design, and the most consummate skill in the execution. First, there was a triangular plinth, on the sides of which were the arms of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the infant Princess, embossed, the latter borne on a lozenge, and surmounted by a coronet. On the plinth where three cherubs, who united in supporting a large water lily, which contained the water. The whole of this was of silver gilt, and had a very beautiful effect. It was placed on a marble table, on which were the Royal arms of England in Mosaic. The water in the font, had wherewith the Royal child was christened, came from the River Jordan, having been sent to Her Majesty as a present for this especial purpose.

Everything was in readiness, and waited only the appearance of the Queen Dowager, who arrived at 20 minutes to 7 o'clock. The sacred rite then commenced, the Archbishop receiving the infant Princess from the hands of her nurse, and held her during the whole ceremony. Whether the ample and flowing robes of the Archbishop deceived the child, or whether the kind tenderness of manner of the excellent prelate prevented the infant from discovering any difference, certain it is, that Her Royal Highness reposed in the arms of the spiritual head of the church with as much contentment as though she had been in the arms of her own nurse. At the appointed place the Queen Dowager named the Royal child—"Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa," and she received the baptismal sign, and what is more, the caresses of her illustrious godfathers and godmothers, without even a whimper. Her Royal Highness was then

handed over to the care of her nurse, and retired to her own apartments.

The ceremony being concluded, the illustrious and noble assembly proceeded to the banquet, which was laid out in the Picture Gallery. The King of the Belgians led in the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Sutherland.

The number of guests who sat down to dinner was 71, and, with the exception of a few of the Foreign Ministers, consisted only of the Prelates who performed the ceremony, the Cabinet Ministers, the Great Officers of State, the Hereditary Great Officers of State, the Officers of Her Majesty's Household, the Commanding Officers of the Regiment of Household Cavalry on duty, the Queen's Suite, the Queen Dowager's Suite, Prince Albert's Suite, and the attendants on the Royal personages present at the ceremony. The only exceptions to this list were the Duke of Wellington and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar; the one, however, was a proxy of a sponsor, and the other nephew to the Queen Dowager. Her Majesty took her seat in the middle of the table, and the only difference in her seat from any of the others was a low ottoman for the feet.

There can scarcely be a greater contrast than the state banquets given in the Picture-gallery at Buckingham Palace, and those that were given by George IV. and William IV. in the Banqueting-room in St. James's, considering that the same materials are employed; for though it must be confessed, from the vastness and grandeur of proportion of the banqueting-room, a certain degree of magnificence was obtained, yet from its peculiar and beautiful roof, the style of its decoration, and, more than all, the pictorial treasures that adorn its walls, there is a degree of elegance about the Picture-gallery, when fitted up for a state banquet, that renders it one of the most beautiful sights that can well be witnessed. On this occasion, the table was magnificently ornamented with silver gilt plate, consisting of a plateau, with epergnes, candelabra, wine-coolers of the most exquisite designs and finished workmanship, and of great variety. Many of them were the designs of Flaxman, and the artificers in the precious metals have succeeded admirably in many instances in transferring all the grace and beauty of the model of the sculptor into their more durable but intractable material. Some of the wine-coolers were small copies of the Warwick vase, others of the Greek vases, having on them most beautifully executed bas-reliefs.

Here might be seen a beautiful and graceful group of bacchantes dancing round a palm tree; there a group of sturdy tritons laboring at the oar; then a Venus floating in a shell; then a subject from the Greek mythology; and in all these the beauty of the design, and the skill of the workmanship, are such, that the costliness of the material is quite lost sight of. The table was lighted with 28 candelabra, holding from four to six wax lights each. At each end of the gallery an artificial screen was erected, to shorten its length, and on each of these were displayed on a background of crimson cloth, some of the choicest specimens of the Royal Treasury—vases, censers, shields, salvers, cups, chalices, of every size and of every description, from the squat massive tankard of days of yore, when the Sovereign might have refreshed himself on a hunting morning with a draught of a homely beverage, to some of the most elegant and graceful cups of the purest crystal, in the most elaborate setting of gold filigree, and flashing, too, with diamonds and other precious stones with which they are studded. Of cups, vases, and tankards, ornamented with precious stones, there were a great number. Some with amethysts, some with turquoises, and sapphires, opals, and emeralds; and some had small enamelled paintings let into them of sacred subjects, having evidently been formerly employed in the services of the church of Rome. The screens on which these were displayed were lighted each with 22 candelabra, holding from four to six wax lights each; and when to these are added three large chandeliers blazing away from the roof, some idea may be formed of the brilliant appearance of this apartment.

The service which the guests used at the banquet was of silver, the ornamental pieces only being silver gilt.

In the middle of this table, and immediately before the Queen, was the christening cake, of the most enormous dimensions; round it was a wreath of flowers; on the top of it a rock, surmounting which Neptune, driving his *hippocampi*, and in the car a figure of Britannia, holding in her arms the infant Princess Royal, the whole being executed in sugar, and being a very fair specimen of the confectioner's skill.

Immediately after the dinner, "Health and Happiness" was drunk to the young Princess, and duly honored.

In the evening there was a concert in the Grand Saloon by her Majesty's private band.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

**SIR ASTLEY COOPER.**—A remarkable anecdote is recorded of this eminent surgeon, which, fortunately for science and mankind, led the way to the general extension of that skill and ability which have so largely benefited both.—A boy was thrown from a cart in young Cooper's presence, and wounded in the femoral artery. Great hemorrhage ensued. Cooper immediately went to his relief, and, with great presence of mind, instantly made his handkerchief into a tourniquet, and applied it so scientifically to the thigh, as to succeed effectually in stopping the further flow of blood, which would otherwise in a few minutes have proved fatal. Sir A. Cooper has been often heard to declare that the mental gratification which resulted from having thus saved the life of a fellow-creature inspired him at once with an almost romantic desire to become a surgeon.—[Times.]

**HER MAJESTY.**—It is stated in circles likely to be acquainted with the fact, that her Majesty is again in an "interesting situation," at once exciting the hopes and sympathies of her loyal subjects.—[Globe (ministerial paper).]

The old names in law processes of John Doe and Richard Roe, we find, by announcements in some Irish papers, are likely to yield to the more popular modern names of "Samuel Weller, lessee, &c. v. Samuel Slick, the casual executor."



From the London and Edinburgh Magazine.

## TRANSATLANTIC POETRY.

We have been favored with the following very beautiful and hitherto unpublished pieces of two of the most gifted poetesses that America can boast: and we have much pleasure in submitting them to the perusal of our readers:

## WINTER'S FETE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I woke, and every lordling of the grove  
Was clad in diamonds, and the lowliest shrub  
Did wear its crest of brilliants gallantly;  
The swelling hillocks, with their woven vines,  
The far-seen forest, and the broken hedge,  
Yea, every thicket gleam'd in bright array,  
As for some gorgeous fête of fairy-land.  
—Ho!—jewel-keeper of the hoary North, [mines  
Whence hast thou all these treasures? Why, the  
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,  
Would scarcely furnish such a glorious shew.  
The Queen, who to her coronation comes,  
With half a realm's exchequer on her head,  
Dazzleth the shouting crowd. But all the queens,  
Who, since old Egypt's buried dynasty,  
Have here and there, amid the mists of time,  
Lifted their tiny sceptres—all the throng  
Of peeresses, who at some birth-night flaunt,  
Might boast no moiety of the gems thy hand  
So lavishly hath strewn o'er this old tree  
Fast by my window.

Every noteless spray,  
Even the coarse sumach, and the bramble-bush,  
Do sport their diadems, as if, forsooth,  
Our plain republic, in a single night,  
Put forth such growth of aristocracy,  
That no plebein in the land was left  
Uncoronated. Broader'd frost-work wraps  
Yon stunted pear-tree, whose ne'er ripened fruit,  
Acid and bitter, every truant-boy  
Blam'd, with set teeth. Lo! while I speak, its crown  
Kindleth in bossy crimson, and a stream  
Of Tyrian purple, blent with emerald spark,  
Floats round its rugged arms:—while, here and there,  
Gleams out a living sapphire, 'mid a knot  
Of trembling rubies, whose exquisite lay  
O'erpowers the astonish'd sight.

One Arctic queen,  
For one ice-palace, rear'd with fearful toil,  
And soon dissolving, scrupled not to pay  
Her vassal's life—and emperors of old  
Have drained their coffers for the people's gaze,  
Though but a single amphitheatre  
Compress'd the crowd. But thou, whose potent wand  
Call'd forth such grand enchantment, swift as thought,  
And silent as a vision, and canst spread  
Its wondrous beauty to each gazing eye,  
Nor be the poorer, thou art scorn'd and bann'd,  
'Mid all thy beauty. Summer scantily sheds  
A few brief dew-drops, for the sun to dry,  
And wins loud praise from every piping swain  
For the proud fête.

Yet, certes, in these days,  
When Wealth is so esteemed, that he who boasts  
The largest purse, is sure the wisest man,  
Winter, who thus affords to sprinkle gems,  
Mile after mile, on all the landscape round,  
And decks his new made peers in richer robes  
Than monarchs ever gave, deserves more thanks  
Than to be called rude churl, and miser old.  
—I tell thee he's a friend—and Love, who sits  
So quiet in the corner, whispering long  
In Beauty's ear, by the bright evening fire,  
Shall join my verdict. Yes, the King of Storms,  
So long denied, hath revenue more rich  
Than sparkling diamonds.

Look within thy heart,  
When the poor shiver in their snow-wreath'd cell,  
Or the sad orphan mourns: and if thou find  
An answering pity, and a fervent deed  
Done in Christ's name, doubt not to be an heir  
Of that true wealth, which Winter hoardeth up,  
To buy the soul a mansion with the blest.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

He was now about his forty-second year, had been handsome, was of bland and fascinating address, variously accomplished, of exquisite tact, of most refined taste; there was a slight fulness and puffiness about his features, an expression in his eye, which spoke of *satiety*—and the fact was so. He was a very proud, selfish, heartless, person; but these qualities he contrived to disguise from many of even his most intimate associates. An object of constant anxiety to him was, to ingratiate himself with the younger and weaker branches of the aristocracy, in order to secure a distinguished status in society; and he succeeded. To gain this point, he taxed all his resources: never were so exquisitely blended, as in his instance, with a view to securing his influence, the qualities of dictator and parasite; he always appeared the agreeable equal of those whom, for his life, he dared not seriously have offended. He had no fortune; no visible means of making money—did not sensibly sponge upon his friends—nor fall into conspicuous embarrassments; yet he always lived in luxury—without money, he in some inconceivable manner always contrived to be in the possession of money's worth. He had a magical power of soothing querulous tradesmen. He had a knack of always keeping himself, his clique, his sayings and doings, before the eye of the public in such a manner as to satisfy it that he was the acknowledged leader of fashion; yet it was really no such thing, it was a false fashion—there being all the difference between him and a man of real consequence in society, that there is between mock and real pearl, between paste and diamond. It was true that young men of sounding name and title were ever to be found in his train, thereby giving

real countenance to one from whom they fancied that they themselves derived celebrity; thus enabling him to effect a lodgement in the outskirts of aristocracy; but he could not penetrate inland, so to speak, any more than foreign merchants could advance further than to Canton, in the dominions of the Emperor of China. He was only tolerated in the regions of real aristocracy—a fact of which he had a very galling consciousness, though it did not apparently disturb his equanimity, or interrupt the systematic and refined sycophancy by which alone he could secure his precarious position. With some sad exceptions, I think that Great Britain has reason to be proud of her aristocracy; I do not speak now of those gaudy flaunting personages, of either sex, who, by their excesses or eccentricities, are eternally obtruding themselves, their manners, dress, and equipage, upon the ear and eye of the public; but of those who occupy their exalted sphere in simplicity, in calmness, and in unobtrusive dignity and virtue. I am no flatterer or idolater of the aristocracy. I have a profound sense of the necessity and advantage of the institution: but I could pay its members, personally, an honest homage only, after a stern and keen scrutiny into their personal pretensions; thinking of them ever in the spirit of those memorable words of Scripture—"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required," and that not hereafter only, but here also. No one would visit their faults and follies with a more unsparing severity than I; yet, making all just allowances for their peculiar perils and temptations, exposed as they are, especially at the period of their entrance upon life, to sedulous and systematic sycophancy, too often also to artful and designing profligacy, can any thing excite greater indignation and disgust in the mind of a thoughtful and independent observer, than those instances, occasionally exhibited, of persons imagining that the possessors of rank enjoy a sort of prescriptive immunity from the consequences of misconduct?

"—Si præcipitem rapit ambitus atque libido—  
Incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum  
Nobilitas, clarumque faciem præferre pudendis.  
Omne animi vitium tantò conspectus in se  
Crimen habet, quantò major qui peccat habetur."

To a thoughtless, an insolent, a profligate nobleman, I choose to address the dignified reproofs of the same stern satirist—

"—Tumes alto Drusorum sanguine tanquam  
Feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilis esses.  
—Miserum est aliene incumbere famæ,  
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.  
—Ergo, ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,  
Quod possim titulis incidere, præter honores,  
Quos illis damus, et dedimus, quibus omnia debes.  
—Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis  
Æacida similis, Vulcanique arma capessas,  
Quam te, Thersita similem, producat Achilles."

And I shall sum up what I have to say upon this head, in the notable language of the fine old Bishop Hall:—

"I confess I cannot honour blood without good qualities; nor spare it with ill. There is nothing that I do more desire to be taught, than what is true nobility; what thanks it is to you that you are born well? If you could have lost this privilege of nature, I fear you had not been thus far noble: that you may not plead desert, you had this before you were: long ere you could either know or prevent it. You are deceived if you think this any other than the body of gentility. The life and soul of it is in noble and virtuous dispositions, in gallantness of spirit without haughtiness, without insolence, without scornful overlineness; shortly, in generous qualities, carriage, actions. See your error, and know that this demeanour doth not answer an honest birth."

Such are my sentiments—those of a contented member of the middle classes, with whom are all his best and dearest sympathies; and who feels as stern a pride in his "Order," and determination to "stand by it," as ever was felt or avowed by the haughtiest aristocrat for his; of one who with very little personal acquaintance with the aristocracy, has yet had many opportunities of observing their conduct; and sincerely and cheerfully expresses his belief, that very many of them are worthy of all that they enjoy—are bright patterns of honor, generosity, loyalty, and virtue; that indeed, of by far the greater proportion of them, it may be said that they

"Have borne their faculties so meek—have been  
So clear in their great office, that their virtues  
Will plead like angels;"

and finally, I say these are the sentiments of one who, if their order were in jeopardy, would, with the immense majority of his brethren of the middle classes, freely shed his blood in defence of that order; for their preservation is essential to the well-being of society, and their privileges are really ours.

To return, however, to the Marquis. The means to which, as I have above explained, he resorted for the purpose, secured him a certain species of permanent popularity. In matters of dress and equipage, he could really set the fashion: and being something of a practical humorist, and desirous of frequent exhibitions of his power, in order to enhance his pretensions with his patrons—and also greatly applauded and indulged by the trades-people profiting by the vagaries of fashion, he was very capricious in the exercise of his influence. He seized the opportunity of the advent of my little hero, to display his powers very decisively. He waved his wand over Titmouse, and instantly transformed a little ass into a great lion. 'Twas the Marquis, who with his own hand sketched off, from fancy, the portrait of Titmouse, causing it to be exhibited in almost every bookseller's shop window. He knew that, if he chose to make his appearance once or twice in the Parks, and leading streets and squares, in—for instance—the full and imposing evening costume of the clown at the theatre, with painted face, capacious white inexpressibles, and tasteful jacket—within a few days' time several thousands of clowns would make their appearance about town, turning it into a vast pantomime. Could a more striking instance of the Marquis's power in such matters have been exhibited, than that which had actually occurred in the case of Titmouse? Soon after the novel of Tippiwink

Juv. Sat. VIII. passim.

† Epistles, VI.—"A Complaint of the Mis-education of our Gen-try."

had rendered our friend an object of public interest, the Marquis happened, somewhere or other, to catch a glimpse of the preposterous little ape. His keen eye caught all Titmouse's personal peculiarities at a glance; and a day or two afterward appeared in public, a sort of splendid edition of Titmouse—with quizzing-glass stuck in his eye and cigar in his mouth; taper ebony cane; tight surtout, with the snowy corner of a white handkerchief peeping out of the outside breast-pocket; hat with scarce any rim, perched slantingly on his head; satin stock bespangled with inwrought gold flowers; and that inimitable strut of his!—'Twas enough; the thoughtful young men about town were staggered for a moment; but their senses soon returned. The Marquis had set the thing going; and within three days' time, that bitter wag had called forth a flight of *Titmice* that would have reminded you, for a moment, of the visitation of locusts brought upon Egypt by Moses. Thus was brought about the state of things recorded toward the close of the last portion of this history. As soon as the Marquis had seen a few of the leading fools about town fairly in the fashion, he resumed his former rigid simplicity of attire, and, accompanied by a friend or two in his confidence, walked about the town enjoying his triumph; witnessing his trophies—"Tittlebats" and "Titmouse-ties" filling the shop windows on the week-days, and peopling the streets on Sundays. The Marquis was not long in obtaining an introduction to the quaint little *millionaire*, whose reputation he had, conjointly with his distinguished friend Mr. Bladdery Pip, contributed so greatly to extend. Titmouse, who had often heard of him, looked upon him with inconceivable reverence, and accepted an invitation to one of the Marquis's *recherché* Sunday dinners, with a sort of tremulous ecstasy. Thither, on the appointed day, he went accordingly, and, by his original humor, afforded infinite amusement to the Marquis's other guests. 'Twas lucky for Titmouse that, getting dreadfully drunk very early in the evening, he was quite incapacitated from accompanying his brilliant and good-natured host to one or two scenes of fashionable entertainment, as had been arranged, in St. James's Street.

Now, do let us pause to ask whether this poor little creature was not to be pitied? Did he not seem to have been plucked out of his own sphere of safe and comparatively happy obscurity, only in order to become every one's game—an object of everybody's cupidity and cruelty? May he not be compared to the flying fish, who, springing out of the water to avoid his deadly pursuer there, is instantly pounced upon by his ravenous assailants in the air? In the lower, and in the upper regions of society, was not this the condition of poor Tittlebat Titmouse? Was not his long-coveted advancement merely a transition from scenes of vulgar to refined rapacity? Had he, ever since "*luck*" had happened to him," had one single friend to whisper in his ear one word of pity and of disinterested counsel? In the splendid regions which he had entered, who regarded him otherwise than as a legitimate object for plunder or ridicule, the latter disguised by the *designing* only? Was not even his dignified and exemplary old kinsman, the Earl of Dreddlington, Right Honorable as he was, influenced solely by considerations of paltry self-interest? Had he not his own ridiculous and mercenary designs to accomplish, amidst all the attentions he vouchsafed to bestow upon Titmouse? 'Twas, I think, old Hobbes of Malmesbury who held, that the natural state of mankind was one of war with each other. One really sees a good deal in life, especially after tracing the progress of society, that would seem to give some color to so strange a notion. 'Twas, of course, at first a matter of downright fisticuffs—of physical strife, occasioned, in a great measure, by our natural tendencies, according to him of Malmesbury; and aggravated by the desire everybody had, to take away from everybody else what he had. Have you ever seen a drop of unclean water through the medium of the astounding hydro-oxygen microscope, and shuddered at sight of the frightful creatures there made apparent—a spectacle which must have brought tears of delight into the eyes of the old philosopher I have mentioned, on account of the vivid illustration it would have afforded of his theory? I have several times witnessed what I am alluding to, and I always think, when I see the direful conflict that goes on in these drops of water "when Greek meets Greek," of Titmouse and his enemies. In the progress of society we have, in a measure, dropped the physical part of the business; and instead of punching, scratching, kicking, biting, and knocking down one another, true to the original principles of our nature, we are all endeavoring to circumvent one another; everybody is trying to take everybody in; the moment that one of us has got together a thing or two, he is pounced upon by his neighbor, who in his turn falls a prey to another, and so on in endless succession. We cannot help ourselves, though we are splitting our heads to discover devices, by way of laws, to restrain this propensity of our nature: it will not do; we are all overreaching, cheating, swindling, robbing one another, and, if necessary, are ready to maim and murder one another in the prosecution of our designs. So is it with nations as with individuals, and minor collections of individuals. Truly, truly, we are a precious set, whether the sage of Malmesbury be right or wrong in his speculations.

The more that the Earl and Lady Cecilia perceived of Titmouse's popularity, the more eager were they in parading their connection with him, and openly investing him with the character of a protégé. In addition to this, the Lady Cecilia had begun to have now and then a glimmering notion of the objects which the earl was contemplating. If the earl took him down to the House of Lords, and having secured him a place at the bar, would, immediately on entering, walk up to him, and be seen for some time condescendingly pointing out to him, the different peers by name, as they entered, and explaining to his intelligent auditor the period, and mode, and cause, of the creation and accession of many of them to their honors, and also the forms, ceremonies, and routine of business in the House; so Lady Cecilia was not remiss in availing herself, in her way, of the little opportunities which presented themselves. She invited him, for instance, one day early in the week to accompany them to church on the ensuing Sunday, and during the interval gave out amongst her intimate friends that they might expect to see Mr. Titmouse in her papa's pew. He accepted the invitation; and, on the arrival of the appointed hour, might have been seen in the earl's carriage, driving to afternoon service at the Reverend MORPHINE

VELVET's chapel—Rosemary Chapel, near St. James's Square. "It was a fashionable chapel, a chapel of *Eve*; rightly so called, for it was a very *easy* mode of worship, discipline, and doctrine that was there practised and inculcated. If I may not irreverently adopt the language of Scripture, but apply it very differently, I should say that Mr. Morphine Velvet's yoke was *very* 'easy,' his burden *very* 'light.' He was a popular preacher; middle-aged; sleek, serene, solemn in his person and demeanor. He had a very gentlemanlike appearance in the pulpit and reading-desk. There was a sort of soothing, winning, elegance and tenderness in the tone and manner in which he *prayed* and *taught* his dearly-beloved brethren, as many as were there present, to accompany him, their bland and graceful pastor, to the throne of the heavenly grace. Fit leader was he of such a flock! He read the prayers remarkably well, in a quiet and subdued tone, very distinctly, and with marked emphasis and intonation, having sedulously studied how to read the service under a crack theatrical teacher of elocution, who had given him several 'points'—in fact, a new reading entirely—of one of the clauses in the Lord's prayer, and which, he had the gratification of perceiving, produced a striking, if not, indeed, a startling effect. On the little finger of the hand which he used most, was to be observed the sparkle of a diamond ring; and there was a sort of careless grace in the curl of his hair, which it had taken his hair-dresser at least half an hour, before Mr. Morphine's leaving home for his chapel, to effect. In the pulpit he was calm and fluent. He rightly considered that the pulpit ought not to be the scene for attempting intellectual display; he took care, therefore, that there should be nothing in his sermons to arrest the understanding, or unprofitably occupy it, addressing himself entirely to the feelings and fancy of his cultivated audience, in frequently interesting compositions. On the occasion I am speaking of, he took for his text a fearful passage of Scripture, 2 Cor. iv. 3.—"But if our gospel be hid it is hid to them that are lost." If any words were calculated to startle such a congregation as was arrayed before Mr. Velvet, out of their guilty and fatal apathy, were not these? Ought not their minister to have looked round him and trembled? So one would have thought; but "dear Mr. Velvet" knew his mission and his flock better.

He presented them with an elegant description of heaven, with its crystal battlements, its jasper walls, its buildings of pure gold, its foundations of precious stones; its balmy air, its sounds of mysterious melody, its overflowing fullness of everlasting happiness—amidst which friends, parted upon earth by the cruel stroke of death, recognise and are reunited to each other, never more to pronounce the agonizing word "adieu!" And would his dear hearers be content to lose all this—content to *enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season*? Forbid it, eternal mercy! But lest he should alarm his hearers, he took the opportunity to enforce and illustrate the consolatory truth, that

"Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less;"

and presently resuming the thread of his discourse, went on to speak of the really serious consequences attending a persevering indifference to religion; and he went on to give striking instances of it in the merchant in his counting-house and on 'change; the lawyer in his office; the tradesman in his shop; the operative in the manufactory; showing how each was absorbed in his calling—laboring for the meat which perisheth, till they had lost all appetite and relish for spiritual food, and never once troubled themselves about "the momentous concerns of hereafter." Upon these topics he dwelt with such force and feeling, that he sent his distinguished congregation away—those of them, at least, who could retain any recollection of what they heard for five minutes after entering their carriages—fearing that there was a very black look-out, indeed, for the kind of persons that Mr. Velvet had mentioned—tailors, milliners, mercers, jewellers, and so forth; and who added graver offences, and of a more positive character, to the misconduct which had been pointed out—in their extortion and their rapacity! Would that some of them had been present! Thus was it that Mr. Velvet sent away his hearers overflowing with Christian sympathy; very well pleased with Mr. Velvet, but infinitely better pleased with themselves. The deep impression which he had made was evidenced by a note he received that evening from the Duchess of Broadacre, most earnestly begging permission to copy his "beautiful sermon," in order to send it to her sister, Lady Belle Almacks, who was ill of a decline at Naples. About that time, I may as well here mention, there came out an engraved portrait of "the Rev. Morphine Velvet, M. A. Minister, Rosemary Chapel, St. James's"—a charming picture it was, representing Mr. Morphine in pulpit costume and attitude, with hands gracefully outstretched, and his face directed upward with a heavenly expression, suggesting to you the possibility that some fine day, when his hearers least expected it, he might gently rise out of his pulpit into the air, like Stephen, with heaven open before him, and be no more seen of men! Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose minister is the Rev. Morphine Velvet!

Four or five carriages had to set down before that containing the Earl of Dreddlington, Lady Cecilia, and Mr. Titmouse could draw up; by which time there had accumulated as many in its rear, so eager were the pious aristocrats to get into this holy retreat. As Titmouse, holding his hat and cane in one hand, while with the other he arranged his hair, strutted up the centre aisle, following the Earl and Lady Cecilia, he could hardly repress the exultation with which he thought of a former visit of his to that very chapel some two years before. Then, on attempting to enter the body of the chapel, the vergers had politely but firmly repulsed him; on which, swelling with vexation, he had ascended to the gallery, where, after being kept standing for ten minutes at least, he had been beckoned by the pew-opener toward, and squeezed into, the furthestmost pew, close at the back of the organ, and in which said pew were only four footmen beside himself; and if he was disgusted with his mere contiguity, guess what must have been his feelings when the footman nearest to him good-naturedly forced upon him a part of his prayer-book, which Titmouse, ready to spit in his face, held with his finger and thumb, as though it had been the tail of a snake. Now, how changed was all! He had become an aristocrat; in his veins ran some of the richest and oldest blood in the country; his row might ere long be graced by the coronet which King

Henry II. had placed upon the brow of the founder of his family, some seven hundred years before; and a tall footman, with powdered head, glistening silver shoulder-knot, and sky-blue livery, and carrying in a bag the gilded implements of devotion, be humbly following behind him! What a remarkable and vivid contrast between his present and his former circumstances, was present at that moment to his reflecting mind! As he stood, his hat covering his face, in an attitude of devotion—"I wonder," thought he, "what all these nobles and awells would say, if they knew how I had worshipped here on the last time; and again—"Pon my life, what would I give for—say Huckaback—to see me just now!" What an elegant and fashionable air the congregation wore! Surely there must be something in religion when people such as were around him came so punctually to church, and behaved so seriously! The members of that congregation were, indeed, exemplary in their strict discharge of public religious duties. Scarce one of them was there that had not been at the opera till half-past twelve over night; the dulcet notes of the singers still thrilling in their ears, the graceful attitudes of the dancers still present to their eyes; every previous night of the week had they been engaged in the brilliant ball-room, and whirled in the mazes of the voluptuous waltz, or glittering in the picturesque splendor of fancy dress, till three, four and five o'clock in the morning; yet here they were, in spite of all their exhaustion, testified by the heavy eye, the ill-suppressed yawns, the languor and ennui visible in their countenances, prepared to accompany their gentle pastor, "with a pure heart and humble voice," unto the throne of the heavenly grace, to acknowledge, with lively emotion, that they "had followed too much the devices and desires of their own hearts;" praying for "mercy upon them, miserable offenders," that God would "restore them, being penitent," so that "they might thereafter lead a godly, righteous, and sober life." Here they were, punctual to their time, decorous in manners, devout in spirit, earnest and sincere in repentance and good resolutions—knowing the while, how would be spent the remainder of the season of their lives; and yet resolving to attend to the affectionate entreaties of Mr. Velvet, to be "not hearers only, but doers of the word." Generally, I should say that the state of mind of most, if not all of those present, was analogous to that of persons who go and sit in the pump-room, to drink the Bath or Cheltenham waters. Every body did the same thing; and each hoped that, while sitting in his pew, what he heard would, like what he drunk at the pump-room, in some secret mode of operation, insensibly benefit the hearer, without subjecting him to any unpleasant restraint or discipline—without requiring active exertion, or inconvenience, or sacrifice. This will give you a pretty accurate notion of Lord Dreddlington's state of mind upon the present occasion. With his gold glasses on, he followed with his eye, and also with his voice, every word of the prayers with rigid accuracy and unwavering earnestness; but as soon as Mr. Velvet had mounted the pulpit, and risen to deliver his discourse, the Earl quietly folded his arms, closed his eyes, and, in an attentive posture, composed himself to sleep. Lady Cecilia sat beside him perfectly motionless during the whole sermon, her eyes fixed languidly upon the preacher. As for Titmouse, he bore it pretty well for about five minutes; then he pulled his gloves off and on at least twenty times; then he twisted his handkerchief round his fingers; then he looked with a vexed air at his watch; then he stuck his glass in his eye, and stared about him. By the time that Mr. Velvet had ceased, Titmouse had conceived a very great dislike to him, and was indeed in a fretful humor. But when the organ struck up, and they rose to go; when he mingled with the soft, crushing, fluttering, rustling satin-clad throng—nodding to one, bowing to another, and shaking hands with a third, he felt "himself again." The only difference between him and those around him was, that they had learned to bear with calm fortitude what had so severely tried his temper. All were glad to get out: the crash of carriages at the door was music in their ears—the throng of servants' delightful objects to their eyes—they were, in short, in the dear world again, and breathed as freely as ever.

Mr. Titmouse took leave of the Earl and Lady Cecilia at their carriage-door, having ordered his cab to be in waiting—as it was; and entering it, he drove about leisurely till it was time to think of dressing for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine with a party of officers in the Guards, and a merry time they had on't. Titmouse in due time got blind drunk; and then one of his companions, rapidly advancing towards the same happy state, seized the opportunity, with a burned cork, to blacken poor Titmouse's face all over—who, therefore, was pronounced to bear a very close resemblance to one of the black boys belonging to the band of the regiment, and afforded as much fun to his friends when dead drunk as when sober. As he was quite incapable of taking care of himself, they put a servant with him into his cab, (judging his little tiger to be unequal to the responsibility.)

Titmouse passed a sad night, but got better toward the middle of the ensuing day; when he was sufficiently recovered to receive two visitors. One of them was young Lord Frederic Feather, (accompanied by a friend,) both of whom had dined in company with Titmouse over night; and his lordship it was, who, having decorated Titmouse's countenance in the way I have described—so as to throw his valet almost into fits on seeing him brought home—imagining it might possibly come to his ears who it was that had done him such a favor, had come to acknowledge and apologise for it frankly and promptly. When, however, he perceived what a fool he had got to deal with, he suddenly changed his course—declared that Titmouse had not only done it himself, but had there presumed to act similarly toward his lordship, whose friend corroborated the charge—and they had called to receive, in private, an apology. Titmouse's breath seemed taken away on first hearing this astounding version of the affair. He swore he had done nothing of the sort, but had suffered a good deal; then, dropping a little on observing the stern looks of his companions, protested "he did not recollect" any thing of the sort; on which they smiled good-naturedly, and said that that was very possible. Then Titmouse made the requisite apology; and thus this awkward affair ended. Lord Frederic continued for some time with Titmouse in pleasant chat; for he foresaw that "hard-up" as he frequently was, Mr. Titmouse was a friend who might be exceedingly

serviceable. In fact, poor Lord Frederic could, on that very occasion, have almost gone on his knees for a cheque of Mr. Titmouse upon his bankers, for three or four hundred pounds. Oh, thought Lord Frederic, what would he have given to be in Titmouse's position, with his twenty thousand a-year, and a hundred thousand pounds of hard cash! But, as the reader well knows, poor Titmouse's resources, ample as they were, were upon a far less splendid scale than was supposed. Partly from inclination, and partly through a temporary sense of embarrassment, occasioned by the want of ready money, Titmouse did not spend a tenth part of the sum which it had been every where supposed he could disburse freely on all hands, which occasioned him to be given credit for possessing all that rumor assigned to him; and, moreover, for a disposition not to squander it. He had on several occasions been induced to try his hand at *ecarté*, *rouge et noir*, and hazard; and had, on the first occasion or two, been a little hurried away through deference to his distinguished associates, and bled rather freely; but when he found that it was a matter of business—that he must pay—and felt his purse growing lighter, and his pocket-book, in which he kept his bank-notes, rapidly shrinking in dimensions as the evening wore on, he experienced vivid alarm and disgust, and an increasing disinclination to be victimized; and his aversion to play was infinitely strengthened by the frequent cautions of the Earl of Dreddlington.

But there was one step in Mr. Titmouse's upward progress which he presently took, and which is worthy of special mention; I mean his presentation at court by the Earl of Dreddlington. The necessity for such a step was explained to Titmouse, by his illustrious kinsman, a day or two after the appearance of the ordinary official announcement of the next levee. This momentous affair was broached by the Earl, one day after dinner, with an air of deep anxiety and interest. Indeed, had that stately and solemn old simpleton been instructing his gaping protégé in the minutely-awful etiquette requisite for the due discharge of his duties as an ambassador sent upon a delicate and embarrassing mission to the court of his Sacred Majesty the King of Sulkypunctilio, he could not have appeared more penetrated by a sense of the responsibility he was incurring. He commenced by giving Titmouse a very long history of the origin and progress of such ceremonies, and a minute account of the practical manner of their observance, all of which, however, was to Titmouse only like breathing upon a mirror—passing as quickly out of one ear as it had entered into the other. When, however, the Earl came to the point of dress, Titmouse was indeed "a thing all ear, all eye," his faculties being stimulated to their utmost. The next morning he hurried off to his tailor, to order a court dress. When it had been brought to his rooms, and he had put it on, upon returning to his room in his new and imposing costume, and glancing at his figure in the glass, his face fell; he felt infinitely disappointed. It is to be remembered that he had not on lace ruffles at his coat-cuffs, nor on his shirt front. After gazing at himself for a few moments in silence, he suddenly snapped his fingers, and exclaimed to the tailor, who, with the valet, was standing beside him, "Curse me if I like this thing at all!" "Not like it, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Clipclose, with astonishment.

"No, I don't, demme! Is this a court dress? It's a quaker's made into a footman's! 'Pon my soul, I look the exact image of a footman; and a devilish vulgar one, too!" The two individuals beside him turned suddenly away from him, and from one another, and from their noses there issued the sounds of ill-suppressed laughter.

"Oh, sir—I beg a thousand pardons!"—quickly exclaimed Mr. Clipclose, "what can I have been thinking about? There's the sword—we've quite forgot it!"

"Ah—'pon my life, I thought there was something wrong!" quoth Titmouse, as Mr. Clipclose, having brought the sword from the other end of the room, where he had laid it upon entering, buckled it on.

"I flatter myself that now, sir"—commenced he.

"Ye—as—Quite the correct thing! 'Pon my soul, most uncommon striking!"—exclaimed Titmouse, glancing at his figure in the glass with a triumphant smile. "Isn't it odd, now, that this sword should make all the difference between me and a footman, by Jove?" Here his two companions were seized with a simultaneous fit of coughing.

"Ah, ha—it's so, a 'nt it?" continued Titmouse, his eyes glued to the glass.

"Certainly, sir: it undoubtedly gives—what shall I call it? a grace—a finish—a sort of commanding—especially to a figure that becomes it"—he continued, with cool assurance, observing that the valet understood him. "But—may I, sir, take so great a liberty? If you are not accustomed to wear a sword—as I think you said you had not been at court before—I beg to remind you that it will require particular care to manage it, and prevent it from getting between"—

"Demme, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse, starting aside with an offended air—"dye think I don't know how to manage a sword? By all that's tremendous"—and plucking the taper weapon out of its scabbard, he waved it over his head, and throwing himself into the first position—he had latterly paid a good deal of attention to fencing—and with rather an excited air, went through several of the preliminary movements. 'Twas a subject for a painter, and exhibited a very striking spectacle—as an instance of power silently concentrated, and ready to be put forth upon an adequate occasion. The tailor and the valet, who stood separate from each other, and at a safe distance from Mr. Titmouse, gazed with silent admiration at him.

When the great day arrived—Titmouse having thought of scarce any thing else in the interval, and teased every one he met with his endless questions and childish observations on the subject—he drove up, at the appointed hour, to the Earl of Dreddlington's, whose carriage, with an appearance of greater state than usual about it, was standing at the door. On alighting from his cab, he skipped so nimbly up stairs, that he could not have had time to observe the amusement which his figure occasioned even to the well-disciplined servants of the Earl of Dreddlington. Much allowance ought to have been made for them. Think of Mr. Titmouse's little knee-breeches, white silks, silver shoe-buckles, shirt-ruffles and frills, coat, bag, and sword; and his hair, plastered up with bear's grease, parted down the middle of his head, and curling out boldly



over each temple; and his open countenance irradiated with a subdued smile of triumph and excitement.

On entering the drawing-room, he beheld a really striking object—the Earl in court costume, wearing his general's uniform, with all his glistening orders, standing in readiness to set off, and holding in his hand his cap, with its snowy plume. His posture was at once easy and commanding. Had he been standing to Sir Thomas Laurence, he could not have disposed himself more effectively. Lady Cecilia was sitting on the sofa, leaning back, and languidly talking to him; and, from the start they both gave on Titmouse's entrance, it was plain that they could not have calculated upon the extraordinary transfiguration he must have undergone, in assuming court costume. For a moment or two, each was severely shocked as when his absurd figure had first presented itself in that drawing-room. "Oh, heavens!" murmured Lady Cecilia; while the Earl seemed struck dumb by the approaching figure of Titmouse. That gentleman, however, was totally changed from the Titmouse of a former day. He had now acquired a due sense of his personal importance, a just confidence in himself. Greatness had lost its former petrifying influence over him. And as for his appearance on the present occasion, he had grown so familiar with it, as reflected in his glass, that it never occurred to him as being different with others who beheld him for the first time. At the same time, that candor upon which I pride myself urges me to state, that when Titmouse beheld the military air and superb equipments of the Earl—notwithstanding that Titmouse, too, wore a sword—he felt himself done. He advanced, however, pretty confidently—bobbing about, first to Lady Cecilia, and then to the Earl; and after a hasty salutation—"Pon my life, my lord, I hope it's no offence, but your lordship does look most particular fine." The Earl made no reply, but inclined toward him magnificently—not seeing the meaning and intention of Titmouse, but affronted by his words.

"May I ask what your lordship thinks of me? First time I ever appeared in this kind of thing, my lord—ha! ha, your lordship sees!"—As he spoke, his look and voice betrayed the overawing effects of the earl's splendid appearance—which was rapidly freezing up the springs of familiarity, if not indeed of flattery, which were bubbling up within the little bosom of Titmouse, on his entering the room. His manner became involuntarily subdued and reverential. The Earl of Dreddington in plain clothes, and in full court costume, were two very different persons; though his lordship would have been mortally affronted if he had known that any one thought so. However he now regretted having offered to take Titmouse to the levee, there was no escape from the calamity; so, after a few minutes' pause, he rang the bell, and announced his readiness to set off. Followed by Mr. Titmouse, his lordship slowly descended the stairs; and when he was within two or three steps of the hall floor, it distressed me to relate, that he fell nearly flat upon his face, and, but for his servants' rushing up, would have been seriously hurt. Poor Titmouse had been the occasion of this disaster; for his sword getting between his legs, down he went against the earl, who went naturally down upon the floor, as I have mentioned. Titmouse was not much hurt, but terribly frightened, and went as pale as death when he looked at the earl, who appeared a little agitated, but, not having been really injured, soon recovered his self-possession. Profuse were poor Titmouse's apologies, as may be supposed; but much as he was distressed at what had taken place, a glance at the angry countenances with which the servants regarded him, as if inwardly cursing his stupidity and clumsiness, stirred up his spirit a little, and restored him to a measure of self-possession. He would have given a hundred pounds to have been able to discharge every one of them on the spot.

"Sir—enough has been said," quoth the earl, rather coldly and haughtily, tired of the multiplied apologies and excuses of Titmouse. "I thank God, sir, that I am not hurt, though, at any time of life, a fall is not a slight matter. Sir," continued the earl, bitterly, "you are not so much to blame as your tailor; he should have explained to you how to wear your sword!" With this, having cut Titmouse to the very quick, the earl motioned him toward the door: they soon entered the carriage; the door was closed; and, with a brace of footmen behind, away rolled these two truly distinguished subjects to pay their homage to majesty—which might well be proud of such homage. They both sat in silence for some time. At length—"Beg your lordship's pardon," quoth Titmouse, with some energy: "but I wish your lordship only knew how I hate this cursed skewer that's pinned to me;"—and he looked at his sword, as if he could have snapped it into halves, and thrown them through the window.

"Sir, I can appreciate your feelings. The sword was not to blame; and you have my forgiveness," replied the still ruffled earl.

"Much obliged to your lordship," replied Titmouse, in a somewhat different tone from any in which he had ever ventured to address his august companion; for he was beginning to feel confoundedly nettled at the bitter, contemptuous manner which the earl observed toward him. He was also not a little enraged with himself; for he knew he had been in fault, and thought of the neglected advice of his tailor. So his natural insolence, like a reptile just beginning to recover from its long torpor, made a faint struggle to show itself—but in vain; he was quite cowed and overpowered by the presence in which he was, and he wished heartily that he could have recalled even the few last words he had ventured to utter. The Earl had observed it, though without appearing to do so. He was accustomed to control his feelings; and on the present occasion he exerted himself to do so, for fear of alienating Titmouse from him by any display of offended dignity.

"Sir, it is a very fine day," he observed, in a kind manner, after a stern silence of at least five minutes.

"Remarkable fine, my lord. I was just going to say so," replied Titmouse, greatly relieved; and presently they fell into their usual strain of conversation.

"We must learn to bear these little annoyances calmly," said the Earl, graciously, on Titmouse's again alluding to his mishap—"as for me, sir, a person in the station to which it has pleased Heaven to call me, for purposes of its own, has his peculiar and very grave anxieties—substantial

He ceased suddenly. The carriage of his old rival, the Earl of Fitz-Warren, passed him; the latter waved his hand courteously; the former, with a bitter smile, was forced to do the same; and then relapsing into silence, showed that the iron was entering his very soul, affording a striking illustration of the truth of the observation he had been making to Titmouse. Soon, however, they had entered the scene of splendid hubbub, which at once occupied and excited both their minds. Without, was the eager crowd, gazing with admiration and awe at each equipage, with its brilliant occupants, that dashed past them:—then the life-guardsmen, in glittering and formidable array, their long gleaming swords and polished helmets glancing and flashing in the sunlight. Within, were the tall yeomen of the guard, in velvet caps and scarlet uniforms, and with ponderous partisans, lining each side of the staircase—and who, being in the exact military costume of the time of Henry the Eighth, forcibly recalled those days of pomp and pageantry to the well-informed mind of Mr. Titmouse. In short, there were all the grandeur, state, and ceremony that fence in the dread approaches to majesty. Fortunately, Titmouse was infinitely too much bewildered and flustered by the novel splendor around him, to be aware of the ill-concealed laughter which his appearance excited on all hands. In due course he was borne on, and issued in due form into the presence-chamber—into the immediate presence of majesty. His heart palpitated: his dazzled eye caught a hasty glimpse of a tall magnificent figure standing before a throne. Advancing—scarce aware whether on his head or his heels—he reverently paid his homage—then rising, was promptly ushered out through a different door; with no distinct impression of anything that he had passed;—'twas all a dazzling blaze of glory—a dim vision of awe! Little was he aware, poor soul, that the king had required him to be pointed out upon his approach, having heard of his celebrity in society, and that he had the distinguished honor of occasioning to majesty a very great effort to keep its countenance. It was not till after he had quitted the palace for some time, that he breathed freely again. Then he began to feel as if a vast change had been effected in him by some mysterious and awful agency—that he was penetrated and pervaded, as it were, by the subtle essence of royalty—like one that had experienced the sudden, strange, thrilling, potent, influence of electricity. He imagined that now the stamp of greatness had been impressed upon him; his pretensions ratified by the highest authority upon earth. 'Twas as if wine had been poured into a stream, intoxicating the titlilubs swimming about in it. As for me, seriously speaking, I question whether it was any thing more than an imaginary change that had come over my friend. Though I should be sorry to cite against him an authority, couched in a language with which I have reason to believe he was not critically acquainted, I cannot help thinking that Horace must have had in his eye a Roman Titmouse, when he penned those bitter lines—

"Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ  
Fortuna non mutat genus,  
—Videsne Sacram metiente te Viam  
Cum bis ter unarum togâ,  
Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium,  
Liberrima indignatio?  
—Sectus flagellis hic triumphalibus  
Præconis ad fastidium,  
Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,  
Et Apian mannis terit!"

While Titmouse was making this splendid figure in the upper regions of society, and forming there every hour new and brilliant connections and associations—in a perfect whirl of pleasure from morning to night—he did not ungratefully manifest a total forgetfulness of the amiable persons with whom he had been so familiar, and from whom he had received so many good offices in his earlier days and humbler circumstances. Had it not, however,—to give the devil his due—been for Gammon, (who was ever beside him, like a mysterious pilot, secretly steering his little bark amidst the strange, splendid, but dangerous seas which it had now to navigate,) I fear that, with Titmouse, it would have been—out of sight out of mind. But Gammon, ever watchful over the real interests of his charge, and also delighted to become the medium of conferring favors upon others, conveyed from time to time, to the interesting family of the Tag-rags, special marks of Mr. Titmouse's courtesy and gratitude. At one time, a haunch of doe venison would find its way to Mr. Tag-rag, to whom Gammon justly considered that the distinction between buck and doe was unknown; at another, a fine work-box and a beautifully bound Bible found its way to good Mrs. Tag-rag; and, lastly, a gay guitar to Miss Tag-rag, who forthwith began twang-twang, tang-a-tang tang-it, from morning to night, thinking with ecstasy of its dear distinguished donor; who, together with Mr. Gammon, had, some time afterward, the unspeakable gratification, on occasion of their being invited to dine at Satin Lodge, of hearing her perform the following exquisite composition, for both the words and air of which she had been indebted to her music-master, a youth with black mustaches, long dark hair parted on his head, shirt collars à la Byron, and eyes full of inspiration:

TO HIM I LOVE.  
Ah me! I feel the smart  
Of Cupid's cruel dart  
Affectua-  
mente. Quivering in my heart,  
Heigho, ah! whew!  
With him I love  
Swiftly time would move;  
Allegro. With his cigar,  
And my guitar,  
We'd smoke and play  
The livelong day,  
Merrily, merrily!  
Puff—puff—puff,  
Tang-a, tang, tang!  
When he's not near me,  
O! of life I'm weary—  
The world is dreary—  
Adagio, et  
con molto  
espressioni. Mystic spirits of song,  
Wreathed with cypresses, come along!  
And hear me! hear me!

\* Hor. Carm. V., iv.

Teneramente.

Singing,  
Heigho, heigho—  
Tootle, tootle, too,  
A—lackaday!

Such were the tender and melting strains which this fair creature (her voice a little reedy and squeaking, to be sure,) poured into the sensitive ear of Titmouse; and such are the strains by means of which many and many a Miss Tag-rag has captivated many and many a Titmouse; so that sentimental compositions of this sort are deservedly popular, and do honor to our musical and poetical character as a nation. I said that it was on the occasion of a dinner at Satin Lodge, that Mr. Titmouse and Mr. Gammon were favored by hearing Miss Tag-rag's voice, accompanying her guitar; for when Mr. Tag-rag had sounded Mr. Gammon, and found that both he and Titmouse would be only too proud and happy to partake of his hospitality, they were invited. A very crack affair it was, (though I have not time to describe it)—given on a more splendid scale than Mr. Tag-rag had ever ventured upon before. He brought a bottle of champagne all the way from town with his own hands, and kept it nice and cool in the kitchen cistern for three days beforehand; and there was fish, soup, roast mutton, and roast ducks, roast fowls, peas, cabbage, cauliflowers, potatoes, vegetable marrow; there was an apple-pie, a plumb-pudding, custards, creams, jelly, and a man to wait, hired from the tavern at the corner of the hill. It had not occurred to them to provide themselves with champagne glasses, so they managed as well as they could with the common ones—all but Titmouse, who, with a sort of fashionable recklessness, to show how little he thought of it, poured out his champagne into his tumbler, which he two-thirds filled, and drank it off at a draught, Mr. Tag-rag trying to disguise the inward spasm it occasioned him, by a grievous smile. He and Mrs. Tag-rag exchanged anxious looks; the whole of their sole bottle of champagne was gone already—almost as soon as it had been opened!

"I always drink champagne out of a tumbler; I do—'pon my life," said Titmouse, carelessly; "it's a devilish deal more pleasant."

"Ye-es—Of course it is, sir," said Mr. Tag-rag, rather faintly. Shortly afterward, Titmouse offered to take a glass of champagne with Miss Tag-rag:—Her father's face flashed; and at length, with a bold effort, "Why Mr. Titmouse," said he, trying desperately to look unconcerned—"the—the fact is, I never keep more than a dozen or so in my cellar—and most unfortunately I found this afternoon that six bottles had—burst—I assure you."

"'Pon my soul, sorry to hear it," quoth Titmouse; "must send you a dozen of my own—I always keep about fifty or a hundred dozen. Oh, I'll send you half-a-dozen!"

Tag-rag scarcely knew, for a moment, whether he felt pleased or mortified at this stroke of delicate generosity. Thus it was that Titmouse evinced a disposition to shower marks of his favor and attachment upon the Tag-rags, in obedience to the injunctions of Gammon, who assured him that it was of very great importance for him to secure the good graces of Mr. Tag-rag.

So Mr. Titmouse now drove up to Satin Lodge in his cab, and then rode thither, followed by his stylish groom; and on one occasion, a trifling scamp! happening to find no one at home but Miss Tag-rag, he nevertheless alighted, and stayed for nearly ten minutes, behaving precisely in the manner of an accepted suitor, aware that he might do so with impunity since there was no witness present; a little matter which had been suggested to him by Mr. Gammon. Poor Miss Tag-rag's cheek he kissed with every appearance of ardor, protesting that she was a monstrous lovely creature; and he left her in a state of delightful excitement, imagining herself the fated mistress of ten thousand a-year, and the blooming bride of the gay and fashionable Mr. Titmouse. When her excellent parents heard of what had that day occurred between Mr. Titmouse and their daughter, they also looked upon the thing as quite settled. In the meanwhile, the stream of prosperity flowed steadily in upon Mr. Tag-rag, his shop continuing crowded; his shopmen doubled in number; in fact, he at length actually received, instead of giving payment, for allowing young men to serve a short time in so celebrated an establishment, in order that they might learn the first-rate style of doing business, and when established on their own account, write up over their doors—"Peter Tape, late from Tag-rag & Co., Oxford street."

Determined to make hay while the sun shone, he resorted to several little devices for that purpose, such as a shir front with frills in the shape of a capital "T," and which, under the name of "Tittier," he sold immense numbers amongst the inferior swells of London. At length it occurred to Gammon to suggest to Titmouse a mode of conferring upon his old friend and master a mark of permanent, public, and substantial distinction; and this was, the obtaining for him, through the Earl of Dreddington, an appointment as one of the royal tradesmen—namely, draper and hosier to the King. When Mr. Tag-rag's disinterested and indefatigable benefactor, Gammon, called one day in Oxford street, and calling him for a moment out of the bustle of his crowded shop, mentioned the honor which Mr. Titmouse was bent upon doing his utmost, at Mr. Gammon's instance, to procure for Mr. Tag-rag, that respectable person was quite at a loss for terms in which adequately to express his gratitude. Titmouse readily consented to name the thing to the great man, and urge it in the best way he could; and he performed his promise. The Earl listened to his application with an air of anxiety. "Sir," said he, "the world is acquainted with my reluctance to ask favors of these in office. When I was in office myself, I felt the inconvenience of such applications abundantly. Beside, the appointment you have named, happens to be one of considerable importance, and requiring great influence to procure it. Consider, sir, the immense number of tradesmen there are of every description, of whom drapers and hosiers (according to the last returns laid before Parliament at the instance of my friend Lord Goose,) are by far the most numerous. All of them are naturally ambitious of so high a distinction: yet, sir, observe, that there is only one king and one royal family to serve. My Lord Chamberlain is, I have no doubt, harassed by applicants for such honors as you have mentioned."

Hereat Titmouse got startled at the unexpected magnitude of the favor he had applied for; and, declaring that he did not care a curse for Tag-rag, begged to withdraw.

his application. But the Earl, with a mighty fine air, interrupted him—"Sir, you are not in the least presuming upon your relationship with me, nor do I think you overrate the influence I may happen—in short, sir, I will make it my business to see my lord Ko-too this very day, and sound him upon the subject."

That same day an interview took place between the two distinguished noblemen, Lord Dreddlington and Lord Ko-too. Each approached the other upon silts. After a display of the most delicate tact on the part of Lord Dreddlington, Lord Ko-too, who made a mighty piece of work of it, promised to consider of the application.

Within a day or two afterward, Mr. Tag-rag received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain's office, notifying that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint him draper and hosier to his Majesty! It occasioned him similar feelings of tumultuous pride and pleasure to that with which the Earl of Dreddlington would have received tidings of his long-coveted marquise having been conferred upon him. He started off, within a quarter of an hour after the receipt of the letter, to a carver and gilder a few doors off, and gave orders for the immediate preparation of a first-rate cast, gilded, of the royal arms; which, in about a week's time, might be seen, a truly resplendent object, dazzlingly conspicuous over the central door of Mr. Tag-rag's establishment, inspiring awe into the minds of passers-by, and envy into Mr. Tag-rag's neighbors and rivals. He immediately sent off letters of gratitude to Mr. Titmouse, and to "the Right Honorable, the Most Noble the Earl of Dreddlington;" to the latter personage, at the same time, forwarding a most splendid crimson satin flowered dressing-gown, as "an humble token of his gratitude for his lordship's mark of condescension."

Both the letter and the dressing-gown gave great satisfaction to the Earl's valet, (than whom they never got any further,) and who, having tried on the dressing-gown, forthwith sat down and wrote a very fine reply, in his lordship's name, to the note which had accompanied it, taking an opportunity to satisfy his conscience, by stating to the Earl the next morning that a Mr. Tag-rag had "called" to express his humble thanks for his lordship's goodness. He was, moreover, so well satisfied with this specimen of Mr. Tag-rag's articles, that he forthwith opened an account with him, and sent a very liberal order to start with. The same thing occurred with several of the subordinate functionaries at the palace; and—to let my reader, a little prematurely however, into the secret—this was the extent of the additional custom which Mr. Tag-rag's appointment secured him; and, even for these supplies, I never heard of his getting paid. But it did wonders with him in the estimation of the world. 'Twas evident that he was in a fair way of becoming the head house in the trade. His appointment caused no little ferment in that nook of the city with which he was connected.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal

### MR. BUCKINGHAM'S AMERICAN TOUR.

Mr. Buckingham, since his return to England, has written for a society in London engaged in the temperance cause, a small tract, presenting a view of his exertions during the last three years in America, in behalf of the principles of "Temperance, Education, Benevolence, and Peace." This gentleman is regarded, we fear, by a considerable portion of the British public, as a visionary; we never can forget the reception experienced in the House of Commons by a proposal of his to institute recreation-grounds for the people of our large towns. We cannot, however, doubt that men like him, possessed of lively and versatile talents, powers of attractive public speaking, enterprise, perseverance, and genuinely good intentions toward his fellow-creatures, must prove of immense influence in introducing improvements, and generally meliorating the condition of society. Thus thinking, we deem it a duty we owe to the public to aid in diffusing the account of Mr. Buckingham's tour.

"It was," says he, "in the month of October, 1837, that I first landed in New York; and the object of my visit soon becoming known, I was speedily surrounded by some of the most philanthropic and influential individuals with which that city happily abounds. The period of my first stay there embraced about four months—from October, 1837, to February, 1838; and during that time I devoted the mornings of my days to the careful investigation of every thing of interest that this enterprising and opulent city contained, in which I was most cordially assisted by the ready access with which I was favored to every kind of information that I sought. My evenings were partly devoted to the delivery of my public lectures on the Scriptural and Classical Regions of the Oriental World, which were repeated in six separate and successive courses, in six different quarters of the city, and attended by nearly all the most respectable and educated classes of the community.

"These labors, as may well be conceived, brought me into close personal communion with some of all ranks of society; and gave me ample opportunities to form a tolerably correct estimate of the actual condition of each. In addition to this, I visited personally, and examined carefully, the various benevolent institutions with which the city and its environs abound, especially those for the reformation of criminals, juvenile and adult—those for the education of the deaf and dumb, and blind—and those for the shelter, sustenance, and protection of the diseased, infirm, and insane. In each of these new facts were learned, of great value to the statistics of intemperance, illustrative of the powerful operation of intoxicating drinks in producing at least three-fourths of all the poverty, disease, insanity, and crime—for the support, and protection, and punishment of which, so many millions of expenditure are required, to maintain the asylums, hospitals, and prisons to which the unhappy victims of intemperance are driven, and in which they are supported by the contributions of others; thus taxing the worthy members of society to pay the penalties which the unworthy inflict upon themselves, and compelling the sober and industrious classes of the community to support the drunken and the dissolute, who, had they been temperate and careful, might have avoided both poverty and crime, and, if afflicted with infirmity or old age, have realized a fund from their earnings, by which they might have supported themselves.

"From New York I proceeded to Philadelphia; and here

the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants was manifested toward myself and my family, by whom I was every where accompanied, in a manner at once new, brilliant, and effective. The friends of temperance in this "City of Brotherly love" determined to honor us with a public welcome; and to give it increased popularity, the day chosen for the purpose was February 22, the anniversary of the birth-day of their great hero and statesman—to whom the whole world now pays the homage of admiration—General Washington.

"For this festival of welcome, one of the largest theatres in Philadelphia was engaged, and the pit being floored over on a level with the stage, this united space was converted into a saloon, in which were placed tables, covered with an ample supply of the most elegant and agreeable refreshments that the culinary and confectionary arts could supply, but with an entire absence of all intoxicating drinks. The visitors occupied the three tiers of boxes and galleries; the stewards of the entertainment superintended the tables in the saloon; while the directors of the festival, with the speakers and musical choir, occupied the stage. The price of admission was limited to a dollar each; but long before the hour of opening came, the full number of tickets that the theatre would contain was issued; and such was the eagerness to join the party, that those who were too late could only purchase tickets of early buyers, which was done at premiums of five and ten dollars in advance—sums that were freely given. The result was far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Never had there been before, within the walls of the building, so large a number of persons—2000 was the lowest estimate of those present, and they were said to include among them members of nearly all the first families in the city. The scene was brilliant and animating in the highest degree; the proceedings evidently in accordance with the feelings of those present; the expressions of pleasure enthusiastic; and the order and decorum of the meeting never for a moment disturbed; while, at the same time, three great and important ends had been achieved:—First, it had been proved, by this experiment, that a large assembly might be entertained for many hours, with great elegance and unflinching interest and cheerfulness, without the use of wine. Secondly, a mass of useful information connected with the temperance reform had been spread before the most intellectual and influential portion of the community, which, through the agency of their personal communications, and the still more extended agency of the public press, could hardly fail to produce a large amount of good. And, thirdly, by the voluntary contributions of those who paid for their admission to this festival, and the donations subsequently given, an amount of 2500 dollars, or £500 sterling was, raised, to be added to the temperance funds. From Philadelphia I proceeded to Baltimore, and there also a very crowded assembly greeted my arrival, at a great temperance meeting held in the Methodist Church, at which most of the leading families of this beautiful and hospitable city were present, and where several of the clergy of different denominations rendered the aid of their valuable services to the cause."

The next scene of Mr. Buckingham's labors was Washington, where he also awakened new attention to the objects he had in view, those matters that had been laughed at in England being here investigated with patience and courtesy. He then proceeded northward, and visited various places, among others, Lowell, the Manchester of America; after which he went to Boston. "In this noble city, the early abode of some of the pilgrim fathers, and the Athens of the west, we passed several months, and those full of interest and pleasure. My lectures were delivered here in four successive courses, morning and evening, to crowded and brilliant audiences; and here, as in all other cities we had yet visited, every source of information as to matters of public interest was freely opened, without reserve; and of this advantage I availed myself fully. Among the public meetings that I had the pleasure to attend in Boston, were two splendid assemblages called together for the purpose of forming and supporting establishments for seamen, to protect them from the intemperance, dissipation, and consequent want and destitution, into which they are drawn, by the arts of those who beset them on their landing, lure them to the brothel and the tavern, and there plunder them in a few days of all the hard-earned wages of months and sometimes years. These meetings were among the most effective of any that I remember to have addressed, both in the feeling created on behalf of the object proposed, and the large amount of funds raised to sustain the "Sailors' Home," for which this aid was required.

"The interesting cities of Salem, New Bedford, and Providence, were next visited in succession: and in each lectures were delivered and public meetings held, to promote the great objects of my tour: those at New Bedford, on behalf of the seamen of the port, ending in the adoption of a plan to raise a fund of several thousand dollars, by a small tax of a penny per ton on all the shipping belonging to the port, which was readily acquiesced in by the shipowners, to be devoted to the building and support of a Sailors' Home; and the meetings at Providence leading to an animated and protracted discussion, before the most crowded assemblies, on the great question of how far it was proper to call in the aid of legislation to restrain men from the indulgence of intemperance and the commission of crime—a triumphant majority being obtained in favor of such legislation, on the just and humane principle that "Prevention is better than cure."

"Our next visit was to the ancient and interesting city of Plymouth, founded more than two centuries ago by the pilgrim fathers, who sought an asylum of religious freedom in the new world from the intolerance and persecution of the old. We attended here the whole of the festivities observed on the occasion of the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims, December 22; and here also I was invited to deliver a temperance address, which was given in one of the churches, and attended by large numbers. My lectures were given in the Pilgrim Hall; and this ancient seat of the learning and piety of the first founders of the colonies on the American continent, could boast, during my stay in it, that it did not contain a single dram-shop, or place where ardent spirits are sold; that it had not had a dwelling destroyed by fire for nearly a century past; that it had no poor to sustain, and not a single occupant in its jail, which had been empty many months, and was soon about to be let for

some other purpose. This concluded my first year's labor in America, which was confined to the Atlantic and New-England States. In the second year, a new sphere of observation and occupation was opened to us in the south. We made our voyage from New-York to Charleston, in South Carolina by sea, in January, 1838; and the reception I met with here was even still more enthusiastic than in the cities of the north." After visiting Charleston and various other towns, he passed on to New Orleans, where he held sundry public meetings. One of these "was indeed a splendid meeting, in its numbers, its brilliancy, its enthusiasm, and its result. At the close of my address, a wealthy merchant of the city rose, and stated to the audience that, after the details he had heard of the ravages of intemperance, and of the strong claims of the seamen, especially to the aid and protection of those who reaped their fortunes by their labors, he could not remain a silent spectator of the scene, nor refuse to follow up, and go beyond, the example of New-Bedford, Charleston, and Savannah, in providing Sailors' Homes, for the rescue of the ill-used mariner from the snares of his betrayers. He said he had just purchased 600 bales of cotton, and was about to ship them for Europe; and he would agree to pay five dollars per bale on his entire shipment, or 3000 dollars in the whole, if all the other merchants and shippers of cotton in New-Orleans would consent to pay one cent per bale on every bale shipped by them for the remainder of the year. This was hailed with general acclamation, when, after a short pause, a gentleman rose to ask whether, in the event of there being any individuals so mean and ungenerous as not to come into the arrangement, the worthy merchant would still adhere to his offer; on which another inhabitant of the city rose, and said, that to remove all doubt on this subject, he was so satisfied that few or none of this description of persons could be found in New-Orleans, that he would undertake to make up the amount of all who should refuse or be deficient. The spark soon kindled into a flame, and the warm hearts of the southerners gradually opened and expanded with every successive offer.

"Some, not dealing in cotton, but shipping sugar largely, agreed to pay five cents per hoghead on all exported for the year. Others, having steamboats employed in towing vessels in and out of port, agreed to give twenty-five cents for every brig, and a dollar for every ship towed up or down the Mississippi by their steam-tugs throughout the season. Thus, before the meeting closed, a fund was guaranteed, amply sufficient to accomplish all our wishes; and to the worthy collector of customs at New Orleans, who occupied the chair of the meeting, was confided the task of collecting these sums, which his official situation would so well enable him to do. The officers and sailors in the gallery and aisles, joined as loudly as the rest of the audience in the expression of their joy at the full tide of benevolence which had been made to flow on that night, not merely on behalf of themselves, but also of all their worthy, though neglected and injured, shipmates and brother seamen ever visiting the port."

We have not space to follow the tourist up the Mississippi and the Ohio, of whose forest-clad banks he presents some vivid descriptions. He now passes into British America, lectures right through Canada, descends the St. Lawrence, and gets to Halifax, in Nova Scotia; afterward we find him in New Brunswick, raising the banner of the temperance cause; and, finally, he returns to Boston, which terminated his three years' travel. He now sums up as follows:—"I gave my gratuitous services at about 150 meetings, for the promotion of 'Temperance, Education, Benevolence and Peace,' and was instrumental to the raising, by these means, of scarcely less than 100,000 dollars, in collections and subscriptions, emanating from these meetings, for various philanthropic purposes, the custody and administration of which were confided to other hands. The more minute details of all the many varied and interesting scenes and events presented by this extensive tour, will soon be submitted to the public, in the volumes now preparing for the press; and in these, of course, will be embodied all the general observations on other topics, which have been thought worthy of record. I cannot, however, conclude, without expressing my high gratification at the healthy and vigorous aspect and condition of the temperance cause in Britain, and its progress during my absence from home. It is now about ten years since I first publicly proclaimed the principle, that 'Total Abstinence from all that can intoxicate is the only safe ground of hope for the cure of intemperance in the mass of the community, and that it is as necessary to enforce this by example as by precept.' All is now cheering and encouraging in the highest degree, and affords me an ample reward for the calumny and sneers—the ribaldry and insinuations—with which my first attempts to arouse the attention of the legislature and the nation to this great question, were assailed; and the success with which my humble labors of the past have been crowned, will stimulate me to fresh exertions for the future."

### SONG.

Thou'rt sair altered now, May,  
Thou'rt sair altered now,  
The rose is withered frae thy cheek,  
The wrinkle's on thy brow;  
And grey hath grown the locks o' jet,  
Sae shining wont to be,  
Thou'rt altered sair—but May, thou'rt yet  
The May o' yore to me.

Thy voice is faint and low, May,  
That aft in former time  
Hath woke the wild bird's envious chant,  
The echo's amorous chime;  
Thy e'e hath lost its early light,  
My star in iher years,  
That aye hath beamed sae kindly bright,  
To me thro' smiles and tears.

For a' the signs that shew, May,  
The gloomin' o' our day,  
I lo'e thee young—I lo'e thee yet,  
My ain auld wife, May;  
Nae dearer hope hae I than this;  
Beyond the day we die;  
Thy charms shall bloom again to bless  
My halidome on hie!



## Master Humphrey's Clock.

## BARNABY RUDGE

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

## CHAPTER IV.

In the venerable suburb—it was a suburb once—of Clerkenwell, toward that part of its confines which is nearest to the Charter House, and in one of those cool, shady streets, of which a few, widely scattered and dispersed, yet remain in such old parts of the metropolis—each tenement quietly vegetating like an ancient citizen who long ago retired from business, and dozing on in its infirmity until in course of time it tumbles down, and is replaced by some extravagant young heir, flaunting in stucco and ornamental work, and all the vanities of modern days—in this quarter, and in a street of this description, the business of the present chapter lies.

At the time of which it treats, though only six-and-sixty years ago, a very large part of what is London now had no existence. Even in the brains of the wildest speculators, there had sprung up no long rows of streets connecting Highgate with Whitechapel, no assemblages of palaces in the swampy levels, nor little cities in the open fields. Although this part of town was then, as now, parcelled out in streets and plentifully peopled, it wore a different aspect. There were gardens to many of the houses, and trees by the pavement side; with an air freshness breathing up and down, which in these days would be sought in vain. Fields were nigh at hand, through which the New River took its winding course, and where there was merry hay-making in the summer time. Nature was not so far removed or hard to get at, as in these days; and although there were busy trades in Clerkenwell, and working jewellers by scores, it was a purer place, with farm-houses nearer to it than many modern Londoners would readily believe; and lovers' walks at no great distance, which turned into squalid courts, long before the lovers of this age were born, or, as the phrase goes, thought of.

In one of these streets, the cleanest of them all, and on the shady side of the way—for good housewives know that sunlight damages their cherished furniture, and so choose the shade rather than its intrusive glare—there stood the house with which we have to deal. It was a modest building, not over-newly fashioned, not very straight, not large, not tall; not bold-faced, with great staring windows, but a shy, blinking house, with a conical roof going up into a peak over its garret windows of four small panes of glass, like a cocked hat on the head of an elderly gentleman with one eye. It was not built of brick or lofty stone, but of wood and plaster; it was not planned with a dull and wearisome regard to regularity, for no one window matched the other, or seemed to have the slightest reference to anything beside itself.

The shop—for it had a shop—was, with reference to the first floor, where shops usually are; and there all resemblance between it and any other shop stopped short and ceased. People who went in and out did not go up a flight of steps to it, or walk easily in upon a level with the street, but dived down three steep stairs, as into a cellar. Its floor was paved with stone and brick, as that of any other cellar might be; and in lieu of window framed and glazed it had a great black wooden flap or shutter, nearly breast high from the ground, which turned back in the day-time, admitting as much cold air as light, and very often more. Behind this shop was a wainscoted parlor, looking first into a paved yard, and beyond that again into a little terrace garden, raised some few feet above it. Any stranger would have supposed that this wainscoted parlor, saving for the door of communication by which he had entered, was cut off and detached from all the world; and indeed most strangers on their first entrance were observed to grow extremely thoughtful, as weighing and pondering in their minds whether the upper rooms were only approachable by ladders from without; never suspecting that two of the most unassuming and unlikely doors in existence, which the most ingenious mechanic on earth must of necessity have supposed to be the doors of closets, opened out of this room—each without the smallest preparation, or so much as a quarter of an inch of passage—upon two dark winding flights of stairs, the one upward, the other downward; which were the sole means of communication between that chamber and the other portions of the house.

With all these oddities, there was not a neater, more scrupulously tidy, or more punctiliously ordered house, in Clerkenwell, in London, in all England. There were not cleaner windows, or whiter floors, or brighter stoves, or more highly shining articles of furniture in old mahogany; there was not more rubbing, scrubbing, burnishing, and polishing, in the whole street put together. Nor was this excellence attained without some cost and trouble and great expenditure of voice, as the neighbors were frequently reminded when the good lady of the house overlooked and assisted in its being put to rights on cleaning days; which were usually from Monday morning till Saturday night, both days inclusive.

Leaning against the door-post of this, his dwelling, the locksmith stood early on the morning after he had met with the wounded man, gazing disconsolately at a great wooden emblem of a key, painted in vivid yellow to resemble gold, which dangled from the house-front, and swung to and fro with a mournful creaking noise, as if complaining that it had nothing to unlock. Sometimes he looked over his shoulder into the shop, which was so dark and dingy with numerous tokens of his trade, and so blackened by the smoke of a little forge, near which his 'prentice was at work, that it would have been difficult for one unused to such espials to have distinguished anything but various tools of uncouth make and shape, great bunches of rusty keys, fragments of iron, half-finished locks, and such-like things, which garnished the walls and hung in clusters from the ceiling.

After a long and patient contemplation of the golden key, and many such backward glances, Gabriel stepped into the road, and stole a look at the upper windows. One of them chanced to be thrown open at the moment, and a roguish face met his; a face lighted up by the loveliest pair of sparkling eyes that ever locksmith looked upon; the face of

a pretty laughing, girl; dimpled and fresh, and healthful—the very impersonation of good-humor and blooming beauty.

"Hush!" she whispered, bending forward, and pointing archly to the window underneath. "Mother is still asleep."

"Still, my dear?" returned the locksmith, in the same tone. "You talk as if she had been asleep all night, instead of little more than half an hour. But I'm very thankful. Sleep's a blessing—no doubt about it." The last few words he muttered to himself.

"How cruel of you to keep us up so late this morning, and never tell us where you were, or send us word!" said the girl.

"Ah Dolly, Dolly!" returned the locksmith, shaking his head, and smiling, "how cruel of you to run up stairs to bed! Come down to breakfast, madcap, and come down lightly, or you'll wake your mother. She must be tired, I am sure—I am!"

Keeping these latter words to himself, and returning his daughter's nod, he was passing into the workshop, with the smile she had awakened still beaming on his face, when he just caught sight of his 'prentice's brown paper cap ducking down to avoid observation, and shrinking from the window back to its former place, which the wearer no sooner reached than he began to hammer lustily.

"Listening again, Simon!" said Gabriel, to himself. "That's bad. What in the name of wonder does he expect the girl to say, that I always catch him listening when she speaks, and never at any other time! A bad habit, Sim, a sneaking, underhanded way. Ah! you may hammer, but you won't beat that out of me, if you work at it till your time's up!"

So saying, and shaking his head gravely, he re-entered the workshop, and confronted the subject of these remarks.

"There's enough of that just now," said the locksmith. "You need n't make any more of that confounded clatter. Breakfast's ready."

"Sir," said Sim, looking up with amazing politeness, and a peculiar little bow cut short off at the neck, "I shall attend you immediately."

"I suppose," muttered Gabriel, "that's out of the 'Prentice's Garland, or the 'Prentice's Delight, or the 'Prentice's Warbler, or the 'Prentice's Guide to the Gallows, or some such improving text-book. Now he's going to beautify himself—here's a precious locksmith!"

Quite unconscious that his master was looking on from the dark corner by the parlor door, Sim threw off the paper cap, sprang from his seat, and in two extraordinary steps, something between skating and minuet dancing, bounded to a washing place at the other end of the shop, and there removed from his face and hands all traces of his previous work—practising the same step all the time with the utmost gravity. This done, he drew from some concealed place a little scrap of looking-glass, and with its assistance arranged his hair, and ascertained the exact state of a little carbuncle on his nose. Having now completed his toilet, he placed the fragment of mirror on a low bench, and looked over his shoulder at so much of his legs as could be reflected in that small compass, with the greatest possible complacency and satisfaction.

Sim, as he was called in the locksmith's family, or Mr. Simon Tappertit, as he called himself, and required all men to style him out of doors, on holidays, and Sundays out,—was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process, which he termed "eyeing her over;" but it must be added, that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive.

It may be inferred from these premises, that in the small body of Mr. Tappertit there was locked up an ambitious and aspiring soul. As certain liquors confined in casks too cramped in their dimensions, will ferment, and fret, and chafe in their imprisonment, so the spiritual essence or soul of Mr. Tappertit would sometimes fume within that precious cask, his body, until, with great foam and froth and splutter, it would force a vent, and carry all before it. It was his custom to remark, in reference to any of these occasions, that his soul had got into his head; and in this novel kind of intoxication many scraps and mishaps befel him, which he had frequently concealed with no small difficulty from his worthy master.

Sim Tappertit, among the other fancies upon which his before-mentioned soul was forever feasting and regaling itself (and which fancies, like the liver of Prometheus, grew as they were fed upon), had a mighty notion of his order; and had been heard by the servant-maid openly expressing his regret that the 'prentices no longer carried clubs wherewith to mace the citizens: that was his strong expression. He was likewise reported to have said that in former times a stigma had been cast upon the body by the execution of George Barnwell, to which they should not have basely submitted, but should have demanded him of the legislature—temperately at first: then to appeal to arms, if necessary—to be dealt with as they in their wisdom should think fit. These thoughts always led him to consider what a glorious engine the 'prentices might yet become if they had but a master spirit at their head; and then he would darkly, and to the terror of his hearers, hint at certain reckless fellows that he knew of, and at a certain Lion Heart ready to become their captain, who, once afoot, would make the Lord Mayor tremble on his throne.

In respect of dress and personal decorations, Sim Tappertit was no less of an adventurous and enterprising character. He had been seen, beyond dispute, to pull off ruffles of the finest quality at the corner of the street on Sunday nights, and to put them carefully in his pockets before

returning home; and it was quite notorious that on all great holiday occasions it was his habit to exchange his plain steel knee-buckles for a pair of glittering paste, under cover of a friendly post, planted most conveniently in that same spot. Add to this that he was in years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred: that he had no objection to be jested with touching his admiration of his master's daughter; and had even, when called upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he honored with his love, toasted, with many winks and leers, a fair creature, whose Christian name, he said, began with a D—;—and as much is known of Sim Tappertit, who has by this time followed the locksmith in to breakfast, as is necessary to be known in making his acquaintance.

It was a substantial meal; for over and above the ordinary tea equipage, the board creaked beneath the weight of a jolly round of beef, a ham of the first magnitude, and sundry towers of buttered Yorkshire cake, piled slice upon slice in most alluring order. There was also a goodly jug of well-browned clay, fashioned into the form of an old gentleman, not by any means unlike the locksmith, atop of whose bald head was a fine white froth answering to his wig, indicative, beyond dispute, of sparkling home-brewed ale. But better far than fair home-brewed, or Yorkshire cake, or ham, or beef, or anything to eat or drink that earth or air or water can supply, there sat, presiding over all, the locksmith's rosy daughter, before whose dark eyes even beef grew insignificant, and malt became as nothing.

Fathers should never kiss their daughters when young men are by. It's too much. There are bounds to human endurance. So thought Sim Tappertit when Gabriel drew those rosy lips to his—those lips within Sim's reach from day to day, and yet so far off. He had a respect for his master, but he wished the Yorkshire cake might choke him.

"Father," said the locksmith's daughter, when this salute was over, and they took their seats at table, "what is this I hear about last night?"

"All true, my dear; true as the Gospel, Doll."

"Young Mr. Chester robbed, and lying wounded in the road, when you came up?"

"Ay—Mr. Edward. And beside him, Barnaby, calling for help with all his might. It was well it happened as it did; for the road's a lonely one, the hour was late, and, the night being cold, and poor Barnaby even less sensible than usual from surprise and fright, the young gentleman might have met his death in a very short time."

"I dread to think of it!" cried his daughter, with a shudder. "How did you know him?"

"Know him!" returned the locksmith. "I did n't know him—how could I? I had never seen him, often as I had heard and spoken of him. I took him to Mrs. Rudge's; and she no sooner saw him than the truth came out."

"Miss Emma, father—If this news should reach her, enlarged upon as it is sure to be, she will go distracted."

"Why, lookye there again, how a man suffers for being good-natured," said the locksmith. "Miss Emma was with her uncle at the masquerade at Carlisle House, where she had gone, as the people at the Warren told me, sorely against her will. What does your blockhead father when he and Mrs. Rudge have laid their heads together, but goes there when he ought to be abed, makes interest with his friend the doorkeeper, slips him on a mask and domino, and mixes with the masquers."

"And like himself to do so!" cried the girl, putting her fair arm round his neck, and giving him a most enthusiastic kiss.

"Like himself!" repeated Gabriel, affecting to grumble, but evidently delighted with the part he had taken, and with her praise. "Very like himself—so your mother said. However, he mingled with the crowd, and prettily worried and badgered he was, I warrant you, with people squeaking, 'Don't you know me?' and 'I've found you out,' and all that kind of nonsense in his ears. He might have wandered on till now, but in a little room there was a young lady who had taken off her mask, on account of the place being very warm, and was sitting there alone."

"And that was she?" said his daughter, hastily.

"And that was she," replied the locksmith; "and I no sooner whispered to her what the matter was—as softly, Doll, and with nearly as much art as you could have used yourself—than she gives a kind of scream and faints away."

"What did you do—what happened next?" asked his daughter.

"Why, the masks came flocking round, with a general noise and hubbub, and I thought myself in luck to get clear off, that's all," rejoined the locksmith. "What happened when I reached home you may guess, if you did n't hear it. Ah! Well, it's a poor heart that never rejoices. Put Toby this way, my dear."

This Toby was the brown jug, of which previous mention has been made. Applying his lips to the worthy old gentleman's benevolent forehead, the locksmith, who had all this time been ravaging among the eatables, kept them there so long, at the same time raising the vessel slowly in the air, that at length Toby stood on his head upon his nose, when he smacked his lips, and set him on the table again with fond reluctance.

Although Sim Tappertit had taken no share in this conversation, no part of it being addressed to him, he had not been wanting in such silent manifestations of astonishment, as he deemed most compatible with the favorable display of his eyes. Regarding the pause which now ensued, as a particularly advantageous opportunity for doing great execution with them upon the locksmith's daughter (who he had no doubt was looking at him in mute admiration,) he began to screw and twist his face, and especially those features, into such extraordinary, hideous, and unparalleled contortions, that Gabriel, who happened to look toward him, was stricken with amazement.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the lad?" cried the locksmith. "Is he choking?"

"Who?" demanded Tim, with some disdain.

"Who? why you," returned his master. "What do you mean by making those horrible faces over your breakfast?"

"Faces are matters of taste, sir," said Mr. Tappertit, rather discomfited; not the less so because he saw the locksmith's daughter smiling.

"Sim," rejoined Gabriel, laughing heartily. "Do n't be

a fool, for I'd rather see you in your senses. These young fellows," he added, turning to his daughter, "are always committing some folly or another. There was a quarrel between Joe Willet and old John last night—though I can't say Joe was much in fault either. He'll be missing one of these mornings, and will have gone away upon some wild-goose errand, seeking his fortune. Why, what's the matter, Doll? You are making faces now. The girls are as bad as the boys every bit!"

"It's the tea," said Dolly, turning alternately very red and very white, which is no doubt the effect of a slight scald—"so very hot."

Mr. Tappertit looked immensely big at a quatern loaf on the table, and breathed hard.

"Is that all?" returned the locksmith. "Put some more milk in it. Yes, I am sorry for Joe, because he is a likely young fellow, and gains upon one every time one sees him. But he'll start off you'll find. Indeed he told me as much himself!"

"Indeed!" cried Dolly, in a faint voice. "In—deed!"

"Is the tea tickling your throat still, my dear?" said the locksmith.

But before his daughter could make him any answer, she was taken with a troublesome cough, and it was such a very unpleasant cough, that when she left off the tears were starting in her bright eyes. The good-natured locksmith was still patting her on the back and applying such gentle restoratives, when a message arrived from Mrs. Varden, making known to all whom it might concern, that she felt too much indisposed to rise after her great agitation and anxiety of the previous night; and therefore desired to be immediately accommodated with the little black tea-pot of strong mixed tea, a couple of rounds of buttered toast, a middling-sized dish of beef and ham cut thin, and the Protestant Manuel in two volumes post octavo. Like some other ladies who, in remote ages, flourished upon this globe, Mrs. Varden was most devout when most ill-tempered. Whenever she and her husband were at unusual variance, then the Protestant Manuel was in high feather.

Knowing from experience what these requests portended, the triumvirate broke up: Dolly to see the orders executed with all despatch; Gabriel to some out-of-door work in his little chaise; and Sim to his daily duty in the work-shop, to which retreat he carried the big look, although the loaf remained behind.

Indeed the big look increased immensely, and when he had tied his apron on quite gigantic. It was not until he had several times walked up and down with folded arms, and the longest strides he could take, and had kicked a great many small articles out of his way, that his lip began to curl. At length a gloomy derision came upon his features, and he smiled; uttering, meanwhile, with supreme contempt the monosyllable "Joe!"

"I eyed her over while he talked about the fellow," he said, "and that was of course the reason of her being confused. Joe!"

He walked up and down again much quicker than before, and if possible with longer strides; sometimes stopping to take a glance at his legs, and sometimes stopping to jerk out as it were, and cast from him, another "Joe!" In the course of a quarter an hour or so he again assumed the paper cap and tried to work. No. It could not be done.

"I'll do nothing to-day," said Mr. Tappertit, dashing it down again, "but grind. I'll grind up all the tools. Grinding will suit my prestat humor well. Joe!"

Whirr-r-r-r. The grindstone was soon in motion; the sparks were flying off in showers. This was the occupation for his heated spirit.

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r. "Something will come of this!" said Mr. Tappertit, pausing as if in triumph, and wiping his heated face upon his sleeve. "Something will come of this. I hope it may n't be human gore."

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

#### CHAPTER V.

As soon as the business of the day was over, the locksmith sallied forth alone to visit the wounded gentleman and ascertain the progress of his recovery. The house where he had left him was in a by street in Southwark, not far from London Bridge; and thither he hied with all speed, bent upon returning with as little delay as might be, and getting to bed betimes.

The evening was boisterous—scarcely better than the previous night had been. It was not easy for a stout man like Gabriel to keep his legs at the street corners, or to make head against the high wind; which often fairly got the better of him, and drove him back some paces, or, in defiance of all his energy, forced him to take shelter in an arch or doorway until the fury of the gust was spent. Occasionally a hat or wig, or both, came spinning and trundling past him, like a mad thing; while the more serious spectacle of falling tiles and slates, or of masses of brick and mortar, or fragments of stone-coping rattling upon the pavement near at hand, and splitting into fragments, did not increase the pleasure of the journey, or make the way less dreary.

"A trying night for a man like me to walk in!" said the locksmith, as he knocked softly at the widow's door. "I'd rather be in old John's chimney-corner, faith!"

"Who's there?" demanded a woman's voice from within. Being answered, it added a hasty word of welcome, and the door was quickly opened.

She was about forty—perhaps two or three years older—with a cheerful aspect, and a face that had once been pretty. It bore traces of affliction and care, but they were of an old date, and Time had smoothed them. Any one who had bestowed but a casual glance on Barnaby might have known that this was his mother, from the strong resemblance between them; but where in his face there was wildness and vacancy, in hers there was the patient composure of long effort and quiet resignation.

One thing about this face was very strange and startling. You could not look upon it in its most cheerful mood without feeling that it had some extraordinary capacity of expressing terror. It was not on the surface. It was in no one feature that it lingered. You could not take the eyes, or mouth, or lines upon the cheek, and say, if this or that were otherwise, it would not be so. Yet there it always lurked—something for ever dimly seen, but ever there, and never absent for a moment. It was the faintest, palest

shadow of some look, to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given birth; but indistinct and feeble as it was, it did suggest what that look must have been, and fixed it in the mind as if it had had existence in a dream.

More faintly imaged, and wanting force and purpose, as it were, because of his darkened intellect, there was this same stamp upon the son. Seen in a picture it must have had some legend with it, and would have haunted those who looked upon the canvass. They who knew the Maypole story, and could remember what the widow was, before her husband's and his master's murder, understood it well. They recollected how the change had come, and could call to mind that when her son was born, upon the very day the deed was known, he bore upon his wrist what seemed a smear of blood but half washed out.

"God save you, neighbor?" said the locksmith, as he followed her with the air of an old friend into a little parlor where a cheerful fire was burning.

"And you," she answered, smiling. "Your kind heart has brought you here again. Nothing will keep you at home, I know of old, if there are friends to serve or comfort, out of doors."

"Tut, tut," returned the locksmith, rubbing his hands and warming them. "You women are such talkers. What of the patient, neighbor?"

"He is sleeping now. He was very restless toward daylight, and for some hours tossed and tumbled sadly. But the fever has left him, and the doctor says he will soon mend. He must not be removed until to-morrow."

"He has had visitors to-day—humpf!" said Gabriel, slyly.

"Yes. Old Mr. Chester has been here ever since we sent for him, and had not been gone many minutes when you knocked."

"No ladies?" said Gabriel, elevating his eyebrows and looking disappointed.

"A letter," replied the widow.

"Come. That's better than nothing!" cried the locksmith. "Who was the bearer?"

"Barnaby, of course."

"Barnaby's a jewel!" said Varden; "and comes and goes with ease where we who think ourselves much wiser would make but a poor hand of it. He is not out wandering, again, I hope!"

"Thank Heaven he is in his bed; having been up all night, as you know, and on his feet all day. He was quite tired out. Ah, neighbor, if I could but see him oftener so—if I could but tame down that terrible restlessness—"

"In good time," said the locksmith, kindly, "in good time—don't be down-hearted. To my mind he grows wiser every day."

The widow shook her head. And yet, though she knew the locksmith sought to cheer her, and spoke from no conviction of his own, she was glad to hear even this praise of her poor benighted son.

"He will be a 'cute man yet," resumed the locksmith. "Take care, when we are growing old and foolish, Barnaby does n't put us to the blush, that's all. But our other friend," he added, looking under the table and about the floor—"sharpest and cunningest of all the sharp and cunning ones—where's he?"

"In Barnaby's room," rejoined the widow, with a faint smile.

"Ah! He's a knowing blade!" said Varden, shaking his head. "I should be sorry to talk secrets before him. Oh! he's a deep customer. I've no doubt he can read and write and cast accounts if he chooses. What was that—him tapping at the door?"

"No," returned the widow. "It was in the street, I think. Hark! Yes. There again! 'Tis some one knocking softly at the shutter. Who can it be?"

They had been speaking in a low tone, for the invalid lay overhead, and the walls and ceilings being thin and poorly built, the sound of their voices might otherwise have disturbed his slumber. The party without, whoever it was, could have stood close to the shutter without hearing anything spoken; and, seeing the light through the chinks and finding all so quiet, might have been persuaded that only one person was there.

"Some thief or ruffian, maybe," said the locksmith. "Give me the light."

"No, no," she returned, hastily. "Such visitors have never come to this poor dwelling. Do you stay here. You're within call, at the worst. I would rather go myself—alone."

"Why?" said the locksmith, unwillingly relinquishing the candle he had caught up from the table.

"Because—I don't know why—because the wish is strong upon me," she rejoined. "There again—do not detain me; I beg of you!"

Gabriel looked at her, in great surprise to see one who was usually so mild and quiet thus agitated, and with so little cause. She left the room and closed the door behind her. She stood for a moment as if hesitating, with her hand upon the lock. In this short interval the knocking came again, and a voice close to the window—a voice the locksmith seemed to recollect, and to have some disagreeable association with—whispered "Make haste."

The words were uttered in that low, distinct voice which finds its way so readily to sleepers' ears, and wakes them in a fright. For a moment it startled even the locksmith; who involuntarily drew back from the window, and listened.

The wind rumbling in the chimney made it difficult to hear what passed; but he could tell that the door was opened, that there was the tread of a man upon the creaking boards, and then a moment's silence—broken by a suppressed something which was not a shriek, or groan, or cry for help, and yet might have been either or all three; and the words "My God!" uttered in a voice it chilled him to hear.

He rushed out upon the instant. There, at last, was that dreadful look—the very one he seemed to know so well, and yet had never seen before—upon her face. There she stood, frozen to the ground, gazing with starting eyes, and livid cheeks, and every feature fixed and ghastly, upon the man he had encountered in the dark last night. His eyes met those of the locksmith. It was but a flash, an instant, a breath upon a polished glass, and he was gone.

The locksmith was upon him—had the skirts of his

streaming garment almost in his grasp—when his arms were tightly clutched, and the widow flung herself upon the ground before him.

"The other way—the other way," she cried. "He went the other way. Turn—turn."

"The other way! I see him now," rejoined the locksmith, pointing—"yonder—there—there is his shadow passing by that light. What—who is this? Let me go."

"Come back, come back!" exclaimed the woman, wrestling with and clasping him; "Do not touch him on your life. I charge you, come back. He carries other lives besides his own. Come back!"

"What does this mean?" cried the locksmith.

"No matter what it means—do n't ask, do n't speak, do n't think about it. He is not to be followed, checked, or stopped. Come back!"

The old man looked at her in wonder, as she writhed and clung about him; and, borne down by her passion, suffered her to drag him into the house. It was not until she had chained and double-locked the door, fastened every bolt and bar with the heat and fury of a maniac, and drawn him back into the room, that she turned upon him once again that stony look of horror, and, sinking down into a chair, covered her face, and shuddered, as though the hand of death were on her.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Beyond all measure astonished by the strange occurrences which had passed with so much violence and rapidity, the locksmith gazed upon the shuddering figure in the chair like one half stupified, and would have gazed much longer, had not his tongue been loosened by compassion and humanity.

"You are ill," said Gabriel. "Let me call some neighbor in."

"Not for the world," she rejoined, motioning to him with her trembling hand, and still holding her face averted. "It is enough that you have been by to see this."

"Nay, more than enough—or less," said Gabriel.

"Be it so," she returned. "As you like. Ask me no questions, I entreat you."

"Neighbor," said the locksmith, after a pause. "Is this fair, or reasonable, or just to yourself? Is it like you, who have known me so long and sought my advice in all matters—like you, who from a girl have had a strong mind and a staunch heart?"

"I have had need of them," she replied. "I am growing old, both in years and care. Perhaps that, and too much trial, have made them weaker than they used to be. Do not speak to me."

"How can I see what I have seen, and hold my peace?" returned the locksmith. "Who was that man, and why has his coming made this change in you?"

She was silent, but clung to the chair as though to save herself from falling to the ground.

"I take the license of an old acquaintance, Mary," said the locksmith, "who has ever had a warm regard for you, and may be has tried to prove it when he could. Who is this ill-favored man, and what has he to do with you? Who is this ghost, that is only seen in the black nights and bad weather? How does he know, and why does he haunt this house, whispering through chinks and crevices, as if there was that between him and you, which neither durst so much as speak aloud of? Who is he?"

"You do well to say he haunts this house," returned the widow faintly. "His shadow has been upon it and me, in light and darkness, at noonday and midnight. And now, at last, he has come in the body!"

"But he would n't have gone in the body," returned the locksmith with some irritation, "if you had left my arms and legs at liberty. What riddle is this?"

"It is one," she answered, rising as she spoke, "that must remain for ever as it is. I dare not say more than that."

"Dare not!" repeated the wondering locksmith.

"Do not press me," she replied. "I am sick and faint, and every faculty of life seems dead within me. No!—Do not touch me, either."

Gabriel, who had stepped forward to render her assistance, fell back as she made this hasty exclamation, and regarded her in silent wonder.

"Let me go my way alone," she said in a low voice, "and let the hands of no honest man touch mine to-night." When she had tottered to the door, she turned, and added with a stronger effort, "This is a secret which, of necessity, I trust to you. You are a true man. As you have ever been good and kind to me—keep it. If any noise was heard above, make some excuse—say any thing but what you really saw, and never let a word or look between us, recal this circumstance. I trust to you. Mind, I trust to you. How much I trust, you never can conceive."

Fixing her eyes upon him for an instant, she withdrew, and left him there alone.

Gabriel, not knowing what to think, stood staring at the door with a countenance full of surprise and dismay. The more he pondered on what had passed, the less able he was to give it any favorable interpretation. To find this widow woman, whose life for so many years had been supposed to be one of solitude and retirement, and who, in her quiet suffering character, had gained the good opinion and respect of all who knew her—to find her linked mysteriously with an ill-omened man, alarmed at her appearance, and yet favoring his escape, was a discovery that pained as much as it started him. Her reliance on his secrecy, and his tacit acquiescence, increased his distress of mind. If he had spoken boldly, persisted in questioning her, detained her when she rose to leave the room, made any kind of protest, instead of silently comprehending himself, as he felt he had done, he would have been more at ease.

"Why did I let her say it was a secret, and she trusted it to me!" said Gabriel, putting his wig on one side to scratch his head with greater ease, and looking ruefully at the fire. "I have no more readiness than old John himself. Why did n't I say firmly, 'You have no right to such secrets, and I demand of you to tell me what this means,' instead of standing gaping at her, like an old mooncalf as I am! But there's my weakness. I can be obstinate enough with men if need be, but women may twist me round their fingers at their pleasure."

He took his wig off outright as he made this reflection, and warming his handkerchief at the fire began to rub and polish his bald head with it, until it glistened again.



"And yet," said the locksmith, softening under this soothing process, and stopping to smile, "It may be nothing.—Any drunken brawler trying to make his way into the house, would have alarmed a quiet soul like her. But then"—and here was the vexation—"how it came to be that man—how comes he to have this influence over her; how came she to favor his getting away from me; and more than all, how came she not to say it was a sudden fright, and nothing more? It's a sad thing to have, in one minute, reason to mistrust a person I have known so long, and an old sweetheart into the bargain; but what else can I do, with all this upon my mind!—Is that Barnaby outside there?"

"Ay!" he cried, looking in and nodding. "Sure enough it's Barnaby—how did you guess?"

"By your shadow," said the locksmith.

"Oho!" cried Barnaby, glancing over his shoulder, "He's a merry fellow, that shadow, and keeps close to me, though I am silly. We have such pranks, such walks, such runs, such gambols on the grass. Sometimes he'll be half as tall as a church steeple, and sometimes no bigger than a dwarf. Now he goes on before, and now behind, and anon he'll be stealing slyly on, on this side, or on that, stopping whenever I stop, and thinking I can't see him, though I have my eye on him sharp enough. Oh! he's a merry fellow. Tell me—is he silly too? I think he is."

"Why?" asked Gabriel.

"Because he never tires of mocking me, but does it all day long. Why don't you come?"

"Where?"

"Up stairs. He wants you. Stay—where's his shadow? Come. You're a wise man; tell me that."

"Beside him, Barnaby; beside him, I suppose," returned the locksmith.

"No!" he replied, shaking his head. "Guess again."

"Gone out a walking, maybe?"

"He has changed shadows with a woman," the idiot whispered in his ear, and then fell back with a look of triumph. "Her shadow's always with him, and his with her. That's sport I think, eh?"

"Barnaby," said the locksmith, with a grave look; "come hither, lad."

"I know what you want to say. I know!" he replied, keeping away from him. "But I'm cunning, I'm silent. I only say so much to you—are you ready?" As he spoke, he caught up the light, and waved it with a wild laugh above his head.

"Softly—gently," said the locksmith, exerting all his influence to keep him calm and quiet. "I thought you had been asleep."

"So I have been asleep," he rejoined, with widely-opened eyes. "There have been great faces coming and going—close to my face, and then a mile away—low places to creep through, whether I would or no—high churches to fall down from—strange creatures crowded up together neck and heels, to sit upon the bed—that's sleep, eh?"

"Dreams, Barnaby, dreams," said the locksmith.

"Dreams?" he echoed softly, drawing close to him.

"Those are not dreams."

"What are," replied the locksmith, "if they are not?"

"I dreamed," said Barnaby, passing his arm through Vardon's and peering close into his face as he answered in a whisper, "I dreamed just now that something—it was in the shape of a man—followed me—came softly after me—wouldn't let me be—but was always hiding and crouching, like a cat in dark corners, waiting till I should pass; when it crept out and came softly after me. Did you ever see me run?"

"Many a time, you know."

"You never saw me run as I did in this dream. Still it came creeping on to worry me. Nearer, nearer, nearer—I ran faster—leaped—sprung out of bed, and to the window—and there, in the street below—but he is waiting for us. Are you coming?"

"What in the street below, dear Barnaby?" said Vardon, imagining that he traced some connection between this vision and what had actually occurred.

Barnaby looked into his face, muttered incoherently, waved the light above his head again, laughed, and drawing the locksmith's arm more tightly through his own, led him up the stairs in silence.

They entered a homely bed-chamber, garnished in a scanty way with chairs whose spindle-shanks bespoke their age, and other furniture of very little worth, but clean and neatly kept. Reclining in an easy chair before the fire, pale and weak from waste of blood, was Edward Chester, the young gentleman that had been the first to quit the Maypole on the previous night, who, extending his hand to the locksmith, welcomed him as his preserver and friend.

"Say no more, sir, say no more," said Gabriel. "I hope I would have done at least as much for any man in such a strait, and most of all for you, sir. A certain young lady," he added, with some hesitation, "has done us many a kind turn, and we naturally feel—I hope I give you no offence in saying this, sir?"

The young man smiled and shook his head, at the same time moving in his chair as if in pain.

"It's no great matter," he said, in answering to the locksmith's sympathising look, "a mere uneasiness arising at least as much from being cooped up here as from the slight wound I have, or from the loss of blood. Be seated, Mr. Vardon."

"If I may make so bold, Mr. Edward, as to lean upon your chair," returned the locksmith, accommodating his action to his speech, and bending over him, "I'll stand here, for the convenience of speaking low. Barnaby is not in his quietest humor to-night, and at such times talking never does him good."

They both glanced at the subject of this remark, who had taken a seat on the other side of the fire, and, smiling, vacantly, was making puzzles on his fingers, with a skein of string.

"Pray, tell me, sir," said Vardon, dropping his voice still lower, "exactly what happened last night. I have my reasons for inquiring. You left the Maypole alone?"

"And walked home alone until I had nearly reached the place where you found me, when I heard the gallop of a horse."

"—Behind you?" said the locksmith.

"Indeed, yes—behind me. It was a single rider, who soon overtook me, and checking his horse, inquired the way to London."

"You were on the alert, sir, knowing how many highwaymen there are, scouring the roads in all directions?" said Vardon.

"I was, but I had only a stick, having imprudently left my pistols in the holster-case, with the landlord's son. I directed him as he desired. Before the words had passed my lips, he rode upon me, furiously, as if bent on trampling me down beneath his horse's hoofs. In starting aside I slipped and fell. You found me with this stab and an ugly bruise or two, and without my purse—in which he found little enough for his pains. And now, Mr. Vardon," he added, shaking the locksmith by the hand, "saving the extent of my gratitude to you, you know as much as I."

"Except," said Gabriel, bending down yet more, and looking cautiously toward their silent neighbor, "except in respect of the robber himself. What like was he, sir? Speak low, if you please. Barnaby means no harm; but I have watched him oftener than you, and I know, little as you would think it, that he's listening now."

It required a strong confidence in the locksmith's veracity to lead any one to this belief, for every sense and faculty that Barnaby possessed, seemed to be fixed upon his game, to the exclusion of all other things. Something in the young man's face expressed this opinion, for Gabriel repeated what he had just said, more earnestly than before, and with another glance towards Barnaby, again asked what like the man was.

"The night was so dark," said Edward, "the attack so sudden, and he so wrapped and muffled up that I can hardly say. It seems that—"

"Do not mention his name, sir," returned the locksmith, following his look toward Barnaby; I know he saw him. I want to know what you saw."

"All I remember is," said Edward, "that as he checked his horse his hat was blown off. He caught it and replaced it on his head, which I observed was bound with a dark handkerchief. A stranger entered the Maypole while I was there, whom I had not seen, for I set apart for reasons of my own, and when I rose to leave the room and glanced round, he was in the shadow of the chimney, and hidden from my sight. But if he and the robber were two different persons, their voices were strangely and most remarkably alike; for directly the man addressed me in the road, I recognised his speech again."

"It is as I feared. The very man was here to-night," thought the locksmith, changing color. "What dark history is this?"

"Halloa!" cried a hoarse voice in his ear. "Halloa, halloa, halloa! Bow wow wow. What's the matter here! Hal-loa!"

The speaker—who made the locksmith start, as if he had been some supernatural agent—was a large raven; who had perched upon the top of the easy-chair, unseen by him and Edward, and listened with a polite attention and a most extraordinary appearance of comprehending every word, to all they had said up to this point; turning his head from one to the other, as if his office were to judge between them, and it were of the very last importance that he should not lose a word.

"Look at him!" said Vardon, divided between admiration of the bird and a kind of fear of him. "Was there ever such a knowing imp as that. Oh, he's a dreadful fellow!"

The raven, with his head very much on one side, and his bright eye shining like a diamond, preserved a thoughtful silence for a few seconds, and then replied in a voice so hoarse and distant, that it seemed to come through his thick features rather than out of his mouth.

"Halloa, halloa, halloa! What's the matter here! Keep up your spirits. Never say die. Bow wow wow. I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil. Hurrah!" And then, as if exulting in his infernal character, he began to whistle.

"I more than half believe he speaks the truth. Upon my word I do," said Vardon. "Do you see how he looks at me, as if he knew what I was saying?"

To which the bird, balancing himself on tiptoe, as it were, and moving his body up and down in a sort of grave dance, rejoined, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil," and flapped his wings against his sides as if he were bursting with laughter. Barnaby clapped his hands, and fairly rolled upon the ground in an ecstasy of delight.

"Strange companions, sir," said the locksmith, shaking his head and looking from one to the other. "The bird has all the wit."

"Strange indeed!" said Edward, holding out his forefinger to the raven, who, in the acknowledgement of the attention, made a dive at it immediately with his iron bill.

"Is he old?"

"A mere boy, sir," replied the locksmith. "A hundred and twenty, or thereabouts. Call him down, Barnaby my man."

"Call him," echoed Barnaby, sitting upright upon the floor, and staring vacantly at Gabriel, as he thrust his hair back from his face. "But who can make him come! He calls me, and makes me go where he will. He goes on before, and I follow. He's the master, and I'm the man. Is that the truth, Grip?"

The raven gave a short, comfortable, confidential kind of croak—a most expressive croak, which seemed to say, "You need not let these fellows into our secrets. We understand each other. It's all right."

"I make him come!" cried Barnaby, pointing to the bird. "Him, who never goes to sleep, or so much as winks! Why, any time of night, you may see his eyes in my dark room, shining like two snakes. And every night, and all night too, he's broad awake, talking to himself, thinking what he shall do to-morrow, where we shall go, and what he shall steal, and hide, and bury. I make him come! Ha, ha, ha!"

On second thoughts, the bird appeared disposed to come of himself. After a short survey of the ground, and a few sidelong looks at the ceiling and at everybody present in turn, he fluttered to the floor, and went to Barnaby—not in a hop or walk, or run, but in a pace like that of a very particular gentleman with exceedingly tight boots on, trying to walk fast over loose pebbles. Then, stepping into his extended hand, and condescending to be held out at arm's length, he gave vent to a succession of sounds, not unlike the drawing of some eight or ten dozen of long corks, and

again asserted his brimstone birth and parentage with great distinctness.

The locksmith shook his head—perhaps in some doubt of the creature's being really nothing but a bird—perhaps in pity for Barnaby, who by this time had him in his arms, and was rolling about with him on the ground. As he raised his eyes from the poor fellow he encountered those of his mother, who had entered the room and was looking on in silence.

She was quite white in the face, even to her lips, but had wholly subdued her emotion, and wore her usual quiet look. Vardon fancied as he glanced at her that she shrunk from his eye; and that she busied herself about the wounded gentleman to avoid him the better.

It was time he went to bed, she said. He was to be removed to his own home on the morrow, and he had already exceeded his time for sitting up, by a full hour. Acting on this hint, the locksmith prepared to take his leave.

"By the bye," said Edward, as he shook him by the hand, and looked from him to Mrs. Rudge and back again, "what noise was that below? I heard your voice in the midst of it, and should have inquired before, but our other conversation drove it from my memory. What was it?"

The locksmith looked toward her, and bit his lip. She leant against the chair, and bent her eyes upon the ground. Barnaby too—he was listening.

"Some mad or drunken fellow, sir," Vardon at length made answer, looking steadily at the window as he spoke. "He mistook the house, and tried to force an entrance."

She breathed more freely, but stood quite motionless. As the locksmith said "Good night," and Barnaby caught up the candle to light him down the stairs, she took it from him, and charged him—with more haste and earnestness than so slight an occasion appeared to warrant—not to stir. The raven followed them to satisfy himself that all was right below, and when they reached the street door stood on the bottom stair, drawing corks out of number.

With a trembling hand she unfastened the chain and bolts, and turned the key. As she had her hand upon the latch, the locksmith said in a low voice.

"I have told a lie to-night, for your sake, Mary, and for the sake of by-gone times and old acquaintances, when I would scorn to do so for my own. I hope I may have done no harm, or led to none. I can't help the suspicions you have forced upon me, and I am loath, I tell you plainly, to leave Mr. Edward here. Take care he comes to no hurt. I doubt the safety of this roof, and am glad he leaves it so soon. Now, let me go."

For a moment she had her face in her hands and wept; but resisting the strong impulse which evidently moved her to reply, opened the door—no wider than was sufficient for the passage of his body—and motioned him away. As the locksmith stood upon the step, it was chained and locked behind him, and the raven, in furtherance of these precautions, barked like a lusty house-dog.

"In league with that ill-looking figure that might have fallen from a gibbet—he listening and hiding here—Barnaby first upon the spot last night—can she who has always borne so fair a name be guilty of such crimes in secret!" said the locksmith, musing. "Heaven forgive me if I am wrong, and send me just thoughts; but she is poor, the temptation may be great, and we daily hear of things as strange. Ay, bark away, my friend. If there is any wickedness going on, that raven's in it, I'll be sworn."

#### CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Varden was a lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper—a phrase which being interpreted signifies a temper tolerably certain to make every body more or less uncomfortable. Thus it generally happened, that when other people were merry, Mrs. Varden was dull; and that when other people were dull, Mrs. Varden was disposed to be amazingly cheerful. Indeed the worthy housewife was of such a capricious nature, that she not only attained a higher pitch of genius than Macbeth, in respect of her ability to be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in an instant, but would sometimes ring the changes backward and forward on all possible moods and flights in one short quarter of an hour; performing, as it were, a kind of triple bob major on the peal of instruments in the female belfry, with a skillfulness and rapidity of execution that astonished all who heard her.

It has been observed in this good lady (who did not want for personal attractions, being plump and buxom to look at, though like her fair daughter, somewhat short in stature,) that this uncertainty of disposition strengthened and increased with her temporal prosperity; and divers wise men and matrons, on friendly terms with the locksmith and his family, even went so far as to assert, that a tumble down some half-dozen rounds in the world's ladder—such as the breaking of the bank in which her husband kept his money, or some little fall of that kind—would be the making of her, and could hardly fail to render her one of the most agreeable companions in existence. Whether they were right or wrong in this conjecture, certain it is that minds, like hodies, will often fall into a pimpled, ill-conditioned state from mere excess of comfort, and like them, are often successfully cured by remedies in themselves very nauseous and unpalatable.

Mrs. Varden's chief aider and abettor, and at the same time her principal victim and object of wrath, was her single domestic servant, one Miss Miggs; or—as she was called in conformity with those prejudices of society which lop and top from poor handmaidens all such genteel excrescences—Miggs. This Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to patterns in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage. As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice; to be fickle, false, base, seditious, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When most exasperated against them (which, slander said, was when Sim Tappertit alighted her most,) she was accustomed to wish with great emphasis, that the whole race of women could but die off, in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store; nay, her feeling for her order ran so high, that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair, round number—say ten thousand—of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison

herself, with a joy past all expression. It was the voice of Miggs that greeted the locksmith, when he knocked at his own house, with a shrill cry of "Who's there?"

"Me, gill, me," returned Gabriel.

"What, already, sir!" said Miggs, opening the door with a look of surprise. "We are just getting on our night-caps to sit up,—me and mistress. Oh, she has been so bad!"

Miggs said this with an air of uncommon candor and concern; but the parlor door was standing open, and as Gabriel very well knew for whose ears it was designed, he regarded her with anything but in approving looks as he passed in.

"Master's come home, man," cried Miggs, running before him into the parlor. "You was wrong, mim, and I was right. I thought he would n't keep us up so late, two nights running, mim. Master's always considerate so far. I'm so glad, mim, on your account. I'm a little"—here Miggs yawned—"a little sleepy myself; I'll own it now, mim, though I said I was n't when you asked me. It ain't of no consequence, mim, of course."

"You had better," said the locksmith, who most devoutly wished that Barnaby's raven was at Miggs' ankle, "you had better go to bed at once then."

"Thanking you kindly, sir," returned Miggs, "I could n't take my rest in peace, nor fix my thoughts upon my prayers, otherways than that I knew mistress was comfortable in her bed this night; by rights she should have been there, hours ago."

"You're talkative, mistress," said Vardon, pulling off his great-coat, and looking at her askew.

"Taking the hint sir," cried Miggs, with a flushed face, "and thanking you for it most kindly, I will make bold to say, that if I give offense by having consideration for my mistress, I do not ask your pardon, but am content to get myself into trouble, and to be in suffering."

Here Mrs. Vardon, who, with her countenance shrouded in a large night-cap, had been all this time intent upon the Protestant Manuel, looked round, and acknowledged Miggs' championship by commanding her to hold her tongue.

Every little bone in Miggs's throat and neck developed itself with a spitefulness quite alarming, as she replied, "Yes, mim, I will."

"How do you find yourself now, my dear?" said the locksmith, taking a chair near his wife (who had resumed her book,) and rubbing his knees hard as he made the inquiry.

"You're very anxious to know, a'n't you?" returned Mrs. Vardon, with her eyes upon the print. "You, that have not been near me all day, and would n't have been if I was dying!"

"My dear Martha," said Gabriel.

Mrs. Vardon turned over the next page; then went back again to the bottom line over the leaf to be quite sure of the last words; and then went on reading with an appearance of the deepest interest and study.

"My dear Martha," said the locksmith, "how can you say such things, when you know you don't mean them?—If you were dying! Why, if there was any thing serious the matter with you, Martha, shouldn't I be in constant attendance upon you?"

"Yes!" cried Mrs. Vardon, bursting into tears, "yes, you would. I don't doubt it, Vardon. Certainly you would. That's as much as to tell me that you would be hovering round me like a vulture, waiting till the breath was out of my body, that you might go and marry somebody else."

Miggs groaned in sympathy—a little short groan, checked in its birth, and changed into a cough. It seemed to say, "I can't help it.—It's wrong from me by the dreadful brutality of that monster master."

"But you'll break my heart one of these days," added Mrs. Vardon, with more resignation, "and then we shall both be happy. My only desire is to see Dolly comfortably settled, and when she is you may settle me as soon as you like."

"Ah!" cried Miggs—and coughed again.

Poor Gabriel twisted his wig about in silence for a long time, and then said mildly, "Has Dolly gone to bed?"

"Your master speaks to you," said Mrs. Vardon, looking sternly over her shoulder at Miss Miggs in waiting.

"No, my dear, I spoke to you," suggested the locksmith.

"Did you hear me, Miggs?" cried the obdurate lady, stamping her foot upon the ground. "You are beginning to despise me now, are you? But this is example!"

At this cruel rebuke, Miggs, whose tears were always ready, for large or small parties, on the shortest notice, and the most unreasonable terms, fell a crying violently; holding both her hands upon her heart meanwhile, as if nothing less would prevent its splitting into small fragments. Mrs. Vardon, who likewise possessed that faculty in high perfection, wept too, against Miggs; and with such effect that Miggs gave in after a time, and, except for an occasional sob, which seemed to threaten some remote intention of breaking out again, left her mistress in possession of the field. Her superiority being thoroughly asserted, that lady soon desisted likewise, and fell into a quiet melancholy.

The relief was so great, and the fatiguing occurrences of last night so completely overpowered the locksmith, that he nodded in his chair, and would doubtless have slept there all night, but for the voice of Mrs. Vardon, which, after a pause of some five minutes, awoke him with a start.

"If I am ever," said Mrs. V.—not scolding, but in a sort of monotonous remonstrance—"in spirits, if I am ever cheerful, if I am ever more than usually disposed to be talkative and comfortable, this is the way I am treated."

"Such comforts as you was in too, mim, but half an hour ago!" cried Miggs. "I never see such company."

"Because," said Mr. Vardon, "because I never interfere or interrupt; because I never question where anybody comes or goes; because my whole mind and soul is bent on saving where I can save, and laboring in this house—therefore, they try me as they do."

"Martha," urged the locksmith, endeavoring to look as wakeful as possible, "what is it you complain of? I really came home with every wish and desire to be happy. I did, indeed."

"What do I complain of?" retorted his wife. "Is it a chilling thing to have one's husband sulking and falling asleep directly he comes home—to have him freezing all one's warm-heartedness, and throwing cold water over the fire-side? Is it natural, when I know he went out upon a

matter in which I am as much interested as anybody can be, that I should wish to know all that has happened, or that he should tell me without my begging and praying him to do it? Is that natural, or is it not?"

"I am very sorry, Martha," said the good-natured locksmith. "I was really afraid you were not disposed to talk pleasantly; I'll tell you everything; I shall only be too glad, my dear."

"No, Vardon," returned his wife, rising with dignity. "I dare say—thank you. I'm not a child to be corrected one minute and petted the next—I'm a little too old for that, Vardon. Miggs, carry the light. You can be cheerful, Miggs, at least."

Miggs, who to this moment, had been in the very depths of compassionate despondency, passed instantly into the liveliest state conceivable, and, tossing her head as she glanced towards the locksmith, bore off her mistress and the light together.

"Now, who would think," thought Vardon, shrugging his shoulders and drawing his chair near to the fire, "that that woman could ever be pleasant and agreeable? And yet she can be. Well, well, all of us have our faults. I'll not be hard upon hers. We have been man and wife too long for that."

He dozed again—not the less pleasantly, perhaps, for his hearty temper. While his eyes were closed, the door leading to the upper stairs was partially opened; and a head appeared, which, at sight of him, hastily drew back again.

"I wish," murmured Gabriel, waking at the noise, and looking round the room, "I wish somebody would marry Miggs. But that's impossible! I wonder whether there's any madman alive, who would marry Miggs!"

This was such a vast speculation that he fell into a doze again, and slept until the fire was quite burned out. At last he roused himself; and having double-locked the street-door according to custom, and put the key in his pocket, went off to bed.

He had not left the room in darkness many minutes, when the head again appeared, and Sim Tappertitt entered, bearing in his hand a little lamp.

"What the devil business has he to stop up so late!" muttered Sim, passing into the workshop, and setting it down upon the forge. "Here's half the night gone already.—There's only one good that has ever come to me, out of this cursed old rusty mechanical trade, and that's this piece of ironmongery, upon my soul!"

As he spoke, he drew from the right hand, or rather right leg pocket of his smalls, a clumsy, large-sized key, which he inserted cautiously in the lock his master had secured, and softly opened the door. That done, he replaced his piece of secret workmanship in his pocket; and leaving the lamp burning, and closing the door carefully and without noise, stole out into the street—as little suspected by the locksmith in his sound deep sleep, as by Barnaby himself in his phantom-haunted dreams.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

### CASE OF THE STEAMBOAT HOME.\*

The case of the Home, last week decided in the Superior Court of this city by the verdict of the jury in favor of the plaintiff, has excited a far greater attention among our citizens, than is usually accorded to any civil proceeding in our Courts; however great the magnitude of the cause, and however distinguished in ability the advocates employed in it. The melancholy circumstances, attending the loss of the steam-packet Home, in the fall of the year 1837, have not yet faded from our memories—and this cause, concerned as it is merely with the pecuniary responsibility of the insurers, seems to have revived those circumstances in all their original power. The heavy imputations—cast during the just fervor of the public excitement, upon the character of the vessel, her builders, owner, master and all connected, however remotely, with her, and the bold uncompromising manner in which all such charges were repelled, have occasioned in the public a pathetic curiosity to hear the judicial investigation of all the circumstances of the disaster, and the solemn decision of an intelligent jury upon the truth of all such imputations. The Court room has been thronged from morning till night, through the eight days which the trial of this arduous cause has occupied, and that equally during the protracted examination of some sixty witnesses, and the eloquent arguments of the four advocates of varied and singular ability who summed up to the jury. A concise statement of the history of the Home and the circumstances of her fate, as drawn from the testimony of witnesses, and a brief exposition of the legal points involved in the case, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Early in the year 1835, James P. Allaire applied to Brown & Bell, a shipbuilding firm in this city of the highest reputation, to build him a steamboat for sea-service, of the following dimensions of model: 209 feet long, 23½ wide, and 12½ depth of hold, requesting them to make their estimates and name their price. The sum for the construction of a boat of such dimensions, and of the best materials and workmanship, required by Messrs. Brown & Bell, was \$20,000. Mr. Allaire agreed to pay this sum, and with the exception of stipulating for the above dimensions, gave no directions as to her construction. Her keel was laid in May 1835—she was launched April 20th, 1836—her machinery was then put in her, she was named the Home, and was ready for sea by the summer of 1837. The entire cost

\*James P. Allaire vs. the American Insurance Company—New York—Superior Court.

of the Home ready for sea, had been one hundred thousand dollars and more, and Mr. Allaire, was obliged to aid his own resources by a loan from a Wall street capitalist to the amount of \$40,000, giving as security a bill of sale of the whole vessel, and effecting insurance in four offices of this city, to the amount of \$25,000: assigning to his creditor his policies as collateral. The insurance in the American was for \$10,000, at 8 per cent premium, from New York to New Orleans or intermediate ports, for one year, with liberty to reclaim premium pro rata for time not used.

Early in September the Home went upon her first trip to Charleston, S. C., the route for which, in the mind of her owner she had been destined. She encountered rough and stormy but not very violent weather, and sustained some little injury in her joiner's work. There was a good deal of evidence to show that she behaved very ill under the storm; that she complained very much, sprung, bent and twisted in a very unusual manner, and impressed many on board of her with an opinion that she was entirely unfit for the route, on which she was running.

She returned to New York and made one outward and return trip more, (during which the sea and weather were so tranquil as to try her strength in no degree,) before she departed from this port on her last voyage.

She left her berth in this harbor for the last time at 4 o'clock P. M. of Saturday the 7th October, 1837. The weather was perfectly serene. The season of the year supplied to her a large number of passengers from the refined and wealthy families which visit the North in the summer. Eighty cabin passengers and forty crew were all the lives on board. She met with an accident within two hours after leaving the wharf, thought of at the time only as a vexatious delay, but pregnant with most disastrous results. In the lower bay, two miles north of Sandy Hook, she grounded on the Romer shoals. She had no pilot on board; her captain was below deck for a moment, and the wheel in the hands of a deck hand who was an experienced steersman. The ebbing tide detained her on the soft sandy bottom of the shoal for five hours. That five hours well employed would have carried her beyond the violence of the storm, or at least brought her to a portion of the coast where she could have made a port. She experienced not the slightest injury from the accident, and left the shoal at about 11 o'clock that evening.

On Sunday, at noon, the wind rose and the storm commenced, which continued till it caused her loss. On Monday it blew a gale, and there was a heavy sea. The feeder pipe broke, and produced the stoppage of one boiler and much delay; it was repaired and the vessel proceeded. At three o'clock, P. M., she sprung a leak when off Cape Hatteras, the most dangerous point in our coast navigation. The engine and hand-pumps were plied. Finally the crew and passengers, both men and women, commenced bailing with buckets, but the leak gained on them. Having succeeded in clearing Hatteras, the captain altered the course of the boat, and hauled up to land, hoping to get under the lee of the shoal in a smooth sea, repair and proceed. The leak continued to increase rapidly, and at 8 o'clock P. M. it had extinguished the fires. The engines being now useless, the sails, the only resource left, were set; but the hope of getting under the lee of Hatteras was soon abandoned, and as the leak still increased, the only expedient, in the judgment of the captain and the opinion of all on board, promising safety to their lives, was to run the boat ashore. She drove before the wind with all sails set, and about 11 o'clock in the evening struck her bows straight upon the outer bar, passed over the bar as far as amid-ships, and there rested with both extremities in deep water. She thus lay at the distance of 300 or 400 yards from the main shore until she listed to sea, exposing her deck to the fury of the storm. The breakers thus had a clean sweep over her from stern to stern, and the first, of unusual violence, stove in the dining cabin aft on deck. Piece after piece of the upper works was now carried away, with the men and women upon them—submerged by tens and twenties. Of the eighty passengers 18 men and 2 women survived the catastrophe; and of the crew 19 were saved.

Out of this loss the action against the American Insurance Company to recover the insurance money arose. It was commenced in February, 1838, but its trial has been delayed by the plaintiff, for one reason and another, till the present term of the Court. The defence rested entirely upon the unseaworthiness of the boat, though it assumed three aspects in the course of the trial.

Seaworthiness is an explicit warranty in every instance of Marine Insurance, and its existence in the ship insured at the time of insurance is a condition precedent to the attaching of the policy. Seaworthiness means ability to withstand the ordinary perils of the sea, and the risk of these ordinary perils the insurance does not undertake to assume. The contract of insurance is only to indemnify the assured against the extraordinary perils of the seas. Seaworthiness is a matter of fact not of opinion. The honest confidence of the builder and owner in the vessel, the deliberate approbation of the Insurance Company expressed



through their inspector or other authorized agent, may all be evidence of her seaworthiness, but are not conclusive upon either party. An universal mistake of all interested shows the *bona fides* of the contract but renders it void and the misfortune of the mistake falls upon the assured—*Res perit domino*.

With these plain stern rules of law before them, the single point for the decision of the jury was, as to the fact of the seaworthiness.

It was urged, upon the parts of the defendants, that the very shape and model of the vessel showed her to be unfit for navigation on so dangerous a route; and they introduced much evidence relative to the just theoretic proportions of a sea-steamer, and many opinions of practical men on this point. They next argued from the unsatisfactory behavior of the boat upon her first voyage, exposed to only moderately rough weather, (i. e., the ordinary perils of the sea,) that she was at the outset unseaworthy; and further, that the injuries received on this first trip were unrepaired before her fatal voyage, and this again rendered her unseaworthy. That the want of a pilot, and her grounding, and the consequent delay, all released the Company; and finally, that she perished in only an ordinary storm; that she succumbed to its influence, from her own inherent weakness, and not from its overwhelming power. On each of these points many witnesses were examined and long and eloquent arguments based.

The force of these objections was skilfully repelled by the plaintiff's counsel. They adduced much evidence of high character to show the perfect soundness of the boat, that she behaved on her first voyage as well as any vessel could; that the ill opinion of her strength rose from the ignorant fears of landmen; that she received but trivial injuries on such voyage, and that those were repaired; that there was no usage for seagoing steamboats to take a pilot; that the grounding produced no actual injury, and that the delay was too remote a consideration to enter into the subsequent loss; and finally, that she fell a victim to the irresistible power of a terrible storm, an extraordinary peril of the sea, the very fate against which the Company had undertaken to indemnify; and that it was no imputation on a vessel's strength that, "framed only of live oak from the forest, and fastened only with wrought iron from the mine, she could not cope with Omnipotence."

The Judge in his charge almost entirely omitted the important part of his duty, that of arranging the mass of evidence, purging it from the false coloring in which the ingenuity and interest of either party may have invested it, and analysing it, with a view to enable the jury, unaccustomed to adjust conflicting evidence, to give to each matter its due and only its due force. On the law he displayed his usual accuracy and perspicuity. He directed them to find for the company if they were satisfied that the boat was originally unfit for the navigation which she undertook to perform—or if they thought she sustained in her first voyage injuries affecting her strength, and that such injuries were not repaired when they might have been—or if they thought it an usage for seagoing steamers to take pilots, and that actual, immediate injury followed from the grounding in consequence of such neglect—or if they thought she was finally wrecked from her own weakness and not from the violence of the storm—but if on all these points they were of the contrary opinion, then for the plaintiff.

The cause was submitted to the Jury at 9 o'clock Monday night of last week. They were together only fifteen minutes, before they prepared a sealed verdict. When opened on the coming in of the Court on Tuesday morning it was found to be in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount claimed. The counsel for the defendants polled the jury.

The result of the cause, notwithstanding the deep sympathy with the sufferers in the disaster and the loud denunciations upon all connected in responsibility with the ill-fated vessel which followed her loss, has occasioned general satisfaction.

Exceptions were taken during the progress of the trial on points of evidence, and at its close to the directions of the Judge. Whether they will be insisted upon and the questions carried up has not yet transpired.

J. FENNIMORE COOPER.—This gentleman has published a long communication in the Evening Post, in reply to Mr. Barber's letter to Col. Webb, to which letter we made reference a few days ago. Mr. Cooper cares nothing about public opinion or newspaper opinion—the one being a mere echo of distinctive English thought, and the other a thing of no consideration among the English nobility. But some how or other he is always appealing to public opinion and wincing under newspaper opinion. For ourselves, we are "a plain, blunt man," and do not understand these discrepancies.

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Cooper's communication is especially forcible and not a little appalling. We suppose that he squints ominously toward ourselves, and we therefore place it before our eyes for our future government:

One word more. Nothing is plainer than the fact that very many persons connected with the press entertain very

false and exaggerated notions of its immunities. They evidently think they have a right to calumniate their fellow citizens at pleasure. Not satisfied with this power, they wish to bully the injured party from attempting to seek redress; nor are they always willing to stop there; for, in some instances, they endeavor to overshadow the law, by driving parties from receiving its benefits, even after it has decided. It may save all such persons some useless trouble, and a good deal of questionable logic, if they are reminded that, though there are certain individuals who can be bullied from their purposes, when they know they are right, there are others who can not. J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

The distinguished writer of the above is remarkably sturdy in his way, and is never, he says, to be bullied from his purposes. This firmness of purpose is a good quality if the purpose itself happens to be good. There is, however, a kind of firmness in this world, not wholly commendable. It is briefly described under the popular term of *Roman firmness*; and its analysis is said to show the following ingredients:

Stupidity ..... 60 parts  
Obstinacy ..... 40

100

¶ The notorious wretch, calling herself Madame Restell, and having a reputed husband named Charles Lohman, has been arrested for the probable murder of a Mrs. Purdy. The circumstances are too horrible and too disgusting for repetition in this journal; but it seems that Mrs. Purdy was a respectable married lady. She did not wish to become a second time a mother, and so, by the advice of some female devil, consulted this Madame Restell. She was, however, first induced to do so by reading an advertisement in the Sun newspaper. The first cause, therefore, of her probable death, is the advertisement. We believe that the Herald and the Sun are the only newspapers in New York that have dared to issue the damnable announcement of this Madame Restell, and of others, who, like herself, publish themselves as the workers of an infamy too horrible for belief. Thus have these two papers lent themselves to be accomplices before the fact to a crime, than which there is no deeper in the catalogue of human guilt.

The tardy movement and wretched inefficiency of the city magistrates and police have suffered these evils to accumulate till they have at last gathered into a head and broken of themselves. Great sins against society will, by the inevitable destruction they bring upon its members, be overtaken sooner or later by a just retribution.

There seems not to be the slightest doubt of the guilt of the accused. Mrs. Purdy in the last hours of her life (for it is said by the physicians that her demise is certain,) has sworn to facts that are sufficient, if justice were evenly meted out, to hang all the parties concerned. She has given her deposition to the attending magistrate under circumstances the most solemn and with the deep conviction that but a few short moments must elapse before she goes to give her account at the bar of God. Her repentance is bitter and sincere; and the only consolation of her friends is derived from that high promise, which declares "though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

The accused was arrested and brought to the bedside of her dying victim, and there solemnly recognised. Madame Restell is now in custody and will be tried for this murder. Other crimes of as black a dye will unquestionably be brought to light. In conclusion, we have but one question to ask—How can those, whose duty and whose obligation it is to guard public morality, hold themselves guiltless of the results of their negligence?

THE NEW-YORK POST OFFICE.—Is there a new postmaster to be appointed for this city or is there not? How much longer, in consequence of the quarrels of the candidates, are we to be deprived of an efficient management in this department? The conduct of the business of the Post-office here is shameful. Coddington, with the certainty of being turned out, neglects his duties entirely, and the clerks behave in the most shiftless manner. Our agent in Albany, in a letter dated March 20, says: "I this day received your New Worlds and other papers mailed in New-York on the 11th, by the way of Buffalo. The way they manage business in your Post-office is greatly to my disadvantage. The papers frequently go to Washington, Utica, Buffalo, and elsewhere, before reaching Albany."

Scarcely a day elapses in which we do not receive accounts of papers not come to hand, letters miscarried and money lost. How long is this mismanagement to afflict us? Will the official paper be so good as to present this complaint to the notice of the powers at Washington?

We cut the following from the Evening Post of Monday

THE MAILS.—Some two weeks since the sum of \$4 was sent by mail directed to this office from Mr. Allen, postmaster at Ulsterville in Ulster county in this state. On the fifth instant two dollars were remitted from Mr. Bull, the postmaster at Columbia Hall in this state. Neither of these sums have been received. The failure is so much the more remarkable as, until within a few months, nothing of the kind has occurred for a long series of years past.

A correspondent at Plattekill, in this state, complains that he does not receive the Evening Post regularly, not having received a single copy since the 3d of March—while the other New-York papers arrive regularly at the Plattekill post office.

"GUILTY."—This verdict has been rendered by the jury in the case of Peter Robinson, tried for the murder of Mr. Suydam.

## The Old World.

### ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

TWENTY-TWO DAYS LATER.

The steamship Caledonia, Capt. McKellar, arrived at Boston at half past eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, of last week in a little less than sixteen days from Liverpool.

We have copious files of London papers to the 3d and Liverpool to the 4th inst.

The packet ship George Washington, which left this port on the 9th February, arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 3d, bringing the first intelligence of the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of the United States. The Liverpool papers have not a word of comment on the subject.

### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Wednesday Evening, March 3, 1841.

The intelligence brought by the Acadia on the 15th created some uneasiness, owing to the exaggerated reports on the matter of McLeod. The depreciation of value in the United States Bank stock had also its effects, and for several days following this arrival, the money market wore a most gloomy aspect. We are happy to say that matters have again recovered themselves and a gradual improvement may be noted up to the present date. English Consols, which were so low as 87½, close this evening at 89½ for the April account. United States Bank continues extremely reduced. Sales were made to day at £9. Three weeks ago they were £9 10s. In 1837 they ranged from £24 to £25 10s. The drafts on Jas. Morrison, which appear to have been taken doubtfully on your side, were duly honored and are received here as paper of the highest class. The Bank of England has received these bills without any hesitation. These objections to acceptances of Mr. Jaudon arose from a principle not to discount paper of one establishment drawn on itself unless secured by an additional London endorsement. Besides, there was no check on the amount of such drafts, and it could not be seen whether they were based on legitimate transactions or otherwise.

Considerable anxiety was felt during last week for the result of the Parliamentary division on the Irish Registration Bill introduced by the Ministry. After four nights debate it passed its second reading by a majority of five only. As a test of party strength, the conclusion is viewed by both sides with congratulation. Had the bill been thrown out, which many anticipated, an immediate dissolution of Parliament was fully expected. As it is, such a step appears more than likely before many weeks. What advantage such a recourse would give to the Melbourne Cabinet we cannot possibly perceive. Judging by recent elections, their supporters would be still further decreased.

The corn market has undergone considerable advance in prices, and the speculators have already given out orders to some extent in the Baltic ports. Within the last ten days wheat has commanded from 20 to 30 rise per quarter, and American flour about 1s. per barrel. This last is now quoted 25s. to 26s. in bond. The duty on wheat is now 25s. 8d. equal to 15s. 5d. on flour, and the general feeling at present is that the former will come down to 13s. 8d. before next harvest. At this rate the market would obtain a good opening for importations from the United States, but we cannot see on what grounds they form this expectation. Every thing at this time gives promise of a good year's crop; the weather has so far been remarkably favorable and all accounts from the country are satisfactory. The stock of American flour now in Liverpool exceeds 50,000 barrels.

At Liverpool the Cotton business has been large within a few days, and an improvement of ½d may be quoted since the middle of February. The sales, week ending 19th, were 47,000, and ending 26th 33,000 bags. The three days since have averaged 6,000 bales.

LONDON, March 3, 1841.

The most melancholy disaster at sea which has been recorded for many years, occurred on the morning of the 20th, about twenty miles from Holyhead. The ship Governor Fenner, of Boston, S. C. Andrews master, bound for New-York, with a crew of 17 men and 106 passengers, came in collision with the steamer Nottingham. The ship foundered immediately, and, dreadful to state, every soul on board perished, excepting the Captain and first officer. The accident took place about two hours after midnight, whilst all the passengers were asleep. These were emigrants, and principally from Ireland. Not one of them had time to reach the deck. The sailors on duty went aft instead of forward, as ordered by the Captain, and sunk also with the vessel. The bows of the latter were stove in, having struck the steamer close to the paddle box. It appears surprising that the Nottingham escaped. She was unable to proceed, and fifteen hours afterward was fallen in with by another steamer, and brought to Liverpool.

# THE DREADFUL LOSS OF THE SHIP GOVERNOR FENNER, OF BOSTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

In addition to the particulars furnished by our correspondent, we obtain the following from the Liverpool papers. The Albion gives the account as stated by Captain Andrews:

"We sailed from Liverpool on Friday last at noon, with the wind at S. S. W. The crew consisted of seventeen, and the passengers in the steerage amounted to one hundred and six. We had a full cargo of manufactured goods. On Saturday morning, at two o'clock, the wind blowing fresh from S. S. W., and when the ship was under double-reefed topsails, the gibs, spanker, and mainsail in, saw a steamer to windward on the larboard bow. The ship's helm was instantly put hard a-port. The steamer crossed our bow, and struck her right midships. From the force of the collision, it was evident that either the ship or the steamer would sink, or perhaps both. Instantly I felt that the ship, the bows of which were stove in, was sinking. I cried out to the crew (all the passengers were below) to endeavor to save their lives. They, instead of running forward, through fear ran aft. My first object was to endeavor to save the crew and passengers: but so rapid was the sinking of the ship, I found it impossible to do anything to accomplish that object. I and the mate then ran forward, and, finding the ship fast sinking, I tried to jump on to the steamer. Failing in my first attempt through a momentary faintness, I made a second, and, just as the ship was at the water's edge, succeeded in grasping a rope which was hanging over the steamer's side. The mate saved his life by jumping from the fore-yard arm on to the steamer's deck. In one minute the ship sank, with sixteen of her crew and all the passengers, amounting together to one hundred and twenty-two souls. The steamer's boat was instantly lowered for the purpose of making an attempt to save such of the crew and passengers as might be floating, but it unfortunately swamped alongside."

The mate, Mr. Carter, also furnished the following, according to another paper, but some of the statements have been since disavowed.

After corroborating the captain in his account of the sailing, &c., about five minutes past two o'clock on Saturday morning we saw the lights of a steamboat. It was my watch on deck, and I immediately called the captain. The steamboat came up at about a point and a half on our weather-bow, we having at the time our larboard tacks on board. We thought she was coming on head to us. We had no light but that of the binnacle on the quarter-deck; and, I believe it is not considered necessary or prudent for sailing vessels clear of the land to carry a light. We waited as much as five or six minutes, to find out what way the steamer was really coming, and then the captain ordered the man at the wheel to put the helm hard-a-port, so as to give her a clear birth. If the steamboat had done the same we should have gone clear of each other a long way, perhaps a mile. The captain, as soon as he ordered the wheel to be put up, went forward to look out. I then looked over the larboard side, abaft the main rigging, and saw the whole bulk of the steamer. I said to the man at the helm, "She is on board of us." This was a quarter past two o'clock. The vessels came in contact notwithstanding our ship paying off. When the crash took place I heard the captain call out several times, "For God's sake save yourselves, the ship is sinking." The jibboom of the ship struck the funnel of the steamer, and her bowsprit afterward rested upon her. On the third surge she gave, I believe, down she went, bow foremost. The taffrail was the last thing we saw of her. She filled very quickly. She had on board a heavy cargo, including a quantity of iron and other heavy goods. The watch on the deck at the time consisted of seven men, the captain and myself. All the others on board were asleep below.

The captain also sang out to the man at the helm to leave the wheel. His name was Munroe—he was formerly mate of the Belvidere, came on board to work his passage to America, and we intended to make him second mate of the ship next day. All the men at first went forward with me to the captain, who was standing between the night-heads, but they afterward went aft as the ship sunk, to be, as I suppose, on the higher part of her hull. I stood some time, and attempted to go aft with a view of endeavoring to save my wife and others by lowering a boat. She, however, sunk so fast, that I was obliged to give up the idea in despair. I left the captain, and went to the starboard side. I stood there a few seconds, till the water was perhaps two feet deep, as far aft as the mainmast, and was fast gathering still further aft, her head being then nearly under. I scarce know what afterward occurred. I got up somehow into the fore-rigging, and thence on to the larboard fore-yards, which then crossed the steamer. When the ship sunk so far that I was from six to eight feet from the steamer's deck, I let go, and dropped down amongst some sheep. I lay some time rather confused, and did not attempt to rise, as I thought I might become entangled in a rope which passed over my shoulders, and, as I thought, was part of the bowsprit running rigging of the ship. I then got up. The cry on board the steamer was, that she was sinking, and I believe a passenger on board lowered the boat left on the davits on the larboard side; but she unhooked from the tackles when she touched the water, and the painter not being fast, she drifted away from the vessel.

I was on board about three-quarters of an hour before I found that the captain of the ship was there. I had seen my wife, who was a little sea-sick, about 20 minutes before in her berth, and gave her a drink. The captain, when I first saw him in the steamer, was without his hat, and on seeing him (informant) he said, "Good God, is this you; is there any of the crew saved?" I said, "I do not know. I did not know what became of you after I missed you off the ship's bow." Her hull was under water before I got off. The foreyard from which I dropped was broken on the steamer as she was going down; and also, I believe, the topsail yard, as our foretopmast studding-sail-boom, which was rigged out at the time, (the wind having been for some time fair in the evening,) was left on the steamer's deck. I afterward looked, but could see nothing of the ship or her masts. The last time I observed the watch on deck, they were on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. One man sang out, "For God Almighty's sake save me!" I did not

hear the others. I had a quantity of my wife's and my own clothing and other articles on board, worth about £50. All were lost.

The account of the catastrophe given by those on board the Nottingham is in substance as follows:

"About a quarter past two o'clock on Saturday morning, when about fifteen miles to the westward of Holyhead, the weather calm, but rather thick, one of the men on the watch saw a ship bearing down upon the Nottingham. She had no light at her mast, while the steamer had three. He reported the fact to the second mate, who was then at the wheel. The second mate hailed the ship, and was answered. He desired her to starboard the helm. This, they thought, was not done. A voice from the ship, which was supposed to have been that of the captain, requested the steamer to starboard her helm, as he could not bring the ship over, she not answering her helm. At this instant the Governor Fenner struck the Nottingham amidships. In less than five minutes the ship filled with water and disappeared. The steamer became quite motionless after the shock, and the people on board of her were unable to make the least attempt to succor those on board the ship, which sank bow foremost. The cries of the people on the wreck were heartrending, but they soon ceased, and all was still. The steamer's starboard side was completely stove in; the paddle shaft and wheel were shivered in pieces; the starboard engine was broken, and the funnel carried away. Seventeen cows were killed; seven beasts and seventy-eight sheep were thrown overboard, and eleven died before the vessel reached port.

The Nottingham did not get ten miles from the place where the collision took place during the whole day, and at five in the afternoon was taken in tow by another steamer from Ireland. She was brought into the Clarence Dock, and was so much shattered on the starboard side that hundreds of persons congregated on the quays to see, all absorbed in the melancholy event which had caused the destruction. Her paddle-box had almost entirely been carried away, and part of the "skeleton" on the wheel—the cast iron work of the "spokes" being broken in pieces, and the beaten iron rings of the wheel crushed up, almost close to the vessel's side. She presented, indeed, the appearance of a wreck, in the effecting of which it is extraordinary that no person on board was killed or thrust overboard and drowned. Much of the upper timber was reduced to mere match-wood by the collision. A boat on the starboard quarter was cut in two, and one part of her only remained on deck. The after paddle-beam, a bulk of hard wood, of about twenty inches square (and which was a main support of the box and wheel), is broken close to the ship's side, and turned in a diagonal direction, aft—held by the toughness of the fibres from falling off, and even yet of sufficient strength to support the weight of several persons upon it. The strong iron stay or pillar, supporting it in a downward direction to the side, some feet below, is also driven sternward from its position.

The passengers were all below in their berths when the collision between the ship and the steamer took place. The shock caused by it would, of course, rouse even those who might then have been asleep. No doubt they would make a rush toward the deck: the interval which elapsed, however, between the shock and the sinking was so short, scarcely five minutes, that very few, if any, could have succeeded in reaching it. So that, in all probability, most of them perished in their berths. The mate had been married only a few days before the ship's sailing: the captain had given his wife a berth with her husband in the cabin. When the fate of the ship became inevitable, he attempted to run aft to rescue her. Time failed him, the instinct of self-preservation became strong, he sprang up the shrouds, and reached the steamer, as we have already stated, by jumping from the fore yard-arm.

## CIRCULAR.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, March 20, 1841.

To the Hon. Thomas Ewing,

Secretary of the Treasury:

SIR: The President is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the General Government into conflict with the freedom of elections; and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.

He therefore directs that information be given to all officers and agents in your Department of the public service that partisan interference in popular elections, whether of State officers or officers of this Government, and for whomsoever or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as cause of removal.

It is not intended that any officer shall be restrained in the free and proper expression and maintenance of his opinions respecting public men or public measures, or in the exercise, to the fullest degree, of the constitutional right of suffrage. But persons employed under the Government, and paid for their services out of the public Treasury, are not expected to take an active or officious part in attempts to influence the minds or votes of others; such conduct being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and the duties of public agents acting under it; and the President is resolved, so far as depends upon him, that while the exercise of the elective franchise by the People shall be free from undue influences of official station and authority, opinion shall also be free among the officers and agents of the Government.

The President wishes it further to be announced and distinctly understood, that from all collecting and disbursing officers, promptitude in rendering accounts, and entire punctuality in paying balances, will be rigorously exacted. In his opinion, it is time to return, in this respect, to the early practice of the Government, and to hold any degree of delinquency on the part of those entrusted with the public money just cause of immediate removal. He deems the severe observance of this rule to be essential to the public service, as every dollar lost to the Treasury by unfaithfulness in office creates a necessity for a new charge upon the People.

I have the honor to be, sir, your ob't serv't,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[Similar letters have been addressed to other heads of Departments.]

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Robert C. Cornell, of New-York, to be Receiver General of Public Money at New-York, in the place of Stephen Allen, removed.

Samuel Frothingham, of Boston, to be Receiver General of Public Money at Boston, in the place of Isaac Hill, removed.

Richard K. Call, of Florida, to be Governor in and for the Territory of Florida, in the place of Robert R. Reid, removed.

Charles B. Penrose, of Pennsylvania, to be Solicitor of the Treasury, in the place of Matthew Burchard, removed.

Elisha Whittlesley, of Ohio, to be Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-office Department, in the place of Charles K. Gardner, removed.

Paul Rossingol, to be Superintendent of the Branch Mint at Dahlonega, in the State of Georgia, in the place of J. J. Singleton.

John Williamson, of Pennsylvania, to be Recorder of the General Land Office, in the place of Hudson M. Garland, removed.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, to be Deputy Postmaster at Albany.

Officers of the Customs.—Collectors.—George Allen, at Wadborough, Maine, vice Denny McCobb, removed.

Jeremiah Brooks, at York, Maine, vice Joseph P. Jenkins, removed.

Parker Shelden, at Bath, Maine, vice Joseph Sewall, removed.

William P. Briggs, Collector for the district of Vermont, vice A. W. Hyde, removed.

Joseph C. Neyes, Passamaquoddy, Maine, vice Sullivan S. Rawson, removed.

John M. Hale, Frenchman's Bay, Maine, vice Edward S. Jarvis, removed.

Charles J. Abbott, Penobscot, Maine, vice Rowland H. Bridgman, removed.

William B. Smith, Machias, Maine, vice Wm. Brown, removed.

George Thatcher, Belfast, Maine, vice Nathaniel M. Lowney, removed.

Edward Curtis, New-York, vice John I. Morgan, removed.

James Hunter, Savannah, Georgia, vice Abraham B. Fannin, removed.

Naval Officer.—Thomas Lord, New-York, vice William S. Coe, removed.

George Loyall, to be Navy Agent for the port of Norfolk, Va.—re-appointed.

Robert C. Wetmore, to be Navy Agent for the port of New York, in place of John R. Livingston, Jr., removed.

John P. Henry, to be Navy Agent for the port of Savannah, Georgia—re-appointed.

Thomas Hayes, to be Navy Agent for the port of Philadelphia, in place of Michael W. Ash, resigned.

Isaac P. Davis, at Boston, Mass., vice Isaac O. Barnes, removed.

Surveyors.—Shilowith S. Whipple, Eastport, Maine, vice Ezekiel Foster, removed.

Razelleel Cushman, Portland, Maine, vice Stephen W. Eaton, removed.

William Taggart, New-York, vice Ely Moore, removed.

Land Officers.—Thomas Scott, Register, Chillicothe, Ohio, vice Jas. S. McGinnis, removed.

Ambrose Whitlock, Receiver, Crawfordsville, Indiana, vice Ezekiel McConnell, removed.

Hiram Decker, Register of the Land Office at Vincennes, Indiana, vice A. Badollet, resigned.

Promotions.—Commander W. A. Spence, to be a Captain in the Navy from the 22d January, 1841.

Lieutenant A. Bigelow, to be a Commander in the Navy from the 22d January, 1841.

Passed Midshipman Wm. L. Murray, to be Lieutenant in the Navy from the 26th February, 1841.

## Married.

March 23, by Rev. Mr. Gilder, Mr. Charles S. Glover and Miss Sarah C. A. Hendrick, eldest daughter of William Hendrick, Esq., all of this city.

In Detroit, March 2, by Rev. Bishop McConry, Charles Stuart Truher, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A., and Miss Eunice, daughter of the late Major Hunt, U. S. A.

March 18, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Wm. B. Draper and Elizabeth A., daughter of John Haggerty, Esq.

March 18, by Rev. Wm. D. Strobel, Wm. A. Keeler and Ann Maria, and James M. McLean and Louisa Theresa, daughters of Roger Williams, Esq.

At Port Fria, Cape de Verd Islands, on the 5th of December, Ferdinand Gardner, Esq., American Consul, and Miss M. C. Medina.

March 11, by Rev. John Benedict, Mr. Henry Concklin and Miss Martha Pearce, both of this city.

March 18, by Rev. Mr. Longdon, Mr. Henry Augustus Charbert and Miss Caroline Elizabeth Longdon, all of this city.

March 15, by Rev. Benjamin Evans, Robert H. Lloyd, Esq., of this city, and Frances Teresa, youngest daughter of the late James Goram, of Ireland.

March 19, by Rev. Mr. Oakley, Mr. Job J. Habberton and Miss Esther E., daughter of Capt. Charles Peck.

At Westchester, Pa., March 11, by Rev. Mr. Bedell, Henry S. Evans, editor of the Village Record, and Miss Jane, daughter of Dr. William Darlington, all of the above places.

March 19, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Hon. John Tate, of Mobile, and Miss Penelope Gay Hawkins, of Washington, D. C.

At Hudson, March 18, by Rev. Mr. Waterbury, A. J. Center, Esq., and Miss Elizabeth M. Bay.

## Died.

After a few days' illness, Wm. P. Hawes, counsellor at law, son of the late Peter Hawes, aged 38.

March 23, after a short illness, Joseph L. Gal, aged 55.

March 23, of consumption, Elizabeth Howard, wife of John Howard, late of Fincastle, Va.

March 22, Mary, wife of Siles E. Burrows, Esq., and daughter of the late Hon. John Russ, of Hartford, aged 32.

March 21, Francis Many, in the 82d year of his age.

March 21, Henry Rankin, in the 64th year of his age.

March 20, of apoplexy, Capt. Keulen Newcomb, aged 64, formerly of Savannah, Ga.

March 21, Morgan L. Warren, aged 46.

March 20, Mary Eliza Coster, daughter of Jane Kenier, aged 36.

In Brooklyn, March 19, Rev. James O'Doherty.

In East Hartford, Ct., March 10, Olive U., only child of J. O. and Sarah A. Beaumont, of this city, aged 3.

March 17, Mr. Josiah Parry, in the 63d year of his age.

March 16, Harriet Cornelia, wife of Henry A. Holt.

March 17, Washington Hendricks, aged 32.

March 15, Edward W. Robert, son of the late Daniel Robert, of Yonkers, aged 30.

In this city, March 19, Lydia Van Sice, wife of Michael Emanuel, Jr. and daughter of John Henderson, aged 21.

March 16, John Murland, aged 30.



# THE NEW

PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.



# WORLD.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Atica contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 44.



*Daniel O'Connell*

Engraved on Wood, by Butler.

## DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M. P. FOR THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

Daniel O'Connell in our Portrait Gallery!! And—observe him—how thoroughly unconscious he appears of the distinction. There is not the slightest intimation in his countenance of gratitude or even surprise. The Venetian Doge, who amidst all the wonders of the French Court, wondered most to find himself there, has not left to the

Doge of Ireland any portion of his sensitiveness. Such is the character of the land we live in. An Irishman, like a Parisian, is every where at home. Mr. O'Connell takes it all as his due; and if any trick of youth remains with him, very probably imagines that for the beauty of his countenance we have selected him to ornament our gallery.

He is mistaken if he thinks so. The reader will not mistake. Not that we deny the man to be "a noticeable man" enough—but he is not of that shape and feature which wins

its way solely by the power of its external charms. He looks as if he had been successful—but as if success had lost all its poetry. Things had gone well with him, you would say, as you look upon his visage; but he no longer feels the charm of being prosperous. He lives in a disenchanted world. So his whole air and deportment indicates. But it indicates also that he is satisfied to take it as it is, and to be contented with it.

But why have we chosen him? Is it for his political opinions—or for the high qualities by which he adorns them? or for the sound moral by which, however we may deprecate his objects and ends, he compels us to confess that what "he would highly, that would he holily?" No such thing—in all these particulars we have oftentimes condemned him. Why then hang up his portrait? There is a passage written by one Shakespere, which we do not wish to quote, but in plain prose we profess that we have been influenced by the station he has acquired, the power he wields, the aims he has in view, and feel that, although we do not give him our praise or our good will, we cannot refuse to him our notice. Let him hang, then, (portrait-wise,) in our gallery.

Daniel O'Connell was born at Cashan, near Cahirciveen, on the 6th of August, 1775, and, after a course of education in the college of St. Omers, and after having renounced the office of the priesthood, an estate for which manifestly he had no vocation, was called to the Irish bar in the year 1798. Having behaved with most commendable discretion during the most tempestuous days of that season of peril, and, as Dr. Meyler affirms, having hidden his patriotic propensities under the loyal garb of a yeoman, he began to become bold as the days of evil and danger departed; and, when it became safe to seek the reputation of an agitator, agitated "with a good courage." We mean no sneer. We have heard insinuations against Mr. O'Connell's valor. In the most unequivocal terms we declare our utter disbelief in them. We lay no such flattering unction to our souls as that rebellion must grow slack because of Mr. O'Connell's cowardice. If he thought it advisable to marshal the strength of his masses against the power of England, we believe firmly that, from any craven apprehensions of what would befall himself, he would not stay the battle. On the contrary, we can believe (there are some, but very few, who will understand the propriety of our citation)—

"That hour of bliss is all he'd crave,  
Between his labors and his grave."

No. Mr. O'Connell is not a dastard.

It must be confessed that Roman Catholics, in the early part of this century, had strong provocations to shake their chains against the Government. The policy of conciliation was erroneously conceived, and most clumsily carried into practice. The trick of the Government seemed to be, to make Roman Catholics satisfied with their exclusion from power, by silencing all who would manifest the danger of a Popish principle. The only success to be hoped from such a game as this would be, to convince Romanists that their exclusion was unjust, not to satisfy them that they owed any thanks for the enforcement of a silence which no substantial benefit accompanied. They, naturally, in numerous instances, believed, that they were punished for their religious opinions, not for the politics of their church; and thus they were drawn closer to each other, and rendered more angrily disposed to the State, by an exclusion from power on grounds in which all men must discern a character of injustice.

Mr. O'Connell is evidently a man in whom the consciousness of his own presence (if such an expression is admissible,) never fails or faints. In him, as, in truth, in most of those whom history denominates great—as well as in vast multitudes of the little, the importance of everything is tested by its application to himself. Fichte himself was not speculatively more awake to the exigencies of the great "Ego," than O'Connell has shown himself in practice. The same spirit which incited him to oppose and overthrow the Marquess of Anglesea in later days, was not feeble in his youth, when he beheld (whatever were the professions of the Government,) the practice, which bestowed honors and emolument on one favored class, and asked of the neglected to be thankful that it was permitted them to live. We would not be mistaken. Let it not be thought that we condemn the laws which inflicted Penal disabilities. We condemn the inconsistency which, on the one hand, enforced them, and, on the other, discouraged all attempts by which they could be justified or explained. If you deny power to any class of men, you should tell them why. The moment it was pronounced inexpedient to expose the intolerance and perfidy of the Church of Rome, it became unwise to maintain the laws against Roman Catholics. We censure not the laws, (although we would have modified them had we had the power,) but the puerile notion that Romanists could be reconciled to them by a line of conduct which only supposed them unnecessary.

It was impossible that a man of Mr. O'Connell's temper should not feel indignantly his own part in the seeming wrong under which his party suffered; and it was also impossible that a mind of sagacity such as his, should not discern the advantage to be obtained from the incoherent policy which the State had adopted. He resolved that the

penal disabilities should cease, and that he should be hailed as the author of their abolition.

We are far from wishing to be understood as expressing a belief, that "emancipation" was the one object for which Mr. O'Connell contended. From the beginning, and at the present day, (we are firmly persuaded,) his ambition for himself, or what he terms his country, had, and continues to have, a higher aim. Repeal of the Legislative Union, and the consequences inseparable from it, are the real objects of Mr. O'Connell's exertions. It is because they are known so to be, that all his errors and offences toward his party meet so prompt a forgiveness. It is by believing them to be so, we are strongly disposed to think, the apparent inconsistencies in his political life can be understood and reconciled. Whatever changes he has experienced, no change has reached the "love" he bears the Saxon. That one principle appears to be immortal in his nature; and by it, however otherwise his views and habits may be altered, the identity of his character is still discernible. It is only the vulgar politicians—the superficial—the empirical, of a day like ours, who can deny to him the honor, such as it be, of having a great public object at heart. He is, we firmly believe, as devotedly resolved to pursue his personal objects, as any public man with whom he has been associated, or to whom he has been opposed—but we do him the justice, and we take to ourselves the warning, to believe, that there is no object, personal or political, so constantly in the thoughts, so dear to the heart of Daniel O'Connell, as the separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

The qualities which have fitted Mr. O'Connell for the part he has chosen in public life, are too well known to require our delineation of them. He has a strong will, a strong body, and a conscience which regards ends rather than means, and is marvellously disposed to be at peace with itself, when by any means his ends can be accomplished. In this latter particular, he, no doubt, had advantages from his creed with which no heretic can be favored. If the statements of O'Sullivan, and M'Ghee, and M'Neile are to be credited, (and it does not appear that they are denied,) the conscience of a true son of the Church of Rome is to be submissive in the confessional, that it may take its impressions from the priest; and afterward, in the business of life, to utter no voice but that which the priest has taught it. Mr. O'Connell's moral sense appears to be thoroughly orthodox. His confessor must answer for his salvation, and leave him free, by all means, without scruple, without remorse, to struggle for the salvation of his country. He and the people whom he represents and leads, are marvellously adapted to each other. A Protestant leader, who should hazard experiments such as Mr. O'Connell has attempted with success, would be indignantly rejected and disowned by the very party he wished to serve. The people or party who would dare to second a patriot's purposes by such enterprises as the "finest peasantry" attempt for "O'Connell and country," would find few indeed of intellectual power approaching to their leaders, whom their excesses and iniquities would not alienate from them. The leader and the people are manifestations of the character of system in which both have been disciplined.

Mr. O'Connell has been heavily censured for the manner in which he carries out in life the spirit and principle of his often recited "vow." To interpose it as a shield against personal danger, and to allow it no influence or authority in restraining from offence and outrage, does certainly appear inconsistent. It is worse than Hibernian reciprocity. To breathe a vow to heaven, which is to impose no restraint on most uncharitable tendencies, which is to leave falsehood and slander free to work their wicked ends, and is to show itself only when it is necessary to save them from being punished; this is not consistent, certainly, with acknowledged notions of morals, or religion, or honor. The complacency with which Irish Roman Catholics regard the practices of Mr. O'Connell prove, by the result, that he has not miscalculated their capacity of endurance, or offended against principles which they hold inviolable. "The end" is his justification. He is a great popular orator. To be successful, there must be ready sympathies between the speaker and the audience. The orator for the masses must reflect to them their own passions and purposes. What would O'Connell be in haranguing an Irish mob, if his language were not rancorous. If he did not indulge them with gross abuse of their superiors, of all who are set in authority, the multitude would soon desert him. His vow, therefore, must be so regarded as that it shall not abridge his occupation. He will sacrifice to it, if need be, his character, that is, his reputation in the judgment of reflecting men; but he will not expose his life, and he will not govern his tongue.

Mr. O'Connell is a great popular orator; he is an admirable cross-examiner; but it has been observed, in order to his being successful, he must have a vantage ground in starting. In the Catholic Association, on circuit, he has exhibited power and presence of mind: in parliament, the instances are not many in which he has acquitted himself with credit. He certainly does not feel in the senate, as one who is "at home" there. He must know, for he is far too sagacious to be ignorant of the fact, that with the exception of one or two near relations, there is not an individual in the House of Commons who will not, at heart, rejoice in all his failures. The ministers whose tyrant he is, while keeping them in place—the party to whom he gives superiority of power, although they must, for their interests' sake, wish even to his public efforts a certain species of success; yet gladly would feed their spite with every untoward event which may embarrass or annoy their despotic protector. This is an uncomfortable position. No man, certainly not O'Connell, can feel at ease in it. And often, when we have seen him vanish as Lord Stanley, or Sir Robert Peel, arose to reply, and have heard the jeers and laughter, amidst which, after having adjusted his wig and firmly pressed his hat upon his brows, with a pallid smile, and an ill-measured step, he hastened to the door—we have said to ourselves—"it is not for fear of Stanley or Peel that man is shrinking away—it is because he knows that if he remained, every man in the house, except his son Maurice, would rejoice in his castigation."

We have heard that O'Connell has not always been best when the audience was best disposed toward him. Lord Fingall and the Patriots were taught to know that he could exercise much power over an adverse assembly. He was the first man in Ireland who successfully wielded popular

strength against the purposes of the aristocracy. The natural leaders (as those who are conventionally leaders, the wealthy and titled classes, are called,) of the Roman Catholics would have excluded him from their deliberations. The end of the contest was, that they were well contented to follow in his train. Nor was it over the aristocracy of his own sect alone he exercised his power. Even the haughtiness of "Brooks" quailed before it—even in that choice assembly of the lordly and liberal—in that *crème* of Whig politicians—his power was felt; and he was permitted, without rebuke, to follow out an outrage upon good manners into the more unpardonable sin of respecting "his vow," under circumstances in which any other man in England or Ireland would have been compelled to betake himself into retirement. "To get into a scrape as a black-guard," said a well-known and gallant officer, "is a misfortune, but if you get out of it as a gentleman, all shall be forgiven." How Mr. O'Connell got into his scrape with Sir Henry Hardyng was of very little moment in the estimation of the club. How he was to get out of it gave them somewhat more concern. It was not to their taste, as they confessed;—but they submitted—submitted certainly with no good grace—and left to Mr. O'Connell the merit of influencing a club of gentlemen not to expel a member for refusing to fight a duel, although indulging in language by which the decencies of society were outraged. This is an incident in the life of Mr. O'Connell which ought to be well remembered. It was the first introduction of plebeianism into the clubs of London. We do not think it will take root in them. The law of the Prince of this world will resume its authority. But we firmly believe that no man in the British dominions, except O'Connell, would have been permitted, as he was with impunity, to aggravate the offence of unbecoming language, by a professed respect for the law of God. This was Mr. O'Connell's unenvied but most memorable prerogative.

Of all public men living, it is probable that there is not one beside Mr. O'Connell who regards his reputation as something in which he has no personal concern. Against the law and power of opinion he alone seems to bear "a charmed life." He glories in being, as he declares, "the best abused man in Christendom." The man who had "lost his shadow," was not more singularly distinguished among his fellows than O'Connell is. He "leaves his character behind him" fearlessly, while he proceeds to his ends, through means which he regards only as they may serve his purposes. And with such views the means are well selected. To the unthinking, it may often seem as if he were merely indulging the spleen or passion of the moment. The wise can discern a crafty purpose beneath. Hear him, for example, denouncing the House of Commons—imputing to its members every baseness in motive and act—you ask what can he mean? Hear him speak of the iniquitous decisions of Tory Committees on Election—of the certainty that they must ever be unjust—you ask, perhaps, is the man mad? But wait the result: his seat is dependent on the decision of a committee. Observe how he has gauged and measured the intellect of the "curled darlings" of the house. Observe the unwillingness to serve on a committee where his interests are to be decided. Look to the end—and then see whether O'Connell did not profit by the foul invectives which first set the House of Commons on fire, and then wrought in the hearts of the very members who had resented them most, to avoid collision with so unceremonious an assailant, and rather give him the rewards of victory than be sullied in a conflict with him.

O'Connell is a great popular orator—but oratory is only one of the many forms with which his intellect clothes itself. He is a subtle politician. A mere orator is at best but an instrument for wiser men to work with. O'Connell has the art to make all men he comes withal, his victims or his tools. When first he entered upon public life with any thing like success, it is said he came forward as one of the many whom a very cunning man employed as his instruments. We mean Mr. Scully, author of "The Penal Laws." O'Connell, however, soon showed that he had a principle of independent life. He was not formed of the stuff of which parasites are made. The relations between patron and protégé were soon inverted, and the cause of "Catholic Ireland" became concentrated in the person of O'Connell.

One is sometimes disposed to ask how it comes to pass, that means such as Mr. O'Connell has never scrupled to employ, should be crowned with such unexampled success? There is nothing wonderful in this, nothing which is not quite consistent with all sound notions of God's providential dealings. Evil may be indulged in a triumph, in order to punish those who profess and see what is good, and who will not faithfully pursue it. Mr. O'Connell has acted steadily on a fixed principle. He desires the "liberation" as he calls it, of his country, the exaltation of his church. These are his ends—his means, all agencies which may attain them. If those who profess a purer moral, would act upon their principles, O'Connell could not succeed; if they desert their principles for a phantom of expediency, the success of means such as he has employed is the proper chastisement for their transgression. As yet their sin has been visited rather upon a party than the nation; if they persist, conjecture can scarcely reach the extent to which the punishment may be inflicted.

Mr. O'Connell can plead in his own behalf excuses with which none of his adversaries can protect themselves. The habits of his early life, his education, his religion, are his defence. He has done nothing in his public career which would cause him to feel affright or shame at the vision of his boyhood, at the remembrance of St. Omer, or in the perusal of "an examination of conscience." Amidst the circumstances of his earlier years, the instincts of self were strengthened and sharpened in him. By his education, he was trained in the faith that the means employed to promote the interests of the church are sanctified by their uses. And if, as some say, he escaped from bigotry into infidelity, and passed some portion of his life in an estrangement from belief in every thing by which man is bettered, it did not follow, that false principles, or evil habits were to droop because of the change from credulity to scepticism. The love of self may have revived as concern for religion departed;—and when events gave proof that that love might, in the form of zeal for religion, best attain its ends, it was natural enough that selfishness, and superstition, and irreli-

gion, should all combine their various influences to form such a character as should represent and serve them all most faithfully.

Mr. O'Connell's adversaries can plead no such excuse. They ought to see in his rise and power, that they are punished for the inconsistencies of former days. They ought to discern the sign of still severer punishment, if their perseverance in wrong doing provoke it. Mr. O'Connell is now in a position which no subject in the British realms ever occupied before. He is the virtual head of the British government; the protector and the tyrant over her Majesty's ministers. They confess that without his aid they could not exist. They make it manifest therefore that, under no imaginable circumstances, could they retain place, and brave his serious displeasure. And he makes it manifest. From one end of Ireland to the other, he raises the cry for Repeal, and thus gives contemptuous warning to the sovereign and the people, that the present ministers of England hold their places at the will of an individual, who is bent on the dismemberment of the empire, and who finds, in the existing government, the ministry which best serves his purposes.

The warning ought to be respected: and yet it is possible that he has judged correctly the character of the people whom it might serve, in concluding that it may safely be given because they will not profit by it. In opposition to the delusive assertions of many, we repeat that O'Connell is sincere in his enterprise against the legislative union. His prejudices, his habits, his education, his interests, his instincts, all are on the side of separation. He is at heart essentially Irish; by habits of life he is rendered thoroughly anti-Anglican. His sojourns in London only serve to exasperate him against the English aristocracy. His retirements—the very reverse of seclusion—at Derrynane—invalidate the spirit of Irish chieftaincy. In short, nature and circumstances conspire to hold him in estrangement from all Anglican sympathies, and to concentrate all his powers and passions upon the object which he professes—that of the independence of Ireland.

Some term this object impracticable—we are not among them. We can imagine how it may be defeated; we can imagine how it may succeed. It ought not to be, sported with. We will not enter into a detail of circumstances in which it might be effected. We would, however, remind the incredulous, of the successes by which Mr. O'Connell has heretofore been encouraged. We remember his indictments; his narrow escape from ruin; and his patent of precedence. We remember him when his cause seemed utterly prostrate; when some of the ablest speculators of the time affirmed boldly, that the claims of the Roman Catholics were postponed to another generation; and we see Mr. O'Connell in Parliament, with an influence, too, greater than ever was possessed by peer or commoner in ancient times. We learn that the members of his creed pay him nearly twenty thousand pounds a year, because, as they say, he carried "the emancipation." We know that he turned the scale in the struggle for "reform." We shall, in all probability, if he and we live so long, behold him next year arrayed in the civic robes of Lord Mayor of Dublin; and after that, we ask of the most incredulous and the least imaginative, what possible elevation is there in which Mr. O'Connell may not place himself?

## Original Articles.

### TO J \* \* \* \*

Too well, too well I love thee—  
Would that I loved thee less!  
For such deep love hath bitter power  
That words cannot express:  
My smiles are feigned—they do not cheer  
This heart so sad and lone—  
But thine are all my light of life,  
My beautiful, my own!

If thou wouldst curb this leaping blood—  
The wanderer reclaim—  
And to a mild and gentle mood  
This rebel spirit tame:  
Oh let not high resentment speak,  
But feelings soft and kind,  
Unto the temper of the dove,  
Calm and subdue my mind.

From those sweet lips let music flow,  
And tones of kindness fall,  
And, like a willing captive, I  
Will yield to thee my all—  
My all of hope—my all of bliss:  
And yet it will not be,  
For thou art so beloved, I find  
My happiness in thee.

Thus win a heart that's fond and true,  
And lure those feelings back,  
Which may have roamed away from thee  
On Pleasure's flowery track.  
To free from snares of worldly joy—  
To thee alone 't is given—  
One, whom thy dear persuasive voice  
Could call from earth to heaven.

When from his perch the bird is cast  
Upon the open sky  
To realms, that far away from home  
In other climates lie,  
His wing may stray—but soon or late  
The lost one will appear  
And seek a kindly look to see,  
A kindly voice to hear.

Thus, I from saddest solitude  
And parted from thy side,  
Come in thy true and tender heart  
My cares and griefs to hide—  
For thou art dear, oh, dearer far  
Than these frail lines have shown—  
And I can find no sure repose  
Save in thy love alone!

New-York, 27th March, 1841.

X.



## THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR HENRY RUSSELL BY PARK BENJAMIN.

On the village green it stood,  
And a tree was at the door,  
Whose shadow, broad and good,  
Reached far along the floor  
Of the school-room, when the sun  
Put on his crimson vest,  
And, his daily labor done,  
Like a monarch sunk to rest.

How the threshold-wood was worn!  
How the lintel-post decayed!  
By the tread at eve and morn,  
Of the feet that o'er it strayed—  
By the pressure of the crowd  
Within the portal small—  
By the ivy's emerald shroud  
That wrapped and darkened all.

That school-house dim and old—  
How many years have flown  
Since in its little fold  
My name was kindly known!  
How different it seems  
From what it used to be,  
When, gay as morning dreams,  
We played around the tree!

How we watched the lengthening ray  
Through the dusty window-pane!  
How we longed to be away  
And at sport upon the plain—  
To leave the weary books  
And the master's careful eye,  
For the flowers and for the brooks,  
And the cool and open sky.

Alas! where now are they—  
My early comrades dear?  
Departed far away,  
And I alone am here!  
Some are in distant climes,  
And some in churchyard cold—  
Yet it told of happy times,  
That school-house dim and old!

New-York, March 27, 1841.

## AN ORATION,

Pronounced on the occasion of the Second Anniversary of Knickerbocker Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE,  
New York, March 23, 1841.

BY REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

This world is, at best, but a checkered scene of good and ill. Misfortune and poverty, sorrow and death, are the unavoidable evils with which we are surrounded; and no man may hope to pass through life without witnessing and even feeling their effects. Such is human life; and it is the part of wisdom to take the world as it is, rather than as we may chance to think it ought to be. Poets may dream of Utopian lands, where poverty and sickness can never enter; and I will not deny that this may make good poetry. But when we come down from the dizzy heights of Parnassus, and talk in sober prose, the fact too clearly appears that we are in a world of suffering, and "full many a tear and many a sigh," warn us that the destroyer of human happiness is abroad and doing his work. Misfortunes which no mortal ken could foresee, no human power possibly prevent, will come, and that too, upon the wisest and best of men, so that he who is rich and prosperous to-day, may be poor and destitute to-morrow. Sickness, also, in ten thousand forms, stalks abroad in darkness, and wasteth in the light of noon day;

"And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home."

To-day the iron nerve may be strong to do battle with the difficulties and dangers of life; the cheek may be flushed with health; and the eye flashing with the fires of life. But to-morrow—ah! who can tell how it shall be to-morrow! To-morrow, the strong arm may become weak and helpless as a little child's; the rose may fade upon the cheek; the fires of the eye grow dim; and the robust frame lie emaciated and poor upon a bed of pain. Long months or years of sickness and misfortune may consume the last fraction of that store which a prudent foresight had laid aside for the day of need; and death, at last, may close the scene, and leave a widow and her children penniless and poor, and with unsheltered heads exposed, naked, to "the peltings of the pitiless storm." These things are not only possible, but they do actually occur, and are among the every day events of life, all over the world.

Seeing then, that these things are so, it becomes a matter of serious and important inquiry, whether aught can be done to relieve the unfortunate, and mitigate the evils of which we have been speaking? Are there methods or systems, by which the poor and unfortunate, the sick and the distressed, the widow and the fatherless, can be relieved, and made to feel less heavily the evils that surround them?

In our judgment, there are such means, fully within our power; and in that conviction originated, and by it is sustained—THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS. That other methods might be adopted we are not disposed to deny; but we do not hesitate to express our firm conviction, that none have yet been put in operation that afford so fair a prospect of success. By this institution men are formed into an association, the main pillar of which is the comfort and relief of the sick and distressed brother, the aiding of his widow, and the education of his orphans. That these objects are great and good, no man can, for a moment, deny; and we believe our means of securing them are preeminently good, because they are effectual.

I can think of but three ways in which the sick, the poor, the widow and the orphan can be relieved. These are—First, By civil government. Secondly, By individual charity. Or Thirdly, By organized associations for that specific purpose.

That the first might be practicable, there can be no doubt. Civil governments could make such provisions for the poor and the destitute that none should lack bread; no widows pine in want; no orphans go uneducated. But it should be remembered, that no human government has yet done this, and the mere abstract proposition that it *could be done*, will neither feed the hungry, nor clothe the naked. Although our government has done more than any other to secure to all the means of comfortable livelihood—still, it is an unquestionable truth, that there is, all around us, suffering, for which there is no provision. We cannot therefore look to civil government for aid, effectual and full aid, in these matters.

The second mode named, That of private, individual charity, has done much; but all its efforts fall far short of what is needed. Who does not know, that to depend upon charity—cold, accidental charity, upon which, according to common opinion, we have no claim—is indeed a precarious, a sad, and desolate condition? Miserly avarice hoards her thousands, and drives hungry from the door the shivering applicant for a morsel of bread. Rags and poverty, cold, hunger and nakedness, are the portion of him that depends upon the charity of the world. But were the waters of charity as abundant as those that gushed from the rock in the wilderness, under the stroke of Moses' rod, and would they flow as freely at the call of the destitute, still there would be insuperable objections to this mode of relief, as society is now constituted. There is a laudable pride in the human heart that loves

"The glorious privilege  
Of being independent;"

and the breaking down of this pride is no easy matter. On this account, many, and they too the most deserving, will suffer long and severely, before they will submit to the humiliating necessity of asking alms. "To beg they are ashamed." And when, at last, lank poverty and sharp-jawed famine prevail, and drive the sufferer out to beg, it is accompanied with such a sinking of the spirits, such a crushing of the hopes, that the moral powers will hardly survive the shock. And then, in many cases, charity will be meted out so parsimoniously, or in such an ungracious manner, that the recipient feels that his physical wants only are relieved, and he takes the gift with a keener anguish of heart, than all his previous outward distress has given him. He no longer walks erect, for he feels that he is dependent on charity. Or, if he assumes a bold front, it is the boldness of callous indifference to the opinions of others, or the morbid insensibility of a heart soured and steeled by frequent intercourse with what he is sure to deem, if it be not in fact the actual, selfishness and cruelty of the world. Thus its influence is to blunt the moral sensibilities, and prepare the mind for the commission of crime. Such are its effects, in these respects, that you will find but few instances where men, or even children, are reduced to the necessity of becoming common beggars, and rise from their degradation to return to the paths of virtue and respectability. And though it is more honorable to beg than to steal, yet it is to be feared that in many instances, that principle is reversed, and theft committed.

Another objection still, is, that this mode of relief, opens wide the door of imposition and speculation. The vile wretch who riots in dissipation, and wallows in the very mire of iniquity, will appeal, in the name of charity, for relief from a catalogue of miseries that he will repeat by rule, and receive from the kind in heart the means of ministering to his depraved lusts, and sinking himself deeper and deeper in pollution and misery. Now, we may reason as we will, and yet it takes but a few instances of such imposition as this, to seal up, in a measure, the fountains of charity; to make us look with a suspicious eye upon every applicant for alms, and, often, to contemplate with comparative indifference the sufferings of the really deserving, or unwittingly to visit the sins of others upon their heads.

Thus the principle becomes arrayed against itself, and in its operations cuts off the supplies from which it expects to draw support. And even worse than this, it familiarizes the public ear to the cry of distress, and thus hardens the public heart, so that it can look with composure upon human suffering. These, then, are serious objections against the system of accidental charity; but even if these were obviated, still it would be vain to hope for effectual relief from such a source. The last method, or that of voluntary association for this specific object, appears to us most feasible. True, it may not reach the whole community, or cover the whole extent of the evil; for it is not to be presumed, that all will become members of such an association; but it has this peculiar excellency, that, as far as it goes, it does its work uniformly and effectually.

The principle of association, that has wrought such wonders in this age, and in every department of society, has been adopted by our order; and we unite in Social compact, for our own mutual benefit, and for the specific purpose of extending to the sick, the widow, and orphan, efficient and timely aid; and our organization is intended to obviate all objections that lie against the systems upon which I have commented. The experience of years has proved, that, though our regular contributions to our treasury are, in themselves, but trifling, still, they afford abundant means for affording effectual relief to all our needy members; and I am not aware that a single instance has occurred, where a lodge has not been able to meet all the demands of this kind that have been made upon its treasury. And I may safely say, that, under our present organization and regulations, no poor brother will want the necessities of life—no widow will go out to beg—no orphan be left uneducated. Such things have not been known amongst us, and they will not occur. Our means, then, are sufficient to carry out our objects.

And then, again, we save the distressed from the humiliating necessity of asking for charity. The member of this institution, by the payment of a small sum, fully within the reach of every man in health, secures to himself a positive right, not to a trifle of charity to be meted out at pleasure, but to a liberal and specified amount, in time of sickness and distress. He secures to his wife, in case of his demise, a like specified sum, and to his children the means of an education. The sick brother, therefore, appeals not to his lodge in the character of a petitioner for alms. But he goes to a fund which he has himself, in part, created; and,

in the full consciousness of his independence, he claims that which is his own, by virtue of the very terms of the compact into which he has entered. There is here no crushing of the spirits, no compromise of the dignity of the man, no humbling of that laudable pride that every man ought to feel in being able to provide for himself. So of the widow: she comes not to the lodge as a beggar. But she comes with the knowledge of her rights, and she demands that boon for which she knows her husband has paid. She asks no stinted charity, to be dealt out by the miserly hand of avarice. But she asks that which is her own. So, also, with the orphan. He comes not to our halls to crave alms, as an humble mendicant; but, in the consciousness of his right, he claims care, protection and education, by virtue of what his father has done and paid. It is his inheritance from his father, and wo to the lodge, or the man, that would withhold it, or rob him of his portion. There is therefore none of that sinking of the spirits or searing of the heart, which is attendant upon the course of the beggar, and especially upon contact with the unfeeling, who turn the needy away empty.

The other objection to the system of seeking relief by means of individual charity was, that it opened wide the door for imposition and speculation. Against this also we are secured by our secrecy. There are, with us, "certain well-known signs and tokens," known only to Odd Fellows, and by which we have the means of knowing whether a man is, or is not, what he professes to be. No matter what these signs are. If they were no more than taking off the hat with the left hand instead of the right, as is usual, yet you see at once, if that were an inviolable secret, and known only to an Odd Fellow, no impostor could deceive us. And here let me say, that the only earthly use of all our signs is to preserve us from imposition. I would not give a fraction for the whole of them, so far as the things themselves are concerned. Their utility consists alone in the fact that they are secrets. And if you ask, why we do not make them known? My answer is, that if we should do so they would cease to be of any utility to us or any other person. They would serve us no better purpose than the private mark of the merchant if every one knew the key by which to read it. Should you ask why we cannot as well secure ourselves against imposition without these secrets, as a common benefit society? Our reply is, if we were confined, like such institutions, to one place, we could do so. But you will bear in mind that ours is a widely-extended fraternity, scattered over the length and breadth of this vast continent, crossing the waters and spreading over Europe; and when the stranger comes from afar, and presents a certificate, perhaps in a foreign language, we are bound to relieve his wants; but how do we know that his certificate is not a forgery, or even that he is the man in whose name it is given? We need, in such cases, security greater than a mere local institution; and this we have in our secrecy. We cannot be deceived; but when we relieve a distressed brother we have the satisfaction of knowing that he is an Odd Fellow, and as such has done a share at least to relieve others similarly situated. That the institution is perfect we cannot pretend; for what offspring of human wisdom is faultless? But we point you to the fact that this is a world of suffering, that sickness and poverty may, and death positively will come, and that suffering does exist, in nameless forms through all the world. And we present ours as an institution that combines many advantages for securing the most effectual mitigation of these evils.

We avow it as our firm conviction that there is no institution on earth which has done, and is doing more, in proportion to its numbers, for the benefit of the distressed and the poor. For this reason alone, we feel a cheering confidence, that when the objects and works of this institution are known, they will be appreciated; and we invoke upon it, in an especial manner, the smiles and the approbation of our fair friends, who of all others are most interested in its objects. I say most interested, because it is upon the tender and delicate female that the weight of adversity falls most heavily, and is felt most severely. When man's strong arm is feeble with disease, and the means of subsistence for his dependant family are cut off, he may indeed suffer; but more keen, by far, are the sufferings of his companion, who, in addition to her midnight watchings, is borne down with new and numerous cares, and oppressed with fearful apprehensions of the future. So, when death comes, and cuts down the husband and the father, when the hearthstone is desolate, and the stay and support of the family is laid in the grave, the orphans indeed may weep; but, happily for them, they cannot appreciate their loss; and, though crushed for a moment, their buoyant spirits soon recover from the shock; and as bright visions of hope dance before their eyes, they will look up and smile through their tears. But it is not so with the wife and the mother. Upon her head comes the fury of the storm. Worn down with weary watchings, she feels that a new and mighty responsibility has devolved upon her; the present is dreary, and the future dark and cheerless, and she feels not for herself alone, but more keenly than all, for the tender babes that are left unprotected in the world. To afford all the relief that human aid can afford, in seasons like these, is the prime object of our institution; and for this cause, I conceive that woman should be the last to raise her voice against it.

Man alone, under ordinary circumstances, can battle his way through the dangers and difficulties of life; and, for his own sake, he might not, perhaps, so much need the security afforded by such an institution as this. But if he have a wife and children, they may be left alone; and for her sake and theirs, a provident care for the future should admonish him of the propriety of securing for them, against the day of trial, that friendly and efficient aid which this institution so certainly extends. For me, I confess that when I look upon the little family with which heaven has blessed me, for their sakes, I cleave yet more closely to this order; for I know that should it please God to call me hence, and leave my home desolate and drear, here should my loved ones find a shelter from the storm; for the strong arm of this institution would be thrown as a protecting shield around them, to relieve the weeping partner of my joys, and take up my tender babes and bless them. Ask me not to leave it. For their sakes, I will cling to its altars, and for humanity's sake I will plead its cause.

There is still another feature in our institution, which is

worthy of a passing notice. I allude to its influence upon human character through the social disposition of man. We are social beings, formed for converse, and social communion with our fellow creatures. We would not be alone, but instinctively we seek the society of our brethren of the human race; and to these associations, in a great measure, we owe the formation of our characters. I hold it to be one of the defects of our social system, that we are too much engaged in a desperate rush for the "loaves and fishes," and too little inclined to cultivate our social faculties. We do indeed mingle with our fellow-men, but it is in the bustle and confusion of business. Intent upon our object, we hurry past each other in the crowd with a nod of recognition, or meet each other in the sharp contest for gain. And when the labor of the day is over, we sit down to count our "cent per cent.," and form plans for the morrow. Possibly we may spend an hour with a few select friends; but they are men of similar pursuits, or similar political or religious opinions, and all the world besides are to us as heathens and barbarians. The consequence is, that we become unsocial in our feelings, and bigots to a creed, or slaves to a party. Who is the sour-hearted bigot and partizan, but the man who knows nothing of the world but what he has learned from communion with his own sect or his own party? Who the Ishmael, whose hand is against every man, but he that, in the midst of a thronged world, dwells in a desert alone? To me, at least, it appears evident that there is need of an institution that will bring together men of various pursuits, and different parties and sects, and give them a fellow feeling by uniting them in one work, thus laying the foundation of a broader feeling of charity, a more extended chain of social union.

Such is the institution of which we are speaking. It brings together men of every sect and party; and as they mingle, from week to week, the rough corners of prejudice are sure to be battered off—and the sharp features of hard-faceted bigotry to be smoothed and softened. Men thus learn that there is virtue in every sect and in every party, and begin to indulge more far-reaching and expanded feelings of kindness and charity. The golden chain of friendship is lengthened and brightened, the social faculties are improved, their sphere of operation enlarged, and the partition wall, that divide sect from sect, and party from party are broken down. The reason is obvious. There grows up naturally between men who commune frequently with each other, is free and familiar, but yet in dignified association, a feeling of brotherhood—a firmer friendship than can exist between men who merely jostle each other in the crowd, or in the confusion of business. If charity of feeling, and broad principles of good will to man, are worth possessing, it should always be remembered that they will not grow up spontaneously in the cloister of the monk, or the cell of the recluse. They must proceed from, or rather be drawn out by, the social principle of human nature, in a wide sense. Furious and vindictive party feeling exists alone in the man who associates with kindred spirits of his own party. Narrow-minded and dark-browed religious bigotry scowls most furiously in the face of the man who associates only with those of his own creed. Let the one and the other come out from the enclosure, and mingle with the votaries of other parties, and they will soon learn, that virtue is not confined to names; and their bigotry and acrimony will wear away. They will be better men, and better Christians; for they will imbibe more of that first and greatest of all graces, CHARITY, that "thinketh no evil." Thus it is in our lodges. There men of all parties and of various creeds meet, not as partisans but as friends and brothers, engaged in one work, bound in one common bond, and they learn to cherish toward one another more kindly feelings of love and goodwill. Friendships are formed between men of most discordant opinions, and many are brought together who would otherwise have been "most distant from each other."

When I look around upon this vast congregation and think of the occasion that has called us together, I cannot avoid contrasting the present with the past. A little more than twenty years ago, and the name of our institution was unknown in America. It had indeed existed in Europe for a period unknown to us; but on this broad continent there was not an organized body of Odd Fellows. The first lodge, organized in 1819, was composed of five members, in the humble walks of life, and held its meetings in the upper story of an obscure hotel in the city of Baltimore. Like another and a far better institution, it was born in poverty, cradled in a manger, and like that too, its subsequent history is calculated to remind us of the words of the Holy Man of old when he says, "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountain, but the seed thereof shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish as the grass of the earth." It was indeed but a small handful of corn in the desolate earth, and it was planted, too, in a spot apparently as unpropitious as the bald peaks of the snow-clad and storm-beaten mountains, where vegetation withers and dies. But it sprang up fresh and green in the sterile soil where it had been planted. Scarcely, however, had it peered above the earth when it was assailed by the storm. It was denounced as a secret and dangerous institution; an exotic and poisonous plant, that ought not to infest the soil of our country. The churches, in some instances, denounced it, and closed their doors against its members; and the ministers of religion branded it as the enemy of virtue and happiness. On the one hand, it met the slow contempt of scorn's unmoving finger; and on the other, the open hostility of the well-meaning but mistaken philanthropist. But in the midst of this war of the elements it stood, drooping, indeed, and scathed by the fury of the storm, but with its root firm in the earth, and prepared to shoot upward when the cloud should move away and the sun again illumine the heavens. Thus it continued for a season, struggling for a precarious existence, in the midst of opposition cruel and severe. But the storm has passed, the tempest has ceased its angry roar, and already the fields are white and ready for the harvest. Like the nodding plumes of the tall cedars of Lebanon, the ripening grain bends upon the parent stock, and those who "sowed in sadness are returning with joy, bearing their sheaves with them," and the reapers are about the harvest home.

How mighty the contrast! A few years ago, all that felt an interest in this institution in America could convene in a humble garret in a neighboring city. But now it stands

like a mighty colossus, and plants one foot upon the extreme north-western boundary, and the other upon the southernmost point of our vast republic. With the one hand it touches the very shore of our Atlantic coast, and with the other the uttermost regions of the father of our rivers, the Mississippi; and all abroad in this wide region of liberty and virtue its temples are rising, and diffusing their benefactions to the poor and distressed, the widow and the fatherless who wait at their gates—not as the poor beggar to receive the crumbs that fall from the table, but as welcome guests, to enter and share the provisions of a plenteous board.

A few years ago and we were poor, and our means for relieving the distressed meagre and small. Now, though not rich in this world's goods, yet are we rich in the most precious of all treasures, the blessings of the widow and the fatherless, and of "him that was ready to perish," which are daily invoked upon our labors.

Thousands of sleeping voices rise up and call us blessed; and already we must count the sums devoted to their relief, not by tens and fifties, but by thousands and hundreds of thousands. A few years ago the name of an Odd Fellow was held as a bye-word and a reproach, and there were few "so poor to do it reverence." The opinion prevailed that it was a mere merry-making affair, got up for convivial and Bacchanalian purposes; and though it claimed the title of a humane and benevolent institution, it was believed that this claim was set up as a cloak of hypocrisy, to conceal practices which, if known, would meet the severest reprehension of a virtuous and intelligent people.

Then the whole order, in the United States, might have convened in this city, and paraded its streets, without attracting the attention of the passenger, or securing ought to itself but the sneers of the few who might chance to know what was passing. But now what is it that we see? A single lodge, of recent date, and but one of some hundreds, has come out to celebrate its anniversary; and this vast temple is filled with the virtuous and respectable of this community. Hoary headed sires, and strong manhood, and blooming youth, and female loveliness and beauty, are here to gladden our hearts, and cheer us on in the work of benevolence in which we are engaged.

To say that we are gratified with these results, and pleased with the presence of this large and respectable audience, is but a poor and cold expression of what we feel. We are more than gratified, more than pleased. We rejoice exceedingly in the evidence thus afforded, that we have outtrode the storm, and that, with full sails and prosperous breezes, we are gallantly sailing over smooth seas, and under calm skies, to the desired haven.

But in the midst of our rejoicings for past success, may it not be well to pause and ask, what is it that has wrought the mighty change we have been contemplating? Is it the influence of wealth? Nay, for the pioneers of our order were blessed with but a moderate share of this world's goods. Is it the power of the great names that have been enrolled among our members? No. For until recently our members have been mostly found in the humbler walks of life, with little influence but that which their own probity and virtue could command. Has it been accompanied by flaming appeals to the public? by studied systems of proselyting? or by ostentatious displays of benevolence? No, by none of these; for our aims have been given in secret, our efforts to gain members still and small, and our appeals to the public few and far between. And yet we have prospered abundantly; and, except only the religion of Christ, I do not believe that there is on earth an institution which, from a beginning so humble, and by means apparently so feeble, has made its way through such towering opposition, and risen so soon to strength and importance. But the explanation is simple and easy. The principles of our institution are such as the benevolent of all sects and parties must approve. Its only earthly object is the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity; and we have prospered precisely in proportion as we have kept close to these principles, and devoted our energies to the promotion of the professed and legitimate objects of our association. Silently and unostentatiously, but steadily and perseveringly, have we labored in the work of benevolence. The sick have been visited, and the dark and silent watches of the night have found our members by the bed of the feeble sufferer, soothing his feverish brow and presenting the cup to his thirsty lip. They have closed the eyes of the dying; and when death has done its work, they have borne the body to the grave, and deposited it in the narrow house appointed for all the living. They have gone back to the house that was left desolate, taken up the orphans, and fed, and educated, and trained them up in knowledge and virtue, and relieved and blessed the widow in the loneliness of her destitution.

Silently and without display, yet steadily, systematically, and surely, has this work been going on; and these have been the advocates that have plead our cause, and here is the secret of all our success. In labors like these, though seen only by the distressed, and by that eye which seeth in darkness as well as in light, there is a spirit that goeth out in silent but mighty power, a voice that finds an approving response in every benevolent heart. It is the spirit of love, and that is the spirit of the great God himself, for "God is love." In works like these we are strong, and while we continue in them we are absolutely invincible. But if we shall turn aside from these to any other object, selfish or partisan, we shall suffer for our folly; for the day that sees our institution any thing else but what it now is—a purely benevolent order—will write its epitaph, as that of a thing unworthy the confidence of a virtuous and kind people. It is not, therefore, by might or by power that we may hope for a continuance of our prosperity: but the silent influence of the spirit of kindness is more potent than armies, and it will give us the victory.

The old Prophet, as he stood upon the mountain, saw the emblem of this spirit's power, as contrasted with the might of the Terrible. The furious wind came and roared about his head. Terribly it swept on, whistling in the crevices and moaning in the caves of the bare and rugged mountain. The tempest was loud and terrible; but the Lord was not in the tempest. And then came a consuming fire, licking up the very dust, and scorching and consuming every green thing, and leaving nought but smouldering ruins behind. Burning and hot was the fire! But God was not there!

And behold! there came an earthquake, deep rumbling in the bowels of the earth. The lofty peaks of the perpetual hills did bow, and the firm foundations of the everlasting mountains did tremble. The solid rocks were rent asunder, and the earth heaved as the billows of the ocean lashed by the storm. Old Horeb's turrets reeled and trembled as a "reed shaken by the wind." Terrible was the earthquake! But God was not there! The earthquake passed, and the elements were hushed and silent. And lo! there came a still small voice, softly and gently stealing over the senses, like the music of holier spheres, or as the far distant harp of angels in the paradise of God. It was the gentleness of heaven, the harmlessness of the peaceful dove. And God, in silent power, was in that voice!

Here then is the emblem of that noiseless spirit which has led us on and given us our prosperity. The emblem of it, did I say? Nay, it is the very spirit itself. For inasmuch as ours is the spirit of LOVE and KINDNESS, it is the spirit of God.

The cold-hearted and the misanthropic may look coolly on. The proud and the haughty may pass by on the other side, and leave the poor traveler naked, and weltering in gore. But angels will bend from heaven, and smile on the good Samaritan, who stoops to bind up his wounds, and pour the healing oil upon the forsaken sufferer; ay, and God himself will write the deed in the book of his remembrance, and bless and prosper him that had compassion on his suffering fellow mortal. Whether these works are done by the Churchman, or the Odd Fellow is of little consequence. They are works that Heaven will own and bless.

Let our institution continue on in these labors of love, and our past success, extraordinary as it has been, shall be but the beginning of prosperity. The rejoicings of this day, shall be but the first note in a song of triumph, that shall echo from year to year, and be borne onward from generation to generation, till its full chorus shall mingle in harmony with the songs of the blessed, in that day when the last tear shall fall from the eye of weeping humanity, and the last sigh of anguish escape from the pained heart of a creature of God.

Brethren of Knickerbocker Lodge! one word to you and I have done.

Allow me to congratulate you on this occasion. Great, and we trust healthful and permanent, has been your prosperity. But remember that action upon the great principles of our order is the best method of extending the influence and increasing the numbers of your Lodge. Go out then into the world, and do your duty, as it is taught you in your lodge, and you will continue to increase, not only in numbers but in virtue and in happiness. May your Lodge grow and prosper, deepening its foundations and extending broad its branches, bearing precious fruit. May it rise upward a beautiful temple of charity, lifting its proud dome to the sun, and illuminating the darkness of human woe, while its portals shall be filled with the widows whose tears it has dried, and the orphans it has protected and blessed.

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

### DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

That Pedro was accessory to the violent death of this young and innocent Princess whom he had married, and immediately afterward deserted for ever, there can be no doubt. This atrocious deed was avenged abundantly; for it certainly led, in the issue, to the downfall and death of Pedro himself.

Mariana says, very briefly, that the injuries sustained by Queen Blanche had so much offended many of Pedro's own nobility, that they drew up a formal remonstrance, and presented it to him in a style sufficiently formidable; and that he, his proud and fierce temper being stung to madness by what he considered an unjustifiable interference with his domestic concerns, immediately gave orders for the poisoning of Blanche in her prison.

In the old French Memoirs of Du Guesclin, a much more improbable story is told at great length. The Queen Blanche, according to this account, had been banished to Medina, the adjoining territory being assigned to her for her maintenance. One of her vassals, a Jew, presumed to do his homage in the usual fashion, that is by kissing Blanche on the cheek, ere his true character was suspected either by her or her attendants. No sooner was the man known to be a Jew, than he was driven from the presence of the Queen with every mark of insult; and this stung so deeply into his mind, that he determined to revenge himself, if possible, by the death of Blanche. He told his story to Maria de Padilla, who prevailed on the King to suffer him to take his own measures; and he accordingly surprised the Castle of Medina by night, at the head of a troop of his own countrymen, and butchered the unhappy lady.

The ballad itself is, in all likelihood, as trust-worthy as any other authority; but the true particulars of such a crime were pretty sure to be kept concealed.

"Maria de Padilla, be not thus of dismal mood,  
For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good; \*

"But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn  
should show,  
For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go;

"The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood  
the ground; [found;"]  
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,  
He said, "Now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone."

Then answer made Don Ynigo, "Such gift I ne'er will bring,  
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the king."

Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning red,  
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The bowman to Medina pass'd; when the Queen beheld  
him near, [fear;"]  
"Alas!" she said, "my maidens, he brings my death, I

Then said the archer, bending low, "The King's command-  
ment take,  
And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it make;

"For lo! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may  
there be." [thee;]

Then gently spake the Lady Blanche, "My friend, I pardon  
"Do what thou wilt, so be the King hath his commandment  
given,

Deny me not confession—if so; forgive ye Heaven."

\* According to Mariana, Pedro had not declared himself married to Maria de Padilla, at the period of Queen Blanche's death.



Much grieved the bowman for her tears, and for her beauty's sake, [did make :—  
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint  
"Oh France! my noble country—oh blood of high Bourbon,  
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.  
"The King hath never known me. A virgin true I die.  
Whate'er I've done, to proud Castille no treason e'er did I.  
"The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood  
and sighs, [skies].—  
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the  
These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the  
bowman's blow— [flow.  
Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood did

## Recent Literature.

## STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VALENTINE VOX.'

CHAPTER XXXV. . . . In which a highly important secret is disclosed.

Notwithstanding the earnest anxiety of the widow to disguise the real state of the case, her true position soon appeared. Persons may with success conceal their thoughts, their emotions, or even their wealth; but their poverty will not be concealed; it will out; it will make itself manifest: the more energetic may be the efforts to keep it from view, the more boldly will it rear its hateful head to proclaim its existence to the world.

If the widow, when she found herself embarrassed, had immediately retrenched, all would have been so far well as that she might have been able, with economy, to maintain something bearing the semblance of her usual style; but as, instead of acting promptly upon the principle of retrenchment, she not only lived as before, but incurred those additional expenses which are invariably consequent on an ardent desire to preserve a reputation for wealth when the means have departed, the necessity in her case for selling out became so constant that in a short time she possessed but little stock, indeed, to sell.

This she concealed as long as possible from Stanley. She trembled at the thought of its becoming known to him: the idea was, in her judgement, dreadful.

"Oh!" she would exclaim, in tones of agony, when alone, "what on earth would he say if he knew it! He must not be told; he would go raving mad! and yet how can I now keep it from him? What am I to do? How—how can I act? Oh! my poor boy! It is terrible—very, very terrible! The thought of it will drive me to distraction!"

But even this was not all. Had Stanley alone been concerned in the impending disclosure, it might have been borne; nay she would then have summoned sufficient courage to impart the dreadful secret to him at once, for her embarrassments were daily becoming deeper and deeper still; but the thought of what Sir William would say, or what he would think of it, and how he would act, tortured her so cruelly that, although in his presence she wore a constant smile, and expressed the highest pleasure, her heart was in reality full of affliction.

And oh! how she then sighed and panted to hear him propose! She had been for many months in the liveliest anticipation of being blessed by receiving a proposal in due form, and yet, albeit, in her view the question had been twenty times all but put, it had never been proposed with sufficient distinctness to warrant a formal consent. This was very distressing: it was, indeed, very. If he had but proposed to her then, all might have been well—all, at least, might have been without sorrow endured; but, although he still visited with all his wonted constancy, although he still conversed with his usual warmth and eloquence, she could not tempt him to come to the point.

At length, having waited for this important question until she began to despair, her difficulties became too palpable to escape even the tardy observation of Stanley. He had previously entertained suspicions on the subject; but, as he hated to enter into matters of a pecuniary character, those suspicions had not taken root: indeed could he have got from time to time the sums of money he required, things might have gone on and on for years, without his troubling himself to give the matter another thought. When, however, he experienced a difficulty in getting what he wanted, his previous suspicions were re-awakened, and he resolved to have them either removed or confirmed.

"Mother," said he, "yesterday I asked you for money. You put me off; you were anxious not to draw too close: I should have some soon; in a day or so; to-morrow, perhaps! Why is this? Why have you not plenty at your banker's? The time is come, mother, when I cannot but deem it necessary that I should know the cause."

The widow, without answering, burst into tears.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" demanded Stanley, having regarded her intently for a moment. "There is something—something which you have hitherto concealed, but which must be concealed from me no longer."

"My poor boy!" sobbed the widow. "The dreadful secret must be told! I have struggled—Heaven knows I have struggled—to keep it from you."

"What is it?" cried Stanley, with impatience.

"You will never be able to bear it: I am sure you never will."

"Whatever it be, mother, let me know at once, that I may at once guard against its effect."

"Those dreadful expenses, my Stanley!—those terrible expenses!"

"Have ruined us!"

"No—no—no—no! not ruined—oh! Heaven forbid!"

"What am I to understand then?" cried Stanley. If they have not ruined us, what have they done?"

"So embarrassed us, my Stanley,—that you must—oh, how it afflicts me to tell you!—you must, at least for a time, manage to live upon the estate which was purchased for your qualification."

"Impossible! How can I live on a pitiful three or four hundred a year? How can I entertain those friends whom

I have been in the habit of entertaining? How can I meet them? How can I even show my face, mother?"

"Stanley, do not be rash: pray do not be impetuous! You will break my heart! indeed, my love, indeed it was all done for you. Come, come! You will be calm, dear Stanley? You will be calm? You will not make this wound deeper than it is, or cause it to rankle, dear Stanley? Heaven knows I would have given worlds if this dreadful disclosure could by any earthly means have been avoided."

"Why did you not tell me before? Why bury me up with the hope—nay, with the absolute belief that our fortunes had not been materially affected? Why did you not explain to me at once that we were ruined, beggared, comparatively beggared?"

"I dared not; indeed, my love, I dared not do it. I dreaded nothing on earth more. But, believe me, dear, I'll make every sacrifice in my power to promote your happiness still."

"Sacrifice! What sacrifice have you now the power to make?"

"I'll reduce my establishment; I'll put down my carriage; I'll do any thing in the world to diminish my expenditure; indeed, dear, I will; I'll live retired—quite retired. I shall be happy—I feel I shall be happy—very happy, if you are but so."

"Do not talk to me of happiness, mother. How can you, or I, or any one be happy when fallen? The idea is monstrous! You now perceive the consequence, I hope, of endeavoring to conceal every thing from me."

"Believe me, dear Stanley, I did all for the best."

"But do you think that if I had known what I ought to have known I would have opposed that petition? Do you think that I would have been guilty of an act of madness so palpable, so glaring? Why was the thing kept from me?"

"My love, you know that I am at all times unwilling to annoy you. You know that if it were possible to prevent it I would not have your mind distressed for the world."

"Well!" cried Stanley, still pacing the room with violence. "The thing is done. The die is cast. We are ruined. Now I suppose I may know something of your affairs!"

"My dear Stanley, all shall be explained."

"I insist upon having all explained."

"You shall have it, my dear; yes, believe me, you shall. But, although very terrible, it is not so bad as you imagine—it is not, indeed."

"I do not imagine that we are reduced to actual beggary; but I do imagine that henceforth our position will be sufficiently mean to cause society to shun us. I cannot live on three or four hundred a year."

"I know—I know you cannot; nor will there be any necessity for you to endeavor to do so: I feel perfectly sure that there will not. No—no, my dear, things may yet be better than you suppose—much better. Let us hope for the best. I am sure I do not know myself yet how we stand. But my affairs shall be immediately adjusted—yes, I'll have them all investigated properly and at once; and then we shall see, dear Stanley—we shall see."

Stanley was suddenly silent. A dreary prospect opened to his view. And in the whole social scale there is perhaps no position so annoying, so perpetually painful, or so pregnant with temptation to dishonor, as that of a young and ardent spirit who—being without influential family connections, and at the same time without a profession—finds himself suddenly thrown upon his own resources, or placed below the sphere—be that sphere what it may—in which he had theretofore moved. The uncontrollable nature of circumstances renders the folly—it may be termed, the thoughtless cruelty—of teaching young men to depend solely upon the wealth of relatives, instead of giving them a profession upon which to fall back in case of need, so conspicuous, that it is in truth amazing, when reverses of fortune so constantly occur, that the paltry pride of parents on this great point should be suffered to supersede their manifest duty.

This darkly appeared to Stanley then; and the more darkly, seeing that he had no direct knowledge of the position to which he had been reduced; but the widow, being far more sanguine, scarcely gave this a thought: her strongest apprehension was that of losing Sir William; it was that which in reality afflicted her most, and, being almost unable to endure the thought of the discontinuance of his visits, she would have gone on as usual, in the lively anticipation of a formal proposal being made, had not Stanley, being impatient to know the worst, insisted upon an immediate investigation of affairs, which accordingly commenced without further delay.

CHAPTER XXXVI. . . . Shows how a reconciliation took place between Bob and his venerable friend.

When the reduction of an establishment is about to take place, and more especially if the establishment be an old one, whatever may be the tact with which it is managed, whatever may be the secrecy with which you proceed, it is perfectly sure to be generally known: indeed, any attempt at secrecy does but increase the evil, inasmuch as it establishes a mystery, and mysteries invariably teem with conjectures, which are certain to make the thing worse than it is.

Now this is, of course, a remarkable fact, and one, moreover, ascribable solely to one's utter inability to get rid of servants under the circumstances with any degree of quietude or comfort. When these useful people have long been in the habit of giving "good satisfaction," they well know that they would not be discharged without a cause, and you cannot—no act of caprice can—deprive them of the additional knowledge of whether their conduct in reality constitutes that cause or not. If it do, why there, of course, is an end of the matter; but if it do not, they watch events narrowly, and if none be engaged in their places, they see how it is, and never fail to report what they see; in fact, they deem it their duty to do so in their own justification, and that they ought to be justified is strictly correct.

Now in this particular case the afflicted widow no sooner found it to be necessary for her to relinquish her carriage, and in consequence to discharge her old coachman, and several other servants, than the news flew with such unexampled rapidity that on the evening of the memorable day in which the servants had notice, Bob received the following letter from his venerable friend:

"DEAR ROBERT," "General Johnstone Stables."

"allow i aint Seed nothink on yu fore A werry konsiderbell peerid off thyme sirkumstanahalls la cum toe mi nollege witch kornes Me fore to feel werry fillisoffoele about yu kornes hive A inkelliaashun fore toe think frum wot hived eared yule bee throwed out off plaice if so and vule kum and pig we me hit sharnt kost yer a apney for nothink wile yer out and I des say i kan get yu into somethink as soon As i kan for becin out is onkommon heckspensyve a noboddy dont git fat at It speahly as thymes is werry rotten butt wy Dont yu Do me the onner off a korn hay kum there Ain't no maliss kum an letts ave a Drain toogetther As we yoused kornes yu hare a goodd sort an i never took yu fore nothink ellse so No more at present from yure Werry pertickeller frend joseph coggles."

The immediate effect of this generous and gentlemanly epistle was to throw the whole of Bob's mental faculties into a state of confusion. He read it again and again with a view to understand not only the words but the feelings by which they were prompted. It was the first formal letter he had ever received, and while it tended to raise him in his own estimation as a person of importance, it amazed him, for he had really entertained no suspicion of that which the venerable gentleman had intimated with so much distinctness. What could be the meaning of it? What had he done? He was sure that he had been particularly attentive of late. Besides, he had heard no complaint. Had any pernicious person succeeded in secretly subverting his fair reputation? Could it be possible?

As he sat in silent solitude upon half a truss of hay in the stall which invariably formed his studio, he weighed with the utmost nicety the bearings of each conjecture as it arose; but having been thus engaged for sometime, without being able to arrive at any really satisfactory conclusion, he started up with the full determination to ascertain what it meant from the lips of his venerable friend.

It is true, very true, that in saluting Joanna the venerable gentleman had annoyed him, and yet, on serious reflection, why should he feel annoyed? What was Joanna to him? She had been kind, she had been friendly, she had made suet dumplings exclusively for him, and had prepared hot suppers almost every night during his master's parliamentary career, which was certainly very affectionate; but then, had he ever proposed to Joanna? Had he ever even led her to believe that he wished to propose? Nay, had he that wish? Decidedly not! at least not that he knew of. Why then should he feel thus annoyed? He had no right to entertain any such feeling. He would be annoyed no longer! He made up his mind at once not to be annoyed, and having done so, he started off to have this deep mystery solved.

On reaching the General's stables, he beheld in one corner his venerable friend sitting studiously upon a basket duly turned upside down, with a pen in his right hand, and the forefinger of his left upon his temple, laboring to turn a bright conception into shape with an expression of the most intense thought. The very instant, however, he became conscious of Bob's presence, he relinquished his pen, and greeted him in his usual affectionate style, by striking a pugilistic attitude of a character extremely scientific and picturesque.

Having squared at each other with great ability for some considerable time, they simultaneously seized each other's hand, which they shook with remarkable fierceness and affection; and when these, and other equally indispensable preliminaries had been to their mutual satisfaction accomplished, the venerable gentleman broke silence by expressing with all his characteristic eloquence the unexampled gladness of his heart.

"But Bobby, my Briton," he added, "wot's the matter atween us? Friends vich is friends shoold never be on-friendly!"

"I'm not unfriendly!" said Bob.

"There you are! the hold business hover agin! the sum total 'mounts ony to a misanderstandin', and cert'ny misanderstandin's is the rummest things alive. Vy, wot d'yer think the hold General did the other day now? I'll tell yer: two friends of his'n had a sort of a misanderstandin' about nothink: they wos werry cold, and coodn't ha' told vy if the'd bin arst. Werry well, wot does he do but he goes to the basket, and picks out their cards, and then sends 'em to each other's houses, as if they wos sent by themselves! Wot wos the sconsquence? Vy they at once returned wot they both took to be the compliment boney fido, and as each flattered himself that the other had made the fast advances, and wos willin' for to meet him arf way, they met in course for all the world as if nothink had happened, and a reconciliation took place."

"Well, that was n't a bad move, mind yer," said Bob.

"It wos hexcellent, cos they on'y wanted for to be brought together to be all right agin. And that's the case with these misanderstandin's atween friends. But it's all reg'lar now atween us? Eh? Give us yer 'and! Let's go over to the tap, and say nothink more about it."

To the tap they accordingly went, and after touching slightly upon the state of the nation, and two or three important political points which were just then at issue, Bob, being impatient to have explained to him the various intimations contained in the venerable gentleman's epistle, produced that mysterious document, and having read it with due emphasis, begged to know what it all meant.

"Wot does it mean?" cried the venerable gentleman, elevating his eyebrows in a state of amazement. "Wot! ain't you then seed your old missus's coachman?"

"No," replied Bob, "not lately."

"Vell, but do you mean to say you do n't know there's a screw werry loose?"

"Have n't heard nothing of it."

"Vell, send I may live! Vy the 'stablishment's goin' to be broke up reg'lar!"

"You do n't mean that!"

"But I do, and nothink but! Coachman was 'ere last night as ever wos to explain the 'ole business, and the perticklers cert'ny looks werry queer. He's got vornin'; they've almost hall on 'em got vornin', and from wot I can learn, things is goin' hall to smash!"

"You do n't say so!" cried Bob, whose countenance developed the utmost astonishment. "You stagger me regular. I thought they had a mint."

"And so they had; but coachman tells me thish ere parleymentary business 'as kicked it all down."

"Ar, I thought they was going too fast."

"And so did I," rejoined the venerable gentleman; and it really is amazing how prone men in general are to anticipate things when they have actually taken place, and how fully their conjectures then are borne out by facts. "It struck me frequent," he continued, "that they never cood stand them air evey expenses. But I'm werry sorry for it; cos, from wot I 'ear, your master's got nothink but wot he 'as from the old lady; so if she goes, he must go with her."

"Safe!" returned Bob. "And it hurts my sentiments very acute, 'cause he is a trump, and there can't be two opinions about it. But what I look at most is missis, 'cause she is a regular good un, and I'd go to the bottom of the sea to serve her. What must her feelings be, mind you, eh? I do n't think she knows a bit about it as yet; but when she comes for to be told, eh? Safe to break her heart."

"I don't know," said the venerable gentleman. "Vimmin genelly bears these rewersees much better than men. And it likewise makes 'em more dewoted. I've seen it frequent. Ven all goes on prosperous, they've plenty of scope to make themselves onhappy about nothink, and feels themselves at liberty to pitch into their husbands, cos, as they do n't vont for nothink, they don't know wot they vont; but on'y let their husbands have a rewerse, and they 're at once all affection. Vot is it they vood n't do then if they cood! And if they can't get 'em over it, they 'll kiss 'em, and make it seem better than it is, and try to persuade 'em not to mind it, and get 'em to bear up against it like men. That's the p'int! Vimmin is rum swells to deal with."

"I agree with you there," rejoined Bob. "But I say! ain't your principles on this here particular p'int a little changed, eh? Did n't you used to tell me, that when things went wrong, they 'd pitch into you the more?"

"Ar," replied the venerable gentleman, whom the question had slightly confused, "that's ven they 're regular hout and hout wixens."

Bob shook his head. He perceived at a glance the inconsistency of his venerable friend, and being anxious to know the extent to which his opinions upon the matter had changed, he took occasion to intimate gently that he had an idea that the views which he had once entertained on the subject of matrimony were not precisely those which he entertained then.

"It strikes me forcible," he added, "that they 're, in p'int of fact, particularly different; 'cause I somehow or another have a sort of a notion that you and our cook is a managing of matters, do you know?"

At this moment the venerable gentleman blushed—ay, actually blushed!—but on recovering himself a trifle, he smiled, and said, "Vy, Bobby, vot makes you think so?"

"'Cause she's a continually sighing and talking about you, and looking arter the postman, and receiving of letters, which is writ in a fist werry similar to yours."

Again the venerable gentleman looked extremely red. He saw at once that, in sending a letter to Bob in an undisguised hand, he had not acted with his customary caution.

"You write a decent stick, though," continued Bob, playfully. "The 'i's is all dotted, and the hizzards is werry respectable."

"I see," said the venerable gentleman, shaking his head with great significance. "I see I've let the cat out of the bag. But it ain't of much odds, cos I do n't s'pose I'm puttin' your nose out of j'int?"

"Not a bit of it! Oh! it ain't no odds to me, you know. Only all I look at is this—she's a cook, you know, and cooks is all warrant, eh?—do n't you recollect?"

"And so they are," returned the venerable gentleman—"so they are, in the common course of natur"; but Joanna is one in fifty million! That's the p'int! I'll be bound to say you do n't find another sich a cook in a day's march!"

"She's a good un of the sort," observed Bob, cavalierly. "A good un! I believe yer. There's no mistake about her!"

"But however you come to be caught after all your experience, is a thing which gets quite over me. I can't at all understand it. A deader mystery I never come across."

"Vy, look ear," said the venerable gentleman, with a philosophic aspect. "Did you ever 'appen to see an unexperienced young gray-hound a-playing with a leveret, a-rolling of it over and over, and a-pawing it, and licking it, and not exactly knowin' vot to do with it?"

"Can't say I ever did."

"Did yer ever see a kitten a-playing with a mouse, a-purring and singing to it reg'lar, a-letting of it run, and springing arter it ag'in, vile the little onfort'nate wictim is arf dead with fright?"

"Yes, that I have seen."

"Werry well, then, wot do they play with 'em for? Ain't it cos they know nothink about 'em? Ain't it cos they never tasted the blood of them there animals, and do n't know wot it is? Vy, in course. But let 'em jist walk their teeth into one—let them have but one taste, and they 're always then a-hankerin' and yarnin' arter 'em wiolent. And that's the case with me. I never loved reg'lar afore: I never knowed wot it was to love; but now that I've tasted it, and knows wot it is, and finds it nat'ral to like it, I can't never be 'appy without the hobjer of that love, vich is her as I knows loves me. That's the p'int."

"Well," said Bob, "I hope she 'll turn out a regular good 'un."

"Safe to be a good un! Safe to be 'appy! She's the kindest and comfortabest creature in life. I never see her feller, and I've seed above a few on 'em in my time, you know. She's cert'n'y hout-an'-hout."

"Well, all I can say, you know, is, may she never be anything but. They do, mind you, sometimes turn out queer."

"But you do n't s'pose I've lived all these here 'ears for nothink! No, no, Bobby; hold birds ain't ketched with chaff. I shoob be blind if I cood n't tell wot a woman wos. I can see right clean through 'em in a hinstant. No—come, we ain't a-going to be done exactly arter all this 'ere experience, nayther!"

"Well, well," said Bob, "you ought to know a little about it."

"I flatter myself," returned his venerable friend, "I just do."

"Well, and when do you think about doing the trick?"

"Vy, that depends a little upon circumstantialia. If your 'establishment's broke up, yer know, as well as the old lady's, vy, it von't be vuth vile for her to take another place."

"No more it won't," observed Bob. "But do n't it strike you as very strange that I ain't heard nothink about it?"

"The most singularlest thing alive!" returned the venerable gentleman. "They ought at least to 'ave named it, if they did nothink helse."

"But do you know, now, I do n't think it 'll be so after all."

The venerable gentleman admitted that such a thought as that might be entertained, but strongly advised him, nevertheless, to prepare. He then repeated those generous offers which his gentlemanly letter contained; and when Bob had acknowledged in grateful terms the friendly feeling by which those offers were characterised, they pressed each other's hands, had another pot, and parted.

CHAP. XXXVII. . . . In which Stanley resolves to retrieve his fortunes.

Although the news of the reduction of the widow's establishment travelled fast from Bob's venerable friend to the General's cook, from the cook to the lady's maid, from the maid to Miss Johnson, and from that young lady to the General, both he and Captain Jolliffe, whom he subsequently told, deemed it a point of too much delicacy to justify any direct inquiry into the matter.

The first object of Stanley—when he found that all he had to depend upon was the estate, which yielded barely three hundred a year—was to conceal the altered state of affairs from Amelia; and when he had taken steps to accomplish this, at least for a time, he devoted all his energies with the view of retrieving their fortunes.

But then how was this to be done? Should he enter the army? No; that would not do. Should he endeavor to obtain some colonial appointment? He had not the slightest wish to leave England; and even if he had, where was his political influence? He thought of a hundred things by which his condition might be improved, but not one which was, under the circumstances, practicable.

At length Sir William—who had never allowed a syllable having reference to these embarrassments to escape him—became acquainted with a project by which he fondly hoped that Stanley might be involved in utter ruin. At that time several men of high connections—one of whom was by courtesy an Earl—having lost on various occasions immense sums at play, and being experienced and highly accomplished gamblers, conceived the idea of taking a house themselves, and putting down *sub rosa* a bank of their own. This they fancied would be a most profitable speculation; and as the aid of Sir William, by whom they were all perfectly well known, had been solicited, he held it to be an excellent opportunity of sinking the remnant of Stanley's fortune, by inducing him to join them.

He accordingly lost no time in communicating with Stanley on the subject, but took especial care to proceed with the utmost caution. At first he mentioned it as a mere matter of news; but when he found that Stanley caught at the project, he gradually entered into the most minute explanations, and made the success of the scheme appear certain.

"Well," said Stanley, when the matter had been explained, "why don't you join them?"

"Why, you see, I have at present so much on my hands, and the probability is that it would divert my attention from matters which require a deal of thought. Besides, you know, I'm not a very speculative man; and these things, to succeed, must be entered into boldly."

"Of course nothing but strict honor is intended?"

"Why, the character of those who are engaged in the scheme would alone, one would think, be a sufficient guarantee against dishonorable practices."

"Of course! But is it not singular that men of their character and standing in society should descend to enter into a speculation of the kind?"

"Why the descent of itself is not very tremendous. The difference between playing against a bank and playing with one—except in so far as the profits are concerned—is but slight. They would not, of course, like it to be generally known that they were engaged in a speculation of this sort; nor would they, in fact, like it to be generally known that they frequented houses of that description at all; but in the abstract it certainly is as honorable to put down the bank as it is to play against it."

"It merely struck me at the moment as being rather singular."

"And so it is. If it were usual, it would be thought nothing of."

"Well," said Stanley, "the idea is certainly novel. I should really like to join them."

"I should recommend you not."

"Why?" inquired Stanley.

"Merely because I think that it might occupy too much of your time. Besides, Thorn, when you play, it is solely for pleasure; now their sole object is profit. There is another thing: they have of late lost considerable sums of money, which they are resolved to regain, and it is more-over necessary that they should do so; but you are not in that position."

"Perhaps not," rejoined Stanley, whom the reason assigned urged on the mere. "But when we play, as you say, for pleasure, is not profit invariably the chief object we have in view? Are not the pleasures of play derived from winning, coupled with the hope of winning more? Are losses productive of pleasure?"

"It certainly is not very pleasurable to lose; but that is an altogether different thing. Here we have a direct and well-organized speculation, the object of the speculators being to regain a certain sum. That their object will be accomplished there can be but little doubt; but then look at the anxiety!—what can repay them for that?"

"The attainment of their object alone! Now it appears to me to be the very kind of speculation into which I should like to enter."

"Well—but what which I look at is the necessity which exists in their case, and not in yours. Of course I'll introduce you with pleasure, and I am sure that they would like you to join them exceedingly; but if you do, you must expect to be annoyed—at least I know that the constant settlements, the division of the profits, and all that sort of thing, would annoy me."

"Very likely. But I have not, you know, so much to attend to as you have, which makes all the difference. When shall I see them?"

"Oh! we'll go when you please—this evening, if you like; [but I should advise you before we go to think the matter over.]"

"Yes; that of course I'll do. Well, shall we say this evening?"

"Oh yes! I'll call for you at what hour?"

"You may as well dine with me, and then we can start from here direct."

"Very well; be it so. I have a few little matters to attend to this morning, and while I am about them you can be turning the thing over in your mind; but still, if I were you, I should say it would be scarcely worth my while to trouble my head about it. However, it is for you to decide. We shall again see each other at seven."

Sir William then left, and as he entered his cab—"Every man," thought Stanley, "knows his own business best. He has no idea of my real position. His advice, therefore, goes for nothing. He still thinks that I am wealthy. He has not the slightest notion that my necessities are as great as the necessities of those whom I shall join. It is hence that he conceives that I shall deem the constant division of the profits an annoyance!"

Stanley smiled at this idea, and then proceeded to calculate what the profits of such a speculation were likely to be; and while he was thus engaged—with the gain of tens of thousands floating upon the current of his rich imagination—Sir William, who was by no means so ignorant of the matter as Stanley supposed, was conversing with the projectors of the scheme, and representing Stanley as being a young fellow who had brilliant expectations, and who would be an unquestionable acquisition, if they could but secure him.

"But is he likely to be caught?" inquired the noble Earl. "Will he come in?"

"That I must leave entirely to you. He is to be managed."

"Has he much stuff in hand?"

"Why, it matters but little, you know, whether he has or not."

"His paper is good, of course?" interposed 'Captain' Filcher, who had engaged to be the nominal proprietor of the concern.

"Safe as the bank," replied Sir William.

"Then of course," rejoined Filcher, "it's regular."

And so it was in his view, and also in that of the noble Earl, who expressed an anxiety to see Stanley, and begged of Sir William to bring him that evening, in order that he might at once be fixed, which Sir William promptly promised to do; and they parted.

During dinner, although no word was spoken on the subject which Amelia could understand, Sir William perceived that Stanley's views were unaltered. He was therefore in high spirits, and conversed with unusual animation, and studiously applauded every sentiment which Amelia advanced. His marked attention to her would, in the mind of a stranger, have excited suspicion; but his freedom of manner and of speech had been so cautiously, so gradually assumed, that its progress had been to them imperceptible.

"I wish your mamma were here, Stanley," said Amelia, on the table being cleared.

"Yes," replied Stanley, "she would have been company for you while we are absent."

"Then are you naughty people going to leave me?"

"Business, my love, business. I shall not be late."

"Oh! I anticipated quite a delightful evening."

"For my part, said the wily baronet, looking at Stanley, 'I think we had better remain where we are.'"

"There's a good creature!" cried Amelia. You ought to be recognised generally as the champion of the ladies. Is it of importance, dear Stanley?"

"It is, my love. I must go; but I shall return very early."

"Well, do not let me interfere with business. But how long shall I give you? Shall I say twelve o'clock?"

"Do not name any time, because I like to be punctual; and if we say twelve o'clock, I may stop till that time, when otherwise I might be home earlier."

"Very well; but return as soon as you can—there's a dear."

"You really are an admirable wife," said Sir William, to whom the gentle affection displayed by Amelia was wormwood.

"Now you are pleased to flatter," she returned, with a smile.

"No, upon my honor."

"Well, I appreciate your good opinion," rejoined Amelia, gaily. "Stanley ought in due form to acknowledge the compliment, seeing that he has made me what I am. We must ascribe all the merit to him. Admirable husbands make admirable wives—is it not so?"

"It is amiable on the part of those admirable wives to think so."

"Nay, but is it not so in reality?"

"The belief, I fear, is not universally entertained."

"I should say not," interposed Stanley. "The most brutal husbands have the most gentle wives; and as you see in my case, the more mild and affectionate a man is, the more advantage his wife takes of that mildness and affection, the more she will tyrannise over him, and make him feel her power."

Amelia smiled, and was about to concede that with the thoughtless and the vulgar it sometimes happened that both husbands and wives took advantage of amiability and devotion; but as Stanley at the moment gave the signal, they rose; and, on taking leave, Sir William pressed the hand of Amelia with so much warmth, that although she attributed it to nothing but the purest friendship, she felt an almost involuntary inclination to withdraw it. The effect, however, was but instantaneous; she bade him adieu with her wonted smile, and then embraced her Stanley with the fondest affection.

Having entered the cab, Stanley, being impatient, started off with so much swiftness, that Bob—who had anticipated nothing of the sort, and who had to run like lightning for five hundred yards before he could catch the cab to get up behind—very naturally conceived that there was something additional amiss.



"Another blessed screw loose!" said he, very privately, to himself. "I'm glad he's got somebody with him; although, as it is, I must mind what I'm at. In this here ticklish state of transactions, masters ain't very particular about gratitude; and there's something a little extra o'clock to-night, I know!"

The expediency of looking out with an eagle's eye having thus appeared clear to his view, he leaped from behind with such amazing alacrity when Stanley pulled up, that he was at the head of the horse in an instant.

"Another blessed four o'clock business," said he, muttering with great caution, as Stanley and Sir William entered a brilliantly illuminated club-house. "When every individual winder's in a blaze they pinto to four of half-past, safe! Won't you stand still?" he added, aloud, addressing his horse, "or am I to go for to make you? Don't you think I've enough to put up with? Ain't it ten times worse than listing for a soger? As true as I'm alive masters now-a-days aint got no bowels for servants at all!"

Whereupon he stepped leisurely into the cab, and having driven a short distance from the door, he adjusted himself snugly in the off corner of the vehicle, with the view of having a few hours soft repose.

On entering one of the private rooms of the club, Stanley was formally presented to the noble Earl, Captain Filcher, and two other dashing persons, who appeared to be highly pleased to see him. They had evidently been entering into certain calculations having reference to the scheme, the result of which had put them in great spirits; but no allusion whatever was made to the project for some considerable time.

At length, having freely conversed on the various topics of the day and become thereby better acquainted with each other, the noble Earl opened the subject of the speculation, the success of which he described as being perfectly certain; and having dwelt upon the brilliant character of the anticipated profits, and proved in theory all that it was necessary to prove, Stanley became so satisfied that he entered at once into his views, and expressed himself anxious to join them.

The noble Earl of course explained how happy he should be to have him as a partner in the speculation, and as his title, independently of his gentlemanlike bearing, had great weight with Stanley, he felt highly honored.

"And what will it be necessary for us to put down?" he inquired.

"Why, according to our calculation," replied the noble Earl, "a capital of ten thousand will in all probability realize a hundred thousand pounds in three months. But we need not put it all down at once. Let me see; there are five of us. Of course we must expect to lose a trifle at first—it will in fact be expedient to do so. Now, I think that if we each of us put down five hundred to begin with, it will do; but, of course, it will be well, in order to make all sure, for each to be prepared with two thousand."

This proposition was made to all concerned, and agreed to, and when the agreement had been drawn up and signed, they set aside all business, made an appointment to meet the next morning at the house which Captain Filcher had partly engaged, and spent a jovial evening together.

On the following morning they accordingly met, and were all much pleased with the house; and as Filcher had had some experience in fitting up 'clubs,' he undertook to prepare it with all possible expedition. But Stanley was in *timine* puzzled. How was he to raise his share of the sum required? He could no longer draw money of the widow. Should he mortgage his estate? As this appeared to be the only way in which it could be managed, he resolved at once to do it; but as on the day in which this resolution was formed he happened to call at the club, to see what progress had been made, and found Filcher alone, his views on the subject were changed.

Filcher, who had received certain hints from Sir William, regarded this call as auspicious. He was therefore unusually anxious to win Stanley's confidence, and after showing him the furniture he had hired, and the tables he had purchased, and explaining certain mysteries of play, he got him over a bottle of wine, and became excessively communicative and friendly.

"I do n't know, of course, how you are situated," said he, when he fancied that Stanley had been sufficiently warned, "but men who may have the power to command a mint of money are not at all times flush. I merely allude to this in order to intimate that if you should at any time happen to be short, I have already so much confidence in you—and one can always tell pretty well what a man is—that I shall be happy to lend you my acceptance. But, mind, this is strictly between ourselves. I do not wish it to go farther, because in the present state of the world there are few men indeed whom I would do it for on any account; but for you I should be proud to do it, if such a thing should ever be required, to the extent of a thousand or so."

"Well," said Stanley, who was struck with the friendly feeling displayed by Captain Filcher, "I certainly feel flattered; and it strangely enough happens that I was just about to raise a sum of money by way of mortgage."

"Bills are much more convenient. They save a world of trouble. They have but to be drawn to command the sum required, and when at maturity the thing is at an end. What sum do you want to raise?"

"I thought of two thousand."

"Well!—I shall be happy to lend you my acceptance for that amount."

"But what security shall I give?"

"Your honor, Mr. Thorn, will be a sufficient security for me."

"But I think that every man ought to have some more tangible security than that."

"Oh, nonsense!—not among friends!"

"I should feel more satisfied."

"Well, if that be the case, give me your acceptance for the same amount. I positively refuse to take any other security from you."

This was kind, very kind, on the part of Captain Filcher. Stanley at least strongly felt it to be so, and inquired when the bills should be drawn.

"When you please," returned the Captain. "It may as well be done now as at any other time. Let me see—in- stead of having one bill for two thousand, you had better have four, you know, for five hundred each. You will find them more negotiable."

"I must be guided by you," observed Stanley, who at the same moment drew out his purse. "Can we send for the stamps?"

"By the by," cried the Captain, drawing for this pocket-book, "it strikes me I've a lot of stamps here!" And it singularly enough did happen that he found just eight of the very stamps required.

"Well," said he, "this is extraordinary! I knew that I had some, but I had no idea of what they were. They will save us the trouble of sending out for them at all events."

Stanley agreed with him perfectly in this, and offered to pay for them; but the Captain refused to receive a single shilling. "No," said he, "I am not a dealer in stamps. They are of no use whatever to me, and may as well be filled up for this purpose as not."

The bills were then drawn at two months. At the suggestion of the Captain, the dates were slightly varied. He drew four, and four were drawn by Stanley; and when each had accepted those which the other had drawn, they exchanged acceptances as a mere matter of mutual security.

"Have you any channel open?" inquired the Captain, when the exchange had been made. "I mean," he added, perceiving that he was not understood, "do you know any one who will discount those bills?"

"Upon my honor, I do not. I never had occasion to draw one before. But I suppose there will be no difficulty at all about that?"

"Oh! not the least in life." I'll undertake to get them cashed for you at once."

"I do n't like to trouble you," said Stanley; "but at the same time I really wish you would."

"My dear fellow, do n't name the trouble!" cried the Captain. "I'll do it with infinite pleasure. You shall have the cheque in the morning."

Whereupon Stanley returned him his own acceptances for the purpose of discount, and having warmly acknowledged this additional obligation, left him in possession of the whole of the bills.

The next morning he called for the promised cheque, and found the Captain excessively busy with the workmen, who were engaged, under his superintendence, in decorating the principal drawing-room, apparently for some immediate purpose.

"My dear fellow," said he, as Stanley entered, "these things cannot possibly be done until to-morrow."

"That will do quite as well," replied Stanley.

"I thought that it would make no difference to you?"

"Oh dear me, no, not the slightest. But what room is this intended for? You appear to have been very expeditious in fitting it up."

The captain smiled, and drew Stanley aside. "You have heard nothing of it, then?" said he, *scotto voce*. "This room is being adorned to give *éclat* to a private marriage. It will take place this evening by special licence. Will you join us?—it will be delicious sport."

"But who are the parties?"

"I am bound not to tell that; but you know the bridegroom. Say you will be here. It will come off precisely at eight."

"But will my presence be agreeable to those most concerned?"

"Agreeable! My dear fellow, they will all be delighted. You positively must be here!"

"Well," returned Stanley, "in that case I'll come. But I shall like to know who the parties are."

"All in good time, my dear fellow," cried the captain. "But the thing must positively be kept a profound secret until the job's done."

"Oh ho! I comprehend!" said Stanley. "Papa is in the way."

"Out, my boy!—for once in your life out! There's no papa in the case; and what is more, my dear fellow, mamma will be here! At half-past seven, recollect, you will have the felicity of being presented to her and the beautiful bride. You will not, therefore, on any account fail?"

"I will not. But do n't let me interrupt you another moment. For the present adieu."

"Adieu, my dear fellow! Remember the time! When you know all, my boy, you'll say it's delicious!"

"This is strange!" thought Stanley, on leaving the house. "And I know the bridegroom! Who on earth can it be? Can it be Wormwell? Very likely; and yet he surely would have named it to me at least! Well, it is useless to conjecture."

And so in reality it was; but his imagination teemed with conjectures nevertheless. There was a mystery in the matter, by which his curiosity had been strongly excited, and that excitement continued throughout the morning un- subdued.

He was, therefore, as a matter of course, punctual; indeed he was there somewhat before the appointed time, and found the bridegroom to be his new friend the noble earl, who presented him at once to the bride.

Well, as far as the bridegroom was concerned, of course the mystery was solved; but in his view there was something mysterious still. The bride!—true, she was rather a beautiful girl, but she was evidently not a lady, while her mamma—Stanley could n't understand it! He tried to converse with the bride; but "Yes, sir,"—"No, sir," and "Very, sir," appeared to be about the only original sentences she had the ability to utter. Her mamma, however, made up for all, by announcing it loudly to be her settled conviction that special licences were far more respectable than banns.

"Why, I say," cried the captain, when the hour had arrived, "where's the *reverend* swell? Time's up!"

"Oh, he'll be here shortly," returned the noble earl.

"He is safe to come, I suppose?"

At this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and almost immediately afterward he, by whom the ceremony had to be performed, walked solemnly into the room. As he entered, he bowed profoundly to all around; and as the bridegroom promptly asked him to take a glass of wine, he as promptly filled a bumper, and winked at the bridegroom, which Stanley conceived to be particularly odd. He remained, however, silent; they clearly understood it, although he did not: and the ceremony, without the smallest loss of time, commenced.

"Dear! beloved," said the reverend gentleman, "we are gathered together here for the purpose of joining this

man and this woman. Wilt thou have this woman? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, and keep her?"

The noble earl answered, "I will."

"Wilt thou have this man? Wilt thou obey him, love, honor, and serve him?"

The bride tremblingly faltered out, "I will."

"Who giveth this woman to this man?"

The captain took the hand of the bride, and gave it to the reverend gentleman, and when he had transferred it to the noble earl, the ring was put on, and the ceremony ended.

Stanley stood amazed, and the bride's mamma observed that the ceremony, she fancied, was rather short, but suggested that it was in all probability unfashionable to have it longer when performed by special licence. She was therefore quite satisfied; and having taken just sufficient champagne to cause her to be content with almost any thing, she began to extol with surpassing volubility the prominent virtues of "my daughter the countess, and my dear son-in-law the noble earl."

The captain then called for a bumper, and all charged.

"I give you," said he, "a health to the bride and bridegroom! I propose it thus early, because I know that as they have to travel some distance to-night, we shall soon be deprived of their charming society. The health of the bride and bridegroom!—the bridegroom and the bride!"

The toast was duly honored, and the noble earl in an eloquent speech returned thanks; shortly after which he, his trembling bride, and her delighted mamma, took leave, and started in a carriage and four.

The very moment they had left, the reverend gentleman threw aside his surplice amidst loud roars of laughter.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Stanley, of the captain.

"What! do n't you understand it?"

"Upon my honor, I do not."

"Then it's no longer surprising that the old woman was deceived. Do n't you think it was done admirably, considering our parson is not in orders?"

"You do not mean to say that this has been a mock marriage?"

"Why, of course! It was the only way in which that girl could be had! Mild and gentle as she appears, he has been trying in vain to seduce her in the regular way for the last six months."

Stanley was so indignant on receiving this intelligence, so incensed at being thus made a party to a proceeding so vile, that he rose on the instant, and quitted the house with a feeling of ineffable disgust.

## A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry! or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn, desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice social dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose the young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this house-keeping eats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths; have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven, and Lucy and Sarah and Jane and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buckwheat-cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor—no dawning intellects, whose development he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, has n't that woman got back from the market yet?

I feel remarkably hungry. I do n't mind the boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in late at night,

his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke.

Heigho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the daytime, when I am out of the way. Then again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was, on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock, and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal, Tom, has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and trouble do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away: nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

The worshipful Company of Squirt-makers elected him a member; and on a vacancy suddenly occurring in the ward to which he belonged, he was made a common-councilman. Mr. Tag-rag soon made a great stir as a champion of civil and religious liberty. As for church and county rates, in particular, he demonstrated the gross injustice which is done one who had no personal occasion for the use of a church, of a county bridge, a county jail, or a lunatic asylum, to be called upon to contribute to the support of them. A few speeches in this strain attracted so much attention to him, that several leading men in the ward (a very "liberal" one) intimated to him that he stood the best chance of succeeding to the honor of alderman on the next vacancy; and when he and Mrs. Tag-rag were alone together, he would start the subject of the expenses of the mayoralty with no little anxiety. He went to the chapel no longer on foot, but in a stylish sort of covered gig, with a kind of coal-scuttle shaped box, screwed on behind, into which was squeezed his footboy, (who, by the way, had a thin stripe of crimson let into each leg of his trousers, on Mr. Tag-rag's appointment to an office under the crown;) he was also a trifle later in arriving at the chapel than he had been accustomed to be. He had a crimson velvet cushion running along the front of his pew, and the bibles and hymn-books very smartly gilded. He was presently advanced to the honored post of Chief Deacon; and on one occasion, in the unexpected absence of the central luminary of the system, was asked to occupy the chair at a "great meeting" for the *Prevention of Civil and Religious Discord*; when he took the opportunity of declaring his opinion, which was enthusiastically cheered, that the principles of free trade ought to be applied to religion; and that the voluntary system was that which was designed by God, to secure the free blessings of competition. As for Satan Lodge, he stuck two little wings to it; and had one of the portraits of Titmouse (as Tippiwink) hung over his drawing room mantelpiece, splendidly framed and glazed.

Some little time after Tag-rag had obtained the Royal appointment, which I have been so particular in recording, Gammon, happening to be passing his shop, stepped in, and observing Mr. Tag-rag, very cordially greeted him; and then, as if it had been a thought of the moment only, without taking him from the shop, intimated that he had been westward, engaged in completing the formal details of a re-arrangement of the greater portion of Mr. Titmouse's estates, upon which that gentleman had recently determined, and the sight of Mr. Tag-rag's establishment had suggested to Mr. Gammon, that possibly Mr. Tag-rag would feel gratified at being made a formal party to the transaction; as Mr. Gammon was sure that Mr. Titmouse would feel delighted at having associated with the Earl of Dreddlington, and one or two other persons of distinction, in the meditated arrangement, the name of so early and sincere a friend as Mr. Tag-rag: "one who, moreover"—here Gammon paused, and gave a smile of inexpressible significance, "but it was not for him to hint his suspicions."

"Sir—I—I—will you come into my room?" interrupted Tag-rag, rather eagerly, anxious to have a more definite indication of Mr. Gammon's opinion; but that gentleman, looking at his watch, pleaded want of time, and suddenly shaking Mr. Tag-rag by the hand, moved toward the door.

"You were talking of signing, sir. Is it with you? I'll sign any thing!—any thing for Mr. Titmouse; only too proud—it's an honor to be in any way connected with him!" Gammon, on hearing this, felt in his pockets, as if he supposed that he should find there what he perfectly well knew had been lying ready, cut and dried, in his safe at Saffron Hill for months.

"I find I hav' n't got the little document with me," said he, carelessly; "I suppose it's lying about with other loose papers at the office, or I may have left it at the earl's"—[if Gammon meant here to allude to the Earl of

Dreddlington, I think it only fair to say that he had never been, for one instant in his life, in that great man's presence.]

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Gammon," said Tag-rag, considering. "Your office is at Saffron Hill? Well, I shall be passing your way to-morrow, about noon, and will look in and do all you wish."

"Could you arrange to meet the earl there?—or, as his lordship's movements are—ah, ha!—not very?"

"Should be most proud to meet his lordship, sir, to express my personal gratitude!"

"Oh, the earl never likes to be reminded, Mr. Tag-rag, of any little courtesy or kindness he may have conferred! But if you will be with us about twelve, we can wait a little while; and if his lordship should not be punctual, we must even let you sign first, ah, ha!—and explain it to his lordship on his arrival, for I know your time's very precious, Mr. Tag-rag! Gracious! Mr. Tag-rag, what a constant stream of customers you have! I heard it said the other day, that you were rapidly absorbing all the leading business in your line in Oxford street."

"You're very polite, Mr. Gammon! Certainly I've no reason to complain. I always keep the best of every thing, and sell at the lowest prices, and spare no pains to please; and it's hard if!"

"How do you do?" quoth Gammon, suddenly starting, and bowing to some one the other side of the way, whom he did not see. "Well, good-day, Mr. Tag-rag—good-day! To-morrow at twelve, by the way?"

"I'm yours to command, Mr. Gammon," replied Tag-rag; and so they parted. Just about twelve o'clock the next day, the latter, in a great bustle, saying he had fifty places to call at in the city, made his appearance at Saffron Hill.

"His lordship a'n't here, I suppose?" quoth he, after shaking hands with Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon. The latter gentleman pulled out his watch, and, shrugging his shoulders, said with a smile, "No—we'll give him half-an-hour's grace."

"Half-an-hour, my dear sir!" exclaimed Tag-rag, "I could n't stay so long if there were half-a-dozen lords coming. I am a man of business, he is n't; first come first served, you know, eh? All fair that!" There were a good many recently engrossed parchments and writings scattered over the table, and from among them Gammon, after tossing them about for some time, at length drew out a sheet of foolscap. It was stamped, and there was writing upon the first and second pages.

"Now, gentlemen, quick 's the word—time's precious!" said Tag-rag, taking up a pen and dipping it into the inkstand. Gammon, with an unconcerned air, placed before him the document he had been looking for. "Ah, how well I know the signature! That flourish of his—a sort of boldness about it, a'n't there?" said Tag-rag, observing the signature of Titmouse immediately above the spot on which he was going to place his own; there being written in pencil underneath, the word "Dreddlington," evidently for the intended signature of the earl. "I'm between two good ones at any rate, eh?" said Tag-rag. Gammon or Quirk said something about a "term to attend the inheritance"—"trustee of an outstanding term"—"legal estate vested in the trustees"—"too great power to be put into the hands of any but those of the highest honor."

"Stay!" quoth Gammon, ringing his little handbell; "nothing like regularity, even in trifles." He was answered by one of the clerks, a very dashing person—"We only wish you to witness a signature," said Gammon. "Now, we shall release you, Mr. Tag-rag, in a moment. Say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed'—putting your finger on the little wafer there."

So said and so did Mr. Tag-rag as he had been directed; the clerk wrote his name under the witnessing clause, "Abominable Aminadab;" and from that moment Mr. Tag-rag had unconsciously acquired an interest in the future stability of Mr. Titmouse's fortunes, to the extent of some TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

"Now, gentlemen, you'll make my compliments to his lordship, and if he asks how I came to sign before him, explain the hurry I was in. Time and tide wait for no man. Good morning, gentlemen; good morning; best regards to our friend, Mr. Titmouse." Gammon attended him to the door, cordially shaking him by the hand, and presently returned to the room he had just quitted, where he found Mr. Quirk holding in his hand the document just signed by Tag-rag; which was, in fact, a joint and several bond, conditioned in a penalty of forty thousand pounds, for due repayment, by Titmouse, of twenty thousand pounds and interest, about to be advanced to him on mortgage of a portion of the Yatton property. Gammon, sitting down, gently took the instrument from Mr. Quirk, and with a bit of India rubber calmly effaced the pencilled signature of Dreddlington.

"You're a d—d clever fellow, Gammon!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, presently, with a sort of sigh. Gammon made no reply. His face was slightly pale, and wore an anxious expression. "It will do now," continued Mr. Quirk, rubbing his hands, and with a gleeful expression of countenance.

"That remains to be seen," replied Gammon, in a low tone.

"Eh? What? Does any thing occur—eh? By Jove, no screw loose, I hope?"

"No; but we're in *very deep water* now, Mr. Quirk."

"Well—Devil only cares, so long as you keep a sharp look-out, Gammon. I'll trust the helm to you."

As Gammon did not seem in a talkative mood, Quirk shortly afterward left him.

Now, though Mr. Tag-rag is no favorite of mine, I begin to feel a good deal of anxiety on his behalf. I wish he had not been in so vast a "hurry," in a matter which required such grave deliberation, as "signing, sealing, and delivering." When a man is called on to go through so serious a ceremony, it would be well if he could be apprised of the significance of the formula—"I deliver this as my act and deed." Thus hath expressed himself, upon this point, a great authority in the law, old Master Plowden. "T is a passage somewhat quaint in form, but not the less forcible and important in substance."

"Words are oft spoken unadvisedly, and pass from men lightly and inconsiderately; but, where the agreement is by deed, there is more time for deliberation; for when a

man passes a thing by deed, first, there is the determination of the mind to do it, and upon that he causes it to be written, which is one part of deliberation; and, afterward, he puts his seal to it, which is another part of deliberation; and, lastly, he delivers the writing as his deed, which is the consummation of his resolution. So that there is great deliberation used in the making of deeds, for which reason they are received as a *ten*, final to the party, and are adjudged to bind the party, without examining upon what cause or consideration they were made."

Possibly some one now reading these pages hath had most dismal experience in the matter above-mentioned; and I hope that such dismal experience, a due reflection will avert from many a reader. As for Tag-rag, it may turn out that our fears for him are groundless: nevertheless, one hates to see men do important things in a hurry:—and, as we shall not see him again for some time, there can be no harm in wishing him well out of what he has done.

"If 't were done when 't is done—"

"Then 't were well 't were done quickly."

and not otherwise.

The London season was now advancing toward its close. Fine ladies were getting sated and exhausted with operas, concerts, balls, routs, soirées, assemblies, bazaars, fêtes, and the Park. Their lords were getting tired of their clubs during the day, and hurried dinners, late hours, foul air, long speeches, at the two Houses; where, however they might doze away the time, they could seldom get the luxury of a downright nap for more than an hour or two together—always waking, and fancying themselves in the tower of Babel, and that it was on fire, so strange and startling were the lights and the hubbub! The very whippers-in were looking jaded and done—like a Smithfield drover's dog on a Monday night, that at length can neither bark nor bite in return for a kick or a blow; and, hoarse and wearied, falls asleep on his way home—a regular somnambulist. Where the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia were to pass their autumn, was a question which they were beginning to discuss rather anxiously. Any one glancing over their flourishing list of residences in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which were paraded in the Peerages and Court Guides, would have supposed that they had an ample choice before them: but the reader of this history knows better. The mortifying explanation—mortifying to the poor Earl—having been once given by me, I shall not again do so. Suffice it to say that Poppleton Hall, Hertfordshire, had its disadvantages; there they must keep a full establishment, and receive county company and other visitors—owing, as they did, much hospitality. "T was expensive work, also, at the watering-places; and expensive and also troublesome to go abroad at the Earl's advanced period of life."

Pensively ruminating on these matters one evening, they were interrupted by a servant bringing in a note, which proved to be from Titmouse—inviting them, in terms of profound courtesy and great cordiality, to honor Yatton, by making a stay there during as great a portion of the autumn as they could not better occupy. Mr. Titmouse frankly added, that he could not avoid acknowledging some little degree of selfishness in giving the invitation—namely, in expressing a hope that the Earl's presence would afford him, if so disposed, an opportunity of introducing him—Titmouse—to any of the leading members of the county who might be honored by the Earl's acquaintance; that, situated as Titmouse was, he felt an increasing anxiety on that point. He added, that he trusted the Earl and Lady Cecilia would consider Yatton, while they were there, as in all respects their own residence, and that he, Titmouse, would spare no exertion to render their stay as agreeable as possible. The humble appeal of Titmouse prevailed with his great kinsman, who, on the next day, sent him a letter, saying that his lordship fully recognised the claim which Mr. Titmouse had upon him as the head of the family, and that his lordship should feel very glad in availing himself of the opportunity which offered itself, of placing Mr. Titmouse on a proper footing of intercourse with the people of the county. That, for this purpose, his lordship should decline any invitations they might receive to pass their autumn elsewhere, &c. &c. In plain English, they jumped at the invitation.

It had emanated originally from Gammon, who, from motives of his own, had suggested it to Titmouse, bade him act upon it, and drew up the letter conveying it. I say, from motives of his own, Gammon was bent upon becoming personally acquainted with the Earl, and fixing himself, if possible, thoroughly in his lordship's confidence. He had contrived to ascertain from Titmouse, without that gentleman's being, however, aware of it, that the few occasions on which his (Gammon's) name had been mentioned by the Earl, it had been accompanied by slighting expressions—by indications of dislike and suspicion. Give him, however, thought he, but the opportunity, and he could very soon change the nature of the Earl's feelings toward him. As soon, therefore, as the Earl's acceptance of the invitation had been communicated to Gammon, he resolved to be one of the guests at Yatton during the time of the Earl's stay—a step, into the propriety of which he easily brought Mr. Quirk to enter, but which he did not, for the present, communicate to Titmouse, lest he should, by prematurely disclosing it to the Earl, raise any obstacle, arising out of an objection on the part of his lordship, who, if he but found Gammon actually there, must submit to the infliction with what grace he might. In due time it was notified on the part of the Earl, by his man of business, to Mr. Titmouse, (who had gone down to Yatton,) through his man of business, that the Earl, and a formidable portion of his establishment, would make their appearance at Yatton by a named day. The Earl had chosen to extend the invitation to Miss Macspleuchan, and also to as many attendants as he thought fit to take with him, instead of letting them consume their board-wages in entire idleness in town or at Poppleton. Heavens! what accommodation was required, for the Earl, for the Lady Cecilia, each of their personal attendants, Miss Macspleuchan, and five servants! Then there were two other guests invited, in order to form company and amusement for the Earl—the Marquis of Ganta-Jaunes de Millefeurs, and Mr. Tuft. Accommodation must be had for these; and to secure it, Mr. Titmouse and Mr. Gammon were driven almost to the extremities of the house. Four servants, in a sort of baggage-wagon, preceded the arrival of the Earl and Lady Cecilia by a day or

\* Plowden's Commentaries, 306, a. (Sharrington v. Stratton.)



two, in order to "arrange every thing;" and somehow or another, one of the first things that was done with this view, was to install his lordship's chief servants in the quarters of Mr. Titmouse's servants, who, it was suggested, should endeavor to make themselves as comfortable as they could in some little unfurnished rooms over the stables! And, in a word, before Mr. Titmouse's grand guests had been at the Hall four-and-twenty hours, there was established these the same freezing state and solemn ceremony which prevailed in the Earl's establishment. Down came at length, thundering through the village, the Earl's dusty travelling-carriage and four; himself, Lady Cecilia, and Miss Macspleuchan, within, his valet and Lady Cecilia's maid behind; presently it wound round the park road, crashing and flashing through the gravel, and rattling under the old gateway, and at length stood before the Hall door—the reeking horses pulled up with a sudden jerk, which almost threw them all upon their haunches. Mr. Titmouse was in readiness to receive his distinguished visitors; the carriage-door was opened—down went the steps—and in a few moments' time the proud old Earl of Dreddlington and his proud daughter, having entered the Hall, had become the guests of its flustered and ambitious little proprietor. While all the guests are occupied in their dressing-rooms, recovering themselves from the cramp and fatigue of a long journey, and are preparing to make their appearance at dinner, let me take the opportunity to give you a sketch of the only one of the guests to whom you are at present a stranger: I mean Mr. Tuft—Mr. VENOM TUFT.

Of hith an inexperienced mushroom-hunter, deceived at a distance, run up to gather what seemed to be a fine cluster of mushrooms, growing under the shade of a stately tree, but which, on stooping down to gather them, he discovers with disappointment and disgust to be no mushrooms at all, but vile, unwholesome—even poisonous fungi, which, to prevent their similarly deluding others, he kicks up and crushes under foot. And is not this a type of what often happens in society? Under the "cold shade of aristocracy," how often is to be met with—the sycophant?—Mr. Venom Tuft was one of them. His character was written in his face. Disagreeable to look at—though he thought far otherwise—he yet contrived to make himself pleasant to be listened to, by the languid and enervated fashionable. He spoke ever—

"In a leady's key,  
With bathed breath and whispering humbleness."

His person was at once effeminate and coarse; his gesture and address were cringing: there was an intolerable calmness and gentleness about them at all times, but especially while laboring in his vocation. He had the art of administering delicate and appropriate flattery by a look only, deferential and insinuating—as well as by words. He had always at command a copious store of gossip, highly seasoned with scandal; which he collected and prepared with industry and judgement. Clever toadies are generally bitter ones. With sense enough to perceive, but not spirit enough to abandon their odious propensities, they are aware of the ignominious spectacle they exhibit before the eyes of men of the least degree of independence and discernment, and whose open contempt they have not power or manliness enough to resent. Then their smothered rage takes an inward turn; it tends to, and centres in the tongue, from which it falls in drops of scalding virus; and thus it is, that the functions of sycophant and slanderer are so often found united in the same miserable individual. Does a sycophant fancy that his patron—if one may use such a term—is not aware of his character and position? Would that he could but hear himself spoken of by those to whom he has last been *cottoning*! If he could but for one moment "see himself as others see him"—surely he would instantly wriggle out of the sight of man! But Mr. Tuft was not an everyday toady. Being a clever man, it occurred to him as calculated infinitely to enhance the value of his attentions, if he could get them to be regarded as those of a man of some ability and reputation. So reasonable a wish, as thus to rise to eminence in the calling in life to which he had devoted himself—viz. toadyism—stimulated him to considerable exertion, which was in time rewarded by a measure of success; for he began to be looked on as *something* of a literary man. Then he would spend his mornings in reading up, in those quarters whence he might cull materials for display in society at a later period of the day, when he could watch his opportunity, or, if none presented itself, make one, by diverting the current of conversation into the channel on which was the gay and varied bordering of his recent acquisitions. All his knowledge was of this gossiping *pro hac vice* character. He was very skilful in administering his flattery. Did he dine with his Grace, or his Lordship, whose speech in the House appeared in that or the preceding day's newspapers? Mr. Tuft got it up carefully, and also the speech in answer to it, with a double view—to show himself at home in the question; and then to differ a little with his Grace or his Lordship, in order to be presently set right by them, and convinced by them! Or when conversation turned upon the topics which had, overnight, called up his Grace or his Lordship on his legs, Mr. Tuft would break in by observing that such and such a point had been "put in the debate with admirable point and force by *some one* of the speakers—he did not recollect whom;" and on being apprised, and receiving a courteous bow from the great man entitled to the undesigned compliment, look so surprised—almost, indeed, piqued! Carefully, however, as he managed matters, he was soon found out by men, and compelled to betake himself, with tenfold ardor, to the women, with whom he lasted a little longer. They considered him a great literary man; for he could quote and criticize a great deal of poetry, and a good many novels. He could show that what everybody else admired was full of faults; what all condemned was admirable: so that the fair creatures were forced to distrust their own judgement in proportion as they deferred to him. He would allow no one to be entitled to the praise of literary excellence except individuals of rank, and one or two men of established literary reputation, who had not thought it worth their while to repel his obsequious advances, or convenient not to do so. Then he would polish the poetry of fine ladies, touch up their little tales, and secure their insertion in fashionable periodicals. On these accounts, and of his piquant little-tattle, no soirée or conversation was complete without him, any more than without tea, coffee, ice, or lemonade. All toadies hate

one another; but his brethren both hated and feared Mr. Tuft; for he was not only so successful himself, but possessed and used such engines for depressing them. Mr. Tuft had hoped to succeed in being popped in by one of his patrons for a snug little Whig borough, (for Tuft happened to be a Whig—though, for that matter, he might have been, more advantageously, a Tory;) but the great man got tired of him, and turned him off, though the ladies of the family still secured him success to the dinner-table. He did not, however, make a very grateful return for such good-natured condescensions. Ugly and ungainly as he was, he yet imagined himself possessed of personal attractions for the ladies, and converted their innocent and unsuspecting familiarities, which had emanated from those confident in their purity and their greatness, into tokens of the ascendancy he had gained over them; and of which, with equal cruelty, folly, and presumption, he could afterward boast pretty freely. Till this came, however, to be suspected and discovered, Mr. Tuft visited a good many leading houses in town, and spent no inconsiderable portion of each autumn at some one or other of the country mansions of his patrons—from whose "castles," "halls," "abbeys," "prieories," and "seats" he took great pride in dating his letters to his friends. I must not forget to mention that he kept a book, very gorgeously bound and embellished, with silver-gilt clasps, and bearing on the back the words—"Book of Autographs;" but I should have written it—"Trophies of Toadyism." This book contained autograph notes of the leading nobility, addressed familiarly to himself—thus:

"The Duke of Walworth presents his compliments to Mr. Tuft, and felt particularly obliged by," &c.

"The Duchess of Diamond hopes Mr. Tuft will not forget to bring with him this evening," &c.

"The Marquis of M——— has the honor to assure Mr. Tuft," that &c.

"Dear Tuft,

"Why were you not at—House last night? We were dreadfully dull without you! X—so stupid!"—[This was from a very pretty and fashionable countess, whose initials it bore.]

"If Mr. Tuft is dead, Lady Dulcimer requests to be informed when his funeral will take place, as she, together with a host of mourners, intend to show him a last mark of their respect."

"Dear Tuft,

"The poodle you brought me has got the mange, or some horrid complaint or other, which is making all his hair fall off. Do come and tell me what is to be done. Where can I send the sweet suffering angel?—Yours,

ARABELLA, D——"

[This was from the eldest and loveliest daughter of a very great duke.]

"The Lord Chancellor presents his compliments, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Venom Tuft's obliging present of his little 'Essay on Greatness.'"

These are samples, taken at random, of the contents of Mr. Tuft's book of autographs, evidencing abundantly the satisfactory terms of intimacy upon which he lived with the great; and it was ecstasy to him, to see his glittering record of his triumphs glanced over by the envious admiring eyes of those in his own station in society. How he delighted to be asked about the sayings and doings of the exclusive circles! How confidentially could he intimate the desperate condition of a sick peer—an expected *déclatrissement* of fashionable folly and crime—or a move to be made in the House that evening: poor Tuft little suspecting (lying so snug in his shell of self-conceit,) how frequently he fell, on these occasions, among the Philistines—and was, unconsciously to himself, being trotted out by a calm sarcastic hypocrite, for the amusement of the standers-by, just as a little monkey is poked with a stick to get up and exhibit himself and his tricks. Such was Mr. Tuft, a great friend and admirer of "the Marquis," through whose influence he had procured the invitation from Titmouse, in virtue of which he was now dressing in a nice little room at the back of the Hall, overlooking the stables; being bent upon improving his already tolerably familiar acquaintance with the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, and also extracting from the man whose hospitality he was enjoying, materials for merriment among his great friends against the next season.

When the party had collected in the drawing room, in readiness for dinner, you might have seen Mr. Tuft in earnest conversation with the Lady Cecilia; Mr. Gammon standing talking to Miss Macspleuchan, with an air of courteous ease and frankness—having observed her sitting neglected by every body; the Earl conversing now with the Marquis, then with Titmouse, and anon with Tuft, with whom he appeared to be particularly pleased. Happening at length to be standing near Gammon—a calm, gentleman-like person, of whom he knew nothing, nor suspected that his keen eye had taken in his lordship's true character and capacity at a glance; that he would, in a few hours' time, acquire as complete a mastery over his said lordship, as ever the present famous *hippodromist* at Windsor, by touching a nerve in the mouth of a horse, reduces him to helpless docility and submission—the Earl and he fell into casual conversation for a moment or two. The air of deference with which Gammon received the slight advances of the great man, was exquisite and indescribable. It gave him clearly to understand that his lofty pretensions were known to, and profoundly appreciated by, the individual he was addressing. Gammon said but little; that little, however, how significant and decisive! He knew that the Earl would presently inquire of Titmouse who the unknown visitor was; and that on being told in the conceited and probably disparaging manner which Gammon knew Titmouse would adopt, if he supposed it would please the Earl, that "it was only Mr. Gammon, one of his solicitors," he would sink at once and for ever beneath the notice of the Earl. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate—to contrive that it should ooze out easily and advantageously from himself, so that he could see the effect it had upon the Earl, and regulate his movements accordingly. Gammon sat down before the fortress of the Earl's pride, resolved that, for all it appeared so inaccessible and impregnable, it should fall, however his skill and patience might be taxed in the siege. Till he had cast his piercing eye upon the Earl,

Gammon had felt a little of the nervousness which one may imagine would be experienced by Van Amburgh, who, on being summoned into the presence of majesty to give a specimen of his skill upon an animal concealed from him—of whose name and qualities he was ignorant—should summon all his terrors into his eye, and string his muscles to their highest tension; and, on the door being opened, turn with smiling scorn—if not indignation—from a sucking pig, a calf, an ass, or a chicken. Something similar were the feelings experienced by Gammon, as soon as he had scanned the countenance and figure of the Earl of Dreddlington. He quickly perceived that the dash of awe which he had thrown into his manner, was producing its due effect upon that most magnificent simpleton. Watching his opportunity, he gently introduced the topic of the recent change of ownership which Yatton had undergone; and in speaking of the manner in which Mr. Titmouse had borne his sudden prosperity—"Yes, my lord," continued Gammon, with apparent carelessness, "I recollect making some such observation to him, and he replied, 'very true, Mr. Gammon.'" Gammon finished his sentence calmly; but he perceived that the Earl had instantly withdrawn himself into his earldom. He had given a very slight start; a very little color had mounted into his cheek; a sensible hauteur had been assumed; and by the time that Gammon had done speaking, the space between them had been—as Lord Dreddlington imagined, unobservedly—increased by two or three inches. Gammon was a man—an able and a proud man—and he felt galled; but, "let it pass," he presently reflected—"let it pass, you pompous old idiot; I will one day repay it with interest." The Earl separated from him, Gammon regarding him as a gaudy craft sheering off for a while, but doomed to be soon sunk. Mr. Tuft, (who was the son of a highly respectable retired tobacconist in the north,) having ascertained that Gammon was only Mr. Titmouse's attorney, conducted himself for a while as though there were no such person in the room; but being a quick observer, and catching once or twice the faint sarcastic smile with which Gammon's eye was settled on him, he experienced a very galling and uneasy consciousness of his presence. The Marquis's superior tact and perception of character led him to treat Gammon very differently—with a deference and anxiety to please him, which Gammon understood thoroughly—in fact, he and the Marquis had many qualities in common, but Gammon was the man of power. During dinner he sat beside Miss Macspleuchan, and was almost the only person who spoke to her—in fact, he said but little to any one else. He took wine with Titmouse, with a marked but guarded air of confidence. The Marquis took wine with Gammon with an air of studied comeliness. The Earl's attention was almost entirely engrossed by Mr. Tuft, who sat next to him, chattering in his ear like a little magpie perched upon his shoulder. The Marquis sat next to the Lady Cecilia; for whose amusement, as far as his cautious tact would allow him, he from time to time drew out their little host. At length, in answer to a question by the Marquis, the Earl let fall some pompous observation, which the Marquis, who was getting very tired of the rapid monotony which pervaded the table, ventured to differ from pretty decisively. Tuft instantly sided with the Earl, and spoke with infinite fluency for some minutes: Gammon saw in a moment that he was an absurd pretender; and watching his opportunity, for the first time that he had interchanged a syllable with him, with one word exposing a palpable historical blunder of poor Tuft's, overthrew him as completely as a bullet from a crossbow dislodges a tomtit from the wall on which he is hopping about, unconscious of his danger: "T was a thing that there could be no mistake about whatever."

"That's a settler, Tuft," said the Marquis, after a pause: Tuft gulped down a glass of wine; and presently, with the slightly staggered Earl, became a silent listener to the discussion into which the Marquis and Gammon had entered. Obuse as was the Earl, Gammon contrived to let him see how effectually he was supporting his lordship's opinion, which Mr. Tuft had so ridiculously failed in. The Marquis got slightly the worst of the encounter with Gammon, whose object he saw, and whose tact he admired; and with much judgement permitted Gammon to appear to the Earl as his successful defender, in order that he might himself make a friend of Gammon. Moreover, he was not at all annoyed at witnessing the complete and unexpected discomfiture of poor Tuft, whom, for all his intimacy with that gentleman, the Marquis thoroughly despised.

However it might possibly be that his grand guests enjoyed themselves, it was far otherwise with Mr. Titmouse; who, being compelled to keep sober, was quite miserable. None of those around him were drinking men:—and the consequence was, that he would retire early to his bedroom, and amuse himself with brandy and water, and cigars, while his guests amused themselves with cards, billiards, or otherwise as best they might. He did, indeed, "stand like a cipher in the great account;" instead of feeling himself the Earl of Dreddlington's host, he felt himself as one of his lordship's guests, struggling in vain against the freezing state and etiquette which the Earl carried with him wherever he went, like a sort of atmosphere. In this extremity he secretly clung to Gammon, and reposed upon his powerful support and sympathy more implicitly than ever he had done before. As the shooting season had commenced, and game was plentiful at Yatton, the Marquis and Tuft found full occupation during the day, as occasionally did Mr. Gammon. Mr. Titmouse once accompanied them; but having contrived once or twice very nearly to blow his own hand off, and also to blow out the eyes of the Marquis, they intimated that he had better go out alone for the future—as he did once or twice, but soon got tired of such solitary sport. Besides—hares, pheasants, partridges—old and young, cock or hen—'t was all one—none of them seemed to care one straw for him or his gun, let him pop and blaze away as loud and as long, as near or as far off, as he liked. The only thing he hit—and that plump—was one of his unfortunate dogs, which he killed on the spot; and then coming up with it, stamped upon the poor creature's bleeding carcass, saying with a furious oath—"Why did n't you keep out of the way, you brute?"

The Earl was really anxious to perform his promise of introducing, or procuring Titmouse to be introduced, to the leading nobility and gentry of the county; but it proved a more difficult task than his lordship had anticipated—for Titmouse's early doings at Yatton had not yet been forgot-

ten: some of the haughty Whig gentry joined with their Tory neighbors in manifesting their open contempt and dislike, for one who could so disgrace the name and station to which he had been elevated in the county; and the Earl had to encounter one or two somewhat mortifying rebuffs, in the course of the efforts which he was making for the establishment of his young kinsman.

There were some, however, whom mere political considerations—some whom deference for the Earl's rank, and unwillingness to hurt his feelings, and others from considerations of political interest—induced to receive the new squire of Yatton on a footing of formal intimacy and equality; so that his lordship's numerous drives were not entirely useless. The whole party at the Hall attended the Earl to church on the Sundays—entirely filling the square's pew and the adjoining one; their decorous conduct presenting a very edifying spectacle to the humble congregation, and suggesting a striking contrast between the present and the former visitors at the hall. Worthy Doctor Tatham was asked several times to dinner, at the Earl's instance, who treated him on such occasions with great though stately courtesy. The only person with whom the little doctor felt at ease, were Mr. Gammon and Miss Macspleuchan, who treated him with the utmost cordiality and respect. What became during the day of the two ladies, I hardly know. There was no instrument at Yatton: bagatelle-board, and novels from a circulating library at York, frequent rides and drives through the grounds and about the country, and occasional visits to and from one or two families with whom Lady Cecilia had a town acquaintance, occupied their day; and in the evening, a rubber at whist, or cribbage, or *carté*, with the Earl—sometimes, too, with the Marquis and Mr. Tuft, both of whom lost no opportunity of paying marked attention to Lady Cecilia, with a view of dissipating as far as possible the inevitable ennui of her situation, would while away the short evenings, very early hours being now kept at the Hall. 'Twas wonderful that two such men as the Marquis and Mr. Tuft could stay so long as they did at so very dull a place, and with such dull people. Inwardly, they both voted the Earl an insufferable old twaddler; his daughter a piece of languid insipidity; and one would have thought it daily more irksome for them to keep up their courtly attentions. They had, however, as may presently be seen, their objects in view.

As Gammon, a little to the Earl's surprise, continued apparently a permanent guest at the Hall, where he seemed ever engaged in superintending and getting into order the important affairs of Mr. Titmouse, it could hardly be but that he and the Earl should be occasionally thrown together; for as the Earl did not shoot, and never read books, even had there been any to read, he had little to do when not engaged upon the expeditions I have alluded to, but saunter about the house and grounds, and enter into conversation with almost any one he met. The assistance which Gammon had rendered the Earl on the occasion of their first meeting at dinner, had not been forgotten by his lordship, but had served to take off the edge from his pre-conceived contemptuous dislike for him. Gammon steadily kept in the background, resolved that all advances should come from the Earl. When, once or twice, his lordship inquired, with what Gammon saw to be only an affected carelessness, into the state of Mr. Titmouse's affairs, Mr. Gammon evinced a courteous readiness to give him general information; but with an evident caution and anxiety, not unduly to expose, even to the Earl, Mr. Titmouse's distinguished kinsman, the state of his property. He would, however, disclose sufficient to satisfy the Earl of Mr. Gammon's zeal and ability on behalf of Mr. Titmouse's interests, his consummate qualifications as a man of business; and from time to time perceived that his display was not lost upon the Earl. Mr. Gammon's anxiety, in particular, to prevent the borough of Yatton from being a second time wrested out of the hands of its proprietor, and returning, by a corrupt and profligate arrangement with Ministers, a Tory to Parliament, gave the Earl peculiar satisfaction. He was led into a long conversation with Mr. Gammon upon political matters: and, at its close, was greatly struck with the soundness of his views, the strength of his liberal principles, and the vigor and acuteness with which he had throughout agreed with every thing the Earl had said, and fortified every position he had taken; evincing, at the same time a profound appreciation of his lordship's luminous exposition of political principles. The Earl was forced to own to himself, that he had never before met with a man of Mr. Gammon's strength of intellect, whose views and opinions had so intimately and entirely coincided—were, indeed, identical with his own. 'Twas delightful to listen to them upon these occasions—to observe the air of reverence and admiration with which Gammon listened to the lessons of political wisdom that fell, with increasing length and frequency, from the lips of his lordship.

"Τον και απο γλωσσης μελιτος γλυκιων ρεεν αυτη."

Nor was it only when they were alone together, that Gammon would thus sit at the feet of Gamaliel: he was not ashamed to do so openly at the dinner-table: but, ah! how delicately and dexterously did he conceal from the spectators the game he was playing—more difficult to do so though it daily became—because the more willing Gammon was to receive, the more eager the Earl was to communicate instruction! If, on any of these occasions, oppressed by the multifariousness of his knowledge, and its sudden overpowering confluence, he would pause in the midst of a series of half-formed sentences, Gammon would be at hand, to glide in easily and finish what the Earl had begun, out of the Earl's own ample materials, of which Gammon had caught a glimpse, and only worked out the Earl's own, somewhat numerous, half-formed illustrations. The Marquis and Mr. Tuft began, however, at length to feel impatient at observing the way Gammon was making with the Earl; but of what use was it for them to interfere? Gammon was an exceedingly awkward person to meddle with; for, having once got fair play, by gaining the Earl's ear, his accuracy, readiness, extent of information upon political topics, and admirable temper, told very powerfully against his two opponents, who at length interfered less and less with him; the Marquis only *feeling* piqued, but Tuft also *showing* it. Had it been otherwise, indeed, it would have been odd; for Gammon seemed to feel a peculiar pleasure in demolishing him. The Marquis, however, once resolved

to show Gammon how distinctly he perceived his plan of operations, by waiting till he and the poor Earl had reached a climax of absurdity, and then, with his eye on Gammon, bursting into laughter. Seldom had Gammon been more ruffled than by that well-timed laugh; for he felt *found out*! When the Earl and he were alone, he would listen with intense interest, over and over again, never wearied, to the Earl's magnificent accounts of what he had intended to do, had he only continued in office, in the important department over which he had presided, viz., the Board of Green Cloth; and more than once put his lordship into a soft flutter of excitement, by hinting at rumors which, he said, were rife—that, in the event of a change of ministers, which was looked for, his lordship was to be President of the Council. "Sir," the Earl would say, "I should not shrink from the performance of my duty to my sovereign, to what-over post he might be pleased to call me. The one you mention, sir, has its peculiar difficulties, and if I know any thing of myself, sir, it is one for which, I should say, I am peculiarly qualified. Sir, the duty of presiding over the deliberations of powerful minds, requires signal discretion and dignity, because, in short, especially in affairs of state—Do you comprehend me, Mr. Gammon?"

"I understand your lordship to say, that where the occasion is one of such magnitude and the disturbing forces are upon so vast a scale, to moderate and guide conflicting interests and opinions?"

"Sir, it is so; *tantus componere lites, hic labor, hoc opus*," interrupted the Earl, with a desperate attempt to fish up a fragment or two of his early scholarship; and his features wore for a moment a solemn, commanding expression, which satisfied Gammon of the away which his lordship would have had when presiding at the council-board. Gammon would also occasionally introduce the subject of heraldry, asking questions concerning that science, and also concerning the genealogies of leading members of the peerage, with which he safely presumed that the Earl would be, as also he proved, perfectly familiar; and his lordship would go on for an hour at once upon these interesting and vividly-exciting subjects.

Shortly after a luncheon one day, of which only Gammon, the Earl, and the two ladies, were in the hall to partake, Mr. Gammon had occasion to enter the drawing-room, where he found the Earl, sitting upon the sofa, with his heavy gold spectacles on, leaning over the table, engaged in the perusal of a portion of the work, then in the course of periodical publication, which had only that day been delivered at the Hall. The Earl asked Gammon if he had seen it, and was answered in the negative.

"Sir," said the Earl, rising, and removing his glasses, "it is a remarkably interesting publication, showing considerable knowledge of a very difficult and all-important subject, and one, in respect of which the lower orders of the people—say, I lament to be obliged to add, the great bulk of the middle classes also, are woefully deficient—I mean heraldry, and the history of the origin, progress, and present state of the families of the old nobility and gentry of this country."

The work which had been so fortunate as thus to meet with the approbation of the Earl, was the last monthly number of a History of the County of York, and of which work, as yet, only thirty-eight seven-and-sixpenny quarto numbers had made their appearance. 'Twas an admirable work, every number of which had contained a glorification of some different Yorkshire family. The discriminating patronage of Mr. Titmouse for this inestimable performance, had been secured by a most obsequious letter from the learned editor—but more especially by a device of his in the last number, which it would have been strange indeed if it could have failed to catch the eye, and interest the feelings of the new aristocratical owner of Yatton. Opposite to an engraving of the Hall, was placed a magnificent genealogical tree, surmounted by a many-quartered shield of armorial bearings, both of which purported to be an accurate record of the ancestral glories of the house of "TITMOUSE OF YATTON!" A minute investigation might indeed have detected that the recent flight of Titmouse, which were perched on the lower branches of this imposing pedigree bore nearly as small a proportion to the long array of chivalrous Drelincourts and Dreddlingtons which constituted the massy trunk, as did the paternal coat \* (to which the profound research and ingenuity of Sir GORGEOUS TINTACK, the — king-at-arms, had succeeded in demonstrating the inalienable right of Tittlebat) to the interminable series of quarterings derived from the same source, which occupied the remainder of the escutcheon. At these mysteriously significant symbols, however, Mr. Titmouse, though willing to believe that they indicated some just cause or other of family pride, had looked with the same appreciating intelligence which you may fancy you see a chicken displaying, while hesitatingly clapping its foot upon, and quaintly cocking its eye at, a slip of paper lying in a yard, covered over with algebraic characters and calculations. Far otherwise, however, was it with the Earl, in whose eyes the complex and recondite character of the production evidently enhanced its value, and struck in his bosom several deep chords of genealogical feeling, as he proceeded, in answer to various anxious inquiries of Gammon, to give him a very full and minute account of the unrivalled splendor and antiquity of his lordship's ancestry. Now Gammon—while prosecuting the researches which had preceded the elevation of Mr. Titmouse to that rank and fortune of which the united voice of the fashionable world had now pronounced him so eminently worthy—had made himself pretty well acquainted with the previous history and connections of that ancient and illustrious house, of which the Earl of Dreddlington was the head; and his familiarity with this topic, though it did not surprise the Earl, because he conceived it to be every one's duty to acquaint himself with such momentous matters, rapidly raised him in the good opinion of the Earl, to whom, at length, it occurred to view him in quite a new light; viz., as the chosen instrument by whose means (under Providence) the perverse and self-willed Aubrey had been righteously cast down from that high place which his rebellious opposition

to the wishes and political views of his liege lord, had rendered him unworthy to occupy; while a more loyal branch had been raised from obscurity to his forfeited rank and estates. In fact the Earl began to look upon Gammon as one whose just regard for his lordship's transcendent position in the aristocracy of England, had led him even to anticipate his lordship's possible wishes; and proceeded accordingly to rivet this spontaneous allegiance, by discarding with the most condescending affability on the successive noble and princely alliances which had, during a long series of generations, refined the ancient blood of the Drelincourts into the sort of super-sublimated ichor which at present flowed in his own veins. Mr. Gammon marked the progress of the Earl's feelings with the greatest interest, perceiving the increasing extent to which respect for him—Gammon—was mingling with his sublime self-satisfaction; and, watching his opportunity, struck a spark into the dry tinder of his vain imagination—blew it gently—and saw that it caught and spread. Confident in his knowledge of the state of the Earl's feelings, and that his lordship had reached the highest point of credulity, Gammon intimated, in a hesitating but yet impressive manner, his impression that the recent failure in the male line of the princely house of HOCH-STIFFELHAUSEN NARRENSTEIN DUMERLEINBERG \* had placed his lordship, in right of the marriage of one of his ancestors, during the thirty years' war, with a princess of that august line, in a situation to claim, if such were his lordship's pleasure, the dormant honors and sovereign rank attached to the possession of that important principality. The Earl appeared for a few moments transfixed with awe. The bare possibility of such an event seemed too much for him to realize; but when further conversation with Gammon had familiarized his lordship with the notion, his mind's eye glanced to his old rival, the Earl of Fitz-warren: what would he say to all this? How would his little honors pale beside the splendors of his Serene Highness the Prince of Hoch-Stiffelhausen Narrenstein Dumerleinberg! He was not sorry when Mr. Gammon soon afterward left him to follow out, unrestrained, the swelling current of his thoughts, and yield himself up to the transporting ecstasies of anticipated sovereignty. To such a pitch did his excitement carry him, that he might shortly afterward have been seen walking up and down the Elm Avenue, with the feelings and the air of an old King.

Not satisfied, however, with the success of his daring experiment upon the credulity and inflammable imagination of the aspiring old nobleman—whom his suggestion had set upon instituting extensive inquiries into the position of his family with reference to the foreign alliances which it had formed in times past, and of which so dazzling an incident might really be in existence—it occurred to Mr. Gammon on another occasion of his being left alone with the Earl, and who he saw was growing manifestly more pleased with the frequent recurrence of them, to sink a shaft into a new mine. He therefore, on mere speculation, introduced, as a subject of casual conversation, the imprudence of persons of rank and large fortune 'evolving the management of their pecuniary affairs so entirely upon others—and thus leaving them exposed to all the serious consequences of employing incompetent, indolent, or mercenary agents. Mr. Gammon proceeded to observe that he had recently known an instance of a distinguished nobleman, (whose name he for very obvious reasons suppressed,) who, having occasion to raise a large sum of money by way of mortgage, left the sole negotiation of the affair to an agent, who was afterward proved to have been in league with the lender, (the mortgagee,) and permitted his employer to pay, for ten or twelve years, an excess of interest over what he might, with a little exertion, have obtained money for, which actually made a difference in his income of a thousand a year. Here, looking out of the north-east corner of his eye, the placid speaker, continuing unmoved, observed the Earl start a little, glance somewhat anxiously at him, but in silence, and slightly quicken the pace at which he had been walking. Gammon presently added in a careless sort of way, that accident had brought him into professional intercourse with that nobleman—[Oh, Gammon! Gammon!]<sup>1</sup>—whom he was ultimately instrumental in saving from the annual robbery that was being inflicted upon him. It was enough; Gammon saw that what he had been saying had sunk like lead into the mind of his companion, who, for the rest of the day seemed burdened and oppressed with it—or some other cause of anxiety; and, from an occasional uneasy and wistful eye which the Earl fixed upon him at dinner, he felt conscious that not long would elapse, before he should hear something from the Earl connected with the topic in question—and he was not mistaken. The very next day they met in the park, and after one or two casual observations, the Earl remarked that, by the way, with reference to their yesterday's conversation, it "*did so happen*"—very singularly—that the Earl had a friend who was placed in a situation very similar to that which had been mentioned by Mr. Gammon to the Earl; a very intimate friend—and the Earl would like to hear what was Mr. Gammon's opinion of the case. Gammon was scarcely able to refrain from a smile, as the Earl went on, evincing every moment a more vivid interest in behalf of his mysterious friend, who at last stood suddenly confessed as the Earl of Dreddlington; for, in answer to a question of Mr. Gammon, his lordship unwittingly spoke in the first person. On perceiving this, he got much confused, but Gammon passed it off very easily; and by his earnest, confidential tone and manner, soon soothed and reconciled the Earl to the vexatious disclosure he had made—vexatious only because the Earl had thought fit, so very unnecessarily, to make a mystery of an every-day matter.

<sup>1</sup> I vehemently suspect myself guilty of a slight anachronism here: this ancient and illustrious monarchy having been mediated by the Congress of Vienna in 1815—its territories now forming part of the parish of Hahn-roost, in the kingdom of—

BITING THE BITER.—"The other evening," says a London paper, "a well-known novelist, a man of great coolness and courage, was met by a stout fellow, who pulled out a poinard and demanded his purse. 'Capital!' the other exclaimed, 'I was just about to make the same demand on you—but come, as I find I have fallen in with one of ourselves, I'll give you a share of a prime job I have got in hand. Come along!' Deceived by this confidence, the real rogue joined the counterfeiter, and they stole along together till they were met by a patrol, into whose hands the good-natured friend unkindly lodged his associate.

\* For brand Ermine and Pean, two lions rampant combatant, counterchanged; armed and languid Gules, surmounted by three bendlets andee Argent, on each three fleurs-de-lis Azure; on a chief Or, three TITMOUSE volant proper, all within a bordure gobonated Argent and Sable.

Crest.—On a cap of maintenance a Titmouse statant proper, ducally gorged Or, holding in his beak a woodlouse embowed Azure.



## The Scrap-Book.

## SKETCHES.

BY QUIZ.

## No. 1.—THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

At precisely a quarter of an hour before the clock strikes eight, every morning in the year, excepting only Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas day, a neat dapper little man—seemingly habited in the same invariable suit of sober black, broad-brimmed hat, white neckcloth, tight inexpressibles, and large, easy, square-toed shoes, with the same little brown gingham umbrella in his hand, summer and winter, sunshine and shower—may be seen to emerge from a little, low, old-fashioned brick-built, but newly stucco-faced tenement, which, in house-agency parlance, would be described as located in a retired situation exactly three miles and three-quarters from the three bridges.

Aminadab Lightfoot—more familiarly known and recognized as "The Punctual Man," is a quiet, inoffensive, particular individual; one who has never been known to wear either a smile or a frown upon his face, or to utter an expression remarkable for its pleasantness or anger, for its dullness or its wit. He is a human mill-horse, beginning his rounds every morning at precisely the same moment of time, and directing his movements throughout the day from sheer habit as regularly as though he were governed by a chronometer, or actuated by the machinery of an automaton. Although estimating himself at a very low rate in the scale of human importance, he confers much greater benefit upon society than he has any conception of, he being made to serve the purpose of watch or clock, omnibus touter and time-keeper, and note of warning alike to the idle and to the industrious. For, at his presence, little boys shoulder their bags and trudge, whistling, to school; omnibuses rush from their stands, and conductors stun passengers with their vociferations of "Fleet street"—"Bank"—"Charing-cross"—"Elephant Castle,"—or whatever the point of destination may be; servant-maids beat mats upon steps and against walls, dispersing the previous day's accumulation of dust in copious showers upon passers by; pot-men commence their daily occupation of gathering in tarnished pots, and bawling for greasy, often-thumbed newspapers; butcher boys and baker lads instantly leave their games of pitch and toss, or "mivies," at the corners of streets, and start off to procure orders, or to deliver hot loaves; green grocers, coal retailers, and cat's-meat men issue abroad to follow their several vocations and halloo their varied cries to the disturbing of sick patients, awakening fractious children, and souring the tempers of nursery-maids who wish to loll and flirt; and of poor mothers who are compelled to drudge by stealth while the little ones sleep. Yes, Aminadab is the moral sun in his own small hemisphere, whose rising and setting actuates the whole of the animal world by which he is surrounded. The very quadrupeds, feline and canine, appear to regulate their cravings by his motions; for no sooner has he shut the door of his snugger, than, as if by a species of natural instinct, the whole vicinage becomes alive, teeming with these fourfooted creatures, anxiously awaiting the coming of the purveyor of their food. Unconscious of all this sensation, however, is our "punctual man," as he traverses the path-way crossing each street every day at precisely the same instant of time, and arriving at the termination of his journey at exactly the same tick of the clock.

At the same instant every morning does Aminadab awake from his slumbers, start from his couch, and array himself in the same, or similar articles of clothing; at the same minute sit down to his breakfast, and, as if by the striking of a stop-watch, measure the strength of his appetite; at the same moment swallow his last crust, and rise to brush his hat, and draw on his gloves, open the street-door, shut himself out (for the secret of his punctuality is, that every thing that it is possible for him to do he accomplishes, never leaving another to do for him that which he can execute for himself,) and at the same unvarying pace, peregrinate to the city.

It is so many years since "the punctual man" first took up his abode in that quarter, and commenced his perpetual round of punctuality, that no one can remember when first it began, or dream of its ever coming to an end; and so accustomed to seeing him pass at precisely the same instant, have all who domicile in his route become, that, although none save those who have constituted him their ideal, expressly watch for his passing, were he once to fail, a wheel of the world's machinery would seem to them to have been broken. And so true is it, that the constant practice of the one makes habituants of the many—that, although he has never been known to ride in his life, or to give a penny away in charity, every omnibus conductor and cab-driver hail him as he passes by, and every crossing-scraper appeals to him as he approaches; neither the one nor the other, at the same time, expecting a fare or a farthing, as he has made it a rule (and his charities are as extensive as they are punctually paid) never to ride when he can walk, or to give casual doles in the streets.

Arrived at his close, dingy, back office, looking out upon a dirty, formerly white-washed wall, one uniform system is pursued from hour to hour, and from day to day. Thus, the better coat is exchanged for a threadbare, time-honored garment—the same one which has been similarly used from time immemorial—the iron-safe unlocked, the account books opened and laid upon the well-worn desk, for they are things of deep mystery, which the young urchin who plays in the outer room and runs errands is never allowed to peep into or to touch; the stool adjusted, the fire stirred, (if in winter,) the pen nibbed, the office clock consulted, and the business of the day begun. Exactly as the clock warns for five in the evening, the books are re-closed and re-deposited, the safe re-locked, the coat re-adjusted, the hat re-brushed, the gloves again put in requisition, and at the first stroke of the hour, the office door opens, and Aminadab Lightfoot retraces his way to his suburban abode.

Aminadab is a solecism, a unit. He has neither friend nor relation, and for years past has never been known either to receive a visitor or to pay a visit. With the exception of his antiquated housekeeper, he has not an inmate in his abode—no dog, no cat, no—not even a canary, or a stray,

half-starved mouse, as though he were afraid to harbor aught that might disturb his serenity, or interfere with that regularity of habit and manner which now seem almost to constitute one of the elements of his existence. Few know his name—none his age, origin, or occupation. The former, even by the most acute in divination, is a point that has long since been given up as hopeless. The latter, however, have more than once been the subjects of surmise. And "many a time and oft" has "La dame de Maison" been covertly questioned, or openly attacked, upon these and other matters, in vain. Although as chatty as old maids are wont to be upon "things in general," and "general things," yet upon all that relates to her master, no dumb creature can be more taciturn. Is he rich? Is he old? Is he happy? Is he a merchant? Is he a lawyer? Who is he? What is he? What does he do? Where does he come from? Does he read? Does he talk? Does he sing? Has he always been the same? Is his house inside a good house? Is the furniture handsome? Is it modern? Is it ancient?—are questions that have been often repeated, but never replied to. Thus much, however, has been obscurely hinted at. That he was once very poor, very inconsiderate, very irregular in his habits—that he was taken by the hand by a rich merchant—himself a "punctual man"—that he bade Aminadab copy his example, and promised that if he did, he would "make a man of him." That the advice being good, and the expectation better, the former was taken, and the latter realized—that many years afterward, the rich merchant, who had previously made Aminadab his clerk, had died, and left to his faithful servant, his fortune and his business. That this business declined and dwindled away—but, that notwithstanding it soon fell off entirely, Aminadab could not refrain, day after day, and week after week, from continuing his accustomed routine.

Not only in matters of business and civil relations is Aminadab worthy of his soubriquet, but in the performance of his religious duties he is still the same man of habit; and, in all faithfulness, let us add, something more. Every Sabbath morning as the clock indicates the approach of eleven, is he to be found occupying the corner of his little pew—which corner is not less worthily or regularly filled by his housekeeper in the afternoon; and every day of his life, does he, with the same exactitude, perform those duties of a religious character which are incumbent upon all God's intelligent creatures. We would not go the length of asserting that, as elsewhere, so in the sanctuary, he is regarded as little better than a time-piece, but we do verily believe that the organist never thinks of playing the first voluntary until he sees that Aminadab is seated, and that the parson would as soon expect not to preach at all, as to preach and not to "the punctual man."

That he thus contrives to avoid many of the ills of life, such as being too late for breakfast in the morning, and too late for tea in the afternoon, too late to transact his business, whatever that business may be, with efficiency, and too late to perform the duties of life with comfort and composure, must be confessed; yet, even this extreme punctuality has engendered habits, which, at times, occasion what to other mortals would be the causes of considerable annoyance. Thus, having in earlier life contrived to get through a three months' courtship, his very precision lost him a wife and gained him an action for breach of promise—on this wise. The wedding-day having been fixed, invariable custom prevailed, and at the very time he should have been placing the ring upon the fourth finger of the lady's left hand, he was nibbling his pen upon the first finger of his own. In another instance, it lost him a fortune of considerable worth; for having been suddenly summoned to the death-bed of a former friend, who desired to make him the sole depository of his wealth, in consequence of his not quitting his office till his wonted time, on his arrival at his friend's house, he found it shut up, the intended benefactor a corpse, and the will unexecuted. And, in a third instance, it occasioned his catching a very violent cold, from standing awhile at his door, in the midst of a snow storm, waiting for the return of his housekeeper from a neighboring gossip's, she having availed herself of the knowledge that it had, for once, been his intention to forego his usual custom, and to dine out. And thus is it clearly demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, that not only has every good its evil, but that a veritable good may be turned into a positive evil.

## ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

The Emperor, on arriving at Brienne, made several inquiries after old Mother MARGARET: such was the appellation given to a good wife who occupied a cottage in the midst of the forest, to which the pupils of the military school had, in days of yore, made frequent excursions. NAPOLEON had not forgotten the name, and he learned with no less pleasure than surprise, that the good old dame was still in existence. Continuing his morning ride, he struck into the forest, galloped to the well-known spot, and having dismounted, unceremoniously entered the cottage. Age had somewhat impaired the old woman's sight, and the Emperor's person was much changed. "Good morning, Mother MARGARET," said NAPOLEON, saluting his hostess; "it seems you have no curiosity to see the Emperor?" "Yes, but I have; I should like of all things to see him, and I intend to take that basket of fresh eggs to Madame DE BRIENNE, that I may be invited to remain at the *chateau*, and so catch a glimpse of the Emperor. Ah! I shall not see him so well to-day as formerly, when he used to accompany his comrades to old Mother MARGARET's and call for a bowl of new milk. To be sure, he was not Emperor then, but no matter; the rest marched before him. He always made them pay me for my milk, eggs, brown bread, and broken crockery, and commenced paying his own share of the reckoning." "Then," replied NAPOLEON, with a smile, "you have not forgotten BONAPARTE?" "Forgotten him! Do you think one could forget such a steady, serious, melancholy like, young gentleman, so considerate too for the poor? I am a weak old woman, but I always foretold that the lad would turn out well." "Why, yes; he has made his way." At the commencement of this short dialogue, the Emperor had turned his back to the door, and consequently to the light; the narrow entrance thus blocked up, the interior of cottage was left in darkness. By degrees, however, he approached the old woman, and the light again penetrated from without. The Emperor, upon

this, rubbing his hands together, assuming the tone and manners of his early youth—"Come Mother MARGARET," said he, "bestir yourself—some milk and fresh eggs; I am half dead with hunger." MARGARET stared at her visitor, and seemed as though endeavoring to recall her buried recollections. "Ha! ha!" said the Emperor, laughing; "how positive you were just now that you had not forgotten BONAPARTE! we are old acquaintances, dame!" Meanwhile, old MARGARET had fallen at the Emperor's feet. Raising her with unaffected kindness—"Have you nothing to give me, Mother MARGARET," said he; "I am hungry—as hungry as a student." The poor woman, beside herself with joy, hastily laid before her guest some fresh eggs and new milk. His repast finished, NAPOLEON forced his purse into the hands of his hostess, at the same time observing, "You recollect, MARGARET, I used to make every one pay his reckoning. Adieu! I shall not forget you," and as he again mounted his horse and rode away, the old Dame, weeping with excess of delight, and straining her eyes to catch a last look, could only recompense him with her prayers.

## THE PARIS BALLS.

To be complete, a *fête* must have its characteristic, stamp, and meaning. There are *fêtes*, even in the *grande monde*, of very different kinds, and each has its merit and peculiar charm; this is the reason why balls that have no physiognomy, and that belong to none of the distinct kinds we shall attempt to describe, are prohibited in good company.

Will you, and can you give what we shall call the *bal grandiose*? In such case, manage matters on a grand scale; have, like the English Embassy, superb drawing rooms, magnificent galleries, corridors of flowers, innumerable lacqueys, and a supper table perpetually supplied; and, then, invite two thousand persons, English, Russians, French, Spaniards, and Germans; to fill up, people to animate and consume all that. It will be a splendid fairy scene, replete with dazzling illusions, a living panorama, wherein all the nations of Europe will be gloriously represented. Your guests will have illustrious personages to look at, interesting recollections to bring home. They will dance, chat, walk, and amuse themselves. They will certainly be a little fatigued. They will suffer from the orchestra's noise, the bustling of the crowd, and the brightness of the lights. They will be stunned, but they will be delighted, and will enthusiastically exclaim—"It is admirable! Never did I behold a finer *fête*!" The *bal grandiose* is, indeed, of all assemblies, the most highly valued; but it is not everybody that can pretend to give one. It requires gigantic proportions, and admits of no *arrière pensée*, no niggardliness, no bargaining. You must devote your whole residence to it; sacrifice all your treasure, the flowers of your hot-house, the pictures of your favorite drawing-room. That brilliant crowd must move about in all directions. Even your elegant retreat must afford a refuge to such as wish to fly the throng. At supper-time that nation of guests must at one glance be it not satiated, at least comforted, by the splendor of the banquet and the case of the service. They are famished only because they fear they will have nothing to eat; one perceives that there is much company at a ball only because one is in want of everything—of air, room, seats, and tables. What matters a multitude where space and abundance exist? Lay it down therefore, an as aphorism, that to prevent confusion at a *fête* there must be profusion.

A second kind of ball is the *bal de vanité*. This ball is generally very sumptuous, and of irreproachable elegance; but serious like vanity, and cold like affectation. To a *bal de vanité* everybody comes with a regret, and after accomplishing a sacrifice. One has stooped to meanness, in order to get herself invited; another has treated herself to a ball-dress, or some little diamonds, beyond her budget, and little diamonds are those that cost most. The master of the house scarcely knows the grand seigneurs he has invited, and the honor of whose attendance his gildings and hangings have deserved; he salutes them with an affected air; it is only by dint of self-importance that he succeeds in concealing his *embarras*. He feels confidence only when he sees them examine with disdainful envy the magnificence of his house. It is so flattering to be envied by people who make nothing of you! The *bals de vanité* are seldom animated, and not many are given. One is not amused, but one is pleased at them. Where you feel yourself selected, you feel of a superior nature to common nature; you may even fancy yourself at these balls of a more delicate nature, for you are chilled and easily catch cold at them; but you put up with that unpleasantness, and turn it to account by saying for a whole week to all such of your friends as were not asked to that *bal d'élite*, "I am very unwell *ma chère*; I caught a tremendous cold the other day at Madame de —'s ball." "What, were you there?" "Yes; it was charming."

Nevertheless, the *bals de vanité* have a peculiar feature which gives them a great value; a splendor well understood, and which seems habitual, an extreme *recherche* in details, are the characteristics of such sort of *fêtes*; but that extreme *recherche* itself is not destitute of *tristesse*, neither is that imposing splendor free from bitterness. One feels that all those fine things have the fault of being indispensable; they are the conditions of the treaty; erase those gildings, tear off those hangings, and all that bright company, so proud of having been admitted, and yet so kind as to have come, .... will disappear. When you think of that, all the richness which you at first beheld with admiration will ultimately appear to you ugly, ay, ugly, like .... a condition. Is there anything in the world uglier than a condition.

A third kind of ball is what we must call a *bal indigène* for want of another word. We mean by this expression a natural ball, given without effort, trouble, or pretension, in one's country, in one's *quartier*, at one's house, to one's society and family, according to one's fortune and station. For these *fêtes* the invitations are made by one's self, and one knows all the guests assembled in one's drawing-rooms. At those exceptional balls all know one another, and, as all have long known one another, none strive to deceive one another. Mothers do not conceal their ages, nor do they conceal their daughters'; what would be the use of it? The daughter is known to be twenty years old. At these balls nobody displays a fictitious splendor; your fortune is known within a centime; there is no hypocrisy, no inso-

lence, everybody knows who you are and what has befallen you. As nobody has to play a part or maintain a lie, the consequence is that every guest appears to advantage, with all his *esprit*, gracefulness and good humor. *Vivent les bals indigènes!* they are a fatigue to nobody, not even to the mistress of the house, who has no other task than that of being as *amiable*, and courteous, and hospitable as she may be on any other day. Just ask Madame de Choi—, or Madame de Chast; you were at their houses last week. Those two balls were charming, they were the two prettiest *fêtes* of the year. Well, such is the *bai indigène*.

There is another sort of ball, neither more elegant, nor more *distingué*, because that is impossible; but more *merveilleux*, more exquisite, and more critically nice; it is the *bai de garçon*. Sometimes he that gives it is married and re-married, but that makes no difference in the denomination; if there be no wife to do the honors of the ball, it is a *bai de garçon*. Those *fêtes* are admirable, they have a peculiar stamp: pretty or handsome women only are to be seen at them; a free man has a right to do away with *paquets*—it is one of the blessings of his independence. His drawing-room is no longer a drawing-room; it is a list wherein the beauties of all countries come and combat; it is a struggle of elegance, a tournament with the fan, in which there are triumphs for all the combatants, since there are there judges and heralds determined on proclaiming victory on the side of each of them. As you know, in every quarter of Paris every elegant *coterie* has its queen of beauty, its *Célimène par excellence*, its fashionable woman. Well, at that incomparable ball all those rival sovereigns are in presence of one another, assembled, on that occasion only, in a glorious congress where their renown and the honor of their *coterie* is to be suitably upheld. What an emulation in dress and amiability. Fancy a magnificent *bouquet*, all whose intelligent flowers should select, in order to enrapture you, their loveliest hues and sweetest perfumes. The balls of Prince Tuff— are the most celebrated of this kind; the last was superb; what a number of lovely English women, of handsome Russians, and of graceful Parisians! How speedily one could guess at the fundamental thought of that assembly! How quickly one could see, on beholding those charming young women, that it was elegance and beauty that gave them the right to be there!

Among agreeable *fêtes* we shall also reckon the *bals d'occasion*, or *bals de voyageurs*. These have no pretension to splendid hangings and gilt wainscotings. It is a *fête improvisée*, animated, cheerful, and amusing, like all impromptu pleasures. The mistress of the house seems to say: "I am not at home; I am answerable for nothing here; I have selected the best I could in your Paris. If you think it bad it is your own fault. Why have you nothing finer? Come and see me at my palace at Naples, Vienna, St. Petersburg, or Madrid, and you may then judge of me. It is not a *fête* I give you; it is hospitality that I promise you. Remember but one thing of this *soirée*, it is the pleasure I shall every where have in receiving you." These *bals d'occasion*, given *par extraordinaire*, are sometimes so successful that one is obliged to give several more.

And the *bai d'enfants*? Oh! how delightful that is, especially since the fashion of real children is revived! It was but lately that there were no more children! Persons from six months to five years, old stile condescended to be children; but beyond five years, we beheld but pedantic or old people—little gentlemen six and a half years' old, already rather conceited, and extremely silly, disdaining their sisters, and scolding their mothers when they committed some blunders in English—*petites maîtresses* of six at most, wearing a *mantelet*, and tying a bonnet with the experience of an old coquette, criticising this, and depreciating that, with the *aplomb* of an old journalist. Really children had vanished, and we had but old people in miniature. The saying, as "grave as a councillor" had made room for "as grave as a schoolboy." Children were then so serious that one trembled when one offered them *bombons*. Thanks to heaven, the spirit of childhood has returned; and it was delightful the other night to see, in the fine drawing-room of Madame de Ch—, all those graceful little girls trip along, and all those pretty little boys gambol. Vainly did a solemn-looking dancing-master direct his huge spectacles on all those tiny feet, and striving to regulate their steps, and to keep their buoyant gaiety within the chains of a quadrille. His efforts were fruitless and the confusion adorable. Ah, depend upon it, a *bai d'enfants* is a charming thing, provided they be real children.

The *bai de cour*.... You know what that is now—a collection of *bourgeois*.

The *bai*, or rather *soirée des célébrités*!.... You are acquainted with that also; it is an admirable collection of *supériorités*; a cabinet of intellects. All hasten to it. One is easily amused; the very invitation is flattering, and we are always pleased where we are flattered.

We have, lastly, the *bai forcé*, the ball of necessity, which one gives from duty, and for the sake of one's position. This is of admirable harmony. Here every inconvenience is counterbalanced by a contrary inconvenience. The apartment is ill decorated.... but, on the other hand, it is ill-lighted. Here it is too warm, but, further on, a vast deal too cold. You perspire in the drawing-room, but freeze in the dining-room, which opens on an icy staircase. The band is indifferent.... but it cannot be heard—it is in the next room. The refreshments are not copious, but they are very bad. Fortunately there is not enough of them for every body. The *danseurs* are scarce.... but they are old. The *danseuses* are not pretty.... but they are badly dressed. One has not troubled oneself about procuring what constitutes an agreeable ball, such as handsome *danseurs* and lovely young *danseuses*; for the object is not to give an elegant *fête*, but to assemble people out of condescendence and obligation, such as superiors upon whom one depends, or influential people whom one wants, and people whom one wants are always ugly. In short, the *bai forcé* is *triste* and singularly *ennuyeux*; but it is over early, which is a bright compensation. And if the master of the house, when he takes his leave of you, looks as if he said—"I did not ask you for my amusement," when you return his salute you seem to answer—"I did not come to amuse myself."

This is, methinks, a pretty long catalogue of balls. The only one of them that we have forgotten is that we are going to this evening. Let us be off, for it is getting very late.—[Madame de Girardin.]

## PELLETS FOR PROSERS.

ONE day, when the fêtes on Parnassus were ended, And Helicon dull for the rest of the year, Like other gay tourists, Apollo descended With Momus—to visit his votaries here! For whoever the other gods took to amuse them, They found them so learn'd, or so dull, or so prim, That sometimes they'd leave them—and sometimes they'd lose them;—

So he always took Folly to travel with him!

Having lasso'd two Pegasus-ponies—they bound them With sunbeams for traces—took stars for their seat; And thus, at each step flinging rainbows around them, They alighted, like sunset, in Marlborough-street! But there the old Temple they stopped at so often, Was shut in their teeth!—and 't was only in spite Of orders the strictest, they managed to soften The Porter—and sit in the shop for the night!

But Apollo who cares very little for sleeping, Tried over some "Chansons" that seemed rather new; While Momus, who always loved *bindings*—and peeping At pictures and Peers—looked the Annuals through! And often, when struck by some discord within it, Apollo would fling down his song with a sneer; While Momus cried out with delight ev'ry minute, "What a gem of a Print!—What a love of a Peer!"

So they got through the night;—and next morning they wander'd [find] Through all the new streets, and new squares they could And though Momus his whole stock of sympathy squandered, Apollo could scarce find a spot to his mind! There were altars to Reason, and temples to Science, But Poesy's minarets nowhere arose; And go where they would, still a look of defiance Glared on them from some hideous statue of—PROSE!

When they came to St. Stephen's, they quickened their paces, "For here," said the god, "in the brightest of days, Though banished from all polished temples and places, Prose ever found worshippers loud in her praise!" Folly showed him a statue;—"Ah! yes," said Apollo, "That's one of my martyrs they knocked on the head; Prose's gibbet for Genius!—least others should follow, And scatter round diamonds where they drop but lead!"

They crossed a broad stream—hoping still to discover Some garden or grove where a shrine might appear; And they asked a pale youth whom they took for a lover, But who was a dull Prose-ite—"What building is here? It seems much enlarged—and we should know its features." "T is Bedlam,"—the Earth-born replied with a bow—"But we've added the wings for poor moonstricken creatures Called poets—the law does not tolerate now!"

Now, altho' they had heard that "Reform" was effected, They knew not till then of one clause the Bill had, Wherein 't was expressly laid down and directed All poets should thenceforth be treated as mad! For Prose in a speech full of radical glories, Assured them that Verse,—unless driven to the wall, Meant, one day or other, to bring back the Tories, Old feelings—old fashions—Old Sarum and all!

Thus they wandered along till the nightfall was closing; And still, as they listened to each one that pass'd, High and low, young or old, they were all of them prose-ing, Good full-weighted prose—of our own English cast! And once a poor youth as he gazed up to Heaven, With eyes lit with more than th' exact standard light, Was led to the station-house,—orders being given To take up all star-gazers—be whom they might!

But the worst case of all was a poor little maiden Who sat at her casement,—her eyes fixed above, And whose lips,—for you saw that her heart was o'erladen, Murmured some little song about "Moonlight and Love!" For they learned that an anti-Apollo informer, That night,—and in Prose's own lead-colored Fly, Least her warm little brain might grow, possibly, warmer, Shut her up in a convent of Prose-ites—close by!

"By my wings!" said Apollo, "with this sort of fuel No wonder my altars grow black in the sun; We thought, in Olympus, their *poor-laws* were cruel, But their *poor-laws* beat them,—a thousand to one!" "By my bauble!" said Momus, "I think the thing glorious; A poet was always a pauper—at best; But now we shall have the twin-brothers uproarious,— And *poor-law*, and *poor-law*, both set at rest!"

So they went for their ponies, but found them so beaten, They scarcely could flutter a step from the door; For nor sonnet nor song had the little bloods eaten, Since they left their own stables,—full two days before! And instead of returning in rainbows and glories, They arrived out of humor—out of sorts—out of breath! Like a couple of prose-ridden Pegasus-tories, Whom earth's vile reformers had worried to death!

When they heard, in Olympus, on what sort of diet The party had lived,—and our state here on earth,— "But how," cried they all, "were their women so quiet, Sustained but on love and on song—since their birth?" But they told them,—tho' Prose's attorneys were bringing Their actions by dozens,—to stop every ear, That one of the SHERIDAN SWANS was still singing, And THAT was the cause of our quiet down here! *Athenaeum Club, Feb. 23, 1841.* P.H.

CHOKING OFF A LAWYER.—The best and most effectual check ever given to a verbose pettifogger occurred in a well known western city, and is within our own knowledge as a fact. Much against his will, a shrewd, plain spoken, straight forward citizen was called from his business and forced upon a jury to pronounce verdict over some trivial point of litigation. He sat some time patiently until he got the merits of the case and saw that the matter was just worth the toss of a red cent, and far worthier of being so decided than thrust into a court of justice. Yet a pedantic looking small lawyer got up, having an ostentatious display of law books before him, and giving every indication that he was going to commence a prolix fanfaronade, a kind of

forensic oratory for which he was somewhat celebrated among the different justices courts and other bars of the place.—After several pompous *Ames* and *Amos*, he commenced—

"Gentlemen of the jury"—

"Look here," said our jurymen, rising and pulling out his watch—"I've just got one remark to make before you go on. If you talk more than five minutes I'll give my verdict against you! Now you see the less you say the better."

The lawyer took the hint, consented to be choked off, and was rewarded by the paltry verdict he wished to gain.—[Picayune.]

## TO A CHILD.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,  
And curly pate, and merry eye,  
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,  
And soft and fair?—thou urchin shy!

What boots it who with sweet caresses  
First called thee his—or squire or hind?  
Since thou in every wight that passes,  
Dost new a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,  
As fringed eye-lids rise and fall;  
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,  
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a-field thou hast not flown:  
With mocks and threats, half hissed, half spoken;  
I feel thee pulling at my gown,  
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,  
A mimic warfare with me waging;  
To make, as wily lovers do,  
Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,  
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:  
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf  
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,  
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming  
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,  
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well; let it be! through weal and woe,  
Thou know'st not now thy future range;  
Life is a motley, shifting show,  
And thou a thing of hope and change.

FUSILI.—The following anecdote respecting Fuseli's extravagance as a painter, was related to me by poor Charles Stothard:—He called one day on Fuseli, and found him very busy. A canvas so large as to fill one side of his painting room was before him—the work far advanced. In one of the lower corners might be seen a bit of the end of a boat. At the top of the picture, in the opposite corner, a bit of the top of a rock, darkness and water between. Stretched right across the whole canvas, one peaked toe just touching the boat, the uplifted arm, on the other side, just touching the rock above, was seen the flying figure of a man of proportions as colossal as the canvas, all the muscles of his form marked as strongly as if they had been bared by the dissecting knife; his eyes flaring, his mouth open, his hair standing on end. "Mr. Fuseli," said Charles Stothard, "what have we here?"—"That is William Tell, jumping out of de boat," exclaimed Fuseli, in a stentorian voice, flourishing in one hand the pallet, and in the other the pencil. "Bless me, Mr. Fuseli, where will he alight when landed?"

THE JEWEES.—Fontanes asked Chateaubriand, "if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men;" to which Chateaubriand gave the following truly poetical and Christian one:—"The Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection, was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary.' At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

A COFFEE-HOUSE DINNER.—Oh, what a sum of suffering is represented in the term! Who has forgotten the slice of watery cod, apparently boiled in the weeds which serve for garniture; with a large blob of bookbinder's paste, in which crude oysters were stuck? For condiment, soy with flies in it, or anchovy, which will not pour; and cayenne, whose heat has faded, while the grains have consolidated. Two or three long kidney potatoes a l'eau, and thoroughly saturated with the simple element in which they were boiled. To follow, according to custom, the slice of a cow's hide, by courtesy styled a steak, tough and black, but set off with lumps of yellow fat, the sight whereof would distress an Esquimaux. Add to this a substance resembling mixed lamp-black and grease, for gravy. After the struggle with the steak, if the guest had a tooth left in his head, he, perhaps, was mad enough to order a tart; which was composed of the third of an apple cut into



alices, keeping shape perfectly, and defying the operation of baking, by a vigorous constitutional curdly—covered with a pale, dry crust, ready to part from the dish at the slightest instance, as weary of the stale connexion. Next, a cheese, more biting than bitten, which had felt warmth, and whose coatings were beautifully glazed, and delicately powdered with dust. To these delicacies, add the menstium of a pint of hot and distasteful compound, drunk only because it was put in a decanter and to be paid for; and, lastly, that enormity of enormities, THE BILL:—

Cod and oyster sauce .....	3	6
Rump-steak and ditto .....	3	6
Potatoes .....	1	0
Bread and beer .....	1	0
Tart .....	1	6
Pint of old Port .....	3	6
	14	0

To which, if the party thought the avoidance of insult worth sixpence, was to be added, Waiter .....

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

### REMARKS ON CLIMATE, AND ESPECIALLY THAT OF THE HARBOR OF NEW-YORK.

The influence of climate on man, its agency in the production and alleviation of disease, its effects as a moral power, and its universal importance in the economy of the physical condition of our earth, develop a theme interesting and extensive for consideration.

To pursue an inquiry into so varied and important a subject with any degree of success, requires a mind devoted, patient, elastic, capable of analysis and deduction, and one well furnished with data, obtained from long and laborious observation. In its various departments, it embraces the whole extent of physical science; and so extensive, indeed, is it, that it would require years and folios to unfold its various windings. The object of the present remarks is necessarily confined to the more prominent topics in relation to the subject; and we shall present only a brief summary of facts in reference to the climate, soil, &c., of the surrounding region of country.

CLIMATE, in ordinary parlance, signifies simply the peculiar temperature of localities; in a more extended application of the term it embraces, not only the temperature, but all combined and collateral agencies—the characteristic features of the country, its position on the terrestrial space, its nature, soil, productions, &c.

The varieties of circumstantial detail, gathered from observation, indicate the necessity of classification as the best means to deduce the relative intensity of the several agents in operation. There seems to be, indeed, a certain natural distribution of climates, and these have been from time immemorial known as the *Torrid*, the *Temperate*, and the *Frigid*. No classification, however, can be definite, as the situation of a country does not necessarily indicate climate, and the temperature, hygrometric state, &c., are so much altered and modified by the surface formation, as in many cases even to eclipse the climatic peculiarities incident to a latitude. This common division of the earth by zones seems, however, a fit basis on which to found a classification, and would be complete, did temperature depend solely on the position of the sun. The several modifications and their causes may become subordinate divisions. The principal modifications are produced by the ocean, the great lakes, mountains, and the state of irrigation from rivers and canals which a country endures. The constitution of the soil, the state of cultivation, &c., may be considered as collateral influences, and perhaps of little importance in a general view of the subject. Each of these divisions may be subdivided again into *classes*—thus:

Class 1. Regions on the borders of the ocean;  
“ 2. “ “ “ large lakes or inland seas;  
“ 3. “ in the vicinity of lofty mountains;  
“ 4. “ in the interior, unmodified by elevations, &c.  
And again these *classes* may be reduced to subdivisions or *orders*, founded on the peculiarities of the geological structure of the location, and further by *sections* derived from minor peculiarities. Such an arrangement seems to be rational, and though in many cases insufficient and inaccurate, would facilitate the acquisition of climatic varieties. Cultivation, it is admitted on all hands, is a great moderator of all climates. This country is said to have lost a great share of its intensity, since the emigration and toil of the white man; and Germany, which in the times of Cæsar was extremely cold, is now one of the most temperate countries of Europe.

New-York properly belongs to Div. 2, *Temperate*. Class 1—on the sea-board; and it may be proper now to state a few of the peculiarities of its climate. This portion of the United States is situated on the sea-board of the Atlantic, in latitude 40° 42' 40" N—Longitude 74° 1' 5", and consequently is open to all the influences of a sea-board location—the frequent changes of weather, the boisterousness of the sea-winds, the moist state of the atmosphere, &c. The effects of such climatic influences is strongly marked and recognized in the details of the Register's "Reports of Bu-

rials in the City and County." It is perhaps the most inveterate climate on the continent. The various degrees of temperature will be seen in the following tabular view, to which reference will be made throughout these remarks:

INDICATION.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.
Maximum Temp. ....	58	56	63	77	81	88
Minimum " .....	.05	.02	5	26	32	50
Mean " .....	28.18	29.97	37.12	48.34	57.20	66.02
Mean Diurnal Varia. .	8.00	8.39	9.34	11.72	10.84	10.65
Range of Quarters. .	68°			62°		

INDICATION.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Maximum Temp. ....	94	84	85	75	66	54
Minimum " .....	52	52	40	30	14	4
Mean " .....	73.06	71.35	62.94	53.04	41.79	32.01
Mean Diurnal Var. .	11.28	11.60	11.45	10.48	10.57	7.69
Range of Quarters. .	54°			71°		

The course of the winds in the several months, with the number of days each prevailed, is annexed:

DATE.	N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W
First Quarter. ....	2.6	25.7	18.9	1.8	3.9	4.4	26.2
Second do. ....	2.0	13.2	17.0	2.2	12.8	9.9	29.2
Third do. ....	2.8	10.4	13.8	1.8	16.3	8.2	32.8
Fourth do. ....	3.4	19.4	19.2	1.4	5.9	3.7	30.6
Ann't am't of each.	10.8	68.7	68.9	7.2	38.9	26.2	118.8

The state of the weather is shown in the table beneath:

DATE.	Clear	Cl'dy	Va'b'l	Rain	Sa'w	Fog	Quant'y Rain
1st Q'tr. ....	53.7	28.1	8.5	12.6	7.8	3.8	10.07 inches.
2d do. ....	47.8	28.7	14.5	24.4	0.8	1.5	14.24 "
3d do. ....	54.6	24.0	13.4	19.8	0.0	0.7	11.29 "
4th do. ....	48.0	33.1	10.9	14.2	4.7	1.4	12.81 "
Annual. ....	204.1	113.9	47.3	71.0	13.3	7.4	48.41 "

The above tables are all furnished from an average of ten years, (1831–40,) and it has been thought proper to exhibit them before entering further into the subject. The collateral objects of meteorological observations will be added as an appendix to what may be said on the subject.

The location of New-York, as before remarked, exposes it to all the vicissitudes of weather. The country round about is chiefly level; the soil, vegetable in its origin, is black and rich and is under the highest state of cultivation. It is about seven miles from the main ocean, and is well irrigated by numerous large rivers and streams intersecting its beautiful and picturesque scenery. The peculiar influence of the sea-board as a modifier of the distribution of annual temperature is satisfactorily ascertained by comparing it with the averages of places remote from the ocean. As an example, let us take New-York and the interior remote from the sea in the same parallel of latitude: the annual mean temperature of New-York is 52.57, with a range in the several years of 10°; that of the interior is about 48.99—the former being an average of 10 years, the latter of 5 years. The figures representing New-York may be considered a high ratio, as the mean annual is in general represented at about 46° or 49°, which is probably the truth; so that the slight difference perceived is immaterial as a test of region influences. The differences between the extremes of these two localities is 35°—that of New-York being 99°, and the interior 134°. The distribution of heat into the several quarters in the two places is thus:

	1st Quarter.	2d Quarter.	3d Quarter.	4th Quarter.
New-York. ....	31.75	57.18	69.11	42.27
Interior. ....	21.89	48.91	75.26	50.40

In the former the mean temperature of winter is 9° 86 higher than the latter; that of spring 8° 27 higher; of summer 6° 15 lower; and of winter 8° 13 lower. This contrast is seen plainer by comparing the mean difference of the means of summer and winter: it being on the sea-board 27° 36; in the interior 53° 37. Thus it will be seen that localities beyond the region of the ocean are subject to greater extremes of temperature; on the sea-board the equalizing property of the water is apparent. In the former region the winds are never so changeable, and storms are unfrequent; whereas, on the oceanic range the winds display a great influence, and assist in a great measure to modify the seasons. Regions on the sea-board are subject to greater moisture both in the way of rains and dews—the weather is more cloudy. In the interior the prevailing weather is fair and dry, and is characterized by great range of temperature in comparison to the ocean region. The following view of the proportions of each in the two regions will sufficiently show the contrast:

	Fair	Cloudy	Variable	Rain	Snow	Foggy
Sea-board .....	227	138	47	71	13	9
Interior .....	216	149	0	46	29	0

The annual quantity of rain that falls at any one place seems, according to Humboldt, to be proportioned to the different latitudes, decreasing from the Equator to the poles; and that celebrated traveller has furnished an average calculation of the respective apportionment—thus:

Latitude.	Mean annual depth of rain.
80°	80 inches.
60°	60 do
40°	40 do
20°	20 do

These, however, cannot be constant: for it is a well-known fact that more rain falls in mountainous than level districts, and that the sea-board is partially exempt from heavy rains. The annual quantity of rain and snow measured in the gauge at New-York is about 48–41 inches. The great-

est quantity falls on the 2d and 4th quarters: February and October seem to be the most settled months of the year, and are subject to fewer downfalls or storms. The amount of snow falling at any one place is regulated, according to Scoresby, by the mean temperature. This, however, will scarcely be tenable. We have before us two places in the same latitude; in one it snows 13 and in the other 29 days in the year, and no doubt the quantity is twice as large in the latter. Snow depends more on the distribution of heat among the seasons, and the direction of the winds, than any other causes. In New-York snow in general appears when the wind is easterly, or from the ocean.

Electrical phenomena are also modified by climate in the interior,—where the extremes are far apart, thunder storms are of rare occurrence, but in the ocean region, where the electrical fluid is conveyed from the earth to the clouds through a moist atmosphere, the storms are comparatively frequent, and very violent. In the first quarter, when the air is dry and frozen, it is uncommon to experience a storm of thunder, (the average of New-York being only 0–6.) As the spring advances in the second quarter the hygrometric state of the atmosphere increases, and the ratio of storms becomes greater, (amounting to 17–3, average,) and the same ratio is sustained in the third quarter. The winter averages about 2.

The brilliant coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, or as the Shetlanders term it, "the merry dancers," is sometimes seen in great splendor in these regions. The appearance is not very frequent, compared with more northern latitudes, as in Siberia or Lapland, where it often lends its aid to guide the traveller at night. It is generally looked for in the winter and spring, and more particularly in the months of October and February, when the atmosphere is driest. Whether this electric phenomenon exerts any influence on the weather or weather the source of its appearance, is a question not yet decided.

The nature of the soil exerts a very material influence on the health and habits of man and his destiny. Formed from the decay of vegetable matter, and the gradual attrition of rocky formations, it will not seem wonderful that it should influence thus the economy of man and animals: they derive their sustenance from this source, and all their functions will be adapted or habituated to its peculiarities. The soil about N. Y. is in general rich and highly cultivated: in some districts the earth is made up of sandy loam, and in others of marsh and swampy land. The aggregate, however, is *par excellence* good and fruitful. The physical aspect of the surrounding country is generally even, or at most diversified by gentle undulations of surface, which renders the location exposed to all the boisterousness of an unprotected sea-board. There are extensive salt marshes on the Jersey shore, but it would be unreasonable to attribute to them any deleterious effect on N. Y.

Among its numerous articles of vegetation this climate fosters many powerful medicinal and highly poisonous plants, which are indigenous. About the city, however, the lands are chiefly laid out for garden purposes or pasture for cattle, and are commonly considered free from miasmatic emanations. The diseases which affect New York are not peculiar: the greatest item, however, in the bills of mortality arises from consumptions and other lung complaints—the offspring of a severe climate, exposure and inattention in matters of dress to sudden vicissitudes. In the summer months lesions of the stomach and bowels are the most fatal: then cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, &c. devastate the city and fill the grave yards. Fevers are most prevalent about the equinoctial periods, or when there is great moisture or heavy foggy weather; they are chiefly inflammatory, degenerating in their progress to typhus. The intermittent fevers are annihilated as indigenous from these parts under the influence of improved drainage and cultivation. In some parts of Long Island and Staten Island, 8 or 10 miles distant, however, this frightful type of disease is prevalent, especially where there are wild lands and marshes unrecovered. In the year 1523, when the intermittent was raging in these places, this city was entirely free from the scourge. It is worthy of remark here, that one-seventh of the deaths in the city are from phthisis pulmonalis and about two-thirds from other lesions of the thoracic viscera—the highest average in the world. The total deaths recorded are about 1 in 37 of the population annually.

Before concluding these remarks, a list of several of the principal places in Europe and elsewhere will be added, in order that a comparison may be drawn as to the difference of the mean temperature of the months and the mean annual range in each. The mean difference stands thus:

	Mean diff. of month.	Mean range of year.
Pisa .....	5° 75	64°
Naples .....	5° 08	60°
Nice .....	4° 74	62°
Rome .....	4° 39	62°
Madeira .....	2° 40	23°
England .....	3° 05	75°
Fort King (Fa.) .....	4° 28	75°
Fort Marion .....	3° 55	66°
Fort Brooke .....	2° 97	37°
Key West .....	2° 44	37°

The above table may be useful in the choice of a residence for consumptive patients, as it is well known that that climate is preferable where the range is least. Madeira seems to be best calculated for such, as the range is nominal, and the temperature remarkably equal and uniform. The range of New-York is 99°, and is consequently a bad position for a consumptive patient, and this, with its peculiarly moist atmosphere, is the cause of the large ratio of deaths from that disease in the city. In addition may now be appended a small table intended to display the duration of winter in each of the ten years to which it refers:

	First Ice formed.	First Snow fell.	Last Ice formed.	Last Snow fell.
1831.....	Oct. 20...	Nov. 3...	April 10...	April 30
1832.....	Nov. 3...	Dec. 12...	April 10...	Mar. 17
1833.....	Oct. 31...	Dec. 15...	Mar. 29...	Mar. 1
1834.....	Oct. 30...	Nov. 15...	May 15...	April 25
1835.....	Nov. 13...	Nov. 27...	April 18...	April 16
1836.....	Oct. 26...	Nov. 24...	April 12...	April 13
1837.....	Oct. 14...	Nov. 14...	May 1...	April 4
1838.....	Oct. 31...	Oct. 31...	April 17...	April 24
1839.....	Nov. 20...	Nov. 10...	Mar. 31...	April 17
1840.....	Oct. 26...	Nov. 18...	Mar. 26...	April 1

The earliest formed ice in the ten years, was on October 14, 1837; the last formed ice, May 15, 1834: consequently, the extreme duration of frost is 213 days, or about 7 months. The mean duration of winter is about 164 days, or about 5½ months. R. S. F.

**NEW-YORK AND VIRGINIA.**—The Albany Evening Journal of Monday contains a message from Gov. Seward to the Legislature relative to the late controversy between New-York and Virginia, to which are added the Legislative proceedings in Virginia and Mississippi in relation thereto.

We have not room to republish all that the Journal contains on this subject, but annex a part of Gov. Seward's message.

"On the 24th of February last, I issued a requisition to the Executive of Virginia for the surrender of Robert F. Curry, a fugitive from justice, charged with an aggravated crime of forgery. His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, admits the regularity of the requisition, and acknowledges that the fugitive has been arrested, and is in actual custody in that Commonwealth, upon the charge contained in the requisition. Nevertheless, he deems it proper to make his compliance with the requisition dependent upon a reversal of the decision heretofore made by the Executive of this State in the case before referred to, and to detain the fugitive in custody six months, to afford time to the Executive of this State to reconsider that subject. By the documents transmitted, it will be seen that I have deemed it my duty, under these extraordinary circumstances, to inform the Governor of Virginia, without delay, that the decision in question cannot be reversed.

It will belong to the Legislature to decide whether the law that seems to have given offence to the Legislature of Virginia shall be repealed: but I trust it will not be deemed improper for me to state, that although I supposed the trial by jury was already effectually secured to persons claimed as fugitive slaves without the passage of the act in question, and therefore believed it unnecessary, yet I cheerfully deferred in that respect to the better judgment of the Legislature, and approved the law, the repeal of which is thus demanded. In my judgment, the law could not now be repealed, and especially under the singular circumstances presented, without raising a presumption that the Legislature intended to deprive our own citizens, or other persons claimed as fugitive slaves, of the right trial by jury. Believing that the right is invaluable as a protection to personal liberty, is peculiarly proper in cases where persons are exposed to the loss of liberty without even a charge of crime, and that it is important to every human being within our jurisdiction, in proportion to the humbleness and defencelessness of his condition, I cannot recommend the repeal of the act. If it became my place to speculate concerning the probabilities of legislative action, and if I supposed it possible, which I certainly do not, that any disposition existed in the Legislature to repeal the act, I should deem it my duty to remonstrate against the measure.

Unwilling to leave any ground for an expectation in regard to the Executive of this State, that convictions of duty which have prevailed, notwithstanding the very elaborate arguments presented by the Executive and Legislature of Virginia, can be removed by any injurious measures adopted by that State, I deem it proper to repeat, in the most solemn manner, that the humble individuals who are pursued by the Governor of Virginia as felons, for the offence of being seamen on board a ship in which a negro seceded himself in order to escape from slavery, if they yet remain in this State, are under the protection of its Constitution and laws, and cannot be surrendered to the State of Virginia by Executive authority, on the pretence set up for that purpose, without a deliberate violation of both, and that this conviction, adopted after most mature and impartial deliberation, and strengthened by subsequent reflection, is in no degree affected by the recent proceedings of the authorities of Virginia.

Without intending any disrespect to the State of Virginia, and cheerfully leaving its authorities to adopt all such proceedings as may seem to them right and proper in regard to the subject, I avail myself of the occasion to declare that measures of retaliation, injury and reprisal, are deemed equally unworthy the dignity of this State, and inconsistent with its federal relations. The Executive of this State, therefore, will not, although such a course has the sanction of the example of his Excellency the Governor of Virginia, offer large rewards to induce persons to seize within the jurisdiction and in violation of the laws of Virginia, fugitives from the justice of this State, requisitions for whose delivery to the authorities of this State have been denied by the Executive of Virginia, but will be content to put forth the legal powers with which he is entrusted. The Executive of this State will not appeal to supposed interests and sympathies in other States, and attempt to combine one portion of the Union against another, but will cheerfully abide for

his cause the test of time and free investigation. The constitutional demands of the Executive of Virginia upon the Executive of this State will in all cases be allowed as fully as if the Governor of Virginia met his own obligations in the same manner, nor will measures of retaliatory legislation be recommended. On the contrary, the Executive of this State, confiding in the Constitution and laws of the United States as affording ample remedies for any injuries the citizens of this State may suffer from unconstitutional proceedings on the part of the State of Virginia, is satisfied that it may be safely left to the magnanimity of Virginia, and her own experience of the injurious consequences of those proceedings, to secure an early relinquishment of them, and a due acknowledgment and performance of all her constituted obligations.

**NEW-YORK AND VIRGINIA.**—The Richmond Whig of Monday, contains a minority report of the Virginia Senate, protesting against "Bayly's Bill"—which bill contains the provisions for non-intercourse between the two States after May, 1842—and proposing some "less objectionable and more effective plan of action." The same paper contains a letter from acting Governor Patton to Gov. Seward, in which the former announces his purpose to surrender Curry on the requisition of the latter.

Gov. Patton's letter is temperate, yet able and spirited. We quote its concluding paragraphs:—

"It is in no spirit of menace, but from an anxious desire to preserve harmony between the States and prevent collisions which must necessarily impair the value and stability of the Union, if they do not endanger and finally destroy it, that I assure your Excellency that the State of Virginia cannot acquiesce in, and will not submit to, those aggressions of New-York, which have occasioned the existing controversy between those two great Commonwealths.

I therefore accompany this communication, informing you of the fact that your demand for the surrender of the fugitive from your State is granted, with an earnest protest against those aggressions, and an anxious and respectful appeal to you, and through you to the State whose organ you are, to review the positions you have taken, and by a magnanimous abandonment of erroneous and untenable opinions and measures, restore those harmonious relations between the States, which it is alike the interest and duty of us all to endeavor to perpetuate."

**IOWA.**—Although this young and rapidly increasing Territory is beginning to attract the attention of the people in the Atlantic States, yet there are comparatively few east of the Alleghanies who have any definite conception of its vast mineral wealth, or its aptitude for agricultural and commercial pursuits.

Eight years ago this fertile region was the hunting ground of the savage. He skirted every stream where now is heard the woodman's axe. The neat "cabin" of the settler and the wide fields are now covering the fertile plains, where, but yesterday, the war horse of Black Hawk snuffed the breeze of battle.

Our attention has been, for the last few years, attracted to the young republic of Texas, yet the great mass of our people seem to have been unconscious that a young territory has sprung into existence upon the western shore of the Mississippi, and containing already a population of about 50,000 souls; a country which, if we regard it in its physical aspect, or the intelligent and enterprising character of its population, affords the most convincing proof that she will, ere long, occupy a high place in the national confederacy. These reflections have suggested themselves upon a hasty glance of an interesting volume, entitled "Sketches of Iowa, or the Emigrant's Guide," published by J. H. Colton, Merchants Exchange. The author, John H. Newhall, Esq., has long been a resident of that interesting country—and his ample opportunities for minute observation, and extensive research, have enabled him to give a highly interesting description of the agricultural and mineral resources of this hitherto comparatively unknown and unappreciated region.

Such a work must be highly important to the emigrant, the legislator, and the tourist—as it delineates, in a comprehensive view, the elements that will, ere long, constitute the wealth and greatness of this interesting portion of our wide domain. We perceive that Mr. N. has the strong and decided testimony of the Governor and Surveyor-General, as to the fidelity of his delineations—in which opinion we heartily concur—and as it occupies new ground, we recommend a perusal to all those who desire to become more familiar with the unbounded resources of our common country.

**NATIONAL BANK.**—A citizen of Indiana has given, in the National Intelligencer, the project of a National Bank, of which the following is the outline:—"Capital \$15,000,000, owned by citizens of the United States; one-half the stock to be paid at the organization, and the residue in one, two, and three years; to have not less than ten nor more than twenty branches; to be the agent of the Government, and receive the deposits on paying an equivalent; to be expressly prohibited from lending money, trading in stocks, or dealing in anything but money and exchange, and this only at fixed moderate rates, according to distance; and the Directors to be personally responsible for correct management. The Government to appoint agents to examine the Bank and each branch at least once a year; monthly statements of the condition of the Bank to be published; and such other regulations to be made as experience has shown to be proper."

**FROM SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—The Rochester Daily Advertiser is indebted to Hatch's Express for Sandwich Island papers (the Polynesian,) to October last, brought by the Elizabeth, Capt. Wood. They contain a variety of particulars respecting the Exploring Expedition, which we have before received. A law has been enacted by the sovereigns of the Hawaiian Islands, of which a translation is published. The first section is as follows:

1. If any man take potatoes, sugar-cane, melons, or any other article of food, and transform it to an intoxicating liquor, and drink it, he shall be fined one dollar, and if he do the like again, the fine shall be two dollars, and thus the fine shall be doubled for every offence even to the utmost extent.

A ship yard at Honolulu, owned by Messrs. Robinson, Lawrence & Holt, is described as fitted for the repair of vessels of all descriptions, where the work is done by excellent workmen, and at reasonable price.

**ARREST OF RAIL-ROAD ROBBERS.**—We learn from the Albany Evening Journal that the robbers who have been long preying upon travelers on the Syracuse and Auburn Rail-Road are at length arrested. This was accomplished by the prompt and determined action of three gentlemen who were robbed on Saturday.

The names of the individuals thus arrested are Richard Graves, collector on the Auburn and Syracuse Rail Road, and George Wall, porter for the Syracuse and Utica Rail Road. The latter, it appears, has already been twice in the States' Prison. The confessions of Wall show that a large amount of money and valuables have recently been stolen by himself and his friend Graves.

¶ The city of Paris has at length succeeded in procuring water from an Artesian well, which has for several years been in progress at Grenelle, at an expense of 160,000 francs. The boring instrument, after having reached the enormous depth of 560 metres, (1837 English feet,) reached the water, which immediately sprang up in abundance to the top of the bore. This operation has resolved a highly interesting geological problem, and proves that a body of water exists under the green chalk strata which forms the bed of the environs of Paris.

¶ A thunder storm passed over the village of Newburgh on Friday night the 26th, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning struck the roof of a house in Fishkill, near the residence of Dr. James Rumsey. It broke and splintered the rafters and passed down through the floors to the cellar, scattering the earth and boards in every direction. The house was occupied by Wm. Bennet, whose family were sleeping on two feather beds about ten feet apart on the ground floor. They were uninjured, though several planks of the floor were torn up in the centre of the room and some furniture was destroyed.

**MCLEOD CASE.**—We understand from very good authority that Mr. Webster is of the opinion that a plea to the jurisdiction in this case will be perfectly valid and relieve the question from all its embarrassments. The object of Mr. Crittenden's proposed journey to Lockport was to sustain this plea.

**UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.**—The Madisonian states that the despatches received by our Government by the Caledonia from Great Britain, are of entirely a pacific character, and although there had been some excitement in England on account of the arrest of McLeod, yet the public mind was becoming more quiet.

**INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.**—The managers of the New-York Institute for the Blind have made their fifth annual report to the Legislature of the State. At the commencement of the past year the number of pupils in the Institute was sixty-nine; at its close seventy-two—forty-six males and twenty-six females. There still remain many vacancies under the state laws. Sixty of the pupils read, and learn arithmetic, geography and grammar; fifteen are taught writing; twenty, logic; five, geometry; and four, algebra. Twenty-five read fluently. Two of the females have not learned to read, from their sense of touch not being sufficiently acute. During the past year two public concerts of music have been given, in which the performance was by the pupils. Eighteen of the male pupils are instructed in the mode of making willow baskets, and four are instructed in weaving. Eight of the females are instructed in the manufacture of band-boxes and other paste boxes. Seven hundred and ninety-three band-boxes and four hundred square boxes, of different sizes, are now on hand. The expense of the institution, including all ordinary disbursements of every kind, were \$13,111 52; its ordinary receipts during the same time were \$11,739 50.

**NAVAL.**—United States ship Decatur, Capt. Ogden, sailed from Buenos Ayres Jan. 2, for Montevideo:

The United States exploring squadron was at Oahu, October 16.

The U. S. frigate Macedonian, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Wilkinson, and sloop-of-war Levant, Captain Fitzhugh, sailed from Pensacola on 1st inst. on a cruise.



## FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, March 29th.

General Harrison is confined to his chamber by a severe attack of bilious pleurisy. For several days of last week he had felt somewhat indisposed: yet he continued to devote himself to business, early and late, with his customary activity and diligence. About noon on Saturday, he was seized with an ague which continued for an hour and a half, and was followed by febrile symptoms accompanied with severe pain in the side. Dr. Miller and Dr. May, two distinguished physicians, were immediately summoned, and had recourse to active remedies—cupping, calomel, &c. Under their skilful treatment, the President found great relief, and to-day he appears so much better, that if he continues to improve as rapidly, we may hope he will be able to attend to business in the latter part of the week. The attack was, no doubt, greatly aggravated by the exciting scenes he has gone through during the last month, and the exhausting cares attendant upon the station he holds. With tranquillity and repose, his vigorous constitution will quickly regain its former tone. The attendance of Mrs. Harrison, upon her father-in-law, has been incessant, and marked by a devoted affection that increases the esteem with which she is universally regarded. Owing to the General's ill-health, the usual evening receptions at the White House have been suspended for the present.

The Secretary of State received intelligence on Saturday that Mr. Le Roy, the father of Mrs. Webster, was so ill that a fatal termination was expected. He and his lady set out yesterday morning for New York, but with scarcely a hope of seeing their venerable relative alive. Those who know that Mr. Webster is scarcely less distinguished for sensibility of heart, than for his vast and comprehensive intellect, will readily appreciate the motives that caused him to absent himself from this city at such a time. Mr. Fletcher Webster is, at present, Acting Secretary of State, and discharges the duties in a highly satisfactory manner.

Previous to his departure, Mr. Webster instituted a committee of examination and inquiry for the purpose of obtaining correct information as to the state of progress of the public works in this city, and the degree of skill, fidelity, and economy with which they are carried on; and especially whether the power of dismissing and employing has been exercised with any reference to the political opinions of those who have been employed or dismissed, or for any other political or party object. The Circular addressed by the Secretary to the Commissioners is another proof that the administration intends to adhere to the principles professed by the Whigs when out of place.

The laborers on the public works have made grievous complaints that a tyrannical proscription was extended to them:—and it is notorious that whole bands have been occasionally sent off to Baltimore just on the eve of an election to help the cause of Jackson and Van Buren in the Monumental City. If these Commissioners do their duty, a vast field of abuse and corruption will be exposed.

The Attorney General returned last evening; and appeared, to-day, in the handsome apartments provided for his office in the new Treasury Building. He was immediately besieged by a crowd of visitants curious to know what he thought of the case of McLeod. Mr. Crittenden found his business had greatly multiplied in his absence, and he speedily got rid of his questioners, one after another, with as much courtesy as their importunity would allow. Will people never learn to reflect that a Cabinet Minister must be left with some little time for himself, and for affairs of State, and cease to haunt him, and oppress him with their idle talk?

Mr. Crittenden will make report to the President, probably, to-morrow. He is satisfied that McLeod will be able to prove an *alibi*.

The work of appointments and removals will be suspended for a while. But there are several which, it is understood, have been determined upon, although they have not yet been announced. Col. Charles S. Todd will be Minister to Austria. Thomas Munroe, Esq., who was removed by Gen. Jackson, during the ruthless proscription of 1829, from the office of Postmaster of this city, will be restored to that post. The Post Office at Baltimore, it is said also, will be filled by Mr. Thomas Finlay of that city.

## THE EXTRA SESSION.

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1841.

Speculation is already active and busy, I perceive, as to the measures which are likely to be presented at the Extra Session of Congress; and, you may easily imagine, that they are the objects of anxious inquiries and consideration in the political circles of the Metropolis.

## THE "COMMONS" HOLDING THE PURSE-STINGS.

At the first session of a thoroughly Whig Congress, the public may be assured that the great abuse so much in vogue under the two last Administrations of originating financial projects in the Senate will be corrected, and the Constitutional practice restored of introducing all bills of that character in the "Commons"—in the House of Representatives. This will be an important reform, gratifying to all who are anxious to preserve the spirit of our own Con-

stitution, and who acknowledge the wisdom of the old English rule on the subject.

## FUNDING OF MR. VAN BUREN'S PUBLIC DEBT.

The House of Representatives, then, will take the lead; and, among the first things done, probably, will be the FUNDING OF THE PUBLIC DEBT bequeathed to the Administration of General Harrison by Mr. Van Buren. There are FIVE MILLIONS of Treasury Notes to be redeemed: then there are various debts and obligations, the payment of which was postponed or evaded in various ways, and on different pretexts, amounting, it is estimated at the Treasury Department, to upwards of five millions or more. Here is a debt of at least TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, incurred under the Administration of President Van Buren, for which he and his cabinet and party are responsible; and which the dignity of the Government, good faith and common honesty, require should be provided for without delay. I say nothing at present of the claims against the Government, public and private, which ought to have been provided for by the last Administration, because they were not incurred under it. I notice only those obligations which were created while Mr. Van Buren was in power.

## OPENING OF NEW BOOKS.

The public debt of the late administration being provided for, the administration of General Harrison will open NEW BOOKS. It will be necessary to furnish the Treasury with means to meet its proper liabilities and engagements. The Secretary of the Treasury, it is understood, has arrived at the conclusion that there will not be funds to meet the actual wants of the Government beyond the first of August.

It is calculated that a revenue of from two and a half to three millions of dollars can be raised from the customs by taxing articles which are now duty free, or increasing the rate upon others which bear a very light duty. This would not only not violate the Compromise Act, but would be confirmatory of it—for there is in that enactment an express provision, contemplating the very exigency that now exists, and allowing an increase of taxation in case of a deficiency of revenue to meet the wants of the Government. Mr. Benton himself has concurred in this view of the Compromise Bill, and of the propriety of resorting to the conditional provision I have mentioned, in the present state of the treasury.

To raise revenue from customs, however, is a slow process; and it may be found actually indispensable to supply the immediate wants of the Government, and preserve the national faith, to put the Treasury in possession of additional funds, without the delay incident to a tariff. Should this be the case, a loan will unquestionably be the policy of the Whigs—to borrow the money requisite on United States bonds.

While these *supply bills* are under consideration in the House, the Senate, it is probable, will be occupied with matters intimately related to their beneficial operation throughout the country. The Sub-Treasury system will be laid low, by the repeal of the Act creating it; and this great incumbrance upon the financial operations of the Government and the country being removed, a bill for the establishment of a National Bank will be speedily introduced.

## The Literary World.

ALDA, THE CAPTIVE. By Agnes Strickland, author of "Lives of the Queens of England," &c. Published and for sale by Charles R. Francis, Broadway.

This is a tale illustrative of the benign and saving influences of the Christian religion. Alda, a young maiden of the blood royal of Britain, is carried a captive to Rome, after the last fatal battle of her relative, the warrior-queen Boadicea. Fierce, haughty, and high-spirited herself, Alda becomes the slave of a haughty Roman lady, Lælia, the daughter of her captor. In the service of the same lady there is also a Jewish captive maiden, Susanna, who has embraced the faith of Christ, and who becomes the affectionate friend, and sympathising comforter of the British princess, whom she converts from Druidism to Christianity; though it is long before the proud and revengeful spirit of Alda can be subdued to the meek, forgiving, and loving precepts of the gospel. The tender friendship of the captive maidens, fellow-sufferers, fellow-believers, fellow-worshippers, is terminated by the death of the meek Susanna; after which Alda is no longer able to submit to the tyranny and cruelty of her mistress, and the Roman superior slaves who exercise their malice upon the "Barbarian girl." She flies from Rome, and is protected by a Briton, the leader of a party of banditti, who had been a general under her father. Her lonely life in that mountain-wilderness where the flock of ewes and goats which she tends furnish her subsistence, and her endeavors to win her rude but generous benefactors from their native idolatry to the faith of the Christians, is very sweetly described. Alda, in her solitary wanderings, discovers a Christian colony of new converts driven to seek a refuge in the mountains; but, though enjoying occasional religious communion with them, she refuses to join their community, and is still alone in her solitude when the caprice of Nero and the arts of enemies drive from the capital, to this wilderness, the Roman gen-

eral who had made her a prisoner, and his haughty daughter, her late mistress and oppressor, fugitives and helpless. Lælia, the Roman lady, believes that now the season for revenge has arrived, and that she and her father will be at once betrayed to their enemies, who set a rich reward upon their heads, by her former ill-treated slave. But Alda is now a Christian, whose duty is forgiveness, and whose law is love. She conceals the Roman general and his daughter from their enemies in her grotto, comforts and cherishes them; and when the father sinks and dies, the slave-girl becomes the sole friend and stay of the noble Roman lady. The latter is slowly won to Christianity by her own afflictions, and by witnessing its blessed fruits in the heart and life of the British princess, her friend and instructress. Together they nobly suffer, willing martyrs for the divine faith, which had changed, purified, and exalted their natures. Alda, in brief, is an exceedingly well written and beautiful story of a pure and ennobling tendency.

LIFE OF JOHN JAY. By Henry B. Rowland.  
LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By James Rowland, L. L. D.  
[Vol. 129 Harper's Family Library.]

There is evidently a growing disposition in the American people to study their past history, and to know more of those illustrious men to whom the country is most largely indebted for its liberties, and the blessings of every kind which it enjoys. We rejoice to see this: it is an indication that we are not ungrateful, and that we are willing to be instructed by the wisdom and experience of our forefathers. Had we been more guided by their counsels than we have been, we should probably have escaped some of the disasters under which we now labor. Of all our celebrated men, there are none, perhaps, whose lives may be studied to greater advantage than those of Jay and Hamilton. We hope that these biographies will be extensively circulated and read. They will do much good, by inculcating sound opinions and right views in regard to many questions of the deepest national interest.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOCIETY IN THE BARBAROUS AND CIVILIZED STATES; an essay toward discovering the origin and course of human improvement, by W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL. D. R. A. S. of Trinity College, Dublin.

D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, are publishing such elegant books—so tastefully and correctly printed, on such immaculate paper, and in such neat bindings, that we are almost disposed to withdraw the praise which we have elsewhere awarded, rather exclusively, to the Boston publishers, and make a grand exception in their favor. A few days since we received Schlegel's Philosophy of History—two beautiful volumes—and here we have two others quite as worthy of approbation, both for the style in which they are produced, and for their elevated literary character.

We are rejoiced that so excellent a house has taken in good earnest to this order of publications, and we hope with all our hearts that they may meet with adequate encouragement. If they do not, we may well despair of the taste and judgment of our fellow-citizens.

Of the present work, an adequate idea may be formed by the following sentence from the author's preface: "The design of it is to determine, from an examination of the various forms in which society has been found, what was the origin of civilization; and under what circumstances those attributes of humanity which in our country become the foundation of social happiness, are in another perverted to the production of general misery."

We are glad that Appleton & Co. are so faithful in their republications, and forbear insulting the author and the American public by employing an editor here to botch, and alter, and curtail, and spoil.

ESSAYS BY R. W. EMERSON. Boston—James Munroe & Co. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 303.

We are indebted for an early copy of this book to Collins, Keese & Co., by whom it is for sale in this city. It is issued in that exquisite style—that richness of paper, printing and binding—which so famously distinguishes the issues of the Boston press above any others in the country.

With the name and fame of Ralph Waldo Emerson, people in the New England states are sufficiently familiar. He is known most favorably by a little work, entitled, "Nature," which abounds in original, striking and lofty thoughts. Latterly, he has distinguished himself in a particular manner by his editorship of the "Dial," and by his occupation of the throne of the Transcendentalists. He is a great admirer of Carlyle; and his exceeding respect of the genius of that wonderful writer has led him, it may be averred with reason, into an almost servile imitation.

Yet object, as every-day persons may, to the peculiar phraseology and curious manner of Mr. Emerson, there must be a universal consent yielded to the assertion, that he is gifted with extraordinary powers—that his mind is full of a strange and beautiful light, which it sheds over every sentence. The book before us will be read and pondered, and deeply enjoyed by some, and cast aside by others into whose hands it may fall. As for ourselves, we must say, that we anticipate a huge delight in reading these essays; and we strenuously urge upon those who love the joy of elevated thoughts, to get the book and try it. If they fail in deriving any true pleasure from it—why, then let them doubt themselves rather than the author. The following are the titles of the Essays. Among them will be found one that is *Carlylesque*, and very transcendental. I. History. II. Self-Religion. III. Compensation. IV. Spiritual Laws. V. Love. VI. Friendship. VII. Prudence. VIII. Heroism. IX. Over-soul. X. Circles. XI. Intellect. XII. Art.

**THE ELECTIONS IN CANADA.**—The most serious and in many instances fatal consequences have followed the late elections in Canada. The papers in that province are very fond of trumpeting every petty disturbance that occurs in the United States as an instance of the instability and inefficiency of republican governments. What do they now say of themselves? Read the following leading article from the Kingston Herald of March 23.

We regret to be compelled to state, that the elections in many parts of the province have not been carried on with that degree of peace and moderation which was necessary to ensure a fair expression of public feeling. And we believe, until a different system of voting be established, in some districts it will be impossible to maintain order long enough to get the sentiments of more than half the qualified electors. Several polls should be simultaneously opened in different sections of the counties, thereby enabling back settlers to exercise the franchise with convenience, and would prevent a very great body of persons congregating at one point. This plan has been tried in the county of Leeds with complete success.

It almost universally happens that when the tory candidates have a majority of votes, while the contests are going on, no disturbances take place; but the moment they find themselves losing ground, then a riot commences—and the Reformers, supposing (very rightly) that they would not be encouraged by the Returning officers, and the magistrates who generally make themselves conspicuous in those times, offer no resistance, and are very often severely beaten—sometimes, indeed, life is taken. When that day shall have arrived in which the people of this Province can independently select their law-makers, without jeopardizing their lives, we shall sincerely rejoice. But while the Returning Officers, the Justices, and the Constables, are selected from the ranks of the tories, we shall never look for justice to Canada, or liberty to her people. Look at the first Riding of York: two houses completely torn to pieces by a tory mob, and Mr. Price, the liberal candidate, a lawyer of Toronto, threatened, if caught, to have his liver taken out and roasted before his face. What demons could have thought of anything more atrocious and revolting! One noted bully had a pistol, loaded with ball, taken from him at two different times, and yet he was not arrested by the authorities. This is truly a land of liberty! liberty to break the peace at any rate.

In the city of Toronto, the bludgeon men took possession of the poll and kept it every succeeding day throughout the contest; they likewise smuggled up their friends through a trap door leading into the cellar. The same course was pursued in Lenox and Addington: a back door to the building in which the polling took place, was guarded by Mr. Cartwright's friends, encouraged and supported by many of the magistrates of the District, and when any person wished admittance, "who do you vote for?" was asked in a whisper by the man inside. "Mr. Cartwright." "Then come in." But if one of the opposite party came up, the door was slammed in his face. When this unfairness was pointed out to the Returning Officer, by a very respectable freeholder, (by the person from whom we derive our information, and whose word is as creditable as that of any man in the District,) the former very "high, impartial and uncomprising" gentleman told him very crabbedly that when he wanted any information from him, he would ask him for it, or similar language.

In the county of Rouville, in Lower Canada, three individuals have been sacrificed to the violence of the mob! We are sick of recording such scenes.

**THE SECRETARY OF STATE** has addressed a letter to M. St. Clair Clarke, William S. Murphy and Hudson M. Garland Esqs., informing them that they were appointed by the President a Committee of examination and inquiry into the public works now in progress in Washington. The committee are instructed to inquire concerning the persons employed, the prices paid, &c. &c. We like the justice and magnanimity exhibited in the following paragraphs:

If you have any reason to suppose that any one has been guilty of misconduct, you will state the charge to him and give him an opportunity to answer it; and will report no evidence of which the party shall not have had notice.

You will inquire into no man's political opinions or preferences; but, if it be alleged that any person, having the power of employing and dismissing laborers, has used that power, either in employing or dismissing, with any reference to the political opinions of those who may have been employed or dismissed, or for any political or party object whatever, or in any other way violated his duty for party or election purposes, you will inquire into the truth of such suggestions; and if you find reason to think it well-founded, in any case, you will state the particular facts and circumstances on which your opinion is formed.

**HODGE'S STREAM FIRE ENGINE.**—On Saturday last, several experiments were made with this engine in front of the City Hall and in presence of the members of the Common Council; the result of which seems to show that a new era in the extinguishing of fires may commence whenever our corporation see fit to ordain it.

The two principal trials of the engine were as follows: A stream of one inch and a half diameter was thrown at an angle of 45 degrees to a point of 120 feet perpendicular elevation. This stream would have gone far above any elevation where fire is likely to occur, and the body of water thrown was equal to what four of our ordinary engines could discharge: a prodigious result, certainly; and one that bids fair to exclude the present engine from use altogether.

At the second trial a stream of two inches was thrown to a perpendicular height of seventy feet, the engine being at the time worked to only two thirds of its power! Now, as seventy feet is still above the elevation of an ordinary fire, and as the engine to throw the water seventy feet was not taxed to its full force, it may be assumed that the machine is capable of throwing a stream of three or four inches to the height of forty feet; and it is evident that such a stream would reach and almost instantaneously extinguish any fire that could possibly occur in our city.

We do not know the expense of one of these engines, but it is very safe to estimate that the cost of the forty or fifty engines now owned by the Corporation, must be equal to some four or five of the steam machines; and it is equally safe to assert that four or five of the latter would do the work of a hundred of the former, and much more; because the steam engine can do with ease what the common engine cannot do at all—viz. extinguish a fire at an elevation of 80, 100, and even 120 feet from the ground. Besides, when these steam-engines are once constructed, there is little comparative expense in working them; and there would, then, be no necessity for legislative action about the organization and recompense of fire companies.

#### OFFICIAL.

##### APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

###### OFFICERS OF THE CUSTOMS.

**Collectors.**—William Coad, St. Mary's, Maryland, vice James W. Roach, removed.

Robert W. Alston, St. Mark's, Florida, vice John F. Kackler, removed.

Arnold Naudain, Delaware, vice Henry Whitely, removed.

Levi Lincoln, District of Boston and Charlestown, vice George Bancroft, resigned.

Joseph Eaches, Alexandria, D. C. vice George Brent, removed.

Nathaniel F. Williams, Baltimore, Md., vice Wm. Frick, removed.

**Surveyor.**—William Floyd, Town Creek, Maryland, vice James R. Thompson, removed.

###### POSTMASTERS.

Asher Robbins, to be Postmaster at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island.

James Rees, at Geneva, New York, in the place of G. J. Grosvenor, removed.

John C. Montgomery, at Philadelphia, in the place of James Page, removed.

Samuel H. Jenks, at Nantucket, Mass.

Charles L. Porter, at Hartford, Connecticut.

###### DISTRICT ATTORNEYS.

Return J. Meigs, to be Attorney for the Middle District of Tennessee.

Cornelius Darragh, to be Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Walter Forward, who was appointed to said office, having declined its acceptance.

**Land Office Receiver.**—Daniel G. Garnsey, Dixon, Illinois, vice John Deament, removed.

Charles Hopkins, to be Solicitor of the General Land Office.

John Hogan, Register of the Land Office at Dixon, Illinois, vice Samuel Hackleton, removed.

James Watson Riley, Register of the Land Office at Lima, Ohio.

John Chambers, to be Governor of the Territory of Iowa.

Otho H. W. Stull, to be Secretary for said Territory.

Thomas B. Johnson, to be Marshal for said Territory.

**Justices of the Peace.**—Tench Ringgold, George W. P. Custis, John W. Minor, Edgar Snowden and Reuben Johnston, all of the county of Alexandria, in the District of Columbia.

Jacob De La Motte, to be Receiver of Public Money at Charleston, in the State of South Carolina.

##### APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR AND SENATE.

MARCH 21, 1841.

**NEW-YORK.**—John Bard, Commissioner of Deeds, in place of John Inman, resigned.

**TIOGA.**—Samuel Barrager, of Candor, Judge of the County Courts, from the 4th day of May next, when his present term of office will expire.

MARCH 24.

**FULTON.**—Donald McIntyre, of Johnstown, Master in Chancery, in place of Abraham Morrell, whose term of office will expire on the 17th day of July next.

Donald McIntyre, of Johnstown, Examiner in Chancery, in place of Abraham Morrell, whose term of office will expire on the 17th day of July next.

James T. Hildreth, of Johnstown, Master in Chancery, from the 17th day of July next, when his present term of office will expire.

James T. Hildreth, of Johnstown, Examiner in Chancery, from the 17th day of July next, when his present term of office will expire.

**OSWEGO.**—Jacob Richardson, of Oswego, Master in Chancery, in place of Andrew Z. McCarty, resigned.

John S. Randall of Oswego, Master in Chancery in place of Robert H. Martin, whose term of office will expire on the 18th day of April next.

**CHENANGO.**—Walter M. Conkey of Norwich, Notary Public from the 8th day of May next, when his present term of office will expire.

**TOMPKINS.**—Wm. H. Hall of Ithaca, Notary Public.

**STREUBEN.**—David McMaster of Bath, Examiner in Chancery in place of Robert Campbell, jr.

**CAYUGA.**—Sherman Beardsley of Auburn, Commissioner for loaning certain moneys of the United States, from the 22d day of April next, when his present term of office will expire.

Stephen Bouton of Locke, inspector of Beef and Pork, from the 4th day of April next, when his present term of office will expire.

**ORLEANS.**—Sydney Barrrell of Barre, Judge of the County Courts, in place of Daniel Gilbert.

Austin Day of Murray, Judge of the County Courts in place of Joseph Nixon.

Harmon Goodrich of Albion, Notary Public.

**NIAGARA.**—Wm. A. Van Valkenburgh of Lockport, Inspector of Lumber.

**CHAUTAUQUE.**—John Crane of Fredonia, Supreme Court Commissioner.

**ANOTHER ROBBERY.**—The dwelling house of Mr. Stephen S. Andrews, in Church street, was robbed on Wednesday evening, between 7 and 9 o'clock, while the family were absent at a lecture, of about \$400 in gold and silver coin. The thieves entered by a back door, and explored every part of the house. The money taken consisted of doubloons, sovereigns, half eagles and dollars. It was deposited in a small trunk, and enclosed in a larger one, which was locked and placed under the bed in one of the chambers. —[Boston Advertiser.]

**Ladies and gentlemen from the country are respectfully invited to call at the office of the New World and examine our printing-office, press-rooms, &c. It will always afford us peculiar gratification to see our subscribers and all who may feel a curiosity to observe the rapidity and order with which a large printing establishment is carried on—and to extend to them all the attention in our power. Our steam-presses are in operation a considerable portion of the day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; on Thursdays and Fridays they are at their giant labor all the day.**

**BARNABY RUDGE.**—This new work of Boz is said by the London papers to be the best ever written by its gifted author. Its publication was commenced in the *New World* (folio and quarto) on the 20th of March, and will be continued as fast as received in this country.

Those intending to subscribe are requested to forward their orders through the nearest Postmaster without delay, as the back numbers are rapidly being called for, and we may not be able to furnish them many weeks.

We are entirely out of the pamphlet edition of "Ten Thousand a-Year," and have only about 150 sets of the quarto from the commencement of the volume, June 2. Those who wish the back numbers from that time will please mention it definitely in their orders.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—To sell the *NEW WORLD* in Syracuse, Catskill, Auburn, Geneva, Palmyra, Canandaigua, Batavia, Lockport, Oswego, Cleaveland, O., and Detroit. Terms, \$4 per hundred copies, in advance. Agents also wanted to sell the *NEW WORLD* in all the villages in the United States, where none are already established. Applications, post-paid, must be made to the publisher, 30 Ann street, New York.

**IMPORTANT.**—All subscriptions are discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, unless renewed by another remittance in advance. As it is impossible to give specific notice in each case, subscribers are reminded of the necessity of reasonable renewal in order to ensure a receipt of all the numbers. It is also important that all letters to us be post-paid or free, as none others are taken from the post-office in this city.

**WANTED.**—Several back numbers of the quarto. Agents who have any of the following to spare, will confer a favor by returning them to the office through the mail immediately. Nos. 16, 23, 27, 28 and 29. We want a lot of these numbers very much.

All Postmasters are requested to aid in the circulation of the *NEW WORLD*, to whom a commission of 25 per cent is allowed on the subscription price of three dollars, if remitted in notes on which there is no discount in this city. Local Agents are wanted in places where we have one and our friends are solicited to assist us in procuring the service of active and responsible persons. All information and specimens will be supplied by addressing the publisher post paid.

#### Married,

March 23, by Rev. Dr. Mead, Mr. Charles F. Osborn, of this city, and Miss Caroline A. Kellogg, of Norwalk, Conn.

March 26, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Stephanus Percival and Miriam Martine, both of this city.

March 30, at the Church of the Transfiguration, by Rev. Felix Verela, Charles Paul Firraro, of Turin, Italy, and Jane, daughter of the late Patrick Cunningham, of Belfast, Ireland.

March 30, by Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Linson De Forest and Miss C. A. Deveraux, both of this city.

March 30, in the Bloeker street Church, by Rev. C. F. Laferrre of Hudson, Peter P. Demarest, of this city, and Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Coleman, Esq., of Orange county.

At Newark, March 25, by Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Cornelius Davis, of this city, and Louisa Morris, of Jersey City.

March 28, by Rev. Lot Jones, Mr. William A. Freeborn and Miss Mary Cornell, all of this city.

At New-Haven, March 28, by Rev. Mr. Tisdale, Mr. Walter T. Chapman, of this city, and Miss Joanna C. Taber, of Norwich, Ct.

At Oyster Bay, L. I., March 25, by Rev. Marmaduke Earl, Edward Ludlum, of this city, and Henrietta, daughter of Townsend Parish, of the former place.

#### Died,

On the 31st of March, Roswell Beebe, aged 64, of the liver complaint.

March 31, Herman Le Roy, in the 84th year of his age.

March 31, Capt. Samuel W. McPherson, aged 54.

March 31, Mary Simpson, wife of Richard Simpson, aged 35.

March 31, Mrs. Elizabeth Hare, aged 72.

March 31, Mary, eldest daughter of J. B. Fordon.

March 30, Mrs. Phebe Burrill, wife of the late Ebenezer Burrill, 75 At Key West, Florida, Feb. 21, Elijah Atwood, of Brooklyn, 29.

At sea, on board bark Hector, on the passage from St. Croix for New-York, of consumption, Mr. Nathaniel G. Bennett, of the firm of Marvin & Bennett, of Buffalo, and eldest son of Hon. Philander Bennett, aged 21.

March 28, Aaron, son of Elias Fountain aged 19.

March 28, Julia, wife of Antoine May, aged 22.

March 27, Frances, wife of the late Thomas Meighan.

March 26, Thompson P. Williams, formerly of Middleton, Ct., 53.

March 27, Phoebe Ann, daughter of Gilbert Hopkins, Esq., aged 17.

March 27, Mary Ann Flanagan, aged 63.

At Havana, February 15, of yellow fever, Capt. Samuel D. Sharpe, master of the brig Leonora, of this port, aged 35.

At the hospital in Guayama, P. R., January 23, Jesse Snow, seaman of brig Babra.

March 24, by Rev. Mr. Spencer, Mr. Ezra Lewis, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Ann W. Willets, of Flushing.

In Brooklyn, March 25, Frederick W. Philip, aged 27.

This morning, George Henry, infant son of Henry Sherwood.

On Second day evening, March 29, William Fearall, aged 61, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Newark, March 29, Clarissa, wife of John W. Innes, aged 46.

At Fredericksburg, Va., March 22, Mr. Chester Bailey, aged 71, after a few days' illness. Mr. B. was for many years a faithful and successful agent of the General Post-Office, and in this capacity was extensively known throughout the United States.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Hittite contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

QUARTO EDITION.

OFFICE 30 ANN STREET.

63 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME II....No. 15.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 45.

## Original Poem.

THE EXILES:  
A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation occurred about the year 1600. Thomas Macey was one of the first, if not the first white settler of Nantucket. A quaint description of his singular and perilous voyage, in his own handwriting, is still preserved.]

The Goodman sat beside his door  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
A quaint and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,—  
The dark green woods were still;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and large.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed  
His quiet countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council hall:  
It told of wrongs—but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"  
The stranger meekly said;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The Goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted—evil men  
Are following in my track;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 't will peril thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience sake."

Oh kindly spoke the Goodman's wife—  
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—  
"We will not leave thee to the storm  
Whoever thou may'st be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down;  
While all within grew dark as night  
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door—  
We would not be house-breakers;  
A rueful deed thou 'st done this day,  
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious Goodman then,  
With much of fear and awe,  
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,  
The Parish Priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
And let thy pastor in,  
And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the Goodman—  
"The stranger is my guest;  
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong—  
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"  
And strong hands shook the door,  
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the Priest,—  
"Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:  
"No priest who walks the earth,  
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
The match lock, hotly tried  
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Paritan, and Cavalier,  
With shout and psalm contended;  
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,  
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:  
"My spirit is not free  
To bring the wrath and violence  
Of evil men on thee:

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—  
Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
Who healed again the smitten ear,  
And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led:  
Friends of the poor farewell!"  
Beneath his hand the oaken door,  
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old gray-beard, yea and nay;"  
The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
In Boston's crowded jail,  
Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,  
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:  
Those scenes have passed away—  
Let the dim shadows of the past,  
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, Sheriff!" quoth the ardent Priest—  
"Take Goodman Macey too;  
The sin of this day's heresy,  
His back or purse shall rue."

And Priest and Sheriff, both together  
Upon his threshold stood,  
When Macey, through another door,  
Sprang out into the wood.

"Now goodwife, as thou lovest me, haste!"  
She caught his manly arm:—  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
With outcry and alarm.  
Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or nought,—  
The river course was near:—  
The plashing on its pebbled shore  
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasseled o'er with birch  
Above the waters hung,  
And at its base, with every wave,  
A small, light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat,—and there  
The Goodman wields his oar:  
"Ill luck betide them all!"—he cried,—  
"The laggards upon shore."

Down through the crashing under-wood,  
The burley Sheriff came:—  
"Stand, Goodman Macey—yield thyself;  
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"  
Bold Macey answered then,—  
"Whip women, on the village green,  
But meddle not with men."

The Priest came panting to the shore,—  
His grave, cocked hat was gone:  
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung  
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back—come back!" the Parson cried,  
"The Church's curse beware."  
"Curse an' thou wilt," said Macey, "but  
Thy blessing prithe spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled Priest,—  
"Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."  
"Who's born to be hanged will not be drowned,"  
Quoth Macey, merrily;

"And so, sir Sheriff and Priest, good bye!"  
He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the West, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rain-bow span  
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended:—  
One bright foot touched the Eastern hills,  
And one with Ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope  
The small boat glided fast,—  
The watchers of "the Block-house" saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—  
The glide of birch canoes.

They passed the bluffs of Amesbury,  
And saw the sunshine glow  
Upon the Powwow's winding stream,  
And on the hills of Po.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,  
(The men were all away,)  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks on their left,  
The marsh lay broad and green;  
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crowned  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed:—  
A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay,—  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
And Gloucester harbor bar:  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts' Bay!  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep—  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The vent'rous Macey passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle,  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated  
With Plenty's golden smile;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macey  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand—  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.

Then hers, at Duty's summons,  
No loftier spirit stirs,—  
Nor falls o'er human suffering  
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—  
And grant for evermore,  
That Charity and Freedom dwell,  
As now, upon her shore!

## Carlyle's New Work.

### ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP, AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY.

Six Lectures.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

#### LECTURE I.....THE HERO AS DIVINITY.

We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did: On Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs. Too evidently this is a large topic; deserving quite other treatment than we can expect to give it at present. A large topic; indeed, an illimitable one: wide as Universal History itself. For, as I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these. Too clearly it is a topic we shall do no justice to in this place!

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world: and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native, original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighborhood for a while. The Six classes of Heroes, chosen out of widely distant countries and epochs, and in mere external figure differing altogether, ought, if we look faithfully at them, to illustrate several things for us. Could we see them well, we should get some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history. How happy, could I but, in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism; the divine relation (for I may well call it such,) which in all times unites a Great Man to other men; and thus, as it were, not to exhaust my subject, but so much as break ground on it! At all events, I must make the attempt.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe, (and this is often enough without asserting it even to himself, much less to others;) the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. This is his religion; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and no-religion: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do. Of a man or of a nation, we inquire, first of all, What religion they had? Was it Heathenism, plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this Mystery of Life, and for chief recognised element therein Physical Force? Was it Christianity; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of Force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty and inquiry whether there was an Unseen World, any Mystery of Life except a mad one;—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of their actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts; it was the unseen spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual: their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them. In these Discourses, limited as we are, it will be good to direct our survey chiefly to that religious phase of the matter. That once known well, all is known. We have chosen as the first Hero in our series, Odin the central figure of Scandinavian Paganism; an emblem to us of a most extensive province of things. Let us look, for a little, at the Hero as Divinity, the oldest primary form of Heroism.

Surely it seems a very strange-looking thing this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities, covering the whole field of life there. A thing that fills us with astonishment, almost, if it were possible, with incredulity,—for truly it is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a set of doctrines. That men should have worshipped their poor fellow-man as a God, and not him only, but stocks and stones, and all manner of animate or inanimate objects; and fashioned for themselves such a distracted chaos of hallucinations by way of Theory of the Universe: all this looks like an incredible fable. Nevertheless it is a clear fact that they did it. Such hideous inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs, men,

This is strange. Yes, we may pause in sorrow and silence over the depths of darkness that are in man; if we rejoice in the heights of purer vision he has attained to. Such things were and are in man; in all men; in us, too.

Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery, say they; no sane man ever did believe it,—merely contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! It will be often our duty to protest against this sort of hypothesis about men's doings and history; and I here, on the very threshold, protest against it in reference to Paganism, and to all other *isms* by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them; or men would not have taken them up. Quackery and dupery do abound; in religions, above all in the more advanced decaying stages of religions, they have fearfully abounded: but quackery was never the originating influence in such things; it was not the health and life of such things, but their disease, the sure precursor of their being about to die! Let us never forget this. It seems to me a most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. I find Grand Lamaism itself to have a kind of truth in it. Read the candid, clear-sighted, rather sceptical Mr. Hamilton's *Travels* into that country, and see. They have their belief, these poor Thibet people, that Providence sends down always an Incarnation of Himself into every generation. At bottom some belief in a kind of Pope! At bottom still better, belief that there is a *Greatest Man*; that he is discoverable; that, once discovered, we ought to treat him with an obedience which knows no bounds! This is the truth of Grand Lamaism; the "discoverability" is the only error here. The Thibet Priests have methods of their own of discovering what Man is Greatest, fit to be supreme over them. Bad methods; but are they so much worse than our methods,—of understanding him to be always the eldest-born of a certain genealogy? Alas, it is a difficult thing to find good methods for!—We shall begin to have a chance for understanding Paganism, when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed in it. Ask now, What Paganism could have been?

Another theory, somewhat more respectable, attributes such things to Allegory. It was a play of poetic minds, say these theorists: a shadowing forth, in allegorical fable, in personification, and visual form, of what such poetic minds had known and felt of this Universe. Which agrees, add they, with a primary law of human nature, still everywhere observable at work, though in less important things, that what a man feels intensely, he struggles to speak out of him, to see represented before him in visual shape, and as if with a kind of life and historical reality in it. Now, doubtless, there is such a law, and it is one of the deepest in human nature; neither need we doubt that it did operate fundamentally in this business. The hypothesis which ascribes Paganism wholly or mostly to this agency, I call a little more respectable; but I cannot yet call it the true hypothesis. Think, would we believe, and take with us as our life-guidance, an allegory, a poetic sport! Not sport yet earnest is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive! I find, therefore, that though these Allegory-theorists are on the way toward truth in this matter, they have not reached it either. Pagan Religion is indeed an Allegory, a Symbol of what men felt and knew about the Universe; and all Religions are Symbols of that, altering always as that alters: but it seems to me a radical perversion, and even inversion, of the business, to put that forward as the origin and moving cause, when it was rather the result and termination. To get beautiful allegories, a perfect poetic symbol, was not the want of men; but to know what they were to believe about this Universe, what course they were to steer in it; what, in this mysterious Life of theirs, they had to hope and to fear, to do and to forbear doing. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is an Allegory, and a beautiful, just, and serious one: but consider whether Bunyan's Allegory could have preceded the Faith it symbolizes! The Faith had to be already there, standing believed by everybody;—of which the Allegory could then become a shadow; and, with all its seriousness, we may say a *poetical* shadow, a mere play of the Fancy, in comparison with that awful Fact and scientific certainty, which it poetically strives to emblem. The Allegory is the product of the certainty, not the producer of it; not in Bunyan's nor in any other case. For Paganism, therefore, we have still to inquire, Whence came that scientific certainty, the parent of such a bewildered heap of allegories, errors, and confusions? How was it, what was it?

Surely it were a foolish attempt to pretend "explaining," in this place, or in any place, such a phenomenon as that far-distant, distracted, cloudy, imbroglia of Paganism—more like a cloudfield, than a distant continent of firm land and facts! It is no longer a reality, yet it was one. We ought to understand that this seeming cloudfield was once a reality; that not poetic allegory, least of all that dupery and deception was the origin of it. Men, I say, never did believe idle songs, never risked their soul's life on allegories: men, in all times, especially in early earnest times, have had an instinct for detecting quacks, for detesting quacks. Let us try, leaving out both the quack-theory and the allegory one, and listening with affectionate attention to that far-off confused rumor of the Pagan ages, we cannot ascertain so much as this at least, That there was a kind of fact at the heart of them; that they too were not mendacious and distracted, but in their own poor way true and sane!

You remember that fancy of Aristotle's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. This would be a man like some of the Philosophers, his eyes

astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely the child-man of Aristotle. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like—and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild, deep-hearted man all was yet new, unveiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, preternatural. This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our want of insight. It is by not thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere words. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud "electricity," and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk; but what is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical and more, to whosoever will think of it.

That great mystery of Time, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are, and then are not: this is for ever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe—ah me! what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold Complexity of Forces; a Force which is not we. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from us. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves Force in the centre of that. "There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?" Nay surely to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge illimitable whirlwind Force, which envelopes us here; never-resting whirlwind, high as immensity, old as Eternity. What is it? God's Creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's! Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what not, as if it were a poor dead thing to be bottled up in Leyden jars, and sold over counters: but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing—ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing; toward which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship if not in words, then in silence.

But now I remark further: What in such a time as ours it requires a Prophet or a Poet to teach us, namely, the stripping off of those poor, undevout wrappings, nomenclatures and scientific hearsays—this, the ancient earnest soul, as yet unencumbered with these things, did for itself. The world, which is now divine only to the gifted, was then divine to whosoever would turn his eye upon it. He stood bare before it, face to face. "All was Godlike or God," Jean Paul still finds it so; the giant Jean Paul, who has power to escape out of hearsays: but then there were no hearsays. Canopus shining down over the desert, with its blue diamond brightness, (that wild, blue, spirit-like brightness, far brighter than we ever witness here,) would pierce into the heart of the wild Ishmaelitic man, whom it was guiding through the solitary waste there. To his wild heart, with all feelings in it, with no speech for any feeling, it might seem a little eye, that Canopus, glancing out on him from the great deep Eternity; revealing the inner Splendor to him. Cannot we understand how these men worshipped Canopus; became what we call Sabaeans, worshipping the stars? Such is to me the secret of all forms of Paganism. Worship is transcendent wonder; wonder for which there is now no limit or measure; that is worship. To these primeval men, all things, and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem of the Godlike, of some God.

And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes? We do not worship in that way now: but is it not reckoned still a merit, proof of what we call a "poetic nature," that we recognise how every object has a divine beauty in it; how every object still verily is "a window through which we may look into infinitude itself?" He that can discern the loveliness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, gifted, loveable. These poor Sabaeans did even what he does—in their own fashion. That they did it, in what fashion soever, was a merit: better than what the entirely stupid man did, what the horse and camel did—namely, nothing!

But now, if all things whatsoever that we look upon are emblems to us of the Highest God, I add that more so than any of them is man such an emblem. You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying, in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews: "The true Shekinah is Man!" Yes, it is even so: this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? "There is but one temple in the Universe," says the devout Novallis, "and that is the Body of Man." Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!—This sounds much like a mere flourish of



rhetic; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. We are the miracle of miracles—the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.

Well; these truths were once more readily felt than now. The young generations of the world, who had in them the freshness of young children, and yet the depth of earnest men, who did not think that they had finished off all things in Heaven and Earth by merely giving them scientific names, but had to gaze direct at them there, with awe and wonder: they felt better what of divinity is in man and Nature;—they, without being mad, could worship Nature, and man more than anything else in Nature. Worship, that is, as I said above, admire without limit: this, in the full use of their faculties, with all sincerity of heart, they could do. I consider Hero-worship to be the grand modifying element in that ancient system of thought. What I called the perplexed jungle of Paganism sprang, we may say, out of many roots: every admiration, adoration of a star or natural object, was a root or fibre of a root; but Hero-worship is the deepest root of all; the tap-root, from which in a great degree all the rest were nourished and grown.

And now if worship even of a star had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a Hero! Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

Or coming into lower, less unspeakable provinces, is not all Loyalty akin to religious Faith also? Faith is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great? Society is founded on Hero-worship. All dignities of rank, on which human association rests, are what we may call a *Heroarchy* (Government of Heroes)—or a Hierarchy, for it is "sacred" enough withal! The Duke means *Duz*, Leader; King is *Konning*, *Kan-ning*, Man that *knows* or *can*. Society everywhere is some representation, not insupportably inaccurate, of a graduated Worship of Heroes;—reverence and obedience done to men really great and wise. Not insupportably inaccurate, I say! They are all as bank-notes, these social dignitaries, all representing gold;—and several of them, alas, always are *forged* notes. We can do with some forged, false notes; with a good many even; but not with all, or the most of them forged! No: there have to come revolutions then; cries of Democracy, Liberty and Equality, and I know not what:—the notes being all false, and no gold to be had for them, people take to crying in their despair that there is no gold, that there never was any!—"Gold," Hero-worship, is nevertheless, as it was always and everywhere, and cannot cease till man himself ceases.

I am well aware that in these days of Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to inquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luther for example, they begin to what they call "account" for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him,—and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the "creature of the Time," they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called. For if we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin, could it have found a man great enough, a man wise and good enough: wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valor to lead it on the right road thither; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common, languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling down into ever worse distress toward final ruin;—all this I liken to dry, dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly; but as to calling him forth!—Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry: "See, it is not the sticks that made the fire!" No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren, dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

Such small critics do what they can to promote unbelief and universal spiritual paralysis; but happily they cannot always completely succeed. In all times it is possible for a man to arise great enough to feel that they and their doctrines are chimeras and cobwebs. And what is notable, in no time whatever can they entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for Great Men; genuine admiration, loyalty, adoration, however dim and perverted it may be. Hero-worship endures forever while man endures. Boswell venerates his Johnson,

right truly even in the Eighteenth century. The unbelieving French believe in their Voltaire; and burst out round him into very curious Hero-worship, in that last act of his life, when they "stifle him under roses." It has always seemed to me extremely curious this of Voltaire. Truly, if Christianity be the highest instance of Hero-worship, then we may find here in Voltairism one of the lowest! He whose life was that of a kind of Antichrist, does again on this side exhibit a curious contrast. No people ever were so little prone to admire at all as those French of Voltaire. *Persiflage* was the character of their whole mind; adoration had nowhere a place in it. Yet see! The old man of Ferney comes up to Paris; an old, tottering, infirm man of eighty-four years. They feel that he too is a kind of Hero; that he has spent his life in opposing error and injustice, delivering Calases, unmasking hypocrites in high places;—in short that he too, though in a strange way, has fought like a valiant man. They feel withal that, if *persiflage* be the great thing, there never was such a *persifleur*. He is the realized ideal of every one of them; the thing they are all wanting to be; of all Frenchmen the most French. He is properly their god,—such god as they are fit for. Accordingly all persons, from the Queen Antoinette to the Douanier at the Porte St. Denis, do they not worship him? People of quality disguise themselves as tavern-waiters. The Maitre de Poste, with a broad oath, orders his Postilion: "*Va bon train*; thou art driving M. de Voltaire." At Paris his carriage is "the nucleus of a comet, whose train fills whole streets." The ladies pluck a hair or two from his fur, to keep it as a sacred relic. There was nothing highest, beautifullest, noblest in all France, that did not feel this man to be higher, beautifullest, nobler.

Yes, from Norse Odin to English Samuel Johnson, from the divine Founder of Christianity to the whitered Pontiff of Encyclopedism, in all times and places, the Hero has been worshipped. It will ever be so. We all love great men, love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men: nay, can we honestly bow down to anything else? Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart. And to me it is very cheering to consider that no sceptical logic, or general triviality, insincerity and aridity of any Time and its influences can destroy this noble inborn loyalty and worship that is in man. In times of unbelief, which soon have to become times of revolution, much down-rushing, sorrowful decay and ruin is visible to everybody. For myself these days, I seem to see in this destructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall. The confused wreck of things, crumbling and even crashing and tumbling all around us in these revolutionary ages, will get down so far; no farther. It is an eternal corner-stone, from which they begin to build themselves up again. That man, in some sense or other, worships Heroes; that we all of us reverence Great Men: this is, to me, the living rock amid all rushings down whatsoever;—the one fixed point in modern revolutionary history, otherwise as if bottomless and shoreless.

So much of truth, only under an ancient obsolete vesture, but the spirit of it still true, do I find in the Paganism of old nations. Nature is still divine, the revelation of the workings of God; the Hero is still worshipable: this, under poor cramped incipient forms, is what all Pagan religions have struggled, as they could, to set forth. I think Scandinavian Paganism, to us here, is more interesting than any other. It is, for one thing, the latest; it continued in these regions of Europe till the eleventh century; eight hundred years ago the Norwegians were still worshippers of Odin. It is interesting also as the creed of our fathers; the men whose blood still runs in our veins, whom doubtless we still resemble in so many ways. Strange: they did believe that, while we believe so differently. Let us look a little at this poor Norse creed, for many reasons. We have tolerable means to do it; for there is another point of interest in these Scandinavian mythologies: that they have been preserved so well.

In that strange island, Iceland—burst up, the geologists say, by fire from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming of beauty in summer-time; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow-jokuls, roaring geysers, sulphur pools and horrid volcanic chasms, like the waste chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire—where of all places we least looked for Literature of written memorials, the record of these things was written down. On the seaboard of this wild land is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can subsist, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men these, men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musical y their thoughts. Much would be lost had Iceland not been burst up from the sea, not been discovered by the Northmen! The old Norse Poets were many of them natives of Iceland.

Sæmund, one of the early Christian Priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for Paganism, collected certain of their old Pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then—Poems or Chants of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious character: this is what Norse critics call the *Elder* or Poetic *Edda*. *Edda*, a word of uncertain etymology, is thought to signify *Ancestress*. Snorro Sturleson, an Iceland gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Sæmund's grandson, took in hand next, near a century afterward, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of Prose Synopsis of the whole Mythology; elucidated by new fragments of traditional verve. A work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous, clear work, pleasant reading still: this is the *Younger* or Prose *Edda*. By these and the numerous other *Sagas*, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet; and see that old Norse system of Belief, as it were, face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous Religion; let us look at it as old Thought, and try if we cannot sympathise with it somewhat.

The primary characteristic of this old Northland Mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings

of Nature. Earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark, hostile Powers of Nature they figure to themselves, "*Jötuns*," Giants, huge as shaggy beings of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in Asgard, the Garden of the Aesir or Divinities; Jötunheim, a distant, dark chaotic land, is the Home of the Jötuns.

Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we will look at the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it as in all things, is with these old Northmen, Loke, a most swift, subtle *Demon*, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrone Islands too (say some Spanish voyagers,) thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a devil or god, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and lived there upon dry wood. From us too, no Chemistry, if it had not Stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What is Flame?—Frost the old Norse Seer discerns to be a monstrous Hoary Jötun, the Giant *Thrym*, *Hrym*; or *Rime*, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then as now a dead chemical thing, but a living Jötun or Devil; the monstrous Jötun *Rime* drove home his Horses at night, sat "combing their names,"—which Horses were *Hail-Clouds*, or fleet *Frost-winds*. His Cows—No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows are *Icebergs*: this Hymir "looks at the rocks" with his devil-eye, and they split in the glance of it.

Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor—God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of Heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops—that is the peal: wrathful he "blows in his red beard;" that is the rustling stormblast before the thunder begin. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant, (whom the early Christian Missionaries found to resemble Christ,) is the Sun—beautifullest of visible things; wondrous too, and divine still, after all our Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the noblest god we hear tell of is one of whom Grimm the German Etymologist finds trace: the God *Wunsch*, or Wish. The God *Wish*; who could give us all that we wished! Is not this the sincerest and yet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The rudest ideal that man ever formed; which still shews itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Of the other Gods or Jötuns I will mention only for etymology's sake, that Sea-tempest is the Jötun *Aegir*, a very dangerous Jötun; and now to this very day on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham bargemen, when the river is in a certain flooded state, (a kind of backwater, or eddying swirl it has, very dangerous to them,) call it *Aegir*; they cry out, "Have a care, there is the *Aegir* coming!" Curious—that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The oldest Nottingham bargemen had believed in the god Aegir. Indeed our English blood, too, in good part, is Danish, Norse; or rather, at bottom, Danish and Norse and Saxons have no distinction, except a superficial one—as of Heathen and Christian, or the like. But all over our Island we are mingled largely with Danes proper—from the incessant invasions there were; and this, of course, in a greater proportion along the east coast; and greatest of all, as I find, in the North Country. From the Humber upward, all over Scotland, the speech of the common people is still in a singular degree Icelandic; its Germanism has still a peculiar Norse tinge. They too are "Normans," Northmen—if that be any great beauty!

Of the chief god, Odin, we shall speak by and by. Mark at present so much—what the essence of Scandinavian, and indeed of all Paganism, is: a recognition of the forces of Nature as godlike, stupendous, personal agencies—as Gods and Demons. Not inconceivable to us. It is the infant Thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous Universe. To me there is in the Norse System something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian System. It is Thought—the genuine Thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly open to the things about them—a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things—the first characteristic of all good Thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods 'brewing ale' to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jötun; sending out Thor to get the cauldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the Pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it—quite lost in it, the ears of the Pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vast hugeness—large, awkward gianthood—characterises that Norse System; enormous force, as yet altogether unruled, stalking helpless with large, uncertain strides. Consider only their primary myths of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, a Giant made by "warm winds" and much confused work out of the conflict of Frost and Fire—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard their God-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdingnagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giant-like, enormous—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, of the Shaksperes, the Goethes!—Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree *Igdrasil*. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. *Igdrasil*, the

Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe; it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its "boughs," with their buddings and disleafings—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onward from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it—or stormiest, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is *Igdrasil*, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; "the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*." Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the *Mosogoth* only, but from all men since the first man began to speak—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The "*Machine* of the Universe"—alas, do but think of that in contrast!

Well, it is strange enough this old Norse view of Nature; different enough from what we believe of Nature. Whence it specially came, one would not like to be compelled to say very minutely! One thing we may say: It came from the thoughts of Norse men;—from the thought, above all, of the first Norse man who had an original power of thinking. The first Norse "man of genius," as we should call him! Innumerable men had passed by, across this Universe, with a dumb, vague wonder, such as the very animals may feel; or with a painful, fruitlessly inquiring wonder, such as men only feel;—till the great Thinker came, the original man, the Seer; whose shaped spoken Thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into Thought. It is ever the way with the Thinker, the spiritual Hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to say. The Thoughts of all start up, as from painful, enchanted sleep, round his Thought; answering to it, Yes, even so! Joyful to men as the dawning of day from night;—is it not, indeed, the awakening for them from *no-being* into being, from death into life? We still honor such a man; call him Poet, Genius, and so forth; but to these wild men he was a very magician, a worker of miraculous, unexpected blessing for them; a Prophet, a God!—Thought once awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a System of Thought; grows, in man after man, generation after generation—till its full stature is reached, and such System of Thought can grow no farther, but must give place to another.

For the Norse people, the Man now named Odin, and Chief Norse God, was such a man. A Teacher, and Captain of soul and of body; a Hero, of worth immeasurable; admiration for whom, transcending the known bounds, became adoration. Has he not the power of articulate Thinking; and many other powers, as yet miraculous? So, with boundless gratitude, would the rude Norse heart feel. Has he not solved for them the Sphinx-enigma of this Universe; given assurance to them of their own destiny there. By him they know now what they have to do here, what to look for hereafter. Existence has become articulate, melodious by him; he first has made Life alive! We may call this Odin the origin of Norse Mythology: Odin, or whatever name the first Norse Thinker bore while he was a man among men. His view of the Universe once promulgated, a like view starts into being in all minds; grows, keeps ever growing, while it continues credible there. In all minds it lay written, but invisibly, as in sympathetic ink; at his word it starts into visibility in all. Nay, in every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world?

One other thing we must not forget; it will explain, a little, the confusion of these Norse Eddas. They are not one coherent System of Thought; but properly the summation of several successive systems. All this of the old Norse Belief which is flung out for us, in one level of distance in the Edda, like a Picture painted on the same canvas, does not at all stand so in the reality. It stands rather at all manner of distances and depths, of successive generations since the Belief first began. All Scandinavian thinkers, since the first of them, contributed to the Scandinavian System of Thought; in ever new elaboration and addition, it is the combined work of them all. What history it had, how it changed from shape to shape, by one thinker's contribution after another, till it got to the full, final shape we see it under in the Edda, no man will now ever know: its Councils of Trebisond, Council of Trent, Athanasius, Dantes, Luthers, are sunk without echo in the dark night! Only that it had such a history we can all know. Wherever a thinker appeared, there in the thing he thought of was a contribution, accession, a change or revolution made. Alas, the grandest "revolution" of all, the one made by the man Odin himself, is not this too sunk for us like the rest! Of Odin what history? Strange rather to reflect that he *had* a history! That this Odin, in his wild Norse vesture, with his wild beard and eyes, his rude Norse speech and ways, was a man like us; with our sorrows, joys, with our limbs, features;—intrinsicallly all one as we; and did such a work! But the work, much of it, has perished; the worker, all to the name. "Wednesday," men will say to-morrow; Odin's day! Of Odin there exists no history; no document of it; no guess about it worth repeating.

Snorre indeed, in the quietest manner, almost in a brief business style, writes down, in his *Heimskringla*, how Odin was a heroic Prince, in the Black-Sea region, with Twelve Peers, and a great people straitened for room. How he led these *Aes* (Asiatics) of his out of Asia; settled them in the North parts of Europe, by warlike conquest; invented Letters, Poetry and so forth—and came by-and-by to be worshipped as Chief God by these Scandinavians, his Twelve Peers made into Twelve Sons of his own, Gods like himself: Snorre has no doubt of this. Saxo Grammaticus, a very curious Northman of that same century, is still more unhesitating; scruples not to find out a historical fact in every individual mythus, and writes it down as a territorial event in Denmark or elsewhere. Torfæus, learned and cautious, some centuries later, assigns by calculation a date

for it: Odin, he says, came into Europe about the year 70 before Christ. Of all which, as grounded on mere uncertainties, found to be untenable now, I need say nothing. Far, very far beyond the year 70! Odin's date, adventures, whole terrestrial history, figure and environment, are sunk from us forever into unknown thousands of years.

Nay Grimm, the German Antiquary, goes so far as to deny that any man Odin ever existed. He proves it by etymology. The word *Wuotan*, which is the original form of *Odin*, a word spread, as name of their chief Divinity, over all the Teutonic Nations everywhere; this word, which connects itself, according to Grimm, with the Latin *vadere*, with the English *wade* and such like—means primarily *Movement*, Source of Movement, Power; and is the fit name of the highest god, not of any man. The word signifies Divinity, he says, among the old Saxon, German and all Teutonic Nations; the adjectives formed from it all signify *divine*, *supreme*, or something pertaining to the chief god. Like enough! We must bow to Grimm in matters etymological. Let us consider it fixed that *Wuotan* means *Wading*, force of *Movement*. And now still, what hinders it from being the name of a Heroic Man and *Mover*, as well as of a god? As for the adjectives, and words formed from it—did not the Spaniards in their universal admiration for *Lope*, get into the habit of saying "a *Lope* flower," "a *Lope* dame," if the flower or woman were of surpassing beauty? Had this lasted, *Lope* would have grown, in Spain, to be an adjective signifying *godlike* also. Indeed Adam Smith, in his *Essay on Language*, surmises that all adjectives whatsoever were formed precisely in that way: some very green thing, chiefly notable for its greenness, got the appellative name *Green*, and then the next thing remarkable for that quality, a tree for instance, was named the *green* tree—as we still say "the *steam* coach," "four horse coach," or the like. All primary adjectives, according to Smith, were formed in this way; were at first substantives and things. We cannot annihilate a man for etymologies like that! Surely there was a First Teacher and Captain; surely there must have been an Odin, palpable to the sense at one time; no adjective, but a real hero of flesh and blood! The voice of all tradition, history or echo of history, agrees with all that thought will teach one about it, to assure us of this.

How the man Odin came to be considered a god, the chief god?—that surely is a question which nobody would wish to dogmatise upon. I have said, his people knew no limits to their admiration of him; they had as yet no scale to measure admiration by. Fancy your own generous heart's love of some greatest man expanding till it transcended all bounds, till it filled and overflowed the whole field of your thought! Or what if this man Odin—since a great deep soul, with the afflatus and mysterious tide of vision and impulse rushing on him he knows not whence, is ever an enigma, a kind of terror and wonder to himself—should have felt that perhaps he was divine: that he was some effluence of the "*Wuotan*," "*Movement*," Supreme Power and Divinity, of whom to his rapt vision all Nature was the awful Flame-image; that some effluence of *Wuotan* dwelt here in him! He was not necessarily false; he was but mistaken, speaking the truest he knew. A great soul, any sincere soul, knows not what he is—alternates between the highest height and the lowest depth; can, of all things, the least measure—Himself! What others take him for, and what he guesses that he may be; these two items strangely act on one another, help to determine one another. With all men reverently admiring him; with his own wild soul full of noble ardors and affections, of whirlwind chaotic darkness and glorious new light; a divine Universe bursting all into godlike beauty round him, and no man to whom the like ever had befallen, what could he think himself to be? "*Wuotan*!" All men answered, "*Wuotan*!"

And then consider what mere Time will do in such cases; how if a man was great while living, he becomes tenfold greater when dead. What an enormous camera obscura magnifier is Tradition! How a thing grows in the human Memory, in the human Imagination, when love, worship, and all that lies in the human Heart, is there to encourage it. And in the darkness, in the entire ignorance; without date or document, no book, no Arundel-marble; only here and there some dumb monumental cairn. Why, in thirty or forty years, were there no books, any great man would grow mythic, the contemporaries, who had seen him, being once all dead. And in three hundred years, and in three thousand years—! To attempt theorising on such matters would profit little: they are matters which refuse to be theorised and diagrammed; which Logic ought to know that she cannot speak of. Enough for us to discern, far in the uttermost distance, some gleam as of a small real light, shining in the centre of that enormous camera-obscura image; to discern that the centre of it all was not a madness and nothing, but a sanity and something.

This light, kindled in the great dark vortex of the Norse Mind, dark but living, waiting only for light: this is to me the centre of the whole. How such light will then shine out, and with wondrous thousandfold expansion spread itself, in forms and colors, depends not on it, so much as on the National Mind recipient of it. The colors and forms of your light will be those of the *cut-glass* it has to shine through. Curious to think how, for every man, any the truest fact is modelled by the nature of the man! I said, The earnest man, speaking to his brother men, must always have stated what seemed to him a fact, a real Appearance of Nature. But the way in which such Appearance or fact shaped itself—what sort of fact it became for him—was and is modified by his own laws of thinking; deep, subtle, but universal, ever-operating laws. The world of Nature, for every man, is the Fantasy of Himself; this world is the multiplex "Image of his own Dream." Who knows to what unnameable subtleties of spiritual law all these Pagan Fables owe their shape! The number *Twelve*, divisible of all, which could be halved, quartered, parted into three, into six, the most remarkable number—this was enough to determine the *Signs of the Zodiac*, the number of Odin's *Sons*, and innumerable other Twelves. Any vague rumor of number had a tendency to settle itself into Twelve. So with regard to every other matter. And quite unconsciously too—with no notion of building up "*Allegories*!" But the *fact*, the *glance* of these *First Ages* would be prompt in discerning the secret relations of things, and wholly open to obey these. Schiller finds in the *Cestus of Venus* an ever-

lasting æsthetic truth as to the nature of all Beauty; curious—but he is careful not to insinuate that the old Greek Mythists had any notion of lecturing about the "Philosophy of Criticism!"—On the whole, we must leave those boundless regions. Cannot we conceive that Odin was a reality? Error indeed, error enough: but sheer falsehood, idle fables, allegory, afterthought—we will not believe that our Fathers believed in these.

Odin's *Runes* are a significant feature of him. *Runes*, and the miracles of "*magic*" he worked by them, makes a great feature in tradition. *Runes* are the Scandinavian Alphabet; suppose Odin to have been the inventor of Letters, as well as "*magic*," among that people! It is the greatest invention man has ever made, this of marking down the unseen thought that is in him by written characters. It is a kind of second speech, almost as miraculous as the first. You remember the astonishment and incredulity of Atahualpa the Peruvian King; how he made the Spanish Soldier who was guarding him scratch *Dios* on his thumb-nail, that he might try the next soldier with it, to ascertain whether such a miracle was possible. If Odin brought letters among his people, he might work magic enough!

Writing by *Runes* has some air of being original among the Norsemen; not a Phœnician Alphabet, but a native one. Snorre tells us farther that Odin invented Poetry; the music of human speech, as well as that miraculous runic marking of it. Transport yourselves into the early childhood of nations; the first beautiful morning-light of our Europe, when all yet lay in fresh young radiance as of a great sunrise, and our Europe was first beginning to think, to be! Wonder, hope; infinite radiance of hope and wonder, as of a young child's thoughts, in the hearts of these strong men! Strong sons of Nature; and here was not only a wild Captain and Fighter; discerning with his wild, flashing eyes what to do, with his wild lion-heart daring and doing it; but a Poet too, all that we mean by a Poet, Prophet, great devout Thinker and Inventor—as the truly Great Man ever is. A Hero is a Hero at all points; in the soul and thought of him first of all. This Odin, in his rude semi-articulate way, had a word to speak. A great heart laid open to take in this great Universe, and man's Life here, and utter a great word about it. A Hero, as I say, in his own rude manner; a wise, gifted, noble-hearted man. And now, if we still admire such a man beyond all others, what must these wild Norse souls, first awakened into thinking, have made of him! To them, as yet without names for it, he was noble and noblest; Hero, Prophet, God; *Wuotan*, the greatest of all. Thought is Thought, however it speak or spell itself. Intrinsically, I conjecture, this Odin must have been of the same sort of stuff as the greatest kind of men. A great thought in the wild deep heart of him! The rough words he articulated, are they not the audimental roots of those English words we still use? He worked so, in that obscure element. But he was as a *light* kindled in it; a light of Intellect, rude Nobleness of heart, the only light, we have yet; a Hero, as I say; and he had to shine there, and make his obscure element a little lighter—as is still the task of us all.

We will fancy him to be the Type-Northman; the finest Teuton whom that race had yet produced. The rude Norse heart burst up into boundless admiration round him; into adoration. He is at a root of so many great things; the fruit of him is found growing, from deep thousands of years, over the whole field of Teutonic Life. Our own Wednesday, as I said, is it not still Odin's day? Wednesday, Wansborough, Wanstead, Wandsworth: Odin grew into England too, these are still leaves from that root! He was the Chief God to all the Teutonic Peoples: their Pattern Norseman, in such way did they admire their Pattern Northman; that was the fortune he had in the world.

Thus if the man Odin himself have vanished utterly, there is this huge Shadow of him which still projects itself over the whole History of his People. For this Odin once admitted to be God, we can understand well that the whole Scandinavian Scheme of Nature, or dim No-scheme, whatever it might before have been, would now begin to develop itself altogether differently, and grow thenceforth in a new manner. What this Odin saw into, and taught with his runes and his rhymes, the whole Teutonic People laid to heart and carried forward. His way of thought became their way of thought;—such, under new conditions, is the history of every great thinker still. In gigantic, confused lineaments, like some enormous camera-obscura shadow thrown upward from the dead depths of the Past, and covering the whole Northern Heaven, is not that Scandinavian Mythology, in some sort, the Portraiture of this man Odin? The gigantic image of his natural face, legible or not legible there, expanded and confused in that manner! Ah, Thought, I say, is always Thought. No great man lives in vain. The History of the world is but the Biography of great men.

To me there is something very touching in this primeval figure of Heroism; in such artless, helpless, but hearty enureception of a Hero by his fellow-men. Never so helpless in shape, it is the noblest of feelings, and a feeling in some shape or other as man himself. If I could shew in any measure, what I feel deeply for a long time now, that it is the vital element of manhood, the soul of man's history here in our world,—it would be the chief use of this discoursing at present. We do not now call our great men Gods, nor admire without limit; ah no, with limit enough! But if we have no great men, or do not admire at all,—that were a still worse case.

This poor Scandinavian Hero-worship, that whole Norse way of looking at the Universe, and adjusting oneself there, has an indestructible merit for us. A rude oneself way of recognising the divineness of Nature, the divineness of Man; most rude, yet heartfelt, robust, giantlike; betokening what a giant of a man this child would yet grow to! It was a truth, and is none. Is it not as the half-dumb, stuffed voice of the long-buried generations of our own Fathers, calling out of the depths of ages to us, in whose veins their blood still runs? "This then, this is what we made of the world: this is all the image and notion we could form to ourselves of this great mystery of a Life and Universe. Despair not. You are raised high above it, to large free scope of vision; but you too are not yet at the top. No, your action too, so much enlarged, is but a partial, imperfect one; that matter is a thing no man will ever, in time or out of time, comprehend; after thousands of years of ever-new expansion, man will find himself but struggling



to comprehend again a part of it: the thing is larger than man, not to be comprehended by him; an infinite thing!"

The essence of the Scandinavian, as indeed of all Pagan Mythologies, we found to be recognition of the divineness of Nature; sincere communion of man with the mysterious, invisible Powers, visibly seen at work in the world round him. This, I should say, is more sincerely done in the Scandinavian than in any Mythology I knew. Sincerity is the great characteristic of it. Superior sincerity (far superior) consoles us for the total want of old Grecian grace. Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul: most earnest, honest; childlike, and yet manlike; with a great-hearted simplicity and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true, old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds to be the chief element of Paganism: recognition of Man, and his Moral Duty, though this too is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion. Here, indeed, is a great distinction and epoch in Human Beliefs; a great landmark in the religious development of Mankind. Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those; not till a later epoch does he discern that all Power is Moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not*.

With regard to all these fabulous delineations in the *Edda*, I will remark, moreover, as indeed was already hinted, that most probably they must have been of much newer date; most probably, even from the first, were comparatively idle for the old Norsemen, and as it were a kind of Poetic sport. Allegory and Poetic Delineation, as I said above, cannot be religious Faith; the Faith itself must first be there, then Allegory enough will gather round it, as the fit body round its soul. The Norse Faith, I can well suppose, like other Faiths, was most active while it lay mainly in the silent state, and had not yet much to say about itself, still less to sing.

Among those shadowy *Edda* matters, amid all that fantastic congeries of assertions and traditions, in their musical Mythologies, the main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this: of the *Valkyrs* and the *Hall of Odin*; of an inflexible *Destiny*, and that the one thing needful for a man was to be brave. The *Valkyrs* are Choosers of the Slain: a *Destiny* inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain: this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer; as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for *aeqvæ*—*et*, a Luther, for a Napoleon, too. It lies at the basis this for every such man; it is the woof out of which his whole system of thought is woven. The *Valkyrs*; and then that these *Choosers* lead the brave to a heavenly *Hall of Odin*; only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhere, into the realms of *Hela* the Death-goddess: I take this to have been the soul of the whole Norse belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that *Odin* would have no favor for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave. Consider, too, whether there is not something in this! It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valor* is still *value*. The first duty of a man is still that of subduing *Fear*. We must get rid of *Fear*: we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false; he thinks, too, as a slave and coward, till he has got *Fear* under his feet. *Odin's* creed, if we disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man,—trusting imperturbably in the appointment and choice of the upper Powers; and on the whole not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over *Fear* will determine how much of a man he is.

It is, doubtless, very savage that kind of valor of the old Northmen. *Snorro* tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that *Odin* might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth, with sails set, and slow fire burning in it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild, bloody valor; yet valor of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old Sea-kings, too, what an indomitable rugged energy! Silent, with closed lips, as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially brave; defying the wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things;—progenitors of our own *Blakes* and *Nelsons*. No *Homer* sang these Norse Sea-kings; but *Agamemnon's* was a small audacity, and of small fruit in the world to some of them;—to *Hrolf's* of *Normandy*, for instance! *Hrolf*, or *Rollo*, Duke of *Normandy*, the wild Sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour.

[Remainder of this Lecture next week]

**THE PROPHETIC DEW DROP.**—A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that lived the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onward to noon day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon the father pointed upward—"See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously reset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens, and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on earth, blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke and knew not that he spoke prophetic words; for soon, after the delicate child, with the delicate brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled like a dew-drop into heaven.

**DOUBLE LETTERS.**—A pretty little maid of Erin presented herself at the grate of the Postoffice the other day, and handing in a letter, modestly asked how much was to pay, as, she said, the letter was to her mother, and she wished to pay in advance. The clerk, on receiving it, asked the usual question, "single or double?" when she replied with the most bewitching *naivete*, at the same time blushing up to the eyes, "double, sir! I was married last week."

## Historical Romance.

GUY FAWKES.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Author of 'Rookwood,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Crichton,' &c.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XI.—The Marriage is the Forest.

Tresham, for it will have been conjectured that he was one of the speakers mentioned in the preceding chapter, on separating from Lord Mounteagle, took the same direction as the conspirators. He hesitated for some time before venturing to knock at the garden gate; and when he had done so, felt half-disposed to take to his heels. But shame restrained him; and hearing footsteps approach, he gave the customary signal, and was instantly admitted by Guy Fawkes.

"What brings you here?" demanded the latter, as they entered the house, and made fast the door behind them.

"I have just heard that Parliament is prorogued to the fifth of November," replied Tresham, "and came to tell you so."

"I already know it," returned Fawkes, gloomily; and for the first time feel some misgiving as to the issue of our enterprise."

"Why so?" inquired Tresham.

"November is unlucky to me," rejoined Fawkes, "and I cannot recollect a year in my life in which some ill has not befallen me during that month, especially on the fifth day. On the last fifth of November, I nearly died of a fever at Madrid. It is a strange and unfortunate coincidence that the meeting of the Parliament should be appointed for that particular day."

"Shall I tell you what I think it portends?" hesitated Tresham.

"Do so," replied Fawkes, "and speak boldly. I am no child to be frightened at shadows."

"You have more than once declared your intention of perishing with our foes," rejoined Tresham. "The design, though prosperous in itself, may be fatal to you."

"You are right," replied Fawkes. "I have little doubt I shall perish on that day. You are both aware of my superstitious nature, and are not ignorant that many mysterious occurrences have combined to strengthen the feeling—such as the dying words of the prophetess, Elizabeth Orton—her warning speech when she was raised from the dead by Doctor Dee—and lastly, the vision at Saint Winifred's Well. What if I tell you the saint has again appeared to me?"

"In a dream?" inquired Catesby, in a slightly sceptical tone.

"Ay, in a dream," returned Fawkes. "But I saw her as plainly as if I had been awake. It was the same vapory figure—the same transparent robes, the same benign countenance, only far more pitying than before—that I beheld at Holywell. I heard no sound issue from her lips, but I felt that she warned me to desist."

"Do you accept the warning?" asked Tresham, eagerly.

"It is needless to answer," replied Fawkes. "I have laid the train to-night."

"You have infected me with your misgivings," observed Tresham. "Would the enterprise had never been undertaken!"

"But being undertaken, it must be gone through with," rejoined Catesby, sternly. "Harkce, Tresham: you promised us two thousand pounds in aid of the project, but have constantly deferred payment of the sum on some plea or other."

"Because I have not been able to raise it," replied Tresham, sullenly. "I have tried in vain to sell part of my estates at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. I cannot effect impossibilities."

"Tush!" cried Catesby, fiercely. "You well know I ask no impossibility. I will no longer be trifled with. The money must be forthcoming by the tenth of October, or you shall pay the penalty with your life."

"This is the language of a cut-throat, Mr. Catesby," replied Tresham.

"It is the only language I will hold toward you," rejoined Catesby, contemptuously. "Look you disappoint me not, or take the consequences."

"I must leave for Northamptonshire at once, then," said Tresham.

"Do as you please," returned Catesby. "Play the cut-throat yourself, and ease some rich miser of his store, if you think fit. Bring us the money, and we will not ask how you came by it."

"Before we separate," said Tresham, disregarding these sneers, "I wish to be resolved on one point: who are to be saved from destruction?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Fawkes.

"Because I must stipulate for the lives of my brothers-in-law, the Lords Mounteagle and Stourton."

"If any thing detains them from the meeting, well and good," replied Catesby. "But no warning must be given them. That would infallibly lead to a discovery of the plot."

"Some means might surely be adopted to put them on their guard without danger to ourselves?" urged Tresham.

"I know of none," replied Catesby.

"Nor I," added Fawkes. "If I did, I would warn Lord Mounteagle, and some others whom I shall grieve to destroy."

"We are all similarly circumstanced," replied Catesby. "Keyes is anxious for the preservation of his patron and friend, Lord Mordaunt—Percy, for the Earl of Northumberland. I, myself, would gladly save the young Earl of Arundel. But we must sacrifice our private feelings for the general good."

"We must," acquiesced Fawkes.

"We shall not meet again till the night of the tenth of October," said Catesby, "when take care you are in readiness with the money."

Upon this, the conversation dropped, and soon afterward Tresham departed.

When he found himself alone, he suffered his rage to find vent in words. "Perdition seize them!" he cried, "I shall now lose two thousand pounds, in addition to what I

have already advanced; and, as Mounteagle will not have the disclosure made till the beginning of November, there is no way of avoiding payment. They would not fall into the snare I laid to throw the blame of the discovery, when it takes place, upon their own indiscretion. But I must devise some other plan. The warning shall proceed from an unknown quarter. A letter, written in a feigned hand, and giving some obscure intimation of danger, shall be delivered with an air of mystery to Mounteagle. This will serve as a plea for its divulgement to the Earl of Salisbury. Well, well, they shall have the money; but they shall pay me back in other coin."

Early on the following day, Catesby and Fawkes proceeded to White Webbs. Garnet was greatly surprised to see them, and could not conceal his disappointment at the cause of their return.

"This delay bodes no good," he observed. "Parliament has been so often prorogued, that I begin to think some suspicion is entertained of our design."

"Make your mind easy, then," replied Catesby. "I have made due inquiries, and find the meeting is postponed to suit the King's convenience, who wishes to prolong his stay at Royston. He may probably have some secret motive for the delay, but I am sure it in no way concerns us."

Everything being now fully arranged, the conspirators had only to wait patiently for the arrival of the expected fifth of November. Most of them decided upon passing the interval in the country. Ambrose Rookwood departed for Clopton, near Stratford-upon-Avon,—a seat belonging to Lord Carew, where his family were staying. Keyes went to visit Lord Mordaunt, at Turvey, in Bedfordshire; and Percy and the two Wrights set out for Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, to desire Sir Everard Digby to postpone the grand hunting party which he was to hold at Dunsmore Heath, as an excuse for mustering a strong party of Catholics, to the beginning of November. The two Winters repaired to their family mansion, Huddington, in Worcestershire; while Fawkes and Catesby, together with the two priests, remained at White Webbs. The three latter held daily conferences together, but were seldom joined by Fawkes, who passed his time in the adjoining forest, selecting its densest and most intricate parts for his rambles.

It was now the beginning of October, and, as is generally the case in the early part of this month, the weather was fine, and the air pure and bracing. The forest could scarcely have been seen to greater advantage. The leaves had assumed their gorgeous autumnal tints, and the masses of timber, variegated in color, presented an inexpressibly beautiful appearance. Guy Fawkes spent hours in the depths of the wood. His sole companions were the lordly stag and the timid hare, that occasionally started across his path. Since his return, he had sedulously avoided Viviana, and they had met only twice, and then no speech had passed between them. One day, when he had plunged even deeper than usual into the forest, and had seated himself on the stump of a decayed tree, with his eyes fixed on a small clear rivulet welling at his feet, he saw the reflection of a female figure in the water; and, filled with the idea of the vision of Saint Winifred, at first imagined he was about to receive another warning. But a voice that thrilled to his heart's core, soon undeceived him, and, turning, he beheld Viviana. She was habited in a riding-dress, and appeared prepared to set out upon a journey.

"So you have tracked me to my solitude," he observed, in a tone of forced coldness. "I thought I was secure from interruption here."

"You will forgive me, I am sure, when you know my errand," she replied. "It is to take an eternal farewell of you."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Are you about to quit White Webbs?"

"I am," she mournfully rejoined. "I am about to set out with Father Oldcorne for Gothurst, where I shall remain till all is over."

"I entirely approve your determination," returned Fawkes, after a short pause.

"I knew you would do so, or I should have consulted you upon it," she rejoined. "And as you appear to avoid me, I would fain have departed without taking leave of you, but found it impossible to do so."

"You well know my motive for avoiding you, Viviana," rejoined Fawkes. "We are no longer what we were to each other. A fearful struggle has taken place within me, though I have preserved an unmoved exterior, between passion and the sense of my high calling. I have told you I never loved before, and fancied my heart immovable as adamant. But I now find out my error. It is a prey to a raging and constant flame. I have shunned you," he continued, with increased excitement, "because the sight of you shakes my firmness,—because I feel it sinful to think of you in preference to holier objects—and because, after I have quitted you, your image alone engrosses my thoughts. Here, in the depths of this wood, by the side of this brook, I can commune with my soul,—can abstract myself from the world and the thoughts of the world—from you—yes, you, who are all the world to me now,—and prepare to meet my end."

"Then you are resolved to die?" she cried.

"I shall abide the explosion, and nothing but a miracle can save me," returned Fawkes.

"And think not it will be exerted in your behalf," she replied. "Heaven does not approve your design, and you will assuredly incur its vengeance by your criminal conduct."

"Viviana," replied Guy Fawkes, rising, "man cannot read my heart, but Heaven can; and the sincerity of my purpose will be recognised above. What I am about to do is for the regeneration of our holy religion; and if the welfare of that religion is dear to the Supreme Being, our cause must prosper. If the contrary, it deserves to fail, and will fail. I have ever told you that I care not what becomes of myself. I am now more than ever indifferent to life—or rather," he added, in a sombre tone, "I am anxious to die."

"Your dreadful wish, I fear, will be accomplished," replied Viviana, sadly. "I have been constantly haunted by frightful apprehensions respecting you, and my dead father has appeared to me in my dreams. His spirit, if such it were, seemed to gaze upon me with a mournful look, and, as I thought, pronounced your name in piteous accents."

"These forebodings chime with my own," muttered Fawkes, repressing a shudder; "but nothing shall shake

me. It will inflict a bitter pang upon me to part with you, Viviana—the bitterest I can ever feel—and I shall be glad when it is over.”

“I echo your own wish,” she returned, “and deeply lament that we ever met. But the fate that brought us together must for ever unite us.”

“What mean you?” he inquired, gazing fixedly at her. “There is one sad consolation which you can afford me, and which you owe me for the deep and lasting misery I shall endure on your account,” replied Viviana; “a consolation that will enable me to bear your loss with fortitude, and to devote myself wholly to heaven.”

“Whatever I can do that will not interfere with my purpose, you may command,” he rejoined.

“What I have to propose will not interfere with it,” she answered. “Now, hear me, and put the sole construction I deserve on my conduct. Father Garnet is at a short distance from us, behind those trees, waiting my summons. I have informed him of my design, and he approves of it. It is to unite us in marriage—solemnly unite us—that though I may never live with you as a wife, I may mourn you as a widow. Do you consent?”

Guy Fawkes returned an affirmative, in a voice broken by emotion.

“The moment the ceremony is over,” pursued Viviana, “I shall start with Father Oldcorne for Gothurst. We shall never meet again in this world.”

“Unless I succeed?” said Fawkes.

“You will not succeed,” replied Viviana. “If I thought so, I should not take this step. I look upon it as an espousal with the dead.”

So saying, she hurried away, and, disappearing beneath the covert, returned in a few seconds with Garnet.

“I have a strange duty to perform for you, my son,” said Garnet to Fawkes, who remained motionless and stupefied; “but I am right willing to perform it, because I think it will lead to your future happiness with the fair creature who has bestowed her affections on you.”

“Do not speculate on the future, father,” cried Viviana. “You know why I asked you to perform the ceremony. You know, also, that I have made preparations for instant departure; and that I indulge no hope of seeing Guy Fawkes again.”

“All this I know, dear daughter,” returned Garnet; “but, in spite of your anticipations of ill, I still hope that your union may prove auspicious.”

“I take you to witness, father,” said Viviana, “that in bestowing my hand upon Guy Fawkes, I bestow at the same time all my possessions upon him. He is free to use them as he thinks proper—even in the furtherance of his design against the state, which, though I cannot approve it, seems good to him.”

“This must not be,” cried Fawkes.

“It shall be,” rejoined Viviana. “Proceed with the ceremony, father.”

“Let her have her own way, my son,” observed Garnet, in a low tone. “Under any circumstances, her estates must now be necessarily yours.”

He then took a breviary from his vest, and placing them near each other, began to read aloud the marriage service appointed by the Romish Church. And there, in that secluded spot, and under such extraordinary circumstances, with no other witnesses than the ancient trees around them, and the brook rippling at their feet, were Guy Fawkes and Viviana united. The ceremony over, Guy Fawkes pressed his bride to his breast, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

“I have broken my faith to heaven, to which I was first espoused,” he cried.

“No,” she returned; “you will now return to your first and holiest choice. Think of me only as I shall think of you—as of the dead.”

With this, the party slowly and silently returned to the house, where they found a couple of steeds, with luggage strapped to the saddles, at the door.

Father Oldcorne was already mounted, and in a few minutes Viviana was by his side. Before her departure, she bade Guy Fawkes a tender farewell, and at this trying juncture her firmness nearly deserted her. But rousing herself, she sprang upon her horse, and urging the animal into a quick pace, and followed by Oldcorne, she speedily disappeared from view. Guy Fawkes watched her out of sight, and shunning the regards of Catesby, who formed one of the group, struck into the forest, and was not seen again till the following day.

The tenth of October having arrived, Guy Fawkes and Catesby repaired to the place of rendezvous. But the night passed, and Tresham did not appear. Catesby was angry and disappointed, and could not conceal his apprehensions of treachery. Fawkes took a different view of the matter, and thought it not improbable that their confederate’s absence might be occasioned by the difficulty he found in complying with their demands; and this opinion was confirmed the next morning by the arrival of a letter from Tresham, stating that he had been utterly unable to effect the sales he contemplated, and could not, therefore, procure the money till the end of the month.

“I will immediately go down to Rushton,” said Catesby, “and if I find him disposed to palter with us, I will call him to instant account. But Garnet informs me that Viviana has bestowed all her wealth upon you. Are you willing to devote it to the good cause?”

“No!” replied Fawkes, in a tone so decisive that his companion felt it would be useless to urge the matter further. “I give my life to the cause—that must suffice.”

The subject was never renewed. At night, Catesby, having procured a powerful steed, set out upon his journey to Northamptonshire, while Fawkes returned to White Webbs.

About a fortnight passed unmarked by any event of importance. Despatches were received from Catesby, stating that he had received the money from Tresham, and had expended it in procuring horses and arms. He also added, that he had raised numerous recruits on various pretences. This letter was dated from Ashby St. Leger’s, the seat of his mother, Lady Catesby; but he expressed his intention of proceeding to Coughton Hall, near Alcester, in Warwickshire, the residence of Mr. Thomas Throckmorton, (a wealthy Catholic gentleman,) whither Sir Everard Digby had removed with his family, to be in readiness for the grand hunting party to be held on the fifth of November on Dunsmore Heath. Here he expected to be joined by the

two Wrights, the Winters, Rookwood, Keyes, and the rest of the conspirators, and undertook to bring them all up to White Webbs on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of October.

By this time Guy Fawkes had, in a great degree, recovered his equanimity, and, left alone with Garnet, held long and frequent religious conferences with him; it being evidently his desire to prepare himself for his expected fate. He spent the greater part of the nights in solitary vigils—fasted even more rigorously than he was enjoined to do—and prayed with such fervor and frequency, that, fearing an ill effect upon his mind, which had become exalted to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, Garnet thought it necessary to check him. The priest did not fail to note that Viviana’s name never passed his lips, and that, in all their walks in the forest, he carefully shunned the scene of his espousals.

And thus time flew by. On the evening of the twenty-sixth of October, in accordance with Catesby’s intimation, the conspirators arrived. They were all assembled at supper, and were relating the different arrangements which had been made in anticipation of the important event, when Garnet observed, with a look of sudden uneasiness, to Catesby, “You said, in one of your letters, that you would bring Tresham with you, my son. Why do I not see him?”

“He sent a message to Coughton to state, that having been attacked by a sudden illness, he was unable to join us,” replied Catesby, “but, as soon as he could leave his bed, he would hasten to London. This may be a subterfuge, but I shall speedily ascertain the truth, for I have sent my servant Bates to Rushton, to investigate the matter. I ought to tell you,” he added, “that he has given substantial proof of his devotion to the cause by sending another thousand pounds, to be expended in the purchase of arms and horses.”

“I hope it is not dust thrown into our eyes,” returned Garnet. “I have always feared Tresham would deceive us at the last.”

“This sudden illness looks suspicious, I must own,” said Catesby. “Has aught been heard of Lord Mounteagle?”

“Guy Fawkes heard that he was at his residence at Southwark, yesterday,” returned Garnet.

“So far good,” replied Catesby. “Did you visit the cellar where the powder is deposited?” he added, turning to Fawkes.

“I did,” replied the other, “and found all secure. The powder is in excellent preservation. Before quitting the spot, I placed certain private marks against the door, by which I can tell whether it is opened during our absence.”

“A wise precaution,” returned Catesby. “And now, gentlemen, he added, filling a goblet with wine, “success to our enterprise! Everything is prepared,” he continued, as the pledge was enthusiastically drunk; “I have got together a company of above two hundred men, all well-armed and appointed, who will follow me wherever I choose to lead them. They will be stationed near Dunsmore Heath on the fifth of next month; and as soon as the event of the explosion is known, I shall ride thither as fast as I can, and, hurrying with my troops to Coventry, seize the Princess Elizabeth. Percy and Keyes will secure the person of the Duke of York, and proclaim him King; while upon the rest will devolve the arduous duty of rousing our Catholic brethren in London to rise to arms.”

“Trust to us to rouse them,” shouted several voices.

“Let each man swear not to swerve from the fulfilment of his task,” cried Catesby; “swear it upon this cup of wine, in which we will all mix our blood.”

And as he spoke, he pricked his arm with the point of his sword, and suffered a few drops of blood to fall into the goblet, while the others, roused to a state of frenzied enthusiasm, imitated his example, and afterward raised the horrible mixture to their lips, pronouncing at the same time the oath.

Guy Fawkes was the last to take the pledge, and, crying in a loud voice, “I swear not to quit my post till the explosion is over,” he drained the cup.

After this, they adjourned to a room in another wing of the house, fitted up as a chapel, where mass was performed by Garnet, and the sacrament administered to the whole assemblage. They were about to retire for the night, when a sudden knocking was heard at the door. Reconnoitering the intruder through an upper window, overlooking the court, Catesby perceived it was Bates, who was holding a smoking and mud-bespattered steed by the bridle.

“Well, what news do you bring?” cried Catesby, as he admitted him. “Have you seen Tresham?”

“No,” replied Bates. “His illness was a mere pretence. He has left Rushton secretly for London.”

“I knew it,” cried Garnet. “He has again betrayed us.”

“He shall die,” said Catesby.

And the determination was echoed by all the other conspirators.

Instead of retiring to rest, they passed the night in anxious deliberation, and it was at last proposed that Guy Fawkes should proceed without loss of time to Southwark, to keep watch near the house of Lord Mounteagle, and, if possible, ascertain whether Tresham visited it.

To this he readily agreed. But before setting out, he took Catesby aside for a moment, and asked, “Did you see Viviana at Coughton?”

“Only for a moment, and that just before I left the place,” was the answer. “She desired to be remembered to you, and said you were never absent from her thoughts or prayers.”

Guy Fawkes turned away to hide his emotion, and mounting one of the horses brought by the conspirators, rode off toward London.

#### CHAPTER XII.—The Fifth of November.

On the same day as the occurrences last related, Lord Mounteagle, who was then staying at Southwark, suddenly intimated his intention of passing the night at his country mansion at Hoxton; a change of place which, trivial as it seemed at the moment, afterward assumed an importance, from the circumstances that arose out of it. At the latter part of the day, he accordingly proceeded to Hoxton, accompanied by his customary attendants, and all appeared to pass on as usual, until, just as supper was over, one of his pages arrived from town, and desired to see his lordship immediately.

Affecting to treat the matter with indifference, Lord

Mounteagle carelessly ordered the youth to be ushered into his presence, and when he appeared, he demanded his business. The page replied, that he brought a letter for his lordship, which had been delivered under circumstances of great mystery.

“I had left the house just as it grew dusk,” he said, “on an errand of little importance, when a man muffled in a cloak, suddenly issued from behind a corner, and demanded whether I was one of your lordship’s servants? On my replying in the affirmative he produced this letter, and enjoined me as I valued my life and your lordship’s safety, to deliver it into your own hands without delay.”

So saying, he delivered the letter to his lord, who, gazing at its address, which was, “To the Right Honorable the Lord Mounteagle,” observed, “There is nothing very formidable in its appearance. What can it mean?”

Without even breaking the seal, which was secured with a silken thread, he gave it to one of his gentlemen, named Ward, who was standing near him.

“Read it aloud, sir,” said the Earl, with a slight smile. “I have no doubt it is some vaporing effusion, which will afford us occasion for laughter. Before I hear what the writer has to say, I can promise him he shall not intimidate me.”

Thus exhorted, Ward broke open the letter, and read as follows:

“My lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore, I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift from your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Think not slightly of this advice, but retire into the country, where you may expect the event in safety, for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not know who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned. It may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is passed as soon as you have burned the letter. God, I hope, will give you grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you.”

“A singular letter!” exclaimed Mounteagle, as soon as Ward had finished. “What is your opinion of it?”

“I think it hints at some dangerous plot, my lord,” replied Ward, who had received his instructions, “some treason against the state. With submission I would advise your lordship instantly to take it to the Earl of Salisbury.”

“I see nothing in it,” replied the Earl. “What is your opinion, Mervyn?” he added, turning to another of his gentlemen, to whom he had likewise given his lesson.

“I am of the same mind as Ward,” replied the attendant. “Your lordship will hardly hold yourself excused, if you neglect to give due warning, should aught occur hereafter.”

“Say not so, sir?” cried Lord Mounteagle. “Let me hear it once more.”

The letter was accordingly read again by Ward, and the Earl feigned to weigh over each passage.

“I am advised not to attend the Parliament,” he said, “for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. That is too vague to be regarded. Then I am urged to retire into the country. The recommendation must proceed from some discontented Catholic, who does not wish me to be present at the opening of the house. This is not the first time I have been so abused. They shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet shall not see who hurts them. That is mysterious enough, but it may mean nothing—any more than what follows, namely, ‘the danger is passed as soon as you have burnt the letter.’”

“I do not think so, my lord,” replied Ward; “and though I cannot explain the riddle, I am sure it means mischief.”

“Well,” said Lord Mounteagle, “since you are of this mind, I must lose no time in communicating the letter to the Secretary of State. It is better to err on the safe side.”

Accordingly, after some further consultation, he set out at that late hour for Whitehall, where he roused the Earl of Salisbury, and showed him the letter. It is almost needless to say that the whole was a preconcerted scheme between these two crafty statesmen; but as the interview took place in the presence of their attendants, the utmost caution was observed.

Salisbury pretended to be greatly alarmed at the communication, and coupling it, he said, with previous intelligence which he had received, he could not help fearing, to adopt the words of the writer of this mysterious letter, that the Parliament was indeed threatened with some “terrible blow.” Acting, apparently, upon this supposition, he called such of the lords of the Privy Council as lodged at Whitehall to be summoned, and submitting the letter to them, they all concurred in the opinion that it referred to some dangerous plot, though none could give a guess at its precise nature.

“It is clearly some Popish project,” said Salisbury, “or Lord Mounteagle would not have been the party warned. We must keep a look-out upon the disaffected of his faith.”

“As I have been the means of revealing the plot to your lordship—if plot it be—I must pray you to deal gently with them,” rejoined Mounteagle.

“I will be as lenient as I can,” returned Salisbury. “But in a matter of this kind little favor can be shown. If your lordship will enable me to discover the principal actors in this affair, I will take care that no innocent party suffers.”

“You ask an impossibility,” replied Mounteagle. “I know nothing but what can be gathered from that letter. But I pray your lordship not to make it a means of exercising unnecessary severity toward the members of my religion.”

“On that you may rely,” returned the Earl. “His Majesty will not return from the hunting expedition on which he is engaged at Royston till Thursday next, the 30th. I think it scarcely worth while (considering his naturally timid nature, with which your lordships are well acquainted,) to inform him of the threatened danger, until his arrival at the palace. It will then be time enough to take any needful steps, as Parliament will not meet for four or five days afterward.”

In the policy of this course the Privy Councillors agreed, and it was arranged that the matter should be kept perfectly secret until the King’s opinion had been taken upon the letter. The assemblage then broke up, it being previously arranged that, for fear of some attempt upon his life, Lord



## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

He rather loftily enjoined Mr. Gammon to secrecy upon the subject, to which Gammon readily pledged himself, and then they entered upon an unrestrained discussion of the matter. Suffice it to say that in the end Gammon assured the Earl that he would without any difficulty undertake to procure a transfer of the mortgage at present existing on his lordship's property, which should lower his annual payments by at least one-and-a-half per cent; and which, on a rough calculation, would make a difference of very nearly five hundred a year in the Earl's favor! But Gammon explicitly informed the Earl, that he was not to suppose that his interests had been in any way neglected, or he overreached in the original transaction; that it had been conducted on his lordship's behalf, by his solicitor, Mr. Pounce, one of the most respectable men in the profession; and that a few years made all the difference in matters of this description; and before he, Mr. Gammon, would interfere any further in the business, he requested his lordship to write to Mr. Pounce, enclosing a draft of the arrangement proposed by Mr. Gammon, and desiring Mr. Pounce to say what he thought of it. This the Earl did; and in a few days' time received an answer from Mr. Pounce, to the effect that he was happy that there was a prospect of so favorable an arrangement as that proposed, to which he could see no objection whatever; and would co-operate with Mr. Gammon in any way, and at any time, which his lordship might point out. Mr. Gammon was, in fact, rendering here a real and very important service to the Earl; being an able, acute, and energetic man of business—while Mr. Pounce was very nearly superannuated—had grown rich and indolent, no longer attending to business with his pristine energy, but pottering and loitering over it, as it were, from day to day; unable, from his antiquated style of doing business, and the constantly narrowing circle of his connections, to avail himself of those resources which were open to younger and more energetic practitioners, with more varied resources. Thus, though money was now much more plentiful, and consequently to be got for a less sum than when, some ten years before, the Earl had been compelled to borrow a large sum upon mortgage, old Mr. Pounce had suffered matters to remain all the while as they were, and so they would have remained, but for Gammon's accidental interference; for the Earl was not a man of business—could not bear to talk to any one about the fact of his property being mortgaged; did not like even to think of it; and concluded that good old Mr. Pounce kept a sufficiently sharp eye upon his noble client's interest. The Earl gave Mr. Pounce's letter to Mr. Gammon, and requested him to lose no time in putting himself into communication with Mr. Pounce, for the purpose of effecting the suggested transfer. This Gammon undertook to do; and perceiving that he had fortunately made so strong a lodgement in the Earl's good opinion, whose interests now bound him, in a measure, to Mr. Gammon, he thought that he might safely quit Yatton and return to town, in order to attend to divers matters of pressing exigency. Before his departure, however, he had a very long interview with Titmouse, in the course of which he gave that now submissive personage a few simple, perceptive, and decisive directions, as to the line of conduct he was to pursue, which alone could conduce to his permanent interests, and which he enjoined him to pursue, on terror of the consequences of failing to do so. The Earl of Dredlington, in talking leave of Mr. Gammon, evinced the utmost degree of cordiality that was consistent with the stateliness of his demeanor. He felt real regret at parting with a man of such superior intellect, such a fascinating deference toward himself, (the Earl,) and it glanced across his mind, that he would be the very fittest man that could be thought of, in respect of tact, energy, and knowledge, to become prime minister to—his Serene Highness the Prince of Hochstifelhause Narrenstein Dumerleinberg!

The longer that the Earl continued at Yatton—in which he could not have more thoroughly established himself if he had in the ordinary way engaged it for the autumn—the more he was struck with its beauties; and the oftener they presented themselves to his mind's eye, the more vivid and powerful became his regrets at the splitting of the family interests which had so long existed, and his desire to take advantage of what seemed almost an opportunity specially afforded by Providence for re-uniting them. As the Earl took his solitary walks, he thought with deep anxiety of his own advanced age, and sensibly increasing feebleness. The position of his affairs was not satisfactory. Then he left behind him an only child—and that a daughter—on whom would devolve the splendid responsibility of sustaining, alone, the honors of their ancient family. Then there was his newly discovered kinsman, Mr. Titmouse, sole and unembarrassed proprietor of this fine old family property; simple-minded, and confiding, with a truly reverential feeling toward them, the heads of the family; also the undoubted, undisputed proprietor of the borough of Yatton; who entertained and avowed the same liberal and enlightened political opinions, which the Earl had ever maintained with dignified consistency and determination; and who, by a rare conjunction of personal merit, and of circumstance, had been elevated to the highest pitch of popularity in the highest regions of society; and who was, moreover, already next in succession, after himself and the Lady Cecilia, to the ancient barony of Drelincourt and the estates annexed to it. How little was there, in reality, to set against this? An eccentricity of manner, for which nature only, if any one, was to blame; a tendency to extreme modishness in dress, and a slight deficiency in the knowledge of the etiquette of society—but which daily experience and intercourse were rapidly supplying; and a slight disposition toward the pleasures of the table, which, no doubt, would disappear on the instant of his having an object of permanent and elevating attachment. Such was Titmouse. He had as yet, undoubtedly, made no advances to Lady Cecilia, nor evinced any disposition to do so; numerous and favorable as had been, and continued to be, the opportunities for his doing so. Might not this, how-

Mounteagle should remain within the palace till full inquiries had been instituted into the affair.

When the two confederate nobles were left alone, Salisbury observed, with a slight laugh, to his companion,

"Thus far we have proceeded well, and without suspicion, and rely upon it, none shall fall on you. As soon as all is over, the most important post the King has to bestow shall be yours."

"But what of Tresham?" asked Mounteagle. "He was the deliverer of this letter, and I have little faith in him."

"Hum!" said Salisbury, after a moment's reflection, "if you think it desirable, we can remove him to the Tower, where he can be easily silenced."

"It will be better so," replied Mounteagle. "He may else babble hereafter. I gave him a thousand pounds to send in his own name to the conspirators the other day to lure them into our nets."

"It shall be repaid you a hundred-fold," replied Salisbury. "But we are observed, and must therefore separate."

So saying, he withdrew to his own chamber, while Lord Mounteagle was ushered to the apartments allotted to him.

To return to Guy Fawkes. Arriving at Southwark, he stationed himself near Lord Mounteagle's residence. But he observed nothing to awaken his suspicions, until early in the morning he perceived a page approaching the mansion, whom from his livery he knew to be one of Lord Mounteagle's household, (it was, in fact, the very youth who had delivered the mysterious letter,) and from him he ascertained all that had occurred. Filled with alarm, and scarcely knowing what to do, he crossed the river, and proceeding to the cellar, examined the marks at the door, and finding all precisely as he had left it, felt certain that whatever discovery had been made, the magazine had not been visited.

He next repaired to the house, of which he possessed the key, and was satisfied that no one had been there. Somewhat relieved by this, he yet determined to keep watch during the day, and concealing himself near the cellar, remained on the look-out till night. But no one came; nor did anything occur to excite his suspicions. He would not, however, quit his post till about six o'clock on the following evening, when, thinking further delay might be attended with danger, he set out to White Webbs, to give his companions intelligence of the letter.

His news was received by all with the greatest alarm, and not one, except Catesby, who strove to put a bold face upon the matter, though he was full of inward misgiving, but confessed that he thought all chance of success was at an end. While deliberating upon what should be done in this fearful emergency, they were greatly alarmed by a sudden knocking without. All the conspirators concealed themselves, except Guy Fawkes, who, opening the door, found, to his infinite surprise, that the summons proceeded from Tresham. He said nothing till the other had entered the house, and then suddenly drawing his dagger, held it to his throat.

"Make your shrift quickly, traitor," he cried, in a furious tone, "for your last hour is arrived. What ho!" he shouted to the others, who instantly issued from their hiding-places, "the fox has ventured into the lion's den!"

"You distrust me wrongfully," rejoined Tresham, with more confidence than he usually exhibited in time of danger; "I am come to warn you, not betray you. Is this the return you make me for the service?"

"Villain," cried Catesby, rushing up to him, and holding his drawn sword to his breast. "You have conveyed the letter to Lord Mounteagle."

"It is false!" replied Tresham. "I have only just heard of it; and in spite of the risk I knew I should run from your suspicions, I came to tell you what had happened."

"Why did you feign illness, and depart secretly for town, instead of joining us at Coughton?" demanded Catesby.

"I will instantly explain my motive, which, though it may not be satisfactory to you on one point, will be so on another," replied Tresham, unhesitatingly and with apparent frankness. "I was fearful you would make a further tool of me, and resolved not to join you again till a few days before the outbreak of the plot. To this determination I should have adhered had I not learnt to-night that a letter had been transmitted by some one to Lord Mounteagle, which he had conveyed to the Earl of Salisbury. It may not convey any notion of the plot, but it is certain to create alarm, and I thought it my duty, in spite of every personal consideration, to give you warning. If you design to escape, there is yet time. A vessel lies in the river, in which we can all embark for Flanders."

"Can he be innocent?" said Catesby, in a whisper to Garnet.

"If I had betrayed you," continued Tresham, "I should not have come hither. And I have no motive for such baseness, for I am in equal danger with yourselves. But though the alarm has been given, I do not think any discovery will be made. They are evidently on the wrong scent."

"I hope so," replied Catesby; "but I fear the contrary."

"Shall I put him to death?" demanded Fawkes, of Garnet.

"Do not sully your hands with his blood, my son," returned Garnet. "If he has betrayed us, he will reap the traitor's reward here and hereafter. If he has not, it would be to take away a life unjustly. Let him depart. We shall feel more secure without him."

"Will it be safe to set him free, father?" cried Fawkes. "I think so," replied Garnet. "We will not admit him to our further conferences; but let us act mercifully."

The major part of the conspirators concurring in this opinion, though Fawkes and Catesby were opposed to it, Tresham was suffered to depart. As soon as he was gone, Garnet avowed that the further prosecution of the design appeared so hazardous, that it ought to be abandoned, and that, in his opinion, each of the conspirators had better consult his own safety by flight. He added, that at some future period the design might be resumed, or another planned, which might be more securely carried out.

After much discussion, all seemed disposed to acquiesce in the proposal except Fawkes, who adhered doggedly to his purpose, and treated the danger so slightly, that he gradually brought the others round to his views. At length, it was resolved that Garnet should set out immediately for Coughton Hall, and place himself under the protection of Sir Everard Digby, and there await the result of the at-

tempt, while the other conspirators decided upon remaining in town, in some secure places of concealment, until the event was known. Unmoved as ever, Guy Fawkes declared his intention of watching over the magazine of powder.

"If anything happens to me," he said, "you will take care yourselves. You well know nothing will be wrung from me."

Catesby and the others, aware of his resolute nature, affected to remonstrate with him, but they willingly suffered him to take his own course. Attended by Bates, Garnet then set out for Warwickshire, and the rest of the conspirators proceeded to London, where they dispersed, after appointing Lincoln's Inn walks as their place of midnight rendezvous. Each then made preparations for sudden flight, in case it should be necessary, and Rookwood provided relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch.

Guy Fawkes alone remained at his post. He took up his abode in the cellar, resolved to blow up himself, together with his foes, in case of a surprise.

On Thursday, the thirty-first of October, the King returned to Whitehall, and the mysterious letter was laid before him in the presence of the Privy Council by the Earl of Salisbury. James perused it carefully, but could scarcely hide his perplexity.

"Your Majesty will not fail to remark the expressions, 'a terrible blow' to the Parliament, and 'that the danger will be past as soon as you have burnt the letter,'—evidently referring to combustion," observed the Earl.

"You are right, Salisbury," said James, snatching at the suggestion, "I should not wonder if these mischievous Papists mean to blow us all up with gunpowder."

"Your Majesty has received a divine illumination," returned the Earl. "Such an idea never occurred to me; but it must be as you intimate."

"Undoubtedly—undoubtedly," replied the Monarch, pleased with the compliment to his sagacity, though alarmed by the danger; but what desperate traitors they must be to imagine such a deed. Blow us up! God's mercy, that were a dreadful death! And yet that must evidently be the meaning of the passage. How else can it be construed, except by reference to the suddenness of the act, which might be as quickly performed as that paper would take to be consumed in the fire?"

"Your Majesty's penetration has discovered the truth," replied Salisbury, "and by the help of your wisdom I will fully develop this dark design. Where think you the powder may lie hidden?"

"Are there any vaults beneath the Parliament House?" demanded James, trembling. "Heaven save us! We have often walked there—perhaps over a secret mine."

"There are," replied Salisbury, "and I am again indebted to your Majesty for a most important suggestion. Not a corner in the vaults shall be left unsearched. But perhaps you will think with me that, in order to catch these traitors in their own trap, it will be well to defer the search till the very night before the meeting of Parliament."

"I was about to recommend such a course myself, Salisbury," replied James.

"I was sure you would think so," returned the Earl. "and now I must entreat you to dismiss the subject from your thoughts, and to sleep securely, for you may rely upon it (after your Majesty's discovery,) that the plot shall be fully unravelled."

The significant tone in which the Earl uttered the latter part of this speech, convinced the King that he knew more of the matter than he cared to confess, and he contented himself with saying, "Well, let it be so. I trust all to you. But I at once divined their purpose—I at once divined it." The Council then broke up, and James laughed and chuckled to himself at the discernment he had displayed. Nor was he less pleased with his minister for the credit given him in the affair. But he took care not to enter the Parliament House. On the afternoon of Monday, November the fourth, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Lords Salisbury and Mounteagle, visited the cellars and vaults beneath the Parliament House. For some time, they discovered nothing to excite suspicion. At length, probably at the suggestion of Lord Mounteagle, who, as will be recollected, was acquainted with the situation of the Magazine, they proceeded to the cellar, where they found the store of powder, but not meeting with any of the conspirators, as they expected, they disturbed nothing, and went away, reporting the result of their search to the King.

By the recommendation of the Earl of Salisbury, James advised that a guard should be placed near the cellar during the whole of the night, consisting of Topcliffe and a certain number of attendants, and headed by Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, upon whose courage and discretion full reliance could be placed. Lord Mounteagle also requested permission to keep guard with them to witness the result of the affair. To this the King assented, and as soon as it grew dark, the party secretly took up their position at a point commanding the entrance of the magazine.

Fawkes, who chanced to be absent at the time the search was made, returned a few minutes afterward, and remained within the cellar, seated upon a barrel of gunpowder, the head of which he had staved in, with a lantern in one hand, and petronel in the other, till past midnight. The fifth of November was now at hand, and the clock of the adjoining abbey had scarcely ceased telling the hour that proclaimed its arrival, when Fawkes, somewhat wearied with his solitary watching, determined to repair for a short space to the adjoining house. He, accordingly, quitted the cellar, leaving his lantern lighted within it in one corner.

Opening the door, he gazed cautiously around, but perceiving nothing, after waiting a few seconds, he proceeded to lock the door. While thus employed, he thought he heard a noise behind him, and turning suddenly, he beheld through the gloom several persons rushing toward him, evidently with hostile intent. His first impulse was to draw a petronel, and grasp his sword. But before he could effect his purpose, his arms were pinioned by a powerful grasp from behind, while the light of a lantern thrown full in his face revealed the barrel of a petronel levelled at his head, and an authoritative voice commanded him in the King's name to surrender.

An editor should never be asked the news; nor a man whose father was in the penitentiary, should never be spoken to about his family connections or the criminal calendar.

ever, be set down entirely to the score of his excessive diffidence—distrust of his pretensions to aspire after so august an alliance as with the Lady Cecilia? Yet there certainly was another way of accounting for his conduct: had he got already entangled with an attachment elsewhere? Run after in society, as he had been, in a manner totally unprecedented during his very first season—had his affections been enveiled? When the Earl dwelt upon this dismal possibility, if it were when he was lying awake in bed, he would be seized with a fit of intolerable restlessness—and getting up, wrap himself in his dressing-gown, and pace his chamber for an hour together, running over, in his mind, the names of all the women he knew who would be likely to lay snares for Titmouse, in order to secure him for a daughter.

Then there was the Lady Cecilia—but she, he knew, would not run counter to his wishes, and he had therefore no difficulty to apprehend on that score. She had ever been calmly submissive to his will; had the same lofty sense of family dignity that he enjoyed; and had often concurred in his deep regrets on account of the separation of the family interests. She was still unmarried—and yet, on her father's decease, would be a peeress in her own right, and possessed of the family estates. The fastidiousness which alone, thought the Earl, had kept her hitherto single, would not, he felt persuaded, be allowed by her to interfere for the purpose of preventing so excellent a family arrangement as would be effected by her union with Titmouse. Once married—and he having secured for her suitable settlements from Titmouse—if there should prove to be any incompatibility of temper or discrepancy of disposition, come the worst to the worst, there was the shelter of a separation, and separate maintenance to look to; a thing which was becoming of daily occurrence—which implied no reproach to either party—and left them always at liberty to return to each other's society when so disposed. And as for the dress and manners of Titmouse, granting them to be a little extravagant, would not, in all probability, a word from her suffice to reduce him, or elevate him into a gentleman? Thus thought her fond and enlightened parent, and thus thought also she; from which it is evident, that Titmouse once brought to the point—made sensible where his duty and his privilege converged—it would be a straightforward, plain-sailing business. To bring about so desirable a state of things as this—to give the young people an opportunity of thoroughly knowing one another, and endearing themselves to each other, were among the objects which the Earl had proposed to himself, in accepting the invitation to Yatton. Time was wearing on, however, and yet no decisive step had been taken. Lady Cecilia's icy coolness—her petrifying indifference of manner, her phlegmatic temperament and lofty pride, were qualities, all of which were calculated rather to check than encourage the advances of a suitor, especially such a one as Titmouse; but, though the Earl did not know it, there were others whose ardor and impatience to possess themselves of such superior loveliness could not be similarly restrained or discouraged. Would the reader believe that Mr. Venom Tuft, having been long on the look-out for an aristocratic wife, had conceived it not impossible to engage the affections of Lady Cecilia—to fascinate her by the display of his brilliant acquirements; and that the comparative seclusion of Yatton would afford him the requisite opportunity for effecting his wishes? Yet even so it really was: intoxicated with vanity, which led him to believe himself peculiarly agreeable to women, he at length had the inconceivable folly and presumption, on the morning after an evening in which he fancied that he had displayed peculiar brilliance, to intimate to her that his affections were no longer under his own control, having been taken captive by her irresistible charms. Vain thought! as well might a cock-sparrow have sought to mate himself with the stately swan! It was for some time rather difficult for the Lady Cecilia to understand that he was seriously making her a proposal. At length, however, he succeeded; and as much astonishment as her drooping eyelids and languid hauteur of manner would permit the display of, she evinced. When poor Mr. Tuft found that such was the case, his face burned like fire.

"You have n't mistaken me for Miss Macspleuchan, Mr. Tuft, have you?" said she, with a faint, sly smile. "You and Mr. Titmouse, and the Marquis, I hear, ate much longer after dinner last night than usual!" Tuft was utterly confounded. Was her ladyship insinuating that he was under the influence of wine? He was speechless.

"I assure you, Lady Cecilia," he stammered. "Oh—now I understand!—You are rehearsing for Lady Caudle's private theatricals? Do you play there next month? Well, I dare say you'll make a delicious Romeo." Here the Earl happening to enter, Lady Cecilia, with a languid smile, apprised him that Mr. Tuft had been rehearsing, to admiration, a love-scene which he was studying against Lady Caudle's theatricals; on which the Earl, with a good-natured smile, said that he should like to witness it, unless it were too much trouble. If Mr. Tuft could have crept up the chimney without being observed, he could have employed the first moment of repose and security in praying that the Lady Cecilia might bring herself to believe, that he had really been doing what at present he feared she only affected to believe. He resolved to outstay the Earl, who, indeed, withdrew in a few minutes' time, having entered only for the purpose of asking Lady Cecilia a question; and on her ladyship and her would-be lover being again alone—

"If I have been guilty of presumption, Lady Cecilia"—he commenced, with tremulous earnestness, looking a truly piteous object.

"Not the least, Mr. Tuft," said she, calmly smiling; "or, even if you have, I'll forgive it on one condition—"

"Your ladyship has only to intimate—"

"That you will go through it all with Miss Macspleuchan; or, could n't we get up a sweet scene with my maid? Annette is a pretty little thing, and her broken English—"

"Your ladyship is pleased to be exceedingly severe; but I feel that I deserve it. Still, knowing your ladyship's good-nature, I will venture to ask one great favor, which, if you refuse, I will within an hour quit Yatton; that your ladyship will, in mercy to my feelings, mention this little scene to no one."

"If you wish it, Mr. Tuft, I will preserve your secret," she replied, in a kinder and more serious manner than he had ever witnessed in her; and, when he had escaped into

solitude, he could hardly tell whom he hated most—himself or the Lady Cecilia. Several days afterward, the Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs, purposing to quit Yatton on his way northward, sought a favorable opportunity to lay himself—the brilliant, irresistible Marquis—at the feet of the all-conquering Lady Cecilia, the future Lady Drelincourt, peeress in her own right, and mistress of the family estates. He had done the same kind of thing half a dozen times to as many women—all of them of ample fortune, and most of them, also, of rank. His manner was exquisitely delicate and winning; but Lady Cecilia, with a slight blush, (for she was really pleased,) calmly refused him. He saw it was utterly in vain; for a few moments he felt in an unutterably foolish position, but quickly recovering himself, assumed an air of delicate raillery, and put her into such good humor, that, forgetful in the moment of her promise to poor Tuft, she, in the strictest confidence in the world, communicated to the Marquis the offer which Mr. Tuft had been beforehand with him in making her! The Marquis's cheek flushed and tingled; and, without being able to analyse what passed through his mind, the result was, an intolerable feeling, as if he and Tuft were a couple of sneaking adventurers, and worse—of exposed adventurers. For almost the first time in his life, he felt an embarrassment amid the momentary conflict of his thoughts and feelings, which kept him silent. At length, "I presume, Lady Cecilia," said he, in a low tone, with an air of distress, and a glance that did more in his behalf with Lady Cecilia than a thousand of his most flattering and eloquent speeches, "I shall, in like manner, have afforded amusement to your ladyship and Mr. Tuft?"

"Sir," said she, haughtily, and coloring—"Mr. Tuft and the Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs, are two very different persons; I am surprised, Monsieur le Marquis, that you should have made such an observation."

He felt greatly consoled, and perfectly secure against being exposed to Tuft, as Tuft had been exposed to him. Yet he was mistaken. How can the reader forgive Lady Cecilia for her double breach of promise, when he is informed that a day or two afterward, Tuft and she being thrown together, partly out of pity to her rejected and bitterly-mortified suitor, and partly from an impulse of womanly vanity, and partly from a sort of glimpse of even-handed justice, requiring such a step as a kind of reparation to Tuft for her exposure of him to the Marquis—she, in the strictest confidence, informed him that his example had been followed by the Marquis, forgetful of that excellent maxim, "begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end." It had not occurred to her ladyship as being a thing almost certain to ensue upon her breach of faith, that Tuft should ask her whether she had violated his confidence. He did so: she blushed scarlet—and though, like her papa, she could have equivocated when she could not have lied, here she was in a dilemma from which nothing but a fib could possibly extricate her; and in a confident tone, but with a burning cheek, she simply told a falsehood, and had the pain of being conscious, by Mr. Tuft's look, that he scarcely believed her. Nothing could exceed the comical air of embarrassment of the Marquis and Mr. Tuft, whenever, after this, they were alone together! To return, however, to the Earl of Dreddlington, (who was really in ignorance of the Marquis and Mr. Tuft's proposals to Lady Cecilia,) the difficulty which at present harassed his lordship was, how he could, without compromising his own dignity, or injuring his darling scheme by a premature development of his purpose, sound Titmouse upon the subject. How to break the ice—to broach the subject—was the great problem which the Earl turned over and over again in his mind. Now be it observed, that when a muddle-headed man is called upon at length to act, however long beforehand he may have had notice of it—however assured of the necessity there will be for eventually taking one course or another, and consequently enjoying an ample opportunity for consideration, he remains confused and irresolute up to the very last instant—when he acts, after all, merely as the creature of caprice and impulse,—'twas thus with Lord Dreddlington. He had thought of half-a-dozen different ways of commencing with Titmouse, and decided upon adopting each; yet, when the anxiously-looked-for moment had arrived, he lost sight of them all, in his inward fluster and narrowness.

'Twas noon, and Titmouse, smoking a cigar, was walking slowly up and down, his hands stuck into his suitout pockets, and resting on his hips, in the fir-tree walk at the end of the garden—the spot to which he seemed, during the stay of his grand guests, to have been tacitly restricted for the enjoyment of that luxury. When the Earl saw that Titmouse was aware that his lordship had observed him, and tossed aside his cigar, the Earl "begged" he would go on, and tried to calm and steady himself, by a moment's reflection upon his overwhelming superiority over Titmouse in every respect; but it was in vain.

Now what anxiety and embarrassment would the Earl have been spared had he been aware of one little fact, that Mr. Gammon was unconsciously, secretly, and potentially his lordship's friend in the great matter which lay so near to his heart? For so it was in truth. He had used all the art he was master of, and availed himself of all his mysterious power over Titmouse, to get him at all events to make an advance to his distinguished kinswoman. Considering, however, how necessary it was "to be off with the old love before he was on with the new," he had commenced operations by satisfying Titmouse how vain and hopeless, and, indeed, unworthy of him, was his passion for poor Miss Aubrey. Here, however, Gammon had not so much difficulty to contend with as he had anticipated; for Miss Aubrey's image had been long jostled out of his recollection, by the innumerable brilliant and fashionable women among whom he had been latterly thrown. When, therefore, Gammon informed him that Miss Aubrey had fallen into a decline; and that moreover, when he (Gammon) had according to his promise to Titmouse, taken an opportunity of pressing his wishes upon her, she had scornfully scouted the bare notion of such a thing; [all which was, of course, Mr. Gammon's pure invention]—

"Pon—my soul! The—devil—she did!" said Titmouse, with an air of insolent astonishment. "The gal's a devilish pretty gal, no doubt," he presently continued, knocking the ashes off his cigar, with an indifferent air; "but—it's too good a joke—pon my soul it is; but d'ye think, Gammon, she ever supposed I meant marriage? By Jove!" Here he winked his eye at Gammon, and then slowly ex-

pelled a mouthful of smoke. Gammon had grown pale with the conflict excited within, by the last words of the execrable little miscreant. He controlled his feelings, however, and succeeded in preserving silence.

"Ah—well!" continued Titmouse, after another whiff or two, with an air of commiseration, "if the poor gal's book'd—eh? it's n'q use; there's no harm done. Devilish poor, all of 'em, I hear! It's d—d hard, by the way, Gammon, that the prettiest gals are always the soonest picked off." As soon as Gammon had completely mastered his feelings, he proceeded to excite the pride and ambition of Titmouse, by representations of the splendor of an alliance with the last representative of so ancient and illustrious a house; in fact, when Gammon came, he said, to think of it, he found it was too grand a stroke, and that she would not entertain the notion for a moment; that she had refused crowds of young lords; that she would be a peeress of the realm in her own right, with an independent income of £5000 a-year; mansions, seats, and castles, in each of the four quarters of the kingdom—topics such as these excited and inflated him to the full extent desired by Mr. Gammon, who, moreover—that was the great topic of his last interview with Titmouse, before leaving Yatton, as I have already apprised the reader—with great solemnity of manner, gave him distinctly to understand, that on his being able to effect an alliance with the Lady Cecilia, absolutely depended his continuance in or expulsion from the possession of the whole Yatton property. Thus it came to pass, that Titmouse was penetrated by a far keener desire to ally himself to the Lady Cecilia, than ever the Earl had experienced to bring about such an auspicious event; and at the very moment of Titmouse's catching sight of the Earl, while pacing up and down the fir-tree walk, inhaling the soothing influence of his cigar—as I a short time ago presented him to the reader—he was tormenting himself with apprehensions that such a prize was too splendid for him to draw, and asking himself the constantly recurring question, how, in the name of all that was funny, could he set the thing a-going!—When Greek met Greek, then came—it was said—the tug of war; and when the Earl of Dreddlington and Titmouse—a great fool and a little fool—came to encounter each other—each impelled by the same wishes, and restrained by similar apprehensions—it was like the encounter of two wily diplomatists, sitting down with the intention of outwitting each other, in obtaining an object, in respect of which their aim was, unknown to each other in fact, precisely coincident, this hidden coincidence being the exact point which their exquisite manoeuvres had succeeded in reciprocally masking; it being quite possible for Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo, pitted against each other, under similar circumstances, to separate, after a dozen long conferences, each having failed to secure their common object—peace.

"Well, Mr. Titmouse"—commenced the Earl, blandly, springing at once, with graceful boldness, out of the mist, confusion, and perplexity which prevailed amongst his lordship's ideas—"what are you thinking about?—For you seem to be thinking!" and a courteous little laugh accompanied the last words.

"Pon—pon my life—I—beg your lordship's pardon—but it's—monstrous odd your lordship should have known it"—stammered Titmouse, his face suddenly growing of a scarlet color. "Sir," replied the Earl, with greater skill than he had ever evinced in his whole life before—such is the effect of any one's being intensely in earnest—"it is not at all odd, when it happens that—the probability is—that—we are, perhaps—mind, sir, I mean possibly—thinking about the same thing!" Titmouse grew more and more confused, gazing in silence, with a strange, simpering stare at his noble companion, who, with his hands joined behind him, was walking slowly along with Titmouse.

"Sir," continued the Earl, in a low tone, breaking a very awkward pause—"it gives me satisfaction to assure you, that I can fully appreciate the delicate embarrassment which I perceive you are now"—

"My lord—your lordship's most uncommon polite"—quoth Titmouse, suddenly taking off his hat, and bowing very low. The Earl moved his hat also, and slightly bowed, with a proudly-gratified air; and again occurred a little pause, which was broken by Titmouse.

"Then your lordship thinks it will do?" he inquired, very sheepishly, but anxiously.

"Sir, I have the honor to assure you, that as far as I am concerned, I see no objection."

"Yes—but excuse me, my lord—your lordship sees—I mean—my lord, your lordship sees?"

"Sir, I think—nay, I believe I do"—interrupted the Earl, wishing to relieve the evident embarrassment of his companion—"but—I see nothing that should alarm you."

[How interesting to watch the mysterious process by which these two powerful minds were gradually approximating toward understanding each other! 'Twas a sort of equation with an unknown quantity, in due course of evolution.]

"Does n't your lordship, indeed?" inquired Titmouse, rather briskly.

"Sir, it was a saying of one of the great—I mean, sir, it is—you must have often heard, sir—in short, nothing venture nothing have."

"I'd venture a precious deal, my lord, if I only thought I could get what I'm after."

"Sir?" exclaimed the Earl, condescendingly.

"If your lordship would only be so particular—so uncommon kind—as to name the thing to her ladyship—by way of—eh, my lord? A sort of breaking the ice, and all that?"

"Sir, I feel and have a just pride in assuring you, that the Lady Cecilia is a young lady of that superior delicacy of"—

"Does your lordship really think I've a ghost of a chance?" interrupted Titmouse, anxiously. "She must have named the thing to your lordship, no doubt—eh, my lord?"

This queer notion of the young lady's delicacy a little staggered her distinguished father for a moment or two. What was he to say? She and he had really often named the thing to each other; and here the question was put to him plumply. The Earl scorned a flat lie, and never condescended to equivocation except when it was absolutely necessary.

"Sir," he said, hesitatingly; "undoubtedly—if I were to



say—that now and then, when your attentions have been so pointed—

"Pon my life, my lord, I never meant it; if your lordship will only believe me," interrupted Titmouse earnestly; "I beg a thousand pardons—I meant no harm, my lord."

"Sir, there is no harm done," said the Earl, kindly. "Sir, I know human nature too well, or I have lived thus long to little purpose, not to be aware that we are not always master of our own feelings."

"That's exactly it, my lord! Excuse me, but your lordship's hit the thing!"

"Do not imagine, Mr. Titmouse, that I think your attentions may have been unpleasant to the Lady Cecilia—by no means; I cannot, with truth, say any such thing!"

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, taking off his hat, bowing, and placing his hand upon his breast, where his little heart was palpitating with unusual force and distinctness.

"Faint heart," says the proverb, Mr. Titmouse—ah, ha!" quoth the Earl with gentle gaiety.

"Yes, my lord, it's enough to make one faint, indeed! Now, if your lordship—(I'm not used to the sort of thing, my lord!)—would just make a sort of beginning for me, my lord, with the Lady Cicely—to set us going, my lord—the least above would do, my lord."

"Well, Mr. Titmouse," said the Earl, with a gracious smile, "since your modesty is so overpowering, I'll try—to become your ambassador to the Lady Cecilia. If, Mr. Titmouse," his lordship presently added, in a serious tone, "you are fortunate enough to succeed in engaging the affections of the Lady Cecilia, you will discover that you have secured indeed an invaluable prize."

"To be sure, my lord! And consider, too, her ladyship's uncommon high rank—it's so particular condescending. By the way, my lord, will she—if she and I can hit it off, so as to marry one another—be called Mrs. Titmouse, or shall I be called Lord Titmouse? I wonder how that will be, my lord? 'Tis only, your lordship understands, on Lady Cicely's account I ask, because it's, in course, all one to me when once we're married."

The Earl was gazing at him as he went on, with an expression of mingled surprise and concern: presently, however, he added with calm seriousness, "Sir, it is not an unreasonable question, though I should have imagined that you could hardly have been—but—in short the Lady Cecilia will retain her rank, and become the Lady Cecilia Titmouse—that is during my life: but, on my demise, she succeeds to the barony of Drelincourt, and then will be called, of course, Lady Drelincourt."

"And what shall I be then, my lord?" inquired Titmouse, eagerly.

"Sir, you will of course continue Mr. Titmouse"—"Pon my life, my lord, shall I, indeed?" he interrupted, with a crest-fallen air. "Mr. Titmouse and Lady Drelincourt? Excuse me, my lord, but it don't sound at all like man and wife!"

"Sir, so it always has been, and will be, and so it ever ought to be," replied the Earl, gravely.

"Well, but, my lord, (excuse me, my lord,) but marriage is a very serious thing, my lord, your lordship knows."

"It is, sir, indeed," replied the Earl, gloom visibly overspreading his features.

"Suppose," continued Titmouse, "Lady Cicely should die before me?"

The Earl, remaining silent, fixed on Titmouse the eye of a FATHER—a father, though a very foolish one; and presently, with a sensible tremor in his voice, replied, "Sir, these are rather singular questions—but, in such a mournful contingency as the one you have hinted at—"

"Oh, my lord! I humbly beg pardon—of course, I should be, 'pon my soul, my lord, most uncommon sorry," interrupted Titmouse, with a little alarm in his manner.

"I was saying, sir—that in such an event, if Lady Drelincourt left no issue, you would succeed to the barony; but should she leave issue, they will be called Honorables!"

"What!—the 'Honorable Tittlebat Titmouse,' if it's a boy, and the 'Honorable Cecilia Titmouse,' if it's a girl!"

"Sir, it will be so—unless you should choose to take the name and arms of Dreddingtons, on marrying the sole heiress!"

"Oh! indeed, my lord? 'Pon my life, my lord, that's worth considering—because I a n't over and above pleased with my own name. What will it cost to change it now, my lord?"

"Sir," said the Earl, struck with the idea, "that is really a matter worth considering. In a matter of that magnitude, sir, I presume that expense would not be a matter of serious consideration."

After some further conversation, the Earl came plump upon the great pivot upon which the whole arrangement was to turn—settlements and jointures—oh, as to them, Titmouse, who was recovering from the shock of the discovery that his marriage, however it might degrade the Lady Cecilia, would not enoble him—promised everything—would leave everything in the hands of his lordship. Soon afterward they separated; the Earl suggesting to him, that probably in a matter of infinite delicacy, like that on which they had been conversing, he would keep his own counsel; to which also Titmouse pledged himself. Soon afterward, and before seeing his daughter, with an anxious, but not an excited air, he ordered his horse and took a long ride, accompanied only by his groom: and if ever in his whole life he had attempted serious reflection it was on the occasion of that same long, slow, and solitary ride; then, for the first time, he forgot his peerage, and thought only of the man—and the father.

But to what purpose? Shortly after his return he sought the Lady Cecilia, and performed his promise, by preparing her to receive, probably on the ensuing day, the proposals of TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

The desired opportunity occurred the next day. Titmouse had slept like a top all night, after smoking in his bed-room a great many cigars, and drinking two or three tumblers of brandy and water; but Lady Cecilia had passed a very uneasy, and almost a sleepless night, and did not make her appearance at the breakfast-table. Understanding, however, that her ladyship was in the drawing-room and alone, about noon, Titmouse, who had bestowed during the interval more than usual pains upon his dress, gently opened the door, and observing that she was alone, reclining on the sofa, with a sudden beating of the heart, closed the door and approached her, bowing profoundly. Poor

Lady Cecilia immediately sat up, very pale and trembling.

"Good-morning, good-morning, Lady Cicely," commenced Titmouse, taking a chair and sitting down in it, plump opposite to her.

"You are n't well this morning, are you, Lady Cicely?" said he, observing how pale she looked, and that she did not seem disposed to speak.

"I am quite well," she replied, in a low tone; and then each was silent.

"It's beginning to look like winter a little, eh, Lady Cicely?" said he, after an embarrassing pause, looking through the windows. 'Twas an overcast day; and a strong wind was stripping the bare and yellow leaves and in great number from the lofty trees which were not far distant, and which gave forth a melancholy, rushing, moaning sound; and another pause ensued.

"Certainly it is getting rather cheerless," replied Lady Cecilia. Titmouse turned pale; and, twirling his fingers in his hair, fixed upon her a stupid and most embarrassing look, under which her eyes fell toward the ground, and remained looking in that direction.

"I—I—hope his lordship's been saying a good word for me, Lady Cicely?"

"My father mentioned your name to me yesterday," she replied, trembling excessively.

"Pon my soul, monstrous kind!" said Titmouse, trying desperately to look at his ease. "Said he'd break the ice for me." Here ensued another pause. "Every body must have a beginning, you know. 'Pon my solemn honor, all he said about me is quite true." Profoundly as was Lady Cecilia depressed, she looked up at Titmouse for a moment with evident surprise. "Now, Lady Cicely, just as between friends, did n't he tell you something very particular about me? Did n't he? Eh?" She made him no answer.

"I dare say, Lady Cicely, though somehow you look sad enough, you a n't vexed to see me here? Eh? There's many and many a woman in London that would—but it's no use now. 'Pon my soul I love you, I do, Lady Cicely;" she trembled violently, for he was drawing his chair nearer to her. She felt sick—sick almost to death.

"I know it's—it's a monstrous unpleasant piece of—I mean it's an awkward thing to do; but I hope you love me, Lady Cicely, eh? a little?" Her head hung down, and a very scalding tear oozed out and trickled down her cheek. "Hope you ar' n't sorry, dear Lady Cicely? I'm most uncommon proud and happy! Come, Lady Cicely." He took the thin white hand that was nearest him, and raised it to his lips; had his perception been only a trifle keener, he could not have failed to perceive a faint thrill pervade Lady Cecilia as he performed this act of gallantry, and an expression of features which looked very much like disgust. He had soon love made on the stage frequently, and, as he had seen lovers do there, he now dropped down on one knee, still holding Lady Cecilia's hand in his, and pressing it a second time to his lips.

"If your ladyship will only make me—so happy—as to be—my wife—'pon my life, you're welcome to all I have; and you may consider this place entirely your own! Do you understand me, dearest Lady Cicely? Come! 'Pon my life—I'm quite distracted—do you love me, Lady Cicely? Only say the word." A faint—a very faint sound issued from her lips—'twas "Yes." Oh, poor Lady Cecilia! "Then, as true as God's in heaven, dear gal, I love you," said he, with ardor and energy; and rising from his knee, he sat down beside her upon the sofa—placed an arm round her waist, and with his other hand grasped hers and—imprinted a kiss upon the pale cheek which had been so haughtily withdrawn from the presumptuous advances of the Marquis de Millesseurs, and from some half-dozen others; several of whom were men of high real pretensions—elegant in person and manners—of great accomplishments—of intellect—of considerable fortune—of good family; but in her opinion, and that of the Earl, her father, not of family good enough, nor fortune considerable enough, to entitle them to an alliance with her.

"Pon my life, Lady Cicely, you are a most lovely gal," quoth Titmouse, with increasing energy—"and now you're all my own! Though I am only plain Mr. Titmouse, and you'll be Lady Cicely still. I'll make you a good husband!" and again he pressed her hand and kissed her cold cheek. But slow and dull as were the Lady Cecilia's feelings, they were becoming too much excited to admit of her continuing much longer in the room.

"I'm sure you'll excuse me, Mr. Titmouse," said she, rising, and speaking quickly and faintly. When she had regained her room, she wept bitterly for upwards of an hour; and Miss Macspleuchan, who knew full well the cause of it, knew not how to console one who had so deliberately prostrated herself before the hideous little image of Mammon; who, in degrading herself, had also—and Miss Macspleuchan's bosom swelled with wounded pride and indignation at the thought—degraded her whole sex. In due time, however, the *Aurora*, a morning fashionable London newspaper, thus announced to the public the auspicious event which I have so faithfully, feeling much pain the while, described to the reader:—

"It is rumored that Mr. Titmouse, who so lately recovered the very large estates of Yatton, in Yorkshire, and whose appearance in the fashionable world has created so great a sensation, and who is already connected, by consanguinity, with the ancient and noble family of Dreddington, is about to form a closer alliance with it, and is now the accepted suitor of the lovely and accomplished Lady Cecilia Philippe Leopoldina Plantagenet, sole daughter and heiress of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dreddington, and next in succession to the barony of Drelincourt, the most ancient, we believe, in the kingdom."

EXTRAORDINARY—If True—The Harrisburg Gazette tells of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex—". He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1840, some French physicians found him after having lain frozen one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him. Upon animation being restored he concluded his sentence with "ceedingly cold."

Quilp was asked by a *whig beggar* how many inspectors there are in the Custom House?

"About forty inspectors," dryly answered Quilp, "and four hundred *Exportors*!"—[Boston Post.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Clear of the locksmith's house, Sim Tappertit laid aside his cautious manner, and assuming in its stead that of a ruffling, swaggering, roving blade, who would rather kill a man than otherwise, and eat him too if needful, made the best of his way along the darkened streets.

Half pausing for an instant now and then to smite his pocket and assure himself of the safety of his master key, he hurried on to Barbican, and turning into one of the narrowest of the narrow streets which diverged from that centre, slackened his pace and wiped his heated brow, as if the termination of his walk were near at hand.

It was not a very choice spot for midnight expeditions, being in truth one of more than questionable character, and of an appearance by no means inviting. From the main street he had entered, itself little better than an alley, a low-browed doorway led into a blind court, or yard, profoundly dark, unpaved, and reeking with stagnant odors. Into this ill-favored pit, the locksmith's vagrant 'prentice groped his way; and stopping at a house, from whose defaced and rotten front the rude effigy of a bottle swung to and fro like some gibbeted malefactor, struck thrice upon an iron grating with his foot. After listening in vain for some response to his signal, Mr. Tappertit became impatient, and struck the grating thrice again.

A further delay ensued, but it was not of long duration. The ground seemed to open at his feet, and a ragged head appeared.

"Is that the captain?" said a voice as ragged as the head.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tappertit, haughtily, descending as he spoke, "who should it be?"

"It's so late, we gave you up," returned to voice, as its owner stopped to shut and fasten the grating. "You're late, sir."

"Lead on," said Mr. Tappertit, with a gloomy majesty, "and make remarks when I require you. Forward!"

This latter word of command was perhaps somewhat theatrical and unnecessary, inasmuch as the descent was by a very narrow, steep, and slippery flight of steps, and any rashness or departure from the beaten track must have ended in a yawning water-butt. But Mr. Tappertit being, like some other great commanders, favorable to strong effects, and personal display, cried "Forward!" again, in the hoarsest voice he could assume; and led the way, with folded arms and knitted brows, to the cellar down below, where there was a small copper fixed in one corner, a chair or two, a form and table, a glimmering fire, and a truckle-bed, covered with a ragged patchwork rug.

"Welcome, noble captain!" cried a lanky figure, rising as from a nap.

The captain nodded. Then, throwing off his outer coat, he stood composed in all his dignity, and eyed his follower over.

"What news to-night?" he asked, when he had looked into his soul.

"Nothing particular," replied the other, stretching himself—and he was so long already that it was quite alarming to see him do it—"how come you to be so late?"

"No matter," was all the captain deigned to say in answer. "Is the room prepared?"

"It is," replied his follower.

"The comrade—is he here?"

"Yes. And a sprinkling of the others—you hear 'em?"

"Playing skittles!" said the captain moodily. "Light-hearted revellers!"

There was no doubt respecting the particular amusement in which these heedless spirits were indulging, for even in the close and stifling atmosphere of the vault, the noise sounded like distant thunder. It certainly appeared, at first sight, a singular spot to choose, for that or any other purpose of relaxation, if the other cellars answered to the one in which this brief colloquy took place; for the floors were of sodden earth, the walls and roof of damp bare brick tapestried with the tracks of snails and slugs; the air was sickening, tainted, and offensive. It seemed, from one strong flavor which was uppermost among the various odors of the place, that it had, at no very distant period, been used as a storehouse for cheeses; a circumstance which, while it accounted for the greasy moisture that hung about it, was greatly suggestive of rats. It was naturally damp beside, and little trees of fungus sprang from every mouldering corner.

The proprietor of this charming retreat, and owner of the ragged head before-mentioned—for he wore an old tie-wig as bare and frouzy as a stunted hearth-broom—had by this time joined them; and stood a little apart, rubbing his hands, wagging his heavy bristled chin, and smiling in silence. His eyes were closed; but had they been wide open, it would have been easy to tell, from the attentive expression of the face he turned toward them—pale and unwholesome as might be expected in one of his underground existence—and from a certain anxious raising and quivering of the lids, that he was blind.

"Even Stagg hath been asleep," said the long comrade, nodding toward this person.

"Sound, captain, sound!" cried the blind man; "what does my noble captain drink—is it brandy, rum, usquebaugh? Is it soaked gunpowder, or blazing oil? Give it a name, heart of oak, and we'd get it for you, if it was wine from a bishop's cellar, or melted gold from King George's mint."

"See," said Mr. Tappertit, haughtily, "that it's something strong, and comes quick; and so long as you take care of that, you may bring it from the devil's cellar, if you like."

"Boldly said, noble captain!" rejoined the blind man. "Spoken like the 'Prentices' Glory. Ha, ha! From the devil's cellar! A brave joke! The captain joketh. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what, my fine feller," said Mr. Tappertit eyeing the host over as he walked to a closet, and to ck on a bottle and glass as carelessly as if he had been in full pos-

session of his sight, "if you make that row, you'll find that the captain's very far from joking, and so I tell you."

"He's got his eyes on me!" cried Stagg, stopping short on his way back, and affecting to screen his face with the bottle. "I feel 'em though I can't see 'em. Take 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em, for they pierce like gimlets."

Mr. Tappertit smiled grimly at his comrade; and twisting out one more look—a kind of ocular screw—under the influence of which the blind man feigned to undergo great anguish and torture, bade him, in a softened tone, approach, and hold his peace.

"I obey you, captain," cried Stagg, drawing close to him and filling out a bumper without spilling a drop, by reason that he held his little finger at the brim of the glass, and stopped at the instant the liquor touched it, "drink, noble governor. Death to all masters, life to all 'prentices, and love to all fair damsels. Drink, brave general, and warm your gallant heart!"

Mr. Tappertit condescended to take the glass from his outstretched hand. Stagg then dropped on one knee, and gently smoothed the calves of his legs, with an air of humble admiration.

"That I had but eyes!" he cried, "to behold my captain's symmetrical proportions! That I had but eyes, to look upon these twin invaders of domestic peace!"

"Get out!" said Mr. Tappertit, glancing downward at his favorite limbs. "Go along, will you, Stagg!"

"When I touch my own afterwards," cried the host, smiting them reproachfully, "I hate 'em. Comparatively speaking, they've no more shape than wooden legs, beside these models of my noble captain's."

"Yours!" exclaimed Mr. Tappertit. "No, I should think not. Don't talk about those precious old toothpicks in the same breath with mine; that's rather too much. Here. Take the glass. Benjamin. Lead on. To business!"

With these words, he folded his arms again; and frowning with a sullen majesty, passed with his companion through a little door at the upper end of the cellar, and disappeared; leaving Stagg to his private meditations.

The vault they entered, strewn with sawdust and dimly lighted, was between the outer one from which they had just come, and that in which the skittle-players were diverting themselves; as was manifested by the increased noise and clamor of tongues, which was suddenly stopped, however, and replaced by a dead silence, at a signal from the long comrade. Then, this young gentleman, going to a little cupboard, returned with a thigh-bone, which in former times must have been part and parcel of some individual at least as long as himself, and placed the same in the hands of Mr. Tappertit; who, receiving it as a sceptre and staff of authority, cocked his three-cornered hat fiercely on the top of his head, and mounted a large table, whereon a chair of state, cheerfully ornamented with a couple of skulls, was placed ready for his reception.

He had no sooner assumed this position, than another young gentleman appeared, bearing in his arms a huge clasped book, who made him a profound obeisance, and delivering it to the long comrade, advanced to the table, and turning his back upon it, stood there Atlas-wise. Then, the long comrade got upon the table too; and seating himself in a lower chair than Mr. Tappertit's, with much state and ceremony, placed the large book on the shoulders of their mute companion as deliberately as if he had been a wooden deak, and prepared to make entries therein with a pen of corresponding size.

When the long comrade had made these preparations, he looked toward Mr. Tappertit; and Mr. Tappertit, flourishing the bone, knocked nine times therewith upon one of the skulls. At the ninth stroke, a third young gentleman emerged from the door leading to the skittle ground, and bowing low, awaited his commands.

"Prentice!" said the mighty captain, "who waits without?"

The 'prentice made answer that a stranger was in attendance, who claimed admission into that secret society of 'Prentice Knights, and a free participation in their rights, privileges, and immunities. Thereupon Mr. Tappertit flourished the bone again, and giving the other skull a prodigious rap on the nose, exclaimed "Admit him!" At these dread words the 'prentice bowed once more, and so withdrew as he had come.

There soon appeared at the same door, two other 'prentices, having between them a third, whose eyes were bandaged, and who was attired in a bag-wig, and a broad-skirted coat, trimmed with tarnished lace; and who was girded with a sword, in compliance with the laws of the Institution regulating the introduction of candidates, which required them to assume this courtly dress, and kept it constantly in lavender, for their convenience. One of the conductors of this novice held a rusty blunderbuss pointed toward his ear, and the other a very ancient sabre, with which he carved imaginary offenders as he came along in a sanguinary and anatomical manner.

As this silent group advanced, Mr. Tappertit fixed his hat upon his head. The novice then laid his hand upon his breast and bent before him. When he had humbled himself sufficiently, the captain ordered the bandage to be removed, and proceeded to eye him over.

"Ha!" said the captain thoughtfully, when he had concluded this ordeal. "Proceed."

The long comrade read aloud as follows:—"Mark Gilbert. Age, nineteen. Bound to Thomas Curzon, hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate. Loves Curzon's daughter. Cannot say that Curzon's daughter loves him. Should think it probable. Curzon pulled his ears last Tuesday week."

"How!" cried the captain, starting.

"For looking at his daughter, please you," said the novice.

"Write Curzon down, Denounced," said the captain. "Put a black cross against the name of Curzon."

"So please you," said the novice. "that's not the worst—he calls his 'prentice idle dog, and steps his beer unless he works to his liking. He gives Dutch cheese, too, eating Cheshire, sir, himself; and Sundays out, are only once a month."

"This," said Mr. Tappertit, gravely, "is a flagrant case. Put two black crosses to the name of Curzon."

"If the society," said the novice, who was an ill-looking, one-sided, shambling lad, with sunken eyes set close

together in his head—"if the society would burn his house down—for he's not insured—or beat him as he comes home from his club at night, or help me to carry off his daughter, and marry her at the Fleet, whether she gave consent or no—"

Mr. Tappertit waved his grizzly truncheon as an admonition to him not to interrupt, and ordered three black crosses to the name of Curzon.

"Which means," he said in a gracious explanation, "vengeance, complete and terrible. 'Prentice, do you love the Constitution?"

To which the novice (being to that end instructed by his attendant sponsors) replied, "I do!"

"The Church, the State, and everything established—but the masters?" quoth the captain.

Again the novice said, "I do."

Having said it, he listened meekly to the captain, who, in an address prepared for such occasions, told him how that under that same Constitution (which was kept in a strong-box somewhere, but where exactly he could not find out, or he would have endeavored to procure a copy of it), the 'prentices had, in times gone by, had frequent holidays of right, broken people's heads by scores, defied their masters, nay, even achieved some glorious murders in the streets, which privileges had gradually been wrested from them, and in all which noble aspirations they were now restrained; how the degrading checks imposed upon them were unquestionably attributable to the innovating spirit of the times, and how they united, therefore, to resist all change, except such change as would restore good old English customs, by which they would stand or fall. After illustrating the wisdom of going backward, by reference to that sagacious fish, the crab, and the not unfrequent practice of the mule and donkey, he described their general objects; which were briefly vengeance on their Tyrant Masters (of whose grievous and insupportable oppression no 'prentice could entertain a moment's doubt), and the restoration, as aforesaid, of their ancient rights and holidays; for neither of which objects were they now quite ripe, being barely twenty strong, but which they pledged themselves to pursue with fire and sword when needful. Then he described the oath which every member of that small remnant of a noble body took, and which was of a dreadful and impressive kind; binding him, at the bidding of his chief, to resist and obstruct the Lord Mayor, sword-bearer, and chaplain; to despise the authority of the sheriffs; and to hold the court of aldermen as nought; but not on any account, in case the fullness of time should bring a general rising of 'prentices, to damage or in any way disfigure Temple Bar, which was strictly constitutional and always to be approached with reverence. Having gone over these several heads with great eloquence and force, and having further informed the novice that this society had had its origin in his own teeming brain, stimulated by a swelling sense of wrong and outrage, Mr. Tappertit demanded whether he had strength of heart to take the mighty pledge required, or whether he would withdraw while retreat was yet within his power.

To this the novice made rejoinder that he would take the vow, though it should choke him; and it was accordingly administered with many impressive circumstances, among which the lighting up of the two skulls with a candle-end inside of each, and a great many flourishes with the bone, were chiefly conspicuous; not to mention a variety of grave exercises with the blunderbuss and sabre, and some dismal groaning by unseen 'prentices without. All these dark and direful ceremonies being at length completed, the table was put aside, the chair of state removed, the sceptre locked up in its usual cupboard, the doors of communication between the three cellars thrown freely open, and the 'Prentice Knights resigned themselves to merriment.

But Mr. Tappertit, who had a soul above the vulgar herd, and who, on account of his greatness, could only afford to be merry now and then, threw himself on a bench with the air of a man who was faint with dignity. He looked with an indifferent eye, alike on skittles, cards, and dice, thinking only of the locksmith's daughter, and the base degenerate days on which he had fallen.

"My noble captain neither games, nor sings, nor dances," said his host, taking a seat beside him. "Drink, gallant general!"

Mr. Tappertit drained the proffered goblet to the dregs; then thrust his hands into his pockets, and with a lowering visage walked among the skittles, while his followers (such is the influence of superior genius) restrained the ardent ball, and held his little shins in dumb respect.

"If I had been born a corsair or a pirate, a brigand, genteel highwayman or patriot—and they're the same thing," thought Mr. Tappertit, musing among the nine-pins, "I should have been all right. But to drag out an ignoble existence unknown to mankind in general—patience! I will be famous yet. A voice within me keeps on whispering Greatness. I shall burst out one of these days, and when I do, what power can keep me down? I feel my soul getting into my head at the idea. More drink there!"

"The novice," pursued Mr. Tappertit, not exactly in a voice of thunder, for his tones, to say the truth, were rather cracked and shrill—but very impressively, notwithstanding—"where is he?"

"Here, noble captain!" cried Stagg. "One stands beside me who I feel is a stranger."

"Have you," said Mr. Tappertit, letting his gaze fall on the party indicated, who was indeed the new knight, by this time restored to his own apparel: "Have you the impression of your street-door key in wax?"

The long comrade anticipated the reply, by producing it from the shelf on which it had been deposited.

"Good," said Mr. Tappertit, scrutinizing it attentively, while a breathless silence reigned around; for he had constructed secret door-keys for the whole society, and perhaps owed something of his influence to that mean and trivial circumstance—on such slight accidents do even men of mind depend!—"This is easily made. Come hither, friend."

With that, he beckoned the new knight apart, and putting the pattern in his pocket, motioned to him to walk by his side.

"And so," he said, when they had taken a few turns up and down, "you—you love your master's daughter?"

"I do," said the 'prentice. "Honor bright. No chaff, you know."

"Have you," rejoined Mr. Tappertit, catching him by the wrist, and giving him a look which would have been expressive of the most deadly malevolence, but from an accidental hiccup that rather interfered with it; "have you a rival?"

"Not as I know on," replied the 'prentice.

"If you had now—" said Mr. Tappertit—"what would you—eh?"

The 'prentice looked fierce and clenched his fists.

"It is enough," cried Mr. Tappertit hastily, "we understand each other. We are observed. I thank you."

So saying, he cast him off again; and calling the long comrade aside after taking a few hasty turns by himself, bade him immediately write and post against the wall, a notice, proscribing one Joseph Willet (commonly known as Joe) of Chigwell; forbidding all 'Prentice Knights to succor, comfort, or hold communion with him; and requiring them, on pain of excommunication, to molest, hurt, wrong, annoy, and pick quarrels with the said Joseph, whenever and wheresoever they, or any of them, should happen to encounter him.

Having relieved his mind by this energetic proceeding, he condescended to approach the festive board, and warming by degrees, at length deigned to preside, and even to enchant the company with a song. After this, he rose to such a pitch as to consent to regale the society with a hornpipe, which he actually performed to the music of a fiddle (played by an ingenious member) with such surpassing agility and brilliancy of execution, that the spectators could not be sufficiently enthusiastic in their admiration; and their host protested, with tears in his eyes, that he had never truly felt his blindness until that moment.

But the host withdrawing—probably to weep in secret—soon returned with the information that it wanted little more than an hour of day, and that all the cocks in Barbican had already begun to crow, as if their lives depended on it. At this intelligence, the 'Prentice Knights arose in haste, and marshalling into a line, filed off one by one and dispersed with all speed to their several homes, leaving their leader to pass the grating last.

"Good night, noble captain," whispered the blind man as he held it open for his passage out. "Farewell brave general. Bye, bye, illustrious commander. Good luck go with you for a—conceited, bragging, empty-headed, duck-legged idiot."

With which parting words, coolly added as he listened to his receding footsteps and locked the grate upon himself, he descended the steps, and lighting the fire below the little copper, prepared, without any assistance, for his daily occupation; which was to retail at the area-head above pennyworths of broth and soup, and savory puddings, compounded of such scraps as were to be bought in the heap for the last money at Fleet Market in the evening time; and for the sale of which he had need to have depended chiefly on his private connexion, for the court had no thoroughfare, and was not that kind of place in which many people were likely to take the air, or to frequent as an agreeable promenade.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Chroniclers are privileged to enter where they list, to come and go through keyholes, to ride upon the wind, to overcome, in their soarings up and down, all obstacles of distance, time, and place. Thrice blessed be this last consideration, since it enables us to follow the diadainful Miggs even into the sanctity of her chamber, and to hold her in sweet companionship through the dreary watches of the night!

Miss Miggs, having undone her mistress, as she phrased it, (which means, assisted to undress her,) and having seen her comfortably to bed in the back-room on the first floor, withdrew to her own apartment, in the attic story. Notwithstanding her declaration in the locksmith's presence, she was in no mood for sleep; so, putting her light upon the table and withdrawing the little window curtain, she gazed out pensively at the wild night sky.

Perhaps she wondered what star was destined for her habitation when she had run her little course below; perhaps speculated which of those glimmering spheres might be the natural orbit of Mr. Tappertit; perhaps marvelled how they could gaze down on that perfidious creature, man, and not sicken and turn green as chemists' lamps; perhaps thought of nothing in particular. Whatever she thought about, there she sat, until her attention, alive to anything connected with the insinuating 'prentice, was attracted by a noise in the next room to her own—his room; the room in which he slept, and dreamed—it might be, sometimes dreamed of her.

That he was not dreaming now, unless he was taking a walk in his sleep, was clear, for every now and then there came a shuffling noise, as though he were engaged in polishing the whitewashed wall; then a gentle creaking of his door; then the faintest indication of his stealthy footsteps on the landing-place outside. Noting this latter circumstance, Miss Miggs turned pale and shuddered, as mistrusting his intentions; and more than once exclaimed, below her breath, "Oh! what a Providence it is as I am bolted in!"—which, owing doubtless to her alarm, was a confusion of ideas on her part between a bolt and its use; for though there was one on the door, it was not fastened.

Miss Miggs' sense of hearing, however, having as sharp an edge as her temper, and being of the same snappish and suspicious kind, very soon informed her that the footsteps passed her door, and appeared to have some object quite separate and disconnected from herself. At this discovery she became more alarmed than ever, and was about to give utterance to those cries of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" which she had hitherto restrained, when it occurred to her to look softly out, and see that her fears had some good palpable foundation.

Looking out accordingly, and stretching her neck over the hand rail, she desisted, to her great amazement, Mr. Tappertit completely dressed, stealing down stairs, one step at a time, with his shoes in one hand and a lamp in the other. Following him with her eyes, and going down a little way herself to get the better of an intervening angle, she beheld him trust his head in at the parlor door, draw it back again with great swiftness, and immediately begin a retreat up stairs with all possible expedition.



"Here's mysteries!" said the damsel, when she was safe in her own room again, quite out of breath. "Oh gracious, here's mysteries!"

The prospect of finding anybody out in anything, would have kept Miss Miggs awake under the influence of herbane. Presently she heard the step again, as she would have done if it had been that of a feather endowed with motion and walking down on tiptoe. Then gliding out as before, she again beheld the retreating figure of the 'prentice; again he looked cautiously in at the parlor door, but this time, instead of retreating, he passed in and disappeared.

Miggs was back in her room, and had her head out of the window, before an elderly gentleman could have winked and recovered from it. Out he came at the street door, shut it carefully behind him, tried it with his knee, and swaggered off, putting something in his pocket as he went along. At this spectacle Miggs cried "Gracious!" again, and then "Goodness gracious!" and then, "Goodness gracious me!" and then, candle in hand, went down stairs as he had done. Coming to the workshop, she saw the lamp burning on the forge, and everything as Sim had left it.

"Why I wish I may only have a walking funeral, and never be buried decent with a mourning-coach and feathers, if the boy hasn't been and made a key for his own self!" cried Miggs. "Oh the little villain!"

This conclusion was not arrived at without consideration, and much peeping and peering about; nor was it unassisted by the recollection that she had on several occasions come upon the 'prentice suddenly, and found him busy at some mysterious occupation. Least the fact of Miss Miggs calling him, on whom she stooped to cast a favorable eye, a boy, should create surprise in any breast, it may be observed that she invariably affected to regard all male bipeds under thirty as mere chits and infants; which phenomenon is not unusual in ladies of Miss Miggs's temper, and is indeed generally found to be the associate of such indomitable and savage virtue.

Miss Miggs deliberated within herself for some little time, looking hard at the shop door while she did so, as though her eyes and thoughts were both upon it; and then, taking a sheet of paper from a drawer, twisted it into a long thin spiral tube. Having filled this instrument with a quantity of small coal dust from the forge, she approached the door, and dropping on one knee before it, dexterously blew into the keyhole as much of these fine ashes as the lock would hold. When she had filled it to the brim in a very workmanlike and skilful manner, she crept up stairs again, and chuckled as she went.

"There!" cried Miggs, rubbing her hands, "now let's see whether you won't be glad to take some notice of me, mister. He, he, he! You'll have eyes for somebody besides Miss Dolly now, I think. A fat-faced puss she is, as ever I come across!"

As she uttered this criticism, she glanced approvingly at her small mirror, as who should say, I thank my stars that can't be said of me!—as it certainly could not; for Miss Miggs's style of beauty was of that kind which Mr. Tappertit himself had not inaptly termed, in private, "scraggy."

"I don't go to bed this night!" said Miggs, wrapping herself in a shawl, drawing a couple of chairs near the window, flouncing down upon one, and putting her feet upon the other, "till you come home, my lad. I wouldn't," said Miggs viciously, "no, not for five-and-forty pound!"

With that, and with an expression of face in which a great number of opposite ingredients, such as mischief, cunning, malice, triumph, and patient expectation, were all mixed up together in a kind of physiognomical punch, Miss Miggs composed herself to wait and listen, like some fair ogress who had set a trap and was watching for a nibble from a plump young traveller.

She sat there, with perfect composure, all night. At length, just upon break of day, there was a footstep in the street, and presently she could hear Mr. Tappertit stop at the door. Then she could make out that he tried his key—that he was blowing into it—that he knocked it on the nearest post to beat the dust out—that he took it under a lamp to look at it—that he poked bits of stick into the lock to clear it—that he peeped into the keyhole, first with one eye, and then with the other—that he tried the key again—that he could not turn it, and what was worse could not get it out—that he bent it—that then it was much less disposed to come out than before—that he gave it a mighty twist and a great pull, and then it came out so suddenly that he staggered backward—that he kicked the door—that he shook it—finally, that he smote his forehead, and sat down on the step in despair.

When this crisis had arrived, Miss Miggs, affecting to be exhausted with terror, and to cling to the window-sill for support, put out her nightcap, and demanded in a faint voice who was there.

Mr. Tappertit cried "Hush!" and, backing into the road, exhorted her in frenzied pantomime to secrecy and silence.

"Tell me one thing," said Miggs. "Is it thieves?"

"No—no—no!" cried Mr. Tappertit.

"Then," said Miggs, more faintly than before, "it's fire. Where is it, sir? It's near this room, I know. I've a good conscience, sir, and would much rather die than go down a ladder. All I wish is, respecting my love to my married sister, Golden Lion Court, number twenty-six, second bell-handle on the right hand door-post."

"Miggs!" cried Mr. Tappertit, "do n't you know me? Sim, you know—Sim!"

"Oh! what about him!" cried Miggs, clasping her hands. "Is he in any danger? Is he in the midst of flames and blazes? Oh gracious, gracious!"

"Why I'm here, an't I?" rejoined Mr. Tappertit, knocking himself on the breast. "Do n't you see me? What a fool you are, Miggs!"

"There!" cried Miggs, unmindful of this compliment. "Why—so it—Goodness, what is the meaning of—If you please, Mim, here's—"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Tappertit, standing on tiptoe, as if by that means he, in the street, were any nearer being able to stop the mouth of Miggs in the garret. "Do n't—I've been out without leave, and something or another's the matter with the lock. Come down, and undo the shop window, that I may get in that way."

"I durst n't do it, Simmun," cried Miggs—for that was her pronunciation of his christian name. "I durst n't do it, indeed. You know, as well as any body, how particular I am. And to come down in the dead of night, when the house is wrapped in slumbers and veiled in obscurity. And there she stopped and shivered, for her modesty caught cold at the very thought.

"But Miggs," cried Mr. Tappertit, getting under the lamp, that she might see his eyes. "My darling Miggs"—Miggs screamed slightly.

"—That I love so much, and never can help thinking of,—and it is impossible to describe the use he made of his eyes when he said this—"do—for my sake, do."

"Oh Simmun," cried Miggs, "this is worse than all. I know if I come down, you'll go, and—"

"And what, my precious?" said Mr. Tappertit.

"And try," said Miggs, hysterically, "to kiss me, or some such dreadful thing; I know you will!"

"I swear I won't," said Mr. Tappertit, with remarkable earnestness. "Upon my soul I won't. It's getting broad day and the watchman's waking up. Angelica Miggs! If you'll only come and let me in, I promise you faithfully and truly I won't."

Miss Miggs, whose gentle heart was touched, did not wait for the oath (knowing how strong the temptation was, and fearing he might forswear himself), but tripped lightly down the stairs, and with her own fair hands drew back the rough fastenings of the workshop window. Having helped the wayward 'prentice in, she faintly articulated the words "Simmun is safe!" and yielding to her woman's nature, immediately became insensible.

"I knew I should quench her," said Sim, rather embarrassed by this circumstance. "Of course I was certain it would come to this, but there was nothing else to be done—if I had n't eyed her over, she would n't have come down. Here. Keep up a minute, Miggs. What a slippery figure she is! There's no holding her comfortably. Do keep up a minute, Miggs, will you?"

As Miggs, however, was deaf to all entreaties, Mr. Tappertit leant her against the wall as one might dispose of a walking-stick or umbrella, until he had secured the window, when he took her in his arms again, and, in short stages and with great difficulty—arising mainly from her being tall and his being short, and perhaps in some degree from that peculiar physical conformation on which he had already remarked—carried her up stairs, and planting her, in the same umbrella or walking-stick fashion, just inside her own door, left her to her repose.

"He may be as cool as he likes," said Miss Miggs, recovering as soon as she was left alone; "but I'm in his confidence and he can't help himself, nor could n't if he was twenty Simmunes!"

#### CHAPTER X.

It was on one of those mornings, common in early spring, when the year, fickle and changeable in its youth like all other created things, is undecided whether to step backward into winter or forward into summer, and in its uncertainty inclines now to the one and now to the other, and now to both at once—wooling summer in the sunshine, and lingering still with winter in the shade—it was, in short, on one of those mornings, when it is hot and cold, wet and dry, bright and lowering, sad and cheerful, withering and genial, in the compass of one short hour, that old John Willet, who was dropping asleep over the copper boiler, was roused by the sound of a horse's feet, and glancing out at window, beheld a traveller of goodly promise checking his bridle at the Maypole door.

He was none of your flippant young fellows, who would call for a tankard of mulled ale, and make themselves as much at home as if they had ordered a hog'shead of wine; none of your audacious young swaggerers, who would even penetrate into the bar—that solemn sanctuary—and, smiting old John upon the back, inquire if there was never a pretty girl in the house, and where he hid his little chambermaids, with a hundred other impertinencies of that nature; none of your free-and-easy companions, who would scrape their boots upon the fire-dogs in the common room, and be not at all particular on the subject of spittoons; none of your unconscionable blades, requiring impossible chops, and taking unheard-of pickles for granted. He was a staid, grave, placid gentleman, something past the prime of life, yet upright in his carriage, for all that, and slim as a greyhound. He was well-mounted upon a sturdy chestnut cob, and had the graceful seat of an experienced horseman; while his riding gear, though free from such fopperies as were then in vogue, was handsome and well chosen. He wore a riding-coat of a somewhat brighter green than might have been expected to suit the taste of a gentleman of his years, with a short black velvet cape, laced pocket-holes and cuffs, all of a jaunty fashion; his linen, too, was of the finest kind, worked in a rich pattern at the wrists and throat, and scrupulously white. Although he seemed, judging from the mud he had picked up on the way, to have come from London, his horse was as smooth and cool as his own iron-grey periwig and pig-tail. Neither man nor beast had turned a single hair; and, saving for his soiled skirts and spatter-dashes, this gentleman, with his blooming face, white teeth, exactly-ordered dress, and perfect calmness, might have come from making an elaborate and leisurely toilet, to sit for an equestrian portrait at old John Willet's gate.

It must not be supposed that John observed these several characteristics by other than very slow degrees, or that he took in more than half a one at a time, or that he even made up his mind upon that, without a great deal of very serious consideration. Indeed, if he had been distracted in the first instance by questionings and orders, it would have taken him at the least a fortnight to have noted what is here set down; but it happened that the gentleman, being struck with the old house, or with the plump pigeons which were skimming and curtsying about it, or with the tall maypole, on the top of which a weathercock, which had been out of order for fifteen years, performed a perpetual walk to the music of its own creaking, sat for some little time looking round in silence. Hence John, standing with his hand upon the horse's bridle, and his great eyes on the rider, and with nothing passing to divert his thoughts, had really got some of these little circumstances into his brain, by the time he was called to speak.

"A quaint place this," said the gentleman—and his voice was as rich as his dress. "Are you the landlord?"

"At your service, sir," replied John Willet.

"You can give my horse good stabling, can you, and me an early dinner (I am not particular what, so that it be cleanly served,) and a decent room—of which there seems to be no lack in this great mansion," said the stranger, again running his eyes over the exterior.

"You can have, sir," returned John, with a readiness quite surprising, "any thing you please."

"It's well I am easily satisfied," returned the other with a smile "or that might prove a hardy pledge, my friend." And saying so, he dismounted, with the aid of the block before the door, in a twinkling.

"Halloa there! Hugh!" roared John. "I ask your pardon, sir, for keeping you standing in the porch; but my son has gone to town on business, and the boy being, as I may say, of a kind of use to me, I'm rather put out when he's away. Hugh!—a dreadful idle vagrant fellow, sir—half a gipsy as I think—always sleeping in the sun in summer, and in the straw in winter time air—Hugh! Dear Lord, to keep a gentleman a waiting here, through him!—Hugh! I wish that chap was dead, I do indeed."

"Possibly he is," returned the other. "I should think if he were living he would have heard you by this time."

"In his fits of laziness, he sleeps so desperate hard," said the distracted host, "if you were to fire off cannon-balls into his ears, it would n't wake him, sir."

The guest made no remark upon this novel cure for drowsiness, and recipe for making people lively, but with his hands clasped behind him stood in the porch, apparently very much amused to see old John, with the bridle in his hand, wavering between a strong impulse to abandon the animal to his fate, and a half disposition to lead him into the house, and shut him up in the parlor, while he waited on his master.

"Pillory the fellow, here he is at last," cried John, in the very height and zenith of his distress. "Did you hear me calling, villain?"

The figure he addressed made no answer, but putting his hand upon the saddle, sprang into it at a bound, turned the horse's head toward the stable, and was gone in an instant.

"Brisk enough when he is awake," said the guest.

"Brisk enough, sir!" replied John, looking at the place where the horse had been, as if he did not yet understand quite, what had become of him. "He melts, I think. He goes like a drop of froth. You look at him, and there he is. Yet look at him again, and—there he is n't."

Having, in the absence of any more words, put this sudden climax to what he had faintly intended should be a long explanation of the whole life and character of his man, the oracular John Willet led the gentleman up his wide dismantled staircase into the Maypole's best apartment.

It was spacious enough in all conscience, occupying the whole depth of the house, and having at either end a great bay window, as large as many modern rooms; in which some few panes of stained glass, emblazoned with fragments of armorial bearings, though cracked, and patched, and shattered, yet remained, attesting, by their presence, that the former owner had made the very light subservient to his state, and pressed the sun itself into his list of flatterers; bidding it, when it shone into his chamber, reflect the badges of his ancient family, and take new hues and colors from their pride.

But these were old days, and now every little ray came and went as it would; telling the plain, bare, searching truth. Although the best room of the inn, it had the melancholy aspect of grandeur in decay, and was much too vast for comfort. Rich rustling hangings, waving on the walls; and, better far, the rustling of youth and beauty's dress; the light of women's eyes, outshining the tapers and their own rich jewels; the sound of gentle tongues, and music, and the tread of maiden feet, had once been there, and filled it with delight. But they were gone, and with them all its gladness. It was no longer a home; children were never born and bred there; the fireside had become mercenary—a something to be bought and sold—a very courtesan: let who would die, or sit beside, or leave it, it was still the same—it missed nobody, cared for nobody, had equal warmth and smiles for all. God help the man whose heart ever changes with the world, as an old mansion when it becomes an inn!

No effort had been made to furnish this chilly waste, but before the broad chimney a colony of chairs and tables had been planted on a square of carpet, flanked by a ghostly screen, enriched with figures, grinning and grotesque. After lighting with his own hands the faggots which were heaped upon the hearth, old John withdrew to hold grave council with his cook, touching the stranger's entertainment; while the guest himself, seeing small comfort in the yet unkindled wood, opened a lattice in the distant window, and basked in a sickly gleam of cold March sun.

Leaving the window now and then, to rake the crackling logs together, or pace the echoing room from end to end, he closed it when the fire was quite burnt up, and having wheeled the easiest chair into the warmest corner summoned John Willet.

"Sir," said John.

He wanted pen, ink and paper. There was an old standish on the high mantel-shelf containing a dusty apology for all three. Having set this before him, the landlord was retiring, when he motioned him to stay.

"There's a house not far from here," said the guest when he had written a few lines, "which you call the Warren, I believe?"

As this was said in the tone of one who knew the fact, and asked the question as a thing of course, John contented himself with nodding his head in the affirmative; at the same time taking one hand out of his pocket to cough behind, and then putting it in again.

"I want this note"—said the guest, glancing on what he had written, and folding it, "conveyed there without loss of time, and an answer brought back here. Have you a messenger at hand?"

John was thoughtful for a minute or thereabouts, and then said Yes.

"Let me see him," said the guest.

This was disconcerting; for Joe being out, and Hugh engaged in rubbing down the chestnut cob, he designed sending on the errand Barnaby, who had just then arrived in one of his rambles, and who, so that he thought himself

employed on grave and serious business, would go anywhere.

"Why, the truth is," said John after a long pause, "that the person who'd go quickest, is a sort of natural, as one may say, sir; and though quick of foot, and as much to be trusted as the post itself, he's not good at talking, being touched and flighty, sir."

"You do n't," said the guest, raising his eyes to John's fat face, "you do n't mean—what's the fellow's name—you do n't mean Barnaby?"

"Yes I do," returned the landlord, his features turning quite expressive with surprise.

"How comes he to be here?" inquired the guest, leaning back in his chair, speaking in the bland, even tone, from which he never varied; and with the same soft, courteous, never-changing smile upon his face. "I saw him in London last night."

"He's for ever here one hour, and there the next," returned old John, after the usual pause to get the question in his mind. "Sometimes he walks, and sometimes runs. He's known along the road by everybody, and sometimes comes here in a cart or chaise, and sometimes riding double. He comes and goes, through wind, rain, snow and hail, and on the darkest nights. Nothing hurts him."

"He goes often to this Warren, does he not?" said the guest carelessly. "I seem to remember his mother telling me something to that effect yesterday. But I was not attending to the good woman much."

"You're right sir," John made answer, "he does. His father, sir, was murdered in that house."

"So I have heard," returned the guest taking a gold toothpick from his pocket with the same sweet smile. "A very disagreeable circumstance for the family."

"Very," said John with a puzzled look, as if it occurred to him, dimly and afar off, that this might by possibility be a cool way of treating the subject.

"All the circumstances after a murder," said the guest soliloquising, "must be dreadfully unpleasant—so much bustle and disturbance—no repose—a constant dwelling upon one subject—and the running in and out, and up and down stairs, intolerable. I would n't have such a thing happen to anybody I was nearly interested in, on any account. 'T would be enough to wear one's life out. You were going to say, friend—" he added, turning to John again.

"Only that Mrs. Rudge lives on a little pension from the family, and that Barnaby's as free of the house as any cat or dog about it," answered John. "Shall he do your errand, sir?"

"Oh yes," replied the guest. "Oh certainly. Let him do it by all means. Please to bring him here that I may charge him to be quick. If he objects to come you may tell him it's Mr. Chester. He will remember my name, I dare say."

John was so very much astonished to find who his visitor was, that he could express no astonishment at all, by looks or otherwise, but left the room as if he were in the most placid and imperturbable of all conditions. It has been reported that when he got down stairs, he looked steadily at the boiler for ten minutes by the clock, and all that time never once left off shaking his head; for which statement there would seem to be some ground of truth and feasibility, inasmuch as that interval of time did certainly elapse before he returned with Barnaby to the guest's apartment.

"Come hither lad," said Mr. Chester. "You know Mr. Geoffrey Haredale?"

Barnaby laughed, and looked at the landlord as though he would say, "You hear him?" John, who was greatly shocked at this breach of decorum, clapped his finger to his nose, and shook his head in mute remonstrance.

"He knows him, sir," said John, frowning aside at Barnaby, "as well as you or I do."

"I have n't the pleasure of much acquaintance with the gentleman," returned his guest. "You may have. Limit the comparison to yourself, my friend."

Although this was said with the same easy affability, and the same smile, John felt himself put down, and laying the indignity at Barnaby's door, determined to kick his raven, on the very first opportunity.

"Give that," said the guest, who had by this time sealed the note, and who beckoned his messenger toward him as he spoke, "into Mr. Haredale's own hands. Wait for an answer, and bring it back to me—here. If you should find that Mr. Haredale is engaged just now, tell him—can he remember a message, landlord?"

"When he chooses, sir," replied John. "He won't forget this one."

"How are you sure of that?"

John merely pointed to him as he stood with his head bent forward, and his earnest gaze fixed closely on his questioner's face; and nodded sagely.

"Tell him, then, Barnaby, should he be engaged," said Mr. Chester, "that I shall be glad to wait his convenience here, and to see him (if he will call) at any time this evening. At the worst I can have a bed here, Willet, I suppose?"

Old John, immensely flattered by the personal notoriety implied in this familiar form of address, answered, with something like a knowing look, "I should believe you could sir," and was turning over in his mind various forms of eulogium, with the view of selecting one appropriate to the qualities of his best bed, when his ideas were put to flight by Mr. Chester giving Barnaby the letter, and bidding him make all speed away.

"Speed!" said Barnaby, folding the little packet in his breast, "Speed! If you want to see hurry and mystery, come here. Here!"

With that, he put his hand, very much to John Willet's horror, on the guest's fine broadcloth sleeve, and led him stealthily to the back window.

"Look down there," he said softly; "do you mark how they whisper in each other's ears; then dance and leap, to make believe they are in sport? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again; and then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they've been plotting? Look at 'em now. See how they whirl and plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper, cautiously together—little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the grass and watched them. I say—what is it that they plot and hatch? Do you know?"

"They are only clothes," returned the guest, "such as we wear; hanging on those lines to dry, and fluttering in the wind."

"Clothes!" echoed Barnaby, looking close into his face, and falling quickly back. "Ha, ha! Why, how much better to be silly, than as wise as you! You do n't see shadowy people there, like those that live in sleep—not you. Nor eyes in the knotted panes of glass, nor swift ghosts when it blows hard, nor do you hear voices in the air, nor see men stalking in the sky—not you! I lead a merrier life than you, with all your cleverness. You're the dull men. We're the bright ones. Ha! ha! I'll not change with you, clever as you are—not I!"

With that, he waved his hat above his head, and darted off.

"A strange creature, upon my word!" said the guest, pulling out a handsome box, and taking a pinch of snuff.

"He wants imagination," said Mr. Willet, very slowly, and after a long silence; "that's what he wants. I've tried to instil it into him, many and many's the time; but"—John added to this in confidence—"he an't made for it; that's the fact."

To record that Mr. Chester smiled at John's remark, would be little to the purpose, for he preserved the same conciliatory and pleasant look at all times. He drew his chair nearer to the fire though, as a kind of hint that he would prefer to be alone, and John, having no reasonable excuse for remaining, left him to himself.

Very thoughtful old John Willet was, while the dinner was preparing; and if his brain were ever less clear at one time than another, it is but reasonable to suppose that he added it in no small degree by shaking his head so much that day. That Mr. Chester, between whom and Mr. Haredale, it was notorious to all the neighborhood, a deep and bitter animosity existed, should come down there for the sole purpose, as it seemed, of seeing him, and should choose the Maypole for their place of meeting, and should send to him express, were stumbling blocks John could not overcome. The only resource he had, was to consult the boiler, and wait impatiently for Barnaby's return.

But Barnaby delayed beyond all precedent. The visitor's dinner was served, removed, his wine was set, the fire replenished, the hearth clean swept; the light waned without, it grew dusk, became quite dark, and still no Barnaby appeared. Yet, though John Willet was full of wonder and misgiving, his guest sat cross-legged in the easy chair, to all appearance as little ruffled in his thoughts as in his dress—the same calm, easy, cool gentleman, without a care or thought beyond his golden toothpick.

"Barnaby's late," John ventured to observe, as he placed a pair of tarnished candlesticks, some three feet high, upon the table, and snuffed the lights they held.

"He is rather so," replied the guest, sipping his wine. "He will not be much longer, I dare say."

John coughed and raked the fire together.

"As your roads bear no very good character, if I may judge from my son's mishap, though," said Mr. Chester, "and as I have no fancy to be knocked on the head—which is not only disconcerting at the moment, but places one, besides, in a ridiculous position with respect to the people who chance to pick one up—I shall stop here to-night. I think you said you had a bed to spare?"

"Such a bed, sir," returned John Willet; "ay, such a bed as few, even of the gentry's houses, own. A fixter here, sir. I've heard say that bedstead is nigh two hundred years of age. Your noble son—a fine young gentleman—slept in it last, sir, half a year ago."

"Upon my life, a recommendation!" said the guest, shrugging his shoulders and wheeling his chair nearer to the fire. "See that it be well aired, Mr. Willet, and let a blazing fire be lighted there at once. This house is something damp and chilly."

John raked the faggots up again, more from habit than presence of mind, or any reference to this remark, and was about to withdraw, when a bounding step was heard upon the stair, and Barnaby came panting in.

"He'll have his foot in the stirrup in an hour's time," he cried, advancing. "He has been riding hard all day—has just come home—but will be in the saddle again, as soon as he has eat and drank, to meet his loving friend."

"Was that his message?" asked the visitor, looking up, but without the smallest discomposure—or at least without the show of any.

"All but the last words," Barnaby rejoined. "He meant those. I saw that, in his face."

"This for your pains," said the other, putting money in his hand, and glancing at him steadfastly. "This for your pains, sharp Barnaby."

"For Grip, and me, and Hugh, to share among us," he rejoined, putting it up, and nodding, as he counted it on his fingers. "Grip one, me two, Hugh three; the dog, the goat, the cats—well, we shall spend it pretty soon, I warn you. Stay.—Look. Do you wise men see nothing there, now?"

He bent eagerly down on one knee, and gazed intently at the smoke, which was rolling up the chimney in a thick black cloud. John Willet, who appeared to consider himself particularly and chiefly referred to under the term wise men, looked that way likewise, and with great solidity of feature.

"Now, where do they go to, when they spring so fast up there," asked Barnaby; "eh? Why do they tread so closely on each other's heels, and why are they always in a hurry—which is what you blame me for, when I only take pattern by these busy folk about me. More of 'em! catching to each other's skirts; and as fast as they go, others come! What a merry dance it is! I would that Grip and I could frisk like that!"

"What has he in that basket at his back?" asked the guest after a few moments, during which Barnaby was still bending down to look higher up the chimney, and earnestly watching the smoke.

"In this?" he answered, jumping up, before John Willet could reply—shaking it as he spoke, and stooping his head to listen. "In this? What is there here? Tell him!"

"A devil, a devil, a devil," cried a hoarse voice.

"Here's money!" said Barnaby, chinking it in his hand, "money for a treat, Grip!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" replied the raven, "keep up your spirits. Never say die. Bow, wow, wow!"

Mr. Willet, who appeared to entertain strong doubts whether a customer in a laced coat and fine linen could be supposed to have any acquaintance even with the existence of such unpollite gentry as the bird claimed to belong to, took Barnaby off at this juncture, with the view of preventing any other improper declarations, and quitted the room with his very best bow.

#### CHAPTER XI.

There was great news that night for the regular Maypole customers, to each of whom, as he struggled in to occupy his allotted seat in the chimney corner, John, with a most impressive slowness of delivery, and in an apoplectic whisper, communicated the fact that Mr. Chester was alone in the large room up stairs, and was waiting the arrival of Mr. Geoffrey Haredale, to whom he had sent a letter, (doubtless of a threatening nature,) by the hands of Barnaby, then and there present.

For a little knot of smokers and solemn goosies, who had seldom any new topics of discussion, this was a perfect Godsend. Here was a good, dark-looking, mystery progressing under that very roof—brought home to the fire-side as it were, and enjoyable without the smallest pains or trouble. It is extraordinary what a zest and relish it gave to the drink, and how it heightened the flavor of the tobacco. Every man smoked his pipe with a face of grave and serious delight, and looked at his neighbour with a sort of quiet congratulation. Nay, it was felt to be such a holiday and special night, that, on the motion of little Solomon Daisy, every man (including John himself) put down his sixpence for a can of flip, which grateful beverage was brewed with all despatch, and set down in the midst of them on the brick floor; both that it might simmer and stew before the fire and that its fragrant steam, rising up among them and mixing with the wreaths of vapour from their pipes, might shroud them in a delicious atmosphere of their own, and shut out all the world. The very furniture of the room seemed to mellow and deepen in its tone; the ceiling and walls looked blacker and more highly polished, the curtains of a ruddier red; the fire burnt clear and high, and the crickets in the hearth-stone chirped with a more than wonted satisfaction.

There were present, two, however, who showed but little interest in the general contentment. Of these, one was Barnaby himself, who slept, or, to avoid being beset with questions, feigned to sleep, in the chimney-corner; the other, Hugh, who, sleeping too, lay stretched upon the bench on the opposite side, in the full glare of the blazing fire.

The light that fell upon this slumbering form, showed it in all its muscular proportions. It was that of a young man, of a hale athletic figure, and a giant's strength, whose sun-burnt face and swarthy throat, overgrown with jet black hair, might have served a painter for a model. Loosely attired, in the coarsest and roughest garb, with scraps of straw and hay—his usual bed—clinging here and there, and mingling with his uncombed locks, he had fallen asleep in a posture as careless as his dress. The negligence and disorder of the whole man, with something fierce and sullen in his features, gave him a picturesque appearance, that attracted the regards even of the Maypole customers who knew him well, and caused Long Parkes to say that Hugh looked more like a poaching rascal to-night than ever he had seen him yet.

"He's waiting here, I suppose," said Solomon, "to take Mr. Haredale's horse."

"That's it sir," replied John Willet. "He's not often in the house, you know. He's more at his ease among horses than men. I look upon him as an animal himself."

Following up this opinion with a shrug that seemed meant to say, "we can't expect every body to be like us," John put his pipe into his mouth again, and smoked like one who felt his superiority over the general run of mankind.

"That chap, sir," said John, taking it out again after a time, and pointing at him with the stem, "though he's got all his faculties about him—bottled up and corked down, if I may say so, somewhere or another—"

"Very good!" said Parkes, nodding his head. "A very good expression, Johnny. You'll be tackling somebody, presently. You're in twig to-night, I see."

"Take care," said Mr. Willet, not at all grateful for the compliment, "that I don't tackle you, sir, which I shall certainly endeavor to do, if you interrupt me when I'm making observations. That chap, I was saying, though he has all his faculties about him, somewhere or another, bottled up and corked down, has no more imagination than Barnaby has. And why has n't he?"

The three friends shook their heads at each other, saying by that action, without the trouble of opening their lips, "Do you observe what a philosophical mind our friend has?"

"Why has n't he?" said John, gently striking the table with his open hand. "Because they was never drawn out of him when he was a boy. That's why. What would any of us have been, if our fathers had n't drawn out our faculties out of us? What would my boy Joe have been, if I had n't drawn his faculties out of him?—Do you mind what I'm saying of, gentlemen?"

"Ah! we mind you," cried Parkes. "Go on improving us, Johnny."

"Consequently, then," said Mr. Willet, "that chap, whose mother was hung when he was a little boy, along with six others, for passing bad notes—and it's a blessed thing to think how many people are hung in batches every six weeks for that, and such like offences, as showing how wide awake our government is—that chap that was then turned loose, and had to mind cows, and frighten birds away, and what not, for a few pence to live on, and so got on by degrees to mind horses, and to sleep in course of time in lofts and litter, instead of under haystacks and hedges, till at last he came to be hostler at the Maypole for his board and lodging and a annual trifle—that chap that can't read nor write, and has never had much to do with any thing but animals, and has never lived in any way but like the animals he has lived among, is a animal. And," said Mr. Willet, arriving at his logical conclusion, "is to be treated accordingly."

"Willet," said Solomon Daisy, who had exhibited some impatience at the intrusion of so unworthy a subject on their more interesting theme, "when Mr. Chester comes this morning, did he order the large room?"

"He signified, sir," said John, "that he wanted a large apartment. Yes. Certainly."



"Why, then, I'll tell you what," said Solomon, speaking softly and with an earnest look. "He and Mr. Haredeale are going to fight a duel in it."

Everybody looked at Mr. Willet, after this alarming suggestion. Mr. Willet looked at the fire, weighing in his own mind the effect which such an occurrence would be likely to have on the establishment.

"Well," said John, "I do n't know—I am sure—I remember that when I went up last, he had put the lights upon the mantel-shelf."

"It's as plain," returned Solomon, "as the nose on Parkes's face"—Mr. Parkes, who had a large nose, rubbed it, and looked as if he considered this a personal allusion—"they'll fight in that room. You know by the newspapers what a common thing it is for gentlemen to fight in coffee-houses without seconds. One of 'em will be wounded or perhaps killed in this house."

"That was a challenge that Barnaby took then, eh?" said John.

"—Inclosing a slip of paper with the measure of his sword upon it, I'll bet a guinea," answered the little man. "We know what sort of gentleman Mr. Haredeale is. You have told us what Barnaby said about his looks, when he came back. Depend upon it, I'm right. Now, mind."

The slip had no flavor till now. The tobacco had been of mere English growth, compared with its present taste. A duel in that great old rambling room up stairs, and the best bed ordered already for the wounded man!

"Would it be swords or pistols now?" said John.

"Heaven knows. Perhaps both," returned Solomon. "The gentlemen wear swords, and may easily have pistols in their pockets—most likely have, indeed. If they fire at each other without effect, then they'll draw, and go to work in earnest."

A shade passed over Mr. Willet's face as he thought of broken windows and disabled furniture, but thinking himself that one of the parties would probably be left alive to pay the damage, he brightened up again.

"And then," said Solomon, looking from face to face, "then we shall have one of those stains upon the floor that never come out. If Mr. Haredeale wins, depend upon it, it'll be a deep one; or if he loses, it will perhaps be deeper still, for he'll never give in unless he's beaten down. We know him better, eh?"

"Better indeed!" they whispered all together.

"As to it's ever being got again," said Solomon, "I tell you it never will, or can be. Why, do you know that it has been tried, at a certain house we are not acquainted with?"

"The Warren!" cried John. "No, sure!"

"Yes, sure—yes. It's only known by very few. It has been whispered about though, for all that. They played the board away, but there it was. They went deep, but it went deeper. They put new boards down, but there was one great spot that came through still, and showed itself in the old place. And—harkye—draw nearer—Mr. Geoffrey made that room his study, and sits there, always, with his foot (as I have heard) upon it; and he believes, through thinking of it long and very much, that it will never fade until he finds the man who did the deed."

As this recital ended, and they all drew closer round the fire, the tramp of a horse was heard without.

"The very man!" cried John, starting up, "Hugh! Hugh!"

The sleeper staggered to his feet, and hurried after him. John quickly returned, ushering in with great attention and deference, (for Mr. Haredeale was his landlord), the long expected visitor, who strode into the room clanking his heavy boots on the floor; and looking keenly round upon the bowing group, raised his hat in acknowledgment of their profound respect.

"You have a stranger here, Willet, who sent to me," he said, in a voice which sounded naturally stern and deep. "Where is he?"

"In the great room up stairs, sir," answered John.

"Show the way. Your staircase is dark, I know. Gentlemen, good-night."

With that, he signed to the landlord to go on before; and went clanking out, and up the stairs; old John, in his agitation, ingeniously lighting everything but the way, and making a stumble at every second step.

"Stop!" he said, when they reached the landing. "I can announce myself. Do n't wait."

He laid his hand upon the door, entered, and shut it heavily. Mr. Willet was by no means disposed to stand there listening by himself, especially as the walls were very thick; so he descended, with much greater alacrity than he had come up, and joined his friends below.

**THE JEWEES.**—Fontanes asked Chateaubriand, "if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men;" to which Chateaubriand gave the following truly poetical and Christian one: "The Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection, was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary.' At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

**DROPPING.**—A person having been hanged, a stranger asked his wife of what distemper her poor husband died. "He took a drop too much," said she.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

## THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

General Harrison expired at Washington, on the fourth of April, thirty minutes before one o'clock. The Members of his Cabinet issued the following circular:

CITY OF WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

An all-wise Providence having suddenly removed from this life, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, we have thought it our duty, in the recess of Congress, and in the absence of the Vice President from the seat of Government, to make this afflicting bereavement known to the country, by this declaration, under our hands.

He died at the President's house, in this city, this fourth day of April, Anno Domini, 1841, at thirty minutes before one o'clock in the morning.

The people of the United States, overwhelmed, like ourselves, by an event so unexpected and so melancholy, will derive consolation from knowing that his death was calm and resigned, as his life has been patriotic and useful and distinguished; and that the last utterance of his lips expressed a fervent desire for the perpetuity of the Constitution, and the preservation of its true principles. In death, as in life, the happiness of his country was uppermost in his thoughts.

DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State.  
THOMAS EWING, Secretary of the Treasury.  
JOHN BELL, Secretary of War.  
J. C. CRITTENDEN, Attorney General.  
FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster General.

Deep gloom has fallen upon this city. In every face is written the sad intelligence. We had not proceeded far from our own door, this morning, before we saw and felt that the President was dead. Nearly every newspaper, nobly casting aside partisan feelings in grief for this national calamity, has put on the habiliments of mourning. All speak of the departed, as of a great man gone from our Israel. The measure of his days was full; the measure of his glory was full even to running over; for him the dark hour came when it could be succeeded by a dazzling brightness that knows no spot or stain. The laurels of his fame are green as the buds of spring—enduring as those which are graven on the brows of marble heroes.

The singular presentiment which is said to have attended General Harrison through the latter years of life, has been wonderfully verified. He was wont to say that he felt a certain assurance that he should be President of the United States before he died. Alas! the oracle in his own heart did not also declare that he would die very soon after this same of honor had been attained!

Mingled with the mournful regrets which this event has inspired, are the happy consolations that our President was fit to die. Death, Judgment, Eternity: these had been ever in the background of what he thought and did. When into the depth of their far-reaching and solemn shadows his spirit withdrew—leaving the lustre which surrounded it on earth—they fell with no bleak and bitter chill, but with a warm, embracing fondness, a surrounding love, like those celestial clouds in which the form of Enoch was enveloped when the angels took him.

## REPORT OF THE PHYSICIANS.

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

Dear Sir: In compliance with the request made to us by yourself and the other gentlemen of the Cabinet, the attending and consulting Physicians have drawn up the abstract of a report on the President's case, which I herewith transmit to you.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THO. MILLER, M.D., Attending Physician.

To the Hon. D. Webster, Secretary of State.

On Saturday, March 27, 1841, President Harrison, after several days' previous indisposition, was seized with a chill and other symptoms of fever. The next day Pneumonia, with congestion of the liver and derangement of the stomach and bowels, was ascertained to exist. The age and debility of the patient, with the immediate prostration, forbade a resort to general blood-letting. Topical depletion, blistering, and appropriate internal remedies, subdued, in a great measure, the disease of the lungs and liver, but the stomach and intestines did not regain a healthy condition. Finally, on the 3rd of April, at 3 o'clock, P. M., profuse diarrhoea came on, under which he sank, at thirty minutes to 1 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th.

The last words uttered by the President, as heard by Dr. Worthington, were these: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

THO. MILLER, M.D., Attending Physician.

FRED. MAY, M.D.

N. W. WORTHINGTON, M.D.

J. C. HALL, M.D.

ASHTON ALEXANDER, M.D.

Consulting Physicians.

## DEATH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

From the National Intelligencer.

The solemn event which is announced above, although the public will have been in some degree prepared for it, will be to the whole country an astounding blow. The interrupted health of the deceased patriot, his robust constitution and active strength, up to the last week of his life, had left his countrymen nothing to wish and nothing to fear in regard either to his bodily or mental capacity for the able discharge of the high trust to which he was called. The tens of thousands of citizens who assembled to witness the ceremony of his inauguration felt, in the clear tones of his trumpet voice, an assurance that he possessed health and strength equal to the arduous duties which lay before him. But this promise and this confidence were soon to

suffer a sad reverse. The week before last, pursuing the practice of his active life, and his habit of early rising and exercise, the President, in the course of a long walk before breakfast, was overtaken by a slight shower, and got wet. The following day he felt symptoms of indisposition, which were followed by pneumonia, or bilious pleurisy, which ultimately baffled all medical skill, and terminated his virtuous, useful, and illustrious life, on Sunday morning, after an illness of eight days. He expired a little after midnight, surrounded by those members of his family who were in the city, the members of his Cabinet, and many personal friends. Immediately after his demise, the members of the Cabinet retired, and drew up and signed the above announcement, and caused it to be published. In the course of Saturday the President appeared so much better as to inspire hopes that his disease would be subdued, but about four P. M. a sudden and very unfavorable change took place, and he continued to sink until death closed the scene.

The last time the President spoke was at nine o'clock—a little more than three hours before he expired; and the words which he then uttered were so remarkable that they deserve to be recorded and remembered. While Dr. Worthington and one or two other attendants were standing over him, having just administered to his comfort, he cleared his throat, as if desiring to speak audibly, and, as though he fancied himself addressing his successor, or some official associate in the Government, said: "SIR, I WISH YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT. I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT. I ASK NOTHING MORE."

These, his last words, were uttered in a distinct voice, and, as they were well calculated to do, impressed the gentlemen present so solemnly that Dr. Worthington immediately wrote them down for preservation. They present a brief but impressive record of the thoughts which occupied the last moments of the departed patriot, and are characteristic of the Roman devotion to his country which animated him throughout his life, and shone forth even in the hour of death. Thus passed from life, and from the station on earth most worthy of a noble ambition, this good, and wise and illustrious citizen. It is not for us to attempt to do justice to the solemnity of the occasion, or to the deep grief which pervades all hearts. As more fitting and adequate than any thing which we could say, we quote the impressive language uttered from one of our pulpits yesterday by an eloquent divine:

"The intelligence of this morning, my Christian friends, has filled thousands of hearts, and will fill thousands more, with sadness and anxiety. The Chief Magistrate of our Union is no more! One short month since, amidst the breathless attention of an immense multitude, with clear and solemn voice, he called God to witness that he would faithfully discharge the duties of his high office. He has now gone to appear in the presence of that God. The praises of his friends, the denunciations of his enemies, are alike awed into silence before this dispensation of mysterious Providence. Amid the busy schemings of man the Supreme Ruler has manifested his power; and we read with trembling sadness his awful lesson, of the uncertainty of human life, the emptiness of earthly glory."

"You have seen—how recently and sadly seen, that the summit of human power affords no security from the shafts of death. The illustrious man, lately almost a nation's idol, now lies in the calm deep slumber which knows no waking till the final day. Those deeds of service to his country which were so familiar to the lips of thousands, and that fidelity to his country's good, lately so fervently expressed, and as we trust so sincerely felt—these and all else that graced his character have followed him to the bar of the just and the merciful Judge. Before that bar, my friends, we also are to appear. We know not how soon. May we so use the present time as to prepare ourselves for that awful hour."

## FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U. STATES.

ARTICLE II. SECTION I.

"In case of removal of the President from office or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability both of the President or Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected."

[FROM THE ACT OF CONGRESS, MARCH 1, 1792.]

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That in case of a removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President of the United States, the President of the Senate pro tempore, and in case there shall be no President of the Senate, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives for the time being, shall act as President of the United States until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That whenever the offices of President and Vice President shall both become vacant, the Secretary of State shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the Executive of every State, and shall also cause the same to be published in at least one of the newspapers printed in each State, specifying that electors of the President of the United States shall be appointed or chosen, in the several States, within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing: Provided, There shall be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the said first Wednesday in December; but if there shall not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December, and if the term for which the President and Vice President last in office were elected shall not expire on the 3d day of March next ensuing, then the Secretary of State shall specify in the modification that the electors shall be appointed or chosen within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December in the year next ensuing, within which time the electors shall accordingly be appointed or chosen; and the electors shall meet and give their votes on the said first Wednesday in December, and the proceedings and duties of the said electors and others shall be pursuant to the directions prescribed in this act.

## JOHN TYLER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

John Tyler, who, by a dispensation of Providence, has become the legitimate President of the United States, is a native of that same county of Hanover in Virginia, which gave birth to our late lamented Chief Magistrate. In his political faith and attachments he is a democrat of the old Jeffersonian school, and was one of the most efficient supporters of the last war in the lower House of Congress. He has long been the friend of Henry Clay, and was, at the Harrisburgh Convention, one of the last who consented to the substitution of another candidate for the Presidency.

In the Senate of the United States, Mr. Tyler maintained a steady opposition to the measures of the late administration, until, in conformity with the Virginian doctrine of instruction, he resigned his seat. He has, however, in his recorded speeches, expressed himself opposed to the re-chartering of a United States Bank, although it is believed that his opinions have undergone some modification upon this subject within the last two or three years. Certain it is, he is decidedly opposed to the Sub-Treasury scheme, and to the exercise of the veto power by the President.

From his personal appearance we should judge that Mr. Tyler was about fifty years of age. He is tall and slim in his figure, and strongly reminds one of the published likenesses of Patrick Henry. His hair is still unsilvered, and his countenance is indicative of manly frankness, courtesy, and amiability of temper. His manners are courtly and cordial, and his style of reception singularly gracious and prepossessing. In his demeanor as Vice President he has been remarkably modest and unobtrusive, indicating no disposition to interfere in the distribution of offices, or to bias the judgment of the Executive and his Cabinet. Indeed, he has been almost wholly overlooked by the managing politicians and leaders at Washington, inasmuch as his position, apart from the unlooked-for contingency which has now called him to the White House, was one of little more influence than that of an ordinary Senator. Certain people will undoubtedly now be very active in attempts to make up for their past inattention.

Mr. Tyler is a fluent and graceful speaker, although in personal intercourse he is by no means inclined to be garrulous. He is unquestionably a man of sterling abilities and good sense, and will not be blinded and moulded by any man or set of men. He is in the full vigor of all his faculties, in the prime of life, without even the sense of sight impaired. We believe he will make a good, patriotic and wise President.

Already some moanings have been raised by certain cliques of politicians among us, because of the fact that Mr. Tyler is from the South of the Potomac. With such malcontents we have few sympathies. We want neither a Northern policy nor a Southern policy pursued in the conduct of our national affairs, but an American policy, not limited by state lines, but covering the whole Union in its capacious embrace, and still abiding always rigidly within the boundaries of the Federal Constitution. Such will, we believe, be the policy of John Tyler; and to such will the majority of the people of the United States give their unflinching support.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Webster, by his superior knowledge of public affairs, his aptitude, experience and vast ability, and the energy of his stronger will, was fast gaining an ascendancy in the direction of things at Washington, which was almost irresistible. He was virtually the premier of the administration, and had Gen. Harrison survived, his influence would probably have been paramount. The tables are now reversed. Mr. Clay and his friends come in for a share of influence—greater, no doubt, than the Webster party can ever hope to exercise. It is our own persuasion that Mr. Webster will resign his seat in the Cabinet, and accept of the mission to England. The present aspect of our relations with Great Britain seems to call loudly for such an embassy, and we should rejoice to see our country represented abroad by a man so truly and eminently great as Daniel Webster.

**THE LATE PRESIDENT.**—The arrangements in our city on Wednesday for paying a tribute of respect to the memory of our lamented Chief Magistrate were appropriate to the occasion, and gained additional interest from the fact that they occurred simultaneously with the performance of his funeral obsequies at Washington.

The national flag was displayed at half-mast throughout the day at all public and prominent places in the city and also on all the shipping in port. All places of business were closed at noon—our streets wore the appearance of a quiet Sabbath—and the tolling of bells from 12 o'clock till 2, together with the minute-guns fired from the Battery, all united to give the scene an air of grave solemnity and profound sorrow. In the evening, all places of public amusement, theatres, &c., were closed.

We perceive by our Washington papers that a Federal salute was fired at sunrise on the morning of the same day from the military stations in the vicinity of the seat of government; minute guns from 12 until 3; and a national salute at the setting of the sun. The bells of the several churches in Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria were tolled during the progress of the funeral procession.

## From our own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Monday Evening, April 5, 1841.

You will already have been furnished, through the Washington press, with the order of the funeral solemnities of the late President, agreed upon by the Cabinet, after consultation with his relatives and friends. The funeral will take place on Wednesday; and it is expected that an immense assemblage will join in paying the last melancholy homage of respect, by following him to the grave. In the Congressional Burying Ground is a capacious Receiving Tomb, in which the body will be deposited until Congress shall take order for the burial in a proper site, and for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory.

The public had an opportunity of taking a last look of his remains to-day. The body is placed in a coffin of mahogany, lined with lead, of considerable thickness, and prepared for being hermetically sealed. At the head is a plate of glass, so as to show the face distinctly, without exposing it to the air, or to the touch of visitors. The coffin is covered with black silk velvet, with a simple edging of silver cloth, and rests upon a plain centre-table in the Hall. Great numbers of the citizens of the District, and of the neighborhood, and of Baltimore, embraced the occasion to see the features of the departed Hero and Patriot once more; and tears trickled down many a manly as well as many a gentle cheek.

Indeed this sad and calamitous visitation, I am free to say, has merged even party-irritations into one common sensibility, which, to the honor of our natures, is exhibited by persons of all parties in sympathy for the desolated household of the Executive Mansion, and in sincere lamentation of the event for which the widow, and the daughters, and the near relatives are mourning so deeply. During his brief residence among us, GEN. HARRISON had increased the respect of our citizens, and inspired feelings of warm personal regard and attachment. It speaks strongly for his kindness of heart to observe the sincere sorrowing of his domestics, and to hear the expressions of true affection with which they talk of him. The Irish porter left by Mr. Van Buren is retained; and the poor fellow has a moist eye and choking voice whenever he refers to the General. "Oh, sir," said he to-day, "he was too good for this place."

The Secretary of State has addressed to the members of the Diplomatic Corps severally, a letter announcing the death of the President, and inviting their attendance at the funeral. A similar letter was addressed to Ex-President Adams, who is still in the city. You cannot have failed to mark the peculiar simplicity and propriety of Mr. Webster's style in the official declaration. These letters are most finished specimens of the same excellence.

General orders have been issued from the War and the Navy Departments announcing the distressing event, and prescribing the regulations to be followed by both branches of the service. The Major General Commanding in Chief (MACOMB) will superintend, in person, the military arrangements at the funeral. Commodore Morris, who is the oldest Navy Captain now in Washington will have direction of the Naval arrangements.

After some deliberation, the Cabinet concluded that the Executive Department should be closed, and the ordinary business suspended until Thursday.

The Vice President is expected to arrive here to-morrow night. Mr. GRANGER received a letter from him to-day, dated April 2d. He was then in good health. I mention this, because an idle rumor of his illness was spread abroad to-day by some gossiping person. Mr. Fletcher Webster, the Special Messenger deputed by the Cabinet, reached his residence probably this morning.

By the Constitution the powers and duties of President devolve upon the Vice President in virtue of his office. There will be no new inauguration, and it is questionable whether even a new oath will be administered to him—it being the Constitutional duty of the Vice President (which he has already sworn to discharge) to exercise the powers and perform the duties of President when the incumbent of the latter office has been removed by death, or is laboring under any other Constitutional disability.

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1841.

The Hon. JOHN TYLER, Vice-President of the United States, arrived in this city this morning at four o'clock. Mr. Webster, Jun., discharged his duty as Special Messenger from the Cabinet, with an expedition which we would all like to see carried into the transportation of the mails. He arrived in Richmond on Sunday evening—immediately chartered a steamboat—arrived at Mr. Tyler's residence the next morning by daylight,—and very soon after, the Vice President, accompanied by his two sons, set off for Washington, and, by traveling day and night, reached here at the hour I have mentioned. He is in good health, though somewhat fatigued by the journey. He has very wisely and properly suggested to his personal friends a desire to remain retired and quiet to-day and to-morrow; and our citizens therefore have refrained from calling to pay their respects.

At twelve o'clock he received the members of the Cabinet present in the city (the Secretary of the Navy being

still absent); and they remained in consultation nearly two hours. The interview was, it is understood, eminently satisfactory to all parties. Mr. Tyler told the Secretaries, the Post Master-General, and Attorney-General, that he regarded them as holding the same relation to him as they did to the late President. The Cabinet will therefore continue, as it was organized by General Harrison; and the course of the Administration will run as if the dispensation over which the country mourns had not occurred. The first office of the Government has only passed from the hands of one Whig into those of another; and how much soever we may lament the recent sad and calamitous visitation, there is not the slightest ground for apprehension as to its political consequences. Indeed, I cannot well conceive how any reflecting man, acquainted with the public life and character of JOHN TYLER, and with the late contest, can entertain any solicitude or misgiving on the subject. He is a truehearted, sound-headed, Republican Whig—opposed to the abuses, and corruptions, and financial experiments of the last Administration—and devoted to the great principles of the party that elected the lamented Harrison and himself to the highest offices of the Republic. He was a member of the Harrisburgh Convention; and at the dinner given to the members in this city, after the nominations had been made, he delivered a most able and eloquent speech, in the course of which he spoke of GEN. HARRISON in the highest terms, and expressed a perfect concurrence in his leading principles and opinions on public questions.

At a later date, in a letter addressed to certain gentlemen of Charleston, S. C., who had propounded several queries to him, he again declared his accordance of sentiment with General Harrison—in his advocacy of popular rights—in opposition to the daring assumptions of power by the Executive under the two last administrations—in resistance to proscription for opinion's sake—in preventing the interference of office-holders in elections—in restoring economy in the public expenditures—in establishing and securing the limitation for all future time of the Presidential term of office to four years—and in his determination "TO RECOMMEND AND URGE UPON CONGRESS THE ADOPTION OF SUCH MEASURES AS WILL RESULT IN COMMITTING THE PUBLIC MONIES TO OTHER HANDS THAN THE PRESIDENT'S, SO AS EFFECTUALLY TO SEPARATE THE PURSE FROM THE SWORD."

Mr. Tyler is entitled to the highest confidence of the American people; and I confidently predict that his administration will prove that he is worthy of the exalted station to which the inscrutable decrees of Providence have so unexpectedly called him.

He has taken lodgings for the present at Brown's Hotel.

The body of the late President was closed up in the coffin to-day. Owing to the ravages of the disease it was thought proper not to exhibit his mortal remains to the public eye after yesterday. But numbers who did not arrive in the city in season for that, had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the coffin. The cars from Baltimore and the Southern steamboats have brought crowds to join in the funeral solemnities to-morrow. The procession will be increased, besides the various component parts mentioned in the published programme, by the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, and several volunteer military companies, and numerous Associations from Baltimore.

The shops and warehouses in this city have been partially closed to-day, and many of them hung with signals of mourning.

I have not yet the heart to write, as I wish, of the bereaved family of the Executive Mansion. There are many touching incidents, some of which I will record in another letter.

The Foreign Ministers, to-day, sent letters of condolence to the Secretary of State; and paid visits of condolence to the family of the deceased.

P. S. Mr. Tyler took the oath of office, to-day, as President of the United States, in presence of the Cabinet, and hereafter that will be his designation.

**GEN. HARRISON'S FAMILY.**—The connections of General Harrison present in the Executive Mansion, at the time of the decease of their beloved relative, were the following: MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON, (son's widow.) MRS. TAYLOR, of Richmond, (niece.) MR. D. O. COUPELAND, (nephew.) HENRY HARRISON, of Va., (grand-nephew.) FENDLAY HARRISON, of Ohio, (grand-son.)

**COMPARATIVE LOSS ON GOLD AND PAPER, AS A CIRCULATION.**—Mr. Page, a distinguished English writer, has, from the reports of the English and American mints, ascertained that there is a loss on gold coin by wear and tear of 4.61 per cent. in a century, which is less than 1.20th per cent. per annum, and so that of every £100 coined in any particular year, there would remain over £95 7s. 10d. in real value at the end of 100 years. A comparison is next made of the expense of a paper currency, which, at 2½ per cent., as stated by Mr. Norman, is found to be fifty three times greater than the loss by wear on a gold currency as 2½ per cent. per annum, on a sum of £20,000,000, will amount in 100 years to £50,000,000; while the loss by wear of a gold currency of £20,000,000, during the same period is only £992,000. The difference is therefore £49,008,000.



## The Old World.

### LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The British Queen arrived at New York at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning. She had a rough and disastrous passage. She left Portsmouth on the 10th of March, and, after having been twenty days at sea, was compelled to put into Halifax on the 30th. There she remained until the first of this month. The news which she brings is more interesting than important. We have various London papers of the 8th and 9th—The Times, Post, Globe, Chronicle, &c. Those of the first mentioned date, contain Mr. Pickens's Report to the House of Representatives touching the affair of the Caroline and the subsequent and continued imprisonment of Mr. McLeod. Our readers will remember that, on the occasion of the first appearance of Mr. Pickens's report, we expressed our reprobation of it in the strongest language—pronouncing it a rash, ill-judged, bullying document, which would be productive of much mischief. It will be seen by the extracts, which are below, what has been thought of it and how it has been received in England. Several persons were disposed to consider it tantamount to a declaration of war; but those, who knew more about the getting up of such documents and party influences in the American Congress, set it down at its true value. By some it was conjectured to be a mere ruse of the Democrats to create confusion and difficulty for the Whig administration. The judicious remarks of Messrs. Adams and Granger, following hard upon the reading of the Report, did much to neutralise its influence. We repeat that the news is unimportant, however interesting; for the Caledonia which sailed the other day doubtless carried out the most pacific dispatches from Mr. Fox, the Minister at Washington. In our opinion, the prospects of war are more remote than ever; and we prophecy that, with Mr. Webster as Secretary of State, all our difficulties with Great Britain—including those of the North Eastern boundary—will be settled before the adjournment of the 27th Congress.

We give a short letter from a correspondent:

LONDON, 8th March, 1841.

The news received to-day by the Westchester caused quite a stir in the commercial circles, and the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in your House of Representatives is considered almost tantamount to a declaration of war; funds receded about 1 per cent., and the insurance offices, which were taking risks by the Queen to New-York at 15, to day require "a war risk," and demand 30—a great deal of excitement and quite a stir is the consequence.

However, by the well-informed, this report of the committee of Foreign Relations, is viewed somewhat in the light of a political affair, got up by the Van Buren party to embarrass their successors in office with a knotty and perplexing point to settle with this Government. The conduct of your Minister at this Court has been, to say the least, injudicious, and would appear to bear out the conclusion that his party would not be sorry to embroil the succeeding administration in an unpleasant dispute with this country. It is to be hoped the Minister sent here by the new administration will be more respected and less ridiculed than the present representative of the United States. The hopes of all parties engaged in commercial transactions between the two countries are turned to the new administration, for a better regulation of the currency, and a policy that will foster and encourage commerce instead of depressing and warring with it.

The foreign exchanges are and have been rather improving, but the rate of money continues rather high—for long paper, 5½ a 6 is procured. There were a few failures on the 1st in the home trade, though none of any importance or magnitude. Mr. Curtis, of the House of Garry & Curtis, failed some time since. Mr. Garry had long retired from business. Mr. Curtis was Governor of the Bank of England during the period of the warfare against the American houses three or four years, who, as you may remember, were accused of trading beyond their means, &c.; as a commentary to this, it is said that Mr. Curtis's estate will not pay eighteen pence on the pound! and that it is proved that he had been insolvent many years. Yours, J. H.

The following is taken from the proceedings of Parliament, published on the 9th:

#### DISPUTE WITH AMERICA.

The Earl of Mountcashell said, he rose to put a question to the noble Viscount opposite respecting some information which had, it appeared, been just received from America, and which was of great importance to this country. That intelligence, he understood, had created a great sensation in the city, and had caused a fall in the price of the public funds. He alluded to a report from the committee of foreign relations, made on the 13th of last month, to Congress, and he wished to know whether any confirmation as to the document in question being official, had been received by Her Majesty's Ministers? It was not his intention, on the present occasion, to submit to their lordships any motion on the subject, as he was most desirous not to cause a greater division between the two Governments than that which unfortunately now existed. But when a report such as that to which he had referred was promulgated, it was proper that they should receive information as to its authenticity. For his own part, he thought it could not be genuine. He believed that it must be an invention,

and there were many persons who would be glad to propagate such a report for stock-jobbing objects. He felt very great doubts as to the authenticity of this report, and why? because, aware of the good understanding of the inhabitants of the United States, he could not think that they would maintain such doctrines.

He was convinced that if the inhabitants of the United States would but consider—if they would look around to the situation of their own finances—if they would recollect that there were 3,000,000 of negro slaves in their country, and a great body of Indians in the back settlements, who might be induced, in consequence of the wrongs they complained of, to take a part in the contest—if they cast their eyes toward Canada, where there was as loyal a set of men as any in the empire, and asked, "Had they not the power of getting into their hands individuals belonging to the United States?"—and, also, if they recollected the very large body of regular troops that we had in Canada, and the efficient naval force which was now at our disposal, in consequence of the Eastern question being settled—they would, if they considered these points, anxiously abstain from hostilities. They were a calculating people, and they would see that they must sustain an immense loss by such an event. For these reasons he was of opinion that the document was not a true one. He, therefore, asked the noble Viscount whether Her Majesty's Ministers had received any official information respecting this report. Under all the circumstances, he felt that he was perfectly justified in putting this question. The report had appeared in the public papers, and it was necessary that some information should be afforded respecting it. At the present moment he did not think it right to make any observations on the subject; but if they were given to understand that the report was to be considered as official, he should feel it to be his duty, at a proper time, to bring the matter before the house; for a document more insulting to this nation could not possibly be conceived.

Viscount Melbourne said, he was unable to give any other answer to the question of the noble earl than by stating, that he was not aware whether any communication had been received that morning from Her Majesty's Minister in the United States relative to the subjects referred to. But he apprehended, from the form in which the document appeared, that there could be no doubt of its authenticity.

The most sensible article which we find on this subject is this from the London Globe. It is likewise entitled to more respect than any other, since the Globe is the Ministerial paper.

Considerable excitement had been occasioned by the publication of the Report presented to the House of Representatives on the 13th of February by the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. This document, which we publish entire, is, we think, anything but creditable to the Committee, in the name of which it was drawn up and presented to the House. The incautious and undignified expressions in which it indulges toward England—the highly-colored, partial, and obviously incorrect statements of the affair of the Caroline, and the manifestly untenable grounds on which the State of New-York is justified in the course it has pursued toward Mr. McLeod for his alleged part in that transaction—all prove that passion actuated the "bare majority" of the committee from which it emanated; who, instead of conducting the investigation with the coolness of statesmen, proceeded in the true spirit of partizanship, and stamped every paragraph of the Report with the prevailing character of their deeply-seated prejudices.

The painful effect which this intemperate "party document" must otherwise produce on the strongly-cherished hopes of the people of this country, of an amicable adjustment of the dispute, will be much relieved by the tone of the principal speakers in the debate which ensued on the question of printing the Report. It appears that the Report was sanctioned by "a bare majority" of the committee from which it emanated; and was denounced both in its spirit and tendency by the rest. The observations of Mr. Granger, one of the dissentients from the Report, and of Mr. Adams, who justly stigmatized the document as of a strictly party character, and who declared that "it fell on the house like a clap of thunder in a summer's day," will find a strong response in a great proportion of the thinking part of the population of both countries. The report was ordered to be printed by a majority of 103 to 68. By the time it was in the hands of the members we have little doubt but the "fiery Tybalt" of the house were materially cooled by the opportunity afforded for reflection. The possibility of an interruption of the pacific relations between England and France being removed, the war party in America will find themselves much more disposed to listen to the suggestions of reason than they would be were the chance of embarrassing the government of this country, by an obstinate refusal to liberate Mr. McLeod, and to make satisfaction for the outrage perpetrated upon his person, still in existence to excite the hopes of a successful refusal to comply with its just requisitions.

We see nothing in this manifesto of empty and unreasonable denunciations, qualified as they are by the strong expressions of dissent and reprobation with which it was received, to shake our belief that peace will be preserved. The violence of the document will go far to neutralize its intended effect. Such vaunting is a strong proof of conscious weakness, and is the usual precursor of an abandonment of the very position which is thus sought to be maintained by force when no longer fortified by reason. We repeat the opinion we expressed on Saturday with unabated confidence, that "we cannot bring ourselves to believe that an enlightened and reasoning nation, like the people of the United States, will precipitate themselves and us into a war, in which wrong and injustice would be entirely on their side, and of which the result could not by any possibility turn to their advantage."

The news of the failure of the United States Bank of course created considerable commotion. The shares were as low as £5 5s, just before the sailing of the British Queen. The Tory papers of course rail loudly against American securities of all kinds and call us a nation of swindlers. The following is a specimen of their exultation over the unfortunate stockholders in England:

"None but an idiot of the first magnitude will ever again

trust to the faith or honesty of the "model Republic." We see by the returns that the number of English claimants on the bankrupt United States Bank is 1,390—among whom we are told that there are forty-two belonging to the nobility, and we have no doubt that they will suffer rather heavily. We own that our compassion for the three dozen and a half of noble sufferers is extremely small. What right had they to dirty their fingers in such base concerns, the profits of which could be derived from nothing but direct fraud or grinding usury? We say nothing of their anti-national and anti-aristocratical conduct in supporting the credit and adding to the resources of a gang—for it is an abuse of words to call the people of the United States a nation—of unprincipled democrats, filled with the most venomous hatred against nobility and England; because we know that when a man once begins to trade in money he loses all considerations of caste and country. Nor for the balance remaining after the subduction of the forty-two nobles, is our sadness excessive." The great proportion of them we are tolerably certain well knew what they were about, and "squared it" with their friends across the Atlantic; and those who did not must submit to be punished for their folly, with the reflection that they had due warning beforehand.

The crowded state of our columns to-day does not permit us to give the Continental news. The following is the only item of consequence:

The *Austrian Observer* of the 26th ult. states, that "Intelligence from Constantinople of the 15th ult. informs us, that the Sultan's firman, granting to Mehemet Ali and his family the Pashalik of Egypt hereditarily, had just been prepared. Davi Naziri, Minister of Justice, and Zadi Muhib Effendi, are appointed to carry this firman to Alexandria. Zadi set out yesterday for that city. The Ottoman Porte had addressed a circular to the Ambassadors, announcing to them that the Egyptian affair being concluded the blockade of the coast of Egypt was raised, and liberty of commerce reestablished. We have been informed that the Turkish ship of the line Mahmoudieh, with Admiral Yager Pasha on board, passed the Dardanelles on the 9th ult. It is thought he will perform quarantine at Lampaco.

### ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

#### NINE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steam-packet Acadia, Capt. Edward Miller, arrived in Boston yesterday, at about seven o'clock, after a rough and boisterous passage of over eighteen days. The Acadia reached Halifax on Monday morning, after having experienced a great deal of very rough and boisterous weather, and having been in serious danger. When she reached Halifax her supply of coal was exhausted. She carried 73 passengers to that place, 38 of whom she brought to Boston, with 7 additional from Halifax.

The news she brings is not of much importance. The aspect of affairs is rather pacific. The war blast which the British Queen brought seems to have subsided into quite a gentle breeze. Of course the Tory papers magnify the danger, while the Administration papers rely upon the change in our government for a speedy settlement of the difficulties between the two governments. Owing to the nature of the intelligence from this country, the money market was in a very confused and unsettled condition. The Liverpool Cotton market remained the same. Cotton had advanced at Havre. The markets were very much inflated by the war news from this country.

Our private correspondent from Liverpool, March 19th, says: "You will perceive, from the annexed Circular, that our funds are advancing and our Cotton Market declining. All this looks like peace: but until the arrival of the President (28th) it will be an anxious time. However, the change of feeling, since the arrival of the Caledonia, is great: and if our Ministers will meet your present rulers with a corresponding feeling, there will be no war. No price for U. S. Bank Shares. It is said that the Britannia, 19th April, will take freight at £7 per ton."

THE COURT—The annals of the Court do not present much variety. The parties at Buckingham Palace have been few. The Queen and Prince Albert have taken exercise daily, walking, or riding in a barouche; except on Thursday, when the Queen held a Chapter of the Order of the Garter at Buckingham Palace.

At the Chapter, the Duke of Sutherland was elected to the vacant stall in the Royal Chapel of St. George, Windsor.

After the Chapter, the Queen gave audience to Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister, who was the bearer of a letter of congratulation, and to Baron Bjornstjerna, the Swedish Minister.

The Duchess of Kent went to Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday; the Duke of Cambridge visited the same theatre on Wednesday, and on Friday the Italian Opera.

The Duke of Cambridge gave a dinner party on Wednesday to the Duke of Wellington and other noblemen and gentlemen.

RUMORED WAR WITH AMERICA.—A letter from Havre, dated the 11th instant, states that when the Calpe steamer, from Southampton, arrived this morning, our quay was thronged with merchants anxious for news. A gentleman, well known here, came to the stern of the vessel as she was rounding into her berth, and said war was declared between the United States and England. This was repeated by another passenger, who is a resident merchant here. Coming from known authority, there was no doubt entertained, and every one took to his heels to make the most of his information. The markets for every kind of produce have mounted rapidly. Cottons are quoted higher than they have been in Havre, and, since 1 o'clock, have risen five centimes. The ferment is extraordinary; those who have always laughed at the idea of a war with America now shake their heads and speak doubtfully.—[Morning Post.

**STANLEY'S REGISTRATION BILL.**—In the House of Commons, on Thursday, Lord Stanley announced that on the faith of the Government measures being proceeded with on the 23d April, he should bring forward his Registration Bill on the 28th of that month.

**FAILURES IN LONDON.**—Within the last three days we have had as many failures, the aggregate amount of whose liabilities is estimated at no less than £200,000. They are all respectable firms, connected with the produce markets, chiefly tea, and one has helped to pull down the other.—The serious depreciation in the value of most descriptions of produce, amounting to 20s. per cwt. on sugar within a few weeks, and to about 30 per cent. on tea, are causes themselves sufficient to account for these unfortunate reverses; but we must at the same time remark, that the tea trade has been affected, in addition, to a very serious extent, by the extensive, and in many cases wild speculations, entered into; for if houses of old standing and acknowledged wealth do not themselves share in it, their connexions often do, and thus involve them in the common loss.—[Shipping Gazette.]

**INDIA.**—The overland mail from India reached London on Tuesday night, and brings intelligence from Bombay up to the 1st of February, Bengal 22d January, and Madras 23d of that month. The steamer "Berenice" reached Suez on the morning of the 18th February, with the mail and passengers.

The mail was immediately forwarded to Alexandria, which place it reached on the afternoon of the 22d February; but the "Great Liverpool" having been detained at Alexandria till the 24th, for the purpose of bringing the despatches of Commodore Napier on the subject of recent important changes in the Egyptian question, two days' delay necessarily occurred in the receipt of the mail in London. The news from India by these despatches savors of general tranquillity. The only event of any importance to disturb this unusual repose, is the dissatisfaction of the Duraness at Shah Soojah, who still continues extremely unpopular, and is said to be suffering from ill health. In the commencement of January, an engagement took place between the 2d Bengal N. L., with a couple of field pieces, and about 1,200 of the rebels against the Shah's kingdom. No official paper on the subject of this engagement has yet appeared, but we hear the enemy were defeated, with a loss of sixty men, and the capture of two guns, whilst the loss on our side amounted to eight sepoy and one native officer killed, and two lieutenants, whose names have not transpired, wounded.

In consequence of certain misunderstandings with the Gykwar, Sir J. R. Carnac had proceeded to Baroda for the purpose of a personal interview with that chieftain. It was pretty generally rumored that his Excellency would return home, for the benefit of his health, after the adjustment of those differences. For a similar purpose, Sir Willoughby Cotton is on the point of returning to England after receiving from the supreme government the most handsome acknowledgements of his arduous services while in command of the Bengal branch of the army of the Indus. Major-General W. K. Elphinstone is to succeed Sir Willoughby.

Among the casualties of the month, we deeply regret to find the sudden death of Sir Samuel Ford Whittingham, the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army, who expired on the evening of the 19th of January, in a fit of apoplexy of very short duration. This lamentable event has occasioned sincere concern to the Madras community, to whom his Excellency was endeared by his kindly feeling and impartiality. In consequence of the absence of Sir Hugh Gough and Major-General Sir R. Dick, it is said that Major-General James Allan, being the senior officer present at the presidency, will temporarily take command of the Madras forces.

**WRECK OF AN INDIAMAN.**—The Gibraltar Chronicle of the 23d ult. says:—"On the night of Sunday, the 14th inst., the British Indiaman Heroise, from China, bound to London, was totally lost near Azila, not far from Cape Spartel. Out of sixty persons on board, about thirty-four are believed to have perished, principally Lascars. The vessel is a complete wreck; and it is feared that no part of her valuable cargo will be saved, though every measure is taking to effect that desirable object, as well as to afford the necessary protection on the coast."

**THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE COURIER DES ETATS.**—Under date of March 7th, holds the following language respecting the War Question:

"The political difficulties existing between England and the United States have attracted great attention in Europe, and especially in France. The rumor is rife, in the best informed circles, that the British Cabinet, with a hope of intimidating these pirates of republicanism, (who, according to John Bull, talk loud only to disguise their fears,) intend to dispatch a squadron to America forthwith and show the minuscules of their guns to the Ministers at Washington, that these functionaries may be more supple and accommodative."

"The hearts of all French patriots thrill at this outpouring of British insolence. We have faith in the patriotism and the bravery of the Americans. We are confident that they will maintain their dignity and honor, and if war should ensue between the American Eagle and the British Serpent, the former may rest assured that she will not long flap her mighty wings over the land and sea before the tri-colored banner of France will float by her side. We are firmly convinced that within one month after war is declared between Great Britain and the United States, our Government will be forced to take part in the contest: for, whatever may be the obstinacy of its predilections for peace, it will be forced into the strife by the power of public opinion."

We are bound, as Americans, to greet most cordially the generous and chivalric spirit that glows in these remarks: at the same time we are well satisfied that no occasion will exist for us to receive the good offices of our trans-Atlantic friends. There will be no War.

**UNITED STATES BANK.**—A further reduction in the number of clerks employed in this institution, took place on Tuesday last. The number discharged was thirteen.

**THE HON. CHAS. F. MITCHELL.**—This individual—who was a Representative in the last Congress, from the District of Niagara—has added his name to the host of forging scoundrels, with which our country is infested. The medium through which he practised his rascality, was sundry checks purporting to have been drawn by the Bank of Orleans, at Albion, on the State Bank at Albany, indorsed by the honorable gentleman, and sold by him to brokers in Wall street.

There is nothing particularly striking in the whole transaction—for such acts are matters of every day occurrence—save that the guilty individual has occupied a position rather above the average of criminals; though, at the same time, Mr. Mitchell is by no means the first or only man who has stepped from a post of honor into the degradation of crime.

What especially stirs our bile in the premises, is the letter which Mr. Mitchell has had the impudence to write, and which the *Courier* had the weakness to publish. It is addressed to Col. Webb personally, and is about the silliest and most disgusting essay that we have ever seen inflicted on the public.

It appears that the gentleman has literally departed for Texas; and he has left this letter behind him as a sort of dying confession at the foot of the social gallows. It is a precious specimen of auto-biography. It has all the requisite clap-traps for a dying speech, and would be a "great card" for the boys to hawk about in a pamphlet, or handbill, if its proportions were a little more ample.

He speaks of his wife and children whom he leaves behind, and of friends and kindred "nearer and dearer than his own heart's blood," &c.; but it may well be doubted whether such recollections really disturb his philosophy now, since they had not force enough to prevent the commission of wanton and unnecessary crime.

**BETTING ON ELECTIONS.**—A bill has been reported to the Senate of Maine on the subject of betting on elections, which has the following provisions:—

1st. That any person who shall bet upon the election of any man to any office, shall forfeit to the use of the town, city, or plantation in which he resides, a sum equal to the wager.

2d. That the person who shall receive money for any bet, shall be liable to have the amount recovered back in an action of debt by the person losing it.

3d. The third section makes it the duty of Mayors of cities, and Treasurers of towns and plantations to sue for the sums forfeited by the first section.

4th. All goods, chattels, or personal estate so bet, are forfeited to the use of the city, town or plantation; and the persons mentioned in the last section are empowered to sue or the same.

5th. All deeds of real estate, or other conveyances to fulfil any bet, are declared void.

**JUDGE GRIDLEY** (from the Western District) has just closed the March term of the Circuit Court in our city, and has won golden opinions by the able and impartial, and, above all, rapid manner, in which he has discharged his arduous duties. He has, in fact, despatched as much business during this one term, as our New York city judges are wont to do in four; a fact which reflects great honor upon himself, and no small discredit upon those of his official brethren whom he so greatly excels.

**BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.**—The National Gazette of the 5th inst. contains a report on this institution made up to the 31st March: the result of which shows that the stock is now worth forty-six and 91-100 dollars per share. The truth of this result depends, of course, on the accuracy of the estimates of assets—and of this we cannot judge. Nothing is more difficult, in the way of valuation, than to decide on the actual value of sixty-nine millions of miscellaneous bank securities. At any rate, we should be glad to see this vexatious question so far settled that the public may know how to regard the stock, and the operators in Wall street be choked off from this one subject of their legalized and respectable gambling.

**KENNEBEC ELECTION.**—In the election for the choice of a member of Congress for the Kennebec District in Maine, in place of Mr. Evans, who is chosen to the Senate, Mr. David Bronson was chosen by 3861 votes. John Hubbard, the Democratic candidate, had 1970; Ebenezer Child, Abolitionist, 310, and there were besides 182 scattering. Whig majority, 1509.

**THE STEAM SHIP CALEDONIA.** Capt. McKellar, sailed from Boston Thursday afternoon, of last week, with 33 passengers for Liverpool, and 13 for Halifax. Among the former was Sir George Arthur, late Lieut. Governor, and deputy Governor of Upper Canada, who arrived here on the preceding day from Montreal. The steamer took out 9800 letters, and 5000 packages of newspapers.

**THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS** has appointed Monday, the 3d day of May, for an election in the 5th Congressional District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. Levi Lincoln.

**THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW, AND OTHER TALES,** by Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer.

This is a most interesting and agreeable little book—the production of a lady, for whom the public already entertain a most favorable regard. We have not yet had time to review it. Published by P. Price, 130 Fulton-st.

**PROCEEDINGS IN THE COMMON COUNCIL.**—The Board of Aldermen met last Tuesday evening. A message was received from the Acting Mayor, announcing the death of the President. Alderman Smith offered certain resolutions expressive of sympathy and condolence. It was resolved that a committee of six be appointed to make arrangements for fitting solemnities on this occasion. It was also directed that the Chambers of both Boards of the Common Council be hung in black.

At the Board of Assistants Mr. President Lee announced the melancholy event which had called them together in a feeling and appropriate manner. The resolutions from the other Board were unanimously adopted.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—To sell the *NEW WORLD* in Syracuse, Catskill, Auburn, Geneva, Palmyra, Canandaigua, Batavia, Lockport, Oswego, Cleveland, O., and Detroit. Terms, \$4 per hundred copies, in advance. Agents also wanted to sell the *NEW WORLD* in all the villages in the United States, where none are already established. Applications, post-paid, must be made to the publisher, 30 Ann street, New York.

Agents or other persons who have copies of No. 23 and 28 of the *Quarto World*, will please return them to the office, for which the regular price will be allowed.

#### PASSENGERS IN THE ACADIA.

For Halifax—Hon Jas Pope, Capt Catesbach, Messrs A Ritchie, J Thornton, J Montgomery, J Fotherly, H Mignowicz, J H Blair, T Tilman, G P O'Leary, T Feeney, J Lishman, T S Hardy, E G W Greenwood, D H Lambert, J Adams, H Parks, J M Hammon, T C Everett, T S Eady, E Kaye, H M Brown, J Ross, A Eaton, J Macfie, D Murray, J R Dodson, G Smithers.

For Boston—Rev H Finley, Don Pedro de Souza Botelho, Messrs J Carrow, J H Smith, H Langevin, C F Langevin, G F Gerdner, J Woodworth, H T Whitehead, T W Ogden, —Tones, A A Jones, J S Worth, J Wallis, G H Evans, R A Crooks, H Ramsey, J Collins, E Stouss, Armstrong Astor, Jr, W Gwynn, F Gillett, H F Fallow, W W Greenough, J S Hastings, —Zimmerman, E Kendall, H Sibley, J Blackwood, J Blain, G Whigham, D M'Fie, D Kirk, Mrs Moffat, Miss E Treweek, Mrs Miller, Mr Miller, Capt Hulse M Fowler, Mr Nourse and Mr Ubbor.

From Halifax to Boston—Messrs Howe, Ross, Thorn, T-bis, Styles, Carney, Jr, and Dr Elliot.

In the steamship British Queen, from London.—W M Henry, Mr Carver, Mr Hurst, R Bell, D Patterson, J Van Hunter, L Bower, N Lehter, N Fay, Master Mangino, F W Schmidt, J B Andrus, Mr Mangino and child, Mr Malina and lady, Mr Arge, Mr Frodoomson G Newman, lady and child, H Gow, Prof Murren, Mr Apier, Mr Ritchie, W Leachhigh, J Morris, R Hutton, Capt Hoagart, A Anderson, J Paine and lady, E Alop and lady, J Blagie, Miss J Hutton, M A Hutton, Mr Bende, Count Orsetti and servant, Rent W Pierce, G Andrus, C Marshall, E J King, C Lane, J Fraser, W H Bartlett, G Virtue, J B D'lang, R H Dalang, A L Johnson, J Holman, W Gold, G Hanley, Mr Eddy, Mr Van Bane, Mr Coeth, Mr Patterson, Mrs Mann, Mrs Bangle and child, Mrs Meyer, Mr M Meyer.

#### Married.

On the 1st instant, by Rev George W. Benedict, Alphonse Rolland and Miss Mary E. Tuley, all of this city.

On Monday evening, April 5, by Rev William K. Stopford, Mr. Bernard H. Roane and Miss Sarah A. Hethington, all of this city.

On the evening of the 5th instant, by Rev Dr. Patton, Mr Thomas Page and Miss Harriet Mikels, both of this city.

April 1, by Rev Dr. Alden, of Williams College, Sidney E. Morse, Esq., editor of the New-York Observer, and Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Gilbert R. Livingston, D. D. of Philadelphia.

At the residence of Washington Irving, Esq., Westchester county, March 31, by Rev. Dr. Wright, Thomas A. Wentworth Starrow, Jr., and Sarah, daughter of Daniel Paris, Esq.

At Brooklyn, April 1, by Rev. M. W. Jacobus, Dr. Stephen Wickes, of Troy, and Lydia Matilda Van Sinderen, daughter of Joseph Howard, Esq., of the former place.

In Brooklyn, on the eve of the 1st instant, by Rev. E. L. Taylor, Frederick Dahies, Esq., merchant, of this city, and Miss Catharine H. Morris, of the former place.

April 1, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Edward Jones and Fanny Duer, daughter of Morris Robinson, Esq.

March 30, by Rev. Mr. Crawford, Samuel Tryon and Rebecca, daughter of the late John Shannon.

March 30, at St. Thomas's Church, by Rev. Mr. Pardon, Mr. James S. Talbot and Miss Catharine Livingston, daughter of the late Henry Livingston, of Liverpool.

April 4, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. John Andrew Van Harnon and Miss Angeline Ann, daughter of Peter Lamberton, Esq.

April 7, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Julius M. Stockton and Miss Maria Helena Brulton.

#### Died.

On Wednesday evening, April 6, suddenly, Mr. Chester A. Powers.

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Elizabeth Caroline, wife of Joachim Heydecker.

In this city, April 5, after a tedious illness, William Clark, Jr., aged 57.

At Rochester, April 1, Mrs. Cunningham, aged 48 years.

April 6, Helen Mar, wife of Henry B. Morgan, and daughter of Peletiah Fordham, of Sag Harbor, aged 26.

On the night of the 5th instant, Mrs. Lydia Voebargh, wife of Abraham Voebargh, aged 70.

On the 6th inst., Sarah Martine, wife of Jas. Martine, and daughter of the late Nicholas Underhill, Esq., aged 49.

On Tuesday morning, 6th instant, Mrs. Eliza M. Hampson, Esq., of New-Orleans.

On Tuesday morning, April 6, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, aged about 45.

On the 6th instant, James Williams, aged 37.

On the 6th instant, Samuel D. Wilson, aged 64.

On Staten Island, April 4, Benjamin Wade.

At Taunton, Mass., April 2, Dan Wilmarth, Esq.

On Seventh day night, 3d instant, after a short illness, Elizabeth W. Buckley, daughter of Thomas and Ann Duckley, aged 35.

On the morning of the 4th instant, of consumption, Sarah M. Neal, daughter of the late Rev. A. A. Neal, aged 23.

On the morning of the 5th instant, Elizabeth T. Leansbury, wife of James H. Leansbury, aged 26.

On the morning of the 5th instant, of consumption, Adaline, wife of Elton Williams, aged 38.

At Leitchfield, on the 4th instant, after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Maria, wife of Mr. John A. Albrow.

At his late residence, New Rochelle, Rev. Isaac Blauvelt, aged 90.

April 1, Mrs. Phoebe Rapelye, only daughter of Mrs. Mary Cor. Ely, and wife of Daniel L. Rapelye, aged 37.

April 2, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Susan G. Boyd, aged 77.

April 2, Daniel Dodge, in the 77th year of his age.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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## Original Funeral Discourses.

## FUNERAL SERMON,

*Delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Washington, on the Sabbath after the decease of the late President of the U. States; in presence of President Tyler and members of the Cabinet.*

BY THE REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER  
Of Burlington, N. J., (temporarily residing in Washington.)

1 Peter i. 24, 25. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

The instructions of Heaven are best realized amidst the solemnities of the grave. The ministrations of sorrow reveal with portentous gleams of eternity, how all below is fleeting—how all above endures.

Jesus, by his Spirit and providence, has often traversed the Judea, Samaria and Galilee of our country. Often has he taught in our sanctuaries, cried aloud in our streets, stood upon our mountains, uttered his voice upon our waters, admonished in our councils, and knocked at the door of our humble dwellings. But, lo! he has now entered the habitation of our power. For the first time, he has commissioned his providence to open the mansion of the nation with the keys of death, and to maintain the rights of God and the grave.

Our President is dead! The hero of battles is at rest; and the ruler of councils is silent. The changes of a single moon have reflected the light of heaven upon the vanity of earthly glory. Had our Capitol disappeared in the visions of the night, it would not have had more the appearance of miraculous interposition. As men struck down in amazement, we know not whither to turn, nor what judgment to dread as the next Omnipotent visitation. There is mourning throughout the land, for the first-born of our honor has fallen! The lamentations of a smitten people cry out to God in a united agony, which breaks the peace of the Sabbath, and yet corresponds with its highest purposes of repentance and faith, and of prostration before "the Lord God omnipotent" that reigneth! Emblems of woe are upon us; and within us is affliction itself. Shrouded in black is the nation, the men in power, the sanctuaries of Zion, and the high places of our glory. Yonder deserted mansion, with its proud pillars and halls of festivity, and silent chambers, is darkened, as with the shadow of death; and out of its walls issues a voice, audible in tones of power and mercy, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Mourning people! let God be magnified! His purposes, though mystery on earth, are wisdom in Heaven! Be it ours to attend to the lessons of his Providence, by pondering upon the vanity of our estate, and obeying the precepts of his enduring Word!

I. "All flesh is grass"—"the grass withereth."—Thus does God describe our earthly condition and doom. Faithful to the race, whom his power brought into being, He admonishes us that we are born to die. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is the sentence of universal condemnation fearfully executed through all generations. The millions who have gone before us—in number unutterable!—is the testimony of death to the sin of Eden, and to our inheritance of woe. The dead of even one generation would encircle the earth with a pathway of coffins! Ye living men, the hollow sound of sepulchres beneath your feet is the assurance of your doom!

We must all depart.—How many die in infancy! Tender blades on creation's soil, they perish in an hour.—How many die in early youth! They have passed the terrific perils of infancy, and hope seems to have bound firmly around their brows the garland of life. But whilst we fondly gaze, they disappear. "They flee as a shadow, and continue not." "They are as the green herb—as the grass on the house-top—as corn blasted before it is grown up."—"In the morning, they flourish; before noon, they are cut down and withered."—In manhood and mature life how many others are brought low! Though strong in human strength, they are but as the grass before the scythe. They abide not when the king of terrors sends forth his mandate. He touches them with the sceptre of the grave, and they fall, submissive subjects at his feet. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death." Strength of constitution, vigor of motion, health of limb, power of effort, energy of endurance, are held in derision, even by the very worms which turn us into corruption.—Comparatively few are the victims, white with age, and bowed down with care. Even the old must die. Age, like infancy, of which it is at last the antitype, sinks, without the power of a hopeful struggle. The marks of three score years and ten, identify it as ready prey; and if labor and sorrow hold it up to the confines of four score, yet at last it meets the general doom.

We need, indeed, no evidences to convince us of our

mortality; but we need continual warnings to keep us mindful of it. Such is our forgetfulness of the lessons of His providence, that God sends death among us in every variety of form, of method, of period, of circumstance. In almost every death, there is something new and peculiar; something to preserve the sense of our insecurity, and to make us realize, with Job, "I know that thou wilt bring me to death."

What an exhibition of our mortality is the dispensation which has filled a nation with dismay! The venerable form, which so recently was the object of our reverence and patriotic affection, has been carried away into sepulchral darkness. But yesterday, he stood among us in the green vigor of years; alas, he is now decaying in the desolate and kindred earth. His eye will no more open upon us with its benignity, singleness of purpose, and intelligence. His lips will never more speak words of affection and patriotism to his endeared people. His face will never again be brightened with a smile; nor will his frail and oppressed hand ever shrink again from the hearty welcome of the old soldier, and the equal enthusiasm of ten thousands of admiring freemen. No! His form, lifeless, motionless, cold, corrupting, we have carried to the place appointed for all living. "Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away."—"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more." The people will soon lie side by side with their President. The whole living nation will, in a few short years, be beneath the clouds of the valley. Mortality is the degradation which sin has marked upon our bodies. All must die. Whatever be our rank, or station, or learning, or endowments, or character, or destiny, we must all lie down as in a sleep, and be gathered, as our fathers were, to the all-devouring grave. The dust of Kings, of Presidents, of rulers, soon mingles with the dust of subjects, citizens, and slaves; yea, with the dust of the withered grass—the emblem of man's condition and decay. "All flesh is grass—the grass withereth."

II. "And all the glory of man is as the flower of the grass"—"the flower thereof falleth away." Not only is the body withering grass, but all the glory of man's earthly existence is as the falling flower. Neither body nor spirit have an abiding honor in this world of vanity and degradation.

1. All the glory of man's intellectual endowments—of what avail are they, when God requirerth the soul? Though "we understood all mystery and all knowledge," yet in these alone we are "nothing." In the hour of death, the mightiest mind parts for ever from all its pride of attainments. Though we may pass, in the visions of intellect and science, from star to star, and glory amidst distant worlds, in the discovery of new laws and facts in the government of infinite creation, our knowledge vanisheth away like the shadowy thoughts of an infant's only dream! Where is the wise man whose wisdom is available against the terrors of the grave? How vain becomes the learning of a race, which "perishes from morning to evening!" The acquisitions of science, the noblest aspirations of jurisprudence, the knowledge of choicest antiquity, the aims and measures of political sagacity—all the profoundest study of life—is to a dying man like the folly of fools. "Deth not the excellency, which is in them, go away! They die, even without wisdom." Though "the well-spring of wisdom be as a flowing brook," it is lost in the waters of the swelling Jordan.

2. The glory of rank and elevation likewise disappears at death. It is as perishing as the power which gave it being, or as the pomp which is the emblem of its duration. "On the eyelids" of kings, there is the "shadow of death;" in the hearts of rulers is "veiation of spirit." The corruption, which belongs to our bodies is transferred to the glory of our best estate. "Man in his best estate is altogether vanity." The possession of rank and station tends indeed to gratify ambition, by securing homage and multiplying the resources of power. But the honors to the brow are without peace to the heart. Their enjoyments are the temptations of worldliness to depravity, and are inferior to the comforts of poverty, integrity, and toil. The royal preacher declares, "I was great and increased more than all they that were before me in Jerusalem," and "I withheld not my heart from any joy." "And behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun." All the glory of Solomon has fallen like the cedars of Lebanon. His palaces and temples, and all the insignia of his reign have no abiding place on the earth; are unknown even in the memory of man. If such glory thus passeth away, like the flower of the field, (which it equalled not,) what glory of man can hope to survive in the visions of most presumptuous ambition! How brief and uncertain, too, is the period of present enjoyment! We have been taught by impressive Providence the end of all human distinction. Our President has been suddenly taken from the honors of a grateful people, to be placed beneath the soil on which they tread. The distant echoes of his inauguration triumphs are reverberated beyond the mountains, to mingle with the mournings of his funeral solemnities. Yonder mansion, which he lately entered in glory,

has seen him carried out of it in dust. Though "the glory of his house be increased" yet "when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him." "All the glory of man is as the flower of the grass, the flower thereof falleth away."

3. The glory of riches is of the same fleeting character. Strange that man should set his heart so firmly upon that which perishes, and then cleave to it as though it were to endure! Yet there is hardly any possession, which more engages the aim and pursuit of our race, than wealth. It is sought for with an avidity that scorns oceans, and mountains, and deserts and climates. Stoop down for the flower which your feet have trodden from its stem of grass, and learn, from its decay, the vanity of your anxious toil. "They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." The wealth of the Esterhazys, treasured up as a glorious inheritance, is of no use to those who assisted in its accumulation, nor will long serve the vanity of its present possessors. "For, we brought nothing into this world; and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." Yet, our race is bent on evil, on the evil of the glory of wealth. If Canova were awaiting directions for a man, who would fitly represent the race, we would say to him (especially for this generation,) "Chisel him in the attitude of grasping!" And when he had completed the statue, we would add, "Make another in the attitude of death!" The two together—the one representing the spirit, and the other the end of riches—would fitly describe the nature of its glory.

4. The glory of arms is similar in its shadowy end. Many mighty warriors have been conspicuous in their generation, receiving, when living, the applause of armies and nations, and when dead, the highest honors. But their glory went not with them beyond the darkness of the grave. Unsatisfied Alexander could weep in want of an unconquered world; and Napoleon, trembling at Moscow amidst the flames, and at St. Helena amidst the waves, was at last insensible to the honors of his faithful France. Our own country, separated from contending nations, has yet had its share in the peril of conflicts, and in the strife of battles. How few survive to enjoy the rewards of our war of Revolution! "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" That generation of heroes has already almost vanished from the scenes of its glory! And of the leaders in our second war, how many are gone! Beyond the promotions of army or navy, they will never more serve that country, whose honor was dearer than life! The last of the dead was the hero of many conflicts. He often heard the war cry of the Indian, and the roar of cannon, and guided to victory the armies of his country. Methinks I see him, near the sources of the Wabash, preparing for the exigencies of an eventful morning. Before the twilight his sleep is broken by sentinel-guns. Battle rages. He is in the midst of the conflict. The voice we lately heard so clear and loud at the Capitol, is sounding above the noise of battle in its tones of high command. Yes, I see him, with his country's sword in his hand, and the fire of battle in his eye, charging upon the savage foe with the enthusiasm of victory. But hark! The din of war is hushed!—And see! The conqueror sleeps in the grave with the prophet!

Such is the glory of man, of whatever kind; fleeting as the shadows of his body, or the dust of his grave. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "All flesh is grass: and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

III. It is profitable to turn from the vanities of earth to the enduring "WORD OF THE LORD;" from vain glory to truth, and heaven, and immortality! Great is the transition! which may the Spirit assist us to understand and to realize!

1. "The word of the Lord endures for ever" in the majesty of Him it represents. God's revelation, the image of his own glory, is unchanging as his own existence. Like Jehovah himself, it is beyond the reach of the vanities and changes of man's estate, the revolutions of empires, and the final convulsions of nature. "The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away." "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven!" The stability of the throne is its truth; the praises of universal dominion are its testimonies; and the holiness, justice and goodness of God, its everlasting and sure foundations. "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

2. This word also endures forever in the principles of salvation, which it establishes. "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." Coming to "seek and to save that which was lost," Jesus lived a life of holiness, benevolence and atonement. He procured salvation for our race, by reconciling Justice and Mercy through the cross. He cried "IT IS FINISHED!" Oh cry, unknown in creation! Rocks quaking, sun darkened, vail rent, dead rising, sinners trembling, witnessed the triumphs of everlasting truth in the sacrifice of eternal love. "The word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you." "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of

sins." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" but "by grace are ye saved through faith." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." These principles of our salvation, which, in a word, embrace the acknowledgment of sin, faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and obedience of life, are everlasting principles. They endure whilst the world endures; yea, beyond all earthly destinies, in results for which eternity has no bounds of degree or measure of duration.

3. This Word of the Lord endures forever in the *rule of life*, which is our glorious guide. Love to God and love to man are the fulfilling of the commandments. They are the sum of our duty, the source of our happiness, the measure of our sanctification, and the abiding standard of our preparation for heaven. The precepts of the Gospel, which are of equally permanent obligation, enjoin self denial, the regulation of the heart, the crucifixion of the lusts of the flesh, victory over the world, and, in short, the exhibition of the graces of the Spirit, and the imitation of the life of Christ. How different a life, regulated by the enduring rule, from one of worldliness, pleasure, and unchastened ambition! It is a life which possesses the spirit and the principles of immortality. Jesus, who was both "life and immortality," overcame the world in every form of temptation; he rejected the kingdoms of the world with all their glory, and lived above its honors to the glory of God the Father. His disciples, regulating their lives by the same precepts and motives, subject themselves to the authority of the same government, which is "from everlasting to everlasting."

4. And this suggests the *eternal sanctions* by which "the Lord's word endureth for ever."

Brethren! does the destiny of man perish, like the withered grass of his body, and the fallen flower of his glory? No! children of immortality! No! Ye are of the life and the resurrection! They that are in the graves shall hear the voice "of the Son of God," "and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Wonders, passing the awe of a single providence, shall fill the firmament with mightiest miracles. The tramp of the archangel, the glorious appearing of Christ, the shining of the angelic host, the resurrection of the dead, the fire-consuming scroll of these heavens and this earth, the solemnities of the general judgment, will reveal in the light of glorious Omnipotence, Justice and Mercy, the eternal destiny of all the race of Adam. Woe will be the doom of those who sought the acquisitions of knowledge, the exaltation of station, the accumulation of wealth, and the honor of arms, to the neglect of the spirit, "created in the image of God," and adorned with his immortality! Yes, the worldliness and vanity of a life spent in despising the cross of Christ, shall suffer all the threatenings of Divine Justice. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." But who can describe the triumphs of those, who, by a life of faith on earth, were preparing for the glory, honor and immortality of the skies! Knowledge indeed will be theirs; the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, the knowledge of perfections, of Redemption, of Providence, of expanding creations, of angels' state, and Heaven's service. Exaltation will be theirs: the exaltation of kings and priests—of diadems and thrones—of glorious society—of the new nature and the new song. Wealth will be theirs; the wealth of spiritual blessedness, of God's love, of unstained righteousness, of promises fulfilled, of realities possessed. Victory will be theirs; the victory over the world, over principalities of the air, over the depravity within—victory, in the possession of Canaan, in the prospects of peace, in the enjoyments of God's abiding glory! Sweet will it be to exchange the cares and sorrows and degradation of this life, for the high praises and possessions of that which is to come! Sweet to lie down in the dust, and "awake in Thy likeness!" Sweet to wash the last pollution of our feet in the Jordan, and to enter with hallelujahs the gate of Heaven!

"All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

Even so, our Father! The grass and its flower are our withered inheritance here, but may the promises of thy Word be our eternal reward!

These meditations afford an appropriate introduction to a brief notice of the life and character of one, who was lately numbered among the great of the earth.

William Henry Harrison, the late President of the United States, was born in Charles City county, Va., in 1773. Having received a liberal education at Hampden Sydney College, he commenced the study of medicine; but his thoughts were soon turned to the preservation of his countrymen, through the profession of arms. With the blood of the Revolution in his veins, he determined to assist in repelling the Indian atrocities on our frontier. In '92, at the age of 19, he received the commission of Ensign from Gen. Washington; and thus he entered the public service by holding in his hands the flag of his country—a banner never tarnished by any act of his long and eventful life. He was soon promoted, and was the aid of General Wayne in the great battle fought in '94, which procured for the West a temporary emancipation from Indian cruelties. At the age of 26, he was chosen delegate in Congress for the Northwestern Territory. The next year he was appointed, by President Adams, Governor of Indiana, which at that time embraced all the West, except Ohio; and a short time afterward a Commissioner to form treaties with the Indians. He continued to act as Governor under Jefferson and Madison for many years, and led our troops to victory at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, and as General in the regular army, at the victory of the Thames in 1813.

The four prominent events, which will ever associate the name of Harrison with the West, are—1st. His fidelity and success in making treaties with the Indian tribes, by which he was the means of causing the title to immense tracts of country to vest in the United States. By one treaty alone he secured to the United States "fifty-one millions of acres of the richest country in the West, and the most valuable mineral region in the Union."

2d. His agency, when Delegate in Congress, and when only twenty-six years old, in laying the foundation of the *pad system*, under which the West has increased until

Ohio outnumbers even Virginia. He was chairman of the Committee which proposed the reform by which the size of Government tracts was reduced from 4000 acres to alternate sections of 640 acres and 320 acres. Thus the public lands were in a measure taken out of the hands of speculators and large purchasers, and brought within the reach of the yeoman of the country.

3d. His military services in defending the West from Indian and British aggression. The country, presenting an immense extent of frontier, was easily accessible to savage foes. From the time of Wayne's victory near the rapids of the Miami in '94, to his own victories at the Wabash and Thames, including many active engagements, William Henry Harrison was a ruling mind in directing the American forces. He was the terror of the Indian foe, who made several attempts to assassinate him, and who regarded him at last as under the especial favor of the Great Spirit.

4th. His services as Governor of the North West Territory from 1800 to 1813. This whole Territory was under his administration. Besides disbursing the public moneys, to him belonged, for some time, the duty of legislating for its prosperity, of appointing its officers, of confirming grants of land, of arranging its counties and townships, of superintending its various interests, in short, of forming and directing its new systems of institutions. His sagacity, his energy, his honesty, were never brought into suspicion; and history, with grateful devotion, will record in the archives of the mighty West, the name of Harrison as its greatest benefactor.

In 1814 he was again appointed Indian Commissioner, in connection with Governor Shelby and Governor Cass. In 1816 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and served three years. He afterward served in the Ohio Senate two years; and in 1824 was chosen to the Senate of the United States. In 1828 he was appointed by John Quincy Adams Minister to Columbia.

These various and numerous public services, in connection with his excellent sense, his inflexible integrity, his republican habits and his well-known political principles, commended him to the people as President of the United States. And the more the people knew him the more they felt the wisdom of their choice. On his way to this city, from the Miami to the Potomac, he was received with the most cordial and enthusiastic congratulations; and he entered upon his Presidential service with the highest hopes and confidence of a rejoicing people. The brief month of his administration pronounces a noble eulogy upon his memory. His inaugural address is justly considered the most republican document that has ever emanated from the source of power; and the circular to public officers instinctively reminds us of the good old days of George Washington. But we cannot tread upon political ground. We retire from it mourning that he, who so well understood the principles of the government, has been prevented by death from carrying them out.

General Harrison's mind was of a good order. He possessed excellent natural powers, and they well disciplined, well furnished, and well directed. Few men had the advantage of a better judgment; few had more sagacity and penetration. He was well versed in general history, and had the most minute knowledge of all the public characters and battles of ancient and modern times. His writings indicate facility of composition, grace of diction and good sound sense, (which the people want more than anything else.) His public and private integrity his friends delight to admire. Though he formed many treaties about the public lands, disbursed three millions of the public money, and possessed immense power, as Governor of Indiana, he left office with a purity of character hardly to be appreciated in these degenerate times. So sensitive were his feelings of honor that, (with the exception of private Secretary,) he never appointed a relative to office, and never intended to do so.

In his private feelings, he was a kind and benevolent man. Tender-hearted, compassionate, and sympathizing, he has relieved the wants of many an old soldier, and shared his frugal means with many a widow and friend. In personal address and manners, he was the very man to be popular in a republican government. He was no aristocrat in democratic disguise; but, a people's man, he went among the people in the people's dress and with the people's manners. Though President of the United States, any one could see him, even from sunrise in the morning. He had a native courteousness and condescension, united with the ease and dignity of a Virginian republican. His countenance was goodness, honesty, frankness and disinterestedness. His eye was emphatically "the light of his body;" a soft, sparkling eye—dark, but gentle; and though gentle, full of fire. Mildness and energy were hardly ever more beautifully blended.

His friends all indulge the belief that he was a man of religious principle. He was "trained up in the way he should go," by the example and instructions of maternal love. His mother (of the Bassett family,) was a woman of piety and prayer. During the General's last visit to Virginia, he occupied his mother's apartment—the one in which he was born—and he took great interest in pointing out the closet to which she retired for private devotion, and the corner of the room where she sat by the table to read her Bible, and where she taught him on his knees to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven!" These habits were continued by the late President, especially in the closing years of his life. His "Manual of Devotion" and his Bible were his morning and evening companions. His regard for the Sabbath was increasing, with his other outward testimonies of the importance of religion. The first Sabbath after his inauguration, he was very much annoyed by some persons, who had been admitted into his house, contrary to his orders; and he remarked to one of the family, "We must break up at once this Sunday visiting."

The next Sabbath some of the Foreign Ambassadors called, and were refused admittance, as being contrary to the President's habits; but in the evening, some gentlemen, under the plea of being particular friends, thoughtlessly intruded upon the quiet of his mansion. He sat with them a few minutes in evident uneasiness; and after rising and walking about the room a little, he turned and said to them with great kindness, "Gentlemen, I shall be happy to see you any evening but Sunday evening;" and he retired to his room, leaving them with some other members of his

family. His general respect for religion was familiar to all, particularly in his attendance on the House of God, both in the morning and afternoon; part of the day in the Episcopal, and the other part in the Presbyterian church. The two last sermons he heard in Presbyterian churches, were from the texts "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The preacher who addresses you, happened to be in the bookstore when he came in to purchase a Bible—"the best in the store;" and the President expressed his great surprise that there was no Bible in the President's mansion. He remarked that "the Bible ought to be a part of the furniture of the house; and," he added, "I intend to buy, out of the Congressional appropriation, the best copy I can find, and to write in it, 'The President of the United States, from the People of the United States.'" On another occasion, he expressed his deep sense of his religious obligation, and his determination to unite with the church; which, he said, he would have done four years ago, if it had not been for the turmoil and suspicions of the political contest. The same thing he repeatedly said to many of his relatives and friends during this long period; and, for the last time, on his death-bed. When we consider that the President had been instructed from his youth in religion, that his constant attendance on public worship, and the reading of his Bible, made him well acquainted with the true terms of communion, and that he was a man of uncommon frankness and honesty of speech, we have a strong assurance that his oft-expressed determination came from the desires of a renewed heart. Especially, when we remember the great purity and integrity of his character, and the even tenor and religious habits of his well-ordered life. He had doubtless his infirmities—for he was a man; but many traits of true Christian discipleship shall be pondered upon in the spirit of charity and in the consolations of hope.

But the time drew near for him to stand in the presence of Him, who "knoweth our frame" and whose "mercy is from everlasting to everlasting."

Having been unremittingly engaged in attention to public business, and in arranging the measures of his new administration, his frame suffered much from his cares and toil. On Thursday, the 25th of March, he caught a slight cold, from having his hair cut, and from undue exposure. On the day following, he was overtaken in a shower, which increased the symptoms. On Saturday, according to custom, he took a walk early in the morning, visited the market, and stopped to converse with a number of friends. On his return, he was unable to eat any breakfast; but still went into the public room, and saw a number of persons on private and public business. Continuing unwell, he was prevailed upon to send for a physician, who prescribed some medicine. On Sunday, his fever increased, accompanied with pain in the breast, and general symptoms of pneumonia. Cupping was resorted to, which, however, had no beneficial effect. The disease was not arrested; and it may be remarked that, during its progress, he suffered, at times, very acute pain, but in patience. It was thought best to keep him so quiet that it was not deemed advisable to admit the ministers of the Gospel; and even his own family had very little intercourse with him, except to attend constantly to his wants. He frequently remarked that he was very sick, "more sick than they think I am." On Tuesday, he reiterated, to the Governor of Iowa, his convictions of the truth of religion, and his purpose to unite with the church of Christ, if he was restored to health. But his restoration was not the will of God. Hopes and fears alternately prevailed, in the midst of general anxiety. On Thursday, he passed a very restless night; and on Friday evening, for the first time, there was great alarm felt throughout the whole city; but on Saturday morning, he revived, and not a little. Some of his physicians thought they discerned favorable symptoms. He himself felt much better. All this time the 103d Psalm was read to him by a faithful female friend.

In the presence of several of his family, he thanked the Lord, with a loud voice, for His goodness, and seemed overpowered with deep emotion. He also expressed satisfaction at the prospect of being raised up, to resume the prosecution of his public measures, which he had much at heart. Great was the joy which now spread throughout the city with the rapidity of self-diffusing sympathy; but, like all earthly joy, a brief hour doomed it to sorrow.

At 3 o'clock, the most dangerous symptoms foretold the speedy termination of the disease; and at 6, his faithful physicians pronounced him beyond their skill. His family, and the members of his cabinet (for the first time admitted,) surrounded his bed-side, without hope. His pastor made a prayer, from his breathing more softly, he seemed to hear. But his eyes were shut, and death was preparing to finish its work. At 9 o'clock, he again revived; and, perhaps knowing that his cabinet were near him, he uttered words for them, for his country, and for his successor: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." The last struggles had already commenced, but they were not violent. Only once after this did he seem to suffer pain; and he attempted, for the last time, to raise his arm. His breathings now became softer and more gentle, until his slumbers, peaceful as those of a little child, were interrupted by the God of the living and of the dead. He expired half an hour after midnight, on Sunday morning, April 4th.

As I stood, on that Sabbath, by the side of his venerable form, dressed for the grave, and with awe-struck sensibility placed my hand on his cold and death-smitten brow, and smoothed his silvery hairs, I understood "The dust shall return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it!"

And has he gone? Is earth so full of wonders! Yes, our President, the good and great, has gone for ever from the theatre of fame—from inauguration triumphs and funeral honors—gone into the land of spirits—to Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe,—to rest till the morning of the resurrection!

Farewell, old soldier; thy warfare is accomplished! Farewell, humble cultivator of our earthly soil; there is a better harvest in a better land!

Farewell, wise, and pure, and upright statesman; thy last words and wishes for the Constitution are welcomed by the people as their legacy, and shall be transmitted to their children to the latest generation!

Farewell, farewell, our President, venerable with the crown



of years and of honor;—in our joy, we almost forgot that thou wert mortal; in our sorrow, we will remember and be glad in thy immortality!

Turning from the dead, (for the last look must be given, though long we linger,) might I, with propriety, address our new President, I would say, in behalf of the church,

SIR—The salutations of a free and Christian people welcome you to your station. Called into authority by Providence, and under the Constitution, may you fulfil the just purposes of both! The end of all greatness is seen in your elevation. The temptations which crowd around power are many; but there is a Bible in the people's mansion, which will afford divine guidance. We will pray that the King of Kings may enable our President to conform to all the outward observances of religion, and to possess in his own soul its sweet and sure rewards. Long and useful may your life be, and peaceful your dying hour!

To the members of the Cabinet, I would say, COUNCILLORS, true and tried!—A heavy affliction has come upon you in the early morning of an auspicious day. Through life remember the life and death of your departed chief. God has warned you with a warning that summons you to the meditations of eternity. No wisdom, nor glory, nor device, will save you from the grave. The terms of the Gospel are rich in mercy and hope. Live lives of usefulness to your country; "quit ye like men," and be prepared for the high service of your God in Heaven!

To the people of the United States, this Providence appeals as with the power of miracles. It says, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," and know that the Lord is God! Of late there has been too great a tendency to man-worship, which is idolatry. Many other crying sins are abroad in the land, which might justly incur the divine displeasure. Though we may not specify the particular sins, which may have caused this great visitation to descend upon us, there is evil enough in the North, and South, and East, and West, to justify any measures of retributive infliction. God has already punished our nation by terrific fires, by awful disasters on our rivers and ocean, by frightful disease, by the almost universal prostration of commerce, and of the various branches of business, by individual losses, and State embarrassments; in short, by private and public judgments of various admonitory kinds. And lo! what manner of punishment hath He meted out to us now! If we repent not, nor humble ourselves before Him, He has other visitations in store for us. Signs of war are already flashing across our horizon; and God has at His command innumerable methods of omnipotent retribution. May we stand in awe and sin not. May we be instructed in the season of His Providential warning; lest, at last, He "rule us with a rod of iron, and dash us in pieces like a potter's vessel!"

But this, our individual and our national calamity, would fail of one of its most direct purposes, did it not solemnize us all into preparations for our own death. Let this dispensation never be forgotten! Let it chasten us in the midst of mirth; haunt away unlawful pleasures; correct the delusions and vain aspirations of this life; remind us of our mortality, and guide us to an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." No more enjoyment of Gospel privileges, of sweet Sabbath light, of pleading conscience, and of the Spirit's call, shall bring back hope from the gloom of the sepulchre! How soon, alas! may the "silver cord be loosed," and the "golden bowl," or "pitcher," or "wheel," be broken into meanness dust! Mortals, attend to the earnest entreaties of Jehovah's power! He, who can do such works as He hath done, can surely deal with you as He will. Soon must you say to corruption, "thou art my father;" to the worm, "thou art my mother and my sister." Oh, before that hour of desolation cometh, learn to say to God, Thou art my portion; and to Christ, Thou art my hope!

Beings, who witness, as we do, so many demonstrations of love, and truth, and goodness, and justice, and might, and mercy—all passing before us with the glory of the Lord—ought to remember that such high privileges involve high responsibilities. "The kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them" shall depart; but your soul—your immortal soul—outliving the vanities of life and the degradation of the grave, shall receive eternal blessedness in Heaven, or eternal misery in Hell. Our days are as grass, and our glory as its flower; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

Our bodies, which are soon to be dust, will, if Christ be in us, arise to the glories of celestial existence. No more shall the yew and cypress be twined for our tomb; but the brow of the Christian shall have a diadem of beauty brighter than the light of the morning, and incorruptible as immortality! In the great day, when nations and rulers shall be summoned by the trump of the archangel, may our President be seen in robes of righteousness, at God's right hand; and may we all be there to swell the praise!

## A SERMON,

Preached on Easter Sunday, in the Unitarian Church, Washington City; the interment of President Harrison having taken place during the preceding week.

BY THE REV. S. G. BULFINCH.

John xi. 25, 26. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

In the discourse of last Sabbath morning, my friends, I noticed briefly the sad event which had just been made known to us. Since then, we have witnessed, and borne our part in, those last honors, which a mourning nation has rendered to the remains of its Chief. We have looked for the last time on the venerable and placid features of the departed; we have seen the ensigns of mourning hung out alike from the halls of state, and the dwellings of the people; we have joined the slow-moving train, which accompanied the corpse to its resting place;—that train so strangely resembling, yet so sadly unlike, the proud array of the preceding month. It passed over the same ground; but where before, shouts of congratulation had welcomed him who was to guide the destinies of his country, now the silence was only broken by the music of the funeral march, the tolling of the funeral bell, or the peal of artillery that told of the nation's loss. We have left the body of our Chief Magistrate in the dark and silent tomb, "alone, with

his glory." Our sympathy has been given to his bereaved family. It remains for us to attend to those lessons which Providence designs to teach us by this solemn event.

The first of these lessons is, of the uncertainty of life—the necessity of continual preparation for that event which must at some time take place, and which, in so many instances, comes unexpectedly. Who thought, when, on the fourth of the last month, the President addressed that immense throng with a voice that was heard to its extremity, and with a manner partaking of the energy of youth—who then thought, that the day of his departure was so nigh? As little, probably, did it enter his own mind. He was stating those principles which were intended to be pursued in an administration of the government for years: but one short month commenced and ended the course to which he could apply them. He is gone. His plans of life, his domestic arrangements, his public measures, all interrupted, ere they had been fully entered upon. He is gone. May we, who are left, receive and heed the lesson of Providence, "Be ye also ready."

Another admonition which we receive from what has recently taken place, is of the supreme control exercised by the Almighty of the destinies of men—alike of individuals and of nations. Often are we reminded by the sudden occurrence of the event of death, that the designs of individuals are liable at any moment to be frustrated by a higher power; but, in the present instance, we perceive that the same uncertainty attends the destiny of nations, where thousands and tens of thousands have united to honor one of their brethren, to sustain his policy, to bear him forward as their chosen leader—where a mighty people, through its constituted organs, has solemnly recognised in him its chief—what is all this—the ardent wishes of strong and numerous partisans—the majestic will of a united people—what is it all before the dispensation of the overruling Providence—before the hand of God? It was said in ancient times, and proved in many an impressive instance, that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will;" nor is it less true with us, wisely as our plan of government has been arranged—guarded as it has been to secure to the people themselves the attainment of their desires. In vain do they deliberate, if Almighty Wisdom determine otherwise. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

This consideration should impress upon us, as a people, a lesson of practical application. It should teach us to look less to individuals and more to the Ruler of all—to check that spirit of personal partisanship, of man-worship, which has been gaining such ascendancy among us of late years. It becomes the minister of the Gospel to be cautious in his allusions to subjects so remote from the scene of his professional employments, and of so exciting a nature, as popular elections. But the wise and good among those who supported the late lamented President when a candidate for the high office he attained, will, I think, generally agree with me, that the enthusiasm which bore him onward in triumph, was, with thousands, more for the man than for his principles—that it was manifested and encouraged in modes scarcely consistent with the dignity of a mighty nation. The evils to which I refer have been seen and felt to be such by many who yet admitted them to be necessary. Such things, it may be, cannot entirely be prevented; and it is better, probably, that a free people should be too excitable in the exercise of the great elective franchise, than too indifferent. Yet it may not be in vain to use the solemn occasion of our recent affliction, in order to call to mind the fact, that the interests of our country are not in theory, and should not be in practice, linked to the triumphal car of an individual ruler. He to whom these honors were offered, was himself distinct in his avowal, that he received them not as due to himself personally; and long may the American people remember the language of that concluding portion of his Inaugural Address, in which he warned his countrymen against the evils of partisanship, when based on nothing better than a preference for individual candidates.

Another solemn lesson which the decease of the President imparts, is of the exclusive reality and importance of religion and virtue. A few months since, and how vehemently was the question discussed, of the candidate's abilities as a statesman and as a soldier;—a few weeks since, and how were the minds of the people dazzled at the thought of the power with which they had invested him, and more than that power, the overwhelming popularity, which brought so many thousands hither to witness and to adorn the spectacle of his induction into office. Now, what remains of these things? On what thoughts do a mourning people love to dwell? On that pageantry, so soon to be succeeded by the more impressive pageantry of his interment! On that power, which so soon yielded to the stern conqueror of all!—On those talents as a commander, which had distinguished his past years, or those abilities as a statesman, from which so much was fondly anticipated? No. It is on the virtues of the deceased that we look with the long, lingering gaze of filial veneration;—it is on his last words, uttered for his country, that the mind loves to dwell;—it is on his distinct declarations of reverence for religion, and the proof given us by those who knew him, that this reverence was not only expressed, but felt. These things remain, when all else has passed away; these are in their nature permanent—all else is fleeting. These enable us, with the glance of faith, to follow the spirit of our country's friend to another world, and to trust that there, not as a leader of warriors—not as the ruler of a nation—but as a good man and a Christian, he has met with acceptance from the Father of us all. And what qualities are those which now engage the feelings of his mourning relatives, and of those who knew him in the retirement of his home? Is he lamented among them as the soldier and the statesman? The honors that he won, the plans of government which he had formed, do these call forth the tears of conjugal and filial affection? No. It is for a husband and a father that they flow. It is for the hospitable neighbor, the courteous companion, the kind friend, the judicious adviser, the honest man. And though it is from his exalted station that we, and thousands of others, have been led to feel an interest in him, it is because that station has placed him within our view, and enabled us to know something which we should not other-

wise have known, of the character of the individual. It is not for the mere occupant of an exalted office that the country laments. It is for the pure patriot, and the good man.

Station, then, my friends, is not that which is most worthy of our aspirations. Be our station high or low, it is by our individual characters that we shall be judged, in the sight of our fellow men, and of our God. Would that this great truth were more generally felt—that men more commonly realized that the degree in which an individual is honored and beloved in society depends far less on what office he fills, than on what he is; and that where real dignity exists, it is given by the man to the office, not by the office to the man. Such is the case everywhere, to a far greater extent than is imagined. Such in our own country, notwithstanding all the distinctions of society that exist, is peculiarly the case. Let those, then, whose imaginations are kindled, and whose ambition excited by the honors which have been rendered, in life and in death, to the illustrious departed, remember that all which is most valuable in those honors is the result, not of exalted station, but of individual worth; and that even that exalted station itself, through which the personal worth of its occupant became more generally known, was but the result of that worth—the gift of a grateful people to one whom they believed honest and faithful, even more than great. And let them remember too, that while all earthly honors fade, and all earthly greatness, even intellectual, seems comparatively worthless, the treasures of virtue and of faith survive the tomb, in the remembrance of tearful friends, and in the judgment of that Being in whose awful sight human distinctions are as nothing.

And thanks be to that blessed Saviour, whose religion enables us to look beyond the tomb. Sad, sad indeed would the dispensations of Providence be, did not light from on high penetrate their darkness. Yes, to that happier world may we look forward, now that Christ has risen, the first-born from the dead. This day, my friends, which circumstances have thus marked out for meditation on the afflictive dispensations of Providence, is distinguished also, by the well-founded custom of the Church from its earliest age, as reminding us in a peculiar manner of the Christian's hope. This is the anniversary of the resurrection of our Lord. And, not like the day which commemorates his birth—a day elected arbitrarily, and sanctioned only by general consent—this season, coinciding with the Jewish festival of the Passover, at which it is known that our Saviour suffered, is thus established as the true period of that great event, and of the resurrection which succeeded it. Yes, Christ is risen. Such, throughout the ancient Greek church, is the salutation of friends to each other on this hallowed morning. Christ is risen. The victory over death has been gained. The grave is no more the last home of man. As He hath risen, even so, those that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him. Our remaining time will be devoted to some of the thoughts thus suggested, in connection with those which have thus far occupied us.

It is, I conceive, difficult for us to realize how much the event of death has been deprived of its terrors, by the assurance which Christianity gives of another life. There is still so much sadness connected with it, so fearfully is it anticipated by those to whom it draws near,—so deeply is it mourned by the survivors, that it seems to us as though the King of Terrors was yet unconquered, and as if even Christians did not realize that there is a home for them and for their departed friends beyond the grave. But when we turn to the records of ancient times, and learn from them to what extremes the customs of mourning were then carried, when we read of the shrieks that rent the air, of the complete prostration, the desolation of spirit that was manifested in every look and every action of the bereaved, we shall realize that the general feeling on the subject of death, sad as it yet is, has been softened by the cheering influences of the religion of Jesus.

And it is that religion alone which could thus soften it, which could give to the bereaved heart any thing properly to be called an assurance of a future existence. Much have the wise and the pious discoursed of the teachings of nature with regard to another life. But their reasonings have only established the fact, that nature, if her teachings are correctly interpreted, does not contradict the doctrine of a resurrection, or, at most, that the balance of argument is in its favor. And yet, when we see the lifeless remains of a friend before us, when we consign those remains to their silent resting place, even these conclusions seem overpowered by the sadly present fact that the vital principle has fled, and that the body is, we know, to be again blended with the elements from which it was formed. We want an assurance stronger than nature gives us,—stronger, and of a different kind. We want not the result of a train of reasoning, which other specious reasoning may overthrow; we want the warrant of authority, the declaration of our God. We want, if it may be so, an instance of a resurrection taking place, to establish our belief in the possibility of a resurrection.

And this assurance, and this instance of a resurrection, has our God bestowed on us in the Gospel and in the person of our Saviour. Jesus spake as having authority,—not as Socrates, who reasoned from the supposed preexistence of man, that he would exist hereafter,—a true conclusion from false premises. Jesus spake, not as his own disciples in later days, from the indistinct teachings of nature, but by the authority of that declaration from above, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." And our Saviour declared the truth, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." And not only did he declare this truth. In his own resurrection he gave the proof of it; and "as by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."

"He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." No: death is not now what it was before that Saviour appeared by whom these words were uttered. Now, it is but the event which connects, rather than separates, the two great periods of the same endless existence. Earthly employments indeed must end—earthly cares no longer oppress—earthly honors fade; but if the will of God hath been done on earth in humility and fervency of spirit, there remains a glorious future to the anticipation of the dying believer. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath

it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

My brethren, let us take heed to the warnings addressed to us by the Providence of God. We have seen how fleeting are the hopes, how fading the honors of this world;—that nought is permanent in its nature, except the sacred treasures of virtue and religion. Let us take hold on these. Let us faithfully discharge every trust which may be committed to us, whether of public or of private life; for thus God requires us to serve him, in usefulness to our fellow men, and the regular performance of the duties of our stations. But in them all, let us feel that all these things are to pass away, and look for our best reward, not in the applause of our fellow-mortals, but in the approbation of our own consciences, and in the favor of God.

And ever let us bless our Heavenly Father for the gift of that religion, which, as we have seen, sheds the only clear light upon the darkness of the grave. An hour will come, when all that is now most eagerly desired, will fail to satisfy, will cease to engage; when, in the immediate approach of death, we shall feel the worthlessness of riches and of earthly honors. Then may the religion of Jesus sustain the parting spirit! "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his!" Would you obtain the fulfilment of this prayer, choose, then, while it is yet time, those treasures which alone possess real and permanent value.

## Moore's New Poems.

### FIFTEEN SONGS,

(HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED IN AMERICA.)

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.,

Author of "Lalla Rookh."

[From the 8th volume of his collected Works, just published in London.]

### NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,  
No, not from thee.  
I care not what or whence my doom,  
So not from thee!  
Cold triumph! first to make  
Thy heart thy own;  
And then the mirror break  
Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.  
Not from thee the wound should come,  
Oh, not from thee.  
I care not what or whence my doom,  
So not from thee.

Yet no—my lips that wish recall;  
From thee, from thee—  
If ruin o'er this head must fall,  
"T will welcome be.  
Here to the blade I bare  
This faithful heart;  
Wound deep—thou 'lt find that there,  
In every pulse thou art.  
Yes, from thee I'll bear it all:  
If ruin be  
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,  
"T were sweet from thee.

### "LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D."

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we  
First met in life's young day;  
And friends long loved by thee and me,  
Since then have dropp'd away;—  
But enough remain to cheer us on,  
And sweeten, when thus we're met,  
The glass we fill to the many gone,  
And the few who're left as yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,  
And some hang white and chill;  
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,  
Retain youth's color still.  
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,  
Youth's sunny hopes have set,  
Thank heaven, not all their light is gone,—  
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long  
May thou and I thus meet,  
To brighten still with wine and song  
This short life, ere it fleet.  
And still, as death comes stealing on,  
Let's never, old friend, forget,  
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,  
How many are left as yet.

### THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

A BUFFO SONG.

There's something strange, I know not what,  
Come o'er me,  
Some phantom I've for ever got  
Before me.  
I look on high, and in the sky  
"T is shining;  
On earth, its light with all things bright  
Seems twining.  
In vain I try this goblin's spells  
To sever;  
Go where I will, it round me dwells  
For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night  
It plays me;  
In every shape the wicked sprite  
Waylays me.  
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue  
"T is glancing;  
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,  
Comes dancing.  
By whispers round of every sort  
I'm taunted.  
Never was mortal man, in short,  
So haunted.

### WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

When Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er  
His rosy mother's isles of light,  
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,  
A sail at sunset hove in sight.  
"A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,  
And, swarming up the mast like bees,  
The snow-white sails expanding flung,  
Like broad magnolias, to the breeze.  
"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught—  
The winged crew her freight explored;  
And found 't was just as Love had thought,  
For all was contraband aboard.  
"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow'd in many a package there,  
And label'd aly o'er as "Glass,"  
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,  
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.  
"O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,  
With rosy blushes, ready made;  
And teeth of ivory, good as new,  
For veterans in the smiling trade.  
"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,  
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—  
Lay ready here to be let loose,  
When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.  
"Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,  
Sham invoices of flames and darts,  
Professedly for Paphos bound,  
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.  
"For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,  
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,  
And hoisted off his flag, to make  
Rich wards and heiresses bring-to.\*  
"A foe, a foe, my Cupid's all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims—  
"In vain I rule the Paphian seas,  
"If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names  
"Are lent to cover frauds like these.  
"Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—  
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,  
And swept the whole unhallowed batch  
Of falsehood to the depths below.  
"Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!"  
Said Love, the little Admiral.

\* "To BRING-TO, to check the course of a ship."—*Falcomer.*

### THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

Fleetly o'er the moonlight snows  
Speed me to my lady's bow'r;  
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,  
Nor shall step till morning's hour.  
Bright, my steed, the northern star  
Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;  
But, to greet us, brighter far,  
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,  
Sleeping out their dream of time,  
Know not half the bliss that's ours,  
In this snowy, icy clime.  
Like yon star that livelier gleams  
From the frosty heavens around,  
Love himself the keener beams  
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,  
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale;—  
What can match a lover's speed?  
See, 't is daylight, breaking pale!  
Brightly hath the northern star  
Lit us from yon radiant skies;  
But, behold, how brighter far  
Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

### GUESS, GUESS.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,  
Whose form no eyes but mine can see;  
She comes in light, she comes in shade,  
And beautiful in both is she.  
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,  
And oft she whispers in my ear  
Such words as when to others told,  
Awake the sigh or wring the tear;—  
Then guess, guess, who she,  
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,  
Come o'er me in my darkest ways;  
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,  
Were echoing far off my lays.  
There is no scene of joy or woe  
But she doth gild with influence bright;  
And shed o'er all so rich a glow  
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light:  
Then guess, guess, who she,  
The lady of my love, may be.

### THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

Though lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,  
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,  
Thou 'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells  
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.  
'T is 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal  
Those saddening thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;  
And music never half so sweet appears,  
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—  
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,  
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath  
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.  
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears  
Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears—  
And passion's power can never lend the glow  
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

### DEAR! YES.

Dear! Yes, though mine no more,  
E'en this but makes thee dearer;  
And love, since hope is o'er,  
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,  
The same thy charm must be;  
New loves may come to weave  
Their witchery o'er thee,  
Yet still, though false, believe  
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.  
Think'st thou that aught but death could end  
A tie not falsehood's self can rend?  
No, when alone, far off I die,  
No more to see, no more careen thee,  
E'en thee, my life's last sigh  
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

### ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,  
Too plain these eyes have told thee;  
Too well their tears must prove  
How near and dear I hold thee.  
If, where the brightest shine,  
I see no form but thine,  
To feel that earth can show  
No bliss above thee,—  
If this be love, then know  
That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour  
That thou canst know affection's power.  
No, try its strength in grief or pain;  
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,  
Thou 'lt find true love's a chain  
That binds for ever!

### THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

Then first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,  
Did Painting learn her fairy flow'rs,  
And call the hues of loveliest flow'rs,  
To picture woman lovelier still.  
For vain was ev'ry radiant hue,  
Till Passion lent a soul to art,  
And taught the painter, ere he drew,  
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,  
Till, lo! one touch his art defies;  
The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,  
But who could dare to paint those eyes?  
'T was all in vain the painter strove;  
So turning to that boy divine,  
"Here, take," he said, "the pencil, Love,  
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

### STILL THOU FLIEST.

Still thou fliest, and still I woo thee,  
Lovely phantom—all in vain;  
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,  
Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.  
Such doom, of old, that youth besided,  
Who wooed, he thought, some angel's charms,  
But found a cloud that from him glided—  
As though dost from these out-stretched arms.

Scarce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"  
Ere thy light hath vanished by;  
And 't is when thou look'st divinest  
Thou art still most sure to fly.  
Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing  
The cloud of night, saith "Look on me,"  
Then flits again, its splendor hiding—  
Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

### DREAMING FOR EVER.

Dreaming for ever, vainly dreaming,  
Life to the last pursues its light;  
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,  
But false as those of night.  
The one illusion, the other real,  
But both the same brief dreams at last;  
And where we grasp the bliss ideal,  
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,  
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom  
Flit o'er its face till night is closing—  
Emblem of life's short doom!  
But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,  
'T is still unlike man's changeful day,  
Whose light returns not, once declining,  
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.



## HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

Hush, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me  
Of past joys, now turned to pain;  
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,  
But whose burning marks remain.  
In each tone, some echo falleth  
On my ears of joy gone by;  
Ev'ry note some dream recallecth  
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yes, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,  
Once more let thy numbers thrill;  
Though death were in the strain they sing me,  
I must woo its anguish still.  
Since no time can e'er recover  
Love's sweet light when once 't is set,—  
Better to weep such pleasures ever,  
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

## UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

Unbind thee, love, unbind thee, love,  
From those dark ties unbind thee;  
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,  
Too long its links have twined thee.  
Away from earth! thy wings were made;  
In yon mid-air to hover,  
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,  
And heav'n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,  
Too long thy soul is sleeping;  
And thou may'st from this minute's joy  
Wake to eternal weeping.  
Oh, think, this world is not for thee;  
Though hard its links to sever;  
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,  
Break, or thou 'rt lost forever.

## BRIGHT MOON.

Bright moon, that high in heav'n art shining,  
All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night  
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,  
And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of light!—  
By all the bliss thy beam discovers,  
By all those visions far too bright for day,  
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers  
Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,  
Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,  
Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given,  
Beneath thy beam, her long-vowed kiss to me.  
Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,  
Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;  
Let Love but in this bower be lighted,  
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

## Carlyle's New Work.

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP, AND THE  
HEROIC IN HISTORY.

## Six Lectures.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

## LECTURE I.—THE HERO AS DIVINITY.

(Continued.)

Nor was it altogether nothing, even that wild sea-roving and battling, through so many generations. It needed to be ascertained which was the strongest kind of men; who were to be ruler over whom. Among the Northland Sovereigns, too, I find some who got the title *Wood-cutter*; Forest-felling Kings. Much lies in that. I suppose at bottom many of them were forest-fellers as well as fighters, though the Skalds talk mainly of the latter,—misleading certain critics not a little; for no nation of men could ever live by fighting alone; there could not produce enough come out of that! I suppose the right good fighter was of course also the right good forest-feller,—the right good improver, discernor, doer, and worker in every kind; for true valor, different enough from ferocity, is the basis of all. A more legitimate kind of valor that; shewing itself against the untamed Forests and dark brute Powers of Nature, to conquer Nature for us. In the same direction have not we, their descendants, since carried it far? May such valor last forever with us!

That the man Odin, speaking with a Hero's voice and heart, as with an impressiveness out of Heaven, told his People the infinite importance of Valor, how man thereby became a god; and that his People, feeling a response to it in their own hearts, believed this message of his, and thought it a message out of Heaven, and him a Divinity for telling it them: this seems to me the primary seed-grain of the Norse Religion, from which all manner of mythologies, symbolic practices, speculations, allegories, songs and sagas would naturally grow. Grow,—how strangely! I called it a small light, shining and shaping in the huge vortex of Norse darkness. Yet the darkness itself was alive; consider that. It was the eager, inarticulate un instructed Mind of the whole Norse People, longing only to become articulate, to go on articulating ever farther! The living doctrine grows, grows,—like a Banyan-tree; the first seed is the essential thing: any branch strikes itself down into the earth, becomes a new root; and so, in endless complexity, we have a whole wood, a whole jungle, one seed the parent of it all. Was not the whole Norse Religion, accordingly, in some sense, what we called "the enormous shadow of this man's likeness?" Critics trace some affinity in some Norse mythoses, of the Creation and such like, with those of the Hindoos. The Cow Adumbla, "licking the rime from the rocks," has a kind of Hindoo look. A Hindoo Cow, transported into frosty countries. Probably enough; indeed we may say undoubtedly, these things will have a kindred with remotest lands, with the earliest times. Thought does

die, but only is changed. The first man that began to think in this Planet of ours, he was the beginner of all. And then the second man, and the third man;—nay every true Thinker to this hour is a kind of Odin, teaches men his way of thought, spreads a shadow of his own likeness over sections of the History of the World.

Of the distinctive poetic character or merit of this Norse Mythology I have not room to speak; nor does it concern us much. Some wild Prophecies we have, as the *Havamal* in the *Elder Edda*; of a rapt, earnest, sibylline sort. But they were comparatively an idle adjunct of the matter, men who as it were but toyed with the matter, these latter Skalds; and it is their songs chiefly that survive. In later centuries, I suppose, they would go on singing, poetically symbolizing, as our modern Painters paint, when it was no longer from the innermost heart, or not from the heart at all. This is everywhere to be well kept in mind.

Gray's fragments of Norse Lore, at any rate, will give one no notion of it;—any more than Pope will of Homer. It is no square-built, gloomy palace of black ashlar marble, shrouded in awe and horror, as Gray gives it us: no; rough as the North rocks, as the Iceland deserts, it is; with a heartiness, homeliness, even a tint of good humor and robust mirth in the middle of these fearful things. The strong, old Norse heart did not go upon theatrical sublimities; they had not time to tremble. I like much their robust simplicity: their veracity, directness of conception. Thor "draws down his brows" in a veritable Norse rage; "grasps his hammer till the knuckles grow white." Beautiful traits of pity too, an honest pity. Balder "the white God" dies; the beautiful, benignant; he is the Sungod. They try all Nature for a remedy; but he is dead. Frigga, his mother, sends Hermode to seek or see him: nine days and nine nights he rides, through gloomy deep valleys, a labyrinth of gloom; arrives at the Bridge with its gold roof: the Keeper says, "Yes, Balder did pass here; but the Kingdom of the Dead is down yonder, far toward the North." Hermode rides on; leaps Hell-gate, Hela's gate; does see Balder, and speak with him: Balder cannot be delivered. Inexorable! Hela will not, for Odin or any God, give him up. The beautiful and gentle has to remain there. His Wife had volunteered to go with him, to die with him. They shall forever remain there. He sends his ring to Odin; Nanna his wife sends her *thimble* to Frigga, as a remembrance.—Ah me!—

For indeed Valor is the fountain of pity too;—of Truth, and all that is great and good in man. The robust, homely vigor of the Norse heart attaches one much, in these delineations. Is it not a trait of right honest strength, says Uhland, who has written a fine *Essay* on Thor, that the old Norse heart finds its friend in the Thunder-god? That it is not frightened away by his thunder; but finds that Summer-heat, the beautiful noble summer, must and will have thunder withal! The Norse heart loves this Thor and his hammer-bolt; sports with him. Thor is Summer-heat; the god of Peaceable Industry as well as Thunder. He is the Peasant's friend; his true henchman and attendant is Thialfi, *Manual Labor*. Thor himself engages in all manner of rough manual work, scorns no business for its plebeianism; is ever and anon travelling to the country of the Jötuns, harrying those chaotic Frost-monster, subduing them, at least straitening and damaging them. There is a great, broad humor in some of these things.

Thor, as we saw above, goes to Jötun-land, to seek Hymir's Cauldron, that the Gods may brew beer. Hymir the huge Giant enters, his grey beard all full of hoar-frost; splits pillars with the very glance of his eye; Thor, after much rough tumult, matches the Pot, claps it on his head; the "handles of it reach down to his heels." The Norse Skald has a kind of loving sport with Thor. This is the Hymir whose cattle, the critics have discovered, are Icebergs. Huge, untutored, Broddignag genius—needing only to be tamed down, into Shakespeares, Dantes, Goethes! It is all gone now, that old Norse work—Thor the Thunder-god changed into Jack the Giant-killer; but the mind that made it is here yet. How strangely things grow, and die, and do not die! There are twigs of that great world-tree of Norse Belief, still curiously traceable. This poor Jack of the Nursery, with his miraculous shoes of swiftness, coat of darkness, sword of sharpness, he is one. *Child Elin* in the Scotch Ballads is a Norse mythus; *Elin* was a *Jötun*. Nay, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is a twig too of this same world-tree; there seems no doubt of that. *Hamlet*, *Amleth*, I find, is really a mythic personage; and his Tragedy, of the poisoned Father, poisoned asleep by drops in his ear, and the rest, is a Norse mythus! Old Saxo, as his wont was, made it a Danish history; Shakespeare, out of Saxo, made it what we see. That is a twig of the world-tree that has grown, I think; by nature or accident that one has grown!

In fact, these old Norse songs have a truth in them, an inward perennial truth and greatness—as, indeed, all must have that can very long preserve itself by tradition alone. It is a greatness not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul. There is a sublime, uncomplaining melancholy traceable in these old hearts. A great, free glance into the very depths of thought. They seem to have seen, these brave old Northmen, what Meditation has taught all men in all ages, That this world is after all but a show—a phenomenon or appearance, no real thing. All deep souls see into that—the Hindoo Mythologist, the German Philosopher—the Shakespeare, the earnest Thinker wherever he may be:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

One of Thor's expeditions to Utgard (the *Outer Garden*, central seat of Jötun-land,) is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation; one large hall, altogether empty. They staid there. Suddenly, in the dead of the night, loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle: for, lo, in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the snoring of a certain enormous but peaceable Giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and this

that they took for a house was merely his glove, thrown aside there; the door was the glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the thumb! Such a glove!—I remark, too, that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided: a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the Giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The Giant merely awoke, rubbed his cheek, and said, Did a leaf fall? Again Thor struck, as soon as Skrymir again slept, a better blow than before; but the Giant merely murmured, Was that a grain of sand? Thor's third stroke was with both his hands, (the "knuckles white," I suppose,) and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked, There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropt?—At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to "strain your neck bending back to see the top of it," Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him: could he lift that cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. Why, you are no man, said the Utgard people: there is an Old Woman that will wrestle you! Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard Old Woman, but could not throw her.

And now on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then:—yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That Horn you tried to drink was the *Sea*; you did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The Cat you would have lifted—why, that is the *Midgard-snake*, the Great World-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin. As for the Old Woman, she was Time, Old Age, Duration: with her what can you wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck,—look at these *three valleys*; your three strokes made these!" Thor looked at his attendant Jötun: it was, say Norse critics, the old, chaotic, rocky *Earth* in person, and that glove-house was some Earth-cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its skyhigh gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the Giant's voice was heard mocking: "Better come no more to Jötunheim!"

This is of the allegoric period, as we see, and half play, not of the prophetic and entirely devout: but as a mythus, is there not real, antique, Norse gold in it? More true metal, rough from the Mimer-stitch, than in many a famed Greek mythus shaped far better! A great, broad, Broddignag grin of true humor is in this Skrymir; mirth resting on earnestness and sadness, as the rainbow on black tempest: only a right valiant heart is capable of that. It is the grim humor of our own Ben Jonson, rare old Ben; runs in the blood of us, I fancy; for one catches tones of it, under a still other shape, out of the American backwoods.

That is also a very striking conception that of the *Ragnarok*, Consummation, or *Twilight of the Gods*. It is in the *Havamal* song; seemingly a very old, prophetic idea. The Gods and Jötuns, the divine Powers and the chaotic brute ones, after long contest and partial victory by the former, meet at last in universal, world-embracing wrestle and duel; World-serpent against Thor, strength against strength; mutually extinctive; and ruin, "twilight" sinking into darkness, swallows the created Universe. The old Universe with its Gods is sunk; but it is not final death: there is to be a new Heaven and a new Earth; a higher supreme God, and Justice to reign among men. Curious: this law of mutation, which also is a law written in man's inmost thought, had been deciphered by these old, earnest Thinkers in their rude style; and how, though all dies, and even gods die, yet all death is but a Phoenix fire-death, and new-birth into the Greater and the Better! It is the fundamental Law of Being for a creature made of Time, living in this Place of Hope. All earnest men have seen into it; may still see into it.

And now, connected with this, let us glance at the *last* mythus of the appearance of Thor; and end there. I fancy it to be the latest in date of all these fables; a sorrowing protest against the advance of Christianity,—set forth reproachfully by some Conservative Pagan. King Olaf has been harshly blamed for his over-zeal in introducing Christianity; surely I should have blamed him far more for an under-zeal in that! He paid dear enough for it; he died by the revolt of his Pagan people, in battle, in the year 1033, at Sticklestad, near that Drontheim, where the chief Cathedral of the North has now stood for many centuries, dedicated gratefully to his memory as *Saint Olaf*. The mythus about Thor is to this effect. King Olaf, the Christian Reform King, is sailing with fit escort along the shore of Norway, from haven to haven; dispensing justice, or doing other royal work: on leaving a certain haven, it is found that a stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately, robust figure, has stepped in. The courtiers address him; his answers surprise by their pertinence and depth: at length he is brought to the King. The stranger's conversation here is not less remarkable, as they sail along the beautiful shore; but after some time, he addresses King Olaf thus: "Yes, King Olaf, it is all beautiful, with the sun shining on it there; green, fruitful, a right fair home for you; and many a sore day had Thor, many a wild fight with the rock Jötuns, before he could make it so. And now you seem minded to put away Thor. King Olaf, have a care!" said the stranger, drawing down his brows; and when they looked again, he was nowhere to be found. This is the last appearance of Thor on the stage of this world!

Do we not see well enough how the Fable might arise, without unvaracity on the part of any one: it is the way most Gods have come to appear among men: thus if in Pindar's time "Neptune was seen once at the Nemean Games," what was this Neptune too but a "stranger of

noble, ~~the~~ aspect"—fit to be "seen!" There is something pathetic, tragic for me, in this last voice of Paganism. Thor is vanished, the whole Norse world has vanished; and will not return ever again. In like fashion to that, pass away the highest things. All things that have been in this world, all things that are or will be in it, have to vanish: we have our sad farewell to give them.

That Norse Religion, a rude but earnest, sternly impressive *Consecration of Valor* (so we may define it,) sufficed for these old valiant Northmen. Consecration of Valor is not a bad thing! We will take it for good, so far as it goes. Neither is there no use in *knowing* something about this old Paganism of our Fathers. Unconsciously, and combines with higher things, it is in us yet, that old Faith withal! To know it consciously, brings us into closer and clearer relation with the Past—with our own possessions in the Past. For the whole Past, as I keep repeating, is the possession of the Present; the Past had always something *true*, and is a precious possession. In a different time, in a different place, it is always some other side of our common Human Nature that has been developing itself. The actual True is the sum of all these; not any one of them by itself constitutes what of Human Nature is hitherto developed. Better to know them all than mislead them. "To which of these Three Religions do you specially adhere?" inquires Meister of his Teacher. "To all the Three!" answers the other: "To all the three; for they by their union first constitute the True Religion."

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

Behold now, patient and reflecting reader—for in your eyes it is anxiously desired that this history (however imperfectly given,) may find favor—the dreadful—the desperate reverse in Mr. Aubrey's circumstances. He has suddenly fallen from a commanding position in society; from that of a high-born English gentleman, possessed of a fine unencumbered income, and all of luxury and splendor, and of opportunity for gratifying a disposition of noble munificence, that it can secure—and whose qualifications and prospects qualified him in aspiring to the highest senatorial distinction: behold him, I say, with his beloved and helpless family, sunk—lower than into straitened circumstances—beneath even poverty—into *debt*—and that of a hopeless description!—seeing that no one can be so secure, but that all this, or something of the like kind, may one day or other happen to him, 'tis hoped that it will be found neither uninteresting nor unimportant to watch carefully and closely the present condition and conduct of the Aubreys.

Bound hand and foot—so to speak—as Mr. Aubrey felt himself, and entirely at the mercy of Mr. Titmouse and his solicitors, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, what could he but submit to almost any terms on which they chose to insist? It will be recollected that Mr. Gammon's proposal was, that Mr. Aubrey should forthwith discharge, without scrutiny, their bill of £3948, 14s. 6d.; give sufficient security for the payment of the sum of £10,000 to Mr. Titmouse, within twelve or eighteen months' time, and two promissory notes for the sum of £5,000 each, payable at some future period, as to which he had to rely solely on the sincerity and forbearance of Mr. Gammon, and the ratification of his acts by Mr. Titmouse. This proposal was duly communicated by the unfortunate Aubrey to Messrs. Runnington, who obtained a fortnight's time in which to deliberate upon it; at the end of which period, he was advised by them to accept the proposed terms as unquestionably fair, and, under circumstances, much more lenient than could have been expected. This might be so; but yet how dismaying and hopeless to him the idea of carrying it into effect! *How, indeed, was it to be done?* First of all, how were Messrs. Runnington's and Mr. Parkinson's bills to be got rid of—the former amounting to £1670, 12s., the latter to £756 1 And how were Mr. Aubrey and his family to live in the meanwhile, and how, moreover, were to be met the expenses of his legal education? As was intimated in a former part of this history, all that Mr. Aubrey had, on settling in London, was £3000 stock (equal to £2640 of money) and £423 in his banker's hands;—so that all his cash in hand was £3063; and if he were to devote the whole of it to the discharge of the three attorneys' bills which he owed, he would still leave a gross balance unpaid of £3310, 6s. 6d. And yet for him to talk of giving security for the payment of £10,000 within eighteen months, and his own notes of hand for £10,000 more! It was really almost maddening to sit down and contemplate all this. But he could not fold his arms in impotence and despair—he must look his difficulties straight in the face, and do the best that was in his power. He resolved to devote every farthing he had, except £200, to the liquidation of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's account, and (in smaller proportion) of those also of Messrs. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson; if necessary he resolved, though his heart thrilled with anguish at the thought, to sell his books, and the remnant of old family plate that he had preserved. Then he would strain every nerve to contribute toward the support of himself and of his family—poor oppressed soul!—by his literary exertions, in every moment that he could spare from his legal studies; and practise the severest economy that was consistent with health and the preservation of a respectable exterior. He resolved also, though with a shudder, to commit himself to Gammon and Titmouse's mercy, by handing to them (though a fearful farce it seemed) his two notes of hand for £10,000—payable on demand—for such Gammon intimated was usual in such a case, and would be required in the present one. But whether was he to look for security for payment of £10,000 within eighteen months' time? This was a matter that indeed staggered him, and almost prostrated his energies whenever he directed them to the subject; it occasioned him inexpressible agitation and anguish. Individuals there were, he believed—he knew—who would cheerfully enter into the desired security on his behalf; but what a mockery—cruel and insulting! For them to be asked to "secure his payment of the sum at the time mentioned, was, in effect, pal-

pably asking them to pay the money for him, and in that light they could not but view such an application.

The reader will easily understand the potency of such considerations upon so sensitive and high-minded a person as Aubrey. While revolving these distracting and harassing topics in his mind, the name of Lord de la Zouch always presented itself to him. Had he not solemnly—repeatedly—pledged himself to communicate with that kind and wealthy and generous nobleman, in such an emergency as the present? His lordship's income was at least eighty or a hundred thousand pounds a year; his habits were simple and unostentatious, though he was of a truly munificent disposition; and he had not a large and expensive family—his only child being Mr. Delamere. He had ever professed, and, as far as he had hitherto had an opportunity, proved himself to be a devoted, a most affectionate friend to Mr. Aubrey—did not Providence, then, seem to point him out distinctly as one who should be applied to, to rescue from destruction a fallen friend? And why should Aubrey conjure up an array of imaginary obstacles, arising out of excessive and morbid fastidiousness? And whom were such scruples reducing to destitution along with him?—his wife, his children, his devoted and noble-minded sister! But, alas! the thought of sweet Kate suggested another source of exquisite pain and embarrassment to Aubrey, who well knew the ardent and inextinguishable passion for her entertained by young Delamere. 'Twas true that to pacify his father, and also not to grieve or harass Miss Aubrey by the constant attentions with which he would have otherwise followed her, he had consented to devote himself with great assiduity and ardor to his last year's studies at Oxford; yet was he by no means an infrequent visitor at Vivian Street, resolutely regardless of the earnest entreaties of Miss Aubrey, and even of her brother. Not that there was ever any thing indelicate or obtrusive in his attentions;—how could it be? Alas! Kate really loved him, and it required no very great acuteness in Delamere to discover it.

He was as fine, handsome a young fellow as you could see any where; frank, high-spirited, accomplished, with an exceedingly elegant deportment, and simple, winning manners—and could she but be touched with a lively sense of the noble disinterestedness of his attachment to her! I declare that Kate wrote him several letters in disavowal of his addresses, that wore such a genuine and determined air of repulsion as would have staggered most men; but young Delamere cared not one straw for any of them: let Kate vary her tone as she pleased, he simply told her that he had sent them to his mother, who said they were very good letters indeed; so he would make a point of reading all she would send him, and so forth. When Kate, with too solemn an emphasis to be mistaken or encountered with railery, assured him that nothing upon earth should prevail upon her to quit her present station in her brother's family, at all events until he had completely surmounted all his troubles, Delamere, with looks of fond admiration, would reply that it signified nothing, as he was prepared to wait her pleasure, and submit to any caprice or unkindness which her heart would let her exhibit. I must own that poor Kate was, on more than one occasion of his exhibiting traits of delicate generosity toward her brother, so moved and melted toward her lover, that she could—ah! I say it?—have sunk into his arms in silent and passionate acquiescence; for her heart had, indeed, long been really his. Now, I say, when Mr. Aubrey adverted for a moment to this state of things, was it not calculated a thousand-fold to enhance the difficulty of his applying to the father of Delamere? So indeed it was; and, torn with conflicting emotions and considerations of this kind, nearly the whole of the fortnight granted to him for deliberation had elapsed, before he could make up his mind to apply to Lord de la Zouch. At length, however, he determined to do so; and when he had dropped into the post-office his letter—one in every line of which the noble and generous person to whom it was addressed might easily detect the writhings of its writer's wounded spirit and broken heart—he looked indeed a melancholy object. The instant that, by dropping his letter into the box, he had irretrievably parted with all control over it, and to Lord de la Zouch it must go, Aubrey felt as if he would have given the world to recall it. Never had he heaved so many profound sighs, and felt so utterly miserable and destitute as during his walk homeward that afternoon. There they did not know the step he had intended to take, nor did he tell them that he had taken it. When he saw his sister he felt sick at heart; and during the whole of the evening was so oppressed and subdued, that the faint, anxious railery of Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, and the unconscious sportiveness of his children, served only to deepen the gloom that was around his spirit. He had requested Lord de la Zouch to address his answer to him at the Temple; and sure enough, by return of post, Mr. Aubrey found lying on his desk, on reaching the Temple in the morning, a letter addressed, "Charles Aubrey, Esq., at — Weasel's, Esq., No. 3, Pomegranate Court, Temple, London;" and franked, "DE LA ZOUCH."

"I shall return presently," said Mr. Aubrey to the clerk, with as much calmness as he could assume, having put the letter into his pocket, resolving to go into the Temple gardens and there read it, where any emotion which it might excite would be unobserved. Having at length seated himself on a bench, under one of the old trees near the river, with a somewhat tremulous hand he took out and opened the letter, and read as follows:

"FOTHERINGHAM CASTLE, July 18, 18—.

"MY VERY DEAR AUBREY: If you really value my friendship, never pain my feelings again by expressions of distrust as to the issue of any application of yours to me, such as are contained in your letter now lying before me. Has any thing that has ever hitherto passed between us justified them? For Heaven's sake tell your attorneys not to lose a moment in procuring the necessary instruments, and forwarding them to me through Messrs. Framlingham, my lawyers; I will then execute them immediately, and return them to you by the next post or mail. If you will but at once set about this in a business-like way, I will forgive and forget all the absurd and unkind scruples with which your letter abounds. Since you would probably make a mighty stir about it, I shall not at present dwell upon the *inexpressible pleasure* it would give me to be allowed to exonerate you at once from the vulgar and grasping wretches who are now harassing you, my very dear Aubrey, and to constitute myself your creditor instead of

them. But, on further consideration, I suppose you would distress yourself on the ground of my *restricted means* rendering it so much more difficult for me than for them to give you time for the payment of your debt!! Or will you play the man, and act at once in the way in which, I assure you, upon my honor, I would act by you, on a similar solicitation, were our situations reversed? By the way, I intend to insist on being your *sole surety*; unless, indeed, your creditors doubt my solvency, in which case I hope we shall be able, amongst our common friends, to find a sufficient co surety.

"And now, dear Aubrey, how get you on with law? Does she smile or scowl upon you? I wonder why you did not go to the fountain-head, and become at once a pupil to your friend, the Attorney-General. Who is the gentleman whom you are reading with? He certainly has rather a curious name! Well, my dear Aubrey, Heaven in its own good time crown your virtuous efforts—your unconquerable resolution—with success! Won't it be odd if, when I am dead and gone, and my son is occupying my present place on the benches, you should be sitting on the wool-sack? More unlikely things than this have come to pass: look at —! How are dear Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, and your little ones? Though we are going in a fortnight's time to fill this old place, (the —s, the —s, and the —s, and others, are coming,) we shall be till then quite deserted, and so after they are gone. Would that we could insist on all of you taking up your abode with us! Have you seen Geoffrey lately? He tells me that he is working very hard indeed at Oxford; and so says his tutor. It is more than ever I did. Pray write by return. I am ever, my dear Aubrey, yours, faithfully and affectionately,

DE LA ZOUCH.

"CHARLES AUBREY, Esq.

"P. S. On further consideration, let your people send the deeds, &c., at once on to me, direct from themselves; 'tis a private matter, which is of no consequence to any one but ourselves. No one, indeed, except ourselves, your own solicitors, and your opponents, need know any thing about it. Neither Lady de la Zouch nor my son will have the least inkling of the matter."

No language of mine can do justice to the feelings with which Mr. Aubrey, after many pauses, occasioned by irrepressible emotion, perused the foregoing letter. Its generosity was infinitely enhanced by its delicacy; and both were most exquisitely appreciated by a man of his susceptibility, and in his circumstances. His eyes—his heart overflowed with unutterable gratitude to the Almighty, and the noble instrument of his mercy. He would have flown on the wings of the wind to the dear beings in Vivian Street, with joyous face and light, elastic step to make them participators in his joy. He rose and walked to and fro by the river side with most exhilarated spirits. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone brilliantly; and innumerable briar and busy craft were moving to and fro upon the swelling bosom of the magnificent Thames. Gladness was in his soul. The light without was typical of that within. Several times he was on the point of starting off to Vivian street; but, on consideration, he resolved to go to Messrs. Runnington, and set them into instant communication with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap; and matters having been set in train for the speediest possible settlement, Mr. Aubrey returned to chambers, but quitted them an hour earlier than usual, to brighten the countenances of those he loved by the joyous intelligence he bore. But he found that they also had cheering news to communicate; so that this was indeed a memorable day to them.

Lady Stratton, an early and bosom friend of the late Mrs. Aubrey, had, it may easily be believed, never ceased to take a lively interest in the fortunes of the unhappy Aubreys. She was now far advanced in years; and though she enjoyed an ample income, derived from the liberality of her husband, Sir Beryl Stratton, Baronet, who had died some twenty or thirty years before; yet, having no children, and seeing no necessity for saving money, she had followed the noble example of her deceased friend Mrs. Aubrey, and bestowed annually all her surplus income in the most liberal and systematic charity. Many years before, however, she had resolved upon making a provision for Miss Aubrey, whom she loved as if she had been her mother; and the expedient she had resorted to (quite unknown to the Aubreys,) was to insure her life for the sum of £15,000, the whole of which sum she had intended to bequeath to Miss Aubrey. The premiums on so large an insurance at this were heavy annual drains upon her purse; and, together with her long-continued charities, and the expenditure necessary to support her station, left her but stunted means for contributing to the relief of the ruined Aubreys. With some difficulty, however, the old lady, in one way or another, principally by effecting a loan from the insurance company upon her policy, had contrived to raise a sum of £2000; and Miss Aubrey had that morning received a letter from her, full of tenderness, begging her to present the sum in question (for which Lady Stratton had lodged a credit with her bankers in London,) to her brother, Mr. Aubrey, to dispose of as he pleased—trusting that it might be effectual in relieving him from the difficulties which were more immediately pressing upon him. Never had they spent so happy an evening together since they had quitted Yatton. In the excitement of the hour, even Aubrey felt for a while as if they now saw their way through all their embarrassments and dangers. Can the reader imagine what must have been the feelings of Miss Aubrey when she first heard of, and afterward reflected upon, the princely munificence of Lord de la Zouch? If he can, it is well—it is more than I am equal to describing. They kept her awake more than half the night; and when she appeared at breakfast, her brother's quick eye detected in her countenance the traces of a severe conflict of feelings. With him also much of the excitement occasioned by the two occurrences above mentioned, had disappeared by the time that he took his seat in his little study at his usual early hour. First of all, he felt very uneasy in receiving so large a sum from Lady Stratton, whom he knew not to be rich—at all events, not rich enough to part with so considerable a sum without inconvenience; and he resolved not to accept of her proffered kindness, unless she would allow him to transmit to her his bond for the amount, together with interest. Surely this was an unnecessary step; yet where is the man who, on all occasions, acts



precisely as a calm and reflecting observer of his conduct, long afterward, could have wished him to act? One must make allowance for the feelings which prompted him—those of a highly honorable and independent and over-sensitive man, who felt himself oppressed already by the weight of pecuniary obligation which he had incurred, and sought for the semblance of relief to his feelings by receiving that as a loan only which had been nobly proffered as a gift; and thus, as it were, in point of fact destroying all the grace and courtesy of the benefaction; but it is useless discussing the matter. I regret that Mr. Aubrey should have allowed himself to be influenced by such considerations: but so it was—and poor old Lady Stratton was informed by him in a letter certainly abounding in expressions of heartfelt gratitude and affection, that he had availed himself of her generous assistance, but only on the terms of his being allowed to deposit his bond for the repayment of it, with interest, with her solicitors; earnestly trusting that, ere long, he should be enabled to fulfil his engagements to all who had assisted him.

This seasonable assistance enabled him to make the following arrangement for liquidating the sums due on account of the tremendous attorneys' bills:

Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill was,	£3946	14	6
Messrs. Runningtons',	1870	12	0
Mr. Parkinson's,	756	0	0
	£6373	6	6

These were his liabilities. Then his assets were:	
Money in the funds,	£2640
Money at his banker's,	423
Advanced by Lady Stratton,	2000
	£5063

As soon as he had made the foregoing statement on a slip of paper early in the morning in his study, he averted his eye from it for a moment with a sort of cold shudder. Were he to devote every farthing of assets that he had, he still could not come within £1310 odd of his mere attorneys' bills. What was he to do? The result of a long and anxious morning's calculation and scheming was to appropriate £4000 of his assets thus—(if he could prevail upon his creditors to be for the present content with it:)

To Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap,	£2500
Messrs. Runningtons,	1000
Mr. Parkinson,	500
	£4000

If this arrangement could be effected, then he would be able to reserve in his own hands £1063, and retain liabilities as under:

Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's (balance,)	£1446	14	6
Messrs. Runningtons' (ditto,)	670	12	0
Mr. Parkinson's (ditto,)	256	0	0
	£2373	6	6

Heavy was his heart at beholding this result of even the most favorable mode of putting his case: but he placed the memoranda in his pocket-book, and repaired to his dressing-room: and having completed his toilet, appeared at breakfast with as cheerful a countenance as he could assume. Each of the three assembled, perceived, however, that the others were striving to appear gay and happy. Suffice it to say, that within a week's time, Messrs. Runningtons received the necessary security from Lord de la Zouch, who had thereby bound himself in the penal sum of £30,000 that Mr. Aubrey should, on or before the 24th day of January 18—, (that is, in eighteen months' time from the date of the bond,) pay the principal sum of £10,000, with interest at 5 per cent; and this instrument, together with Mr. Aubrey's two promissory-notes for £5000 each, and also cash to the amount of £2500 in part payment of their bill, having been delivered to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—who, after a great deal of reluctance on the part of Mr. Quirk, finally consented to allow the balance of £1446, 14s. 6d. to stand over—they delivered to him, first a receipt for so much on account of their own bill; and secondly, an instrument by which Titlebat Titmouse, for the considerations therein expressed, did remise, release, and for ever quit claim, unto Charles Aubrey, his heirs, executors, and administrators, all other demands whatever, [i. e. other than the said sum of £20,000.] By this arrangement, Mr. Aubrey was absolutely exonerated from the sum of £40,000, in which he stood indubitably indebted to Mr. Titmouse, and so far he had just cause for congratulation. But was not his situation still one calculated to depress and alarm him more and more every time that he contemplated it? Where was he to find the sum requisite to release Lord de la Zouch from any part of his dreadful liability? For with such a surety in their power as that great and opulent peer, was it likely that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap would be otherwise than peremptory and inflexible when the day of payment arrived? And if so, with what feelings must Mr. Aubrey see his noble and generous friend called upon to pay down nearly £11,000 for him? And were they not likely to insist speedily on the discharge of their own serious balance of £1446 odds? How likely that persons such as they and their client were represented to be, would, as soon as they decently could, proceed to extremities with him, in the confidence that the sight and the sound of his agonies would call in powerful and affluent friends to his assistance?

Still pressed, as indeed he was, his spirit had by no means lost its elasticity, supported as he was by a powerful, an unconquerable will—and also by a devout reliance upon the protection of Providence. Though law is indeed an exhausting and absorbing study, and it was pursued by Mr. Aubrey with unflagging energy, yet he found time (those who choose may find time enough for every thing,) to contribute sensibly to the support of himself and his family by literary labors, expended principally upon compositions of an historical and political character, and which were forwarded from time to time to the distinguished Review which has been already mentioned.

To produce, as he produced, articles of this description—of considerable length and frequency—requiring ready, extensive, and accurate knowledge, and careful composition; original and vigorous in their conception and their execution, and by their intrinsic merit arresting, immediately on

their appearance, the attention of the public; I say, to do all this, and only in those precious intervals which ought to have been given to the relaxation of his strained faculties and physical powers—and under the pressure too of such overpowering anxieties as were his—argued surely the possession of first-rate energies—of a perfectly indomitable resolution. All this while, moreover, he contrived to preserve an unruffled temper—which, with a man of such sensibilities as his, afforded indeed a signal instance of self-control; and, in short, on all these grounds, Mr. Aubrey appears entitled to the sympathy and respect of all reflecting persons. I spoke of his anxieties. Suppose, thought he, health should fail him, what was to become of him, and of those absolutely dependent upon him? Suppose illness should invade the dear members of his family, what was in prospect but destitution—or surrendering them up—bitter and heart-breaking contingency!—to the precarious charity of others? What would avail all his exhausting labors in the acquisition of professional knowledge, while his liberty was entirely at the command of Mr. Titmouse, and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, who might, at any moment, actuated by mercenary motives or impelled by caprice, blight all his prospects, and incarcerate him in a prison! Yet, under this burden—to adopt the language of Sir Henry Spelman on an analogous occasion, "*non, ingentem solum, sed perpetuis humeris sustinendum*"—Mr. Aubrey stood firmly. He felt that he was called upon to endure it; a blessed spirit ever, as it were, beside him, whispering the consolatory assurance, that all this was ordered and designed by the Supreme Disposer of events, as a trial of constancy and of his faith, and that the issue was with him. It is mercifully ordained, that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and that, too, in every turn and variety of mortal misery. It was so with Aubrey. So long as he felt his health unimpaired, and his mental energies in full vigor, he looked on these blessings as a sort of guarantee from Heaven that he should be able to carry on a successful, though it might be a long and wearisome struggle with adverse circumstances. Still it cost him a very painful effort to assume and preserve that exterior of tranquillity which should calm and assure the beloved beings associated with him in the hour of peril and suffering; and oftener than they chose to let him know of it, did the keen eyes of a wife's and sister's love detect the gloom and oppression which darkened his countenance and saddened his manner. There was, after all, with all that I have said, a happy little home. He was almost always punctual to his dinner-hour, to a minute, knowing how a thousand fears on his account would otherwise assail the fond beings who were counting the minutes till his arrival. When they had once thus met, they never separated till bed-time. Sometimes Miss Aubrey would sit down to her piano, and accompany herself in some song or air, which equally, whether merry or mournful, revived innumerable touching and tender recollections of former days, and often ceased, tremulously and in tears, in which she was not unfrequently joined by both of those who had been listening to her. Then he would betake himself to his labors for the rest of the evening, (not quitting the room,) either assisting him—fair and eager amanuenses! or themselves reading, or engaged at needle-work. Oh! it was ecstasy, too, to that poor oppressed father to enter into the wild sports and gambols of his light-hearted little ones, Charles and Agnes, who always made their appearance for about a couple of hours after dinner, to tell them "stories," to listen to theirs, to show them pictures, to hear Charles read, and to join heartily in their frolics, rolling about even on the floor with them. But when he paused for a moment, and his wife and Kate succeeded him as their playmates, for a short interval, when his eye followed their movements, what sudden and sharp pangs would pass through his heart, as he thought of the future and what was to become of them!—And when their maid arrived at the appointed hour, causing all fun instantly to cease, and longing looks to be directed to papa and mamma, saying as plainly as could be said, "only a few minutes more," how fondly would he fold them in his arms! and when he felt their little arms clasping his neck and caressing him, and their kisses "all over" his face, feelings were excited within him, which were too deep for utterance—which defy description. "Tis said, I believe, of Robespierre, or some other tyrant, as an instance of his fearful refinement in cruelty, that a person of distinction who had become obnoxious to him he formally condemned to death, but allowed to remain in the torturing, the excruciating presence of his lovely family; he and they aware, all the while, that his doom was irrevocable, inevitable; and he momentarily liable to the summons to the guillotine, and which in fact came at length, when they were all seated together one day, at the breakfast table! Oh, the feelings with which that unfortunate person must have daily regarded the countenances of those around him! How applicable to his condition the heart-breaking strains of Medea—

Φῆ, φῆ, τί προσδίδωμι δὲ μοι ἑμᾶσιν, τέκνα;  
Τί προσγὰρ ἐτι νῦν παύσασθαι γέλωιν;  
Αἰ, αἰ, τί ὀρέσσω; Καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,  
Γυνάϊκες, ἔμψα φαιδρὸν ὡς εἶδον τέκνων.\*

The above passage was one that very frequently, on the occasion I have alluded to, occurred to the mind of Mr. Aubrey; for he felt himself indeed every moment at the mercy of those to whom he owed such tremendous sums of money, and for which he was liable to be, at any moment that might be selected by malice or rapacity, plucked from his little home, and cast into prison!

Oh, happy ye, now reading these pages, penned by one who has seen much trouble in his time,—oh, happy ye, "unto whom the lines are fallen in pleasant places, ye, who have a goodly heritage;" who live, as it were, in a "land flowing with milk and honey;" with whom life glides away like a tranquil and pleasant dream; who are not sternly bidden "to eat your bread with quaking, and drink your water with trembling and with carefulness," nor "in vain to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow;" who have, indeed, "no thought for the morrow;"—oh, ye who have leisure and ample means to pursue the objects of an honorable ambition, undisturbed by daily fears for daily bread—by terror, lest implacable creditors should at length frustrate all your efforts, drive you from your position in society, and precipitate you and yours into ruin;—I say, oh

ye! do I appeal to you in vain? Do you turn from this painful portion of my narrative with indifference, or contempt, or wearisomeness? If the mere description, brief though it may be, of the sufferings of the Aubreys be trying and disagreeable to you, what must have been to them the actual endurance? Poor Aubrey! as he walked along the crowded thoroughfares, morning and evening, between the Temple and Vivian Street, what a disheartening consciousness he felt of his personal insignificance! Which of the passengers, patrician or plebeian, that met or passed him, cared one straw for him, or would have cared a straw for him, had they even known the load of misery and misfortune under which he staggered past them. Every time that he thus passed between the scene of his absorbing labors at the Temple, and that green spot—his house in Vivian Street—in the world's wide desert, where only his heart was refreshed by the never-failing spring of domestic love and tenderness, he felt, as it were, but a prisoner out upon parole! It is easy to understand that when a man walks alone the streets of London, depressed in spirit, and alarmed by the consciousness of increasing pecuniary embarrassment, his temper is likely to become irritable, his deportment forbidding, his spirit stern and soured, particularly against those who appeal to his charity, which then, indeed, he feels bitterly—to begin at home. It was not so, however, with Aubrey, whose constant feeling was—*Haud ignarus mali, miseri succurrere disco*; and though it may appear a small thing to mention, I feel gratification in recording of him, that, desperate as were his circumstances, infinitely enhanced to him as was the value of money, he went seldom unprovided with the means of relieving the humble applicants for charity whom he passed in the streets—of dropping some small token of his love and pity into the trembling and feeble hand of *want*—of those whose necessities he felt to be greater even than his own. Never, indeed, did the timid eye of the most tattered, starved, and emaciated object that is suffered to crawl along the streets catch that of Mr. Aubrey, without making his heart acknowledge the secret bond of misery which bound them together—that he beheld a brother in bondage, and on whom he cheerfully bestowed the humble pittance which he believed that Providence had yet left at his disposal. Prosperity and adversity have equally the effect upon an inferior mind and heart, of generating selfishness. The one encourages, the other forces it. Misery is apt to think its own sufferings greater than those of any one else—and naturally. The eye, as it were, is filled with the object; distress and danger—that is nearest—that is in such fearful contiguity, obscuring from view all remoter objects, at once scaring away presence of mind, and centering its hopes and fears upon self. Not so, however, is it when a noble nature is the sufferer—and more especially when that nature is strengthened and brightened by the support and consolation derived from philosophy—and, above all, religion. To many a strong spirit, destitute of such assistance, alas! how often under similar circumstances, have come—ghastly visitants!—*Despair* and *Madness*, with their hideous attendant *Suicide*, to do their bidding! But a Christian will pass through the most fearful storms, with an unexpected calmness and sense of security. What would have become of the three youths cast into the burning fiery furnace, but for the presence of that fourth awful Being, the sight of whom confounded and affrighted Nebuchadnezzar, but, accompanied by whom, his intended victims walked unhurt and undismayed amidst the furnace heated one seven times more than it was wont to be heated? Though a spectacle so terrible and sublime is not now vouchsafed to mankind, the memorial of it is designed to have the like effect. The endearing and inspiring lessons of Christianity may be learned by all who will. One who has this faith, hears, amidst perplexity and danger, a voice before him, bidding him to run with patience the race that is set before him, and he knows that in due time he will reach the goal. Animated by thoughts such as these, he needs not have resort to such secondary sources of consolation, as the comparison of his own with the greater sufferings of others; it is enough for him that his Master wills him to endure—and unto the end—and, while thinking thus, he feels fresh vigor infused into his fainting frame.

To Mr. Aubrey the Sabbath was indeed not only a day for performing the public services of religion, but also a day of real rest from the labors of life. It was not one to him of puritanical gloom or excitement, but of sincere, cheerful, fervent, enlightened devotion. It would have been to the reader, I think, not an uninteresting sight to behold this unfortunate and harassed family at church. They took almost the only pew that was vacant in the gallery—in a church not far distant from Vivian Street—a pew just holding themselves and little Charles, who, since their arrival in town, had begun to accompany them to the morning service. There was something in their appearance—punctual as they were to morning and evening service—that could hardly fail to interest any one who observed them. Two very elegant and lovely women, dressed in simple half-mourning,—he of calm, gentlemanly manners, an intellectual countenance, but overshadowed with deep seriousness, if not melancholy—as, indeed, was the case with the whole of the little group, except the beautiful child, Charles. If their mere appearance was thus calculated to interest those around, who beheld them so punctual in their attendance, how much would that interest have been increased had the beholder possessed an inkling of their singular and melancholy history! Here were individuals, whose condition was testing the reality of the consolations of religion, exhibiting humility, resignation, faith, a deep delight in attending the house of Him who had permitted such dreadful disasters to befall them, and whose will it yet seemed to be that they should pass through deeper sufferings than they had yet experienced. His temple seemed, indeed, to them a refuge and shelter from the storm. To Mr. Aubrey every portion of the church service was precious, for its purity, its simplicity, its solemnity, its fervor, its truly scriptural character, its adoption to every imaginable condition of feeling and of circumstance, indeed "to all sorts and conditions of men." There was a little circumstance, fraught with much interest, which occurred to them shortly after they had commenced their attendance at the church. An occasional sermon was preached one evening by a stranger, from the words, "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,*" on behalf of a neighboring dispensary. Mr. Aubrey was soon struck by the unusual strength and beauty of the ser-

\* *Μηδεία*, 1036-9.

† *Æsch.* *Æt.* 14.

men in point of composition. Its language was at once chaste, pointed, and forcible; its illustration apt and vivid; its pathos genuine. As he went on, Mr. Aubrey became more and more convinced that he had seen or heard the preacher before; and on inquiring afterward his name, his impressions proved to be correct—the preacher had been at Oxford, at the very same college with him, and this was the first time that they had since come within sight of each other. Mr. Aubrey at once introduced himself, and was recognised, and they renewed their early friendship. Mr. Neville, poor soul, had nothing upon earth to support himself with but an afternoon lectureship in one of the city churches, from which he derived about £.75 a-year; and on this sum alone he had contrived, for the last six or eight years, to support both himself and his wife,—a very amiable and fond woman. Fortunately they had no children; but they had seen much affliction, each of them being in but middling health, and a great part of his little income was, consequently, devoted to doctors' bills. He was an admirable scholar; a man of very powerful understanding, and deeply read in metaphysics and divinity. Yet this was all he could procure for his support; and very pinching work for them, poor souls, it was to "make ends meet." They lived in very small but creditable lodgings; and amid all their privations, and with all the gloom of the future before them, they were as cheerful a little couple as the world ever saw. They dearly loved, and would have sacrificed every thing for each other; and so long as they could but keep their chins above water, they cared not for their exclusion from most of the comforts of life. They were, both of them, entirely resigned to the will of Heaven as to their position—nay, in all things. She generally accompanied him whithersoever he went; but on the present occasion the little creature was lying at home in bed, enduring great suffering: and the thought of it made the preacher's heart very heavy, and his voice to falter a little, several times, during his sermon. He was perfectly delighted when Mr. Aubrey introduced himself; and when the latter had heard all his friend's little history—for he had indeed a child-like simplicity and frankness, and told Mr. Aubrey every thing he knew about himself—he wrung his hand with great emotion—almost too great for expression. It seemed that a bishop, before whom poor Neville had accidentally preached seven years before, had sent for him, and expressed such a very high opinion of his sermon, as led him reasonably to look for some little preferment at his lordship's hands, but in vain. Poor Neville had no powerful friends, and the bishop was overwhelmed with applicants for every thing he had to give away; so it is not much to be wondered at that in time he totally lost sight of Mr. Neville, and of the hopes which had blossomed but to be blighted. What touched Mr. Aubrey to the soul, was the unfeigned cheerfulness with which poor Mr. Neville—now in his fortieth year—reconciled himself to his unpromising circumstances, the calmness with which he witnessed the door of preferment evidently shut upon him for ever. Mr. Aubrey obtained from him his address; and resolved that, though for reasons long ago mentioned he had withdrawn from almost every one of his former friends and associates, yet with this poor, this neglected but happy clergyman, he would endeavor to renew and cement firmly their early-formed but long-suspended friendship. And when on his return to Vivian Street, (whither Mrs. and Miss Aubrey had proceeded alone, at his request, while he walked on with Mr. Neville,) he told them the little history which I have above indicated to the reader, how the hearts of all of them went toward one who was in many respects a fellow-sufferer with themselves, and, *practising what he preached*, was really a pattern of resignation to the will of God; of humble but hearty faith in His mercy and loving-kindness!

Mr. Aubrey was not long in paying his promised visit to Mr. Neville, accompanied by Mrs. Aubrey. "T was a long and not very agreeable walk for them, toward St. George's in the East; and on reaching a small row of neat houses, only one story high, and being shown into Mr. Neville's very little sitting-room, they found Mrs. Neville lying on a sofa near the fire, looking very ill, and Mr. Neville sitting before her, with a number of books on the table, and pen, ink, and paper, with which he was occupied preparing his next Sunday's sermon; but there was also a slip of paper on the table of a different description, and which had occasioned both of them great distress; viz. a rather peremptory note from their medical man, touching the payment of his "trifling account" of £14 odds. Where poor Neville was to obtain such a sum, neither he nor his wife knew: they had already deprived themselves of necessary food and clothing, to enable them to discharge another account, and this new demand of an old claim had indeed grievously disquieted them. They said nothing about it to Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, who soon made themselves at home, and by their unaffected simplicity and cordiality of manner, relieved their humble hosts from all anxiety. They partook of tea, in a sufficiently homely and frugal style; and before they rose to go they exacted a promise, that, as soon as Mrs. Neville should have recovered, they would both come and spend a long day in Vivian street. They soon became very intimate; and Mrs. Neville's health at length being such as to preclude her from attending at all to her needle, the reader will probably think none the less of Miss Aubrey and Mrs. Aubrey, when he hears that they insisted on taking that task upon themselves; (a matter in which they were becoming somewhat expert;) and many and many an hour did these two charming women spend, both in Vivian street and at Mrs. Neville's, in relieving her from her labors—particularly in preparing their winter clothing. And now that I am on this point, I may as well mention another not less amiable trait in Kate; that, bearing of a girl's school about to be founded in connexion with the church which they attended, and in support of which several ladies had undertaken to prepare various little matters, such as embroidery, lace, pictures, and articles of fancy and ornament, Kate also set to work with her pencil and brushes. She was a very tasteful draughtswoman, and produced four or five such delicate and beautiful sketches, in water color, of scenes in and about Yatton, as made her a very distinguished contributor to the undertaking; each of her sketches producing upwards of two guineas. She also drew a remarkably spirited crayon sketch of the pretty little head of Charles—who accompanied her to the place where her contributions were deposited, and delivered it in with his own hand. Thus were this sweet and amiable family

rapidly reconciling themselves to their altered circumstances—taking real pleasure in the new scenes which surrounded them, and the novel duties devolving upon them; and as their feelings became calmer, they felt how true it is that happiness in this world depends not upon mere external circumstances, but upon THE MIND—which, contented and well regulated, can turn every thing around it into a source of enjoyment and thankfulness—making indeed the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose.

They kept up—especially Kate—a constant correspondence with good old Doctor Tatham; who, judging from the frequency and the length of his letters, which were written with a truly old-fashioned distinctness and uniformity of character, must have found infinite pleasure in his task. So also was it with Kate, who if she had even been writing to her lover—nay, between ourselves, what would Delamere have given to have had addressed to himself one of the long letters, crossed down to the very postscript, full of sparkling delicacy, good nature, and good sense, which so often found their way to the "Rev. Dr. Tatham, Yatton Vicarage, Yorkshire?" They were thus apprised of every thing of moment that transpired at Yatton, to which their feelings clung with unalienable affection. Dr. Tatham's letters had indeed almost always a painful degree of interest attached to them. From his frequent mention of Mr. Gammon's name—and almost equally favorable as frequent—it appeared that he possessed a vast ascendancy over Mr. Titmouse, and was, whenever he was at Yatton, in a manner its moving spirit. The Doctor represented Titmouse as a truly wretched creature, with no more sense of religion than a monkey; equally silly, selfish, and vulgar—unfeeling and tyrannical wherever he had an opportunity of exhibiting his real character.

It exquisitely pained them, moreover, to find pretty distinct indications of a sterner and stricter rule being apparent at Yatton, than had ever been known there before, so far as the tenants and villagers were concerned. Rents were now required to be paid with the utmost punctuality; many of them were raised, and harsher terms introduced into their leases and agreements. In Mr. Aubrey's time a distress or an action for rent was literally a thing unheard of in any part of the estate; but nearly a dozen had occurred since the accession of Mr. Titmouse. If this was at the instance of the ruling spirit, Mr. Gammon, he certainly got none of the odium of the proceeding, every letter announcing a resort to those extreme proceedings being expressly authorized by Mr. Titmouse personally; Mr. Gammon, on most of such occasions, putting in a faint word or two in favor of the tenant, but ineffectually. The legal proceedings were always conducted in the name of "Blood-suck and Son," whose town agents were, "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap;" but their names never came under the eye of the defendants! No longer could the poor villagers, and poorer tenants, reckon on their former assistance from the hall in the hour of sickness and distress: cowlip wine, currant wine, elderberry wine, if made, were consumed in the hall. In short, there was a discontinuance of all those innumerable little endearing courtesies, and charities, and hospitalities, which render a good old country mansion the very heart of the neighborhood. The doctor, in one of his letters, intimated, with a sort of agony, that he had heard it mentioned by the people at the hall, as probable that Mr. Titmouse—the little Goth—would pull down that noble old relic, the east turreted gateway; but that Mr. Gammon was vehemently opposed to such a measure; and that if it were preserved after all, it would be entirely owing to the taste and the influence of that gentleman. Had Dr. Tatham chosen, he could have added a fact that would indeed have saddened his friends—viz., that the old sycamore, which had been preserved at the fond entreaties of Kate, and which was hallowed by so many sad and tender associations, had been long ago removed as a sort of eyesore; Mr. Gammon had, in fact, directed it to be done; but he repeatedly expressed to Dr. Tatham, confidentially, his regret at such an act on the part of Titmouse. He could also have told them that there had been a dog-fight in the village, at which Mr. Titmouse was present! Persons were beginning to make their appearance in the village, of a very different description from any that had been seen there in the time of the Aubreys—persons, now and then, of loose, and wild, and reckless characters. Mr. Titmouse would often get up a fight in the village, and reward the victor with five or ten shillings! Then the snug and quiet little "Aubrey Arms" was metamorphosed into the "Titmouse Arms;" and another set up in opposition to it, and called "The Toper's Arms;" and it was really painful to see the increasing trade driven by each of them. They were both full every night, and often during the day also; and the vigilant, and affectionate, and grieved eye of the good vicar noticed several seats in the church, which had formerly been occupied every Sunday morning and afternoon, to be empty! In his letters, he considerably sunk the grosser features of Titmouse's conduct, which would have only uselessly grieved and disgusted his beloved correspondents. He informed them, however, from time to time, of the different visitors at the hall, particularly of the arrival and movements of their magnificent kinsfolk, the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, the Marquis Ganta Jaunes de Millefleurs and Mr. Tuft—the novel state and ceremony which had been suddenly introduced there—at which they all ceased reading for a moment, and laughed, well knowing the character of Lord Dreddlington. At length, some considerable time after Mr. Titmouse's grand visitors had been at the hall, there came a letter from Dr. Tatham, sent by a private hand, and not reaching Vivian Street till the evening, when they were sitting together, after dinner, as usual, and which contained intelligence that was received in sudden silence, and with looks of astonishment, viz. that Mr. Titmouse had become the acknowledged suitor of the Lady Cecilia!! Mr. Aubrey, after a moment's pause, laughed more heartily than they had heard him laugh for many months—getting up, at the same time, and walking once or twice across the room—Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey gazed at each other for a few moments, without speaking a word; and you could not have told whether their fair countenances showed more of amusement or of disgust at the intelligence. "Well! it is as I have often told you, Kate," commenced Mr. Aubrey, after a while, resuming his seat, and addressing his sister with an air of good-humored raillery; "You've lost your chance—you've held your

head so high. Ah, 'tis all over now—and our fair cousin is mistress of Yatton!"

"Indeed, Charles," quoth Kate, earnestly, "I do think it's too painful a subject for a joke."

"Why, Kate!—You must bear it as well!"

"Pho, pho—nonsense, Charles! To be serious—did you ever hear anything so shocking as pe?"

"Do you mean to tell me, Kate," commenced her brother, assuming suddenly such a serious air as for a moment imposed on his sister, "that to become mistress of dear old Yatton—which was offered to you, you know—you would not have consented, when it came to the point, to become—Mrs. Titmouse?" For an instant, Kate looked as if she would have made, in the eye of the statuary, an exquisite model of beautiful disdain—provoked by the bare idea, even, and put forward, as she knew, in raillery only. "You know, Charles," said she at length, calmly, her features relaxing into a smile, "that if such a wretch had ten thousand Yattons, I would, rather than marry him—oh!"—she shuddered—"spring from Dover cliff into the sea!"

"Ah, Kate, Kate!" exclaimed her brother, with a look of infinite pride and fondness. "Even supposing for a moment that you had no prev!"

"Come, Charles, no more nonsense," said Kate, patting his cheek, and slightly coloring.

"I say, that even if!"

"Only fancy," interrupted Kate, "*Lady Cecilia—Titmouse!* I see her before me now. Well, I protest it is positively insufferable; I could not have thought that there was a woman in the whole world—why?"—she paused, and added laughingly, "how I should like to see their correspondence!"

"What!" said Mrs. Aubrey, with a sly smile, first at her husband, and then at Kate, "as a model for a certain other correspondence that I can imagine—eh, Kate?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Agnes!"—what a provoking humor you are both in this evening," interrupted Kate, with a slight petteishness; "what we've heard makes me melancholy enough, I assure you!"

"I suppose that about the same time that Lady Cecilia Titmouse goes to court," said her brother, "so will the Honorable Mrs. Dela."

"If you choose to tease me, Charles, of course I cannot help it," quoth Kate, coloring still more; but it required no very great acuteness to detect that the topic was not excessively offensive.

"Mrs. De!"

"Have done, Charles!" said she, rising; and putting her arm round his neck, she pressed her fair hand on his mouth; but he pushed it aside laughingly.

"Mrs. De—Dela—Delamere," he continued.

"I will finish it for you, Charles," said Mrs. Aubrey, "the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Delamere."

"What! do you turn against me too?" inquired Kate, laughing very good-humoredly.

"I wonder what her stately ladyship's feelings were," said Aubrey, after a pause, "the first time that her elegant and accomplished lover saluted her!"

"Eugh!" exclaimed both Kate and Mrs. Aubrey, in a breath, and with a simultaneous shudder of disgust.

"I dare say, poor old Lord Dreddlington's notion is, that this will be a fine opportunity for bringing about his favorite scheme of re-uniting the families—Heaven save the mark!" said Mr. Aubrey, just as the twopenny postman's knock at the door was heard; and within a few moments' time the servant brought up stairs a letter addressed to Mr. Aubrey. The very first glance at its contents expelled the smile from his countenance, and the color from his cheek: he turned, in fact, so pale, that Mrs. Aubrey and Kate also changed color—and came and stood with beating hearts, and suddenly suspended breath, one on each side of him, looking over the letter while he was reading it. As I intend presently to lay a copy of it before the reader, I shall first state a few circumstances, which will make it appear that this letter may be compared to a shell thrown into a peaceful little citadel, by a skillful, though distant and unseen engineer—in short, I mean Mr. Gammon.

This astute and determined person had long been bent upon securing one object—namely, access to Mr. Aubrey's family circle, for reasons which have been already communicated to the reader. That Mr. Aubrey was, at all events, by no means anxious for such a favor, had been long before abundantly manifest to Gammon, and yet not in a way to give him any legitimate or excusable grounds of offence. The Aubreys had, he acknowledged, and especially in their present circumstances, an unquestionable right to receive or reject, as they thought fit, any overtures to acquaintance. Nothing, he felt, could be more unexceptionably courteous than Mr. Aubrey's demeanor; yet had it been such as to satisfy him, that, unless he resorted to some means of unusual efficacy, he never could get upon visiting terms with the Aubreys. The impression which Miss Aubrey had originally produced in his mind, remained as distinct and vivid as ever. Her beauty, her grace, her elevated character, (of which he had heard much on all hands,) her accomplishments, her high birth—all were exquisitely appreciated by him, and conspired to constitute a prize, for the gaining of which he deemed no exertion too great, no enterprise too hazardous. He had, moreover, other most important objects in view, to which a union with Miss Aubrey was in fact essential. She was, again, the only person, the sight of whom had in any measure given vitality to his marble heart, exciting totally new thoughts and desires, such as stimulated him to a fierce and inflexible determination to succeed in his purposes. He was, in short, prepared to make almost any sacrifice, to wait any length of time, to do or suffer any thing that man could do or suffer, whether derogatory to his personal honor or not—in order either to secure the affections of Miss Aubrey, or, at all events, her consent to a union with him. Having early discovered the spot where Mr. Aubrey had fixed his residence, Mr. Gammon had made a point of lying in wait on a Sunday morning, for the purpose of discovering the church to which they went: and having succeeded, he became a constant, an impassioned, though an unseen observer of Miss Aubrey; from whom he seldom removed his eyes during the service. But this was to him a highly unsatisfactory state of things; he seemed, in fact, not to have made, nor to be likely to make, the least progress toward the accomplishment of his wishes, though



much time had already passed away. He was so deeply engrossed with the affairs of Titmouse—which required his presence very frequently at Yatton, and a great deal of his attention in town—as to prevent his taking any decisive steps for some time in the matter nearest his heart. At length, not having seen or heard any thing of Mr. Aubrey for some weeks, during which he—Gammon—had been in town, he resolved on a new stroke of policy.

"Mr. Quirk," said he one day to his excellent senior partner, "I fancy you will say that I am come to flatter you; but, Heaven knows!—if there is a man on the earth with whom I lay aside disguise, that man is my friend Mr. Quirk. Really, it does seem, and mortifying enough it is to own it, as if events invariably showed that you are right—and I wrong"—(Here Mr. Quirk's appearance might have suggested the idea of a great old tom-eat who is rubbed down the right way of the fur, and does everything he can to testify the delight it gives him, by preening against the person who affords him such gratification,)—"especially in financial matters!"

"Ah, Gammon, Gammon! you're really past finding out! Sometimes, now, I declare I fancy you the very keenest dog going in such matters, and at other times, eh?—not particularly brilliant. When you've seen so much of this world's villany, Gammon, as I have, you'll find it as necessary as I have found it, to lay aside one's—one's—I say, to lay aside all scrup—that is—I mean—one's *fine feelings*, and so forth: you understand, Gammon?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Quirk."

"Well; and may I ask, Gammon, what is the particular occasion of that screwed-up forehead of yours? Something in the wind?"

"Only this, Mr. Quirk—I begin to suspect that I did very wrong in recommending you to give an indefinite time to that Mr. Aubrey for payment of the heavy balance he owes us—by Heavens!—see how coolly he treats us!"

"Indeed, Gammon, I think so! Besides; 'tis an uncommon heavy balance to owe so long, eh? Fifteen hundred pounds, or thereabouts? 'Gad! it's that, at least!'" Gammon shrugged his shoulders, and bowed, as resigned to any step which Mr. Quirk might think proper to take.

"He's a villainous proud fellow, that Aubrey, eh? Your swell debtors generally are, though—when they've got a bit of a hardship to harp upon!"

"Certainly we ought, when we had him in our power!"

"Ah! D'ye recollect, Gammon? the *thunderbolts*? eh? whose fault was it that it was n't put on? eh? Tell me that, friend Gammon! Are you coming round to old Caleb Quirk's matter-of-fact way of doing business? Depend on it, the old boy has got a trick or two left in him yet, gray as his hair's grown."

"I bow, my dear sir; I own myself worsted—and all through that absurd weakness I have, which some choose to call!"

"Oh Lord, Gammon! Bubble, bubble and botheration, ah, ha! Come, there's nobody here but you and me—and—eh! *old Bogy* perhaps—so why that little bit of blarney?"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Quirk, spare me that cutting irony of yours. Surely when I have made the sincere and humiliating submission to which you have been listening: but to return to business. I assure you that I think we ought to lose not a moment in getting in our balance, or at least coming to some satisfactory and definite arrangement concerning it. Only pinch him, and he'll bleed freely, depend on it."

"Ah, ha! Pinch him, and he'll bleed! That's my thunder, Gammon, ah, ha, ha! By Jove! that's it to a T! I always thought the fellow had blood enough in him if we only squeezed him a little—so let Snap be off and have a writ out against Master Aubrey."

"Forgive me, my dear Mr. Quirk," interrupted Gammon, blandly; "we must go very cautiously to work, or we shall only injure ourselves, and prejudice our most important—and permanent interests. We must take care not to drive him desperate, poor devil, or he may take the benefit of the act, and!"

"What a cursed scamp he would be to!"

"Certainly; but we should suffer more than he!"

"Surely, Gammon, they'd remand him! Eighteen months at the very least."

"Not an hour—not a minute, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, very earnestly.

"The deuce they would n't? Well! Law's come to a pretty point! And so lenient as we've been!"

"What occurs to me as the best method of procedure," said Gammon, after musing for a moment, "is, for you to write a letter to him immediately—civil but peremptory—just one of those letters of yours, my dear sir, in which no man living can excel you—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, Mr. Quirk."

"Gammon, you're a gentleman, every inch of you—you are, upon my soul! If there is one thing in which I—but you're a hand at a letter of that sort, too! And you have managed these people hitherto; why not go on to the end of the chapter?"

"Mr. Quirk, I look upon this letter as rather an important one—it ought to come from the head of the firm, and to be decisively and skillfully expressed, so as at once to—eh? but you know exactly what ought to be done."

"Well—leave it to me—leave it to me, Gammon: I think I do know how to draw up a teaser—egad! You can just cast your eye over it as soon as!"

"If I return in time from Clerkenwell, I will, Mr. Quirk," replied Gammon, who had, however, determined not to disabuse himself from saying with literal truth that he had not seen one line of the letter which might be sent! and, moreover, resolving to make his appearance at Mr. Aubrey's almost immediately after he should, in the course of the post, have received Mr. Quirk's letter—with every appearance and expression of distress, agitation, and even disgust; indignantly assuring Mr. Aubrey that the letter had been sent without Mr. Gammon's knowledge—against his will—and was entirely repudiated by him; and that he would take care, at all hazards to himself, to frustrate any designs on the part of his coarse and hard-hearted senior partner to harass or oppress Mr. Aubrey. With this explanation of precedent circumstances, I proceed to lay before the reader an exact copy of that old cat's-paw, Mr. Quirk's letter to Mr. Aubrey, the arrival of which had produced the sensation I have already intimated.

"Saffron Hill, Sept. 30, 18—"

"SIR: We trust you will excuse our reminding you of the very large balance (£1446 14s. 6d.) still remaining due upon our account—and which we understood, at the time when the very favorable arrangement to you, with respect to Mr. Titmouse, was made, was to have been long before this liquidated. Whatever allowances we might have felt disposed, on account of your peculiar situation, to have made, (and which we have made,) we cannot but feel a little surprised at your having allowed several months to elapse without making any allusion thereto. We are satisfied, however, that you require only to be reminded thereof, to have your immediate attention directed thereto, and to act in that way that will conduce to liquidate our very heavy balance against you. We are sorry to have to press you; but being much pressed ourselves with serious outlays, we are obliged to throw ourselves (however reluctantly) upon our resources; and it gives us pleasure to anticipate that you must by this time have made those arrangements that will admit of your immediate attention to our over-due account, and that will render unnecessary our resorting to hostile and compulsory proceedings of that extremely painful description that we have always felt extremely reluctant to, particularly with those gentlemen that would feel it very disagreeable. We trust that in a week's time we shall hear from you to that effect that will render unnecessary our proceeding to extremities against you, which would be extremely painful to us. I remain, sir, yours most obediently,

CALEB QUIRK.

"CHARLES AUBREY, Esq.

"P. S. We should have no objection, if it would materially relieve you, to take your note of hand for the aforesaid balance (£1446 14s. 6d.) at two months, with interest, and good security. Or say, £800 down in two months, and a warrant of attorney for the remainder, at two months more."

As soon as all three of them had finished reading the above letter, in the way I have described, Mrs. Aubrey threw her arms round her silent and oppressed husband's neck, and Kate, her bosom heaving with agitation, returned to her seat, without uttering a word.

"My darling Charles!" faltered Mrs. Aubrey, and wept. "Never mind, Charles—let us hope that we shall get through even this," commenced Kate; when her emotion prevented her proceeding. Mr. Aubrey appeared to cast his eye again, but mechanically only, over the dry, civil, heart-breaking letter.

"Do n't distress yourself, my Agnes," said he, tenderly, placing her beside him, with his arm around her—"it is only reasonable that these people should ask for what is their own; and if their manner is a little coarse!"

"Oh, I've no patience, Charles! It's the letter of a vulgar, hard-hearted fellow," sobbed Mrs. Aubrey.

"Yes—they are wretches!—cruel harpies!" quoth Kate, passionately, wiping her eyes—"they know that you have almost begged yourself to pay off by far the greater part of their abominable bill; and that you are slaving day and night to enable you to"—here her agitation was so excessive as to prevent her uttering another word.

"I must write and tell them," said Aubrey calmly, but with a countenance laden with gloom—"it is all I can do—but if they will have patience with me, I will pay them all."

"Oh, they'll put you in prison, Charles, directly,"—said Kate passionately; and rising, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a sort of frantic energy. "We're very miserable, Charles—are not we? It's very hard to bear indeed,"—she continued, gazing with agonizing intensity on his troubled features. Mrs. Aubrey wept in silence.

"Are you giving way, my brave Kate, with this sudden and momentary gust on the midnight sea of our trouble?" inquired her brother, proudly but kindly gazing at her, and with his hand gently pushing from her pale cheeks her disordered hair.

"Human nature, Charles, must not be tried too far,—look at Agnes, the darling little loves!"

"I am not likely to consult their interests, Kate, by yielding to unmanly emotion—am I, sweet Agnes?" She made him no reply, but shook her head, sobbing bitterly.

"Pray what do you think, Charles, of your friend Mr. Gammon, now?" inquired Kate, suddenly and scornfully. "Oh, the smooth-tongued villain! I've always hated him!"

"I must say there's something about his eye that is any thing but pleasing," said Mrs. Aubrey; "and so I thought when I saw him at York for a moment."

"He's a hypocrite, Charles—depend upon it; and in this letter he has thrown off the mask!"—interrupted Kate.

"Is it his letter? How do we know that he has had any thing to do with it?" inquired her brother, calmly. "It is much more probable that it is the production of old Mr. Quirk alone, for whom Mr. Gammon has, I know, a profound contempt. The handwriting is Mr. Quirk's; the style is assuredly not Mr. Gammon's, and the whole tone of the letter is such as makes me confident that neither was the composition of the letter, nor the idea of sending it, his; besides, he has really shown on every occasion a straight-forward and disinterested!"

"Oh, Charles, it is very weak of you to be so taken with such a man; he's a *horrid* fellow—I can't bear to think of him! One of these days, Charles, you'll be of my opinion!"—whilst she thus spoke, and whilst Mrs. Aubrey was, with a trembling hand, preparing tea, a double knock was heard at the street door.

"Gracious, Charles! who can that possibly be, and at this time of night?" exclaimed Kate, with alarmed energy.

"I really cannot conjecture,"—replied Mr. Aubrey, with no little agitation of manner, which he found it impossible to conceal—"we've certainly but very few visitors, and so late." The servant in a few minutes terminated their suspense, and occasioned them nearly equal alarm and amazement, by laying down on the table a card bearing the name of MR. GAMMON.

"Mr. Gammon!" exclaimed all three in a breath, looking apprehensively at each other—"Is he *alone*?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, with forced calmness.

"Yes, sir."

"Show him into the parlor, then," replied Mr. Aubrey, "and say I will be with him in a few minutes' time."

"Dear Charles, don't, dearest, think of going down," said his wife and sister, with excessive alarm and agitation; "desire him to send up his message."

"No, I shall go and see him, and at once," replied Mr. Aubrey, taking one of the candles.

"For heaven's sake, Charles, mind what you say to the man; he will watch every word you utter. And, dearest, don't stay long; consider what tortures we shall be in!" said poor Mrs. Aubrey, accompanying him to the door.

"Rely on my prudence, and also that I shall not stop long," he replied; and descending the stairs, he entered the study. In a chair near the little book-strewn table sat his dreaded visitor, who instantly, on seeing Mr. Aubrey, rose, with distress and agitation visible in his countenance and deportment. Mr. Aubrey, with calmness and dignity, begged him to resume his seat; and when he had done so, sat down opposite to him, with a sterner inquisitive look, awaiting his visitor's errand, who did not keep him long in suspense. For—"Oh, Mr. Aubrey!" commenced Mr. Gammon, with a somewhat tremulous voice, "I perceive, from your manner, that my fears are justified, and that I am an intruder—a dishonorable and hypocritical one I must indeed appear; but, as one gentleman with another, I request you to hear me. This visit appears indeed unreasonable; but, late this afternoon, I made a discovery which has shocked me severely, nay, I may say, disgusted me beyond expression. Am I right, Mr. Aubrey, in supposing that this evening you have received a letter from Mr. Quirk, and about the balance due on our account?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Aubrey, coldly.

"I thought as much," muttered Gammon, with suppressed vehemence—"execrable, heartless, sordid old—And he *knew*," continued Gammon, addressing Mr. Aubrey, in an indignant tone, "that my word was pledged to you that it should be long before you were troubled about the business."

"I have nothing to complain of, sir," said Mr. Aubrey, eyeing his agitated companion (who felt that he was) searchingly.

"But I have, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, haughtily. "My senior partner has broken faith with me. Sir, you have already paid more than will cover what is justly due to us; and I recommend you, after this, to have the bill taxed. I do, sir, and thereby you will get rid of every farthing of the balance now demanded." Notwithstanding the air of sincerity with which this was uttered, a cold thrill of apprehension and suspicion passed through Mr. Aubrey's heart, and he felt confident that some subtle and dangerous manoeuvre was being practised upon him—some hostile step urged upon him, for instance—which would be unsuccessful, and yet afford a pretext to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap to treat him as one guilty of a breach of faith, and warrant them in proceeding to extremities.

"I have no intention, sir, to do any thing of the kind," said he—"the original agreement between us was, that your bill should not be taxed. I adhere to it; and whatever course you may feel disposed to take, I shall take no steps whatever of the kind you mention. At the same time, it is utterly impossible for me to pay."

"Mr. Aubrey!" interrupted Gammon, imploringly.

"And what you intend to do, for Heaven's sake, sir, do quickly, and do not keep me in suspense."

"I perceive, Mr. Aubrey, that I am distrusted," said Gammon, with a somewhat proud and peremptory tone and manner. "I excuse it; you are justly irritated, and have been insulted: so have I, too, sir; and I choose to tell you, upon my sacred word of honor as a gentleman, that I entirely disown and scout this whole procedure; that I never knew any thing about it till, accidentally, I discovered lying on Mr. Quirk's desk, after his departure this evening from the office, a rough draft of a letter which I presumed you had received, especially as, on a strict inquiry of the clerks, I found that a letter had been put into the post, addressed to you. Nay, more; Mr. Quirk, whose rapacity increases—I am shocked to own—inversely with his years—has been for many weeks harassing me about this detestable business, and urging me to consent, but in vain, to such an application as he has now meanly made behind my back, regardless of the injury it was calculated to do my feelings, and, indeed, the doubt it must throw over my sincerity and honor. Only a fortnight ago, he solemnly pledged himself never to mention the matter to either me or you again, for at least a couple of years, unless something extraordinary should intervene. If the letter you have received is a transcript of the rough draft which I have read, it is a vulgar, unfeeling letter, and contains two or three wilfully false statements. I therefore feel it due to myself to disavow all participation in this truly unworthy affair; and if you still distrust me, I can only regret it, but shall not presume to find fault with you for it. I am half disposed, on account of this, and one or two other things which have happened, to close my connexion with Mr. Quirk from this day—for ever. He and I have nothing in common; and the kind of business which he prefers is perfectly odious to me. But if I should continue in the firm, I will undertake to supply you with one pretty conclusive evidence of my sincerity and truth in what I have been saying to you—namely, that on the faith and honor of a gentleman, you may depend upon hearing no more on this matter from any member of our firm. Let the *coast*, Mr. Aubrey, speak for itself."—While Gammon was speaking, with great earnestness and fervor, he had felt Mr. Aubrey's eye fixed on him with an expression of stern incredulity—which, however, he at length perceived, with infinite inward relief and pleasure, to be giving way as he went on.

"Certainly, Mr. Gammon," said Mr. Aubrey, when Gammon had ceased—"the letter you have mentioned, has occasioned me—and my family—very great distress; for it is utterly out of my power to comply with its requisitions: and if it be intended to be really acted on, and followed up!"—he paused, and successfully concealed his emotion, "all my little plans are for ever frustrated—and I am at your mercy to go to prison, if you choose, and there, end my days." He paused—his lip trembled, and his eyes were for a moment obscured with starting tears. So also was it with Mr. Gammon. "But,"—resumed Mr. Aubrey,—"after the explicit and voluntary assurance which you have given

me, I feel it impossible not to believe you entirely. I can imagine no motive for what would be otherwise such elaborate deception."

"Motive, Mr. Aubrey? The only motive I am conscious of is, one resting on profound sympathy for your misfortune—admiration of your character—and aiming at your speedy extrication from your very serious embarrassment. I am in the habit Mr. Aubrey," he continued, in a lower tone, "of concealing and checking my feelings—but there are occasions"—he paused, and added with a somewhat faltering voice—"Mr. Aubrey, it pains me inexpressibly to observe that your anxieties—your severe exertions—I trust in God I may not rightly add, your privations—are telling on your appearance. You are certainly much thinner." It was impossible any longer to distrust the sincerity of Mr. Gammon—to withstand the arts of this consummate actor. Mr. Aubrey held out long, but at length surrendered entirely, and yielded implicit credence to all that Gammon had said—entertaining, moreover, commensurate feelings of gratitude toward one who had done so much to protect him from rapacious avarice, and the ruin into which it would have precipitated him; and of respect for one who had evinced such an anxious, scrupulous, and sensitive jealousy for his own honor and reputation, and resolute determination to vindicate it against suspicion. Subsequent conversation served to strengthen his favorable disposition toward Gammon, and the same effect was also produced when he adverted to his previous and unwarrantable distrust and disbelief of that gentleman. He looked fatigued and harassed; it was growing late; he had come on his errand of courtesy and kindness, a great distance; why should not Mr. Aubrey ask him up stairs, to join them at tea? To be sure, Mr. Aubrey had hitherto felt a disinclination—he scarce knew why—to have any more than mere business intercourse with Mr. Gammon, a member of such a firm as Quirk, Gammon and Snap—and, moreover, Mr. Runnington had more than once let fall expressions indicative of vehement distrust of Mr. Gammon; so had the Attorney-General; but what had Gammon's conduct been? Had it not practically given the lie to such insinuations and distrust, unless Mr. Aubrey was to own himself incapable of forming a judgment on a man's line of conduct which had been so closely watched as that of Gammon by himself, Aubrey? Then Miss Aubrey had ever, and especially that very evening—expressed a vehement dislike of Mr. Gammon—avowed, also, her early and uniform distrust—it would be extremely embarrassing to her suddenly to introduce into her presence such an individual as Gammon; again, he had promised to return quickly, in order to relieve their anxiety; why should he not have the inexpressible gratification of letting Mr. Gammon himself, in his own pointed and impressive manner, dispel all their fears? He would, probably, not stay long.

"Mr. Gammon," said he, having balanced for some minutes these conflicting considerations in his mind—"there are only Mrs. Aubrey and my sister up stairs. I am sure they will be happy to see me return to them in time for tea, accompanied by the bearer of such agreeable tidings as yours. For Mr. Quirk's letter, to be frank, reached me when in their presence, and we all read it together, and were dreadfully disturbed at its contents." After a faint show of reluctance to trespass on the ladies so suddenly, and at so late an hour, Mr. Gammon slipped off his great-coat, and, with secret but suppressed feelings of exultation at the success of his scheme, followed Mr. Aubrey up stairs. He felt not a little fluttered on entering the room and catching a first glimpse of the two lovely women—and one of them *Miss Aubrey*—sitting in it, their faces turned with eager interest and anxiety toward the door as he made his appearance. He observed that both of them started, and turned excessively pale.

"Let me introduce to you," said Mr. Aubrey, quickly, and with a bright assuring smile, "a gentleman who has kindly called to relieve us all from great anxiety—Mr. Gammon. Mr. Gammon, Mrs. Aubrey—Miss Aubrey." He bowed with an air of deep deference, but easy self-possession; his soul thrilling within him at the sight of her whose image had never been from before his eyes since they had first seen her.

"I shall trespass on you for only a few minutes, ladies," said he, approaching the chair toward which he was motioned. "I could not resist the opportunity so politely afforded me by Mr. Aubrey of paying my compliments here, and personally assuring you of my utter abhorrence of the mercenary and oppressive conduct of a gentleman with whom, alas! I am closely connected in business, and whose letter to you of this evening I only casually became acquainted with a few moments before starting off hither. Forget it ladies; I pledge my honor that it shall never be acted upon!" This he said with a fervor of manner that could not but make an impression on those whom he addressed.

"I'm sure we're happy to see you, Mr. Gammon, and very much obliged to you, indeed," said Mrs. Aubrey, with a sweet smile, and a face from which alarm was vanishing fast. Miss Aubrey said nothing: her brilliant eyes glanced with piercing anxiety, now at her brother, then at his companion. Gammon felt that he was distrusted. Nothing could be more prepossessing—more bland and insinuating, without a trace of fulsome, than Mr. Gammon's manner and address, as he took his seat between Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey, whose paleness rather suddenly gave way to a vivid and beautiful flush; and her eyes presently sparkled with delighted surprise on perceiving the relieved air of her brother, and the apparent cordiality and sincerity of Mr. Gammon. When she reflected, moreover, on her expressions of harshness and severity concerning him that very evening, and of which he now appeared so undeserving, it threw into her manner toward him a sort of delicate and charming embarrassment. Her ear drank in eagerly every word he uttered—so pointed, so significant, so full of earnest good-will toward her brother. His manner was that of a gentleman, his countenance and conversation that of a man of intellect; was this the keen and cruel pettifogger whom she had learned at once to dread and to despise? They and he were, in a word, completely at their ease with one another, within a few minutes after he had taken his seat at the tea-table. Miss Aubrey's beauty shone that evening with even unwonted lustre, and appeared as if it had not been in the least impaired by the anguish of mind which she had so long suffered. "It is quite impossible for

me to do justice to the expression of her full beaming blue eyes—an expression of mingled passion and intellect—of blended softness and spirit, that, especially in conjunction with the rich tones of her voice, shed something like madness into the breast of Gammon. She, as well as her lovely sister-in-law, was dressed in mourning, which infinitely set off her dazzling complexion, and, simple and elegant in its drapery, displayed her exquisite proportions to the greatest possible advantage. "Oh, my God!" thought Gammon, with a momentary thrill of disgust and horror; "and this is the transcendent creature of whom that little miscreant, Titmouse, spoke to me in terms of such presumptuous and revolting license!" What would he not have given to kiss the fair and delicate white hand that passed to him his tea-cup! Then Gammon's thoughts turned for a moment inward—why, what a scoundrel was he! At that instant he was, as it were, reeking with his recent lie.

He was there on cruel, false pretences, which alone had secured him access into that little drawing-room, and brought him into contiguity with the dazzling beauty beside him—pure and innocent as beautiful;—he was a fiend beside an angel. What an execrable hypocrite was he! He caught, on that memorable occasion, a sudden glimpse even of his own infernal selfishness—a sight that gave him a cold shudder. Then, was he not in the presence of his victims? of those whom he was fast pressing on to the verge of destruction—to whom he was, at that moment, meditating profound and subtle schemes of mischief! At length they all got into animated conversation. He was infinitely struck and charmed by the unaffected simplicity and frankness of their manners, yet he felt a sad and painful consciousness of not having made the least way with them; though physically near to them, he seemed yet really as an unapproachable distance from them, and particularly from Miss Aubrey. He felt that the courtesy bestowed upon him was accidental, the result merely of his present position, and of the intelligence which he had come to communicate; it was not personal—it was nothing to Gammon himself; it would never be renewed, unless he should renew his device. There was not the faintest semblance of sympathy between them and him. Fallen as they were into a lower sphere, they had yet about them, so to speak, a certain atmosphere of conscious personal consequence, derived from high birth and breeding—from superior feelings and associations—from a native frankness and dignity of character, which was indestructible and inalienable, which chilled and checked undue advances of any sort. They were still the Aubreys of Yatton, and he, in their presence, still Mr. Gammon, of the firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap, of Saffron Hill—and all this on the part of the Aubreys without the least effort, the least intention, or consciousness. No, there had not been exhibited toward him the faintest indication of hauteur. On the contrary, he had been treated with perfect cordiality and frankness. Yet, dissatisfaction and vexation were, he scarce knew at the moment why, completely flooding him. Had he accurately analysed his own feelings, he would have discovered the real cause to have been—his own unreasonable, unjustifiable wishes and intentions. They talked of Titmouse, and his mode of life and conduct—of his expected alliance with the Lady Cecilia, at the mention of which Gammon's quick eye detected a passing smile of scorn on Miss Aubrey's countenance, that was death to all his own fond and ambitious hopes. After he had been sitting with them for scarcely an hour, he detected Miss Aubrey stealthily glancing at her watch, and at once arose to take his departure, with a very easy and graceful air, expressing an apprehension that he had trespassed upon their kindness. He was cordially assured to the contrary, but invited neither to prolong his stay, nor renew his visit. Miss Aubrey made him, he thought, as he inclined toward her, rather a formal curtsy; and the tone of voice—soft and silvery—in which she said "good-night, Mr. Gammon," fell on his eager ear, and sunk into his vexed heart, like music.

## The Scrap-Book.

### MAGNIFICENT PUBLIC WORK IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

[The following interesting paper has been communicated to the London Athenæum by Doctor James Macaulay, Foreign Secretary of the Botanical Society, Edinburgh.]

In the Island of Madeira the Portuguese Government is at present carrying on a great work, such as would do honor to any age and to any nation. During great part of the year that island is entirely free from rain. Even then, however, among the mountains, the clouds and mists furnish a perpetual supply of moisture, so that the river-courses are never wholly dry. This water, as it descends from the mountains, is collected and conveyed by means of *Levedas*, or artificial channels, through the cultivated grounds. The country is everywhere intersected by these rivulets, and the most perfect system of irrigation is thereby maintained. Some of these *Levedas* were formed by the first settlers in the island, in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The slaves of the early colonists were Moors and Eastern captives, and it may be that from them was derived a greater attention to irrigation, and a greater skill in its applications than is generally observed in European agriculture. Many of the works connected with the irrigation of the island display remarkable enterprise and skill on the part of the natives, and of these the most conspicuous is that of the Rock of Rabacal. At the head of a deep and narrow ravine which forms the commencement of the valley of the Ribeiro (river) de Janella, there rises a perpendicular rock not less than 1000 feet in height. An abundant supply of water flows from this cliff; partly in one large cascade sweeping over from the summit, and partly in the form of innumerable streams issuing from fissures in the face of the rock, and dripping down through the mountain shrubs by which the cliff is clothed.

This water used to fall into an abyss at the bottom, whence it flowed along unemployed and useless through the ravine and valley of the Janella to the Atlantic. It was observed, that if the water could be intercepted in its descent, and conducted by art from the course in which nature directed it, it might be turned to infinite utility for the purposes of irrigation. Who had the boldness first to conceive the actual execution of the project, is not recorded.

It appears to have been attempted at an early period of the history of the island, as there are at one place remains of some work of which no tradition has come down to us. In 1823, the Governor brought under consideration the importance of making use of these waters; but it was only in 1836 that the work was commenced. Of the extraordinary ability of the engineer under whose direction the work was planned, Captain Vicente de Paula Teixeira, a native of the island, even those who have not seen the place must form the highest opinion from a simple description of the work. The height of the cliff I have stated is 1000 feet. About 600 feet from the base, a horizontal channel has been cut in the face of the rock, sloping downward and inward, so that part of the water from above is intercepted in its descent, and falls into this hollow. The excavation extends round the face of the cliff for about 600 feet, presenting the appearance of a vaulted gallery, the roof of which is supported at intervals by pillars of the rock. The water flows along this channel, and is then to be conducted by an open aqueduct or *Leveda* for the distance of six miles. Here another great part of the undertaking is in progress. A tunnel, which will be 150 fathoms long, is to be cut through the crest of a mountain ridge, by which means the waters of the rock of Rabacal will be conveyed from the north to the south side of the island, and will spread cultivation and fertility over extensive districts hitherto either entirely waste, or yielding a poor and precarious produce from the absence of irrigation.

The channel on the face of the rock is now nearly completed, and the tunnel has been commenced at both extremities. In commencing the work, the operations were of an extremely difficult and dangerous character. It was impossible to reach that part of the cliff where the channel was projected by any means except by ropes suspended from above. Down this dreadful depth, with 300 feet of the precipice below them, the workmen were lowered; fastened to a little frame of wood at the end of the rope, and bearing instruments for boring and blasting the rock. When a mass of rock had been loosened by the handspike, or a train had been laid for blasting, it was necessary for the operator to get out of the reach of danger by pushing himself off from the cliff with his feet, and making for some tree or projecting point, where he secured himself till the explosion was over, and then returned to his labor. The workmen were moreover continually drenched by the streams of icy cold water falling upon them, so that they had to be frequently relieved on account of their becoming benumbed with cold. It is gratifying to add, that notwithstanding the extreme danger of these operations, (compared with which the samphire-gathering of *Shakespeare's* Chiff, or the bird-hunting of St. Kilda, might be described as occupations of little danger,) only one fatal accident has occurred in the whole undertaking. And when we consider the extraordinary boldness of conception displayed in the design, the genius and ability with which it has been hitherto been carried into execution, the difficulties and perils that have attended the operations, and the noble purpose of the undertaking, being not for mere ornament or fame, but for the permanent well-being and improvement of the country, we cannot but regard it as one of the grandest efforts of modern art.

## REMARKS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING,

WITH A PLAN OF A FRUIT, FLOWER & VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Horticulture, after all that has been said and written, deservedly, in its commendation, is but an embraced department of the more enlarged science of Agriculture. It is the great, on a reduced scale: to a certain extent, it is the practical cyclopædia, as well as the model-farm of the agriculturist.

Alas, how few properly study, how few in our country through want of merited reflection, duly appreciate the value of the kitchen garden. It has not been so in all places or times; though necessarily imperfect, because, like mathematics, its utmost point of excellence seems forbidden to human attainment. Our great proto-father enjoyed in his first garden a satisfaction denied to the most fortunate of his descendants, a happiness unattainable by his children; for the garden of Eden was made, not by human hands—it was the work of God. When Adam was driven from his first home of indescribable bliss, he, by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow, made his little garden in other and less fruitful soil. In all times, and by all generations since, the hardy husbandman has had his garden. It is a matter of surprise, that while sciences of later birth have advanced almost to perfection, horticulture, perhaps the most necessary to man, has been comparatively so neglected and unimproved, and to our shame, especially in this land of freedom. "*Sat prata biberant*," said the Mantuan bard, in allusion to the practice of irrigating land, which prevailed in Italy, near two thousand years ago, as a means of fertilizing the soil; yet how little is it at this day pursued, even in the land of Cincinnatus.

The inhabitants of Holland, proverbially industrious, have indeed almost made their country a garden; and to the application of irrigation, above all other causes, they owe that great abundance which is the almost invariable reward of great assiduity. The Hollanders have brought their industry to the land of their adoption, but they have left much of their skill at home.

In Britain, the attention of the people is, by the peculiarity of the general policy of that nation, much diverted from the cultivation of the soil; yet agriculture has not been much neglected there; and, so far as attended to, it has been honorable to the nation. Industry has been greatly aided by the application of scientific principles. In the application of these principles to horticulture, the Englishman has, in very many instances, approached a perfection worthy of the imitation, and still more of the rivalry, of the American.

How happens it, that so little attention is given to horticulture in the United States? The people are industrious; they are intelligent; and much is done for the promotion of science in its various departments; but it must be confessed, although it may cause a blush, that horticulture is shamefully neglected. True, every farm-house has, as its adjunct, a kitchen garden; but what a garden? Would you walk through it? There is no walk there; or if there



be, it is hidden by the crops, perhaps of vegetables, perhaps of weeds, or more probably, an unseemly commixture of both. Would you partake of some desired portion of its fruits, the chance is, you cannot reach it without trampling on some other fruit which you do not need. Over beds of earth carelessly piled up, seeds of various kinds are frequently thrown, as if the entire crop, like that of the field, were to be reaped during a single gathering time. Neither ornament nor convenience, nor even actual profit, seems to enter into this garden without a plan. The farmer acts as if he would not waste on the "little patch," the labor which would be more profitably employed in the wide, extended meadow, or the large corn-field. Here rests the error. There is no other acre on the farm which produces so large a return as that of the kitchen garden, nor is there any other acre on the farm which will produce so large a return of profit in proportion to the labor and capital expended. The farmer instead of saying, "I am expending too much on this spot," might better say, "I am expending too little." The kitchen garden, in truth, is the proper school of the agriculturist. There he will learn the great value of properly prepared compost, without which his garden will produce a scanty crop; he will there learn that manure, in order to secure its utmost benefit, must be buried beneath the surface, and not thrown loosely on the surface; he will there learn the great value of irrigation. The principles of the kitchen garden, are in many instances applicable to the farm generally, and may often be adopted with great advantage.

A well furnished garden embraces the choice specimens of both nature and art, carefully selected and judiciously and harmoniously blended together—assisting nature to improve her own productions.

The amateur will not only collect from every quarter the beauties of nature, and arrange them to the best advantage; but, calling to his aid the ornamental arts, he will heighten their effect by suitable displays of rural architecture—he will embellish his gardens with jets and fountains,\* and with appropriate specimens of sculpture; and the pencil of the artist will give delight to his evening walks with pleasing transparencies. He will also avail himself of the treasures of Conchology—"perhaps none, but the department of Flora, can vie with this in variety, symmetry of form, and in richness of coloring."

The head of a family, if he cherishes the social virtues, will prefer his home to any other place. It is like a center of gravity to all his pleasures and attachments to life. If you see a good vegetable, flower and fruit garden, attached even to an otherwise humble cottage, there can scarcely be a doubt but that that cottage is the abode of happiness—that home is the most pleasing place to its occupant.

The God of nature paints the flowers of the field most exquisitely, and gives us power to discover and admire their inimitable beauty. "Do you know," said the amiable Wiberforce, as he was sinking under the infirmities of old age, opening on some flowers shut up in book, "Do you know that I am very fond of flowers?—the corn, and things of that kind, I look upon as the bounties of Providence—the flowers I look upon as his smile."

"Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook!"

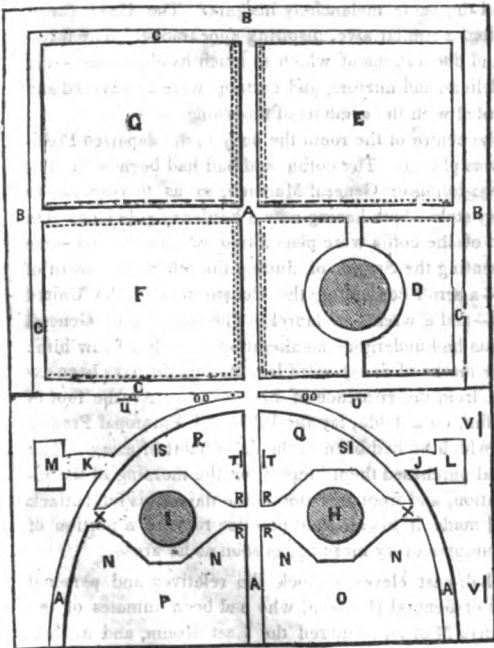
To conclude: In gardening, as in all other subjects, a plan is necessary to success, and having been frequently solicited by Messrs. Cultivator, and by other friends in this and the adjacent counties for something of the kind, and considering this the proper season to commence preparatory operations, I herewith present a diagram and description of a garden, which, if it answers no other good purpose, may be the means of procuring a better from some other source.

Little has been published in our country on the subject of gardening as an art of design and taste; and the publications of Europe not being suitable to our wants, it is proper to make a beginning, and devise that which may suit ourselves, our country, and our climate.

ALEXANDER WALSH.

LANSINGBURGH, February 1, 1841.

(Plan of a Garden—Fig. 8.)



DESCRIPTION.

The garden and pleasure ground I would describe, is of an oblong form, 165 feet by 120 feet, with one end next the north side of the house, (fig. 8.) A walk 5 feet in width,

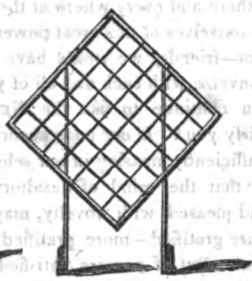
\* The subject of hydraulics in domestic economy, is but recently beginning to be developed in our country; but it is to be hoped that the great interest which every one must feel in possessing a supply of water, both for use and ornament, will awaken the attention of the public more extensively to the subject.

A. A. of a semi-elliptical form, passes from the north hall door to the principal rear building on the west, extending in its course to the north 60 feet; a walk of 5 feet in width extends through the center from south to north, 159 ft. A. A. and is crossed at right angles by another of the same width 47 feet from the north edge of the ellipsis; walks of 4 feet width C. C. C. surround the four squares. The walks gravelled; formed rising at the centre to the height of the beds, with a descent each side, of an inch and a half to the border, which border is composed of bricks laid edgewise, the outer side flush with the soil, the inner side an inch and a half above the lowest part of the walk. H. and I. two mounds 12 feet diameter, 3 feet 6 inches high, enclosed by octagons, leaving a walk 4 feet in the narrowest part, with openings of 6 feet to the centre walk and ellipsis; the mounds enclosed with brick, placed edgewise, including to the centre, and sunk 3 inches in the ground; the enclosure filled with soil; each mound has growing in its centre, an evergreen tree. H. covered with evergreen periwinkle, *Vicia minor*; and I. covered with variegated periwinkle, *Vicia minor fl. alba*.

At the proper season, green-house plants, and also shells, will be prettily accommodated around the mounds; of the latter, I would recommend, *Strombus gigas*, *Triton variegatus*, and *Halotis asina*. The more rare and beautiful shells may be appropriately assigned to the summer-house.



(Fig. 9.)

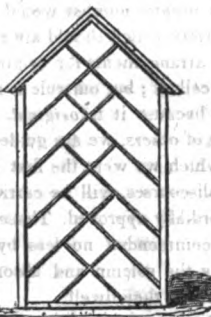


(Fig. 10.)

X. X. two seats, each occupying two feet—J. and K. passages leading to summer-house and green-house—L. summer-house—M. green-house. (Designs for summer-house and green-house, as also plans for ornamental gates, &c., in a future number.) N. N. N. four Grecian pedestals for urns, statues, and heavy mineral specimens—R. R. R. four small columns, 9 feet high, connected in the centre at the top, with a hook under the centre (fig. 9,) for suspending a lamp or bird-cage—grapes trained over the frame—S. S. two fixtures for transparencies—T. T. two seats (fig. 11,) surrounded by an arched arbor 10 ft. high, thrown over the walk, ornamented on one side with honeysuckle, on the other by climbing Boursant rose—U. U. two ornamental frames, the square 4 ft. 6 in., by 4 ft. 6 in. (fig. 10,) may be covered with a variety of our native clematis—V. V. two structures 9 feet high, and 3 feet six inches wide, (fig. 12,) 4 feet from east fence, covered with American Bitter-sweet, *Celastrus scandens*.



(Fig. 11.)



(Fig. 12.)

The ground on the outside of the elliptical walk, east, a grass lawn, diversified with fruit and ornamental trees, commencing next the walk with the lowest shrub, and rising to the east in gradation to the largest tree. Many of our beautiful native flowers and shrubs are found to thrive under the shade and drip of lofty trees, and may here be planted in occasional groups.

The ground on the west side of the elliptical walk, grass lawn, shrubby and filbert bushes, to the extreme west of the green-house.—O. & P. fruit and ornamental trees and native shrubs—R. native flowers—Q. tulips and late flowering exotic plants—O. O. diminutive rustic alcoves from thrifty growing plants of upright privet, *Ligustrum strictum*, formed by placing a platform of light boards two feet six inches from the ground, and three feet long, and one foot six inches wide, on the twigs of the privet; those in the centre of the platform to be trimmed off close to its under side, and those on the back and sides to be led up round the platform, entwined and arched; the door to be constructed from the twigs in front, and an opening left two feet six inches high, which is the height of the dome.

This described ornamental pleasure ground, contains some hundreds of trees and shrubs, possessing the color of green in common, yet differing in both the shape and shade of the leaf, and add much to adorn this spot by their variegated moving foliage, light and shade.

D. E. F. and G. four principal compartments, each 43 feet 6 inches by 43 feet—D. has a circle in the centre 26 feet in diameter, a parterre for annual flowers; in the centre, a sun dial; a walk 4 feet wide surrounds the circle, and from it north and south; the residue of the ground D. allotted to Dahlias, &c.—E. F. and G. compartments for culinary vegetables, strawberries, and an occasional plum tree—B. B. B. outside borders 6 feet wide for currants, gooseberries, raspberries, &c.; in the centre of the north border a small board suspended, labelled, "Waste not, want not," near which bee-hives. . . . borders for small flowers on the south and north side of D. and F. . . . borders south side of E. and G. for foreign grape vines and

herbaceous perennial flowering plants. On each side of centre walk, . . . trellis for native grape vine; posts 7 feet high with 5 rods of wire crossed at equal distance; at the southern extremity of trellis, a light arch, on the back or north side of which, may be inscribed, "Walk clustered grapes He crowns the vine." At the northern extremity of trellis, an arbor thrown over the walk 12 feet long, more for ornament than use; grapes in our northern latitudes ripen better on the open trellis.

Candytuft, *Iris umbellata*, a good annual border flower; Dwarf Iris, *Iris pumila*, and yellow flowering stone crop, *Sedum aizoon*, pretty biennial bordering.

On a subject embracing such variety, it is not best to be more minute on border or other plants, as the collection and selection of plants, and the invention of other ornamental decorations will afford amusement to the man of taste, and to him this pleasing occupation must be left.

"Oh sages! think on joy like this,  
And where 's your boast of apathy."

## YOU 'LL COME TO OUR BALL.

"Comment! c'est lui!—que je le regarde encore!—c'est que vraiment il est bien change; n'est pas, mon papa?"—[Les Premiers Amours.]

You 'll come to our Ball;—since we parted,  
I've thought of you, more than I 'll say;  
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted,  
For a week, when they took you away.  
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers  
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,  
And echoed the musical numbers  
Which you used to sing to me then.  
I know the romance, since it 's over,  
'T were idle, or worse, to recall:  
I know you 're a terrible rover;  
But, Clarence—you 'll come to our Ball!

It 's only a year, since at college  
You put on your cap and your gown;  
But, Clarence, you 've grown out of knowledge,  
And changed from the spur to the crown;  
The voice that was best when it faltered,  
Is fuller and firmer in tone;  
And the smile that should never have altered—  
Dear Clarence—it is not your own;  
Your cravat was badly selected,  
Your coat do n't become you at all;  
And why is your hair so neglected?  
You must have it curled for our ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,  
To look for a covey with Pup;  
I've often been over to Shaldon,  
To see how your boat is laid up:  
In spite of the terrors of Auty,  
I've ridden the filly you broke;  
And I've studied your sweet little Dante,  
In the shade of your favorite oak;  
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,  
I sat in your love of a shawl;  
And I 'll wear what you brought me from Florence,  
Perhaps, if you 'll come to our Ball.

You 'll find us all changed since you vanish'd:  
We 've set up a National School;  
And waltzing is utterly banished;  
And Ellen has married a fool;  
The Major is going to travel;  
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout;  
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;  
Papa is laid up with the gout;  
And Jane has gone on with her easels,  
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;  
And Fanny is sick of the measles—  
And I 'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You 'll meet all your Beauties: the Lily,  
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,  
And Lucy, who made me so silly  
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;  
Miss Manners, who always abused you,  
For talking so much about Hock;  
And her sister who often amused you,  
By raving of rebels and Rock;  
And something which surely would answer,  
An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal;  
So, though you were seldom a dancer,  
You 'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers  
It shuts out the sunshine of truth;  
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,  
It makes an old age of our youth;  
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,  
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,  
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,  
Grows harder by sudden degrees.  
Time treads o'er the grave of Affection;  
Sweet honey is turned into gall;  
Perhaps you have no recollection  
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads;  
To-day you have critical ears;  
You once could be charmed with our salads;  
Alas! you 've been dining with Peers;  
You trifled and flirted with many;  
You 've forgotten the when and the how:  
There was one you liked better than any:  
Perhaps you 've forgotten her now.

They tell me you 've many who flatter,  
Because of your wit and your song;  
They tell me (and what does it matter?)  
You like to be praised by the throng;  
They tell me you 're showered with laurel!  
They tell me you 're loved by a Blue;  
They tell me you 're sadly immoral—  
Dear Clarence that cannot be true!  
But to me you are still what I found you  
Before you grew clever and tall;  
And you 'll think of the spell that once bound you;  
And you 'll come—won't you come? to our Ball!

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

## THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

The reader may remember, that when Don Pedro had, by his excessive cruelties, quite alienated from himself the hearts of the great majority of his people, Don Henry of Transtamara, his natural brother, who had spent many years in exile, returned suddenly into Spain with a formidable band of French auxiliaries, by whose aid he drove Pedro out of his kingdom. The voice of the nation was on Henry's side, and he took possession of the throne without further opposition.

Pedro, after his treatment of Queen Blanche, could have nothing to hope from the crown of France, so he immediately threw himself into the arms of England. And our Edward, the Black Prince, who then commanded in Gascony, had more than one obvious reason for taking up his cause.

The Prince of Wales marched with Don Pedro into Spain, at the head of an army of English and Gascon veterans, whose disciplined valor, Methinks very frankly confessed, gave them a decided superiority over the Spanish soldiery of the time. Henry was so unwise as to set his stake upon a battle, and was totally defeated in the field of Nejarra. Unable to rally his flying troops, he was compelled to make his escape beyond the Pyrenees; and Don Pedro once more established himself in his kingdom. The battle of Nejarra took place in 1366.

But, in 1368, when the Black Prince had retired again into Gascony, Henry, in his turn, came back from exile with a small but gallant army, most of whom were French, commanded by the celebrated Bertrand Du Guesclin, or, as he is more commonly called, Du Guesclin—and animated, as was natural, by strong thirst of vengeance for the insults, which, in the person of Blanche, Pedro had heaped upon the royal line of their country, and the blood of Saint Lewis.

Henry of Transtamara advanced into the heart of La Mancha, and there encountered Don Pedro, at the head of an army six times more numerous than that which he commanded, but composed in a great measure of Jews, Saracens, and Portuguese,—miscellaneous auxiliaries, who gave way before the ardor of the French chivalry, so that Henry remained victorious, and Pedro was compelled to take refuge in the neighboring castle of Montiel. That fortress was so strictly blockaded by the successful enemy, that the king was compelled to attempt his escape by night, with only twelve persons in his retinue,—Ferdinand de Castro being the person of the most note among them.

As they wandered in the dark, they were encountered by a body of French cavalry making the rounds, commanded by an adventurous knight called Le Bague de Villaines. Compelled to surrender, Don Pedro put himself under the safeguard of this officer, promising him a rich ransom if he would conceal him from the knowledge of his brother Henry. The knight, according to Froissart, promised him concealment, and conveyed him to his own quarters.

But in the course of an hour, Henry was apprised that he was taken, and came, with some of his followers, to the tent of Allan de la Houmaye, where his unfortunate brother had been placed. In entering the chamber, he exclaimed, "Where is that whorson and Jew, who calls himself King of Castile?"—Pedro, as proud and fearless as he was cruel, stopped instantly forward and replied, "Here I stand, the lawful son and heir of Don Alphonso, and it is thou that art but a false bastard." The rival brethren instantly grappled like lions, the French knights and Du Guesclin himself looked on. Henry drew his poniard and wounded Pedro in the face, but his body was defeated by a coat-of-mail;—a violent struggle ensued:—Henry fell across a bench, and his brother being uppermost, had well nigh mastered him, when one of Henry's followers seizing Don Pedro by the leg, turned him over, and his master, thus at length gaining the upper-hand, instantly stabbed the King to the heart.

Froissart calls this man the Vicomte de Roquebety, and others the Bastard of Anise. Menard, in his History of Du Guesclin, says, that while all around gazed like statues on the furious struggle of the brothers, Du Guesclin exclaimed to this attendant of Henry, "What! wilt thou stand by and see your master placed at such a pass by a false renegade?—Make forward and aid him, for well you may."

Pedro's head was cut off, and his remains were meanly buried. They were afterward disinterred by his daughter, the wife of our own John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," and deposited in Beville, with the honors due to his rank. His memory was regarded with a strange mixture of horror and compassion, which recommended him as a subject for legend and for romance. He had caused his innocent wife to be assassinated—had murdered three of his brothers,—and committed numberless cruelties upon his subjects. He had, which the age held equally scandalous, held a close intimacy with the Jews and Saracens, and had enriched him at the expense of the church. Yet, in spite of all these crimes, his undaunted bravery and energy of character, together with the strange circumstances of his death, excited milder feeling toward his memory.

The following ballad, which describes the death of Don Pedro, was translated by a friend. It is quoted more than once by Cervantes in Don Quixote.

I.  
Henry and King Pedro clasping,  
Holding in straining arms each other;  
Tugging hard, and closely grasping,  
Brother proves his strength with brother.

II.  
Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,  
Blends not thus their limbs in strife;  
Either aims, with rage infernal,  
Naked dagger, sharpen'd knife.

III.  
Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,  
Pedro holds Don Henry strait,  
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,  
That, despair and mortal hate.

IV.  
Sole spectator of the struggle,  
Stands Don Henry's page afar,  
In the chase who bore his bugle,  
And who bore his sword in war.

V.  
Down they go in deadly wrestle,  
Down upon the earth they go,  
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,  
Stout Don Henry falls below.

VI.  
Marking then the fatal crisis,  
Up the page of Henry ran,  
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,  
Aiding thus the fallen man.

VII.  
"King to place, or to depose him,  
Dwellth not in my desire,  
But the duty which he owes him,  
To his master pays the sword."

VIII.  
Now Don Henry has the uppermost,  
Now King Pedro lies beneath,  
In his heart his brother's poniard  
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

IX.  
Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,  
While the blood in bubbles wold,  
Fleeth the hero's soul that ever  
Is a Christian's bosom dwell'd.

GAMBLING AWAY A DAUGHTER.—"A few days since," says the Journal de la Meuse, "an inhabitant at Void, playing at billiards, staked the hand of his only daughter, a handsome girl of eighteen, against his adversary. The imprudent father lost, and the winner has since insisted on payment being made, claiming the young lady, fortune and all, or else a sufficient indemnity. The daughter, however, objects to the validity of the bargain, and gaming debts cannot be enforced by law."

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

## A CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

Many weeks have been allowed to pass since we indulged in a pleasant chat with our readers. A barbarian would think that a man's voice ought to be pretty loud to be able to reach twenty thousand people at once. But we, that guide the pen and pick up the types and drive the presses, know better; our instruments are more potent than a magician's wand—we have but to wield them, and lo! we are here and there and every where at the same moment. We now avail ourselves of this great power, numerous and gentle readers—friends, we would have said—to hold some passing converse with each and all of you.

Do you continue to like the NEW WORLD? Do our labors satisfy you? Is our taste accordant with your own? Are we sufficiently pleasing in our selections?—sufficiently various "that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged?" If yes—we are gratified—more gratified than we can possibly express. But, if you are satisfied with what we have done, much more must you be pleased with what we are about to do.

Our arrangements in England, for the purchase and early transmission of new works, proof-sheets, &c. were never so complete as at this moment. But very few weeks will elapse before we shall give most substantial demonstrations of this fact.

By the next steam-packets, expected to reach this city and Boston on the first days of the next week, we shall receive a budget, rich and copious as the horn of Plenty itself. Its contents will be poured into the columns of the New World with all reasonable dispatch; and they will be such as to gratify the most fastidious appetite. Since the packets will now arrive at the rate of one during each week till the next winter commences, we shall give our continued stories in a regular and uninterrupted series. But we do not intend to publish over two or three of them: since a greater number would interfere with that freshness and variety which should always characterise our paper.

Our arrangements for original articles are also prolific and excellent; but our rule is never to publish one of these simply because it is original. In our choice of them, as well as of others, we are guided by their merit alone. The plan which we were the first to adopt, of giving original pulpit-discourses, will be carried out; for we believe that it is cordially approved. Those, which are given this week, are recommended no less by their intrinsic excellencies than by the solemn and absorbing nature of the subject upon which they dwell.

But let us come to the object of this parley with our many subscribers—leaving them to judge of our paper rather by its performances than its promises. Will you not lend us your aid in extending still farther our circulation throughout the country? Will you not increase our ability to make the New World more and more worthy of your encouragement and support? If you regard our efforts with favor, will you not declare your opinions in the circle of your friends and acquaintances? By a simple exertion of a kindness like this, you could confer incalculable benefits upon us—and enable us to repeat with truth and a triumphant emphasis—

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,  
The whole unbounded continent is ours."

AN ORIGINAL PLAY FOR THE NEW WORLD.—We have the pleasure of announcing for publication in the next New World an original drama in five acts by Mrs. JAMES MOWATT of New-York. It is entitled "Gulzara, or The Persian Slave"; and we think the reader will concede that it displays dramatic and poetical abilities of no ordinary power. This drama, though never publicly represented, was performed last winter before a select circle of friends in excellent style, and with most flattering success. We do not doubt it will be eagerly sought for by the friends of our native literature. The story is extremely interesting, and the style is rich, flowing, and replete with beauties.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.—We are indebted, for the cuts which adorn this article, to Jesse Buel and Co., proprietors of the Cultivator, an excellent paper published at Albany at the exceedingly low price of \$1 per annum. It consists entirely of original articles; each number is stereotyped, and it circulates over thirty thousand copies. It enjoys a most desirable reputation both in this country and in Europe. We hope that the article which we publish, will have the effect to awaken attention to this important subject.

## From our own Correspondent.

## FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1841.

## THE MORNING.

At sunrise, a federal salute proclaimed that this was the melancholy day appointed for solemnizing the funeral obsequies of the great and good WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. Immediately afterward, people began to meet and cluster in the different streets; and before eight o'clock there were all the signs of preparation for an unprecedented ceremonial—the assembling of Associations and Fraternities with their banners and other insignia—the mustering of military companies—the running hither and thither of Marshals and Aids in their uniform—the crowds of persons on foot and horseback wending their way to the western part of the city, &c. In entering Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol and proceeding toward the President's house, no one could fail to be deeply impressed with the symbols of mourning which overhung the doorways and windows of every house. No one who has not witnessed such a spectacle can imagine its imposing solemnity.

Turning from this sight to the saddened looks of the multitudes arrayed in black, and many of them wearing srape on the arm or hat, an entire stranger might have discovered that the sympathies of a People had been awakened by the loss of a distinguished citizen, and that they were paying marks of honor to his memory by these striking observances.

As the day advanced, the windows and balconies of the houses, and every elevated site that could command a view of the funeral procession, were filled with persons of both sexes; but their countenances and deportment clearly manifested that in their minds were uppermost stronger emotions than any mere promptings of curiosity.

## PRESIDENT'S SQUARE.

Here the scene was most imposing. The troops designated as the Military Escort, by the Major-General-Commander-in-Chief, were formed in line in the Avenue, north of the Executive Mansion, with its right resting opposite the western gate. They consisted of the volunteer infantry of the District—a battalion of the United States Marines—a Volunteer Squadron of Cavalry belonging to Georgetown—a Division of United States Light Artillery—and several Volunteer Companies of Infantry from Baltimore. The crowd of spectators here also was very great: and their decorous and sedate deportment was the subject of general attention and remark. In truth, manifestations of sorrow and respect pervaded the multitudes wheresoever they were congregated.

## THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

Was opened to ladies, and the gentlemen attending them, officers of government, the representatives of foreign states, and such other persons as were designated by the Marshal, under the orders of the Executive officers. The number was necessarily restricted, in order that the religious services might be properly performed; and those without cheerfully acquiesced with the prescribed arrangements. On entering the mansion, we saw all around the proofs that it was converted into a house of mourning. The columns and walls of the great hall were shrouded with crape; and from the arches and niches were suspended the same melancholy insignia. The East Room exhibited a similar awe, inspiring appearance. The furniture and decorations of which so much has been said—the chandeliers, and mirrors, and curtains were all covered and concealed with the symbols of mourning.

In the centre of the room the body of the departed President was placed. The coffin and pall had been altered at the suggestion of General Macomb, so as to conform to military style—both having now a border of gold lace. On the lid of the coffin were placed two swords crossed—one representing the Sword of Justice the other the Sword of State—a scroll containing the Constitution of the United States—and a wreath of laurel. The features of General Harrison had undergone no alteration since last I saw him: and the marks of decay were less than might have been expected from the virulence of his disease. At the foot of the coffin, on a table, lay the Bible and Episcopal Prayer-book, which he had been in the daily habit of using. The General purchased them himself, on the morning of the inauguration, and from that time to the day of his fatal attack he had made it his constant practice to read a portion of the scriptures every morning, as soon as he arose.

At half-past eleven o'clock the relatives and personal friends of General Harrison, who had been inmates of the Executive Mansion, entered the East Room, and as they passed along, there was not one in that large company but must have felt the deepest commiseration for their bereaved condition. Then came PRESIDENT TYLER, accompanied by the members of his Cabinet: and soon afterward, in succession, the Foreign Ministers and their suites, in full Court Costume, but wearing crape on the left arm and on the hilt of the sword—ex-President Adams—Messrs. Talmadge, Benton, Walker and Prentiss, of the Senate; Messrs. Cushing, Monroe, Wm. Cost Johnson, White, Doty, Carter, Saltenstall and others, of the House of Representa-



tives, and numerous public functionaries, and distinguished citizens. Never was there a meeting more solemn and imposing. The occasion was well calculated to impress the high officers of State, the titled dignitaries of foreign lands, and the eminent public men there assembled; but I have not time now to write half the incidents of the day, much less to indulge in the reflections which they were fitted to excite.

The Rev. Dr. HAWLEY performed the funeral service of the Episcopal Church, and—after a brief address in which he bore his testimony to the high regard for religion which ever characterized the deceased, and expressed his confidence that he had exchanged his exalted station here for a crown of eternal glory in the mansions of the blessed—he read a portion of the scriptures from that bible which the General had made his companion and guide in discharging the high duties of his station.

After the religious services were concluded, the coffin was borne to the Funeral Car, which was so constructed as to give to the spectators a full view of the pall and coffin. It was indeed only a neat platform covered with black velvet, and placed upon wheels. It was drawn by six beautiful white horses; each attended by a groom dressed in white. The pall-bearers (one from each State and Territory) took their positions beside the car: and the Procession instantly began to move in the order prescribed in the published Programme.

#### THE PROCESSION.

Alas! how different this mourning array from the procession that escorted and accompanied our revered Harrison only one short month ago to the scene of his inauguration! How different the circumstances of this day from those hours of public rejoicing and exultation! Instead of the resounding cries and cheers which then filled the air, there is now silence deep and universal, as the spectators gaze upon one object, which engages all their thoughts, their senses, their affections—the body of the illustrious Patriot and Hero carried along on the funeral chariot! You may easily imagine that as the 4th of March and all its scenes of splendor and joy—where all was so full of promise and security—came over their minds, the contrast was overwhelming, and that loud sighs and burning tears attested their deep affliction.

The procession was much larger than that on the day of the inauguration. Besides those mentioned in the programme, there were several military detachments from Baltimore, fire companies, and masonic and other associations of the District. Conspicuous in the solemn train were the members of the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, who attended in a body, preceded by some of their officers.

On arriving at the Congressional Burying Ground, the military escort took position on an elevated site adjacent; while the pall-bearers with the corpse, preceded by the clergy and physicians, and followed by President Tyler and his Cabinet, the Ex-President, Foreign Ministers, &c., &c., entered the grave-yard. After a brief prayer, the coffin was placed in the Receiving-Tomb—the usual military honors were paid by the troops with musketry and artillery, and the immense assemblage, bidding a last sad adieu to the remains of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, formed again into line, and returned in the same order in which they had preceded to the grave.

Thus ended these melancholy rites. Excuse this hasty and incomplete narrative. After the scenes of such a day, I am in no condition to describe them with the pathos or power which they demand.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1841.

The absorbing topic is the Address of President TYLER, setting forth the principles which will govern the general course of the Administration. The Whigs receive it as a sterling Whig document; and the opposition, especially the Globe clique, cannot fail to see that it puts down all the imaginings and hopes of the new Chief Magistrate's being other than a Whig. One thing it shows most clearly—a perfect identity of opinion with General Harrison as to the nature of our system, and the principles of free government. Of the specific measures also which are suggested and commended by Mr. Tyler, some had been adopted under the administration of General Harrison, and all would unquestionably have received his approval. It is worthy of remark here that so early as 1816, General Harrison and Mr. Tyler were members of the House of Representatives together; and there commenced a friendship which continued until the General's death. On several important questions, involving the leading principles of government, and the great distinctions of parties, they concurred in opinion and acted together.

The passages of the Address which have excited most attention, are those relating to the Revenue, the Currency, and the Custody of the Public Funds. Mr. Tyler is clearly opposed to those temporary expedients for supplying the actual wants of the Government which have been resorted to of late years. He is manifestly against Treasury Notes, and in favor of imposing such duties on imported articles as will be sufficient to make up an adequate revenue. He is for restoring the public revenues to their accustomed course;

today; that is, placing them under the control of Congress; and with a view to it, he desires the repeal of the Sub-Treasury, a system "unwise, impolitic, and highly oppressive," in his opinion. He says:

"I shall promptly give my sanction to any Constitutional measure which, originating in Congress, should have for its object the restoration of a sound circulating medium, so essentially necessary to give confidence in all the transactions of life, to secure to industry its just and adequate rewards, and to reestablish the public prosperity. In deciding upon the adaptation of any such measure to the end proposed, as well as its conformity to the Constitution, I shall resort to the *Fathers of the great Republican School* for advice and instruction, to be drawn from their sage views of our system of government, and the light of their ever-glorious example."

This is full of meaning; and it appears to mean that if Congress will "originate" a National Bank, in order to restore a sound circulating medium, and to produce the desirable effects on the credit and confidence, and on the industry and prosperity of the country; and if the powers given to the Bank are deemed "proper and necessary," Mr. Tyler will hold such a Bank to be constitutional, as Mr. Madison did under similar circumstances. More of this anon.

The President still occupies his lodgings at Brown's Hotel; but it is expected that he will remove to the Executive Mansion on Monday. The family of General Harrison intended to leave to-day: but they may be detained for several days yet, as the two grandsons of the General are suffering from indisposition. Mr. Tyler has very kindly renewed his invitation that they should be his guests so long as they may find it convenient to remain. They intend to spend some time in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and will not go to the West till the middle of May.

The body of Gen. Harrison will remain here for the present; and until the wishes of his widow and son at North Bend are known. His nephew, Benjamin Harrison, is extremely solicitous that the remains of this the most illustrious member of the family should be entombed at Berkeley, Virginia, the old family seat, where Benjamin H. now lives. The people of this District are equally anxious that he should repose here where he died, and hope that a suitable monument will be erected to his memory. It is likely, however, that his bereaved widow and other relatives in Ohio will insist on burying him at North Bend. On the farm there is an elevated spot of peculiar beauty, commanding a view up and down "la belle riviere" the Ohio, of seven or eight miles, which Col. Todd has designated for the place of his grave. Should Congress erect a monument to his honor, the voyager would descry it rising up amidst beautiful scenery at a great distance, and think with emotion of his triumphs and his fate.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1841.

Yesterday (being Sabbath) new honors were paid to the memory of the late President, in all the churches of the metropolis. It was the day for administering the sacrament in many of them: and the addresses on the solemnity and importance of the sacred communion were well mingled with allusions to him, who professed such a reverence for all the observances of religion, and whose pathway to the grave was smoothed and illumined by its consolations. The pulpits and desks of most of them were shrouded in mourning. Some of the discourses were peculiarly eloquent. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, a son of the Patroon, preached a most interesting sermon on the occasion in the First Presbyterian Church, of which the ladies of General Harrison's family were members. President Tyler and his sons, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Post Master General, and Attorney General were present. So also were the male relatives of the deceased now in the city, and a large assembly of auditors.

Many interesting incidents in the life of Gen. Harrison, illustrative of his private and public virtues, were recounted; and the narrative of the last hours and closing scenes of his career melted all hearts, and drew tears of sympathy and regret.

Besides other things, it was mentioned that the General had enjoyed the advantages of a religious education from a most pious mother. During his recent visit to the spot of his birth, and the old family mansion in Virginia, he delighted to show his friends "his mother's room," the closet to which she used to retire for her devotions, and the very corner where she used to sit reading her Bible, and where she taught him in childhood to pray to God on his knees. The impressions there made on his young mind never were effaced; and for the last twenty years he has never retired to rest without reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures.

General Harrison was very much surprised to find that there was not a Bible in the President's House. He declared that it ought to constitute a part of the furniture; and said that out of the first appropriation made for the Executive Mansion he would cause to be purchased the best copy that could be procured, and to be written in it "To the President of the United States, from the People of the United States." His reverence for the Sabbath was indicated by his constant attendance on Divine worship, and his withdrawing from all secular employment and cares to the

retirement of his own chamber for religious study or meditation, or to the quiet of his domestic circle. On the Sabbath after his inauguration many of his political friends called to pay their respects to him as usual. He said to his family that he disliked this exceedingly, and that "Sunday visiting must be broken up." The next Sunday, some of the foreign ministers called, and he was denied to them. The same evening some of his political friends came in. He could not disguise his annoyance at their general discourse, and very soon made an apology for taking leave of them, saying—"Gentlemen, I shall be most happy to see you at all times, except on Sunday."

I have mentioned these little incidents because I believe that, amid the general mourning, they will be interesting and consoling to his religious friends in every quarter of the Union.

The Cabinet continue to have daily consultations with the President at his lodgings, Brown's Hotel, for he has not yet taken possession of the White House. The utmost harmony prevails among them. But few appointments have yet been announced. Indeed the Secretaries have been up to this time chiefly engaged in reporting to the new President the state of the business in the different departments.

It is inferred that President Tyler will invoke the action of Congress on the subject of the currency; but will leave it to the Legislative authority to "originate" a measure for "the restoration of a sound circulating medium." It is believed that should a National Bank be deemed by Congress necessary and proper to accomplish that object, he will not refuse his sanction to the act of the People's representatives. Read over his remarks on the subject, and the sentence referring to the "fathers of the republican school," and then ponder on the following extract from the Message of President Madison, December, 1816:

"For the interests of the community, at large, as well as the purposes of the Treasury, it is essential that the Nation should possess a currency of equal value, credit, and use, wherever it may circulate. The Constitution has entrusted Congress, exclusively, with the power of creating and regulating a currency of that description; and the measures which were taken, at the last session, in execution of the power, give every promise of success. The BANK OF THE UNITED STATES has been organized under auspices the most favorable, and cannot fail to be an important auxiliary to those measures."

It would not be wonderful if President Tyler had in his mind these and other passages of Madison. There is certainly a remarkable identity of thought and opinion between his Address and the avowed principles of that illustrious man. The country will rejoice to find the new President taking him for a model. Loco Focoism may clamor at the spectacle of another Virginia President doing for the country what Washington, Madison and Monroe sanctioned; but a country restored to prosperity will applaud the act, and his name will be handed down to posterity encircled with the highest approbation, and the best honors which freemen can bestow.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1841.

The official recommendation of President TYLER, that a day be consecrated by the whole of the people of the United States to religious observances, on account of the late National bereavement, gives unmingled satisfaction to the best men of all parties in this quarter; and I doubt not will be cordially responded to and complied with by all good citizens. It is an impressive thought that, on the day designated, the people of our wide-spread Union, of every class and condition, and every religious creed, will be joining, with one accord, in recognising the righteous administration of the Almighty, in submitting humbly to his dispensations, and imploring a continuance of the Divine benignity to our government and country. It will be noticed that the official paper suggesting this universal observance of the day bears the simple title of "A RECOMMENDATION." It is to be hoped Mr. Calhoun and others of his school will not think the measure unconstitutional!

The President will not take possession of the Executive mansion, until Friday next, when Col. Copeland, the nephew of the General, Mrs. Harrison, and the other ladies propose to leave. Their departure has been delayed by the sickness of the young lady, the General's grandsons. I am happy to learn that the Secretary of War intends to place both of them in the Military Academy, West Point, as soon as they arrive at the age required by the regulations of the Department. They are both sprightly, active, promising little fellows. One of them is also a grandson of General PIKE, his mother being the only child of that distinguished hero. For this boy the late President always manifested the deepest concern and affection; and in connection with him the following anecdote, illustrating the good nature which marked the social intercourse between Mr. Van Buren and General Harrison during his sojourn here, before the Inauguration, may be interesting.

Toward the close of their first interview which had been conducted with much good humor on the part of Mr. Van Buren, and by more than his usual vivacity and pleasantry on the part of General Harrison, the latter said, "I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. President—it is to place the 'grandson of my old friend, General Pike, at West Point. He is heir to nothing but his grandfather's sword. He is

"my grandson, too, and as I have never conferred any appointment on a relative, I wish you to do it for me." Mr. Van Buren promptly replied that it would give him pleasure to have an opportunity of sending the young gentleman to the Academy. But, it was afterwards ascertained, that he wanted a few months of being of the proper age. So the plan was frustrated. The public will be gratified to learn that Mr. Secretary Bell will carry out the wishes of the departed patriot in this respect.

Cels. Chambers and Todd, the faithful aids of the General have left the city.

The ladies of the new President's family are expected to arrive here in the course of next week. The wife of the President is in rather delicate health; but, in presiding at the White House, she will be assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Jones, of Virginia, and Mrs. Tyler, jun., (formerly Miss Cooper, a daughter of the celebrated tragedian.) There is also an unmarried daughter, who, if half be true which fame reports of her personal attractions, will be a brilliant addition to the young and lovely portion of Washington society. Mr. John Tyler, Jun., (the second son,) will be the President's private Secretary.

At present the Cabinet meetings are held at the State Department, in the Secretary's private chambers.

President Tyler has adopted a system which enables him to get through a great deal of business every day. He receives his fellow-citizens two hours every morning, (from ten to twelve.) After that, he takes the command of his time for Cabinet consultations, official and private business, and such appointed engagements as he may think fit to make with his personal or political friends.

#### FLOWERS.

It must be a satisfaction to everybody to know that the flowers are coming in—and to a great many people, who have been nearly converted into mould for future growths of flowers by the severity of the past winter, the satisfaction must be especially grateful. We are by no means covetous of long life; but an abiding sense of the many delights with which life is fraught tempts us to think that we ought to live as long as we can. We mean all this in its most pleasurable interpretation; for in no other point of view does the love of life seem to us either reasonable or philosophical.

The charming thoughts that are associated with flowers, with their shapes, colors, and fragrance—their poetical uses—their seasons and successions—and all that has been said about them by bookmen and lovers, lie so close at hand, and are so familiar in the aggregate to the world at large, that, like most familiar things, they are generally treated with neglect. People don't care about flowers, because they have them growing luxuriantly under their eyes, and because one crop of blossoms is no sooner wasted in the air than another crop comes out, and because, in fact, do what you will, you cannot exhaust the flowers, which are endowed with a perpetual vitality, and which without any artificial help, even against all sorts of unneighborly difficulties, will grow and grow, and flourish, and throw off their perfumes as if it were designed in the scheme of the creation to show the principle of immortality throughout the minutest works of nature.

But with all our indifference—more apparent than real every human being loves flowers. Here is a bunch of freshly-cropped violets. Not to say one word about their delicate and most exquisite aroma, it is impossible to look into their deep cups without being struck by the image of loveliness, retreating and blushing and trying to hide itself within its darkly brilliant folds, which they present palpably to the imagination. Well, we no sooner get this idea into our heads, than we begin to recollect what has been said about violets—what SHAKESPEARE said about them—what beautiful and passionate pictures have been drawn by poets concerning them—and what loveable spots they nestle in in the poetry of all ages and languages. In a moment of time we are thus carried away into a boundless region of contemplations, and the chances are a hundred to one that, if we have only patience enough to dream out our dream, we shall have traversed a more expanded surface of delightful associations over this little bunch of violets that we should care to do in the noblest library in the world.

Books are great and glorious agents of civilization and happiness. They are the silent teachers of mankind, filling the mind with wisdom, and strengthening the understanding for the strife of action; making us powerful and gentle, wise and humble, at the same time. But we cannot be always buried in our books; we must go out into the sunshine; and it is necessary, in order to enjoy our books, that we should also enjoy the privilege of air and light, drinking in health and vigor, to enable us to make the best and most profitable use of our sedentary hours. In direct opposition, then, to books, or rather in secret combination with them, we would place flowers—the out-of-door books Nature has so liberally provided for us in such a rich variety of types and bindings, as to leave no excuse for not gratifying all our individual tastes. The lover of flowers has this advantage over the lover of books, that he never can be at a loss or variety; but we suspect the classification is somewhat

arbitrary, and that there is hardly any one who loves the one who does not also love the other. The best way to enjoy either is to enjoy both; to take them alternately, so that they may relieve and show each other off to the best advantage. A walk in an open field, and one hour spent in gathering wild flowers, to be afterwards grouped into a vase upon the library table, is by no means the least suggestive preparation for a morning's reading.

When you say that such a person is very fond of books, you mean that he is a constant student; but you imply no more. He may be fond of profound books or flimsy books; and it is of the last importance that you should be more explicit in your description, if you would have your friend obtain any credit for a taste above the dismal round of the circulating library. But when you say that such a person is fond of flowers, it is impossible to mistake your meaning. There is no room for misconception as to what is meant by a love of flowers. You need not be a floriculturist to be fond of flowers—you need not have any knowledge of botanical names, or vegetable physiology; but it is indispensable that you should have a soul and a heart for beauty and the sensible glories of the green and bounteous earth. To love flowers, is to love nature. What may not the love of nature do for man, when all other avenues to his feelings are locked up by selfishness, or care, or worldly influences? Let him but cherish this fertile corner in his affections—fertile in hope and goodness—and we need not despair of the darkest-natured of our race. He can be reached in this one point of sympathy, when all other appeals have failed. He is vulnerable here, if the rest of his organization be as a sheet of mail.

Hence, flowers occupy a space in the consideration of worldly happiness, much greater than we might suspect at the first blush. They belong to the sunshine and the productive soil—to the light—to the winds—to the pathways, and the banks of the streams—to the skies, whose tints they reflect, and into whose radiant depths they ultimately fade and above all they belong to us by right of birth and possession, and the loving nurture of our hands and eyes, and our scientific discoveries, which have taught us how to make perpetual summer, and to inspire the roots of sweet flowering things with additional springs of propagation. And these same flowers, which are so beautiful in themselves, so lusty in the fragrance that pours through their delicate leaves, and so fragile to the touch, live where we cannot live, and by means unknown to us. On the loftiest mountains, inaccessible to the foot of man, they leap into the clouds; in the depths of the ocean, where we cannot see them, they blossom and flourish; on naked rocks where there is not a particle of dust to take root in, they burst into bloom, and even amid eternal snows they clamber and work their way into the frosted air, where we find it difficult to sustain life, reproaching us by the hardness with which their slight tendrils sprinkle their buds abroad. There is a river in Russia—the name of which we happen to forget—which in the wintry season is one mass of ice, yet its banks are covered with roses, of which it seems there is a constant succession. All flowers, should be to us what these roses are to the icy stream—suggestions of health and beauty, reminiscences of the summer time, and hopeful contrasts between the morbid intervals of life and its vitality. Flowers are always on the sunny side of things, and we too should keep there as much as we can.

THE UNITED STATES BANK REPORT, which has been recently published has fallen like a bombshell among the people. It is a most able exposition of a most stupendous fraud—a fraud, the disgrace of which is illimitable; and the consequences of which will extend throughout the land and continue to operate even after "this generation shall have passed away."

The Bank of the United States, for a number of years, stood before the people in the relation of a public debt—a government security—a permanent, solid fund—where the widow and the orphan, the aged and infirm, might safely invest their all and rely on an income that was beyond contingency. As a natural consequence, this class of the community to the number of thousands placed their sole means of living in the hands of the President and Directors of this Bank. When the institution was re-chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, (the name of the old Bank having been retained,) the stock-holders made no change of their property; for they considered it to be better where it was than it could be by any change.

And now, what is the result of their unsuspecting confidence? Simply this: they are reduced to beggary. Their sole property has depreciated from 120 to 20 dollars a share—they receive no income from it—and they have no means whatever of supporting themselves. Nor is this all. The credit of our whole banking system—that system on which the well-being of our country must for years depend—is shaken: for the people may well say, if the United States Bank has been ruined by fraud, what bank can be safe? And they may add, if Mr. Biddle—whose character and personal popularity, in 1837, were pre-eminent among all the distinguished men in the land—if he has proved himself dishonest, who can be trusted?

We do not, by this latter query, mean to imply that Mr. Biddle is alone responsible for the infamous mismanagement of the Bank—but he is chiefly responsible, nevertheless. His control over the affairs of the institution was nearly (if not quite) absolute; he of course ordered or knew all that was done; he publicly stated, when he resigned the Presidency, in March, 1839, that the Bank was "in a highly prosperous condition"—yet, within fifteen months from this declaration, the Bank was found to be hopelessly broken. It is idle for him to pretend that in fifteen months a Bank with \$35,000,000 capital could fall from prosperity to ruin; even if the report of the Committee did not—as it does—demonstrate that the work of corruption commenced long before.

With the exception of some \$330,000 paid to Mr. Jaudon for three years' services as agent for the Bank in London, the principal losses seem to have occurred by means of large loans to irresponsible individuals without adequate security, and without any record of the transactions on the books of the institution! And we should like to know how far such loans differ from direct robbery? The law discriminates between the two cases, it is true: the more is the pity! but what is the difference, morally? We can see none.

Mitchell—whom, in comparison with these stupendous rogues, we may well term the *unfortunate*—defrauded some of his fellow men to an aggregate amount of \$4000 or \$5000; and he is (justly, we admit) branded as a scoundrel, pursued as a fugitive, and, if caught, will be punished as a swindler. But what is his crime in comparison with that of the President and Directors of the U. States Bank?—In its consequences, it is nothing in comparison: in its moral turpitude, it is nothing: but in its legal criminality it is everything! And this, in an enlightened community, is called justice!

The great—the wholesale villain—sins with impunity; but the minor rascal suffers the penalty of the law: or, in the words of King Lear:

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furred gowns hide all! Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rage, a pigmy straw doth pierce it."

We have seen nothing urged in Mr. Biddle's defence but his own letter in which he speaks of it as the first letter of a series explanatory of his dealings with and for the Bank. We do not know how far the series is likely to extend, but we think it will take a great many such letters to clear his skirts. This one is quite too strong: it shows too much: it makes his case too good. He says, among other things, that the Bank claimed from him \$321,000, of which sum he did not owe it a farthing: and, so far, the story is very good. But, unfortunately, he proceeds to say that as the directors were importunate—rather troublesome—in their demands, he just paid "the trifle," to get rid of them. This was liberal. As we have just before suggested, it was too liberal. It looks suspicious, such liberality. However, when we come to look at the Report, and see how this small sum was paid, our admiration at Mr. Biddle's liberality is considerably diminished. If the reader will refer to the Report he will see that the payment was made in *Texas Bonds*, at par—which we think will remind him of the story about the man who sold his dog for \$100, and took two pups for pay, at \$50 a-piece. This, however, is treating with levity a matter that should be considered in all seriousness.

It is a burning disgrace to our country that such stupendous rascality as this should go unpunished; and the disgrace is aggravated by the fact that this last Bank fraud—though indeed the largest of all—is only one of a series that for twenty or thirty years past have periodically spread ruin and alarm through the community.

As our laws now stand and are now administered, there is little hope of amendment through their instrumentality; but public opinion has some force left, and to that we appeal. We beg that these men may be shunned by gentlemen, and "cut" in all decent society. Let a mark be put upon them, by which honest and respectable men will know how to avoid them. We are rejoiced to hear that this course has been adopted toward Mr. Biddle in Philadelphia; and we do earnestly hope that both he and his associates in guilt will receive the same moral excommunication from respectable people in all parts of the country.

PRESIDENT TYLER'S POSITION.—Opinions seem to differ very widely as to the course that will be pursued, and as to the political principles entertained—by our new President. For our own part, we attach very little importance to the various speculations afloat, in which we believe the office seekers are as much interested as is the country: but our attention has recently been called to some of the President's Constitutional opinions, which satisfy us that he is an able and an honest man—and beyond these two qualifications we have no interest to inquire.

While he—as the Hon. John Tyler—was in the United States Senate, in 1834, he was instructed by the Legislature of Virginia to vote for the famous *Expunging Resolution*. In reply to this instruction, he resigned his seat as Senator, and the letter containing his resignation concludes in the following manly and eloquent terms:

"I dare not touch the Journal of the Senate. The Conj



stitution forbids it. In the midst of all the agitation of party, I have heretofore stood by that sacred instrument. It is the only post of honor and of safety. Parties are continually changing. The men of to-day give place to the men of to-morrow; and the idols which one set worship, the next destroy. The only object of my political worship shall be the Constitution of my country. I will not be the instrument to overthrow it. A seat in the Senate is sufficiently elevated to fill the measure of any man's ambition, and, as an evidence of the sincerity of my convictions that your resolutions cannot be executed without violating my oath, I resign into your hands three unexpired years of my term. I shall carry with me into retirement the principles which I brought with me into public life; and by the sur-render of the high station to which I was called by the voice of the people of Virginia, I shall set an example to my children which shall teach them to regard as nothing place and office, when either attained or held by the sacrifice of honor. I am, gentlemen, your fellow citizen,

JOHN TYLER.

These sentiments and this language may well reconcile Americans to the present administration; and although we disclaim both Van Burenism and Whiggism as such, we feel very well disposed toward adopting Tylerism as our rule of action in politics. The man who supports the Constitution is our man, by what name soever he happens to be known.

83- The President's Secretary is J. Tyler, Jr. The name of his lady was Miss Priscilla Cooper. She is the daughter of Cooper the Tragedian; of whom, while treading the boards in his glory and his pride, it was finely said

"Cooper, the noblest Roman of them all."

This lady is, it seems, to reign at the White House. The Globe calls her "a most accomplished, refined, and amiable woman." To this praise we can cordially subscribe. The duties which she is destined to perform could not be committed to one more worthy to adorn and dignify so lofty a situation. Mild and patient in adversity, she will be gentle and kind in prosperity.

Miss Cooper was for a short time on the stage. She trod the boards, however, in mere obedience to her father's will, and from a deep, filial sense of obligation to his wishes. The profession of an actress was ever repugnant to her feelings, and her sensitive nature shrank from the rude necessities of a profession, the honors of which she neither hoped nor sought to win. We remember to have seen her performance of Virginia in Boston, some years ago, for her father's benefit. It was not acting: it was chaste and beautiful reading—an exhibition of tender, womanly emotion—a striving after a certain aim; and that aim was to gratify and aid her father. She evidently labored under the most painful embarrassment, and it was with difficulty she sustained her rôle. In the dress-circle were many of her close personal friends; for, though an actress, she moved in the best circles of the city, and was caressed by the most refined of her sex. She was upheld through all the performance by the encouragement of her friends; but each one heaved a sigh of relief when the tragedy was ended. At this time many sympathies and cordial friendships were extended to Miss Cooper.

84- THE FUNERAL PROCESSION on Saturday of last week was a novel and imposing spectacle, and the various preparations and accessories throughout the city were most happily in keeping with it. The various bells were tolled in a continuous peal from and after twelve o'clock; at all prominent points the national flag was displayed at half-mast, the shops and places of amusement were closed, and the streets, through which the procession passed, were hung with mourning draperies.

The procession itself was all that could be desired—saving some items of mismanagement, which seem to be inseparable from the arrangements on great occasions. The hour appointed for the moving of the procession (12 o'clock) was rather late, considering how much was to be done afterward; and, as usual, nearly two hours of delay ensued before the march began: consequently it was not finished until after five o'clock, and then the lateness of the hour compelled the Committee to postpone all the concluding ceremonies of the programme. Unfortunately, too, about the time that the proceedings might have been terminated, had a proper hour been selected and punctually observed, a storm of sleet and snow set in, which rendered everybody uncomfortable, and compelled great numbers to quit the procession during its march. The appearance of the military was respectable, merely. With the exception of the U. S. Soldiers, and a few companies of infantry, all marched badly, and the troops bore their arms without any reference to uniformity—some were at a "support," some "slope," some "trail," and some "carry," all at the same time, and all within the compass of a dozen platoons.

Nevertheless, taken as a whole, the celebration was worthy of the occasion, and both are likely to be long remembered by our citizens.

THE SNOW STORM.—It is a fact worthy of being put on record that on the morning of the 13th of April, 1841, the snow lay in the streets of New-York from ten to twelve inches deep on a level! It is the first time we have ever seen our citizens crowding to the polls (either in Spring or Fall) through snow-covered streets.

85- MR. TYLER'S ADDRESS to the American people is a calm document,—evidently the production of a high-minded and unselfish man. He uses, as we saw with a smile, General Jackson's famous expression, "my Administration." The verb "to ultimate" is a most decided Americanism; but we do not feel disposed to quarrel with this or with any other demonstrations of the country of his birth, which Mr. Tyler may see fit to make. Indeed, we are rejoiced to find, from an examination of his public career, from his writings and speeches, and from the general testimony of those who know him best, that he is thoroughly American in all his inclinations and sentiments. The Richmond Enquirer would have him a Virginian and nothing but a Virginian. But he rises superior to sectional attachment and sectional principles, and, in this address, he shows that he means to be the President of the people.

It is evident enough to us that Mr. Tyler will not refuse his sanction to a National Bank, should Congress determine that such an institution is necessary to a proper and permanent regulation of the currency. On this point, most anxiety was felt by the Whigs: the language of this address, though somewhat guarded and susceptible of various interpretation, is yet sufficiently explicit to allay any apprehensions resulting from the President's former opinions on this subject. It has been stated that he was opposed to a recharter of the United States Bank. This might well be and yet be perfectly consistent with friendliness towards the project of a new National Bank. It will be remembered that President Jackson himself told Congress in one of his messages, that he would propose to them a plan for a Government Bank, that would have all the excellencies of the old one without any of its acknowledged defects. The Richmond Enquirer says that it is confidently asserted by the Whigs that President Tyler has declared his conviction of the necessity of a National Institution. There is no manner of doubt that the Sub-Treasury scheme has his unqualified reprobation.

The party, which elected Mr. Tyler, cannot fail to be gratified with this document. It is right that it should be promulgated. It is, on the whole, quite satisfactory, and marks out very well the ground that the President means to travel over, though it may not, as exactly as Mr. Calhoun would like, "define his position."

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

##### FELLOW CITIZENS:

Before my arrival at the seat of Government the painful communication was made to you by the officers presiding over the several Departments, of the deeply regretted death of William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States. Upon him you had conferred your suffrages, for the first office in your gift, and had selected him as your chosen instrument to correct and reform all such errors and abuses as had manifested themselves from time to time in the practical operation of the Government.

While standing at the threshold of this great work, he has, by the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, been removed from among us, and by the provisions of the Constitution the efforts to be directed to the accomplishing of this vitally important task have devolved upon myself. This same occurrence has subjected the wisdom and sufficiency of our institutions to a new test. For the first time in our history the person elected to the Vice Presidency of the United States, by the happening of a contingency provided for in the Constitution, has had devolved upon him the Presidential office. The spirit of faction, which is directly opposed to the spirit of a lofty patriotism, may find in this occasion for assaults upon my administration. And in succeeding, under circumstances so sudden and unexpected, and to responsibilities so greatly augmented, to the administration of public affairs, I shall place in the intelligence and patriotism of the people my only sure reliance. My earnest prayer shall be constantly addressed to the all-wise and all-powerful Being who made me, and by whose dispensation I am called to the high office of President of this Confederacy, understandingly to carry out the principles of that Constitution which I have sworn "to protect, preserve and defend."

The usual opportunity which is afforded to a Chief Magistrate upon his induction to office of presenting to his countrymen an exposition of the policy which would guide his administration, in the form of an inaugural address, not having, under the peculiar circumstances which have brought me to the discharge of the high duties of President of the United States, been afforded to me, a brief exposition of the principles which will govern me in the general course of my administration of public affairs would seem to be due as well to myself as to you. In regard to foreign nations, the ground work of my policy will be justice on our part to all, submitting to injustice from none. While I shall sedulously cultivate the relations of peace and amity with one and all, it will be my most imperative duty to see that the honor of the country shall sustain no blemish. With a view to this, the condition of our military defences will become a matter of anxious solicitude. The Army, which has in other days covered itself with renown, and the Navy, not inappropriately termed the right arm of the public defence, which has spread a light of glory over the American standard in all the waters of the earth, should be rendered replete with efficiency.

In view of the fact, well avouched by history, that the tendency of all human institutions is to concentrate power in the hands of a single man, and that their ultimate downfall has proceeded from this cause, I deem it of the most essential importance that a complete separation should take place between the sword and the purse. No matter where or how the public moneys shall be deposited, so long as the President can exert the power of appointing and removing at his pleasure, the agents selected for their custody, the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy is in fact the

Treasurer. A permanent and radical change should therefore be decreed. The patronage incident to the Presidential office, already great, is constantly increasing. Such increase is destined to keep pace with the growth of our population, until, without a figure of speech, an army of officeholders may be spread over the land. The unrestrained power exerted by a selfishly ambitious man, in order either to perpetuate his authority or to hand it over to some favorite as his successor, may lead to the employment of all the means within his control to accomplish his object. The right to remove from office, while subjected to no just restraint, is inevitably destined to produce a spirit of cringing servility with the official corps, which, in order to uphold the hand which feeds them, would lead to direct and active interference in the elections, both State and Federal, thereby subjecting the course of State legislation to the dictation of the Chief Executive Officer, and making the will of that officer absolute and supreme. I will, at a proper time, invoke the action of Congress upon this subject, and shall readily acquiesce in the adoption of all proper measures which are calculated to arrest these evils, so full of danger in their tendency. I will remove no incumbent from office who has faithfully and honestly acquitted himself of the duties of his office, except in such cases where such officer has been guilty of an active partizanship, or by secret means—the less manly, and therefore the more objectionable—has given his official influence to the purposes of party, thereby bringing the patronage of the Government in conflict with the freedom of elections. Numerous removals may become necessary under this rule. These will be made by me through no acerbity of feeling. I have had no cause to cherish or indulge unkind feelings toward any, but my conduct will be regulated by a profound sense of what is due to the country and its institutions: not shall I neglect to apply the same unbending rule to those of my own appointment. Freedom of opinion will be tolerated, the full enjoyment of the right of suffrage will be maintained as the birthright of every American citizen, but I say emphatically to the official corps, "thus far and no farther." I have dwelt the longer upon this subject, because removals from office are likely often to arise, and I would have my countrymen to understand the principle of the Executive action.

In all public expenditures the most rigid economy should be resorted to, and, as one of its results, a public debt in time of peace be sedulously avoided. A wise and patriotic constituency will never object to the imposition of necessary burdens for useful ends; and true wisdom dictates the resort to such means, in order to supply deficiencies in the revenue rather than to those doubtful expedients, which, ultimating in a public debt, serve to embarrass the resources of the country and to lessen its ability to meet any great emergency which may arise. All sinecures should be abolished. The appropriations should be direct and explicit, so as to leave as limited a share of discretion to the disbursing agents as may be found compatible with the public service. A strict responsibility on the part of all the agents of the Government should be maintained, and speculation or defalcation visited with immediate expulsion from office and the most condign punishment.

The public interest also demands that, if any war has existed between the Government and the currency, it shall cease. Measures of a financial character, now having the sanction of legal enactment, shall be faithfully enforced until repealed by the legislative authority. But I owe it to myself to declare that I regard existing enactments as unwise and impolitic, and in a high degree oppressive. I shall promptly give my sanction to any constitutional measure which, originating in Congress, shall have for its object the restoration of a sound circulating medium, so essentially necessary to give confidence in all the transactions of life, to secure to industry its just and adequate rewards, and to re-establish the public prosperity. In deciding upon the adaptation of any such measure to the end proposed, as well as its conformity to the Constitution, I shall resort to the Fathers of the great Republican school for advice and instruction, to be drawn from their sage views of our system of Government, and the light of their ever glorious example.

The institutions under which we live, my countrymen, secure each person in the perfect enjoyment of all his rights. The spectacle is exhibited to the world of a government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed, and having imparted to it only so much power as is necessary for its successful operation. Those who are charged with its administration should carefully abstain from all attempts to enlarge the range of powers thus granted to the several departments of government, other than by an appeal to the people for additional grants, lest by so doing they disturb that balance which the patriots and statesmen who framed the Constitution designed to establish between the Federal Government and the States composing the Union. The observance of these rules is enjoined upon us by that feeling of reverence and affection which finds a place in the heart of every patriot for the preservation of union and the blessings of union—for the good of our children and our children's children, through countless generations. An opposite course could not fail to generate factions, intent upon the gratification of their selfish ends; to give birth to local and sectional jealousies, and to ultimate either in breaking asunder the bonds of union, or in building up a central system, which would inevitably end in a bloody sceptre and an iron crown.

In conclusion, I beg you to be assured that I shall exert myself to carry the foregoing principles into practice during my administration of the Government, and, confiding in the protecting care of an ever-watchful and overruling Providence, it shall be my first and highest duty to preserve unimpaired the free institutions under which we live, and transmit them to those who shall succeed me in their full force and vigor.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1841.

86- The Banks in Richmond, Va., by mutual agreement, voluntarily suspended specie payments on Tuesday last. This course was, to our minds, perfectly proper and consistent with sound policy. It is folly for the banks in such a city, out of ultra notions on the subject of "honor and good faith," to maintain specie payments when all the country around them is in a state of suspension.

## THE CHARTER ELECTION

Which took place in this city on Tuesday last, resulted in favor of the Opposition. The majorities for Mayor are very nearly as follows:

Wards.	PHENIX, Wkg.	Wards.	MORRIS, Opp.
I. ....	584	IV. ....	55
II. ....	358	VI. ....	357
III. ....	777	VIII. ....	46
V. ....	207	IX. ....	479
VII. ....	102	X. ....	218
XV. ....	815	XI. ....	825
Total.....	2,783	XII. ....	128
" Morris.....	3,179	XIII. ....	341
Morris's majority.....	396	XIV. ....	271
(Very nearly.)		XVI. ....	324
		XVII. ....	134
		Total.....	3,179

## NEW COMMON COUNCIL.

Wards.	Aldermen.	Assistant Aldermen.
I. Calvin Balis,	Philip V. Hoffman,	
II. Caleb S. Woodhull,	George F. Nesbitt,	
III. Egbert Benson,	John A. Underwood,	
IV. Richard S. Williams,	Alfred Ashfield,	
V. Robert Jones,	William Adams,	
VI. Felix O'Neil,	William Shaler,	
VII. Morris Franklin,	William D. Murphy,	
VIII. David Vandervoort,	Thomas R. Lee,	
IX. Moses G. Leonard,	Wm. D. Waterman,	
X. Elijah F. Purdy,	Daniel Ward,	
XI. Abraham Hatfield,	Charles J. Dodge,	
XII. Samuel Bradhurst,	Henry Brevoort,	
XIII. Cornelius B. Timpon,	Daniel D. Briggs,	
XIV. Edward S. Innes,	Abraham B. Davis,	
XV. Elijah M. Kimball,	Erastus C. Benedict,	
XVI. James Pollock,	Edmund G. Rawson,	
XVII. Frederick K. Lee,	John M. Seaman,	

Those in Italics are Whigs. 14 Whigs to 20 V. B.

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

## Officers of the Customs.

Collectors.—James Perrine, Mobile, Alabama, in the place of John B. Hogan.

Edward Brooks, Detroit, Michigan, in the place of John McDonell.

Jonathan Roberts, Philadelphia, vice Calvin Blythe.

Surveyor.—J. Washington Tyson, Philadelphia, in the place of George W. Ritter.

Naval Officer.—Bela Badger, Philadelphia, in the place of John Horn.

A Portuguese slave was lately carried into Rio Janeiro by the British brig of war Tower. She had 380 slaves on board, and had lost 140 on the passage.

THE CANALS.—Official notice has been given that the Canals of this State will be opened for navigation on the 24th inst.

The remains of Mrs. Montgomery, who was recently killed by the Indians in Florida, have been removed by the father of that unfortunate young lady, and borne to the grave with appropriate funeral solemnities, at Cincinnati, a few days since. She was the wife of Lieutenant Montgomery, of the Army, and had been married but a very short time before her death.

The Governor of Alabama has summoned the Legislature of that State to meet in Special Session on the third Monday in April, "for the purpose of providing by law for the election of Members to represent Alabama in the next Congress."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A most distressing accident occurred in this city on Saturday last. Col. John Means, the keeper of a lively stable, accompanied by Samuel, the second son of Mr. Wm. H. Douglass, merchant, had driven a buggy and two horses into the river, at the upper end of Mulberry street, for the purpose of watering the horses and cleaning the carriage, when it is supposed the horses took fright and ran off into the current. Col. Means sprang out to catch the horses, but after struggling with them for some time, received a blow from one of them in the back part of the head, when he immediately sunk. The youth who was in company with him was also drowned in his attempt to swim to the shore. The most strenuous exertions were made by some of the citizens who had assembled, and both the bodies were found in a short time, but all attempts at resuscitation proved ineffectual.—[Chillicothe Advertiser.]

## OFFICIAL.

## To the People of the United States.

## A RECOMMENDATION.

When a Christian People feel themselves to be overtaken by a great public calamity, it becomes them to humble themselves under the dispensation of Divine Providence, to recognise His righteous government over the children of men, to acknowledge His goodness in time past, as well as their own unworthiness, and to supplicate His merciful protection for the future.

The death of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, so soon after his elevation to that high office, is a bereavement peculiarly calculated to be regarded as a heavy affliction, and to impress all minds with a sense of the uncertainty of human things, and of the dependence of Nations, as well as of individuals, upon our Heavenly Parent.

I have thought, therefore, that I should be acting in conformity with the general expectation and feelings of the community in recommending, as I now do, to the People of the United States, of every religious denomination, that, according to their several modes and forms of worship, they observe a day of Fasting and Prayer, by such religious services as may be suitable on the occasion; and I recommend Friday, the fourteenth day of May next, for that purpose; to the end that, on that day, we may all, with one accord, join in humble and reverential approach to HIM, in whose hands we are, invoking him to inspire us with a proper spirit and temper of heart and mind under these frowns of His Providence, and still to bestow His gracious benedictions upon our Government and our country.

Washington, April 13, 1841.

JOHN TYLER.

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Sixth edition, revised and corrected.—The engravings and contents of this book are so numerous and various, that we can do no more than give it a very general notice. Indeed, the title page describes the work with an accuracy which supercedes the necessity of an extended notice from our pen. Want of room will allow us to do little more than commend it to the patronage of our readers, a task which we cheerfully perform. No book of its size and price, (\$2) with which we are acquainted, possesses so much real intrinsic merit; amusement and instruction are both combined. It happily combines these two attractions, and all persons must be pleased and edified by a careful perusal of its pages. It is strictly illustrative of the Scriptures, viz.:—Engravings of the manners and customs of the East; Oriental Cities and Ancient Ruins; Antiquities, curiosities, trees, plants, &c. mentioned in the Bible. Many of these pictorial illustrations are beautifully engraved, and describe, with a surprising accuracy, the present condition of the cities alluded to in the sacred volume, and leave an impression on the mind which language, however graphic, would fail to do.

We are much better pleased with the whole mechanical execution of the present edition; the paper is beautiful, and the typography clear and correct. It is, indeed, a family book, and also one of reference for teachers. It has already passed through six editions of 2000 each!—a good commentary on the value and popularity of the volume.

The second volume will be issued early in May.

Several poems have been published on the death of our lamented Chief Magistrate. We are sorry that they are unworthy of their solemn theme. Many lines are used to express the simple but absorbing sorrow of the heart; but how ineffectual they are—how poor are all the "dirges" and "requiems" of our modern versifiers, compared with stanzas like the following! In them is told all that can be told. They strike us as singularly appropriate to the season and circumstance of General Harrison's demise. We are somewhat surprised that they have not before been quoted; for, in view of the event which has shrouded our country in mourning, they might as well have been written yesterday as a hundred years ago. But, alas! the nineteenth century has no William Collins!

## ODE.

## WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

The Courier and Enquirer of Tuesday last, has a spirited article—doubtless from the pen of Col. Webb—on the conduct and proceedings of "the handsome Mr. Effingham." We regret that we have not room to transfer it to our columns; for it effectually demolishes the last remnants of respectability which may have adhered to the character of the "mild," "high-minded," "quiet," "philosophical," "clear-headed," "handsome," "thoughtful," "liberal," "just," "courteous," "simple," "direct," and "full of truth," Mr. EFFINGHAM.

It appears from this statement—the correctness of which cannot be doubted—that an individual by the name of Cooper, James Fenimore Cooper, has repeatedly and vainly attempted to procure indictments against editors, in his native county of Otsego. This individual should be caught and caged—he is evidently rabid. If suffered to run at large he may bite somebody and inflict him with a mania for commencing libel-suits.

The most profitable Railroad in the United States is that from Utica to Schenectady, the capital stock paid in of which is \$1,500,000. On this capital, the interest earned has been 13 1-2 per cent. per year. This road is seventy-miles long, and cost less per mile, than any other road in the country. It has a light flat rail, and is restricted by law from carrying freight, as this would interfere with the profits of the Erie canal, owned by the State.

## Married.

On the 12th instant, by Rev. Mr. Noble, Mr. W. N. Hawkins and Miss Phoebe Matilda, only daughter of John B. Moore, Esq., all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 12th instant, by Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Wm. Huxtable and Miss R. Maria, only daughter of Ephraim Treadwell, Esq.

On Wednesday evening, by Rev. William M. Stillwell, Jeremiah Simons, of Staten Island, and Miss Margaret Salter, of this city.

At Harlem, on Monday evening, 5th instant, by Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Jacob Hyatt, of this city, and Miss Caroline A. Clark, daughter of the late Capt. John G. Clark.

On the 8th instant, by Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Henry Fischer and Sarah, and William Levens and Mary, daughters of Mr. James Sigoine.

On the 11th instant, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Jared N. Casey and Miss Lucy Garrod.

## Died.

On Wednesday morning, 14th instant, after a long illness, Madame Rigand, aged 97.

On Wednesday morning, 14th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Baillie, in the 89th year of her age.

On Tuesday, 13th instant, Sarah Maria, wife of George Eichel, in the 44th year of her age.

On the morning of the 13th instant, of a lingering illness, Walter R. Hunt, in the 23d year of his age.

On the morning of the 13th instant, of inflammation of the lungs, Mr. Edward Crouch, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 8th instant, of small pox, Mr. George Colburn, in the 23d year of his age.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 6th instant, Henry Knight, formerly of Salem, Mass., aged 32.

At Montreal, on the 8th instant, after a few minutes' illness, Col. Bouchette, Surveyor General of Lower Canada, aged 67.

At his residence in Hardin county, Ky., March 3, Rev. Alexander McDougal, in the 103d year of his age. This valuable citizen took a part in the war of the Revolution, and has been esteemed throughout his long life, for his moral worth. He was a minister of the Baptist society.

TO AGENTS.—We trust those who are acting for us will not flag in their exertions to increase our subscription list. The new story of Barnaby Rudge was commenced on the 20th of March, and is a good point for new subscriptions to commence. We are making great outlays of expense to increase the value and interest of the NEW WORLD, which can only be compensated for by an increased subscription.

## THE NEW WORLD.

EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The handsomest and cheapest Weekly Newspaper in America—Price THREE DOLLARS per annum, or FIVE DOLLARS for two copies—Published in two forms, Quarto and Folio.

The Quarto form contains sixteen three-column pages, elegantly printed, in a convenient form for binding, occasionally embellished with Engravings and Music. The Second Volume of the Quarto was commenced on the first of January, 1841; and new Volumes will begin on each 1st of January and 1st of July hereafter, making two volumes per year of 416 pages each, to which a title page and index will be given, and which, when bound, will form a most valuable repository of the Periodical Literature of the day.

The Folio form contains four large eight-column pages, elegantly printed, and illustrated with engravings from original or new designs.

## THE NEW WORLD

Is a Journal of Popular Literature, Criticism, Science and the Arts. It is supplied with articles by the first living writers of the United States and Great Britain. The first number was issued in October, 1839, and its circulation has steadily increased to this day, till it counts more readers than any other newspaper of its kind in the world. This is owing to the fact of its having given to the public, for a sum merely nominal and always in advance of any other print, the most popular works of the most approved authors. Within the brief period of its existence it has issued, with unexampled celerity, and often before they appeared in London, works by Sir E. L. Bulwer, Thomas Moore, Charles Dickens, (Boz), Sheridan Knowles, W. H. Ainsworth, D'Israeli, Sergeant Talfourd, Captain Marryat, Henry Cockton, the author of Valentine Vox, Samuel Warren, author of Passages from the Diary of a late Physician, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, and others less known to fame though scarcely inferior in merit. Pieces original and selected, by writers of our own country, have also adorned its pages—Miss Sedgwick, Professor Longfellow, Washington Irving, Bryant, Holmes, Halleck, Sprague, Dana, Sargent, &c. &c.

A novel and striking feature of the New World is that it has given, besides the great literary productions of the day, the discourses of eminent divines—the Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D.—the Right Rev. G. Doane, D. D., Bishop of New Jersey—the Rev. William E. Channing, D. D.—the Rev. Robert Newton, the celebrated English Clergyman—the Rev. George B. Cheever—the Rev. Mr. Kirk—the Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, and others.

In addition to all these new and popular works, these eloquent discourses, this comprehensive Journal has given the best poems and periodical papers which have appeared in the English and American Magazines. What has been done is an earnest of what will be done. But we shall not only preserve the former character of the paper, but elevate it—our daily increasing facilities enabling us to do so.

A most attractive feature in the New World at present is a new story by Boz (Charles Dickens), author of Oliver Twist, &c., entitled "BARNABY RUDGE." It will be regularly continued from week to week; and, as it has just been commenced, back numbers can be supplied.

The New World is frequently embellished with costly and beautiful Engravings.

Though striving to say much in few words, it is quite vain to attempt setting forth half the attractions of the New World in this place. It will speak for itself. Specimen numbers can always be sent to any part of the country to post-paid orders.

We cannot forbear to add in conclusion that the New World studiously avoids all party politics, and is conducted on principles of the strictest neutrality. No profane or improper jest, no vulgar allusion, no irreligious sentiment is ever allowed to soil its pages. Reverence of God and respect to man govern it always. The rule of the Editor is never to publish a line which he would hesitate to read aloud in the hearing of virtuous and intelligent females. THUS THE NEW WORLD IS MADE AN UNEXCEPTIONABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, and is earnestly recommended to the regard of every friend of pure literature, as well as of correct morals and the public good.

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PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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## LITERARY PORTRAITS, NO. 1.



*W. C. Bryant*  
*W. C. Bryant*

## LITERARY PORTRAITS—No. 1.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

We, this week, commence a series of portraits which will be continued from time to time in the *New World*, and which cannot fail to be interesting to the intelligent reader, who is acquainted with the works of our American writers. The series will not be exclusively confined to mere authors—men who have written books—but to men who are generally known throughout the country, as connected with the press. We have chosen the most fitting name with which to commence our gallery—that of the Editor of the *Evening Post*, and the author of poems, which have become standard in America, have been re-published in England and are regarded with great favor in both countries. Our sketches will be brief, and will not include elaborate criticisms upon literary productions.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is the son of Peter Bryant, of Cummington, Mass., a physician of respectable rank. William was born on the 3d day of November, 1794. He gave evidences of the faculty of verse-making at an early age. When but nine years old, he composed for a school-thesis certain lines, which received the *imprimatur* of the editor of the *Hampshire Gazette*, a weekly newspaper published in Northampton.

The youthful poet was rather encouraged than restrained by his indulgent parent in these early manifestations of a love for

"Idle poetry,  
 That useless and unprofitable art."

Instead of checking the imagination of his son, Dr. Bryant, who was a sound scholar and a man of taste, guided and directed it; and the poet now acknowledges that he is indebted to parental teaching for some careful habits in composition.

When only fourteen years old our author published at Boston, in a small volume, with some other poems, "*The Embargo*, or *Sketches of the Times*." The book was so well received that a second edition was printed within the year. "*The Embargo*" was a political *jeu d'esprit* levelled at President Jefferson and his measures. It is chiefly remarkable from the fact that the boyish principles therein expressed have, of late days, been gravely brought to sustain a charge of inconsistency urged against the man.

In 1810, the young satirist entered Williams college, in Williamstown, Massachusetts. He remained here two years, and then, obtaining a dismissal upon his own application, turned his attention to the study of law. In 1815, he was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, and afterwards practiced with moderate success.

Mr. Bryant came to New York in 1825. He shortly became an editor of a Magazine, entitled *THE NEW YORK*

REVIEW. Some of his most admired pieces appeared here. In 1826 he became associated in the editorial conduct of *THE EVENING POST*.

During each of the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, he contributed one-third of its matter to an annual entitled "*The Talisman*"—the remaining two-thirds being written, chiefly, by Messieurs Verplanck and Sands.

In 1832 Mr. Elam Bliss, of New-York, issued the first complete edition of the poems of Bryant. It was soon exhausted, and a second immediately published in Boston. Of this latter, Mr. Washington Irving, then in London, took upon himself an English re-publication, in which he announced himself as the editor, dedicating the book in this capacity to Mr. Samuel Rogers. Since this period the Harpers, of New-York, have printed several editions, of which the latest contains seventeen pieces not to be found in any previous collection. One or two fine poems, not yet comprised in volume form, have lately appeared in the "*Knickerbocker Magazine*" and the "*Democratic Review*."

In June, 1834, the poet, with his family, sailed for Europe, with the design of there devoting some years to literary pursuits and to the education of his children. He visited Italy and Germany, residing principally in Munich, Heidelberg, Florence and Pisa. In the spring of 1836 he was suddenly called home by the severe illness of Mr. Leggett, his associate in the "*Evening Post*."

"The poetical reputation of Mr. Bryant," remarks a fine critic—Mr. Edgar A. Poe—to whose published sketch we are indebted for some facts in this notice, "both at home and abroad, is, perhaps, higher than that of any other American. In England his writings have been received with especial favor, and here the public approbation has been decided and unanimous. In no instance has his great abilities been denied—nor can it be denied that this fact itself is a substantial proof of the character and of the extent of these abilities. No man of the noblest order of genius was ever distinguished by absolute uniformity of applause. On the other hand this uniformity is never known except where we meet with the most rigorous negative merit. In truth a manly exemption from the prevalent poetical affectations of his time has done more for Mr. Bryant than any one positive excellence. Yet of positive excellencies he has many; and there are one or two of his shorter poems which sometimes startle the critic into a belief of a rarer spirit—of a more ethereal temper—than that of which the poet gives any general or steady indication."

We believe that the reputation of the "first American Poet," is always accorded to Mr. Bryant. His poems are certainly more generally known and are more *American* in their character than those of any other native poet. In our opinion, Mr. Bryant might acquire as a prose-writer a reputation not inferior to that which he has attained as a poet, were the subjects on which he employs his pen of a more lasting character. His leading articles in the *Evening Post* are models of a correct and elegant style; they are full of wit, happy illustrations, and forcible antithesis. They are not less vigorous than they are polished, and the charm of their style gives interest to the driest subjects.

In politics Mr. Bryant is of the strict Democratic school; no paper in the United States, more ably and consistently than his, supported the administrations of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. His enemies call him malignant—falsely, we believe. His conduct in private life, and his character as a poet indicate him to be a man, gentle and benevolent. In the domestic circles, and by his friends, numerous and good, Mr. Bryant is truly loved. His moral character is unimpeachable: a kind husband, an affectionate father—he lives up to the sentiments expressed in many of his poems.

The likeness in the above sketch is very good. The expression has been caught by the artist, and conveyed with striking fidelity. Our admiration for Mr. Bryant as a poet—our esteem for him as a man, would have prompted us to say more; less we could not have said with any justice to our subject.

For the *New World*.

## DREAMLETS.

I know a little silver lake whose banks are bright with flowers;  
 There oft at night my footsteps stray to cheat the lingering hours;  
 And when the moon's full glory beams from heaven's blue arch above,  
 In Faucy's bright but fleeting dreams I meet the lass I love.  
 Her dark brown hair untrammelled falls in richly waving curls;  
 Her opening rose-bud lips betray a bright array of pearls;  
 With fairy step and laughing eye she trips o'er flower and vine,  
 And, archly echoing sigh for sigh, she whispers, "I'll be thine."  
 But where, O lovely visions! where, in life's undreaming part,  
 Dwells unrevealed this maiden fair, this idol of my heart?  
 If still on earth her presence flings o'er mortals such sweet power,  
 Oh spread again your airy wings and wait me to her bower!  
 If ye are faithful shadows, cast by coming good or ill,  
 I'll hope to find *you* to the last, and leave earth—hoping still;  
 And far beyond the moon's pale beams and stars' more distant light  
 I'll seek fulfilment of my dreams, 'mid scenes supremely bright.  
*New-York.*

## Original Discourse.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY AS EVINced BY THE  
RAVAGES OF DEATH.

## A SERMON.

Delivered on occasion of the death of the late President of the  
United States, in the Methodist Church in Wash-  
ington street, Brooklyn.

BY THE REV. JAMES FLOY, Pastor of that Church.

Behold he taketh away; who can hinder him? Who will say unto  
him, What doest thou? Job: 12.

Still, in death, is the voice of him who, a few short weeks ago, proclaimed from the Capitol the line of conduct by which he should be guided, and the motives that should actuate him in the discharge of those high duties to which his country had called him. Quenched, forever, the brightness of that eye, which kindled as the plaudits of his constituents welcomed him to a station more honorable than a monarch's throne. Sad and memorable instance of the vanity of human greatness and of life's uncertainty! The fairest prospects have been blighted in the bud: expectations blasted: hopes withered: The breezes of the 4th of March wafted his inaugural address to the citizens of this extended republic; and ere some of them had perused the document, the heart that dictated, and the hand that penned it, were cold in death. The 4th of April had not yet dawned, when sorrow and lamentation filled the city where, scarcely a month before, all was joyousness and gratulation. Swiftly the melancholy tidings flew; and callous indeed must be that heart which partook not in some degree of their gloom and sadness when the announcement fell upon the ear: Harrison is dead, the President sleeps with his fathers.

Hushed be the voice of party spirit: silenced the discord of political strife. As men, as fellow countrymen, as brethren of the family of the republic, our loss is one: our grief the same. It is the President of the Union that God hath taken away: it is our chief magistrate that is in his grave. There let all acerbity of feeling, all harsh judgment, all prejudice be buried with him. Not mine the task, nor this the place, to scan his faults; nor yet to pronounce his eulogy. I come not

"His merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

History will do him justice. Posterity will inscribe his name, with unerring precision, in that rank of the world's great men to which he is entitled. Undue partiality on the one hand, and unjust prejudice on the other, will give place to the realities of sober truth. His death is one without precedent in the annals of the republic. William Henry Harrison is the only man who has died President of the United States. In view, therefore, of his station, the brief period during which he enjoyed his honors, and the suddenness with which he was called hence, appropriate are the solemnities of this hour. Fitting the occasion, also, is the theme presented in the text:

I. GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY, AS EVINced BY THE RAVAGES OF  
DEATH. Behold he taketh away, who can hinder him?II. MAN'S DUTY IN REFERENCE TO THAT SOVEREIGNTY.  
Who will say unto him, What doest thou?

I. He taketh away. Death is spoken of as a King, a monster, a tyrant. "T is mere poetry—Death has no claim to either of these appellations, and is, in fact, but ministering servant of the Almighty. His commission is from the ruler of the universe: it is special in its direction; positive in its requirement; unfailing in its fulfilment. The hand of violence may hurry his approach, and vice will shorten the career of the wicked. What then? The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. By Him the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Without Him not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

So, also, the commandment with promise holds out long life to the obedient; and length of days is in the right hand of wisdom. The many wheels of life, in some instances, as if worn out by their own friction, appear, spontaneously, to stand still. But is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of a hireling? By whose fiat is the silver cord loosened, the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern? Thou turnest man to destruction. Behold He taketh away.

Who can hinder him? Ingenuity has devised schemes innumerable: Science has lent her aid, and Perseverance has ransacked creation to discover an elixir, or to compound a panacea, that might lengthen life, and ward off the darts of the Almighty's messenger. Preposterous undertaking! Lamentable evidence of man's degradation; of the depth of human depravity. The creature attempting to cope with the Creator! An insect contending with Jehovah! A worm battling with Omnipotence!

Who can hinder him? Strength, Genius, Beauty indiscriminately are called, and obey the summons. Infancy, youth, manhood, are equally and alike powerless to resist his mandate. Vain, when the hour is come, the entreaties of affection, the tears of friendship, the agony of love. Cherubim and a flaming sword turn every way to repel the hand that, for itself, or for another, would pluck death's antidote from the tree of life.

Not only in the fact that He taketh away and none can hinder him, is seen God's sovereignty. It is specially visible in the time, the manner, the circumstances of Death's visitations.

There, upon the untired vision of an infant, has just fallen the light of Heaven. See, those eyes are closed again, unconscious of a tear, in this world of grief. Full of terror is an infant's death. So lovely, so spotless. Lamblike innocence! Angelic purity! Read in its new distorted features, its livid lip, its stiffened form, the effects of the primal curse, the evidence of man's apostasy and fall.

Or, mark again as the first perils of infancy are past, and the little feet are beginning to obey the wishes of the soul, exulting in the power of locomotion, and the lips are rejoicing in the strange mystery of speech, the icy hand of Death rudely tears away the tendrils that twined around the mother's heart; and covers, with dark eclipse, the sunshine of the father's soul. Is it well with the child? Yes. But strong the fortitude, more than merely human the resignation that, with the Shunamite, when her little one sat

upon her knees till noon and then died, exclaims, in answer to the question—It is well.

Instances have occurred, not frequent indeed, but sufficiently numerous, to evince the dread sovereignty of Jehovah, when Death's commission has been directed to the halls of merriment; the marriage party; the bridal feast. Shall this joyousness be broken in upon so ruthlessly? Must virtue, loveliness, depart at an hour so untimely? Even so. Take away the tokens of affection. Displace the insignia of happiness. Remove those flowers; or, let them remain; wreath them into a funeral wreath; fit emblem at once of the beauty and evanescence of the departed.

Then, again, O fearful hour! death visits the couch of the mother "when she feels, for the first time, her first-born's breath." That little one, into whose nostrils God has just breathed the breath of life, who dates from that moment the commencement of a never-ending existence, is left to grapple alone with the world's selfishness. To him, unknown the value of a mother's care, or the strength of a mother's love. Her hearty blessing; the fervor of her prayers; the restraining influence of her tears; these are not for him. He taketh away—who can hinder Him?

The husband and the father, upon whom so many were helplessly dependent, went forth, in the morning, blithely to his daily toil. How his soul expanded, how he nerved that arm as his thoughts reverted to his own peaceful fire-side! Gay were his day-dreams, cheerful his labor, as the loved ones, for whom he toiled, danced in his imagination. Alas! he shall see them again no more on earth. That morning salutation was the last kiss of earthly affection. That matin prayer his farewell blessing. Go thou—it is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting—bear the tidings that will spread the pall of desolation around that dwelling. Stay there a season; thy religion tells thee to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction; perchance thou mayst minister consolation to the new-made widow; to those children to-day fatherless.

Whence comes that groan of agony? The world hath heard it many a time and oft. Tis easily interpreted; readily translated—Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son! It comes from that grey-haired sire standing by a new-made grave, like a solitary mountain oak riven, but not destroyed by the lightning's scathing blast. Tis the grave of departed genius; of one whose sun hath gone down ere it was yet noon. Oh, it is soothing, though full of sadness, to meditate upon what he was, to imagine what he might have been! So ambitious, and withal so humble. Foremost among his compeers in the race for fame, yet not unmindful of the honor that cometh from God only. Is it wonderful that the old man cannot fathom the mystery of his death, seeing that his own life was bound up in that of the lad, and, as far as human foresight can extend, the world would have been the wiser and the better for his stay on earth?

Am I dealing in fiction in this sacred place? Are these the mere shadowings of imagination? Or are they rather stern realities of every day occurrence? What meaneth this drapery with its sombre hue? What those badges of sorrow everywhere visible? Was it imagination, that whelmed in grief, the scarcely settled inmates of the White House at Washington, when death executed his first summons for a President? Was that fiction which bore to the cottage on the North Bend of the Ohio the dreary tidings that the father and the husband had departed? Or was it in sober verity the flying roll, which, in vision, the prophet saw, inscribed within, and without, with lamentation and mourning and wo? Everything else may be fiction rather than death's visitations.

He taketh away. His messenger does his work, here, by what men term accident, sudden as the spark from smitten steel; there, by long dreary hours of wasting agony; by roaring tempests, and by deceitful calms; by famines; by the sword; by the withering blast of the Sirocco; by the heaving of the earthquake; by pestilence walking in darkness, and by destruction wasting at noonday.

Who can hinder him? Death, commissioned, finds his victims among the rich and the poor—the high and the low—the bond and the free; on the ocean or on the land; in the camp; in the cabinet; in the hall of science; in the walks of philosophy; in peaceful retirement, and in the bustling activity of business.

II. Having thus contemplated the sovereignty of Jehovah as evidence of the ravages of death, pass we to the second part of our theme: MAN'S DUTY IN REFERENCE TO THAT SOVEREIGNTY: Who will say unto Him, what doest thou?

1. Evidently, in the first place, is suggested by the text, and reiterated by the revealed will of God, the duty of acknowledging His hand in these bereavements. True, man's self interest demands this at all times, and under all circumstances. But, in the buoyancy of health, and in the enjoyment of prosperity, how prone is he to forget the hand that feeds, the arm that sustains him in existence. How true the language of the sacred writer. God is not in all his thoughts. But when the affections of his soul are crushed within him by the untimely, the unexpected visit of death, then, if ever, there is hope that he will hear that voice which says, Be still and know that I am God. Will this nation recognize and acknowledge Jehovah's hand in this dispensation of his Providence—that God hath taken away her President?

Painful the reflection, that during the long period, when this whole land was converted into one great theatre of party warfare, and during the whole season of that fierce struggle which eventuated in Harrison's election, God was little thought of by the combatants on either side. How then did iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold!

The election over, the result ascertained, myriads of lips were loud in their huzzas for Harrison. Few and far between the hosannas to the King of Kings, the Ruler of the Universe! How the very heaven echoed with the mortal's name, when he stood forth upon the Portico, and swore to protect and defend the Constitution. So far as the record of the event is warrant for the operation, his inaugural oath alone was the solitary evidence that this nation believes at all in the existence of a God. No note of thanksgiving diversified the ceremonies of the day. Not a blessing was implored. Not a petition for the prosperity of the new made President ascended to the throne of God. Why was

it thus? Did the bug-bear cry of Church and State so frighten from their propriety those who have the direction of these matters, as to render it expedient in their eyes to omit all allusion to that Being by whom kings reign and princes secure justice?

The disavowance of Church and State! What does that mean? Simply that the ecclesiastical authority and the civil arm should be kept separate, in order that the grand experiment of the power of Christianity, independent of State influence and patronage, should have free course. To this, every Christian heart should respond—Amen. Christianity does not depend upon the arm of the civil power. She needs it not; asks not for it. But does it thence follow that the State needs not the protectingegis of Omnipotence? Or nullify the declaration, that except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain? Is it wise—is it becoming, that in her prosperity she should forget God and mention him only in her adversity? That she should dispense with religious ceremonies in the joyousness of a re-auguration, and call for the sympathies of Christianity, only in the sad solemnities of the funeral hour?

Shall I be told it has been always thus? I reply—and would that my voice might reach every department of the government, legislative, judicial, executive, thus, by a people whose God is the Lord, thus it ought not to be.

Not in vain the few short weeks of Harrison's presidential career, and not in vain his untimely death, if the nation learn therefrom, the lesson, in all her ways to acknowledge God.

2. Again, the sovereignty of Jehovah, as evinced by the ravages of death, calls for *unfeigned humiliation on the part of the living*. He taketh away: who will say, what doest thou? Throughout the extent of the vast empire of the Almighty, there is no stranger phenomenon, and none more common, than overweening arrogance on the part of the insect man. Vanity and corruption in alliance; pride and mortality linked together. "T was pride that thinned the ranks of the angelic host. Pride that prompted the act, that closed the gates of paradise, and brought upon our beauteous earth the blighting curse of God. Unrestrained, unchecked, whither would it have led the fallen race? Soaring continually aloft would have risen the towering Babel; Pelion would have been piled on Ossa; mountain on the top of mountain, until the very heavens had been scaled, the sceptre riven from Jehovah's grasp, the crown plucked from the brow of Omnipotence. "Thou hast said," is the accusation of the prophet—"Thou hast said, in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will also sit upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." Such, not always indeed uttered in language, is the sentiment of the unsubdued, unchecked spirit of man, whose breath is in his nostrils; of the worm that dieth and wasteth away; that giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

Go, take that proud heart to the chamber of the unburied dead. See how low ambition lies. How dim the eye of genius. How revolting, all that once was loveliness, and beauty's self! And as thou standest there, listen to that question which cometh to thee from the spirit land—"Who maketh thee to differ from another?" Already has the departed said to corruption, thou art my father: to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. But ere they cover up that heart, once so warm and true in the cold, damp grave, hearken to its monition:—the dead speak eloquently; and preach trumpet-tongued the vanity of earthly distinction, the nothingness of human glory, the abominable absurdity of haughtiness and pride.

And oh! my countrymen what does this sudden bereavement by the hand of an all wise God, call for on the part of this nation? Humiliation deep, sincere, heartfelt. Truly we have been a proud people. By bells, bonfires, and cannon—how have we lauded ourselves and exulted in our prosperity. The names and the exploits of our fathers have been the theme, unceasingly, of the poet and the orator, and the God of our fathers has been almost forgotten. So corrupted by unceasing sweets has become the public taste. So vitiated the public ear by incessant flattery and self-gratulation, that scarcely now, will the nation listen to the voice of rebuke and warning, for her most notorious derelictions from the path of equity and justice. Tush! has been her language, the country's honor cannot be disgraced—the national escutcheon can never be tarnished. Questioned has been his patriotism who indulged the thought, and he that has dared to give it utterance, has been branded with contumacy and fanaticism. Behold, saith Babylon, I sit a Queen, and am no widow, and shall never see sorrow. But what saith Jehovah. Her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.—In the cup that she hath filled, fill to her, double. Therefore shall her plagues come in our day, death and mourning and famine.

It is easy, and men are very prone, to account for every thing that transpires on earth, by referring it to mere natural causes. Every body can give a reason for the derangement of business, the cessation of the wheels of industry, the prostration of the fairest prospects of the nation during the last few years; and by both parties alike, is forgotten that God who putteth down one and setteth up another. Is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it? And now, that death has been permitted to cut down our tallest cedar, happy for us if, looking away from natural causes, we behold therein the chastening hand of our heavenly parent: acknowledge that He taketh away: and, confessing our national offences, prostrate ourselves in unfeigned humiliation before him.

III. Again, *submissive resignation under the afflicting bereavements incident to mortality, is evidently enjoined by the language of the text*. O how natural, how common and at the same time how futile and presumptuous, when He taketh away, is the exclamation—What doest thou? Everywhere at the present day, as there was at Rama, in the day of the prophet, is there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning—Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.

Behold, says the afflicted one, in the first gush of anguish, when fully awake to the consciousness that He hath indeed taken away, behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. Yes, thou stricken one, there



is sorrow like unto thy sorrow. Behold, He taketh away. Bitter indeed is thy cup, but it is mingled by the hand of infinite wisdom and goodness. Dark and difficult the lesson that God is teaching thee, but oh how sweet, how full of bright and buoyant hope when thou hast fully learned it! He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him. What I know not now I shall know hereafter. "This is that increase of the heart, whose fragrance smells to heaven."

Very similar, in many respects, to the grief of steadfast friendship and family affection, and conjugal love, is, to this nation, the sorrow occasioned by the death of her chosen chief magistrate. It occurred, as is ever the language of the bereaved, at a time when we were least prepared for it. The blow was struck, as death generally strikes, at an unexpected hour. There had been no precedent in the nation's history to prepare the public mind for such tidings from the capital.

By all was indulged the hope, which, in many, rose to confident expectation, that, with Harrison's inauguration, the clouds that lowered upon our horizon would have been dispersed, and a new era of prosperity would have dawned upon the republic. It came at a time peculiarly dark and portentous in the nation's history. The fierce vial of God Almighty's wrath was impending over us. Indeed, less unexpected than the event which we now mourn would have been the summons to arms; "the screaming trumpet and the thundering drum;" the commencement of a protracted and bloody war.

By this visitation how solemn the admonition; how impressive the lesson:—Vain is the help of man. Unerring wisdom hath taken away; infinite goodness permitted the blow; perchance to save us from the curse denounced against him who trusteth in man or maketh flesh his arm. Unfeigned submission therefore, and confident trust in God, are peculiarly, at this hour, the nation's duty: her appropriate place, the dust; her becoming garb, sackcloth and ashes; the sentiment of her soul, that of the Psalmist—I was dumb; I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it.

4. Death's visitations call for sympathy and condolence with those who have been bereaved. They may not murmur at the will of God: 'tis impious to say unto him, What doest thou? But nowhere is it forbidden them to grieve with a chastened sorrow; to hallow, with the fondest affections of the heart, the memory of departed worth. Soothing is the sympathizing voice of friendship in the outburst of grief, when fear is converted into certainty, and the unwelcome reality forces itself upon the soul that He hath indeed taken away. In nothing is the benevolence, the goodness of our Creator more signally evident, than in the fact that in this world of ours joy is increased, and grief lessened, by sharing it with our fellow creatures. Happiness, like the bread broken by the Saviour, the more it is divided the more there is of it; and the same Saviour hath taught us, by precept and example, that sorrow may be alleviated by weeping with those that weep.

The grief of the nation caused by the death of Harrison may be mitigated in some degree by turning from his funeral urn, and dwelling upon the incidents of his life. Born in Virginia, a son of one whose name is attached to the ever-memorable declaration of independence, he commenced his public career at the early age of nineteen. His conduct as a soldier, as Governor of the North Western Territory, as a Commissioner on the part of the United States to treat with the Indians, as a member of the House of Representatives, as a Senator, as Minister Plenipotentiary to Columbia, in all these stations his conduct is matter of history; and although we may not divine what, in a still higher office, he might have been, the grief of the Republic may find some alleviation in meditating upon what he was.

But of what avail is all this to those who mourn not the death of a President, but who weep for the father and the husband? What, to that widowed heart, that ye called to the highest office in your gift the partner of her affections, and covered him with the mantle of earthly glory? Desolate in her old age, does she not feel a portion of that sadness, which caused Mary to exclaim at the sepulchre of the Saviour, They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him.

Standing in this sacred place may I not, fellow countrymen, in your name, and in behalf of our common Christianity, tender to that afflicted widow and to the bereaved relatives of the departed, the condolence of the church of the living God, and assure them of a share in the nation's sympathy?

5. Finally: God's sovereignty, as evinced by the ravages of death, is eminently calculated to impress man with a sense of his own frailty and of the necessity of preparation for that hour when it shall be said of him, "Behold he taketh away."

What a strange paradox is man! Knowing that he must die, he acts as if he expected to live for ever. Conscious that every tolling knell that falls upon his ear is but the prelude to his own epitaph; that every funeral procession in which he walks is a memento of the hour when, for him, the mourners shall go about the streets; that every death of which he hears is lessening the number between himself and the grave—his conduct is such as almost to induce the belief that, by some strange hallucination, he has imbibed the idea that he shall prove an exception to the general rule. But this is not in reality his belief: he knows better. Death is the only future event in his earthly history of which he has any positive assurance. Connected with this assurance is also his utter ignorance of the manner and the time of his departure. And in view of this certainty on the one hand, and uncertainty on the other, what does wisdom, prudence, nay, common sense dictate, as alike man's interest and duty? What is the one absorbing lesson for us individually to derive from the event to a commemoration of which have been devoted the solemnities of this hour. The lesson, in comparison with which, so far as we are individually concerned, all others dwindle into insignificance, is the necessity of seeking now that state of preparation which will enable us, through God's grace, with calm tranquillity, at any moment to bid the world farewell! "Death cannot come untimely to him who is prepared to die."

To conclude: What a rebuke is the mouldering dust of the late President to the pride of office, the squabbles of party strife, the thoughtless whirl of business, of folly, and dissipation!

Let those upon whom devolve the honors and cares of

the government, pause and reflect upon the frailty of the tenure by which they hold their official stations. Let them never forget, that not only to the party which gave them office, and not only to the people at large, but to that tribunal from which there is no appeal, whither Harrison has gone to render an account of his stewardship, are they accountable for the measures they propose, and for the means by which they seek to carry them into execution.

Let the grave of your President rebuke the madness of party strife, and teach your fellow countrymen, however much you may differ from each other in opinion, to put away all wrath, all bitterness, all malice; to avoid, on the one hand, the folly of deifying a worm of the dust, and, on the other, the wickedness of aspersing character and slandering reputation.

To both the great parties into which the country is divided, representatives of each of which I see before me, from the grave of your President comes the admonition, Let there be no unholy strife between you, for ye are brethren—equally and alike anxious for the prosperity and the glory of your common country: and that country needs alike from all, in this hour of bereavement and impending peril, the sincere and fervent prayer, GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC.

## Original Drama.

### GULZARA,\* OR THE PERSIAN SLAVE; A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

DESIGNED FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMURATH.....A boy ten years of age, son of the Sultan Suliman.  
ZULEIKA.....Daughter of the Sultan.  
FATIMA.....Companion of Zuleika.  
KATINKA.....Attendant slave of the Harem.  
AYESHA.....Wife of the fisherman Mustapha.  
GULZARA.....Newly purchased slave of the Sultan Suliman.

Scene, Constantinople.

#### ACT I.

SCENE I....The chamber of ZULEIKA in the Harem of the Sultan Suliman—ZULEIKA reclining on a couch engaged in embroidery. FATIMA seated on a cushion at her feet, winding bright-colored silks.

ZUL. [showing her work.] How think you it is shaped, this tinted flower?

Mimics it nature well, dear Fatima!

FAT. So skillfully, the dulcetest slave had vowed It grew beneath Zuleika's fairy hand!

ZUL. Thou flatterer! how feign I'd let thee cheat! Mine eyes to think thine true! For, 'tis to win The gerdon of my father's smile these hues In broderly blend. Dear father! sweet the toil That boasts that best reward—to pleasure thee! Who labors, joy imparting, doth himself, With his own gift, enrich; [again showing her embroidery.] But is't well done?

FAT. In sooth most dextrously; but if 't were ill, Methinks that never fell the partial eye Of your most idolizing sire on aught Those fingers traced, when broke not rapturously His sympathizing lip in smiles!

ZUL. Alas! When shall that eye of love once more meet mine? Three moons have wearied with their lustre, since The death-fraght blast of war hath robbed your bower Of its dear lord—Zuleika of her sire! Oh! how I long to hear that Bagdad ownst Victorious Suliman her conqueror! That Persia's king before his footsteps flies, And homeward-bound those steps my father turns! Wer't not for my young brother's joyousness, Your varying tales and loved companionship, How tedious, since the drum's first beat, had lagged Old Time's decrepid feet!

FAT. For favorites, mured In yon pent harem's bounds, and languishing, Like flow'rets 'mid some thickly shaded wood, That wasted wither, pining for the sun, They might; but not for her, the arbitress Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured, With mightier sceptre sways these harem walls Than ever wielded spoil Sultana yet! Unless 't were Roxelana's self; indeed, Whom Suliman 't is said made peace, or war, Enslaved the free, or loosed the captive's chain, To please. Alike Roxelana's child for more!

ZUL. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl, 'T is not the might my sire's indulgent love Invests me with, (save when that power I use Rather in recompense than punishment,) Adds to my sun of happiness one beam? And yet you deem me too omnipotent; Forget the Sultan, e'en in bounteous love O'erweeping reason's bulwark, wise, hath left

\* The era, in which the incidents of this Drama are supposed to occur, is during the reign of Sultan Suliman, the most renowned of the name; of whom L'Herbelot says, "C'est le grand Soliman, qui est le premier ou le second du nom, selon divers sentimens des historiens. Il succeda a Sultan Selim Khan, fils de Bajazet, son pere et commença a regner l'an 926 de l'Hégire." As this play was designed solely for private representation, or the use of schools, the omission of male characters was deemed necessary; which, though it rendered the plot, perhaps, more difficult of construction, and the interest of the Drama less easy to be sustained, greatly facilitated its performance; the only male part, that of Amurath, being one of a boy so young that it may with all propriety be represented by a young lady. L'An de l'Hégire 941. Soliman fit la guerre a Schah Tahmasp, Roi de Perse, prit les villes de Tauris et de Bagdad sur lui, et l'obligea de fuir vers l'avant dans son pays, apres quoi il revint a delasser a Constantinople. D'HANSELOR.

† L'Herbelot especially mentions the unbounded influence of the celebrated Roxelana over Suliman; his passion for her was so great that her slightest will was to him a command. The only excuse for some of the extravagances he committed is that she seduced them.

The Kialar Aga (of our harem's guard Sole chief,) supreme approval of my deeds, That age's coldness temper youth's wild warmth. But waste we not to-day my father's gift; How shall we honor it in the employ Of good?

FAT. Wer't not well used in summoning Gulzara, the young Persian slave, the last And loveliest purchase of our honored lord, Whom yester eve, a Niobe of tears, The speechless incarnation of despair, Was hither brought, and whom our harem all Successless strove to cheer?—be your's the task.

ZUL. Well said—be such my occupation here, No tear shall fall within Zuleika's realm, Zuleika's hand shall not essay to dry: To save one drop, that springs from guiltless woe, A diamond in my crescent should grow dim!

[She claps her hands three times—enter KATINKA with obeisance.]

Gulzara greet for me; say in our bower We wait the pleasure of her company. KAT. Sultana! I have wings at your command! [Exit with obeisance.]

ZUL. For friendly sympathy shall she not lack, That honied thief, who stealth sorrow's sting, And wounds itself to heal another's pang.

[Re-enter KATINKA as before.] KAT. Obedient to your wish, Princess, she comes. [Enter GULZARA, slowly, who bends to ZULEIKA, and exit KATINKA.]

ZUL. Welcome, young stranger, in my father's name I bid you to his palace welcome—and May hospitality that waits your steps, And kindly friendship make its shelter dear.

GUL. I were ungrateful not to give you thanks! ZUL. Nay, spare them until fairly won, for still That eye with gath'ring moisture half flows o'er; That brow is shadowed by a voiceless gloom. In yonder sumptuous harem find you aught Engend'ring grief?

GUL. [confused.] Oh! yes—no! Yes—spare me, Peerless Sultana, spare your slave, until My untaught tongue has smoothly learnt to frame, (Despite a heart o'er swelling with such thoughts As may not break the barrier of my lips,) Such complaisant reply as to your rank Is due.

ZUL. You wrong me most unwittingly; As the skill'd Hakim seeks the malady, Which, knowing not, he cannot hope to cure, Gulzara, I would hear uncolored truth.—What in the gay Zenana like you not? GUL. It lacks to me the humble look, the dear Familiar aspect of my native cot; Your brodered cushions cannot bring me sleep, Your flatteries joy, or gorgeous splendor peace,—'T is not my home!

ZUL. Yet such must henceforth be;

GUL. What art of our's can render it less strange? Have you the art these gilded walls to give Th' unpolished rudeness of my father's hut, Where ev'ry object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour? To bid that father's holy smile beam forth—The placid light that cheers our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone,—Whose warbling makes the bulbul's music harsh—And with gay childhood's laughter glad mine ear? Take back your splendid luxuries—in lieu Of wealth and ease, these lowlier treasures give; Though labor be my lot, and scanty food Toil's recompense. Were this boon possible, Then might I call your palace-prison home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our bowers as dear as stranger ones Can be. [Claps her hands, enter KATINKA.]

Your softest cushion hither bring! [Exit KATINKA, and returns with the cushion, which she places where ZULEIKA by waving her hand directs, and, after waiting an instant as for commands, exit again.]

The downy couch invites your yielding form; Our converse may beguile the weary hours, That fastest fly by thoughtless mirth pursued.

GUL. [seating herself.] Forgive me that I have not guile to force

The merriment that should to yours respond; Could but the soothing hand of pity heal The blow of cruelty, my bosom scarce Would bleed.

ZUL. I pray thee, woo more cheerful thoughts; That sure physician, Time, brings certain cure For ev'ry wound—with holier charms shall robe These stranger walls, than those you languish for To-day; you know not yet my father's soft And gentle nature—yes! the day will come, When changed Gulzara more than home or kin Shall love the Sultan Suliman!

GUL. [starting from her seat.] Love him! Love him? thy father! ay—great cause is mine To love the Sultan Suliman! to pay Him back for banishment from all most dear—Parents, and home, and sweet companionship Of joyous sisters—with that only gift The opulent may prize but cannot force, The poor reserve, or offer—Love! You jest Indeed! Zuleika—born in high estate

And chained by chilling forms that riches weave To curb down speaking nature's warmer impulse—Thou canst not know the sweet reunion round The evening hearth when day-toils cease; the shout Of gleeful children, mingling with the low And thrilling music by the zebec waked; Or, softer still, the praise from lips revered, That consecrates some act of by-gone day; The holy blessing on each bended head—That potent opiate, wooing happy sleep And radiant dreams. The dusky brow of night, Grown old and tinged with grey which, dying, gives Expectant morning birth, thou canst not paint. How freshened by the wholesome rest that's given To poor Content, we meet, and, with renewed

Affection, usher in the welcome light!  
Would that we ever thus, on thy fair banks,  
Belovéd Tigris, blest had lived! for, spite  
More barb'rous usage, my fond father vowed  
His offspring untransplanted should around  
Him bloom, strangers alike to slavery  
And shame. Vain was his oath—the evil eye  
Fell on us—how or where the Sultan saw,  
Or wherefore fixed on me, I wonder still.  
His stately vizier to my father sent;  
A noble price was offer'd—all in vain  
I wept and prayed—my mother moan'd and sobb'd,  
My father's heart was bowed in silent woe;  
Resistance were to war with thunderbolts,  
Or with unshielded bosom tempt their burst;  
They took away my humble robe, they decked  
Me in this gaudier garb: amid her tears,  
Fondly my mother smiled to see me thus  
Arrayed—but my poor father shook his head,  
And wishful scan'd my simpler dress and sighed;  
While from his parched and burning lid, the tear,  
Whose gushing eases, pride-pent, found no way.  
Then came the dreadful hour—the parting hour!  
Oh! 't is a fable all, that hearts can break;  
Else were this breast that fearful instant riven!  
How fast with feeble hands they clung—how called  
Upon Gulzara to forsake them not,  
My infant sisters! how my father strained  
Me long and silently! my mother, wild  
With woe, with streaming eyes, on bended knee,  
Implored the transient respite of an hour!  
Rudely they tore me from her twining arms,  
By force unclasped—but oh! I see her now,  
As, from the rich embroidered draperies  
Of that gay araba, I looked my last,  
And saw her, stone-like, stand, with arms wide stretch'd,  
White lips—eyes from their sockets starting out:  
And, when the shroud of distance, like death's pall,  
Had veiled me from her sight—the shriek that burst—  
My mother's shriek! e'en now it rings, to mad  
Mine ear—and shuts out every mocking sound  
Of comfort, which but wastes the breath it spends!

ZUL. No more, I pray! thy words are spells that raise  
A phoenix from the wo long hushed and dead;  
And ruthless memory haunts me with a grief  
Outriving thine—I, too, am motherless!  
On her, first-loved and truest loving, I  
Have gazed when she gave back no answer glance!  
We will not think of this—once more I say  
You know not the dear parent still mine own.

GUL. Would that I ne'er had known!—his cruelty—  
ZUL. [Interrupting her with dignity.] He is my father!  
pause—let that restrain  
Your blind reproach.

GUL. He is, and to have been  
Thy father, should have been earth's noblest, best,  
By every high and lovely virtue graced,  
Which sits on you as 't were an heritage.  
But were he such, or greater, (could there be  
More great,) my reverence, or my gratitude  
He might command—but never waken love.

ZUL. There 's cause for this; I see it now; you love  
Some other? is 't not so?

GUL. [aside.] What have I said!  
ZUL. Blushes, they say, like crimson-tinted clouds,  
Proclaim the God they veil—divined I right?  
GUL. I pray you bid me not reply.

ZUL. I must,  
But prompted by no whim or light caprice.  
Speak, then, and freely, maiden; I attend.  
GUL. [aside.] Thou falt'ring tongue! how shall I tutor thee  
Aloud to utter what this shrinking heart  
Is whispering to conceal? why, 't is no shame!  
Zuleika, yes; there was—there is—one more—  
Than bears the name of kindred—whom—

ZUL. Thou lov'st!

To hear the tale be ours: thou lov'st, and whom?  
GUL. Whom? 't is the question I still ask myself.  
By chance—such seeming chance, of purpose sure,  
As Destiny schemes—we met. One evenfall,  
When farther from our cot than prudence urged  
Or was my wont, I wandered—sudden from  
Th' adjacent wood a fierce young Arab rushed.  
From his rude grasp, with terror impotent  
A huntsman rescued me. I know not why  
So often turned my thoughts that night to his  
Protecting arm and reassuring voice;  
But, when the mem'ry of my fear arose,  
Strangely a joy broke in that chased its gloom,  
As, brightly pictured in my dreams, that face,  
Like guardian saint's, watched o'er me still. Next morn,  
While herbs and flowers on neighboring hills I sought,  
My thoughts were roving, where, I scarcely knew,  
When lo!—I raised mine eyes—their object stood  
Before me. Ask me not—'t were sacrilege  
To paint the mystic weavings of the chain,  
Or breathe the how love more closely knit our hearts.  
Day after day passed on, and still he came;  
More joyful each new meeting, and more sad  
When warned the setting sun that we must part.  
He was not young, but in that mellow prime  
That hath of softness more, more tenderness  
Mingling with all youth's fire; yet would I not  
Have changed the gath'ring snows upon his brow  
For manhood's jettiest lock; and all that might  
Have others marred, were but new charms in him.  
'T was while thus sped the pleasure-laden hours,  
The Sultan's mandate came; in dizzy haste,  
I sought our old accustomed trysting place,  
But Hafed came not—hours wore on, but brought  
Not him; the morrow rose—he tarried still;  
Another sun must sunder us for ever!  
Again I stole despairing forth to look  
Upon that aged tree, whose murmur leaves  
Seemed echoing back the vows which they had heard;  
Hopeless upon the earth I flung myself,  
But started up as wound a gentle arm  
Around me—Hafed? yes, 't was Hafed's self!  
The past seemed but a fearful vision; this  
The joyful truth—the future's menaces—  
And latent fears, and present grief, absorbed

In that sweet moment's transport! but, alas!  
Cruel, when kindness most could cheer! for looks  
All warmth and words all love, reproaches met  
My startled ear, reproaches for my joy!  
The Sultan's splendor dazzled me, he said;  
I willing went to grace my gilded cage;  
He was forgot! The flash of joy, the last  
This heart can e'er give forth, was quenched at once.  
As lurid lightning leaves the sky more dark,  
My soul grew from its momentary bliss  
More deeply sad; but soon he to my vows  
Gave ear, banished transforming frowns, and soothed  
Me with bright promises that we should meet,  
Should blissful meet again—bade me believe;  
Swore that I still should be his bride, and left  
Me suddenly, confused by words so strange,  
But filled with hope. Deceitful hope! thou shon'st  
A false mirage to cheat my thirsting soul.  
The morrow came, but Hafed!—Hafed! where  
Was he? And where his oaths? My tale is done,  
Or needs no finishing—behold me here!

ZUL. Would that 't were longer, but less sad, and yet  
What 's saddest, oft, most charms the happy ear.  
How strangely new, how thrilling must have been  
The passion that ingulfed all other feeling!  
Reared in these walls, with eyes that never gazed  
On face of man, except my sire's, yet have  
The books that his indulgence granted me,  
Mirrored so well the ecstasy of hearts, [changed,  
That, linked 'till death, loved on through life un-  
I almost wept that I had never known  
To love!

GUL. Ask not the fatal knowledge—Love!  
The bright-hued serpent, luring but to sting;  
Who for each fancied rapture he imparts  
Bestows th' alloy of agonies too real.  
Oh! rather pray thy breast may never wake  
To deeper feeling—you are happy! Not  
The wild felicity with passion wed—  
Its hurricanes, e'en when most fortunate,  
Of anger, fear, of jealousy, revenge;  
The storms, all turbulence and rage, that mix  
With its delirious bliss—but calm content  
Of innocence is yours. It were to bid  
The placid stream, that smoothly bears your bark,  
Swell into danger-crested billows, with  
The skies in combat, but to ask such change.

[A noise heard behind the scenes.]  
AMU. [from behind.] Stand back, ye saucy slaves! not  
be disturbed?

When did my sister with disturbers class  
Her Amurath? stand back, and let me pass.  
[Enter AMURATH, who springs into the arms of ZULEIKA.]  
Good morn! sweet sister mine; those surly slaves  
Would feign have barr'd my entrance—say, I vex  
You not?

GUL. [who appears moved while the boy speaks.] That voice!  
ZUL. [returning his embrace.] Nor could my Amurath!  
GUL. [aside.] Surely that face hath met mine eye before,  
Those tones mine ear; 't is like some faded dream,  
That leaves a shadow misty, undefined,  
For memory to prey upon—that brow—  
Those speaking eyes—I've seen—and yet not so.

AMU. Sister, it irks me much that our dear sire  
Still tarries from his home: sure his return  
Must glad us soon, will 't not?

ZUL. We can but hope.

GUL. [half aside.] For my despair!

AMU. Is this that Persian slave  
'T is whispered in the harem bears our sire  
Such loathing hate? now, by his beard, if 't be  
We shall not (as they augur) vainly woo  
Her love; for, were 't in courtesy alone,  
She can but yield that rightful payment, due  
The debt of our's.

GUL. Young courtier, thanks! thee not  
To love, unless with adamant gates  
My heart were barred, I scarce could dare to hope.

FAT. [who has gradually approached.] Then lov'st thou that  
which must destroy thy hopes.

GUL. [dropping the hand of AMURATH.] And how?

FAT. In loving him who banishes  
The hope, enshrined in ev'ry breast that swells  
Its wishful pulses 'neath the harem's dome,  
Sultana of that mimic world to reign;  
For Sultan Suliman hath often sworn,  
While yonder boy, lov'd Roxelana's child,  
His sceptre's heir and sole successor lived,  
He never bride 'mongst all his harem flowers  
Would choose, that no new son legitimate  
Might pluck the crescent from his favored brow,  
Or, struggling for the envied diadem,  
Dissension in the peaceful harem wake.

GUL. Oh! were but that the only barrier  
To my desires! no, credit me, what bars  
May block the pathway to my hopes, the boy  
Shall ne'er be one.

FAT. [aside.] Shall not? 'T is passing strange—  
Look then her eagle eyes upon the sun?

Enter KATINKA.

KAT. Princess! Ayesha, wife of Mustapha,  
Our noble Sultan's fav'rite fisherman,  
Bids that the lustre of your countenance,  
On her, and on her lowly offspring fall.

ZUL. Ayesha here again? 't is not three days  
Since of some precious trifle last she begged  
Our pleased acceptance. I remember not  
That to my father or myself she owes  
These testimonies: this indeed is love  
Unbought—free entrance to the faithful give!

[Exit KATINKA, who returns with AYESHA, bearing a basket of shells tastefully arranged with moss; she kneels to ZULEIKA, behind whose couch KATINKA places herself, folding her arms upon her breast.]

AYE. Daughter of Peris! humbly at your feet  
This loveliest offering of the bounteous wave,  
Though poor at such an altar, I present—  
And pray your favor's gracious evidence,  
By its reception, to your slave be shown.

ZUL. [bowing as she receives the basket.] You are not chary  
of your tokens—nor

Shall we, by your example tutored, stint  
Our just reward.

[After examining the shells with AMURATH, the latter passes them to KATINKA, who remains holding the basket.]

AYE. [rising and making an inclination of thanks.]

[Aside.] Ah! did she but divine  
What just reward I asked! The boy is there;  
Again shall disappointment balk my hopes?  
Still shall I seek, and seek in vain? No—though  
The search were lengthened to eternity,  
Alone my life in yielding, I relinquish thee,  
Thou sweet pursuit of stern Revenge!

GUL. [to ZULEIKA, coming forward.] This morn  
The perfumed wind that through my lattice stole,  
With incense, breathing blossoms of the lime  
Was laden, and I looked upon a grove  
Where rainbow-pinioned birds shone in the sun,  
And songsters, clad in humbler garb, poured forth  
Their melody unseen; while murmuring bees,  
That vocal with their plaintive music made  
The wind, seemed whispering of my father's home.  
Your kind permission, Princess, let me beg  
To unattended wander in these woods;  
There is a balm in Solitude and Nature,  
Whose boasted virtue I would willing test.

ZUL. Our pleasures hoard we not so miserly,  
As to enlarge their stock, by ravishing  
From your poor store, in captive holding you.

[GULZARA bends in acknowledgment, and is preparing to depart.]

AMU. Dear sister, give me leave; [taking GULZARA's  
hand:] I will with you. [which—

GUL. Come, then; there's something in that soft tone—  
Which I—nay, this is madness—phrenzy—I'll  
Not think upon 't. Let us together forth.

[Exit GULZARA, leading AMURATH.]  
AYE. [aside.] Allah is great! Unhoped, unlooked for joy!  
He goes with her, and she alone. At last  
Vengeance indeed is mine. I knew 't would come;  
I have not waited—not untiring watched—  
For chance to baffle me—Revenge! ha! ha!  
[Exit on the opposite side.]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.... A grove attached to the gardens of the palace—  
a fountain in the midst. Enter GULZARA and AMURATH  
promenading.

AMU. Why look you still so sad? while through my veins  
This soft and vivifying breath of spring  
Impels the sportive blood in gleeful dance;  
And buoy my spirits up, till most they seem  
To mock at your's—why are you still weighed down  
By heaviness—or more oppressive thought?

GUL. Your spring of life, most favored Amurath,  
Hath brought the lovelier spring of happiness;  
Mine, of the verdure of content hath robbed  
My path, and left the winter's barren frost  
And chilling gloom within my heart.

[AYESHA steals in and conceals herself behind the fountain.]

AMU. I would  
I were magician now, that I might use  
Mine art to see thee smile. I'd part with some  
Dear pleasure of mine own to give it thee.

AYE. [aside.] Spendthrift! cherish more charily thy joys.  
Who says thou 'lt not be bankrupt soon?

GUL. But I  
So generous of my poor possessions, would  
Not be—nor to thy blithesome breast transfer  
The sole exchange I have, my burd'ning hoard  
Of griefs.

AMU. And if thou would'st, I scarce can think  
They'd weigh so heavily as does this cloak  
To-day, that more oppresses me, and clogs  
My feet, and checks my panting breath, than e'er  
Did suff'ring yet.

GUL. Let me relieve thee of 't;  
Unburthened be that shoulder long! the load  
That it must bear will gather but too soon.

AYE. [aside.] Heed her well, boy; there spoke the  
Prophet's voice!

GUL. Were I of the three storied Fates but one,  
Should yonder calm and cloudless firmament  
The emblem of thy glorious destiny be!

AYE. [aside.] Were such thine office should'st thou sistership  
With me avow; for I the darkened thread  
Would weave, and to thy sunny sky bring clouds;  
Else were the blackness of mine own unpaid.  
I would that she were hence! how swift they fly,  
These precious moments. They must 'scape me not.  
What would I do? I tremble at myself.  
Tremble! If there be trembling it must be  
The Sultan Suliman that trembles: and  
At me! Look now your last, young Prince; I'll part  
Them swift. [scenes.]

[Runs out, and in a feigned voice calls loudly behind the  
scenes.]

AYE. Gulzara, haste! Gulzara, hear

You not?

GUL. Who calls?

AMU. What voice is that? Again?

AYE. [from behind.] Gulzara, instant to the palace haste!

Zuleika summons, and impatient waits.

GUL. Adieu, dear Amurath. I must away;

One kiss. Adieu. [Exit hastily.]

AMU. Stay, stay! I follow thee.

[As he is following, AYESHA runs in the other side and  
seizes him.]

AYE. You follow me! Mine, mine at last! ha! ha!

AMU. Woman! what mean you by this frantic jest?

Let loose your hold!

AYE. You must with me!

AMU. With you!

And wherefore? Know you who I am? Woman!

It is the Sultan's son you dare profane  
By such rude grasp.

AYE. "The Sultan's son!" I dote

Upon the sound—the Sultan's son is mine!

Those words have nerved my hands with double strength.

AMU. You rave—away—let loose my arm—begone!

AYE. Yes, I am quickly gone, and thou with me.  
I have no time for dull detail, to make



The snare seem pleasant round the tangled bird.  
I am no magpie, cheated of my prey  
Discoursing of its worth. We tarry not.

[*Endeavoring to drag him out.*]

AMU. Mashallah! she is mad! What shall I do?  
Ye unseen guardians of the innocent  
That people the pure air, protect me now!

[*To her.*] Forget you, then, this thinly sheltered grove  
Close to the palace of my father stands?  
His slaves, surrounding every portal, wait  
One cry of mine, like lightning to transform  
The victim and the victor—me to rescue—you  
To punishment consign. Must I use force?  
I warn you loose, ere 't be too late, your hold!

AYE. De, then, your worst, and test if gorged delight  
Hath ears for shrieking misery. Come on.

AMU. [*Struggling.*] Gafar! Hassan! help! Zuleika! sister!  
Allah, they come not! Hassan! help! oh, help!

AYE. There is no help. For months I have prepared  
This hour—languished to see it come, far more  
Than shipwrecked mariner longs for gleam of land.  
I am not mad—or grief hath turned my brain;—  
And if it has, why, thou art reason's light,  
For thou art the revenge will soothe my grief!  
And thou art mine. The sentinel that guards  
Yon secret pathway to the shore, upon  
Whose rugged bosom stands our cabin, is  
My brother. The vile slaves you call to aid,  
On wild'ring draughts and dainties that I brought,  
Are in the palace revelling. Believ'st  
Thou, now? Resist not—we must hence.

AMU. Oh! stay!

What would you with me? I have harmed you not.  
AYE. He has, of whom you are a part; and you  
Are but the vulnerable avenue  
That guides my sure-aim'd blow to him!

AMA. My father?

You do him strangely wrong; his name hath been  
Another name for goodness—spare his son! [*Kneeling.*]  
You turn unpitiably away—you'd drag  
Me hence—what, to imbrue those woman hands  
In blood? to snatch a life but just begun,  
And make your own far worse than thousand times  
Expiring, racked by torturing remorse?  
I wrong you with the thought. You will not do 't?  
Have pity—I'll be secret—they'll not know  
What deed I now beseech you to forego.  
You yield—you will? you do! and I am free!

[*As he is starting up to go out she detains him.*]

AYE. When breathes mine own unhappy son that word,  
Your lips shall to the sound respond; but not  
Till then.

AMU. You do not mean these menaces?  
You'd fright me with a threat? you shall have all  
You wish, and for all wishes granted, give,  
Give but my ravished liberty. Sweet sister!  
Sister! you cannot hear my voice! and you  
Will call upon me when my ear is deaf.  
Pity! [*Again kneeling.*] In pity to Zuleika hear me!  
Oh! she will die with woe. You could not look  
On those sweet eyes glazed o'er in lifelessness—  
Those lips but late that spoke so gently, e'en  
To you—their roses purpling, livid grown  
At touch of death, that seals their tones for aye!  
And I the cause? [*Impatiently.*] leave me—I must be  
Yes, I must to my sister—Hassan! Slaves! [*free,*]  
AYE. Your cries, that harmless pierce the mocking air,  
Taunt with their echoing—powerless as some  
Poor bird that 'gainst its wiry prison beats  
A mangled head. Your struggles can as soon  
Displace the iron bars of callousness  
That barriade my heart. Your prayers are wind,  
Your tears salt drops on marble falling—cease,  
We linger long: you must away.

[*Struggling to drag him out.*]

AMU. Not yet.  
No help? Mercy! mercy! Zuleika! Oh,  
My sister, hear your Amurath! Zuleika.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE 1st. . . . The Chamber of ZULEIKA. ZULEIKA  
in a careless attitude upon her couch, her head buried in  
her hands as though in grief.—FATIMA bending over her.

FAT. Be comforted, dearest Zuleika, give  
Not way to such absorbing grief, he will  
Be found—he will—he must.

ZUL. [*looking up.*] Oh! that your words  
Were prophecies, and entered in my soul  
Like holy breathings of an oracle!  
How shall I meet my father's angry sorrow?  
How live to greet him with "I have no brother?"  
Will he not speechless wish that tongue which strikes  
His own with horror dumb? O'erwhelmed by such  
Ill tidings, will he not their bearer loath,  
And shun me as some odious thing? and thou,  
Poor Amurath! thou suff'rst now, or art  
Beyond the pale of earthly anguish; shall  
I never see those frolic-beaming eyes,  
Those mirth-embellished lips—till yestern morn  
By no rude sigh profaned—that noble brow,  
So like thy sire's? Impossible! there is  
To sudden loss one soothing left; for shocked  
Reality shrinks from her task to point  
How venomed are the shafts of woe; reserves,  
Until we grow accustomed to the pang,  
The slow withdrawal of her fearful veil.  
I scarce can think this bolt, though 't crush me, real,  
Though 't rankle, scarce believe my wound: last night  
I heard his merry voice, and thought I felt  
The loving pressure of his tiny hand,  
And woke—to dread 't would never more grasp mine!  
Oh! what an age of torment hath been compass'd  
In the short breathing space since yestern morn,  
When last he bounded joyous from my sight?  
FAT. Torment, indeed, that asks short space to sew  
Its thorns; no dial-plate hath grief; one hour  
Of centres woes that might embitter years;  
But ere he conquer you, for combat arm  
Strong Hope to vanquish him! Had we some clue,

However small, to trace his steps—

ZUL. 'T will come!

Think you beneath affliction's pressure I  
Have bowed me calmly down, and struggle not  
Its weight to lighten? Orders for strict search  
Are giv'n; their speedy forwardance myself  
Have aided; not one caution is forgot.  
But 't is when that, which in the body's toil,  
Bids the mind cease its torturing, is done,  
That we revert with double consciousness  
Back to our most forgotten misery!

[*Enter KATINKA, with hasty reverence, bearing a cloak.*]

KAT. [*hurriedly.*] I come, Sultana, from Gafar, who—  
ZUL. [*starting up.*] My brother? quick—what news? Al-  
lah be praised!

He is not found? You know not where he is?

KAT. A venom'd arrow galls your sorrowing slave,  
Whose lips, unblest, must chase those crowding hopes.  
We have but found this cloak, which you well know,  
And—in the chamber of the Persian slave!

ZUL. Gulzara! Heaven!

[*She drops the cloak which she has taken from KATINKA.*]

KAT. Gulzara—and with her,  
Slow wand'ring in your fav'rite grove, the Prince  
Was last beheld—about the hour of noon;  
The slaves describe her running hurriedly  
Along the corridor, replying not  
To their loud inquiries—

ZUL. She came to me,  
Feigning I summoned, and with troubled mien  
Requested then permission to withdraw.

KAT. This cloak gives strong suspicion of her guilt:  
The Kislar Aga's orders have been given  
That she be seized—

ZUL. Gulzara guilty? seized?  
It cannot be! wore ever crime so fair  
A mask? It is beyond belief! And what  
Could be her aim?

FAT. Princess, recall you not,  
When heedlessly I said young Amurath,  
To all aspiring hopes whose wished-for goal  
Was Suliman's Sultana to become,  
Stood barrier, her haughty answer was  
He never should be barrier to her's?  
Is this not then her executed threat?

ZUL. But her strange tale—her wretchedness—her love  
For the unknown, engrossing ev'ry thought?

FAT. E'en Love himself doth meet a fearful foe  
When high Ambition fronts him in the field:  
And who shall even vouch her story true?  
She who were capable of this dread deed,  
Were of all feigning and all artifice!

ZUL. Must I believe this horror? was I so  
Deceived? Oh! that conviction struck me not!  
Whom shall I henceforth trust? or when the stars  
Look bright, shall I not picture them transformed  
To burning brands to scathe the admiring world?

[*GULZARA rushes in, and throws herself at the feet of ZULEIKA.*]

GUL. Princess! Zuleika! save—protect thy slave!  
Thy plausive words embolden me to fly  
To thee—what would they with me? whither would  
They force me? what—what have I done?

ZUL. A deed  
So dark my tongue revolts to give it breath,  
And horror-struck credulity would glad  
Refuse 't belief.

GUL. Oh! then believe 't not thou!

ZUL. Would that I still could say I did not—off!  
Thou treach'rous thing! impersonation base  
Of those bright picturings of fraud that link  
A Hour's face and serpent's form. Oh! like  
The baleful Caraminia,\* which unsheaths  
Its sweet buds to the sun, to poison e'en  
The fresh'ning zephyrs that promote its growth,  
Thy venom hast thou thrown around her whom  
Thy seeming moved to meliorate thy lot.

GUL. Of what am I accused?

ZUL. [*scornfully.*] Thou playest well  
The role of innocence, but we will aid  
Thy memory, Gulzara, to recall.  
Who yestern morning in the lime grove strayed  
Alone with my lost brother?

ZUL. [*startled.*] Amurath?

ZUL. [*aside.*] Ha! she is struck. Alas! it is too true.

[*to her.*] Who left that grove—for ever curst retreat!—  
Without the boy, and hurried thence, and feign'd  
I summoned, striving by pretended haste  
Her guilty agitation to conceal  
From questioning slaves—permission to retire  
Then praying, in her chamber barred, shut out  
The kindly throng who'd cheer her solitude.  
From that fell hour one image, gladd'ning all  
Our eyes, has met their longing gaze no more—  
But, mark me: in thy chamber, ill concealed,  
This guilt-disclosing cloak; its mantling folds  
Hath shrunk from round the crime-stained form of her  
Who last beheld its wearer. Have you heard?  
You stand accused of—

GUL. [*who, while Zuleika was speaking, has slowly and indignantly risen from her knees.*] Murder! Just Allah!

ZUL. [*aside.*] Guilt overpowers her!

GUL. Oh, why gaze you thus  
With such abhorring eyes upon me? 'T is—  
'T is false! Yourself you do not credit this;  
My fears but cheated me to think you did;  
'T is but some time-beguiling sport; yes, 't is  
Some mockery—

ZUL. The mockery 's in you,  
That would insult our presence by this show  
Of feeling—aping injured innocence.  
Where is my brother? Answer to thyself,  
If conscience leave thee power, and then to me!

GUL. [*after a pause, during which she seems too agitated to speak.*] Called I that wretchedness which wrung my  
soul

When morn's unwelcome beam chased visioned joys?  
Deemed I that misery, which was but grief,  
Undarkened by dishonor's with'ring touch—

\* The Caraminia, an eastern flower of great beauty, is so deadly in  
its nature that it poisons the very air where it grows.

Unlinked with this most foul, polluting stain?  
Murder? I dream; some nightmare of my brain  
Possesses me; I sleep not!—'t will not off—  
Murder? Thou mean'st it not: Oh! couldst thou think  
These hands, which were insured perchance to toil,  
But taught to be more used to deeds of good,  
Could close their sinews in this fiendish act?

These eyes, which morn and eve have bent their gaze  
On Allah's throne, nor shrunk from that dread orb,  
Which through those casements scann'd the inmost soul,  
Could mark the writhing of the anguish'd frame,  
The quiver of the black'ning lip, before  
Th' unwilling breath, struggling half-spent to hold  
Its beauteous tenement, depart? These ears,  
So wont to listen to sweet counsellings  
Of good from parent lips, could hear unmoved  
The cry, the choking prayer, the shudd'ring groan?  
This heart, where, if the labored care avail  
Of youthful guardians, husbandmen of love—  
Were virtue, piety, truth,—the first fruit sown;  
Think you could yield forth such a poisoned crop  
As to conceive this dark, unhallowed deed?  
You wrong not me, so much as nature, who  
Could render such abortion possible!

ZUL. [*aside.*] Can this be treachery? My heart convinced  
Would warrant ev'ry word. I'll try her further.  
Bethink thee well, Gulzara, and confess.  
Know you the dungeon for its tenant waits?

GUL. The dungeon? ha! the gloom of Eblis curs't—  
The noisome damps to chill my shaking bones—  
The suffocating air—th' excluded light—  
That common boon which reptiles may enjoy—  
The lonely hours—

ZUL. They fright you; well they may:  
For they will conjure up your crime, to rise  
Most fearful of all visitants, and haunt you.

GUL. [*proudly and passionately.*] They'll conjure up my  
innocence! will give

Me strength to scorn their puny power, and mock  
At thronging horrors which I merit not!  
There 's almost crime upon the lips would brand  
Me with 't. I did misjudge myself; I have  
No fear. Injustice lends this sinking form  
Her staff of indignation, and I scorn  
Your might. Confine, and torture, shackle; what  
You will, do with this helpless frame; you can  
Not touch the soaring soul, whose stings alone [walls,  
Can pierce, which spurs your threatened dungeon—  
And revels in the hallowed freedom, born  
Of innocence—not all your force can chain!  
Yes, to the dungeon, guiltless I defy  
Its deadliest terrors and your cruelty!

[*Exit, followed by KATINKA.*]

END OF ACT III.

### ACT IV.

SCENE I. . . . A fisherman's hut; AYESHA seated on a rude  
chair mending nets and singing. AMURATH sitting pen-  
sively on a low stool, his head leaning on his hand, and his  
eyes fixed on the ground.

AMU. [*after a pause.*] Where art thou now, sweet sister?  
in thy bower

Weeping alone, and starting wildly, like  
Some guilty thing, at ev'ry footstep, lest  
It be that one thou dread'st, yet longest  
To hear—my father's! and that meeting—oh!  
Ayesha, picture to thyself that hour,  
And say if in thy pitying bosom beats  
A heart with savageness to cause such woe?  
Think on her trembling, voiceless, when she meets  
My father's eye, and dares not fondly fling  
Her soft arms round his neck—and when this blow,  
That fells the sturdy oak, is given, oh think  
Upon the reed, already bowed, 't will crush;  
Think but of this, and then—

AYE. I do think on 't,  
Rejoice to paint the scene—dwell over it,  
More dotingly, than erst th' enamored king  
Hung o'er his chisel's labor as it sprang  
To life. Like him I prayed; like him, behold  
My wish!

AMU. How wilt thou mourn, dear father; and

Those eyes, long moistureless, will they not weep?  
AYE. Such bitter tears as he made flow from mine,  
That sapp'd the rosy hue in these wan cheeks,  
Falling like ice upon my heart, and froze  
The healthful current of its noblest feelings,  
Till, petrified, it grew insensible  
To Mercy's voice, or Pity's hand, which knock'd  
In vain for entrance or response; this was  
His work—thy sire's.

AMU. Surely he wronged you not?

AYE. Not wronged? Oh, no! they'll say that justice guides  
The foot that crushes the unsightly worm  
Unconsciously offending: let them then  
Pronounce if in the serpent's vengeful sting  
There be not equity, and call me just. [*rising.*]

AMU. [*rising and following her to the front of the stage.*]  
Thy words are sunless mists, whose sombreness  
Perplex me more. Thine ill relating, lend  
The beam that shall disperse these wild'ring clouds.

AYE. I will, and to thy youthful ears strike awe.  
Reared in the palace, daughter of a slave  
Whose tuneful zebec charmed your father's ear,  
For years I served the Sultan faithfully.  
In token of his favor, yet a child,  
He did bestow me on the fisherman  
Young Mustapha—whom well your father loved.  
We were not rich, and yet most happy—for  
I did possess that which outvalued all  
The luxuries of wealth—one only son.  
Wo is the day—the evil day! when stole  
The sportive urchin from my watchful eye,  
And in an oft committed trespass fell,  
Whose penalty the Sultan had proclaimed  
A painful death. The fierce chaouches dragged  
Him trembling and dismayed—unknowing scarce  
His crime, before the Sultan's judgment seat.  
Thither in haste I flew, and at his feet  
Implored his mercy on my child! He seemed  
To heed my prayer; but, when I hopeful ceased,  
Did mock me with the answer that his life



Was spared—his life! They had not dared to shed  
An infant's blood. And what was now that life  
Without the joys that gave it worth? or mine  
When set the star that lighted it? I prayed  
For more: he sternly bade them lead me thence—  
My boy to prison—banishment—I know  
Not where—the fiat had gone forth—unheeded  
My phrenzied rage; they bore him from my sight!  
AMU. I cannot think for lasting punishment.  
This absence so prolonged—the cares of war,  
Have from my father's memory razed your son.  
AYE. Not him from mine: that hour I vowed revenge,  
And fixed mine eyes on you; through whom 't is found.  
Again I sought the palace, but my tears  
The scorching fever of revenge had quenched;  
Ever some trivial token bearing, I  
Forgetful seemed of which all else forgot.  
The Sultan's absence in this Persian war,  
My hidden purpose favored—of the grove,  
My brother being sentinel, through him  
I planned that deed to do what now is done!  
AMU. And must my life like base-born peasant's pass  
Within these walls, as though no royal blood  
Swelled proudly in my veins?  
AYE. These walls, perchance,  
Are paradise to those that echo now  
The groans of my lost boy.  
AMU. You will not be.  
So cruel? True, your hapless son, my sire  
Consigned to punishment; but 't was for some  
Misdeed, committed, though unmeant. I harmed  
You not; Zuleika never injured you;  
Yet strikes your poniard at the breast of both.  
Together will we wither, though apart;  
You could not bear to see me pine, and pine—  
Day after day grow pallid by your side—  
And, as the tree whose root some secret worm  
Attacks, thus slowly die—while your stretched arm  
Could pluck away destruction, and new life  
Restore; then give me back my liberty!  
AYE. [aside.] He wrings me to the soul; an infant's tongue  
Once more within these walls! I wonder not  
It moves me—could I—could I—get thee hence  
Thou woman's weakness; to thy pining voice  
Mine ears are deaf; thou frighted conscience, back!  
Thou 'dst shake my purpose—almost now hast shaken;  
But no, the image of my injured boy,  
Writhing in chains that wound his tender flesh,  
Rises reproachfully to blast my sight, [chance!  
And nerves me with the strength of—fiends, per-  
And then the thought of Suliman's despair,  
It is too sweet—this chalice, filled with joys  
From his lips stolen—though 't inebriate  
With nectar, fallen angels call revenge!  
I'll yield it not to pleading pity's prayer.  
AMU. Ayesha! dear Ayesha!  
AYE. Not one word.  
I have already heard too much, beware!  
[Resumes her seat and work.]  
AMU. No help then? no escape? here must I die!  
It may be—but not like the foolish hare  
In fear expiring—with no struggle made  
For liberty—no effort—or to dry  
The flood that for me now is swelling, or  
To give it better cause to rise. [sits down.] I've heard  
My father say what cities' strength has failed  
To conquer, stratagem must win; I'll think  
On this. [he muses, during which time AYESHA sings.]  
Your boy—his father lives?  
AYE. He does.  
AMU. But dwells perchance afar?  
AYE. On his cast nets  
The sun hath twice its length'ning shadows thrown,  
And from his stay I augur he has met  
With some success; I hourly wait his boat.  
AMU. [aside.] I must myself or forge the key that opens  
My prison door, or perish for my lack  
Of skill. [Ponders again.] I have it. Well: it can  
but fail.  
[Rises slowly from his seat and approaches the window in the  
back scene.]  
AYE. [sharply.] What would you?  
AMU. Only wile the laggard Time  
From his slow pace [aside and archly.] by quickening  
my own!  
[After looking out of the window intently a moment.]  
That boat: how swift it nears—it must be he!  
A man springs out. [AYESHA rises.] Ayesha! look—  
nay now  
He's hid behind yon rocks.  
AYE. 'T is he! I go  
To greet him. [rushes out.]  
AMU. I, to greet my liberty!  
I'm free! father thy tutoring was n't lost!  
Yon door leads to the secret path. That barr'd  
Behind me, ere the swift foot could gain  
The palace by the common road, I shall  
Be safe within their shielding arms: rejoice  
My sister! father! I am yours' again!  
[Runs out and is heard to bolt the door behind him; after a  
moment AYESHA re-enters.]  
AYE. I saw nor beat, nor man: what meant you, boy?  
[Looks round.] What, gone? not here? Where art  
thou, Amurath?  
Allah protect me! he has fled. [Exit running—is heard  
to try the door, and returns despairingly.]  
Barr'd! barr'd!  
Oh! simple head! outwitted by a child!  
A puny boy! I'm lost! too surely all  
Will be discovered—Death's cold arms are spread  
To clasp their victim—fool! to heed his words.  
Yet—he is happy! free! how can I mourn?  
I was not strong of purpose as I thought  
Myself. Already had Remorse dispatched  
Her furies dire to lacerate my breast.  
He's free—restored—this crime will haunt me not;  
I can but share the prison of my boy,  
Or in a darker close my weary eyes,  
Where shall no vision of his misery rack  
My sleep. They shall not drag me hence. I have  
Deserv'd; and bravely will I meet my fate!

[As she is going, stops, and turns slowly round.]  
Farewell! my little hut—what is 't to me,  
I never shall behold you more? for ah!  
He that so jocund made your rustic walls  
Hath bade them long adieu—thou 'lt shelter now,  
'T is true, a childless, and a wifeless master.  
But since this deed hath darkened all my soul,  
It would but tarnish his pure love. Farewell! [Exit.]  
SCENE II....A dungeon—night—GULZARA on a pallet of  
straw—a lamp burning.]  
GUL. Thou potent sorceress, Night! how terrible  
Thou art! the shadow of thy mantle veils  
The direst deeds, but conjures shades to strike  
Their guilty doer with a pulseless fear!  
He sees in thee th' accomplice of his crime;  
And when lull'd memory would sleep, thou art  
The grim Promethean vulture to her rest,  
That goadest conscience with th' enactment dread,  
Of horrors thou conceal'st. The glossing beam  
Of daylight brings thy calming opiate, charmed  
Forgetfulness—but Night—why think on this?  
Can Night bedim the brow of innocence?  
And yet these awe-inspiring walls, [rising.] that people  
With shadowy forms and grotesque images  
My solitude—the desert stillness—all  
Appal and fright me; but, 't is only fear!  
Who, though she seem to wear Guilt's garment, is  
With conscience-searching stings not armed for me.  
The doom of crime, not its remorse, is mine,  
Its doom indeed—the fearful trial waits!  
Nerveless they lead me forth, shrinking, unveiled!  
Before the low, reviling throng I stand;  
My lips with shame and fear together cling;  
My cleaving tongue denies me utterance—hark!  
The madd'ning shout of "guilty," breaks my trance!  
They near—the frightful executioners—  
The bowstring tightens round my struggling neck:  
But no, not that—'t is not the mortal pang  
I tremble to await—endure—but 't is  
This deathful blow, sure aimed, will strike through me  
To other hearts—oh! 't is that they must writhe  
In anguish far beyond the agonies  
I bear. Mother! I know thou wilt not live  
To sorrow o'er thy child's dishonor! Father!  
This arrow in thy side, that may not kill,  
Will goad at ev'ry step! thou thought'st it wo  
When, envied and caressed, I mournful left  
Thine humble roof—but oh! what earthly sound  
Will compass now thy suffering, when thou know'st  
Thy daughter's spotless name defiled with crime?  
That crime atoned by ignominious death!  
Heaven! will they believe th' accusers? No!  
Their honest hearts will spurn the base deceit!  
But this foul stain will endless cleave to them,  
As the sear'd brand that scathes the guilty brow;  
And rear a target for scorn's banded bow!  
Oh! gentle Patience, tutor me to bear  
These dire accumulated ills. The dark  
Futurity is shrouded from my view,  
But, the high mission from above that rules  
Its mysteries, cannot err—and to its will  
I yield me now.  
[Sinks again on her pallet, and composes herself as though to  
sleep—the drawing of a bolt heard from without.]  
So soon! the bolt draws back—  
It is my savage jailor comes to lead  
Me to the dreaded trial—oh! that this  
Foul air were not so clogged—that I could breathe  
More free. Alas! that very breath I soon [comes!  
May cease to draw. What matters it? [starts up.] He  
I am prepared—  
Enter ZULEIKA.  
Gulzara!  
ZUL. [who at first fears to look round, but starts at the sound  
and rushes forward.] Zuleika! [checking her-  
self.] Come you to comfort or upbraid? for either,  
Bootless your errand—since to comfort, you  
Must want the power, and to upbraid do lack  
The cause—  
ZUL. I come for neither, but to pray,  
To exhort Gulzara to avow—what shall  
I say? the madness that gave birth to this  
Most monstrous crime.  
GUL. I've heard it is their wont,  
In lands where tyrants reign and subjects tremble,  
On wheels to break, or torture on the rack,  
The haplessly accused—till the craz'd wretch  
Groan forth confession of black deeds he ne'er  
Committed. Princess! are you coldly come  
The executioner, to test if I  
Shall prove as weak?  
ZUL. I pardon you the taunt—  
Despite conviction, reason, everything,  
I cannot think you guilty to this last  
Degree—not, not of murder.  
GUL. Speak that word  
Again! It is the Heaven-sent Nucta drop\*  
Curing the plague upon my vitals preying.  
Oh! I am innocent—you own it? There  
Is one, when doomed Gulzara breathes no more,  
And the dread story of her guilt is told  
In loathing—one, who will proclaim the tale  
Is false. You trust me?  
ZUL. I must henceforth live  
Mistrusting all my senses would approve  
If I did not—  
GUL. Then is the bowstring but  
The bar that draws to open Paradise!  
I do not ask for life. What is 't to die  
Without the stain that made death terrible?  
'T is but 't endure a passing pang—to feel  
The last cold quiver of the limbs—then sink  
To rest, that fear and care no more disturb.  
They, who have suffered in the soul, shall own  
That transient pain a jest, to agonies  
The spirit must endure. One boon I crave:  
When ruthless slaves have done their duty—when  
In bloody sockets glare the starting eyes,  
And the last stifling sigh is choked, ere 't scape—

\* The Nucta drop is supposed to fall from Heaven, on St. John's day,  
and to have the power of curing those afflicted with the pestilence.

When mocking menials, aweless, shall insult  
The freezing corpse with merry ribaldry,  
Oh! as thou hop'st to cross Al Sirat's height,  
With foot unfaltering, promise me, Zuleika!  
My aged parents from thy hand shall know  
I perished innocent, as when they last  
Called down a blessing on their guileless child!  
ZUL. Think not of this; all shall be well with thee;  
But my poor Amurath!  
GUL. 'T was in the grove  
We parted, nor have I beheld him since.  
ZUE. He left you then?  
GUL. Rather I fled from him,  
Warned by a distant voice to haste to you.  
ZUL. He followed not?  
GUL. Not as I think. This is  
Some plot; 't is very strange; [musing.] it shall be  
solved!  
GUL. And happily, grant Mahomet! but if  
For me too late, remember then my boon.  
ZUL. Too late it will not be. How will I plead  
With my loved father, and—  
GUL. Bid me not hope;  
Think not the Sultan can be pacified  
By words. The wrath of power slakes itself  
In blood alone; and cool'd, shrinks from the fount  
That quenched its burning. When my lips are mute  
Thine may awake a sigh—but will not more.  
ZUL. Then weaker than the vernal slave's, that makes  
Us weep for hire, they're grown. My father's name  
Hath planted terror in the bravest hearts;  
Yet have I seen his cheek grow white, and eyes  
Brim o'er, at hist'ry of fictitious wo;  
And deem you he will look unmoved on real?  
Fear not; I know that thou art guiltless, and  
Will risk my life to shield thee. Now, adieu!  
GUL. Adieu, Zuleika! It doth well beseem  
Such gentle purity as thine to come  
Dispensing peace—and beauty, in the soft  
And mellowing light of virtue's gilding sun,  
Making more beautiful. Here at thy feet  
I breathe my beggar thanks; thou need'st them not.  
Were might of sceptre mine, how poor my pow'r  
To tender thee reward. Thy recompense  
Hath been to taste the sweets of that first joy  
By nature—ay, by Heaven itself, loved best,  
The ecstasy of making others blest!  
[GULZARA remains kneeling as ZULEIKA exit.]  
END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

SCENE I....Night. The grove brilliantly illuminated. En-  
ter ZULEIKA and FATIMA, bearing baskets of flowers.  
FATIMA. This spot will but increase your gloom; why bid  
Its shade be lighted, like a festive bower,  
When springs from hence the mist that clouds your path?  
Let us away, Zuleika, dearest; I  
Would try the magic of my lute; but here  
'T were powerless. [Gently attempting to lead her away.]  
ZUL. Go, if thou wilt; but me  
'T will soothe to wander here, where Fancy spreads  
Her magic wing, and wafts my brother's voice  
To haunt this spot with tones, e'en than thy lute's  
More soft. As flowrets o'er the loved one's grave  
Affection's hand, a mournful tribute, strews—  
So will we consecrate the hallowed earth  
That bore his foot-prints last. [they strew the flowers.]  
The very wind  
With his sweet breath is redolent, and fills  
My heart with gladness strange and undefined—  
A pleasure waked by hands invisible—  
Joy's herald—not himself—but comes he when  
Proclaimed? I know Gulzara guiltless. Lives  
He, then, my brother? "Yes," this heart replies;  
But doubts steal in—  
FAT. Be Hope their banisher!  
Cherish that sun of a chaotic world.  
When the dark future frights our weeping eyes,  
Were 't not, kind Hope! for thy fictitious light,  
That 'lumines half its Memphian gloom, we'd long  
For present death, to 'scape the ills to come,  
Which, energized by Hope, to bravely meet  
Is to disarm. You've said full oft, methinks,  
And truly, too, the grey-haired dervishes  
Whose converse I so love, almost had made  
A moralizer of your Fatima.  
Then to the moral that she draws from these,  
Your late afflictions, lend a heedful ear!  
Clouds that to-day obscure the frowning sky,  
To-morrow give it lovelier to the eye:  
So shall Zuleika's griefs, that great appear,  
But fade, to make her joys restored more dear!  
[A noise heard without, as of rejoicing, and the name of "AM-  
URATH" frequently repeated.]  
ZUL. What cry is that? It swells in joy, and—ha!  
This name? Amurath! Amurath! again  
It rings. Oh! Fatima, my tott'ring feet  
Give way—I sink—hist—now the sound is hushed!  
FAT. [supporting her.] You tremble; be composed; shall  
happiness  
By her advancing shadow bow to earth  
What wo's ungentle grasp hath failed to crush?  
AMU. [from behind.] What mean these lights? My sister!  
speak—my sister!  
[He rushes in amid loud acclamations, and throws himself into  
the arms of ZULEIKA.]  
ZUL. He lives! he lives! Brother, brother—it is—  
'T is he indeed! [putting him from her to look at him.]  
Surfeit yourselves, ye eyes,  
Long fasting; feast ye now upon his face!  
AMU. Sweet sister! lov'd Zuleika, once more your's,  
This transport kills your happy Amurath!  
ZUL. Nay, thou hast been a century dead to me,  
And welcome as one, mourned within the grave,  
Uprisen from the tomb, art come. Where hast  
Thou been?  
AMU. In sorrow equal to thine own,  
\* Summan is described as having been one of the greatest warriors  
amongst the Turks, and to have gained more battles than any other  
monarch, and yet to have added great weakness of character to his  
military virtues, being the slave of his feelings and passions.



Coop'd in most rustic cage; but I cajoled  
My jailer—to myself gave liberty;  
And flew to thee through darkness—night—I scarce  
Know how, unless some guardian spirit, moved  
By love of thee, guided my doubtful steps.

ZUL. And brought thee safe! What multitudes of thanks  
Shall crowd the gates of Paradise for this!  
Where hast thou been? Whose was the savage hand  
Could give thee pain, mine own, my Amurath?  
Oh! dearly shall they rue this hour—who was't?  
And how?

AMU. Along the secret path, when fled  
Gulzara at your feet, Ayesha bore—  
ZUL. Not Mustapha's fair-featured wife? the slave  
Whom Suliman's long favor would enrich?  
Oh! seeming, seeming, what a cheat thou art!  
While triumphs base Ayesha in her crime,  
Gulzara in the loathsome vault enjailed  
Makes us, in our supposed sagacity,  
Tyrants and blinded dupes of outward show!

AMU. Gulzara dungeon'd? sister, mean you that?  
The gentle Persian? you permitted this?  
Speed, speed, to burst her shameful bonds, myself  
I will entreat her pardon for this wrong. [Going.]

ZUL. Stay, greedy brother mine, feign would I share  
Thy rapture, basking in the light of her's,  
Say not I ask too much! Katinka waits  
To lead her hither— [claps her hands.]

[Enter KATINKA.]

Free the youthful Persian,  
And to our presence guide her speedily;  
Bid her not grieve, but give not voice the joy  
That waits her when she here before us stands.

[Exit KATINKA.]

AMU. How could suspicion light on her?

ZUL. Alas!  
'T was feared ambition prompted her the deed.  
She was forewarned while lived the Sultan's heir  
Must Suliman be still Sultanaless.  
Sudden you disappeared—this tell-tale cloak  
Was in her chamber found. Wandering alone  
With her the household slaves beheld you last:  
Chance was her criminal and not we.  
The future shall efface the past—but thou,  
Art thou indeed restored, my Amurath?  
Can I believe it is no dream that gives  
Thee to my longing eyes?

AMU. If 't is, we'll sleep  
For aye, and mingle with the waking world  
No more.

[Enter KATINKA.]

KAT. Princess she comes, but with no smile  
Dimpling her pallid cheek.

FAT. [to AMURATH.] Your presence may  
Too suddenly surprise her—joy hath killed  
What grief but gave a sharper sense of being,  
As though death's angel loved to snatch the soul  
In bliss—but sickly shunned its hour of woe:  
I pray you then withdraw awhile!

AMU. [complainingly.] My thanks  
Good lady Hakim! your prescription suits  
Me ill; not see the transport that my flight,  
(Which was not of the easiest,) helped to cause?  
Nay shake not thus thy sapient head—I must  
Remain—yet, since your potion is too large,  
We'll halve it, by your leave. It shall be so:  
Her will I safely see—but she not me—  
At least not while I can restrain myself.

[Conceals himself among the trees.]

[Enter GULZARA, dejectedly.]

ZUL. Ever so mournful sad, Gulzara? I  
Had hoped the converse of to-night dispelled  
Your gloom.

GUL. Not mournful, but with thoughts upturned  
To where they may be soon for ever fixed!

ZUL. You are oppressed, but quick upon the heels  
Of grief tread happiness to chase her back.  
And said I not Gulzara—aye, this night—  
I knew your innocence?

GUL. You did believe  
My protestations, and I thank you for 't.

ZUL. I now do more—I know them to be true!

GUL. [agitatedly.] You have no proof? The Prince—your  
brother—is— [claims aloud]

AMU. [leaping in her arms.]—Here, dear Gulzara, and pro-  
Your innocence!

GUL. Oh! holy prophet! I  
Had scarcely dared to pray for this. Unharm'd!  
Safe, art thou, angel boy! O, father! mother!  
Lift up your heads again! And now come, Death,  
Near as before—I fear thee not. Now, if  
I yield me yours, 't is not in ignominy!

AMU. First shall a life of happiness atone  
For all the ills we have occasioned you!

GUL. [gazing at him.] Again that tone! How thrills it  
through my soul,

As something long familiar to these ears?  
The song, whose words forgot, haunts with its air!  
Was ever brow moulded so seemingly  
Like his? Or, is it that these eyes so oft  
Have wept to view that face once more, they find  
A visioned semblance in all loveliness?

[Enter KATINKA.]

KAT. Ayesha to your gracious presence prays  
Admission. Princess, shall we entrance give?

ZUL. Unsummoned comes she then? Knows she, her guilt  
Discovered, direct punishment awaits  
Its perpetrator? Lead her hither. [Exit KATINKA.]

AMU. Sister,  
I pity her—in sooth I do,—and she  
Hath heavy grief endured.

ZUL. And heavier would  
Give thee, my cherished brother! Pardonless  
The hand that menaced thee one minute's pain!  
Your pity you but waste. I shall not mine.

Enter KATINKA, followed by AYESHA, who kneels to ZU-  
LEIKA, as in contrition, her head bent down and her hands  
folded on her breast.

Come you within the lion's den to tempt  
His wrath? Your guilt has been already voic'd,  
And tarries not its retribution just.

AYE. Great is the Sultan! Where should I conceal  
This fated head to 'scape his anger? but  
I do beseech you hear what scourges lashed  
Me to this phrenzied deed. I had not strength,  
If favor chanced, to give my will insane  
Its wished-for execution. Ere he 'scaped  
I wavered—shrank. His pleadings touched my heart.

ZUL. Boast you a heart, that with such mortal pangs  
Wring that of others? You, who ruthless raised  
O'er this offenceless being the rude arm  
Of violence? The thought, with a wild fire—  
Stranger till now—kindles my burning veins.  
Quick—take her hence. Within a dungeon chained,  
Without one glimmer of that sun, whose face  
Her crime pollutes—mutes for her guardians—and  
Her ear (deaf to my brother's pleadings,) let  
No sound of human melody beguile.  
Away with her!

AYE. Not yet! One instant grant!  
Not till you hear me! 'T was your sire, not I,  
Performed this deed. His cruelly urged me to 't.

ZUL. Would you wake mercy in the daughter's breast  
Attaining, with malignant charge, the father?  
Kindness to you to earth were cruelty,  
And fostering the adder, Vice, to bare  
Each fenceless bosom to its fang—begone!

AYE. Judge me not harshly!

ZUL. Not by me, wilt thou  
Be judged—but hope no leniency—enough!

AMU. Yet hear her, sister, only hear her tale.

AYE. You supplicate for her who injured? shall  
The vulture find a wounded dove its shield?  
You cannot loath me as I hate myself,  
Hate what I am, but mourn what I have been.

[Rising.] Princess! six changeable moons ago, I would  
Have started, horror-struck as thou, at thought  
Of what hath so debased me now—but time  
And despot circumstance work woeful change!

I had a son—one only son—he was  
Care's certain selace, joy's sweet messenger,  
The focus whence diverged each ray of bliss  
That lighted my existence. List whose hand  
Snatched that sole beam and darkened it for ever.  
A new decree whose violation brought  
The penalty of death, the ill-starred boy

Unconscious broke; your father, at my prayer,—  
Mock-merciful,—his life, not pardon, grants.  
Whether enjailed, enslaved, or banished, what  
His punishment I knew not, know not now,—  
But sorrow o'er the knowledge how they bore  
The struggling, weeping infant from my sight;

And, with him, ev'ry kindly feeling nursed  
Within this breast, leaving to frantic grief,  
That seeming comforter, Revenge! Thenceforth  
It was my household God—I was transformed!

Not Tigress ravished of her young, was more  
Athrast to glut her rage—from my own heart  
I knew how well your father loved his son,  
And vowed to plunge the dagger in his breast  
With which he recklessly stabbed mine! that I  
Was baffled, I rejoice, and rather now  
Would meet the fate that waits me than have lived  
More darkly doomed, with mem'ry of this crime.

ZUL. [turning from her.] It was too black—too dreadful—  
thou art safe

My brother, but thy danger frights me still.

AYE. [slowly advancing and again kneeling.] I scarcely dare  
implore your mercy! yet  
Reflect upon the wrongs that to this deed  
Were goading me!

ZUL. Bid me reflect upon

The deed itself—my father's agony—

My brother's pain—I have no mercy left!

No pardon!

AYE. 'T is a fearful thing to die!

ZUL. Is't not more fearful to deserve to die!

AYE. Had even the noblest of frail mortals his  
Deserts, oh, who would then escape rebuke?

Gentle Sultana, pity my affliction.

ZUL. No more, you would unpoise the righteous scales  
Of Justice, I command you, peace!

AMU. Let me

Entreat you, sister, grant to me this boon?

Never before have I beheld your eye

So stern, your brow knit with such threatening frowns.

ZUL. Who harms my brother never should behold  
It otherwise.

AMU. Yet freely from my heart  
I do forgive her. If you sorrow'd much  
In wanting me, then what her agony  
When her loved son was rudely snatched away?

ZUL. I never did refuse your lightest wish,  
But plead not, brother, now, for this I must  
Not grant, and will not hearken to.

FAT. I wronged

Gulzara by too hasty judgment. My  
Atonement let me to this supplicant  
Transfer, imploring that you pardon her!

ZUL. Spare me your prayers. When his has been withstood  
I shall not listen to your voice.

GUL. [advancing.] List, then,  
To mine! She to the dungeon you condemned—  
Incarcerated for another's crime—  
Thrust 'fore whose eyes anticipated death,  
Beseeches you to let her suff'ring pass  
As this repentant one's, and pardon her.  
Remember—Power, when robed in leniency,  
Not strength, wears loveliest semblance when display'd  
To pardon penitence, not punish guilt;  
Bespeaks true nobleness of majesty!  
And Justice finds her things oft powerless  
To chasten hearts the smile of goodness wins  
To imitate herself; then emulate,  
In clemency to this your slave, the sway  
Of pitying Heav'n, whose high prerogative  
Most needed, most employed; is 't not to pardon?

AMU. Had I thousand tongues, Zuleika, each  
Should plead with hers—and should they plead in vain?

ZUL. [first turning to one, then to the other.]

Brother! Gulzara! You have conquered! Rise,  
Ayesha! and thy future life, not swords,

Proclaim thy gratitude. Thou art forgiven.

AYE. Let me still kneel, until thy bounty is  
Complete. Give not a life that's valueless,  
Withholding what imparts its worth—my child!

ZUL. Shall be restored.

AYE. Joy, joy too great to bear!

My son restored! His blue eyes once again

The Heaven of my own! His prattling tongue

Making my glad heart to its music dance!

Oh, Princess! sunk as by this act I am

Beneath humanity, I shall not prove

Than senseless beasts more thankless; and there is

A Roman tale, that memorates of old

A hunger'd lion,\* moved by gratitude,

Who, recognizing, shrank from offered prey,

Nor on the well-remembered hand that erst

Did cure his wound, appeased his famishing.

That tale is graven on my heart. A life

Of faithful service shall express the thanks

I have no tongue to speak—but whose warm flood

O'erflows my grateful eyes.

ZUL. I need them not:

Who doeth well, finds in the act itself

His action's noblest recompense.

AMU. I share

Your pleasure, dearest sister, and almost

Had borne the anguish of dread yesterday

For this sweet hour's ecstasy.

FAT. And I

Re-echo all your bliss, and only need

Gulzara's pardon of defaming doubts

To make complete my own.

GUL. Freely 't is yours

[aside.] And I—while ev'ry lip and ev'ry eye

Beams in the sunny light of happiness,

Stronger, by contrast, seem the shadows o'er

Mine own. Hated! while other sorrows filled

My breast, almost wert thou forgot. They pass

Away—but leave the cank'ring thought of thee,  
That cannot part, eternal in their stead.

Enter KATINKA bearing a scroll.

KAT. [kneeling as she presents it.] Great Suliman sends to

Zuleika greeting.

ZUL. How pleasure, when she opes her hand, pours down

Her gifts!

AMU. Sister, read quick, what says our sire?

ZUL. His foot is on his enemies' breast. Gian

Ben Gian Aegis guards his form. His brow

Enwreathed—victorious he returns.

GUL. Returns!

AMU. When may we look for him?

ZUL. [still reading.] To-morrow's dawn.

GUL. [aside.] So soon? yet why this foolish trembling? is

This face more fair, than those by smiles that court

His lightest look made beauteous, that he e'er

Should waste a glance upon the hapless Persian?

AMU. Sister, you smile: what says he more?

ZUL. Can I

Read right? [reads aloud.] "Garland your walls, sum-

mon your choirs

Of sweetest warblers: sandal, swift, anew

The wing'd feet of your loveliest dancers: all

Festivities besecoming to his state

Prepare, to welcome Suliman's new bride!"

How 's this? [reads on apparently much astonished.]

There is some witchery in these times!

Gulzara, with to-morrow's dawn, we haste

To meet the bridegroom Sultan. Whom dost think

Our glad hands shall as proud Sultana deck?

GUL. [pauses, looks round, and her eyes rest smiling on FATI-

MA.] Gaze-eyed Fatima, perchance?

ZUL. Nay, now

You err in very modesty: mingle

Thy joys with ours—it is Gulzara's self!

OMNES. Gulzara?

GUL. I! oh, what a sport of Fate

Have I become! Spare me your merriment—

Soon will I strive to share your mirth, but now

I am too sad—too weakened by distress—

Say but you mean not this.

ZUL. Ungracious maid!

Has my hand, think you, been so prone to wound?

Oft has my father said, while lived this youth

His worshipped Roxelana's son, and my

Departed mother's, should no new Sultana

His splendor share, or gay Zenana rule;

Yet now he bids me for the nuptial feast

Prepare. Peraia's wild rose, Gulzara, hail,

His chosen bride! 'T is strange, I own, but true.

Why look you so dismayed? This is, or should

The hour of jovial gratulation be.

GUL. Oh! no, no, not to me! Allah! to wed

The Sultan Suliman? to join with his

This hand foresworn, with perjured lips to vow

Eternal faith, and endless love, to mock

The throne of Allah with false oaths, when I

Have neither love to give or faith to vow?

Rather like faithful Dido, when the voice

Of suppliant subjects bade her in her lord's

Lamented place a rival throne—I'd light

Mine own funeral pile—rather would wed,

(Rich in this fond heart's wealth,) the poorest serf,

That tills the earth to gain his hard-earn'd bread;

Suffer oppression, infamy with him;

Tell, starve with him, than, my allegiance sworn

Another's, be the Harem-envied bride,

Sultana of the Sultap Suliman,

Queen of his heart, and Empress of the East.

ZUL. This is untoward—yet, I blame you not;

Had I so loved, as constant would I prove:

What says my father more? [Reads.] Wonders on

wonders!

"Then know! I had determined, ne'er to wed:

But who shall with his Heav'n ruled Kisma war?

List to my tale: Beguiling with the chase

\* Androclus was protected in the Roman Circus by a lion whose foot he had healed.

† The shield of Gian ben Gian was as famous among the orientals as that of Achilles among the Greeks. It was in the hands of the three Sulimans consecutively, and they are said to have performed miraculous exploits by its assistance; it also guarded its wearer from the wounds of the enemy.

The hours of truce, a huntsman, as he seemed,  
On the green borders of the Tigris viewed  
A maiden writhing in a Giaour's grasp;  
And mentioning back his train did rescue her!  
You that have seen Gulzara wonder not  
They met again. He vowed that she should be  
His bride—but tested first her faith to know  
If rather she would live the favored slave  
Of Suliman, or wife of her unknown.  
She passed the ordeal, 't was himself, not state,  
Which she I think yet dreams not of, she loved—  
And shall be as he swore her huntsman's bride!"

GUL. Hafed! [Faints—she supports her.]

AMU. Oh! sister, with this sudden joy  
You've killed her—see—

ZUL. Katinka, haste thee, fly!

KAT. Tis needless noble Princess, she revives.

FAT. Then give her air, she lacks but breath, new life  
This happy news already has bestowed.

AMU. She opens her eyes, Gulzara, speak to us?

GUL. That voice again? Where is he? Hafed! art  
Thou there? I let me but look upon thee ere  
I die.

AMU. 'T is Amurath, your Hafed's son,  
Or Suliman's, that bids you for his sake  
To live!

GUL. Was it no vision then? is he?

AMU. And Amurath thou art—is Hafed then—

ZUL. The Sultan Suliman!

AMU. Our father.

GUL. I am—

ZUL. His bride!

FAT. and KAT. [saluting her.] Our new Sultana hail!

GUL. Now, may I share your transports, never more  
At fate's harsh seeming murmur, for her wheel  
Revolving ever, hurls us to its base

To hurry to the summit with more speed.

ZUL. And with this latter evolution bears  
Jays pinnacle a goodly throng to-night,  
What have I left to wish? my brother back—

[Embracing him.]

AMU. Freed by himself! sweet sister when you tell  
Our father my mischance, forget not that!

FAT. and KAT. Your joy is ours!

AYE. My lov'd boy once more mine!

GUL. And Hafed, Suliman—hail happy end!

No more Zuleika's brow with frowns shall bend,  
Ayesha fierceness feign she ne'er could feel,  
Or wo of Amurath bid tear drops steal  
To pitying orbs that smiling greet his weal;  
Or Fatima's bright eyes, and morals sage,  
Contend which most your pleasure could engage;  
Or mild Katinka, though her station low,  
Still hope to share the praises you bestow.  
Our mimic passions o'er, [to the actors.] each lip that  
grieved

In fabled sorrow, be with smiles enwreathed.  
Those lips now welcome mirth with keener zest  
Nor mourn their wo [to the audience.] if echoed in  
your breast.

If, courteous still, by our emotions led,  
You now will share our gladness in grief's stead,  
And grant the boon Gulzara yet must crave  
Your pleased approval of—

OMNES. The Persian Slave!

THE END.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

On quitting the house, a deep sigh of disappointment escaped him. As he gazed for a moment with longing eyes at the windows of the room in which Miss Aubrey was sitting, he felt profound depression of spirit; he had altogether failed; and he had a sort of cursed consciousness that he deserved to fail, on every account. Her image was before his mind's eye every moment while he was threading his way back to his chambers at Thavies' Inn; he sat for an hour or two before the remnant of his fire, lost in a reverie; and sleep came not to his eyes till a late hour in the morning. Just as his tortuous mind was loosing hold of its sinister purposes in sleep, Mr. Aubrey might have been seen taking his seat in his little study, having spent a restless and weary night. 'T was little more than half-past four o'clock when he entered, candle in hand, the scene of his early and cheerful labors, and took his seat before his table covered with loose manuscripts and books. His face was certainly overcast with anxiety, but his soul was calm and resolute. Having lit his fire, he placed his candle on the table, and leaning back for a moment in his chair, while the flickering increasing light of his crackling fire and candle, revealed to him, with a sense of snugness, his shelves crammed with books, and the window covered with an ample crimson curtain, effectually excluding the chill morning air—he reflected with a heavy sigh upon the precarious tenure by which he held the little comforts that were yet left to him. Oh!—thought he—if Heaven were but to relieve me from the frightful pressure of liability under which I am bound to the earth, what labor, what privation would I repine at! What gladness would not spring up in my heart! But rousing himself from vain thoughts of this kind, he began to arrange his manuscripts, when his ear caught a sound on the stair—'t was the light step of his sister, coming down to perform her promised undertaking—not an unusual one by any means—to transcribe for the press the manuscript he was about completing that morning. "My sweet Kate," said he tenderly, as she entered with her little chamber light, which she extinguished as she entered—"I am really grieved to see you stirring so early—go back to bed." But she kissed his cheek affectionally, and refused to do any such thing; and telling him of the restless night she had passed, of which indeed her pale and depressed features bore but too legible evidence, she sat herself down in her accustomed place, nearly opposite to him, cleared away

space enough for her little desk, and then opening it, was presently engaged in her delightful task—for to her it was indeed delightful—of copying out her brother's composition. Thus she sat, silent and industrious—scarce opening her lips, except to ask him to explain an illegible word or so, till the hour had arrived—eight o'clock—for the close of their morning toil. The reader will be pleased to hear that the article on which they had been engaged—and which was on a question of foreign politics, of great difficulty and importance—produced him a cheque for sixty guineas, and excited very general attention and admiration. Oh, how precious was this reward of honorable and severe toil! How it cheered him who had earned it, and those who were, alas! entirely dependent upon his noble exertions! And how sensibly it augmented their little means! Grateful, indeed, were all of them for the success which had attended his labors!

As I do not intend to occupy the reader with any details relating to Mr. Aubrey's Temple avocations, I shall content myself with saying that the more Mr. Weasel and Mr. Aubrey came to know of each other, the more Aubrey respected his legal knowledge and ability, and he, Aubrey's intellectual energy and successful application, which, indeed, consciously brought home to Aubrey its own reward, in the daily acquisition of solid learning, and increasing facility in the use of it. His mind was formed for things, and was not apt to occupy itself with mere words, or technicalities. He was ever in quest of the principles of law, its reason, and spirit. He quickly began to appreciate the sound, practical good sense on which almost all the rules of law are founded, and the effectual manner in which they are accommodated to the innumerable and ever-varying exigencies of human affairs. The mere forms and technicalities of the law, Mr. Aubrey often compared to short-hand, whose characters to the uninitiated appear quaint and useless, but are perfectly invaluable to him who has seen the object, and patiently acquired the use of them. Whatever Mr. Aubrey's hand found to do, while studying the law, he did it, indeed, with his might—which is the grand secret of the difference in the success of different persons addressing themselves to legal studies. Great or small, easy or difficult, simple or complicated, interesting or uninteresting, he made a point of mastering it thoroughly, and, as far as possible, by his own efforts; which generated early a habit of self-reliance which no one better than he knew the value of—how inestimable, how indispensable, not to the lawyer merely, but to any one entrusted with the responsible management of affairs. In short, he had all the success which is sure to attend the exertions of a man of superior sense and spirit, who is in earnest in what he is about. He frequently surprised Mr. Weasel with the exactness and extent of his legal information—his acuteness, clear-headedness, and tenacity in dealing with matters of downright difficulty—and Mr. Weasel had several times, in consultation, an opportunity of expressing his very flattering opinion concerning Mr. Aubrey to the Attorney-General. The mention of that eminent person reminds me of an observation which I intended to have made some time ago. The reader is not to imagine, from my silence upon the subject, that Mr. Aubrey, in his fallen fortunes, was heartlessly forgotten or neglected by the distinguished friends and associates of former and more prosperous days. It was not they that withdrew from him, but he that withdrew from them; and that, too, of set purpose, resolutely adhered to, on the ground that it could not be otherwise, without seriously interfering with the due prosecution of those plans of life on which were dependent not only his all, and that of those connected with him—but his fond hopes of yet extricating himself, by his own personal exertions, from the direful difficulties and dangers which at present environed him—of achieving, with his own right hand, independence. The Attorney-General frequently called to inquire how he was getting on; and, let me not forget here to state a fact which I conceive infinitely to redound to poor Aubrey's honor—viz., that he thrice refused offers made him from very high quarters, of considerable *sinecures*, i. e. handsome salaries for purely nominal services—which he was earnestly and repeatedly reminded would at once afford him a liberal maintenance, and leave the whole of his time at his own disposal, to follow any pursuit or profession which he chose. Mr. Aubrey justly considered that it was very difficult, if not indeed impossible, for any honorable and high-minded man to be a *sinecurist*. He that holds a *sinecure*, in my opinion, is plundering the public; and how it is less contrary to the dictates of honor and justice, deliberately to defraud an individual, than deliberately and openly to defraud that collection of individuals called the public, let casuists determine. As for Mr. Aubrey, he saw stretching before him the clear, straight, bright line of honor, and he resolved to follow it, without faltering or wavering, come what come might. He resolved, with the blessing of Providence, that his own exertions should procure his bread, and, if such was the will of Heaven, lead him to distinction among mankind. He had formed this determination, and resolved to work it out—never to pause or give way, but to die in the struggle. Such a spirit must conquer, whatever is opposed to it. What is *difficulty*? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.

Mr. Gammon felt very little difficulty in putting off Mr. Quirk from his purpose of enforcing the payment by Mr. Aubrey of the balance of his account; in demonstrating to him the policy of waiting a little longer. He pledged himself, when the proper time came, to adopt measures of undoubted efficacy—assuring his sullen senior in a low tone, that since his letter had reached Mr. Aubrey, circumstances had occurred which would render it in the last degree dangerous to press that gentleman upon the subject. What that was which had happened, Mr. Gammon, as usual, refused to state. This was a considerable source of vexation to the old gentleman: but he had a far greater one, in the decisive and fatal overthrow of his fondly cherished hopes concerning his daughter's alliance with Titmouse. The paragraph in the "Aurora," announcing Mr. Titmouse's engagement to his brilliant relative, the Lady Cecilia, had emanated from the pen of Mr. Gammon, who had had several objects in view in giving early publicity to the event he announced in such courtly terms. *Happening* on the morning on which it appeared, to be glancing over the fascinat-

ing columns of the *Aurora*, at a public office, (the paper taken in at their own establishment being the *Morning Gossip*;) he made a point of purchasing that day's *Aurora*; and on returning to Saffron Hill, he inquired whether Mr. Quirk were at home. Hearing that he was sitting alone, in his room—in rushed Mr. Gammon, breathless with surprise and haste, and plucking the paper out of his pocket—"by heavens, Mr. Quirk!"—he almost gasped, as he doubled down the paper to the place where stood the announcement in question, and put it into Mr. Quirk's hands—"this young fellow's given you the slip, after all! See!"—The moment that my back is turned,"

Mr. Quirk having with a little trepidation adjusted his spectacles, perused the paragraph with a somewhat flushed face. He had, in fact, for some time had grievous misgivings on the subject of his chance of becoming the father-in-law of his distinguished client, Mr. Titmouse; but now his faintest glimmering of hope was suddenly and completely extinguished, and the old gentlemen felt quite desolate. He looked up, on finishing the paragraph, and gazed rather ruefully at his indignant and sympathizing companion.

"It seems all up, Gammon, certainly—do n't it?" said he, with a flustered air.

"Indeed, my dear air, it does! You have my sincerest!"

"Now, come, t' other end of the thing, Gammon! You know every promise of marriage has two ends—one joins the heart, and t' other the pocket; *out heart, in pocket*—so have at him, by Jove!" He rose up and rubbed his hands as he stood before the fire. "Breach of promise—thundering damages—devilish deep purse—special jury—broken heart, and all that! I wish he'd written her more letters! Adad, I'll have a shot at him by next assizes—a writ on the file this very day! What d'ye think on t', friend Gammon, between ourselves?"

"Why, my dear air—to tell you the truth—ar' n't you really well out of it? He's a miserable little upstart—he'd have made a wretched husband for so superior a girl as Miss Quirk."

"Ah—ay! ay! She is a good girl, Gammon—there you're right; would have made the best of wives—my eyes, (between ourselves!) how that'll go to the jury! 'Gad, I fancy I see 'em—perhaps all of 'em daughters of their own."

"Looking at the thing calmly, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, gravely—apprehensive of Mr. Quirk's carrying too far so very absurd an affair—"where's the evidence of the promise? Because, you know, there's certainly *something* depends on that—eh?"

"Evidence! Deuse take you, Gammon! where are your wits? Evidence! Lots—lots of it! A' n't there I, her father? A' n't I a competent witness? Wait and see old Caleb Quirk get into the box. I'll settle his hash in half a minute."

"Yes—if you're believed, perhaps."

"Believe be—! Who's to be believed, if her own father is n't!"

"Why, you may be too much swayed by your feelings!" "Feelings be—! It's past all that; he has none—so he must pay, for he has cash! He ought to be made an example of!"

"Still, to come to the point, Mr. Quirk, I vow it quite leaves me—this matter of the evidence."

"Evidence? Why, Lord bless my soul, Gammon," quoth Quirk, testily, "have n't you had your eyes and ears open all this while? 'Gad, what a crack witness you'd make! A man of your—your intellect—serve a friend at a pinch—and in a matter about his daughter? Ah, how often you've seen 'em together—walking, talking, laughing, dancing, riding—writ in her album—made her presents, and she him. Evidence? Oceans of it, and to spare! Secure Subtle—and I would n't take £5000 for my verdict!"

"Why, you see, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, very seriously—"though I've striven my utmost these six months to bring it about, the artful little scamp has never given me the least thing that I could lay hold of, and *swear* to."

"Oh, you'll recollect enough, in due time, friend Gammon, if you'll only turn your attention to it; and if you'll bear in mind it's life and death to my poor girl. Oh Lord! I must get my sister to break it to her, and I'll send sealed instructions to Mr. Weasel, shall we, say t' Lynx or Lynx ay, Lynx; for he'll then have to fight for his own pleadings; and can't turn round at the trial and say, 'this is not right,' and 'that's wrong,' and, 'why did n't you have such and such evidence?' Lynx is the man; and I'll lay the venue in Yorkshire, for Titmouse is devilish dialiked down there; and a special jury will only be too glad to give him a desperate slap in the chops! We'll lay the damages at twenty thousand pounds! Ah, ha! I'll teach the young villain to break the hearts of an old man and his daughter. But, egad"—he pulled out his watch—"half past two; and Nicky Crowbar sure to be put up at three! By Jove! I won't do to be out of the way; he's head of the gang, and they always come down very liberal when they're in trouble. Snap! Amminadab! hollo! who's there? Drat them all, why do n't they speak?" The old gentleman was soon, however, attended to.

"Are they here?" he inquired, as Mr. Amminadab entered.

"Yes, sir, all three; and the coach is at the door, too. Nicky Crowbar's to be up at three, sir."

"I see—I know—I'm ready," replied Mr. Quirk, who was presently seated in the coach with three gentlemen, to whom he minutely explained the person of Mr. Nicky Crowbar, and the place at which it was quite certain that Mr. Crowbar could not have been at half past eight o'clock on Tuesday, the 9th of July, seeing that he happened at that precise time to be elsewhere, in company with these three gentlemen—to wit, at Chelsea, and not at Clapham.

Though Mr. Gammon thus sympathized with one of the gentle beings who had been "rified of all their sweetness," I grieve to say that the other, Miss Tag-rag, never occupied his thoughts for one moment. He neither knew nor cared whether or not she was apprized of the destruction of all her fond hopes, by the paragraph which had appeared in the *Aurora*. In fact, he felt that he had really done enough, on the part of Mr. Titmouse, for his early friend and patron, Mr. Tag-rag, on whom the stream of fortune had set in strong and steady; and, in short, Mr. Gammon knew that Mr. Tag-rag had received a substantial memento of his connexion with Tittlebat Titmouse. In fact, how truly disinterested a man was Mr. Gammon toward all with whom he came in contact! What had he not done, as I



have been saying, for the Tag-rags? What for the Earl of Dreddlington? What for Mr. Quirk, and even Snap? As for Mr. Quirk, had he not been put in possession of his long coveted bond for £10,000? of which, by the way, he allotted £1000 only to the man—Mr. Gammon—by whose unwearied exertions and consummate ability he obtained so splendid a prize, and £300 to Mr. Snap. Then, had not Mr. Quirk also been paid his bill against Titmouse of £5000 and upward, and £2500 by Mr. Aubrey? And, governed by the articles of their partnership, what a lion's half of this spoil had not been appropriated to the respectable old head of the firm? Mr. Gammon did undoubtedly complain indignantly of the trifling portion allotted to him, but he was encountered by such a desperate pertinacity on the part of Mr. Quirk as baffled him entirely, and caused him to abandon his further claim in disgust and despair. Thus the £20,000 obtained by Mr. Titmouse, on mortgage of the Yatton property, was reduced at once to the sum of £5000; but out of this handsome balance had yet to come, first, £800, with interest, due to Mr. Quirk for subsistence-money advanced to his protégé; secondly, £500 due to Mr. Snap, for monies alleged to have been also lent by him to his friend Titmouse at different times, in the manner that has been already explained to the reader—Snap's demand for repayment being accompanied by *verbatim* copies of between forty and fifty memoranda, many of them in pencil, notes of hand, receipts, I. O. U's, in whose handwriting the figures representing the sums lent, and the times when, could not be ascertained, and did not signify; it being, in point of law, *prima facie* evidence for Snap, in the event of a trial, simply to produce the documents and prove the signature of his friend, Mr. Titmouse. Titmouse discharged a volley of imprecations at Snap's head, on receiving this unexpected claim, and referred it to Mr. Gammon, who, after subjecting it to a *bona fide* and very rigorous examination, found it in vain to attempt to resist, or even diminish it; such perfect method and accuracy had Snap observed in his accounts, that they secured him a clear gain of £350; the difference between that sum and £500 being the amount actually and *bona fide* advanced by him to Titmouse. Deducting, therefore, £1300, (the amount of the two minor demands of £800 and £500 above specified,) there remained, to Mr. Titmouse, out of the £20,000, the sum of £3700; and he ought to have been thankful; for he might have got nothing—or even have been brought in debtor to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. I say that Mr. Gammon would seem, from the above statement of accounts, not to have been dealt with in any degree adequately to his merits. He felt it so, but soon reconciled himself to it, occupied as he was with arduous and extensive speculations, amidst all the complication of which he never for a moment lost sight of one object, viz.—himself. His schemes were boldly conceived, and he went about the accomplishment of them with equal patience and sagacity. Almost every thing was going as he could wish. He had contrived to place himself in a very convenient fast-and-loose sort of position with reference to his fellow-partners; one which admitted of his easily disengaging himself from them, whenever the proper time arrived for taking such a step.

He was absolute and paramount over Titmouse, and could always secure his instant submission, by virtue of the fearful and mysterious talisman which he ever and anon flashed before his startled eyes. He had acquired great influence, also, over the Earl of Dreddlington—an influence which was constantly on the increase; and had seen come to pass an event which he judged to be of great importance to him—namely, the engagement between Titmouse and the Lady Cecilia. Yet was there one object which he had proposed to himself as incalculably valuable and supremely desirable—as the consummation of all his designs and wishes; I mean the obtaining the hand of Miss Aubrey—and in which he had yet a fearful misgiving of failure. But he was a man whose courage rose with every obstacle; and he fixedly resolved within himself to succeed, at any cost. "It was not alone his exquisite appreciation of her personal beauty—her grace, her accomplishments, her lovely temper, her lofty spirit, her high birth—objects all of them dazzling enough to a man of such a powerful and ambitious mind, and placed in such circumstances in life as Gammon. There were certain other considerations, intimately involved in all his calculations, which rendered success in this affair a matter of capital importance—nay, indispensable. Knowing, as I do, what had passed, at different times, between that proud and determined girl, and her constant and enthusiastic lover, Mr. Delamere, I am as certain as a man can be of any thing that has not actually happened, that, though she may possibly not be fated to become Mrs. Delamere, she will certainly never become—Mrs. Gammon. Loving Kate as I do, and being thoroughly acquainted with Gammon, I feel deep interest in his movements, and am watching them with great apprehension—she, lovely, innocent, unsuspecting; he, subtle, selfish, unscrupulous, desperate! And he has great power in his hands: is he not silently surrounding his destined prey with unperceived but inevitable meshes? God guard thee, my Kate, and reward thy noble devotion to thy brother and his fallen fortunes! Do we chide thee for clinging to them with fond tenacity in their extremity, when thou art daily importuned to enter into that station which thou wouldst so adorn?"

Gammon's reception by the Aubreys, in Vivian street—kind and courteous though it had surely been—had ever since rankled in his heart. Their abstaining from a request to him to prolong his stay, or to renew his visits, he had noted at the time, and had ever since reflected upon with pique and discouragement. Nevertheless, he was resolved, at all hazards, to become at least an occasional visitor in Vivian street. When a fortnight had elapsed, without any further intimation to Mr. Aubrey concerning the dreaded balance due to the firm, Gammon ventured to call in, for the purpose of assuring Mr. Aubrey that it was no mere temporary lull; that he might divest his mind of all uneasiness on the subject; and of asking whether he (Gammon) had not told Aubrey truly that he both could and would restrain the hand of Mr. Quirk. Could Mr. Aubrey be otherwise than grateful for such active and manifestly disinterested kindness? Again Gammon made his appearance at Mrs. Aubrey's tea-table—and was again received with all the sweetness and frankness of manner which he had formerly experienced from her and Miss Aubrey. Again he called, on some adroit pretext or another—and once heard Miss

Aubrey's rich voice and exquisite performance on the piano. He became subject to emotions and impulses of a sort that he had never before experienced: yet, whenever he retired from their fascinating society, he felt an aching void, as it were, within—he perceived the absence of all sympathy toward him; he felt indignant—but that did not quench the ardor of his aspirations. "It is hardly necessary to say, that on every occasion Gammon effectually concealed the profound and agitating feelings which the sight of Miss Aubrey called forth in him; and what a tax was this upon his powers of concealment and self-control! How he laid himself out to amuse and interest them all! With what racy humor would he describe the vulgar absurdities of Titmouse, the stately eccentricities of the Dreddingtons. With what eager and breathless interest was he listened to?"

No man could make himself more unexceptionably agreeable than Gammon; and the ladies really took pleasure in his society; Kate about as far from any notion of the real state of his feelings as of what was at that moment going on at the antipodes. Her reserve toward him sensibly lessened; why, indeed, should she feel it, toward one of whom Dr. Tatham spoke so highly, and who appeared to warrant it? Moreover, Mr. Gammon took special care to speak in the most unreserved and unqualified manner of the mean and mercenary character of Mr. Quirk—of the miserable style of business in which he, Mr. Gammon, was compelled, for only a short time longer, he trusted, to participate, and which was really revolting to his own feelings; in short, he did his best to cause himself to appear a sensitive and high-minded man, whose unhappy fate it had been to be yoked with those who were the reverse. Mr. Aubrey regarded him from time to time with silent anxiety and interest, as one who had it in his power, at any instant he might choose, to cause the suspended sword to fall upon him; at whose will and pleasure he continued in the enjoyment of his present domestic happiness, instead of being incarcerated in prison; but who had hitherto evinced a disposition of signal forbearance, sincere good-nature, and disinterestedness. They often used to speak of him, and compare the impression which his person and conduct had produced in their minds; and in two points they agreed—that he exhibited anxiety to render himself agreeable; and that there was a certain something about his eye which none of them liked. It seemed as though he had in a manner two natures; and that one of them was watching the efforts made by the other to beguile!

While, however, the Fates thus frowned upon the aspiring attempts of Gammon toward Miss Aubrey, they smiled benignantly enough upon Titmouse, and his suit with the Lady Cecilia. The first shock over—which no lively sensibilities or strong feelings of her ladyship tended to retract, she began insensibly to get familiar with the person, manners, and character of her future lord, and reconciled to her fate. "When people understand that they must live together," said a very great man, "they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know that they cannot shake off; they become good husbands and wives, for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes." The serene intelligence of Lady Cecilia having satisfied her that "it was her fate" to be married to Titmouse, she resigned herself to it tranquilly, calling in to her assistance divers co-operative reasons for the step she had agreed to take. She could thereby accomplish at all events one darling object of her papa's—the re-union of the long and unhappily-severed family interests. Then Yatton was certainly a delightful estate to be mistress of—a charming residence, and one which she might in all probability calculate on having pretty nearly to herself. His rent-roll was large and unencumbered, and would admit of a handsome jointure. On her accession to her own independent rank, the odious name of Titmouse would disappear in the noble one of Lady Drelin-court, peeress in her own right, and representative of the oldest barony in the kingdom. Her husband would then become a mere cipher—no one would ever hear of him, or inquire after him, or think or care about him—a mere moth in the sunbeam of her own splendor. But, above all, thank Heaven! there were many ways in which a separation might be brought about—never mind how soon after marriage—a step which was becoming one quite of course, and implied nothing derogatory to the character, or lessening to the personal consequence, of the lady—who indeed was almost, as of course, recognized as an object of sympathy, rather than of suspicion or scorn. These were powerful forces, all impelling her in one direction—and irresistibly. How could it be otherwise with a mere creature of circumstance like her? Notwithstanding all this, however, there were occasions when Titmouse was presented to her in a somewhat startling and sickening aspect. It sometimes almost choked her to see him—ridiculous object!—in the company of gentlemen—to witness their treatment of him, and then reflect that he was about to become her—lord and master. One day, for instance, she accompanied the Earl in the carriage to witness the hounds throw off, not far from Yatton, and where a very brilliant field was expected. There were, in fact, about two hundred of the leading gentlemen of the county assembled—and, dear reader, fancy the figure Titmouse must have presented among them—his quizzing-glass screwed into his eye, and clad in his little pink and leathers! "What a seat was his! How many significant and scornful smiles, and winks, and shrugs of the shoulders did his appearance occasion among his bold and high bred companions! And only about four or five minutes after they had gone away—this unhappy little devil was thoroughly found out by the noble animal he rode; and who equally well knew his own business, and what he had on. In trying to take a dwarf wall, on the opposite side of an old green horse-pond by the road-side, he urged his horse with that weak and indecisive impulse which only disgusted him; so he suddenly drew back at the margin of the pond: over head and heels flew Titmouse, and descended plump on his head into the deep mud, where he remained for a moment or two, up to his shoulders, his little legs kicking about in the air.

"Who's that?" cried one—and another—and another—without stopping, any more than the Life Guards would

\* The late venerable and gifted Lord Stowell, in the case of *Evans v. Evans*, 1 Consistory Reports, p. 33.

have stopped for a sudden individual casualty in the midst of their tremendous charge at Waterloo—till the very last of them, who happened to be no less a person than Lord de la Zouch, seeing, as he came up, the desperate position of the fallen rider, reined up, dismounted, and, with much effort and inconvenience, aided in extricating Titmouse from his fearful, yet ludicrous position—and thus preserved to society one of its brightest ornaments. As soon as he was safe—a dismal spectacle to gods and men—his preserver, not disposed, by discovering who Titmouse was, to supererogatory courtesy, mounted his horse, leaving Titmouse in the care of an old woman whose cottage was not far off, and where Titmouse, having had a good deal of the filth detached from him, remounted his horse and turned its head homeward—heartily disposed, had he but dared, cruelly to spur, and kick, and flog it; and in this pickle—stupid, and sullen, and crestfallen—he was overtaken and recognised by Lord Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, returning from the field!

This was her future husband—

Then again—poor lady Cecilia!—what thought you of the following, which was one of the letters he addressed to you?—Well might Miss Aubrey exclaim, "how I should like to see their correspondence!"—

"The Albany, Piccadilly.  
"London, 12th October 18—

"MY DEAR CECILIA,

"I take Up My pen To Inform you of Arriving safe Here, where Am sorry how. To say There Is No One knows except Trades-people Going About And so Dull on Acc't. of Customers Out of Town, Dearest love You Are the Girl of My Heart As I am Of Your's and am particular Lonely Alone Here and wish to be There where she Is how I Long to Fold My dearest girl in My Arms hope You Don't Forget Me As soon As I am Absent do You often Think of me wh. I do indeed of you, and looking Forward to The Happy Days When We are United in the Happy bonds of Hymmen, never To part Again dearest I Was Driving yesterday in my New Cabb In the park, where whom Sh<sup>d</sup>. I Meet but That Miss Aubrey Wh<sup>b</sup>. they say (Between you And Me and The post) is Truly in a Galloping Consumption on Acc't. Of my Not Having Her A likely thing indeed That I Ever car'd for Such an individual wh<sup>b</sup>. Never Did Only of you, Dearest What shall I Send you As A Gift Shall it Be In The clothing Line, For there Is a Wonderful Fine and Choice Assortment of Cashmere Shawls and Most Remarkable Hand-some Cloaks, All Newly arriv'd fr. Paris, Never Think Of The price wh. Between Lovers Goes For Nothing. However Large The Figure Only Say what You Shall have and Down It shall Come And Now dearest Girl Adieu.

"Those Can't meet Again who Never Part."

"dearest Your's to command till death. T. TITMOUSE.  
"P. T. O.—Love and Duty To My Lord (of Course) whom shall Feel only Too happy to Call My Father-in-Law, the Sooner The better."

When poor Lady Cecilia received this letter, and had read over only half a dozen lines of it, she flung it on the floor, and threw herself down on the sofa, in her dressing-room, and remained silent and motionless for more than an hour; and when she heard Miss Macspleuchan knock at her door for admittance, Lady Cecilia started up, took the letter from the floor, and put it into her dressing-box, before admitting her humble companion.

A succession of such letters as the above might have had the effect upon Lady Cecilia's "attachment" to Titmouse, which the repeated affusion of cold water would have upon the thermometer; but the Fates favored Mr. Titmouse, by investing him with a character, and placing him in a position calculated to give him personal dignity, and thereby redeem and elevate him in the estimation of his fastidious mistress—I mean that of candidate for a seat in Parliament, for the representation of a borough in which he had a commanding influence.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

BARNABY RUDGE

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XII.

There was a brief pause in the state-room of the Maypole, as Mr. Haredale tried the lock to satisfy himself that he had shut the door securely, and, striding up the dark chamber to where the screen inclosed a little patch of light and warmth, presented himself, abruptly and in silence, before the smiling guest.

If the two had no greater sympathy in their inward thoughts than in their outward bearing and appearance, the meeting did not seem likely to prove a very calm or pleasant one. With no great disparity between them in point of years, they were, in every other respect, as unlike and far removed from each other as two men could well be. The one was soft-spoken, delicately made, precise, and elegant; the other, a burly, square-built man, negligently dressed, rough and abrupt in manner, stern, and, in his present mood, forbidding both in look and speech. The one preserved a calm and placid smile; the other, a distrustful frown. The newcomer, indeed, appeared bent on showing by his every tone and gesture his determined opposition and hostility to the man he had come to meet. The guest who received him, on the other hand, seemed to feel that the contrast between them was all in his favor, and to derive a quiet exultation from it which put him more at his ease than ever.

"Haredale," said this gentleman, without the least appearance of embarrassment or reserve, "I am very glad to see you."

"Let us dispense with compliments. They are misplaced between us," said the other, waving his hand, "and say plainly what we have to say. You have asked me to meet you. I am here. Why do we stand face to face again?"

"Still the same frank and sturdy character I see!"

"Good or bad, sir, I am," returned the other, leaning his arm upon the chimney-piece, and turning a baughty look upon the occupant of the easy-chair, "the man I used to be. I have lost no old likings or dislikings; my memory has not failed me by a hair's-breadth. You ask me to give you a

meeting. I say, I am here."

"Our meeting, Haredale," said Mr. Chester, tapping his snuff-box, and following with a smile the impatient gesture he had made—perhaps unconsciously—toward his sword, "is one of conference and peace, I hope?"

"I have come here," returned the other, "at your desire, holding myself bound to meet you, when and where you would. I have not come to bandy pleasant speeches, or hollow professions. You are a smooth man of the world, sir, and at such play have me at a disadvantage. The very last man on this earth with whom I would enter the lists to combat with gentle compliments and masked faces, is Mr. Chester, I do assure you. I am not his match at such weapons, and have reason to believe that few men are."

"You do me a great deal of honor, Haredale," returned the other, most composedly, "and I thank you. I will be frank with you—"

"I beg your pardon—will be what?"

"Frank—open—perfectly candid."

"Hah!" cried Mr. Haredale, drawing in his breath a sarcastic smile. "But don't let me interrupt you."

"So resolved am I to hold this course," returned the other, tasting his wine with great deliberation, "that I have determined not to quarrel with you, and not to be betrayed into a warm expression or a hasty word."

"There again," said Mr. Haredale, "you will have me at a great advantage. Your self-command—"

"Is not to be disturbed, when it will serve my purpose, you would say?" rejoined the other, interrupting him with the same complacency. "Granted. I allow it. And I have a purpose to serve now. So have you. I am sure our object is the same. Let us attain it like sensible men, who have ceased to be boys some time.—Do you drink?"

"With my friends," returned the other.

"At least," said Mr. Chester, "you will be seated?"

"I will stand," returned Mr. Haredale impatiently, "on this dismantled, beggared hearth, and not pollute it, fallen as it is, with mockeries. Go on!"

"You are wrong, Haredale," said the other, crossing his legs, and smiling as he held his glass up in the bright glow of the fire. "You are really very wrong. The world is a lively place enough, in which we must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, sail with the stream as glibly as we can, be content to take froth for substance, the surface for the depth, the counterfeit for the real coin. I wonder no philosopher has ever established that our globe itself is hollow. It should be, if Nature is consistent in her works."

"You think it is, perhaps?"

"I should say," he returned, sipping his wine, "there could be no doubt about it.—Well; we, in our trifling with this jingling toy, have had the ill luck, to jostle and fall out. We are not what the world calls friends; but we are as good and true and loving friends for all that, as nine out of every ten of those on whom it bestows the title. You have a niece, and I a son—a fine lad, Haredale, but foolish. They fall in love with each other, and form what this same world calls an attachment; meaning a something fanciful and false like all the rest, which, if it took its own free time, would break like any other bubble. But it may not have its own free time—will not, if they are left alone—and the question is, shall we two, because society calls us enemies, stand aloof, and let them rush into each other's arms, when, by approaching each other sensibly, as we do now, we can prevent it, and part them?"

"I love my niece," said Mr. Haredale, after a short silence. "It may sound strangely in your ears, but I love her."

"Strangely, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Chester, lazily filling his glass again, and pulling out his toothpick. "Not at all. I like Ned, too—or, as you say, love him—that's the word among such near relations. I'm very fond of Ned. He's an amazingly good fellow, and a handsome fellow—foolish and weak as yet; that's all. But the thing is, Haredale—for I'll be very frank, as I told you I would at first—independently of any dislike that you and I might have to being related to each other, and independently of the religious differences between us—and, damn it, that's important—I could not afford a match of this description. Ned and I could not do it. It's impossible."

"Curb your tongue, in God's name, if this conversation is to last," retorted Mr. Haredale fiercely. "I have said I love my niece. Do you think that, loving her, I would have her fling her heart away on any man who had your blood in his veins?"

"You see," said the other, not at all disturbed, "the advantage of being so frank and open. Just what I was about to add, upon my honor! I am amazingly attached to Ned—quite doat upon him, indeed—and even if we could afford to throw ourselves away, that very objection would be quite insuperable. I wish you'd take some wine."

"Mark me," said Mr. Haredale, striding to the table, and laying his hand upon it heavily. "If any man believes—presumes to think—that I, in word, or deed, or in the wildest dream, ever entertained remotely the idea of Emma Haredale's favoring the suit of one who was akin to you—in any way—I care not what he thinks. He lies, and does me grievous wrong, in the mere thought."

"Haredale," returned the other, rocking himself to and fro as in assent, and nodding at the fire, "it's extremely manly, and really very generous in you, to meet me in this unreserved and handsome way. Upon my word, those are exactly my sentiments, only expressed with much more force and power than I could use—you know my sluggish nature, and will forgive me, I am sure."

"While I would restrain her from all correspondence with your son, and sever their intercourse here, though it should cause her death," said Mr. Haredale, who had been pacing to and fro, "I would do it kindly and tenderly if I can. I have a trust to discharge which my nature is not formed to understand, and, for this reason, the bare fact of there being any love between them comes upon me to-night, almost for the first time."

"I am more delighted than I can possibly tell you," rejoined Mr. Chester with the utmost blandness, "to find my own impression so confirmed. You see the advantage of our having met. We understand each other. We quite agree. We have a most complete and thorough explanation, and we know what course to take.—Why don't you taste your tenant's wine? It's really very good."

"Pray who," said Mr. Haredale, "have aided Emma, or

your son? Who are their go-betweens, and agents—do you know?"

"All the good people hereabouts—the neighborhood in general, I think," returned the other, with his most affable smile. "The messenger I sent to you to-day, foremost among them all."

"The idiot? Barnaby."

"You are surprised? I am glad of that, for I was rather so myself. Yes. I wrung that from his mother—a very decent sort of woman—from whom, indeed, I chiefly learnt how serious the matter had become, and determined to ride out here to-day, and hold a parley with you on this neutral ground. You're stouter than you used to be, Haredale, but you look extremely well."

"Our business, I presume, is nearly at an end," said Mr. Haredale, with an expression of impatience he was at no pains to conceal. "Trust me, Mr. Chester, my niece shall change from this time. I will appeal," he added in a lower tone, "to her woman's heart, her dignity, her pride, her duty—"

"I shall do the same by Ned," said Mr. Chester, restoring some errand-faggots to their places in the grate with the toe of his boot. "If there is anything real in the world, it is those amazingly fine feelings and those natural obligations which must subsist between father and son. I shall put it to him on every ground of moral and religious feeling. I shall represent to him that we cannot possibly afford it—that I have always looked forward to his marrying well, for a genteel provision for myself in the autumn of life—that there are a great many clamorous dogs to pay, whose claims are perfectly just and right, and who must be paid out of his wife's fortune. In short, that the very highest and most honorable feelings of our nature, with every consideration of filial duty and affection, and all that sort of thing, imperatively demand that he should run away with an heiress."

"And break her heart as speedily as possible?" said Mr. Haredale, drawing on his glove.

"There Ned will act exactly as he pleases," returned the other, sipping his wine; "that's entirely his affair. I would not for the world interfere with my son, Haredale, beyond a certain point. The relationship between father and son, you know, is positively quite a holy kind of bond. Won't you let me persuade you to take one glass of wine? Well! as you please, as you please," he added, helping himself again.

"Chester," said Mr. Haredale, after a short silence, during which he had eyed his smiling face from time to time intently, "you have the head and heart of an evil spirit in all matters of deception."

"Your health!" said the other, with a nod. "But I have interrupted you—"

"If now," pursued Mr. Haredale, "we should find it difficult to separate these young people, and break off their intercourse—if, for instance, you find it difficult on your side, what course do you intend to take?"

"Nothing plainer, my good fellow, nothing easier," returned the other, shrugging his shoulders and stretching himself more comfortably before the fire. "I shall then exert those powers on which you flatter me so highly—though, upon my word, I do not deserve your compliments to their full extent—and resort to a few little trivial subterfuges for rousing jealousy and resentment. You see?"

"In short, justifying the means by the end, we are, as a last resource for tearing them asunder, to resort to treachery—and lying," said Mr. Haredale.

"Oh dear, no. Fie, fie!" returned the other, relishing a pinch of snuff extremely. "Not lying. Only a little management, a little diplomacy, a little—intriguing, that's the word."

"I wish," said Mr. Haredale, moving to and fro, and stopping, and moving on again, like one who was ill at ease, "that this could have been foreseen or prevented. But as it has gone so far, and it is necessary for us to act, it is of no use shrinking or regretting. Well! I shall second your endeavors to the utmost of my power. There is one topic in the whole wide range of human thoughts on which we both agree. We shall act in concert, but apart. There will be no need, I hope, for us to meet again."

"Are you going?" said Mr. Chester, rising with a graceful indolence. "Let me light you down the stairs."

"Pray keep your seat," returned the other dryly; "I know the way." So, waving his hand slightly, and putting on his hat as he turned upon his heel, he went clanking out as he had come, shut the door behind him, and tramped down the echoing stairs.

"Pah! A very coarse animal, indeed!" said Mr. Chester, composing himself in the easy chair again. "A rough brute. Quite a human badger!"

John Willet and his friends, who had been listening intently for the clash of swords, or firing of pistols in the great room, and had indeed settled the order in which they should rush in when summoned—in which procession old John had carefully arranged that he should bring up the rear—were very much astonished to see Mr. Haredale come down without a scratch, call for his horse, and ride away thoughtfully at a footpace. After some consideration, it was decided that he had left the gentleman above, for dead, and had adopted this stratagem to divert suspicion or pursuit.

As this conclusion involved the necessity of their going up stairs forthwith, they were about to ascend in the order they had agreed upon, when a smart ringing at the guest's bell, as if he had pulled it vigorously, overthrew all their speculations, and involved them in great uncertainty and doubt. At length Mr. Willet agreed to go up stairs himself, escorted by Hugh and Barnaby, as the strongest and stoutest fellows on the premises, who were to make their appearance under pretence of clearing away the glasses.

Under this protection, the brave and broad-faced John boldly entered the room, half a foot in advance, and received an order for a boot-jack without trembling. But when it was brought, and he leant his sturdy shoulder to the guest, Mr. Willet was observed to look very hard into his boots as he pulled them off, and, by opening his eyes much wider than usual, to appear to express some surprise and disappointment at not finding them full of blood. He took occasion too, to examine the gentleman as closely as he could, expecting to discover sundry loop-holes in his person, pierced by his adversary's sword. Finding none, however, and observing in course of time that his guest was as cool and

unruffled, both in his dress and his temper, as he had been all day, old John at last heaved a deep sigh, and began to think so dust had been fought that night.

"And now, Willet," said Mr. Chester, "if the room's well aired, I'll try the merits of that famous bed."

"The room, sir," returned John, taking up a candle, and nudging Barnaby and Hugh to accompany them, in case the gentleman should unexpectedly drop down faint or dead, from some internal wound, "the room's as warm as any toast in a tankard. Barnaby, take you that other candle, and go on before. Hugh! Follow up, sir, with the easy chair."

In this order—and still, in his earnest inspection, holding his candle very close to the guest; and making him feel extremely warm about the legs, now threatened to set his wig on fire, and constantly begging his pardon with great awkwardness and embarrassment—John led the party to the best bed-room, which was nearly as large as the chamber from which they had come, and held, drawn out near the fire for warmth, a great old spectral bedstead, hung with faded brocade, and ornamented, at the top of each carved post, with a plume of feathers that had once been white, but with dust and age had now grown hoarse-like and funeral.

"Good night, my friends," said Mr. Chester with a sweet smile, seating himself, when he had surveyed the room from end to end, in the easy-chair which his attendants wheeled before the fire. "Good night! Barnaby, my good fellow, you say some prayers before you go to bed, I hope?"

Barnaby nodded. "He has some nonsense that he calls his prayers, sir," returned old John, officiously. "I'm afraid there's n't much good in 'em."

"And Hugh?" said Mr. Chester, turning to him.

"Not I," he answered. "I know his"—pointing to Barnaby—"they're well enough. He sings 'em sometimes in the straw. I listen."

"He's quite a animal, sir," John whispered in his ear with dignity. You'll excuse him, I'm sure. If he has any soul at all, it must be such a very small one, that it don't signify what he does or doesn't in that way. Good night, sir!"

The guest rejoined "God bless you!" with a fervor that was quite affecting; and John, beckoning his guards to go before, bowed himself out of the room, and left him to his rest in the Maypole's ancient bed.

END OF VOL. II.

(3) The present number of *BARNABY RUDGE* concludes what in London is published as the second volume of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The author has accompanied it with the following

#### PREFACE.

"An author," says Fielding, in his introduction to *Tom Jones*, "ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. Men who pay for what they eat, will insist on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimsical these may prove: and if everything is not agreeable to their taste, will challenge a right to censure, to abuse, and to damn their dinner without control."

"To prevent, therefore, giving offence to their customers by any such disappointment, it hath been usual with the honest and well-meaning host to provide a bill of fare, which all persons may peruse at their first entrance into the house; and having thence acquainted themselves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either stay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to some other ordinary better accommodated to their taste."

In the present instance, the host or author, in opening his new establishment, provided no bill of fare. Sensible of the difficulties of such an undertaking in its infancy, he preferred that it should make its own way, silently and gradually, or make no way at all. It has made its way, and is doing such a thriving business that nothing remains for him but to add, in the words of the good old civic ceremony, now that one dish has been discussed and finished, and another smokes upon the board, that he drinks to his guests in a loving cup, and bids them hearty welcome.

Devonshire Terrace, London, 1841.

## The Scrap-Book.

For the New World.

### THE VOW.\*

BY M. E. L.

As I was travelling through a small village in Italy, my attention was arrested by a small mansion, partly in ruins. It appeared to have been once extremely handsome; the marble pillars that had formerly supported a small portico were half crumbling into pieces, and a fountain in the garden was choked with dust. On my return to the Inn at which I lodged, I obtained the following particulars respecting it.

This once lovely cottage was formerly inhabited by a nobleman, his wife, and one daughter. This nobleman was the only son of the Comte de Valancere, whom he had offended by marrying against his will, a beautiful orphan, a poor but distant relation of his family. In the first burst of his rage he had disinherited his son, and ere he was reconciled to him, died, leaving the whole of his immense property to his only nephew, the next heir. His son, the Comte, had taken possession of the cottage, which had been bequeathed to him, by an English gentleman, with whom he had formed an intimate friendship, and who was in vain seeking to recover his lost health, in the mild climate of Italy. He had purchased the cottage, intending to make a long sojourn in Italy, but his hopes of recovering were disappointed, and he had died within a few months of the Comte's father. Here, then, he had resided until his daughter was seventeen years of age. When she was first born, her father had vowed to devote her to a Nunnery, for he was overcome with grief at his father's death, and determined to atone in this manner for his disobedience to his commands. His daughter, the lovely laes, was indeed beautiful; her skin of the clearest brown, her finely chiselled features, and her clustering raven curls—all combined to render her one of the most attractive and fascinating of



beings. Often as her father gazed on her beautiful form, or listened to the soft tones of her merry laugh, would he wish he had never bound himself to part from her. It was about this time that an officer of the French army, Captain De Villamont, had become acquainted with the Comte, and was an inmate of the cottage. He was handsome, noble, and chivalric; and his dark eye would sparkle with his enthusiasm as he related the many dangers he had passed, or a shade of sadness steal over his face as he described the dreadful scenes he had beheld. And it was no wonder that Ines loved him; she had never before beheld so noble, so disinterested a character, one so winning in his manners, or so capable of gaining her affections; and she began to dread her future fate more than ever.

Hitherto she had dreamed of it as a thing far off; and as, sooner or later, she knew it must come, and that she was to begin her novitiate within three weeks, she had made up her mind to be reconciled to it. But now her resolutions were all broken; and when De Villamont declared his love for her to her father, he heard for the first time of the life of seclusion she was destined to lead. In vain did they implore him to revoke his vow, neither the tears nor entreaties of Ines, or her mother, could turn him from his purpose. It was then that De Villamont implored her to fly with him, become his bride. "And then," exclaimed he, passionately, "no power can force thee from me." At first she could not consent, but at last she yielded to his persuasions; for better far, thought she, to become the wife of one I shall never cease to love than to take upon me vows I could never fulfil. But more than once her heart smote her as she encountered the kind glance of her mother, or heard the gentle tone of her voice; but when she remembered her father's vow, and knew that in a lone convent cell she would be forever separated from them, she would not, had it been in her power, have retracted her promise.

The night was dark, and gave forebodings of a storm, yet they heeded it not. They were to fly to the river, side, and a small boat would bear them over. Ines had left in her room a note addressed to her mother, in which she assured them naught could have prevailed on her to disobey them had she not been convinced she would never have been contented in a convent, and that her father would never consent to her marriage. It was discovered, however, sooner than Ines expected; and the Comte procured the only boat in the village, and immediately followed them.

Their little boat danced on the stormy waves, and as the Comte and his boatman came within sight, one wave higher than usual washed over them, and a sudden gust of wind overturned their boat; a stifled cry from Ines fell on the ears of her heart-stricken father, and all was still save the angry dashing of the water. The boatmen put all strength to their oars, and came to the spot where they had last beheld the boat; they saw a body rise slowly on the water, and they drew in De Villamont, while clasped in his arms was the lovely Ines!

They reached the cottage, bearing in their arms the lifeless bodies of the lovers. They laid them down, and with a deep sigh De Villamont slowly recovered, while, beside the body of her dead child, sat the mother in all the stupidity of intense grief. She seemed without the power of tears, and her eyeballs rolled wildly around while her long dark locks hung in dishevelled tresses.

The mother never recovered, she was buried beside her child. The Comte's cousin, who had inherited his father's property, was taken suddenly ill, and in his last moments confessed that his uncle had made another will before he died, by which he left his property to his son; but tempted to obtain it himself, he had bribed the witnesses and destroyed the will. The Comte, however, did not long enjoy his riches, but died within a year after his wife and daughter's death.

As for De Villamont, the loss of one he had so tenderly loved, completely unmanned him, and joining his army, he fell, covered with wounds, in the first encounter.

\* *NOTE*.—Our readers will join with us in approbation of this short sketch, when they learn that it is the production of a young lady but fourteen years of age, and that not one word has been taken from or added to her original composition.—ED.

## ODE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR J. MOORE.

The celebrated ode on the burial of Sir John Moore, which found so many claimants a number of years ago, and had been ascribed successively to most of our eminent living poets, has at length found its true author. This beautiful piece of elegiac composition, unrivalled for pathos and simplicity by any similar production in ancient or modern times, after enjoying an anonymous fame for twenty-five years—after being attributed to Byron and Campbell—after being claimed by a host of minor rhyme-masters, from the Apollos of Grub-street, to the nameless verse-makers in newspaper corners, was at length attributed, upon what seemed good evidence, to the Reverend Mr. C. Wolfe, an Irish curate, and a man of talent far beyond countryman, we trust that our Contemporaries, if they cannot make room for the whole documents, will, at least, give publicity to the interesting fact which they disclose.

(Then follows the correspondence. We can only make room for Mr. Macintosh's letter.)

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—The circumstances attending the writing of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, so far as I can recall them at this distance of time, are simple and easily told. I had been familiar with the details of the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and felt deeply interested in the fate of the gallant but ill-supported Sir John Moore.

"In the year 1816, while a student at the College of Edinburgh, I happened to lodge with a Mrs. Henry, whose yond his humble situation. From the time when Mr. Wolfe's memoirs were published, till now, he has enjoyed the undisturbed honor of having written that inimitable ode. It appears, however, that Mr. Wolfe's claim was not well founded, and that the writer of his memoirs had planted on the grave of his hero a laurel which ought in justice to have adorned the brow of another, who still lives, and whom we are proud to call a Scotsman. For the

vouchers of this discovery, we appeal to the following documents, furnished by a correspondent, the Rev. W. Muir, assistant-minister at Temple, at which parish the author of the Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore, Mr. A. Macintosh, still holds, and has held for the last twenty-two years, the obscure and ill-requited office of schoolmaster. Though the time that has elapsed since it was written has necessarily increased the difficulties of producing evidence of the authorship, yet, after perusing Mr. Macintosh's very modest letter, and weighing the reasons why he did not sooner assert his claims to a production which had made its unassisted way to universal admiration, we think no candid mind can entertain a doubt that he wrote the verses which now, at the end of a quarter of a century, circumstances have induced him to avow. For the honor of a husband had been a seafaring person, and, if I remember well, lost his life at Corunna while employed in the transport service, at the embarkation of the British troops, Mrs. Henry had a number of letters, which she sometimes took a melancholy pleasure in hearing me read to her, written by friends who had served under Sir J. Moore during the whole of the campaign. One of these, written by an eyewitness, depicted in forcible though homely colors, the water-ment of the devoted chief. It was on perusing this last that I formed the idea of attempting a poetical description of that event. I had been accustomed, from my childhood to feel singularly affected when witnessing the ceremony of a soldier's burial; and I have no doubt that an occasional sight of this kind from the window of my bed-room, which looked out upon the Greyfriars' churchyard, contributed, in the present instance, to draw my thoughts in that direction.

"About this time a young man of the name of Menzies, who had formerly been my schoolfellow, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes at the University, and, owing to our previous intimacy, was frequently in my company. Mr. M. was an enthusiast in every thing relating to the military profession, and would have esteemed it the summit of human ambition to be appointed to a commission in the British army. On seeing the ode in the unfinished state in which it then lay among some other fugitive pieces, he professed himself highly pleased with it, but at the same time suggested some amendments which might be made on it, one or two of which I subsequently adopted. As Mr. M. took a copy of it oftener than once, I have always been of the opinion that it was through his means it afterward found its way into the public prints; although it would have been an easy matter for any person who had access to my lodgings to transcribe it without my knowledge. Whether this was the case or not, unfortunately I cannot positively say. I was soon afterward separated from Mr. Menzies, who died about 1820.

"In the year 1817, I was a member of a small debating society, which met in Catherine-street, when, on one occasion, I read the ode along with two or three other short pieces, in place of the essay which it was customary for each of the members to read in rotation, before opening the debate; but, although I received some general praise, I do not remember that the ode drew any particular notice.

"During my residence in Edinburgh, I had, in common with many other young men attending the University, experienced much kindness from the late Professor Christison. One evening, about this time, when going to call on him, I had put the ode in my pocket, with the intention of submitting it to his remarks, but during our interview I had not the courage to present it. I have frequently regretted my diffidence on that occasion, as I have no doubt that Mr. Christison's exquisite taste would have at once appreciated those merits which the public were afterwards pleased to ascribe to it, and thus brought it into notice at a time when the author could not be disputed.

"In 1818 I left Edinburgh for my present situation. It was a year or two afterwards when I first observed the ode in print. It was in one of the Edinburgh periodicals, with a commendatory note subjoined, stating that it had recently appeared in one of the newspapers.

"About this time the late Captain Clapperton, the African traveller, told me that a friend of his was getting up for publication a selection from the fleeting literature of the day, in which he wished to insert 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and as he had been told that I was the author of that piece, wished to have my name adhibited to it, to which I consented. Captain C. shortly after left this place, and I never learned whether the work was published or not.

"I never saw 'Wolfe's Remains' till you put the volume into my hands about two months ago.

"It was, I think, in 1826, that I learned that the author of the memoir of the Rev. C. Wolfe had claimed the ode for that gentleman. I felt somewhat indignant at this; and, with a view to place the matter in its proper light, wrote to the father of Mr. Menzies, who lived in a distant part of the country, requesting him to search among his son's papers for the manuscript of the lines, but to this letter no answer was returned.

"I then saw that I had allowed the proper time for asserting my claim to pass away; and being apprehensive lest the public might be unwilling to believe that a piece which had by this time made some little noise in the world, was the production of an obscure individual like myself, I judge it more prudent to forego my claim than to expose myself to any obloquy on its account.

"I am, reverend and dear Sir, yours very truly,  
Temple, January, 1841. A. MACINTOSH.  
"To the Rev. W. Muir."

Mr. Macintosh is a native of Athol. After attending the school in Perth, he completed the usual course of education for the Established Church at the University of Edinburgh. In 1818 he accepted of the parish school of Temple, where, for twenty-two years, like many of his laborious and ill-requited brotherhood, with attainment immeasurably superior to their duties and emoluments, he has patiently and contentedly discharged the irksome duties of his useful office.—[Edinburgh Advertiser.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface.

## A GERMAN BEAUTY AT DINNER.

From a new novel just published in London, entitled "Cecil or the adventures of a Coxcomb."

"Our soup consisted of snippings of cabbage served in the water in which they were boiled, with little sweet dumplings floating on the top; our fish was a cold pike, with vinegar sauce garnished with rings of onions. To these, washed down by a gargle of Rhenish *ordinaire* (which, like the famous Nauemberger, served to indicate where vinegar grows wild), succeeded a dish of exceedingly fat *bouilli*, accompanied, Germanwise, by four sauce-boats, containing pickled cherries, a *purée* of onions, another of *meer-rellig*, and a black nameless compound that looked and smelt marvelously like *senna-tea*.

"My nerves were somewhat shaken perceiving with what heroic fortitude Wilhelmina not only divided her fish with her knife, but afterwards, immersing the clumsy blade in the vinegar so as to blacken the surface, plunged it fearlessly into her mouth! For a moment I was apprehensive that death might ensue. But as she survived it, so did I. Of the fat *bouilli* and *senna-tea* she ate with voracity; and when the third dish was placed on table, consisting of a stew of wild-beer swimming in stewed apricots, and looking like everything that was nastiest in nature, I literally shuddered at the unctuousness of lip with which this ethereal being justified her carnivorous propensities.

"Next came an *cierapeise*, which she imbibed with equal satisfaction; then, an ill-roasted joint of veal, well-basted with butter; and two or three soup-plates of garden-stuff, that looked as if laded out a weedy ditch. Then wafers—then salad—then leveret, that must have forgotten the date of its own killing;—then cheese, that must have forgotten the date of its own pressing;—then fruit, then *zucker brod*—then sugar-plums—then coffee—then *kirsch*; to say nothing of half-a-dozen delicate *horred'ausres*, such as pickled herring, Brunswick sausage, slices of raw ham, caviar, and other creature-comforts of a similar nature.

"Gott in Himmel!—to see the idol of one's soul fill the lips that Leonardo would have delighted to paint—lips like the half-open bud of a Boursault rose—lips that seemed formed only to emit a murmur of tenderness and joy—the plaint of Margaret—the song of Thekla—to see those lips dilate to receive a vile, circumferential slice of Brauns-weiher Bratwürst. Oh! Tommy Moore—oh! Johannes Secundus—oh! Lord Strangford!—oh! Cameens!—oh, every body else who has ever verified upon those ruby portals of the Temple of Beauty—feel for me!—Es rührt mich der Schlag auf der Stelle!

"The horror of the Arabian husband who beheld his wife Amina steal to the churchyard and indulge in her foul repast of human flesh, could not have exceeded mine. I should as soon have expected the Venus de Medicis or Belvidere Apollo to sup on cheese and onions, as that ethereal creature. My only consolation was the belief that this sylph, this Undine, this fay, this sprite, might perhaps be trifling with my sensibilities, and trying the force of my attachment by the preparation of enormities."

### EIGHT-AND-THIRTY!

"Eight-and-thirty is a frightful epoch in the life of a woman of fashion. Hot rooms and cosmetics place it on a level with fifty, in the lady of a country Squire. The struggle between departing youth and coming age is never more awful! A little older, and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty, she gives up the field, allowing that time has the best of it. But for the five preceding years, those years during which, though no longer pretty, a woman may be still handsome, the tug of war is terrific. A woman never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking her; never comprehends the value of raven locks till revealed by the contrast of the first grey hair; never finds out that her waist was slim and her form graceful, till she has been accused of *embonpoint*.

"Brother coxcombs! if you would have a proper value set upon your homage, pay your court to a woman of eight-and-thirty. The flutter of a little miss of sixteen is nothing to the agitation with which the poor, grateful soul uplifts her head above the waters of oblivion, in which she was succumbing."

## SUMMER IN THE HEART.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The cold blast at the casement beats,  
The window-panes are white,  
The snow whirls through the empty streets—  
It is a dreary night!  
Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait;  
Fill! to o'erflowing, fill!  
Though Winter howleth at the gate,  
In our hearts 't is Summer still!

For we full many Summer joys  
And greenwood sports have shared,  
When, free and ever-roving boys,  
The rocks, the streams we dared!  
And, as I look upon thy face—  
Back—back, o'er years of ill,  
My heart flies to that happy place,  
Where it is Summer still!

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,  
Our early hopes are strown,  
And cherished flowers lie dead around,  
And singing birds are flown,—  
The verdure is not faded quite,  
Not mute all tones that thrill;  
For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,  
In my heart 't is Summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back!  
With light and life once more  
We scan the future's sunny track,  
From youth's enchanted shore!  
The lost return. Through fields of bloom  
We wander at our will;  
Gone is the winter's angry gloom—  
In our hearts 't is summer still!

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1841.

We ask you, reader, to peruse every article in this number of the New World; for we believe that each and all of them—unless we except those which have proceeded from our own unworthy pen—are well deserving of your attention. The sermon on the occasion of General Harrison's death, is full of a pathetic, unstudied eloquence, which cannot fail to touch every heart beating with human sympathies, and alive to its own immortal destiny. The notices of the President's life and death in Washington are far more interesting than kindred articles, which usually find their way into the public prints. The reader will join us in cordial gratitude to the Rev. gentleman, by whom they were kindly prepared.

The drama of Gulzara, or the Persian Slave, was written by a young lady, lovely and accomplished. There is a unity and simplicity in its design and execution, which cannot fail to give sincere pleasure. It is pervaded by rare and delicate thought; many passages are strikingly beautiful—and the impartial critic will think with us that the drama would do credit to a much more experienced writer. Be not deterred from reading it because it is long; but, remembering that it makes no high pretensions and that it was not written for the theatre, give it the justice of a calm perusal.

### NOTITIA OF GENERAL HARRISON WHILE IN WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW WORLD, BY REV. WM. HAWLEY.  
Rector St. John's Church, Washington.

#### HIS INAUGURATION.

The three days previous to his Inauguration, after his arrival in Washington, were mostly spent at the hospitable mansion of the mayor of the city, Col. Seaton, where he received, at all hours of the day, the visits of his friends and fellow-citizens. The urbanity of his manners, the open-hearted frankness, with which he received the congratulations of his friends, deeply impressed all the impartial and disinterested at the capital with the confident assurance that he was about to enter upon the high office, to which he had been called, with a single heart and purpose to discharge and faithfully to execute the important trust.

Numerous strangers, from almost every section of this vast wide-spread Republic, for days and weeks preceding the 4th of March, had been rushing into this metropolis till the crowd had become immense, almost beyond calculation. Every hotel and boarding-house were filled to overflowing, and almost every private residence was crowded beyond convenient accommodation.

The procession of the Inauguration was formed in beautiful order, and as it passed along the streets and avenues to the Capitol—the thronging multitude pressing against each other, seemed to move on like the ocean wave and with the “noise of many waters.” The spontaneous expression of joy and gladness, which ever and anon burst forth from the young and old, the aged matron and blooming maid—together with the waving of handkerchiefs from the crowded windows, proclaimed to the war-worn veteran a welcome to the highest honors of his country. After taking the oath of office, and having delivered his Inaugural Address, he returned to the President's mansion, amid the increased acclamation of nearly forty thousand of his admiring countrymen, who there tendered him their cordial congratulations.

Thus passed away this joyous day of his political triumph, none suspecting that in one short month the whole scene would be changed—that God was preparing to summon him away from the height of his earthly glory, as we trust to a more exalted station at his right hand.

#### HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

The next morning (th 5th) Gen. Harrison walked down on the Avenue and purchased a quarto Bible and book of Common Prayer, which he carried home with him and directed the servant to place in his bed-room, where I saw them the night of his death—thereby indicating that he had chosen that holy book for the rule of his faith and guide of his life in the execution of the important trust committed to his charge. In his first letter to Mrs. Harrison after his Inaugural, he states that, after he had returned from the Capitol to the President's mansion as soon as he could command any time, he retired into his room, and fell down upon his knees before his Maker, thanking him for all his mercies, and supplicating his gracious guidance in the faithful discharge of the duties of his high station to his country and his God.

On Sunday morning (the 7th) Benjamin Harrison, Esq., of Va., at the request of the President, called at my house, desiring to know whether he could be accommodated with a pew for himself and family for that day, and expressing a wish to occupy the one recently occupied by Mrs. Madison—which the owner accorded him. In the public worship of the Church he conformed to all the rituals in the audible responses of the service, and with that humility, so expressive of devout feelings and humble devotion, bowed himself on his knees before the majesty of Heaven, and supplicated

that mercy of which as a sinner, however exalted his station, he stood so much in need.\*

The following day he purchased the pew and regularly attended the service of the church every Sunday morning until prevented by his last fatal sickness.

His high regard for the Sabbath was such that, of late years, he always avoided travelling on that Holy Day unless from absolute necessity; and, during the short period he occupied the President's mansion, he carefully avoided all company on that day and dined at an early hour that he might attend public worship in the afternoon with his family; some of whom belonged to the Communion of the Presbyterian Church. His high estimation for the “people of God,” was most nobly shown in many instances of kindness to his ministers. On a recent occasion he said to a brother clergyman of mine, with whom he had been for some time acquainted, whom ill health prevented from the performance of his clerical duties, and on whom he had within a few weeks conferred a vacant clerkship until his health would enable him to resume the duties of the ministerial office—“I see no company on Sunday and dine in a plain way; but I shall always be happy to see you at my table, for I love to have the clergy with me on Sunday.” In this connection it may be proper to state, that at his own hospitable mansion at North Bend, when the infirm health of Mrs. Harrison would not allow her to attend public worship elsewhere, Gen. Harrison would often obtain the services of the clergyman for the day and remunerate him liberally.

It has also been stated to me by a member of the family that, some years since, he accidentally became acquainted with a young minister of the Methodist church in indigent circumstances, whose native talents and powers of mind promised extensive usefulness if properly cultivated. General Harrison invited him to become a member of his family, and offered him the use of his library, until well prepared for the exercise of his ministry. This young clergyman is now a distinguished and successful laborer in the vineyard of our Lord. Of late years, notwithstanding his having erected, mostly at his own expense, a church, in his immediate vicinity, yet not being able to support a clergyman for the regular services of the church, he was in the habit of leaving home on Saturday afternoon, for the sole purpose of attending the church in Cincinnati—of which the Rev. J. T. Brooke is Rector—twice or thrice a day. He also frequently attended a stated weekly Lecture.

From the day of his Inauguration, it was his invariable practice, to rise with the dawn of day, and, after reading the Scripture, to take a walk for exercise, and seldom did he breakfast or dine, without some old friend or acquaintance partaking of his hospitality.

In this manner his whole time was occupied. Occasionally, if for a moment disengaged from official duties and the press of visitors, he would steal away from his family and visit some of his old acquaintances with all that cordiality and generous good feeling, so characteristic of the warm-hearted soldier and devoted friend.

#### HIS DEATH.

With this brief notice of past events, we come to the closing scene of the melancholy drama. On Thursday, the 23d of March, in a short interview with him, he complained of being quite unwell; and this indisposition continued to increase until the exposure of his person in the morning of Saturday, brought on a severe chill and fever, which the best medical skill could not arrest. No human power could stay the ravages of his disease.

The community generally in this city, without distinction of party, manifested much anxiety for his recovery, and in great numbers daily and hourly called at his residence with anxious inquiries respecting his sickness and its probable result. The violent and exciting character of his malady seemed in the opinion of the physicians to forbid the usual religious services in his sick room, lest they might produce an unfavorable effect.

On Saturday evening the 3d instant, about 9 o'clock, on approaching his sick-bed, his strength appeared to be rapidly failing, and, as little or no hope could be entertained for his recovery, a few of his friends united with me at his bed-side in that “commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure” to another world, set forth in the service of the Church. About 30 minutes before 1 o'clock, by the watch held in my hand, on the morning of the 4th of April, he gently breathed his departing spirit in the hands of his God and Saviour, and sank to rest without the movement of a muscle of his countenance, a struggle or a groan. Thus, after one short month's elevation to the highest station and honors which earth can bestow, he has passed away, from all the troubles, sorrows, and trials of mortality, I trust and believe, to the possession and enjoyment of an unfading crown of glory in the realms of eternal day. For, whatever may have been his character and conduct in former years, of late an evident change has been observed by his friends in favor of true religion.

\* I am authorized, from unquestionable authority, to say, that the closing part of his Inaugural Address, especially that part in which he so reverently expresses his regard for the Christian Religion, was penned by him in the room in which he was born, and where he had often kneeled beside his pious mother, who earnestly supplicated the rich blessing of Heaven on his future life.

On Sunday evening, I saw him in his winding sheet with a countenance mild and placid as when he expired. The next day, after being placed in his coffin, the public were permitted a final farewell look of the Chief Magistrate of this great Republic, the President of nearly twenty millions of people. It is said that not less than ten thousand paid their respects to his lifeless remains.

The sadness and gloom, so obviously marked on all countenances, now spoke the silent language of grief. The victim of death—the eminent personage, who recently occupied the first place in the gift of his country, whispers in the voice of solemn stillness that the great destroyer has come among us; that the mighty conqueror of man in every age, for nearly 6000 years, has winged his flight hither and felled to the earth one who had been distinguished in arms, in the councils of his country, and in all the excellencies of private life.

How exalted the mark! How distinguished the object! How fatal the blow! The arrow was sped by the arm of Omnipotence—the victim fell—he lies beneath the cold earth to rise no more, until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall call his reposing dust into spiritual life—for “the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed,” and summoned to the final judgment.

In anticipation of this coming event, and of the awfully momentous consequences involved in it, our deeply lamented, departed friend was not unmindful of the needful preparation. It has come to my knowledge that for some years past his mind has been deeply impressed with the important concerns of eternity, and that he had frequently expressed his confident faith and hopes in the Gospel of the Son of God, and had been for some time desirous of uniting himself in communion with the church, and intended doing so as soon as the recent political excitement should have passed away, whether it terminated favorably to his elevation to the Presidential office or otherwise.

This holy purpose, it is understood, had he survived, was intended to be consummated on Easter Sunday, but was denied him by the interposing hand of God in whom he had placed his trust.

“Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;  
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres;  
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay,  
Death of the spirit infinite! Divine!  
His God sustains him in his final hour!  
His final hour brings glory to his God!  
Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.”

In preparing the above statement it has been my object to collect all the incidents and facts that have come to my knowledge respecting the late President while in Washington, no one of which, singly, would be of sufficient importance to establish his Christian character, yet, when combined, agreeably harmonize in manifesting the bent of his mind and the ruling desire of his heart on the subject most interesting to the Christian public.

The numerous communications received from different parts of the country requesting information on the subject of the demise of the late President, rendering it out of my power to answer them all in a manner satisfactory either to them or to myself, has induced this communication for the information of the clergy and the public at large.

May God, in mercy to this nation, overrule and sanctify this painful dispensation of his providence to the welfare and prosperity of his church, the cause of true piety, and the establishment of his kingdom on earth, that his “will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

GEN. HARRISON'S DEATH-BED.—We have lately had an interview with a gentleman, who was at General Harrison's bedside when he expired. In the room were present two physicians, and a young lady who was constantly with the President during his illness. Mr. Webster was walking in the hall; Mr. Granger stood at the door of the chamber; Mr. Ewing sat at the foot of the bedstead—a French bedstead—and leaned his head upon the scroll, not looking up and weeping continually. Our friend stood near the bed. General Harrison did not speak or move after nine o'clock. Just before that hour he uttered, brokenly and feebly, these words—“I wish you to understand the principles that govern me; I wish them carried out: I ask nothing more.”

It will be noticed that the words in Italics differ from what has been reported; but our informant says that the words were heard only by the two physicians, by one of whom they were immediately put upon paper. They were uttered not as if the President imagined himself addressing his successor; but as if he were in a Cabinet Council and conversing with his Secretaries. From wandering expressions, scarcely audible, and previously uttered, it was evident that the President's mind lingered upon his high duties—he seemed to dream that he was discharging them in conference with his Cabinet.

For some hours previous to his death, he had evidently not been in the possession of his faculties; the only evidence he gave of being sensible was while Dr. Hawley was praying. During the space occupied in this act of devotion, the General seemed to suppress his sighs and groans—demonstrations of pain which had till then been unintercepted frequent. After the conclusion of the prayer, his



groans of anguish were again audible. At twenty minutes before eleven, the lady who stood by the bed-side, holding his hand, felt it grow cold; the pulse had ceased and could not again be traced. She dropped the icy hand—and the General lay utterly still, with his eyes closed, till the last glimmering spark of existence had gone out.

The friend, from whom we have derived these facts, was cognizant of every thing that occurred during the President's illness—from the Saturday morning when he put himself under the care of a physician, till the Sunday morning, when he died. The expressions attributed to him touching the removal of office-holders, &c., &c., are wholly untrue. He said nothing of the kind. Of this, the lady who was near him day and night, is positive. Indeed he did not converse at all on business—he attended to neither public nor private business—his thoughts did not seem to recur to such topics, and their introduction was strictly prohibited. Indeed, so rigid were the physicians in their decrees, that they would not, through fear of exciting their patient, even admit the clergyman, Dr. Hawley, till all hope had been surrendered. The General made no allusions to his family, of a serious character—he expected soon to recover, and of course felt no anxiety on their account.

But there was a subject on which he seemed to feel great anxiety, and which constituted nearly the sole matter of conversation—and that was religion. He expressed a regret that he had not previously come into the communion of the church in Washington, and expressed his determination to do so the moment he recovered.

The sermon of Mr. Van Rensselaer, published in the New World of last Saturday, was very satisfactory to the friends of the President, and has elicited general approbation. It is in truth an excellent discourse. During that portion of it, in which it addresses President Tyler, that gentleman seemed much affected, and bowed his head two or three times as if in assent.

#### RICHARD HAUGHTON.

We have learned with sincere regret, the sudden death of RICHARD HAUGHTON, late the proprietor and editor of the Boston Atlas. Mr. Haughton was preparing to take his departure for England, in the steamer Acadia, when he was seized with a determination of blood to the head, and he fell to the ground in a fit of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. His health has been for some months in a very precarious condition. The excitement of a stirring political career, and frequent inconsiderate exposures in the personal execution of many of his Express enterprises, had entirely broken up a constitution naturally capable of great endurance, and have led to his early death at the age of about forty years.

Mr. Haughton was educated at Yale College, and originally studied with a view to the ministry. The bent of his mind, however, was to politics, and this tendency soon interested and absorbed him to a degree that rendered the return impossible to any other vocation. About eleven years since he started the Atlas newspaper in Boston, and has since devoted himself with unremitting assiduity to the extension of its circulation and the establishment of its character as an organ of the earliest intelligence, and as a consistent advocate of the Democratic Whig policy. He met at first with gradual encouragement, won steadily on the good opinion and esteem of the community in which he was a stranger, commanded the attention and respect of the prominent and influential politicians of the State, surrounded himself with troops of friends as faithful and constant as ever cheered the toils of an editorial career, and ultimately achieved the most honorable and brilliant success.

At the moment he was embarking on a voyage to Europe, to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and to indulge the leisure which he had purchased by the patient toil of years; in the height of his usefulness and reputation, he has been suddenly stricken by death. His loss will be deeply lamented; for it is a loss not only to a numerous circle of affectionate and attached friends, but to the community of which he was a member, and the cause of which he was an unwavering and zealous advocate. We hope that the melancholy event will be suitably noticed by the personal and political friends with whom Maj. HAUGHTON has been long and intimately associated.

A monument at Mount Auburn could not be erected to one more deserving than him who has discharged the elevated trusts of a commanding position in the public press with courage, fidelity, honor and truth.

**WILLS AND THE REVISED STATUTES.**—The framers, the revisers, and the tinkers of that civil code by which enlightened nations are governed, have been a long time in attaining, or, rather, attempting to attain, their desideratum; the dispensation, namely, of equal justice to all parties in all cases. Perhaps the labors in the common cause of those profound individuals who revise the statutes of the State of New York, have gained as much notoriety and as little credit as the efforts of any modern Solons whatever. Indeed, that, in many cases, they left matters far worse than they found them is little to be wondered at; for such a result is the necessary consequence of the mania for over

legislation, which is at once a characteristic and a disgrace of our (so called) deliberative assemblies. And perhaps our State legislators evince an unwonted degree of prudence in declining to reconsider some of the errors of our present statute-book; for if the work of revision were again to commence, there is no knowing where it would terminate: and they may think with *Hamlet* that it is better to

"Bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Nevertheless, the existing statutes that govern and regulate the making of wills are monstrously defective. We have heard one of the most eminent lawyers in the city assert that he could not draw a will which could not be broken. And that others are in the same dilemma is evident from the fact that almost all the wills made by men of fortune in our State for many years past have been contested and broken by the heirs or by the creditors of heirs.

In our opinion this is a subject which calls loudly for reform; and we would respectfully suggest it to the consideration of our Legislature. It is not necessary that we should, by way of giving additional force to this suggestion, give the names of parties who have suffered by this imperfection in our statute-book, for our readers generally are as well informed on that head as we are. But surely a matter of such moment as a father's bequeathing property to his children should be so guarded by legal enactments that his intentions and not the heartless technicalities of a statute may prevail in the distribution of his fortune.

**SEIZURE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.**—We learn from the Albany Evening Journal that, during the past winter, several petitions have been presented to the Legislature praying for the passage of a law to extend the provisions that now exempt certain articles of household furniture &c. from seizure and sale under executions and distress warrants.

These applications commend themselves to attention on a two-fold ground; first, their manifest justice; and, secondly, the fact that they come from a class of the community who do not often get an opportunity to be heard in any direct communication to our Legislature: "the poor we have always with us," but we are not always mindful of their necessities, nor do they always receive from those in power the consideration which those necessities demand.

The law as it now stands is a disgrace to our statute-book, as well as to the legislators who enacted it. It is sickening to read its calculating, heartless details—"one table; six chairs; six spoons; six knives and forks;" &c. The man who drafted that law must have been Shylock's first-born, and a natural son in the bargain!

As the present session of the Legislature is drawing to a close, we emphatically entreat that they will speedily consider these petitions which have been laid before them; and in conclusion of our own remarks, we extract the following from the article in the Evening Journal:

"The extension prayed for we believe would be found extremely salutary in its effects. Hundreds of the poorer classes who are robbed yearly of their household furniture under executions and distress warrants, are driven to intemperance and crime, and their families cast into hopeless beggary and despair. Wretchedness is the parent of sin. The poor man who can retreat from a world of toil to a cheerful fireside and a comfortable home, will rarely seek the haunts of the bar-room or the companionship of infamy. The wife who feels that the mischances of life cannot deprive her of the simple comforts of her home will be more frugal, more industrious and more contented. Her children will be dearer to her—she will take more care of their moral culture and education. The best interests of the community at large demand the amelioration of which we speak. It would benefit alike the debtor and the creditor. The frequent afflictions of the industrious poor eloquently appeal to the Legislature to grant it. Popular feeling will commend and justify it. All parties will unite in effecting it."

**PORTRAIT OF BRYANT.**—This excellent sketch was drawn by Mr. Heidemann, an artist of great merit—whose lithographic drawings and miniature likenesses upon ivory have been much admired. It was engraved on wood by Butler.

**THE SPANISH STEAM-FRIGATES.**—The first experimental trip of these beautiful vessels was made on Monday at 10 o'clock A. M. from the Novelty Works' Dock—the ships proceeding down the Bay and outside Sandy Hook, returning again about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The result of the trial was in all respects most gratifying.

The vessels are named, respectively, The Lion and The Eagle; and two finer craft have never been seen in our waters. They were built by Messrs. Brown & Bell, for the Spanish Government; both of one model, and of precisely the same dimensions, which are as follows:

Breadth of beam.....	30 feet 8 in.
do over all.....	49 " 6 "
Length on deck.....	154 "
do over all.....	170 "
Capacity.....	670 tons.

Each vessel can carry fuel for twenty days' consumption, and of course can easily make voyages across the Atlantic. They have round sterns, and are pierced for twelve carronades, besides being arranged to carry each one of the Paixhan guns in the stern. Their figure heads correspond to their names.

These vessels were launched in December last, and have been full rigged and fitted up with their machinery in less than four months.

The engines and all appertaining to the machinery were made by Messrs. Ward, Stillman & Co., of the Novelty Works, and we venture to say that nothing has ever been produced in our country that is equal to them in point of beauty and accuracy of performance. Indeed, the only noise that can be observed during the working of the engine is the opening and shutting off of steam. They are of eighty horse power each.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal, of Wednesday.

#### FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.

Yesterday was the day appointed by the city authorities for the funeral obsequies commemorating the death of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the President of the United States. At an early hour, the military began to assemble on the Common—and the different societies, which were assigned places in the procession, proceeded thither from every quarter. Soon after 10 o'clock the head of the military escort left the Common, proceeding down Beacon and School sts. to Washington st., and shortly afterwards the whole procession was in motion.

This was a mournful pageant—and presented a striking contrast with the proceedings on the 10th of September last,\* when every countenance was radiant with hope—when flags, symbols of joy and triumph were waving from the windows, the trees, and house-tops—when the mighty host of freemen from every quarter of the Union who followed the significant banners which floated through the streets, were greeted by the smiles of beauty, and the loud and reiterated shouts of congratulating countrymen. It was then a time of rejoicing—it was a time of gladness, and every heart seemed buoyant with hope, for a ray of effulgent light seemed to rest upon the future. But such was not the case yesterday. There were no symbols of joy and gladness; care and sorrow seemed stamped on every face—and although every balcony and window in the streets through which the procession passed, were filled with the lovely daughters of our land, yet there were no greetings of welcome, no sunny smiles and cheering gestures.

But there were symbols of mourning and desolation. The banners were entwined with orange—the music was slow and solemn, the balconies and windows were hung with black, the mournful boom of the minute gun was heard, and the deep voice of the tolling bell, as the procession passed a place of public worship, struck sadness to the heart—and solemnly proclaimed a nation's loss.

It is hardly necessary to say that the utmost order and decorum was observed by the immense multitude of spectators throughout the day—and praise is due the Chief Marshal, Josiah Quincy, Jr., for the admirable skill with which every thing was conducted. The escort, too, consisting of the company of Lancers, and a number of companies of Light Infantry, numbering from 1000 to 1200, the whole under the command of Major General Winthrop, deserves much credit for its imposing appearance, and the precision and correctness of the military proceedings. It is difficult to estimate correctly the number of persons who joined in the procession—we have heard it variously estimated at from 8 to 12,000—the line was between two and three miles in length.

The procession moved slowly through many of the principal streets of the city, and as it crossed the Common, it passed through a double line of the pupils of both sexes of our Public Schools, who were arranged under the direction of their instructors; they were all neatly dressed, and wore emblems of mourning. This was a most interesting sight; one which will not soon be forgotten. It was more than three hours after the line of march was taken up before the escort reached Faneuil Hall. At two o'clock this place, hallowed by associations of the most grateful and sacred character, was filled to overflowing, and the doors were closed, while not a fourth part of those who assisted in the ceremonies were able to obtain admittance. We have often seen cause to regret that Boston could not boast of possessing a hall large enough to accommodate some six or eight thousand, at least, of those of our citizens, who assemble on extraordinary occasions. At this time the services within the hall were peculiarly solemn and impressive and at the same time intensely interesting.

Faneuil Hall was decorated with black; even the windows were shrouded with mourning drapery, and the gas lights in the beautiful chandelier, seemed to throw a dim and uncertain, but sufficient light on the scene. A platform, covered and hang with black, was erected in the further part of the Hall, and above it, beneath the bust of John Adams, was placed a magnificent portrait, by Hoyt, of William Henry Harrison.

The music was of a superior character, and exceedingly solemn. The exercises commenced with a dirge by the band; which was followed with a voluntary by the choir. Then appropriate selections from the Holy Scriptures were read, and prayers were offered, by Rev. Dr. Stone. After which the choir sang with a thrilling effect the following

#### ORIGINAL HYMN,

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Robed in sackcloth, dark and deep,  
And with ashes on our head,  
FATHER, we have come to weep  
Round thy cold and lowly bed.  
Hear, never shall the drum,  
Never shall the savage yell  
To disturb thy slumber come—  
O, thou sleepest but too well!  
Sleepest from thy home afar;  
O'er that home the closing day  
Hangs the holy evening star—  
CHIEFTAN, such thy setting ray!  
To thy glory in the West  
Lifted were a Nation's eyes;  
PATRIOT, thou hast sunk to rest,  
Thou hast set, no more to rise.

\* The Bunker Hill Celebration.

RULER, thou hast left a place  
Loflier than a monarch's throne ;—  
CHRISTIAN, through thy Father's grace,  
One is given thee near His own.

RUFUS CHOATE commenced the eulogy at half past two o'clock, and occupied the attention of the audience for fifty minutes. It was a splendid effort of genius, and fully equalled the most sanguine expectations of the numerous auditors. The orator was listened to with almost breathless attention—and as he stood on the platform, with his eye kindling with excitement, his countenance overshadowed with grief, and in his deep toned, musical voice, commemorated in language which breathed the very soul of eloquence, the virtues of the man whose loss a whole nation deplores, touched upon the prominent incidents of his eventful life, and described his manifold public services, our thoughts reverted to the history of the past, when the deeds of the brave and virtuous dead, were descanted on in soul-stirring language by the most gifted orators of Greece and Rome.

The orator judiciously omitted to give a biographical sketch of the late President, as the incidents of his life must be familiar to every one; but he alluded to his brilliant services in the field, under the gallant Wayne, at the battle of the Miami Rapids, and his subsequent civil career, abounding in usefulness, in the Western territories, with whose welfare and prosperity his very existence seemed to be identified. He alluded particularly to two important acts of his life, viz: His conduct in relation to the Indians, when the Prophet and Tecumseh were striving to establish a great Indian confederacy which threatened desolation to the settlers on the frontier, and which resulted in the glorious battle of Tippecanoe, that prostrated all the plans of the Prophet, and restored tranquility along the border. The other was his agency in Congress in 1789, in establishing a mode of disposing of the public lands in Ohio, which would take them out of the hands of the rich speculator, and enable every industrious man to become a landholder, and cherish a deep interest in the soil.

The orator dwelt not upon the battles which Gen. Harrison had fought, on the various public services which he had rendered, and which were recorded in the pages of history—but he said much in relation to his general character, which had been severely tested by the ordeal, which he had just passed through. He spoke of his practical usefulness—of his sound good sense—of his discretion, his wisdom, and his incorruptible honesty. His goodness of heart, his benevolence, were portrayed in vivid colors, and also that justice which formed a noble trait in his character, and which, said the orator, promised an administration as impartial as the gifts of God. He described the republicanism of his principles—the simplicity of his life—and his true AMERICAN feelings, which were not bounded by rivers or imaginary lines, but which took in all.

Mr. Choate paid a deserved tribute to his intellectual attainments, to the decision and energy of his character, which proved that he was equal to any of the important emergencies in which he had been placed in the course of his useful and eventful life,—but he said that there was one trait in his character which stood out in bold relief—and that applauding millions of grateful citizens would hereafter designate him by the title of the GOOD PRESIDENT. He had not been selected by the people as a candidate for the highest office in their gift, for the battles he had fought, for his towering genius, or for his skill as a politician—but because he was a good and just man, who feared God, and dearly loved his country.

Mr. Choate said there were times when it was good for a nation, as well as an individual, to be afflicted—and he trusted that the death of our venerated President, which was lamented as a national calamity by all parties, would tend to soften the asperity of party feeling, and promote a spirit of union and harmony, which must be gratifying to every patriotic bosom.

But we dare not give even an outline of Mr. Choate's address on this deeply interesting occasion. It will doubtless be laid before the public, in an enduring form, when it will be seen that, besides the noble sentiment and patriotic lessons which it inculcates, it contains many passages of deep pathos, and others of surpassing delicacy and beauty. It was a production worthy of the fame of the orator, and of his excellence as a man—and no one can listen to an address, such as was delivered yesterday in Faneuil Hall, without feeling proud of his country's institutions, and departing for his home a better and a wiser man.

After the Eulogy was pronounced, the following Anthem was sung by the choir in a style which excited the admiration of every person present.

#### ANTHEM.

Child of mortality whence comest thou?  
From the dark womb of earth,  
I first deriv'd my birth,  
And when the word goes forth, that is my home.  
Child of a transient day, there shalt thou rest?  
No, when this dream is o'er,  
Then the freed soul will soar,  
To where sorrow comes no more, realms of the blest.  
Heir of eternity, teach me the road.  
Trust a Redeemer's love,  
Faith by obedience prove,  
And share in courts above, Christ's own abode.  
There in th' ethereal plains,  
Join in the angelic strains.  
Jesus forever reigns, glory to God.

The services were concluded by an appropriate Prayer and Benediction from Mr. Adams, pastor of Essex street Church.

It is hardly necessary to say that the shops and other places of business were generally closed throughout the day. The people looked and acted as became the solemnity of the occasion, and the whole proceedings were of a character in the highest degree honorable to our citizens.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Maine adjourned on Saturday last, after a session of three and a half months.

Governor Kent has been nominated by the Whig members for another term, and has consented to be a candidate.

## Washington Correspondence.

Washington, April 15, 1841.

The new President is now established in the Executive mansion. He held a Cabinet council there to-day (the first that has taken place there since the death of Gen. Harrison). They remained in session more than two hours. The subjects before them were the state of our relations with Great Britain, generally; and more particularly the dispatches to be sent from the Department of State to London, and the correspondence with the British Minister.

Now, I hope, none of your readers will expect me to communicate the purport of these. Under the two preceding Administrations there was a laxity of the rules prescribed by international etiquette which, I trust, will never be countenanced again. While negotiations were yet inchoate, it frequently occurred that the substance of a Secretary's letters, or a foreign minister's replies, or the communications of one of our National representatives abroad got out, through such channels as gave the publication almost an authorized and official character. This gave, in several notable instances, great umbrage to foreign governments; and with just reason. For they found that many things which had been communicated in confidence had been published to all America; and, consequently, to all Europe. Mr. Webster will correct the practice; and our diplomatic affairs will be strictly confidential, except when the publication of them is compatible with the interest of the nation, and the decorum due to the other governments. There is a morbid curiosity, I know, to learn all that transpires here in official quarters. The respectable portion of the press should not minister to this depraved appetite, by giving circulation to idle rumors. Whatever is known, or may be properly communicated, you shall hear; but your readers, I trust, will look to me for facts not fabrications.

It is the practice, on the accession of a new President, to take an inventory of every article of furniture, all the appointments of the Rooms of State, the plate, &c., &c. appertaining to the Executive Mansion. This is due to the people,—to him who has occupied the House—and to him who succeeds to it. It is necessary as a preservation against waste and losses by servants, and otherwise. Mr. John Tyler, Jr., went through this task of inventory, to-day, accompanied by Col. Copeland and Mr. Benjamin Harrison, Jr., and the Commissioner of Public Buildings.

President Tyler will make himself, emphatically, "PRESIDENT OF THE PEOPLE."

The Whig party are eminently fortunate in having elected precisely this man to the second office of the government.

To his principles no objection can be taken even by the Opposition. On the contrary, their leading organs say they coincide with their own; and they furnish the public with long articles which, if they prove any thing, show most incontestibly, that these journals and the party whose organs they are, ought, in good faith, to support President Tyler, until at least he does something with which they may fairly quarrel.

The sole ground of complaint thus far is, that he places the utmost confidence in General Harrison's Cabinet. Candid people will hardly think such a thing to be a fair ground of quarrel. It looks too much as if certain leaders wanted to bring about a different state of things, to inure to their own advantage. If they were honest and sincere, they would rather rejoice that a man of their principles (as they call Mr. TYLER) has succeeded in obtaining the suffrages of the American people.

The Secretary of the Navy returned to the city, last evening, from his visit to North Carolina.

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1841.

A new crowd is beginning to assemble in Washington—new faces are seen at the principal hotels, in Pennsylvania Avenue, (when the sun deigns to shine out,) and in all places of public resort. There is a quite new set come on,—all, of course, to pay their respects to PRESIDENT TYLER, with the most perfect disinterestedness! I am sorry to say that the office-seeking mania is, by no means, diminished; but in justice to the mass of the Whig party, I must add, it is chiefly confined to the eleventh hour conformists—the most sturdy beggars being among those who went with the administration of GEN. JACKSON and MR. VAN BUREN until they were successively thrown off, as unfit for further service. They are gentlemen of that easy public virtue who never pay their principles the compliment of standing by them when their interests are in the way, and now profess to be as zealous for Mr. TYLER as they were for Mr. VAN BUREN a short time ago.

The success which attended the impertunate solicitations of some of the conformers, during General Harrison's brief term, has inspired this class with bright hopes and high aspirations. One (who, in a neighboring city, has been the recipient of government bounty for eighteen years—who, in the days of Mr. Adams, was an Adams man—in the days of Jackson, a hot Jackson man—in the days of Mr. Van Buren, a Van Buren man, until Mr. Van Buren took it into his head, one day, to turn him out)—asks now only for the office of ASSISTANT POST-MASTER GENERAL!

and, the best of the joke is, boasts that he is as sure of it, as if the commission were in his pocket. He being a MARTYR, absolutely—a victim of Proscription—after having snugly enjoyed the distinction and, what was better, the lucre of office under the last four Administrations, and supported them all with wonderfully facile compliance, until the knowing gentleman from Kinderhook, happened to find him out.

What particular claim these conformers have to the notice of the Administration, it would be difficult to tell. But they make up, by importunity, for what they want in desert;—and importunity—the daily supplication—the fawning demeanor—and the beggar's petition style of pleading, cannot be put on by the honest and meritorious portion of any party.

The ladies of Gen. Harrison's family left Washington to-day. They were attended by Col. Copeland, a nephew of the General's.

It is remarkable that none of the late President's blood relatives applied or was presented for any office, while so many, mere hangers-on, so urgently sued, and pressed, and almost demanded, on the claim or pretence of personal friendship, or old acquaintance, or other familiar relationship. The country will be glad to learn that, since the death of General Harrison, the best disposition has been manifested to provide honorably and advantageously for the General's family. His son-in-law, who would have been his private Secretary, (Mr. TAYLOR) has been appointed to the office of Postmaster of Cincinnati. One of his sons has been appointed to an honorable and lucrative office in a new and rising Territory. His two grandsons will be placed at West Point. The salary of President for one year, perhaps, for two years, will be voted by Congress, for the benefit of the family. The departed patriot will be honored and remembered by the people in every suitable manner. But the nation, and the men and the head of the government should not be expected to admit the pretensions of all who found them on their personal relations toward the General, and his kindness and partiality, and who ask for the highest offices—foreign missions and the like—without any qualifications whatever for them.

## The Old World.

### FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.

The steamship COLUMBIA, Capt. Judkins, arrived at Boston at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, in fifteen days and eight hours from Liverpool, which port she left at 10 A. M. on the 4th instant. She reached Halifax at 1 P. M. on the 17th and sailed at 7 on the same evening for Boston. She encountered strong and adverse gales during nearly the whole passage.

The political intelligence is not important. The war fever against this country, which sprung up at the arrival of the news of McLeod's arrest and the subsequent proceedings of the Lockport "sovereigns," had been almost entirely dispelled by later advices from this country, including a confidential assurance from Mr. Fox, that our government was disposed to act with just magnanimity, and an anxious desire for the preservation of peace.

There is nothing later from China or India.

The affairs of the Mohamedan empire are by no means settled. Jealousies and feuds still exist between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt. The former has declared that he reserves to himself the right to appoint to the Pachalic of Egypt any member of the Pacha's family whom he may prefer. The latter as frankly gives notice that he will submit to no such exercise of authority.

A great robbery of plate has been committed at Windsor Castle. About one hundred weight of costly silver, furniture and ornaments were stolen. The robbers have probably been detected.

The Great Western, which was advertised to leave Bristol on the 2d for this port, was kept back for want of passengers. She then advertised to leave for Halifax and Boston on the 2d, but with no better fortune. She finally advertised to leave on the 8th; but it was apprehended that Cunard's Britannia, which was to leave Liverpool on the 10th, would leave her aground again.

The Britannia, Capt. Cleland, arrived at Liverpool on the 31st ult., in fourteen days and eighteen hours from Boston.

The President, from this city, had not arrived at Liverpool on the 4th, though she had been out over twenty-four days. The Orpheus packet ship, which sailed in company with her, arrived on the 1st, and the Virginian, which sailed three days later, had also arrived. The President must "give it up."

The new packet ship Patrick Henry, arrived at New-York from Liverpool in fifteen days.

#### FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, April 3, 1841.

The public never appeared to be more expectant and excited for receipt of news, than it was for the arrival of the steamers President and Britannia, which it was supposed



would bring something decisive in regard to the relations between the two countries. The tenor of the news by the Britannia is considered decidedly favorable and pacific, and no apprehensions of hostilities are now entertained. Funds immediately rose half per cent., and to-day are one per cent. higher than previous to the receipt of the news. Money is abundant, and discounts have been made at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  a 5 per cent. the past week.

You will probably observe a great change in the tone of the press here toward America.

American credit has, I am sorry to say, received a great check, in consequence of the recent suspensions and consequent financial difficulties on your side, which I will not say it will never recover from, but it will be many years before confidence will be re-inspired. Of all injuries, a pecuniary one is the last forgiven, and the recent suspension of the United States Bank, and developments attendant upon it, certainly give cause of complaint to those who have invested in it. Here, the connexion of the United States government with the Bank has not been by many supposed to be dissolved, and they view the insolvency of the institution as a national affair.

Shares are £5 10s. to £5 15s., and there have been many operations within these prices. Perhaps one cause is the abundance of money, leading parties to seek investment, and rendering them unwilling to call in loans and force holders of shares to realize to pay off advances.

It is known that the bonds of the Bank, falling due on the 15th inst. will not be paid, but this does not alter the general confidence in the opinion that the shares must be worth £5—a corollary from this would be if not worth £5, they are worth nothing.

Shipments to the United States have been ever for some time; the home trade is in a languid state, and some distress in this trade is foreboded.

The quarter's average of Bank of England to 30th March is as follows:

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Circulation.... £16,537,000	Securities.....£22,328,000
Deposits.....7,212,000	Bullion.....4,339,000
£23,749,000	£26,667,000

Exchange on Paris last night's post, for three day bills, 35 40, a great improvement, and generally foreign exchanges show improvement.

The markets generally in London are not very brisk; prices appear well supported. Tea's, company's, 1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. cash. Tea market very firm. The cotton market at Liverpool appears in rather a gloomy way. Purchases are only made as the actual wants of manufacturer's require. Several of the principal only working short time.

Sales for the week ending last evening, 18,700 bales principally American, at a decline of 1-8d per lb.

Great anxiety is felt for the safety of the President Steamer, which left New York on the 11th March. The Orpheus, sailed two hours after, has arrived at Liverpool, the Sampson, at Deal, sailed 12th, and this morning we learn that the Sheffield, sailed 14th, is in at Liverpool.

Insurance this morning on the President £10 10 per ct.

#### POLITICAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The London Times states that government received despatches from Mr. Fox by the Britannia steamer, and that those despatches leave no doubt of an amicable and immediate settlement between the United States and Great-Britain, as far as regards the question of McLeod. Mr. Fox had received a communication to that effect from the American government, couched in the most conciliatory language. We think (adds the Times) that the public mind may be at rest on this point.

The Liverpool Mail of April 1st contains the following speculative remarks respecting their connection with us and China:—

We understand that government have received despatches from Mr. Fox, the British Minister resident at Washington, intimating that his demand for the release of Mr. McLeod has been received in a most conciliatory spirit by the new President and the American Cabinet, and that the strongest assurances have been given him that the unfortunate and much injured gentleman will be safely restored to his friends, and ample compensation made him for the insult he has sustained and the sufferings he has endured.

All this is satisfactory enough, as far as Mr. McLeod is concerned; but what reparation is to be made to England for the past, and what indemnity given for the future, in a matter deeply affecting the honor of this country and the laws of civilized nations? We cannot see how the release of Mr. McLeod alters the complex nature of the question at issue. If the State of New York is permitted to claim the right of arresting, imprisoning, and trying for his life, every Canadian subject of her Majesty, who, in the discharge of his duty, may fire a musket at an American citizen acting piratically, or assisting pirates on the line, no man's life or liberty would be safe for a moment upon a disturbed frontier. After all, we are only at the beginning of this business.

**EARTHQUAKE AT AMMERAPORA.**—This city is said to have been almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake, which happened on the night of the 23d of March, 1840; 360 persons were killed. The shock lasted two or three minutes, and extended from north to south. The cities of Ava and Tragan are also said to have been destroyed, with many neighboring villages.

**DUBLIN, March 31.**—Yesterday morning the vessel called the Energy left the port of Limerick, with 195 emigrants for Quebec, all of the laboring or farming class, who seemed

transported (with fresh hopes of success in another land. This day the Berneo sails with 300 passengers for the same port. Tomorrow the Ninian will sail with 196; and on Friday the Breeze, with 206 more. The whole number amounts to nearly 900 souls, all bound for Quebec.

**GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.**—*Downing Street, March 25.*—The Queen has been pleased to appoint Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William George Colebrooke, Knight, to be Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick and its dependencies.

**FATAL COLLISION ON THE LEEDS AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.**—A dreadful accident occurred on the afternoon of yesterday week, near Moston, about four miles from Manchester, owing to the misconduct of a superintendent of engineers, who became a victim to his own carelessness and neglect of orders. This unfortunate man (Charles Innis) had been assisting with an extra engine and tender the four o'clock passenger train from Manchester up the first incline at Moston; and instead of returning, according to regulation, by another rail, he backed his engine to return on the same line. The consequences were dreadful. The luggage-train which left Manchester at half-past four suddenly came in sight, when within 200 yards of him, at great speed, just where there is a sharp curve in the line, and the shock which ensued was so fearful that, according to the description of an eye-witness, the tender of the engine which Innis was piloting was broken into fragments, such as might be gathered up in a basket. Innis himself was thrown off, and died of his injuries in about half an hour; the fireman was severely hurt; and the damage done to the engines, tenders, and carriages was very great. The coroner's jury, in accordance with these facts, found that the deceased fell a victim to his own carelessness.—[Liverpool paper.]

**FRANCE.**—The fortification of Paris is still proceeding, against the wishes of a great majority of the people. The government is embarrassed in its finances, and announces a new loan of 450,000,000 francs.

#### ANARCHICAL MOVEMENT AT MARSEILLES.

Accounts from Paris to April 1, state that the amendment of the commission, curtailing the expenses of the fortifications of Paris, and substituting a simple for a bastioned wall, was rejected in the Chamber of Peers on Wednesday, by 148 votes against 91. This is tantamount to passing the original bill, which was no doubt voted on the first.

For some days the vigilance of the authorities was excited by several extraordinary meetings held by the republican leaders, and by the men affiliated to the secret societies in the south of France. It was accordingly inferred that they intended some machination, and anonymous letters and half-disclosures, made by some of the conspirators who were frightened at the project in which they were to be actors, led to the discovery of the plot, which had for its object to set fire to the vessels in the harbor, and while the population would be engaged in extinguishing the conflagration, the conspirators were to have plundered the Bank, the offices of the Receiver General, &c.

The day, or rather night chosen for the execution of this abominable project was the 23d. They expected to be joined by the laborers on the Marseilles canal, who had been tampered with to that effect.

The authorities, however, adopted measures to prevent the co-operation of the latter. Gendarmes were stationed at the meeting of the roads leading to the canal, and police agents in disguise kept a watch on the house which was to serve as the general rendezvous of the conspirators. This house was the tavern known by the name of Le Polonais. About 11 o'clock at night they began to arrive by bands of five and six at the house, and in the course of a short time the tavern and the adjoining enclosure were occupied by between 250 and 300 individuals. The police, aided by the armed force, had taken such efficient measures that not one of them could have escaped, when a mounted gendarme having approached a group of five, who were coming down by the lane des Crotes, received a discharge of three pistols, to which he replied, and that moment orders to act were given.

The report of the shots unfortunately spread the alarm among the conspirators, and before the troops of the line could come up, they were seized with a general panic, and fled in every direction. The police found the doors of the tavern closed, and when they were burst open by the Sappers, not an inmate was discovered in it. But the soldiers, accompanied by the commissaries of police, having set out in pursuit of the fugitives, arrested fourteen, who were still armed with pistols, poniards, sabres, &c.

During this expedition, the police arrested three other individuals, belonging to a band which presented itself at the tavern of l'Ascension, at the extremity of the Boulevard des Trois Jours, another rendezvous of the conspirators.

Yesterday four more were arrested. The prisoners belong to the lowest class of society. With the exception of one, who is 54 years of age, they are all under 30, and only one of them is a native of Marseilles."

#### SPAIN.

Accounts from Madrid come down to the 21st instant. The proceedings of the Cortes has been chiefly confined to the formal opening of the session.

Letters from Valencia, of the 13th inst., announce that Captain-General Seoane had issued orders for the demolition of all the fortresses in the province. The people of Chiva had sent a deputation to the General, praying him to spare the fort of that town; but they had experienced a refusal. Later accounts state that the disturbances which called for this interference had not ceased in Valencia.

#### TURKEY AND EGYPT.

The recent advices from Alexandria state that both the Pasha and Commodore Napier had left that city; the Pasha for Cairo, to visit Ibrahim Pasha, and the Commodore for Marmora.

Before his departure, Mehmet Ali had sent a letter to the Grand Vizier in Constantinople, objecting strongly to the conditions with which the Porte had burdened the cession of the hereditary Pashalic of Egypt. He required the following modifications of those conditions; that the Governor of Egypt should enjoy the right of choosing his successor himself; that this successor should not be obliged to proceed to Constantinople to receive his investiture from the

Porte; that the superior offices of the Egyptian Government should be appointed by himself and his successors, and not by the Sultan; that he should be exonerated from paying the tribute fixed by the Sultan, during a limited period, in order to apply the entire of the public revenues to ameliorate the condition of the inhabitants of Egypt and that he should not be obliged to admit a Committee of Surveillance, mentioned in the Imperial hatti-scheriff as about to be sent to Egypt.

Ibrahim Pasha's retreat from Syria appears to have been far more disastrous than it was first supposed to be. Ibrahim himself was so borne down by illness that his death was expected; and the public in Egypt were already speculating upon the probable effect which his removal would have in facilitating the final settlement of the Eastern question. Of 40,000 men, which formed the strength of his army when it left Damascus for Egypt, only 20,000 survived the march; and an unenumerated crowd of women and children also perished. Among the latter were 200 or 300 boys, whom Ibrahim Pasha had seized as hostages for the unmolested retreat of his army.

The Druse and Maronite Sheiks, for whose safe return to Syria the Napier convention stipulated, had reached Alexandria, with their attendants, on their way to Syria.

Advices from Constantinople to the 8th ult. announces the receipt of Mehmet Ali's letter of remonstrance to the Grand Vizier. The ministers and high functionaries of the Porte immediately assembled in extraordinary council, and the representatives of the European Courts were consulted. The result of the conference is not stated; but it is understood that the Porte would await a reference to the Four Powers. Lord Ponsonby is said to have admitted that the conditions demanded of Mehmet Ali were more stringent than Great Britain expected they would be.

A firman from the Porte to Mehmet Ali, dated February 13th, has been published. Alluding to a former firman conveying under certain conditions the hereditary government of Egypt, the Sultan offers to confirm the appointment of the higher officers of government already in occupation. The same firman forbids the detention of persons in the provinces who have been retained as hostages for the payment of troops, and the mutilation of men for the guard of the harem.

Letters from Beyrout to the 20th February, state that the rebuilding of the city was proceeding with activity. The South of Syria was still unsettled, and the plague was raging in Acre and the vicinity. A party of English sappers and miners still remained at Beyrout.

The Turkish Albanian troops had been recalled from Syria, and Government threatened to punish the perpetrators of outrages committed near Beyrout.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

#### FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Small patterns, stripes and checks will be fashionable this season, in mourning dresses: and for the promenade, poplins, brochees, watered silks, Parmure prairie, in small brochee flowers, on light green ecru, or lilac grounds; orientales, pou de soie, fleur-de-lis; velvet ailes de mouche, is the prettiest novelty, and derives its name from possessing the softness of velvet with lightness and variety of its tints; the armure recaille is also admired. Tight sleeves cannot be considered very general, in light materials they will not be admitted; flounces are not much in favor, skirts continue to be made long, and the bodies are still pointed. Fancy bead buttons are much used on all ball dresses, and it is expected they will be fashionable on redingots this season. For ball dresses, crapes, gauzes, watered silks, with double and treble skirts, guimp trimmings, marabouts, and flowers ornament them, the corsage a la Greque, and the short sleeves full trimmed. Black has been very fashionable in Paris, whether in velvet, satin, watered silk, crape, or lace dresses, ornamented with diamonds or flowers. Redingots of silk are trimmed with folds, edged by a narrow fringe, or with small chicorées. Scarfs of the same material as the dress, are much admired in Paris, the ends are fringed, and the folds are confined on the shoulders; the are worn in silk, mousseline de laines, &c. Scarfs of shaded silk, orange glacee, are trimmed with point d'Alencon; black lace scarfs, as well as those of point lace, mechin, muslin, china crape, and faulard, are all in fashion.

A new shaped berthe has appeared, with four points, one reaches to the point of the body, the others are on the shoulders and back.

Berets, toques of black velvet, with marabout, turbans, remille, round hats a la creole, a la belle peule; turbans of gauze, embroidered in gold, with crowns of velvet sprigged with gold or cachemire, with scarfs of point lace and tassels, Algerien. Coiffures Madoana, a la Louis XIV., small toquets de page, hats a la marquise, are all now in demand.

Straw bonnets are preparing in Paris, a jours with lires of velvet, others with filets of chenille; also close capotes of Leghorn and paille de riz. Capotes of crape are very fashionable just now in Paris, in pink, green, lilac, with marabouts of the same color, or wreaths of roses, mixed with heart's-ease and reeds.

**A MAGNIFICENT PROJECT.**—The Journal of Commerce says that four steam-ships are to be built forthwith, in this port, to be employed in navigating the Atlantic Ocean, and to be each of the capacity of two thousand five hundred tons. Persons who understand the plan, have no doubt that in speed and every good quality, these ships will be found quite superior to any of the vessels hitherto employed in this service. The cost will be about three millions of dollars. The projectors of the plan proposed to the late and present Administration to confer on the government the right to take these ships in case of war, at a fair valuation, if only the Administration would procure such a modification of the present post office law, as to allow the owners to collect an inward postage on letters. The law now requires all letters brought by vessels to be deposited in the post office at two cents each. This most important proposition, upon a plan which would furnish a Navy without cost in peace, and of the greatest possible efficiency in time of war, we are sorry to say, neither the past or present Administration has found time to determine.

**LATER FROM CANTON.**—The ship *Panama*, Capt. Benjamin, arrived on the 16th inst. with a cargo of Teas. She left Macao on the 6th January, and brings news three weeks later than our previous advices. The *Panama* sailed under a special permit from Admiral Bremer, Commander-in-chief of her Majesty's naval forces in India and China.

The news brought by this vessel is not of a very important character. The negotiations, already so protracted between the two belligerent powers, are not yet terminated; nor does anything appear to indicate a speedy issue, either of peace or war.

Omitting some tedious details of suspended and renewed negotiations, all of which have been without result, we give the following extracts as the substance of what is interesting in the papers:

By the *Syden*, from Chusan the 19th, and the *Scotland* the 20th December, we have received intelligence to that date, which, however presents no features of much interest. Everything remained in the same state as before; such of the troops as had not been too far reduced by illness, were recovering under the influence of a fine climate and a good supply of fresh provisions, while many cases of illness of long standing still ended fatally.

The American Vice Consul, with a pass from the Chinese authorities, about a week since proceeded to Bogue in a Chop boat, and had an interview with H. M. Plenipotentiaries. Although we suppose that this interview had reference to the departure of the two American ships above referred to, its result has not become known, no official communication having been made by the Vice Consul on the subject of his countrymen at Canton since his return.

From the *Canton Press* of Jan. 2.

On the 26th of December, it was generally reported, that no communications having been received from Keshen at the prescribed time, the Bogue forts would be attacked on the Monday following. On the Sunday, however, a dispatch was received, in consequence of which, as we know from official sources, "the negotiations were resumed," and from Captain Elliot's presence in Macao, we presume that another term has been agreed on for a final answer. Considerable astonishment has been caused by the news that the two American ships *Panama* and *Kosciusko*, which entered the port on the day the blockade came in force, and have since taken in a cargo of teas at Whampoa, have been allowed by the Commodore to break the blockade and proceed to sea.

Every reader must be struck by the want of energy and decision that has marked the conduct of the Expedition, and by the wretched state of the Commissariat at Chusan, in consequence of which neglect a great number of lives have been lost. Of 3353 men that had been landed in good health at Chusan, on the 5th of July, there had died, up to the 21st November, 421; 402 invalids have been sent to Manila, and about 400 to India—a loss in all of 1200 men, more than one-third in four months and a half! What the state of the negotiations carried on here at present may be, is of course not known, they have already been prolonged upward of five weeks, and delay after delay seems to be without regret granted to the Chinese.

In addition to the above, we find the following letter addressed by the Captain of the *Panama* to the editors of the *Courier*:

Gentlemen: At the time the *Panama* left, the Chinese had hauled the junks loaded with stone, on the first bar, preparatory to sinking in the channel, and for fear that they would accomplish their object before I could get out, I was forced to come down to the river without a pilot or chop—waited at second bar several days for a chop, in order to come out. When I left, the junks were hauled in line, intending to sink them as soon as the English attacked the Bogue Forts, and this event was expected to take place the day after my departure. (Signed) D. P. BENJAMIN, Commanding *Panama*.

#### APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Joseph Ritner, to be Treasurer of the Mint at Philadelphia.

Henry Harrison, Register of the Land Office at Dubuque, Iowa, vice Benj. R. Petrikia.

John Wells, jr., to be Justice of the Peace for the county of Washington, in the District of Columbia.

**Attorneys.**—Abraham Fowler, for the District of Arkansas.

Charles Chapman, for the District of Connecticut.

Joel Eastman, for the District of New-Hampshire.

John Holmes, for the District of Maine.

Charles Davis, for the District of Vermont.

**Marshals.**—Joshua Howard, for the District of Michigan.

Minor Walker, for the Middle District of Florida.

Wm. H. Russell, for the District of Missouri.

Wm. Prentiss, for the District of Illinois.

Isaac Otis, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Sylvester Hartshorn, for the District of Rhode Island.

Israel W. Kelley, for the District of New-Hampshire.

John D. Kinsman, for the District of Maine.

#### APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

**Surveyors General.**—William Pelham, for the state of Arkansas.

Benjamin A. Ludlowe, for the south District of Tennessee.

**Attorneys of the United States.**—George C. Bates, for the state of Michigan.

Balie Peyton, for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

Joshua A. Spencer, for the Northern District of New-York.

**Marshal.**—Silas M. Stillwell, for the Southern District of New-York.

**Collector of the Customs.**—Willis H. Arnold, for the District of Pearl River, Mississippi, vice Isaac W. Jewett.

**A DROUGHT IN MISSOURI.**—The Lexington (Mo.) Express of the 20th February says: "There has not been a drop of rain during the whole winter, and only about four inches of snow altogether. Our streets and roads are dry and in fine order. To take the season through, we never observed a milder or more delightful one, even in the Old Dominion."

**THE FIRE AT NORTH BEND.**—Great uneasiness was caused by the rumor that General Harrison's dwelling at North Bend had been destroyed by fire on the 11th inst. The Cincinnati Gazette, of the 13th, learns from direct information received in that city, that the building had been on fire, but only the upper story of the west wing sustained any material damage. The roof and this were destroyed, but without, we understand, the loss of any furniture, or seriously inconveniencing the afflicted family.

**SIR ALLAN MACNAB.**—The Hamilton Gazette of the 5th instant, states that Sir Allan Macnab has been dismissed from the office of Queen's Counsel, and that James E. Small, Esq. had arrived at Hamilton with instructions to conduct the Crown prosecutions throughout the Western Circuit. Sir Allan had expressed his disapprobation of the policy pursued by the present Canadian Administration, and had been severe in his remarks upon the character of the Governor General.

**THE RICHMOND WHIG** says, in reference to the paragraphs which have gone the rounds about President Tyler's successions to offices for which he was not elected: *How this world is given to lying.* Excepting the fact, that Gov. Tyler succeeds to the Presidency by the death of Gen. Harrison, there is not one particle of truth in it. He was not made Governor by the death of his predecessor; he was not elected to the Senate as stated.

**MRS. HARRISON** had reached Cincinnati on her way to Washington the morning on which the intelligence of the President's death reached there. She bears her bereavement better than, in her infirm state of health, could have been hoped. Most of her family are near her, to support and comfort her.

**VALUE OF A "BRAVE OLD OAK."**—In Munroe county, (New-York,) the stump and roots of an old oak were recently sold for boat knees for \$50. The body made 4840 staves, worth \$39. Four logs sold for \$10, and the top limbs made seven cords of wood. The whole tree sold on the ground for over \$100.

**THE** correspondent of the Savannah Republican writes as follows from Florida, under date of the 4th inst.:

"An express has this morning arrived at Pilatka from Fort King, stating that the Indians had exhibited a hostile attitude this day within one mile of Fort King. A party of seven warriors, suddenly emerging from the hammock, attacked a small party of soldiers who were out hunting, fired upon them, and killed private Thompson, company H, 2d Regiment Infantry, and another individual, a private citizen. This occurrence took place at 12 M. A detachment of the command at Fort King immediately left in pursuit. Another item to add to the pleasing prospect of closing the war. These Indians are supposed to be of the same party which left Fort Clinch yesterday about the time the express started from that station for Fort King. It is now the full of the moon, and you may expect shortly to insert in your columns an article headed 'bloody massacre.'"

**General Harrison**, in his last out-door exercise, was engaged in assisting the gardener in adjusting some grape vines. The gardener remarked that there would be but little use in trailing the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned, as the boys would come on Sunday, while the family was at church, and steal all the grapes; and suggested to the General, as a guard against such a loss, that he should purchase an active watch-dog. "Better," said the General, "to employ an active Sabbath school teacher; a dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys too."

### TO THE PUBLIC.

The Publisher of THE NEW WORLD announces that he has made an arrangement with the publisher of the THE BOSTON NOTION, by which, all those who wish to subscribe for the Boston Notion and The New World together, can have both journals for one year on paying or remitting, postage-free, \$5 in advance. As the two papers do not publish the same stories in continuation, and, as they will endeavor to avoid issuing the same matter, it is thought that this arrangement will be acceptable to those who would like to take in two periodicals whose ample dimension enable them to contain all the good floating popular literature of the day.

The New World is now publishing Samuel Warren's (author of *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*) magnificent story, TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR; Charles Dickens's (Boz) BARNABY RUDGE; W. Harrison Ainsworth's GUY RAVEN; and Henry Cockton's STANLEY THORN.

The Boston Notion is publishing Captain Marryat's new novel THE POACHER; W. H. Ainsworth's OLD ST. PAUL'S, and Henry Cockton's GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN.

Besides these SEVEN novels, to be obtained at the small rate of \$5 per annum, the Boston Notion and the New World publish a vast number of selected and original articles from the pens of the first authors in the literary world, as well as a much greater quantity of editorial matter than is usually contained in weekly papers; all valuable public documents—proceedings of Congress and the State Legislatures, and copious compends of intelligence from the four quarters of the globe.

Remittances to be made in current bills to GEORGE ROBERTS, State street, Boston—or to

J. WINCHESTER, Ann-street, New York.

Those who are desirous of reading the affecting and beautiful Sermon by the Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer—which was delivered in Washington before President Tyler, the members of his Cabinet, &c.—published in last week's New World, are informed that a few copies were

withheld by us from the general sale, and may be had, if soon applied for.

The Brother Jonathan newspaper of last week, having issued a garbled and incorrect report of a part of an eloquent discourse delivered on Sunday April 11th at the Church of Messiah by the Rev. Orville Dewey, and, having moreover advertised that report as the Sermon itself, thus misleading the public and taking false advantage of Dr. Dewey's high reputation—we shall, on Saturday of next week, publish the true discourse from the author's own manuscript. We applied for a copy of this Sermon in anticipation of its delivery; our request was refused on the ground that, though to be preached on the occasion of the President's death, it was one of a series. The publication in the Brother Jonathan, however, changed Dr. Dewey's determination—and we shall now have the satisfaction to lay before the public this excellent discourse.

**POSTMASTERS** are requested to aid in the circulation of the NEW WORLD, to whom a commission of 25 per cent is allowed on the subscription price of three dollars, if remitted in notes on which there is no discount in this city. Local Agents are wanted in places where we have one and our friends are solicited to assist us in procuring the service of active and responsible persons. All information and specimens will be supplied by addressing the publisher post paid. All new subscribers, who pay one year in advance, will have a copy sent them of the LEVIATHAN.

### REVIEW OF NEW-YORK MARKET—April 23.

**ASHES.**—Advices from Havre to the 1st inst., state that there was no transactions in the market. Here there are no sales of moment. The stock of Pots is reduced to a few barrels, and are held at \$5 25; \$6. Sales of Pearls at \$5 62½, which is a reduction.

**COFFEE.**—As the season advances there is more doing. Sales of 3000 bags Brazil of 9½ a 10½; 500 bags Laguayra at 10½ a 10¾; 500 S. Domingo at 8½ a 8¾ cts.

**COTTON.**—The advices from Havre to 1st. and Liverpool to the 3d inst. show a decided decline, particularly at the former point. This has had an effect to reduce the price here, and sales were made yesterday at ½ cent under previous transactions. For the past three days the market was dull, and sales embrace 1500 bales Uplands at 9½ a 11; 800 Mobile at 10 a 11½; 150 Texas at 10 cts.

**FISH.**—Sales of Dry Cod at \$2 50; Mackerel, No. 1, \$14 25.

**FLOUR.**—No change in prices for three weeks past. Sales of Ohio via N Orleans at \$4 87 a \$5; Troy \$4 87; Common Brands Western, \$4 84 a \$5; Howard street and Georgetown, \$4 71 a 4 81.

**GRAIN.**—Only one lot of Wheat sold this week, and that at 94 cts for Ohio. Sales of about 6000 Northern Rye at 53 and 54 cts. About 10 to 1500 bushels Corn from 52 to 54 cents. Northern Oats 33 to 35 cents, and about 8000 Southern at 25. North River Barley at 47 cts. The stock of all descriptions of Grain in market has been small.

**HEMP.**—Small sales of Manila at \$135, and Italian \$235.

**HIDES.**—2000 Sandwich Island sold at 12 cts; 600 African 71 cts.

**LEAD.**—The article is very dull, sales at 4½ cts.

**MOLASSES.**—Choice retailing is wanted, while the common descriptions are abundant. Sales of New Orleans at 26 a 26½, and Porto Rico 30 a 31.

**NAVAL STORES.**—Sales of Spirits at 28 cents.

**OILS.**—Moderate sales of Whale for export at 30 cts, and for home use at 31 cents.

**PROVISIONS.**—Some sales of Prime Beef for export, no change in other descriptions. Sales of Western Lard at 7½ cts.

**SUGARS.**—There is considerable doing, but no change in price.

### PASSENGERS.

In the steam-ship *Columbia*, at Boston from Liverpool.—For Boston—Whitford, Ritchie, E. Thomson, J. Hall, J. H. Mansfield, T. Mason, J. Whitehead, T. Kay, J. Sparks, J. W. Patterson, H. Rodmer, Jr., M. H. Seymour, H. W. Whitely, J. B. Williams, R. H. Pratt, D. McVab, J. Melrose, B. H. Vanderweel, Taylor, Middleton, Mons. Mellet and son, F. Ferby, C. N. Stevens, G. E. Rawlin, E. Clarke, A. Schelde, Rev. D. Dunbar, C. B. Sandoz, J. E. Looney, T. Marvin, J. W. Donald, A. Mann, Sharpley, Mrs. H. Wiggins, two children and two female servants, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, R. Anderson, J. Mathewson, J. Now, W. Calverhouse, D. McKay, J. Greenfield, W. McLimont, J. Campbell, J. Savage, Duroes and lady, J. H. Bell, J. L. Brant, J. McKay.

For Halifax—Hon. A. Campbell and lady, Miss Onidge, Miss Needbeck, Daniels, lady and servant, T. Wallace, J. McConkey, D. Brown, J. F. Munsey, H. C. D. Cannon Frady, Sir W. Calchouke and two servants, Kenney, J. Johnson, C. W. Dickens, J. Donaldson, M. G. Black, Jr., J. Kirk, Thomas Gardiner, Mumford, J. M. Robertson, S. Gardiner, W. Bessie, J. Prake, W. H. Adams, E. Boaring.

From Halifax for Boston—J. Ives, M. Ives, Miss Ives, Baye'sette, Campbell, Bryant, B. Dawson, A. Patterson, F. Randolph, Wigan, Mrs. Browne, E. W. Browne, Miss McNabb, M. G. Black, Miss Buck, Capt. Cupps, Fraser, M. Kitchen.

### Married.

By the Rev. D. Dyer, on the 19th instant, and by the very Rev. John Power on the 20th, Dominick F. Rice, of this city, and Harriet daughter of Henry P. Voorhees, Esq., of Eastonville, Montgomery Co. On the 21st instant, by Rev. James K. Campbell, of N. J., Archibald T. Brown and Miss Elizabeth B., eldest daughter of John J. Baker, Esq., of this city.

On the 21st instant, by Eld. Simonton, Mr. Daniel Greenwold and Mrs. Rebecca Falemer.

On Thursday, 15th instant, by Rev. Charles Constantine Piss, Mr. Joseph Ramee and Miss Catherine A. Smith, both of this city.

On Saturday, 10th instant, by Rev. James Harkness, Mr. Arthur G. Powell, of West Farms, and Miss Louisa Delaney, all of Westchester county.

On Wednesday, 14th instant, by Rev. Edmund S. James, Mr. Joseph C. Pinckney and Miss Hester Ann Bloomfield, all of this city.

### Died.

On Thursday morning, 15th instant, Mrs. Margaret E., wife of Arthur Reid, in the 32d year of her age.

On Thursday, 15th instant, Agnes McClenachan, aged 71.

On Thursday evening, 15th inst., Henry, youngest son of Isaac and Mary Ann Labagh.

On the 16th instant, Janeway, son of Gen. Peter Van Zandt, in the 44th year of his age.

On Friday, 16th instant, after a short illness, Mrs. Susannah, relict of the late Joseph Marx, aged 71 years.

On Friday evening, 16th instant, after a long and tedious illness, Mary, only daughter of Thomas and Mary Dugan, aged 19 years.

On Thursday night, of bilious pleurisy, Capt. John A. Cooke, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 16th instant, after a short illness, in the 53d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ann McLeod, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Alexander McLeod.

On Thursday evening, after a lingering illness, Miss Amanda E. Mitchell, daughter of the late David Mitchell, in the 24th year of her age.





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## Original Discourses.

## ON DEATH.

Preached on Sunday, April 11th, 1841, at the Church of the Messiah, New-York.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

Hebrews 9: 27. It is appointed unto men once to die.

Among the ordinances which were designed to exert a leading influence on human virtue and improvement, I have lately mentioned death. It was then my intention to bring this subject into the series of discourses which I am addressing to you on human life. But an event has been announced to us during the last week, which, arresting the attention of a whole people, seems to press upon us that great theme, as the appropriate topic of our present meditation—the death of the President of the United States. "How are the mighty fallen!" we may say, "and the princes are brought to nothing."

I have not, however, chosen for my text any passage designed to mark out this event in particular, or to point to it as the principal subject of my present meditation. I shall be led to notice it, indeed, but in connection with a more general theme; and that is, *death, as an appointment for human good.*

It is most important, if it be possible, to bring that dread and solemn event into this relation. Most men do not see it in this light—do not see it as a good appointment. Death is the awful shadow upon earth; the fixed doom which makes all other calamity light and phenomenal; the fact that strikes a deeper shaft into the world than any other fact. The world trembles at it; grows pale before it; as it trembles and grows pale before nothing else. Nay and with reflecting persons, I think, the feeling that they *must die*, is usually the feeling of some stern necessity. "Now let me depart—it is good to go hence"—is a language sometimes heard in this world; but it is rare. That dark veil at the termination of the view—there for ever suspended—casts a shade over the whole of life.

1. Now to meet this state of feeling, let me observe in the first place, that death is an *appointment of God, founded in the original constitution of things, and of our nature.* It is not said that God hath doomed, but that he hath appointed all men once to die. I know that death is commonly regarded as the consequence, the punishment, the doom of sin; and it is supposed that the Scriptures teach this doctrine. But one or two observations will relieve this point from all difficulty, and leave us in possession of a far more rational view of the subject. In the first place, many of those passages which are supposed to refer to this subject—and especially that in which it is said that "death entered into the world by sin"—are regarded by learned commentators as speaking of death, not literally, but figuratively—i. e. of misery; the meaning being that misery has entered into the world by sin, and so misery hath come upon all men because all have sinned. In the same way has been interpreted the language of the original sentence, "in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;" i. e. thou shalt be miserable; for Adam did not literally die.

But in the next place, it is more important to observe, that even if this language be taken literally, it does not support the position that simple departure from this life is a penal sentence. There is an essential distinction to be made between death and simple departure from this world. Departure, the mere termination of organic life, must have been a part of the original system and intent of the Creator. It is that to which the human body tends by its essential constitution. It is as much in the natural course of things as childhood, youth, manhood, or old age. The earth, too, it is evident, was not made for the permanent abode of men. Only one of its generations at a time can draw subsistence from it. Its accumulating generations could not even stand upon it. One generation, therefore, must give place to another. That is, it must depart; it must die. In this sense, therefore, death did not come into the world by sin. It was a part of the original plan of the world. But now, again, this departure may doubtless assume a particular character in consequence of sin. It may be a death, dark, fearful; distressful both to body and mind. Vice, for instance, brings on disease, and disease produces death; and this death, thus premature and agonizing, is the fruit of sin. And doubtless, in many ways, and in every way, death must be a more afflictive event, both to the sufferer and to survivors, in consequence of our spiritual defects.

But still, departure, and bereavement too, must have been a part of the original plan. It is obvious—it is too plain to insist upon—that a world which is hourly witnessing the birth of thousands, must witness also the departure of thousands every hour; that there could be no place for life, if there were no provision for death. In the ordinary course of things, we find that the overcrowded dwelling must part with some of its inmates to build other dwellings; that the over-populous nation must send out colonies

to other lands. And so, were none to die, the families and colonies of the earth would soon possess it all; and the world would cry out upon death for help. Nay, and death would inevitably come; and it would come amidst horrors now unknown—amidst the agonies of famine, and the suffocation of fullness. The whole world would soon become like that celebrated prison in Calcutta, where one or two hundred of English soldiers and officers were thrown, to pant for breath for a few hours, and then to gnash upon each other with the rage of insanity, till they died.

II. More wisely and mercifully has it been appointed that death should approach us. But it is not in this view alone that I say this; nor was it on this chiefly that I proposed to insist. Death, I say, in the second place, is a part of the discipline of life. I do not now go back to the question, why we were made such as we are; but being such as we are, I say, that the world would not exist in its present moral order without the prospect of death. It may be thought by some that that prospect is too little contemplated to exert much influence. It is true, no doubt, that we do not contemplate it so much nor so distinctly as we ought; and yet I must say, that we all think of it more, I believe, than many preachers seem to imagine. I cannot help saying that, to my view, they both overrate the merit, and underrate the amount, of such reflections. But, not to insist at present upon these direct meditations, there are thoughts of death which steal inensibly into our minds, and mingle with our other thoughts, and impart a tone of sobriety to our pursuits.

The learned Bishop Warburton, assuming—though falsely assuming, as I think—that the Hebrews had no knowledge of a future life, has gone into a very elaborate argument, to show that Moses must have had a divine commission, attested by miracles. For he maintained that without the expectation of future retribution, nothing but a special and miraculous interposition could suffice to hold a people in the bonds of moral order. How much more necessary to this end is death! What could keep in any bounds the swellings of ambition, pride, cruelty, luxury, and licentiousness, did not death interpose its dread barrier? It is commonly called the king of terrors, as if in that character it were to be deprecated. But I say not so. Its terrors are chiefly for those who most need them. And well is it that that shadowing king of terrors stands in the path, and says to self-indulgence, "remember!" and to oppression, "be ware!"—else were not the earth habitable. What would become of kingdoms and nations, if the royal voluptuaries and tyrants, that often reign over them, saw no dark admonitory doom before them. "Louis XV.," says one, "had always the kindest abhorrence of death. \* \* \* He would not suffer it to be spoken of—avoided the sight of church-yards, funeral monuments, and whatsoever could bring it to mind. \* \* \* But figure his thought," pursues the writer, "when death is now clutching at his own heart-strings, unlooked for, inexorable! Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee. No palace-walls, nor life-guards, gorgeous tapestries, nor gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial, could keep him out; but he is here—here at thy very life-breath—and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimeric and a scenic show, at length become a reality; sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder like a dream, into void immensity; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of time falls wrecked, with hideous clangor, around thy soul; the pale kingdoms yawn open; and there thou must enter, naked, all unkinged, and await what is appointed thee." "The heathen Emperor asks of his soul, 'Into what places art thou now departing?' The Catholic king must answer, 'To the judgment-bar of the most high God!' Yes, it is a summing-up of life, a final settling, and giving in the account of the deeds done in the body; they are done now, and lie there unalterable; and do bear their fruits, long as eternity shall last."

"And yet," continues the writer, "let no meanest man lay flattering unction to his soul. Louis was a ruler; but art thou not also one? His wide France—look at it from the fixed stars, (themselves not yet infinitude)—is no wider than thy narrow brick-fold—thy wharf, or thy warehouse is—where thou also didst faithfully, or didst unfaithfully. Map! 'symbol of eternity, imprisoned into time!' it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance!"

Thus solemn and needful are the teachings of death to the high and powerful; nor only to these, but to all men. And should any one ask why the allotted term of man's existence on earth is so brief, I still answer, that, in this respect, too, I see in death, a ministration to human improvement. The advancement of the world depends upon the earlier vigor and flexibility of life. I say not upon young men and women—for that seems to me to be one of the follies of our time—but upon the age between twenty-five and sixty. After that, opinions become settled, habits fixed; and the world may not look for new ideas, innovating enterprises, or enthusiasm to prosecute them. Inventions, reforms, are seldom to be seen in old age. Age has, indeed, its part to act; to guide the zeal and restrain the rashness

of the young. Its experience and wisdom are to be respected; far more, I think, than they are at this day; but old men are not the working men of the world. What, then, is the ordinance that is to meet this condition of humanity? The scythe of Death mows down the generations, that it may provide for a more vigorous growth—cuts away the aged trees, that younger and fairer ones may shoot up in their stead—removes fixtures, that it may prepare for improvements. Thus the world is continually recruited with fresh vigor, and is pervaded by an imaginative and flexible enterprise; and thus its arts are advanced; its fields are cultivated with increasing skill; its houses are built on improved plans; its science and literature are constantly rising; and its religious systems are slowly making progress from their rude, barbarian infancy to matured and millennial perfection. Death, then, grim and fearful as it is accounted, is, like decay in nature, the constant enricher, improver, and beautifier of the world. I would not give up the world to take its final character and fate, from the generation that is now upon it. If the wicked Ammon had not died, the young Josiah could not have come to the kingdom. No, let the successive generations rise, and bear on the ark of God higher and higher, till it becomes the throne of the world!

I look upon this world, then, as a school for the training of beings for another life; and I look upon this school as simply temporary. Death does not break it up, but only ends it. Thus you see schools all over the land, and some are entering and others are leaving them at every moment. So do I look upon this world, and upon all the worlds around us, as schools.

The dismissal from this school, the world, to another, is surely a solemn event: I have no design to represent it otherwise. How often is this felt, in rising from one earthly school to another! Then an examination is to be sustained, which passes judgment upon the whole previous course. To many a young man what a serious time is this! How earnestly and anxiously does he labor to prepare himself! And if he has idled away the precious years of study, how difficult, if not impossible, does he find it, at last, to repair the error! How deeply does he feel that his preparation should have engaged his whole previous time!

Thus is death a teacher that fills the world with its presence. It penetrates through the whole of life—penetrates every relation of life. It brings the sense of obligation to a point from which there is no escape—brings the great moral conflict of life to a solemn issue. Blank negation as it is, it is the most positive and solemn ministration to the world. There are those, indeed, who can act upon a far higher thought; but, to the world at large, it is a ministration most necessary.

Let us consider it a little farther in this light, and in some further applications.

What a solemn tone does death put into the voice of the past? It is not blank vacuity that speaks to us, but death. This world has been the dwelling-place of innumerable beings, just like ourselves. It is the great realm of death; and becomes at once hallowed and monitory, by the grandeur and awfulness of that dominion. The image of the past thus stands upon the tablet of memory, the *certainty* of death. And this certainty is a most necessary element of the lesson. If there were any possibility of shunning that destiny, the lesson were lost. But no: man may shuffle aside many things, but he cannot escape death. All else may be repaired, restored, put back where it was before; but that which passes beneath the seal of death, is unchangeable, irrevocable, fixed in eternal certainty.

How impressive, how monitory—I had almost said, how irresistible, is this teaching! Cast back your thoughts to the period of a century ago, and who then filled the spheres of life which we at this moment occupy? The representatives of each one of us! In whatsoever relation we stand, in whatsoever pursuits we follow, in whatsoever positions, social or commercial, we now hold. Such as we are, they were. They were fathers, they were mothers, they were children, they were brothers and sisters, they were friends and associates; but the places that knew them well, know them no more; the familiar voices that called to them, and they answered, are silent; they thought only to live—they thought not to die: life was their reality, and they lost it; death was their dream, and they found it; all the days that they lived were thirty, forty, fifty, or eighty, or ninety years, and they died." There was the man of wealth, with his plans and projects, his anxieties and toils, his ships and merchandises, his house and lots many; he gathered, and he builded; he builded houses for his children, and portioned them; he had much goods laid up for many years, and he said to his soul, "Soul! take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry;" but the day came at last, or the night came, in which it was said, "this day—this night, thy soul shall be required of thee!" There was the man of fashion and of pleasure; he possessed and he expended, or he was lavish of that which was not his own; he was anxious for notice, and intrigued for success; he put on gay habiliments, and hurried to the feast and dance; the theatre knew him; the revel saw him; the giddy whirl of pleasure heard his footsteps; but what—

lo! what is this! A marble silence—a coffin—a pall! he stirs not beneath its awful fold—he hears not the voice of his gay companion, that says “poor fellow! he is gone!” There was the man of professional ambition; he studied, and gained stores of learning; he studied arguments, and expounded them; he wrote books, and published them; he got fame, and men said that he was “a great man.” Where are his sayings and his doings now? his cases and his tenures? his new theorems, his controversies, his speeches? Perhaps you will find them among mouldering pamphlets in the library of some Historical Society. Perhaps they linger yet in the breath of men’s speech as a bygone fame. It was my fortune to witness the awful change that passed over such a one, in this very city—one whom a shaft rises to commemorate, by this very way-side, in yonder grave yard. One week I saw him in all the splendor of his eloquence; the next week, as I walked in this street, I saw a funeral procession!—and there were borne the remains of one, who was called the Cicero of his order!

So passes away this world, and we pass away with it. Such as we are, those, who have gone but a little before us, were. And such as they are, we soon shall be. Nothing can stay our course. No hoard of gold, nor crown of honor, nor crowd of cares, nor pressure of engagements, nor throbbing visions of coming prosperity, nor momentous crisis of affairs, can ward off the inevitable hour. The Grecian Epaminondas, when he was told that a distinguished general had died while the battle was raging, exclaimed, “Ye gods! how can a man find time to die at a moment like this!” But every man must find a time to die. Ay, thou man of blood!—Tamerlane or Alaric—Cæsar or Napoleon—whose ruthless sword has drunk the blood of thousands—who wert deaf to the groans and pleadings of human misery—whose delight was in wounds and carnage—who hast crushed ten thousand human hearts beneath thy blood-stained car!—thou hast, in God’s wonderful forbearance, found a time to kill; but thou hast also, in God’s great justice, found a time to die! And over thy grave, whether it be in some proud mausoleum, or by some lonely island shore, many shall moralize and say,

“Ill wear’d ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
Where that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now—two pieces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough.”

And thou, too, who dost make war upon society!—not with bloody weapons and battling armies, but with wiles and intrigues and killing vices—thou who makest innocence thy victim, or pollution thy companion, or hast lured manly youth to thy carousals and thy deadly cup—thou upon whose skirts is the blood of souls; and when the heart-broken parent or the injured brother upbraids thee or pleads with thee, dost answer with a brow of wrath, or a lip of smiling scorn—thou, too, vile seducer! base corrupter of the young—thou, too, must die! thy time must come; and abused and loathing society shall be well rid of thee.

And thou, too, hoarder of ill-gotten gains! who liest as an incubus upon the heart of society—who liest like a huge and sluggish boa-constrictor, gorged with thy prey, or watching for other victims—who, with thy sleek coat and smooth brow, hast a deadly fang within thee—whose breath is poison, and whose fold is destruction—who art a burden to many and blessing to none—who mightest beautify the world around thee, and dost only leave desolation and slime in thy path—thou, too, shalt die! Die, did I say? Art thou not dead already!—dead to every living interest and affection of the world? Yes; thy soul is buried in thy coffers; and the world cares no more for thee, no more asks for generous aid of thee, no more looks for good at thy hand, than if thy body were already nailed down in thy coffin.

Need not these men, my brethren, such tremendous words to be spoken to them? But, thanks be to God, it is not over the bad alone that we are obliged to take up our lamentation, mingled with horror and reproach at their vices, nor to these alone that we are obliged to address the solemn teachings of the pulpit. The good, too, have died—those who were useful, and promised to be useful in their day and generation—and their memory dieth not; but lives, and lends energy and courage to the purposes of all that are good and faithful like them.

And in such wise, I think, I may speak of him who has just sunk from the highest seat of magistracy into the arms of death. I pretend not to speak of his private character, with which I am little acquainted; but one thing, in his public course, has struck me, and I think, has struck all men of all parties; and that is, that he seems to have entered upon his high office with a great, strong, robust intent to do right. That he was perfectly correct in all his views of the public policy, that he was perfectly just to all who differed from him, is more than I feel obliged to say—more than can well be said of any man; but he appeared to me to have been an honest man. And that image of honesty, in an old man, resolved not to expose the integrity of his public conduct by the disturbing chances of a re-election, has won much, I think, upon the heart of the nation.

Alas! he is gone. To many the event, doubtless, has seemed untimely; and they have been tempted to say with the Grecian general, “Alas! that he should die at an hour like this.” But the time came for him to die, and he is gone! Oh! it is not the small calculation of political chances, but it is the great image of death, that is set before an amazed and confounded people. And by what a tremendous contrast is it set before them! But yesterday, troops of friends, admiring crowds, the waving of banners, and the swell of music on the breeze; and that old man’s step was firm, and his eye kindled at the scene; but in an hour unlooked for, the unseen angel descended within the guarded walls, and that firm step faltered, and heavy night settled upon that kindling eye—the tongue uttered a few faithful words for the government and the country—and all is over! Lo! the proudly waving banner folds itself into the still winding sheet; and the noise, the shouting, the tumult, the swelling music, sink hushed into the silent sepulchre. Dread admonition of frailty and mortality! May it not come in vain to those who stand in our high places! May it not come in vain to an amazed people!

Yes, my brethren, this visitation, and every visitation of

\* Mr. Emmet

death, is ordained for our instruction and improvement. “Man appoints,” it has been said, “but God disappoints.” Man may lay plans, and devise means, and may seem to have attained his end; but Heaven prostrates all; not in recklessness, or in wrath, but for man’s advantage. It will teach him by a world of vicissitude and of vanishing appearances, and especially by that great change which consummates all changes, to fix his heart upon a good which is spiritual, unchangeable, immortal.

In fine, death has not broken into the realm of life, as a monster whose only mission is to rage, and rend, and destroy. It is not a dread penalty which was kept in reserve for the contingency of man’s transgression. No; it is an event, evidently laid down in the plan of our being; wisely and kindly “appointed” unto man, as a part of his mortal dispensation. It is not a destroyer of man’s highest interest, but the very contrary. It buildeth up the noblest virtue, and sets around it the most necessary defences. I have seen a family, and more than one such, all whose members lived on together for many years, in peace and prosperity. And when death came into that charmed circle, and sundered that dear and precious bond, I have seen that family, amidst tears and sighs, feeling that it was placed in a new and good school; a school of reflection and of spirituality, of new sympathy and tenderness; a school of holy and immortal teachings. Yes; the teachings of Heaven were all around that family. And so, sooner or later, do they come to us all. Let them not come in vain. Let death be to us the teacher of eternal truth—the minister and the pledge of an immortal life!

## A Discourse

ON THE DEATH OF

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Pronounced on the morning of April 11, 1841,

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE,

Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia.

There is no teacher of unerring truth but the Lord our God, and our meditations in his House of Prayer should ever be upon lessons which He hath given. It is not only from his written Word that those lessons may be learned. He speaks to us in the voice of Nature, for all his works are eloquent of instruction; and in the doings of his Providence every event is ordered by his sovereign Will, to remind us that “He is God, and beside Him there is none else.” “There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God, which worketh all in all.” Each is a revelation of that Divine Wisdom, in which the awakened soul may hear “deep calling unto deep.” Yes! often, when the Bible seems written for the careless heart in vain; when Nature, with all her varied wonders, fails to lead us upward to her Maker and ours; God, by some stupendous act of Providence, compels us to tremble before his mysterious Presence, and own the majesty of his resistless Might. At such a time, we need not search his holy pages for a theme. God gives the text, and it becomes us humbly to bow, and learn as “God the Lord doth speak.”

His terror is upon us now. As though an archangel had blown his trump, an oracle has come forth to us from the high place of our land. A wail of lamentation, like that of all Israel weeping in Ramah, when they buried Samuel the Lawgiver; a cry of dismay, such as burst from their despairing hosts when the Ark was lost, has gone up from this vast nation. The storm-cloud, whose portentous shadow suddenly darkened all our borders with fear, has broken upon our heads. Our many-hearted prayer has not been heard. Even as the beseeching accents were upon our lips, the bolt fell—had fallen. The chosen head of his countrymen; the foremost citizen of all, where all are free; the hope, the trust, the very idol of millions; the hero, the patriot, the statesman, the venerable father, when as yet his foot had but touched the Capitoline height where authority welcomed him; when the acclamations, that hailed with thundering response his earnest promises of determined faith to his country’s welfare, had not died away among the far mountains of the confederacy; before his aged frame, borne down less by years than honors, had slept one calm sleep from the weariness of grateful joy; hath ceased from among us, for God hath taken him. The laurel and the civic wreath, that but a few days since mingled their foliage with the hoariness of his illustrious head, are lying yet green upon his bier. His lips, scarce cold from the fervor of classic eloquence,\* and yet more recently hallowed, as we trust, with answered prayer, shall speak no more till the morning of the resurrection. His ear, that had thrilled with a nation’s praises, and, as we trust, in his parting moments, with the voice of holy preparation for a meeting with God; that was never before insensible to the voice of his country, hears not her moanings around his tomb. His kindly heart, that throbbled high with noble purposes, is still. “The shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,.....as though he had not been anointed with oil.” “All they that are about him bemoan him, and all they that know his name say, How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!” “For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of Hosts hath taken” from us.....“the mighty man, and the man of war, the judge.....and the prudent, and the ancient, and the honorable man, and the counsellor.....and the eloquent orator.”

The calamity is ours, but for him (I speak of this life, leaving the decisions of eternity where they are veiled from mortal sight,) it is well. His death has been glorious. History hath scarce an equal instance. The most lofty station, the most noble office man can confer on man, was his; but one difficult as it is eminent, which none has ever yet borne,

\* The preacher frankly confesses that he is not one of those who thought the classical references in which our late President so much delighted, ill-timed or out of taste. The better writers of our language have abounded in them, and it is a matter of regret that such allusions are not more frequent. There is a gracefulness about the incidents of Greek and Roman story as they have come down to us, which adorns, while their example instructs. The charge of pedantry is easily made by those who would conceal, by a sneer, their own ignorance of what every well-read man should know, and their inability to that which every student must feel. No man understands the present, who cannot compare it with the past.

and, until political parties among us learn a more honorable charity than any of them have manifested, I verily believe none ever can bear, without meeting harsh and unjust judgment from the prejudice of opponents. Indeed, we may say, such is the vastness of its care, the variety of interests to be watched over and adjusted, and the multitude of opinions to be met, no mortal could fill that magistracy without exciting the doubts and the censures of even honest, intelligent men. But now, when hope in him was at the highest; before envy had found a joint in his harness for a dart; or suspicion fixed one shadow on his course; or the horde of office-seeking sycophants, who crushed him between the door-posts of his new home by their indecent pressure, had turned in malignant disappointment to bark at the hand from which they sought bread, but that could not, would not feed them all; he has gone to his rest with all his honors fresh around him. He, at least, was not made to feel the sting of ingratitude and unmerited reproach, as every one of those honorable patriots who sat in that chair before him, aye, even Washington himself, felt it. The disturber of his memory must now seem guilty of strange sacrilege, as though he robbed a grave.

But my duty, to-day, is not eulogy. It is to entreat you, in the name of God, to profit by the lessons He teaches us in this act of his providence.

WHAT A SEVERE REBUKE DOES THIS SAD EVENT GIVE TO POLITICAL BIGOTRY AND RASH INVICTIVE AGAINST THE MOTIVES OF THOSE WHO DIFFER FROM US IN OPINION!

Standing, in our imagination, this morning beside the grave of our departed patriot, who, even of those that struggled most against his rise, can look down upon his sleeping dust, nor feel a pang of keen reproach, if ever he might have touched his honest heart, or cast an word that hath done his honor wrong, or breathed a hasty insult upon his time-honored name? And vile, yes, very vile is he, whose resentments the grave cannot still.

Whence this sacredness which death throws over the memory of character and life? Is it because the dead are defenceless, and return not an answer again? Is it because God hath come in between us and our fellow-creatures, and vindicated his right to be judge alone? Is it because, in the humiliations of the sepulchre, we see the frailty of that nature we share with the departed, our own aptness to err, and how liable we are to be misjudged? O my friends, why should we wait for death to teach us charity, when it is too late to practice it, and repentance hath become remorse? Why not remember that the living require our candor and forbearance? Nay, that we need their candor and forbearance? Why reserve all our gentleness of judgment for the dead, who are beyond the reach of our absolution? They were once as the living, and the living shall soon be as they. It is, indeed, enough to bring us back to a better trust in human nature, to witness such a spectacle of union in sorrow and honor for our departed chief among those, who, a little while since, were divided into earnest and opposing factions; but oh! would it not be far more ennobling, to see the living pledging themselves to the living over the fresh earth of his grave, that henceforth, though they may honestly differ in their doctrines and policy, they will yet believe in the uprightness of each other’s belief? How hateful does censorious bitterness and sneering suspicion look in the face of your opponent? Yet such is your deformity in his sight, when you revile his principles and rail against his friends. When, oh! when shall this rancor, this cruel persecution for opinion’s sake, this damning inquisition after false motives, this fratricidal rending of heart from heart, because our mental vision is not the same—this exiling of the honorable from the honorable, because they have not the same abilation in their Shibboleth—this waste of wealth, of mental power and untiring zeal, which our country and our whole country should enjoy—when shall it cease? Must it be perpetual? I know that the words of a poor preacher are weak against this strong and vast spreading evil; but as I love my country, and God knows I love her from my inmost heart, and never more than in this hour of her sorrow, I must speak. I cannot believe that I have a right to hate and despise my brother because he reads another book than my own, or that he should hate and despise me, because conviction forces me to cling to mine.

HOW STRIKING IS THIS PROOF OF OUR DEPENDENCE UPON GOD!

A vast number of our people were looking up to him, who is gone, as a saviour and deliverer from the pressure of heavy national distresses. Their confidence in his honest purpose to do all that untiring zeal could do to achieve such a result, was, I firmly believe, not misplaced. What would have been the efficiency of the means employed, it would be going beyond permitted limits for me to hazard an open conjecture. I fear, however, that the cause and cure of our troubles lie deeper than the ability of any administration, however able or patriotic, to reach. No government can save us, except we be true to ourselves in frugality, industry, and sterling morality. I speak not as a politician, but as a teacher of that Word which keeps the record—“In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread;” and, “he who hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him;” and yet again, “the borrower shall be servant to the lender.” But, certainly, there was large expectation and enthusiastic hope in the skill and faithfulness of him, for whose sudden and melancholy loss we wear these badges of mourning. Your own hearts will tell you, whether, with such expectations from the distinguished instrument, there was mingled sufficient trust in Him, who is Sovereign over all, and without whose blessing all the wit of man must fail. If there hath been an idolatry of the creature, God hath vindicated his own right to be our confidence and our stay. How in a moment, when we least thought of it, has he dashed many hopes in pieces! He gave his messenger the warrant, and a nation’s prayers and tears could not stay the determined blow. The work was as surely done beneath the proud roof of a nation’s love, as within the humble cabin on the far western border. We are in the hand of God, our lives, our fortunes, our rulers. We are in the hand of God. O let us cast ourselves humbly upon his promise, and seek his favor through Jesus Christ his Son, that the hand of God may be a Father’s hand that blesses while he chastens.



HOW SOLEMN IS THE WARNING FOR US ALL TO PREPARE TO MEET OUR GOD!

It has been idly said, that "Death loves a shining mark." He is indeed busy with the great, but not less busy with the obscure and mean. "The insatiate archer" has an arrow for each of us. "To the same complexion we must come at last." "The like event happeneth to us all." He hath occasions which are more remarkable, and rarely, indeed never in this land, hath he struck such terror by a single shaft until now. We looked not for his coming to that honored threshold, now everhung with the melancholy signs of his dark presence. The old soldier, it was fondly thought, had won new vigor from the people's blessing:

For yet his lusty age seemed fresh and green,  
His hoary head nobly erect was seen,  
Nor needed he on stronger staff to lean.\*

But he is gone. Death's next message may be to me, to you. Are we ready? O, my hearer, let us not amuse ourselves with dreamy imaginings. The change is awful from time to eternity. It is as awful to meet the summons on our humble beds, as though we were canopied with purple; alone, as though surrounded by groups of pale friends. We know not when he may come, but when he doth meet us, it is to bring us suddenly before our God. While the Chief Magistrate lay in the agonies of death, with a nation weeping around him, how many, of whom the world knew little, were in the same dread article? As they passed the mysterious gate the inequalities of earth were left behind. One moment beyond this life, and it will avail us nothing whether we may have been rich or poor, honored or unknown. Our eternity shall be begun, an eternity of changeless blessedness, or of changeless woe. If we be lost, who can sufficiently deplore the amazing ruin? and as we look back on life, how poor shall the whole world appear to have been, compared to the undying anguish of the soul? If we be saved, who can estimate the weight of glory God shall bestow upon our immortal spirits? and as we look back on life, how light shall the utmost suffering here appear to have been, compared to eternal raptures before the face of God? Is it wise then to run such a desperate risk as this? Is it rational to pervert and abuse a very small part of our being, and so render all the future miserable? Ought we not rather to prepare ourselves for our tremendous trial, and prepare at once, that whether death come upon us at noon or evening, at midnight or at dawn, he find us watching?

HOW IMPORTANT, THEREFORE, THAT WE CHOOSE AND FOLLOW THE RELIGION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST!

With what interest was the inquiry made, whether our venerable President died a Christian? and that, not by Christians only, but men who are but too indifferent to their own religious safety! What horror would have been added to our present gloom, if indeed he had died and "left no sign" of trust in the cross? What unspeakable consolation to hear so many cheering testimonies, that he was prepared to take up his cross and follow Christ in the open walk of a Christian profession? Wherefore is this anxiety about his religious character, but because a hope on the promise of Christ was, after all that could be heaped upon him by admiring millions, the only treasure, dignity and delight, he could carry with him into the eternal world. Better the lisping child that loves Jesus, the very least in the kingdom of God, than the mightiest of the sons of men without such faith!

Come with me, my hearers, who are accustomed to enter carelessly the house of God and listen with easy indifference to the words of the preacher, as though they reached not the pride of your position, nor suited the range of your thoughts; let me take you with me to the death chamber of him we now mourn. Pale and worn, the hero, whom his country delighted to honor, lies upon his fevered bed. The statesmen whom he had called to assist him in the toils of government are watching around him with tearful eyes, but it is not upon their faces he looks with the most earnest interest. The cares they shared with him are past. Only one sentence more shall prove his love of country strong in death. But he looks for the meek countenance of the minister of God. His words are the accents the dying man wishes to hear, and he seeks to follow the simple prayer which is breathed by his side; the book which has just fallen from his failing hand, is the volume which tells of "Christ the Resurrection and the Life, in whom if a man believe, though he die, yet shall he live." That Word is the only lamp that gleams through the valley of the shadow of death, whose gloom is already upon him. Another moment—and the spirit hath past.

Tell me now, doth not the cross put to shame all honors else? Is there not a dignity in the hope of the Gospel above all other pride? a victory in its power above all the boasts of valor? There is no immortality beside. O then let that death scene preach to you and to us all, that, laying aside every meaner pursuit, we may seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

May the blessing of that kingdom sustain her widowed heart, whom a nation's sympathy can never compensate for the loss of a husband.

Even so grant, Lord Jesus. Amen.

\* Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,  
Dum superest Lachesi quod torquet at pedibus me  
Porto mala, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.  
Juv. Sat. III. 96, 7, 8.

TO MAKE NAMES GROW IN FRUIT.—When peaches and nectarines are about half ripe, cover the side exposed to the sun with strips or specks of wax, in any desired shape or form, which hinders the sun from coloring the parts covered; and, when the fruit is ripe, and the wax removed, it will be found marked in the manner desired.

DRUNK AND SOBER.—We saw a hog lying in the gutter the other day, and in the opposite one was a well-dressed man (?). The first had a ring in his nose—the latter a ring on his finger. The man was drunk—the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we—so thought Mr. —, and off he went. Speaking of going off puts us in mind of a quia we once owned. It went off one night, and we have not seen it since.

## Medical Science.

### EDUCATIONAL REQUIREMENTS

OF THE

### HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

It is erroneously supposed by many intelligent persons in this country, that Homœopaths do not belong to the medical profession, or are not recognized as physicians by the laws of the land.

This mistake should be rectified. It has arisen in part, no doubt, from the ill offices of those of our profession of the old schools who, though associating with us in the medical colleges and societies, are willing to sacrifice truth at the shrine of prejudice. There are a few quacks who pretend to practice medicine in our mode, with precisely the same kind of falsehood as thousands of pretenders and mountebanks offer their services to the public as Allopathic physicians; but all those who are recognized at all as adherents of Homœopathy by Hahnemann and his disciples, are legally licensed as physicians, and after being thus admitted to the profession, have pursued the other and further researches which belong peculiarly to our school. The quack of either school should be equally rejected by both as a worthless impostor, whose disinclination to the humble toils, by which honest men of the ignorant classes acquire a subsistence, has led him to assume the insignia of a profession whose every avenue is overshadowed by the most sacred trusts and responsibilities. Devoid alike of conscience and of knowledge, the quack crawls with lying pretences to both, into the chambers of sorrow and death, a poor, blind, palsied spectator of sufferings which call for the sagacious masters of the sublime art of healing, in tones to which Christianity and civilization respond with holy solicitude.

Well and truly did the venerable Hufeland say, in his last great testament to the medical profession:

"Every sick man is a temple of nature."

The echo of footsteps which are lawful in the sacred precincts of that temple fills the bosom of the conscientious physician with painful emotion. His brow is corrugate with premature lines of a care which the world knows not. He expects to give an account of his work; he knows that his work is fraught with profound results. By what unhallowed license does the venal quack, the son of idleness and ignorance, usurp the place of the true priest at the altar of science and humanity!

The false pretender to homœopathic knowledge and skill is, in our estimation, by so much the more deserving of exposure and contempt, as our method is more difficult of acquirement and more beneficent in its proper administration than that of our Allopathic brethren. Not that we would be understood to palliate the inhuman offence of a mere pretender to their method in the slightest degree, but that we hold his offence to be more aggravated and injurious to society who lays false claim, not only to the important branches of our science, which both schools assiduously cultivate in common, (surgery and midwifery,) but also to the possession of the pharmacology and therapeutic philosophy which we have acquired, in addition to the researches of the old school.\*

We shall now proceed to demonstrate the necessity of a higher grade of scientific and literary acquirements on the part of the Homœopathic practitioner, than is for practical purposes required of the Allopathist. It must be premised that we are now speaking exclusively of the art of healing diseases, irrespective of the appliances of surgery as a distinct art, i. e. of operative surgery.

It will scarcely be contradicted, that if Hippocrates could rise from the tomb with no other and no less skill than that which he possessed at the time of his death, more than two thousand years ago, he would be employed by our Allopathic brethren for themselves in preference to any living professor of the art. The same choice would probably hold good in favor of several of the great succeeding masters, as of Galen, Celsus or Avicenna; and perhaps also of a few of the more modern, as Sydenham, Frederick Hoffmann and Stahl.

Yet these all flourished before descriptive anatomy was at all perfected, before morbid anatomy was cultivated, before botany was a science; long before chemistry was known as an exact science, or even as a reputable art—and when physiology was enveloped in more than utopian mysticism.

The preference of these masters to any of our own times, would, we believe, be most fully justified by the results, if it were not embarrassed by the few cases in which mere blind chance has thrown specific (Homœopathic) remedies into the common stock, as bark in intermittents, mercury in syphilis, &c.

How then can it be said that pathology, as taught in the schools, is progressive, or how prove, that the pathology of the Allopathists makes real application of these important modern discoveries to the cure of diseases?

The truth is, that the Allopathist makes a most ingenious resumé of these sciences in his pathology, but it is a vain and fruitless process; he cannot cure the sick one whit the better for being a better anatomist, chemist, botanist or physiologist, than his colleague who knows but little and practices none of these sciences. He may write exactly, talk learnedly, be indeed a luminary in the company of savans, while his humbler neighbor who never reads a book of any science, dissects either plant or animal, or knows a chemist's retort from a musical instrument, may nevertheless far outstrip him in the fearful combat with actual disease. If this be true, if indeed we have stopped within the acknowledged limits of every day's experience, if it be true that the practical man of the least exact knowledge be the safest or luckiest physician, what respect is due to the manner in which the school make use of anatomy, physiology, botany and chemistry, to construct a science

\* We beg it to be understood most distinctly, that the members of our school in this city are all of them members of the Medical Society of this country; and that to become so they necessarily have pursued a proper course of studies, sustained an examination for the doctor's diploma of license, and have placed such document on record in the County Clerk's office. An infamous pretender is the single exception in New York, and his imposture has been properly exposed in one of our most respectable newspapers.

of curing the sick? The common practitioner only begins to be eminently successful, when he begins to retire from the science of Allopathia; to forget the pathology of the schools, to forget the sharp lines of anatomy, and when the day dreams of philosophies of living processes, have melted into undistinguishable oblivion in his memory.

Then, when the transcendental stils of the theorists are awkward to him, he takes to plain walking in the paths of experience; and, though he still theorize some to form a kind of mnemonic net work for his empiricism, he makes his hypotheses the servants of his experience, however they may contradict each other, and so gains in real skill as he advances in years. Not so with the scientific Allopathist. Like Brown, Rassori, Broussais, he follows his theory, a blind leader of the blind; wise and studious, and profoundly ambitious—his career is only limited by ill results, by the thick coming deaths which hang around it, and never stayed till he falls by his own weapons of relief!

Our case is, certainly, clearly, demonstrably the reverse of this disheartening picture. We must make real, correct, living and unceasing application of anatomy and physiology, of botany and chemistry; we may not forget them or any part of them, without treason toward our patients, our school and our consciences. 1. ANATOMY, for example, is indispensable to the Homœopathist: not the far off, half forgotten lessons of the college hall of dissections, but the anatomy which distinguishes the tissues, which awakens us to the distinctions between the ganglionic and the cerebral nerves, which keeps us aware of the discrete processes of life in the human system, which sharpens our attention to the natural groups of primary sympathies, and of their more and more extended relations till we are able to conceive somewhat of the whole living phenomenal complex.

This sharp, descriptive and philosophic anatomy, such as Morgagni began and Bichat left us, is indispensable to us, because without such science we cannot detect as readily and perfectly as we ought the analogy between the drug diseases and the natural diseases—the similarity between symptoms, whether singly considered or taken in primary, binary and ternary groups; and upon the right detection of such analogies or similarities, the success of a science of healing depends.

Anatomy and physiology aid us materially in establishing in our minds the true diagnosis; that is, in finding whether the *locality* of the principal sufferings of the two diseases, the artificial and the natural, be identical. This is a *conditio sine qua non* to the safe, easy and durable cure of the natural disease: and it is so much the better when the secondary or consensual sufferings also correspond as to locality as well as all other conditions.

We do not make use of anatomy to aid us in the vain art of conjecturing the nature of disease, to inflate our pride of pathologic invention; for between anatomy, as an exact art, and these visionary pursuits, there can never be the slightest affinity; exact science and gratuitous hypothesis cannot be interwoven, no more than alchemy and chemistry, or the practice of signatures and the true mode of discovering the virtues of drugs can be made to coalesce.

It is, we think, most unjustly commented on Hahnemann's Organon, by nearly all Allopathic writers on the subject, and by some of the uneasy neologists of his own school, (such as Rau and Griesselich,) that the important moment of *locality* is disregarded or grossly underrated. All that can possibly elucidate the semeiology of disease belongs most naturally, and we may say *par excellence*, to Hahnemann's method. It follows as a corollary to the first maxim of his therapeutics, that descriptive anatomy and morbid anatomy, used legitimately, are of the utmost interest and importance in determining the existence of an apt and real similarity between the effects of drugs and the phenomena of disease; for though the sufferings in two given cases be similar in all other respects, yet they are materially dissimilar if their interior locality can be known to be unlike; the absence of this moment destroys the analogy essential to a favorable result.

The force of Hahnemann's argument on this, bears against the erroneous purpose which these researches are made to subserve by our Allopathic brethren—the attempt to detect the inscrutable essence of diseased vital action, to disclose for objective annihilation the *causa proxima morbis*. He cannot, with fairness, be understood to oppose the gathering of any sign, circumstance, or condition which our senses, aided in every proper way, may help us to recognize, because these belong to and form a part of the totality of the phenomena, upon which we found our plan of cure, and from which we make the choice of remedies.

Anatomy, therefore, is to be thoroughly studied and constantly cultivated, by the practical Homœopathist, as indispensable to success.

2. Botany, likewise, is an indispensable part of his education. Vegetable dissections are as important to him, in many instances, as the animal. Many of our remedies are derived from plants in a particular stage of their development, and their juices must be expressed immediately after they are taken from mother earth.

The ability to discriminate with certainty the plant, we may seek from any and every other in the universe, (an ability which this beautiful science confers,) is often of the utmost importance to a fellow being in his darkest moment of peril; and in such case it is not conscientious or safe to depend on the ordinary apothecaries, even if they profess to have the very preparation we require; nor is it always prudent to rely on remedies sent to us from distant lands by those of our own school. We should be able to go to the fields, the woods, or the morasses, and lay our own hand upon the specific means which the beneficent and unerring Creator has planted for these hours of need, and stamped with the infinite signet of living truth.

Cases of this kind have occurred to us and to some of our colleagues in New-York. We have thus gathered and successfully applied the VERATRUM, APOCYNUM, RHEU, DROSER, CONIUM, STRAMONIUM and THUJA.

No physician is entitled to the confidence of the sick as a Homœopathist who is not a tolerable proficient in the science of botany. By it he is not only furnished for single emergencies of the kind we have stated, but he can always replace many of his remedies afield and of undoubted purity, if a sudden and devastating epidemic should overtake the community in which he resides. By it he is always able to remove the painful doubt as to truthfulness of a large portion of his drugs, or as to the accuracy and purity of their preparations.

The Allopathist, on the contrary, has no such needs of botanic knowledge. Of the vegetable drugs he gives enormous doses, chiefly with a view to their being expelled immediately, by vomiting or purging, or profuse sweating; and it makes but little difference whether any single one be active or inert, since if it fail entirely, it is just as well to supply its place with salts or calomel, or some compound of various drugs possessing the desired quality.

The Allopathist, therefore, has no such pressing need of this science. He does not prescribe with reference to the universal forces of drugs, but with reference to their power to excite vomiting, purging, or sweating, or to the allaying of pain by one or two properties only. It therefore is of quite minor importance to him whether, in a given case requiring either of these effects, say purging for example, a drug be recent, pure and efficient in all respects, or the contrary, as some one of the many purgatives it is his custom to give with it, is very likely to produce the required effect; and if the whole compound fail entirely, it can very readily be followed by some other purgative compound. Accordingly, botany forms no part of the ordinary courses of instruction in the colleges of physic at the present day; and no candidate for license is rejected for any lack of botanical knowledge, however great; which certainly would not be the case if the Allopathists were in any event obliged to make indispensable use of such knowledge. Whatever an Allopathist, while he is a student, may learn of botany for its own sake as a delightful science, finding no practical need of it in his subsequent career, he invariably suffers it slowly to pass away from him for ever. The practical botanists of our country are not practitioners of physic in any respect but the name.

The respectable Shaker herbalist, of New Lebanon Springs, monopolizes at present all practical botany for the medical profession of this empire State.

3. *Languages.* All really educated physicians are able to read medical essays in the Latin tongue, and have at least some little acquaintance with the Greek. In our medical schools this knowledge is not required as it is in most of the European schools (though by all means it should be made an indispensable pre-requisite by law.) But in addition to the Latin and Greek, the student of Homœopathia must understand the German and French languages, and particularly the German, very perfectly.

The first and most important records of our school—the effects of drugs on the healthy human body—were made in German, and the testimony is much of it of such a character as effectually to preclude the possibility of ample and perfect translation. A Homœopathist cannot prescribe with the accuracy which a good conscience requires unless he is able to imbue his mind most perfectly with the meaning of every expression adopted by those by whom the drugs in each case were originally tested under Hahnemann's instructions. The sufferings and sensations described by these individuals constitute the essential basis of pure materia medica, and consequently of the Homœopathic art of choosing medicines for the sick. Translations cannot convey the whole truth; and all extant truth, must be known by every conscientious follower of Hahnemann, in every case, before he will presume to prescribe the course to be pursued.

Translations can only at the very best confer a second hand and seriously defective impression of pharmacodynamics, and therefore they make at best but a second-rate and seriously defective Homœopathist.

Inasmuch as at the present day, considerable contributions to the archives of our art are being made in Paris, Geneva, Lyons, Montpellier, and in several places elsewhere in Europe, by French physicians, and those of other countries who use the French language with ease and accuracy, it is of almost equal importance to the Homœopathist to be a perfect master of the French as well as the German. Indeed no man should be trusted as a Homœopathist who is not known to be thoroughly versed in these languages of the school.

Having thus hastily sketched a few of the outlines of the requirements of our school, and glanced at the reasons why in it the most scientific is the most successful physician, (the reverse of which is the rule in the old school at the present day,) it remains that we explain why mere laymen do occasionally succeed in effecting real and durable cures of serious maladies by the use of our method. This would seem to be an argumentum fortiori against us of a similar quality to that used by us in this paper respecting the unscientific practitioners of the old mode; but proper examination of the two cases will clearly show that the analogy is only apparent—by no means positive and real. The practitioner of the old mode is successful in proportion as he forgets or disregards the essential of his school—the reasoning a priori, respecting proximate causes, and relies upon mere clinical memory—in proportion as he ceases to be scientific (as that school must term it,) and becomes purely empirical.

Whereas the practitioner of the new mode must be useful to the sick in proportion as he becomes better acquainted with anatomy descriptive and morbid, with physiology, with botany, and with the records of the effects and results of drugs and remedies contained in the German and French languages.

The unscientific man may, it is very true, now and then luckily find a well defined case, one in which the symptoms are so plainly covered by the records of a drug as not to admit of mistake; and thus perform a cure which will fill the patient with surprise and gratitude. But he is not a whit the more competent or more apt to succeed as a physician, than is the maker of gunpowder competent and apt as a chemist. The quack cannot discriminate where discrimination is at all necessary. Take, for example, a case in which twenty-five symptoms are present. If a drug be found, the effect of which cover all these symptoms in all respects perfectly, it will necessarily be chosen by the quack as certainly as by the physician; but if, as frequently happens in cases of great peril, several drugs be found to cover a majority only of the symptoms, and no one of them covers the whole case, the quack is utterly at a loss, and is just as likely to administer those drugs in the list which have no real relation to the case, and cannot possibly do good, as he would be to apply those which the physician would know to be remedies, and promptly select and apply them as such for reasons which the quack could by no means appreciate.

In truth, the quack must in a great majority of his cases be wholly at fault, and at least as frequently apply drugs which fail to cure, and therefore prove injurious as he applies the actual remedies, and that too, when the latter are plainly and clearly indicated by the records and rules of practice.

In one case the practitioner is guided by a general memory as to the effects of vomiting, purging, bleeding, blistering, &c., in cases he has seen, which have some few points of resemblance; whilst in the other, reliance can only be placed upon the specific powers of drugs independent of all evocations of the important fluids, and therefore generalities cannot be trusted.

Books and sciences are forgotten with impunity by Allopathists in much of their practice, whereas in no case can we dispense with either.

It is well known that even Hahnemann, after more than half a century spent in learning the specific materia medica, does not attempt to prescribe for any new case without faithfully consulting his own records and those of all his school afresh.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

After a national commotion, commensurate with the magnitude of the boon that was sought for, the great BILL FOR GIVING EVERY BODY EVERYTHING had passed into a law, and the people were frantic with joy. Its first fruits were of a sort that satisfied the public expectation; viz. three or four earls were turned into marquises, and two or three marquises into dukes, and deservedly; for these great men had far higher titles to the gratitude and admiration of the country, in exacting this second Magna Charta from King John—than the stern old barons in extorting the first from King John—namely, they parted with vast substantial political power, for only a nominal *quid pro quo*, in the shape of a bit of ribbon or a strawberry leaf. Its next immediate effect was to cleanse the Augean stable of the House of Commons, by opening upon it the floodgates of popular will and popular opinion; and having utterly expelled the herd of ignorant and mercenary wretches that had so long occupied and defiled it, their places were to be supplied by a band of patriots and statesmen, as gifted as disinterested—the people's own enlightened, unbiased, and deliberate choice. Once put the government of the country—the administration of affairs—into hands such as these, and the inevitable result would be, the immediate regeneration of society, and the securing the greatest happiness to the greatest number. It was fearfully apparent that, under the old system, we had sunk into irredeemable contempt abroad, and were on the very verge of ruin and anarchy at home. So true is it, that when the things come to the worst, they begin to mend. In short, the enlightened and enlarged constituencies began forthwith to look out for fit objects of their choice—for the best men; men of independent fortune; of deep stake in the welfare of the country; of spotless private and consistent public character; who, having had adequate leisure, opportunity, inclination, and capacity, had fitted themselves to undertake, with advantage to the country, the grave responsibilities of statesmen and legislators. Such candidates, therefore, as Mr. Titmouse became naturally in universal request; and the consequence was, such a prodigious flight of Titmice into the House of Commons—but whither am I wandering? I have to do with only one little borough—that of Yatton, in Yorkshire. The great charter operated upon it, by extending its boundary—Griston, and one or two of the adjacent places, being incorporated into the new borough. I have ascertained from a very high quarter—in fact, from a deceased Cabinet Minister—a curious and important fact; that had Mr. Titmouse failed in recovering the Yatton property, or been of different political opinions, in either of these cases, the little borough of Yatton was doomed to utter extinction: a circumstance which shows the signal vigilance, the accurate and comprehensive knowledge of local interests and capabilities evinced by these great and good men who were remodeling the representation of the country. And little did my hero suspect that his political opinions, as newly-installed owner of Yatton, formed a topic of anxious discussion at more than one Cabinet meeting, previous to the passing of the Great Bill! As its boundary was extended, so the constituency of Yatton was enlarged, the invaluable elective franchise being given to those most in need of the advantages it could immediately procure; and the fleeting nature of whose interest, naturally enhanced their desire to consult the interests of those who had a permanent and deep stake in its welfare. Though, therefore, the change effected by the new act had so considerably added to the roll of electors, it had not given ground for serious apprehension as to the security of the seat of the owner of the Yatton property. After a very long and private interview between Gammon and Titmouse, in which something transpired which may be referred to hereafter, it was agreed that—(the New Writs having issued within one week after the calmed and sobered new constituencies had been organized—which again had been wisely effected within a week or two after the passing of the act)—Mr. Titmouse should instantly scare away all competition, by announcing his determination to start for the borough. As soon as this was known, a deputation from the new electors in Griston waited upon Mr. Titmouse—to propose the terms on which their support was to be obtained. Titmouse was somewhat startled—but Gammon saw in it the legitimate working of the new system; and—nothing was ever better managed—nobody in any mischievous secret—no one compromised; but the result was, that one hundred and nine plumpers were secured in Griston alone for Mr. Titmouse. Then Gammon appointed Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son the local agents of Titmouse; for whom he wrote an address to the electors—and, Titmouse promising to have it printed forthwith, Mr. Gammon returned to town for a day or two. Nothing could have been more skilful than the address which he had prepared—terse, and comprehensive, and showy, meaning every thing or nothing—(*dolens semper*

*versatur in generalibus*, was an observation of Lord Coke's) on which Gammon kept his eye fixed in drawing up his "address." Yet it came to pass that on the evening of the day of Gammon's departure, a Mr. Phelim O'Doodle, a splendid billiard-player, and also one of the first members returned—only a few days before—for an Irish borough in the Liberal interest, chanced to take Yatton in his way to Scotland from London; and being intimate with Mr. Titmouse, from whom he had borrowed a little money a few months before, to enable him to present himself to his constituency—they sat down to canvass the merits of the Address which the astute but absent Gammon had prepared for Titmouse. They pronounced it "devilish dull and tame;" Mr. O'Doodle compared it to toddy, with the whiskey omitted: and availing himself of Gammon's draft as far as he approved of it, he drew up the following Address, which put Titmouse into an ecstasy; and he sent it off the very next morning for insertion in the Yorkshire *Stingo*. Here is an exact copy of that judicious and able performance:

"To the worthy and independent Electors of Yatton:

"GENTLEMEN: His Majesty having been pleased to dissolve the late Parliament, under very remarkable and exciting circumstances, and, in the midst of the transports of enthusiasm arising out of the passing of that second Great Charter of our Liberties, the *Act for Giving Everybody Everything*, to call upon you to exercise immediately the high and glorious privilege of choosing your representative in the New Parliament, I beg leave to announce myself as a candidate for that distinguished honor. Gentlemen, long before I succeeded in establishing my right to reside among you in my present capacity, I felt a deep interest in the welfare of the tenants of the property, and especially of those residing in the parts adjacent, and who are now so happily introduced into the constituency of this ancient and loyal borough. I trust that the circumstance of my ancestors having resided for ages within this borough, will not indispose you to a favorable reception of their descendant and representative. Gentlemen, my political opinions are those which led to the passing of the Great Measure I have alluded to, and which are bound up in it. Without going into details which are too multifarious for the limits of such an address as the present, let me assure you, that though firmly resolved to uphold the agricultural interests of this great country, I am equally anxious to sustain the commercial and manufacturing interests; and whenever they are in conflict with each other, I shall be found at my post, zealously supporting both, to the utmost of my ability. Though a sincere and firm member and friend of the Established Church, I am not insensible to the fearful abuses which at present prevail in it; and I am bent upon securing the utmost possible latitude to every species of Dissent. While I am resolved to uphold the interests of Protestantism, I think I best do so, by seeking to remove all restrictions from the Catholics, whom I am persuaded will sacredly abstain from endeavoring to promote their own interests at the expense of ours. Gentlemen, the established religion is most likely to flourish when surrounded by danger, and threatened by persecution; it has an inherent vitality which will defy, in the long run, all competition. Gentlemen, I am for Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, which are in fact the Three Polar Stars of my political conduct. I am an advocate for quarterly Parliaments, convinced that we cannot too often be summoned to give an account of our stewardship,—and that the frequency of elections will occasion a wholesome agitation, and stimulus to trade. I am for extending the elective franchise to all, except those who are actually the inmates of a prison or a poor-house on the day of election. I am an uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty all over the globe; and, in short, of giving the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Gentlemen, before concluding, I wish to state explicitly, as the result of long and deep inquiry and reflection, that every constituency is entitled, nay bound, to exact from a candidate for its suffrages the most strict and minute pledges as to his future conduct in Parliament, in every matter, great or small, that can come before it; in order to prevent his judgment being influenced and warped by the dangerous sophistries and fallacies which are broached in Parliament, and his integrity from the base, sinister, and corrupt influences which are invariably brought to bear on public men. I am ready, therefore, to pledge myself to anything that may be required of me by any elector who may honor me with his support. Gentlemen, such are my political principles, and I humbly hope that they will prove to be those of the electors of this ancient and loyal borough, so as to warrant the legislature in having preserved it in existence, amidst the wholesale havoc which it has just made in property of this description. Though it is not probable that we shall be harassed by a contest, I shall make a point of waiting upon you all personally, and humbly answering all questions that may be put to me: and should I be returned, rely upon it, that I will never give you occasion to regret your display of so signal an evidence of your confidence in me. I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient and humble servant,

"T. TITMOUSE.

"Yatton, 3d December, 18—."

"Upon my soul, if that do n't carry the election hollow," said O'Doodle, laying down his pen, and mixing himself a fresh tumbler of brandy and water, "you may call me bog-trotter to the end of my days, and be — to me!"

"Why—a—ya—as! 'pon my life it's quite a superior article," quoth Titmouse; "but—eh! d'y'e think they'll ever believe I writ it all? Egad, my fine fellow, to compose a piece of composition like that—and suppose those dear fellows begin asking me all sorts of thingemobs, eh? You could n't stay and go about with one a bit?"

"Faith, Titty, an' your mighty wide awake to the way of doing business, ah, ha! Murder and thieves! what does it signify what you choose to say or write to them? they're only pisintry; and—the real point to be looked at is this—all those that you can command, of course you will, or send 'em to the right about; and those that you can't—that's the new blackguards round about—buy, if it's necessary, faith!"

"It's —!—It is, 'pon my soul!" whispered Titmouse. "Oh? Is it in earnest you? Then you're M. P. for the borough; and on the strength of it I'll replenish!" and so he did, followed by Titmouse; and in a pretty state



they, some hour or two afterward, were conducted to their apartments.

It is difficult to describe the rage of Gammon on seeing the address which had been substituted for that which he had prepared, with so much caution and tact; but the thing was done, and he was obliged to submit. The Address duly appeared in the *Yorkshire Stingo*, and was also placarded literally all over the borough, and distributed about, and excited a good deal of interest, and also much approbation, among the new electors. It was thought, however, that it was a piece of supererogation, inasmuch as there could be no possible doubt that Mr. Titmouse would walk over the course.

In this, however, it presently proved that the *quidnuncs* of Yatton were very greatly mistaken. A copy of the *Yorkshire Stingo*, containing the foregoing "Address," was sent, on the day of its publication, by Dr. Tatham to Mr. Aubrey, who had read it aloud, with feelings of mingled sorrow and contempt, on the evening of its arrival, in the presence of Mrs. Aubrey, Miss Aubrey, and, by no means an unfrequent visitor, Mr. Delamere. The Aubreys were sad enough; and he endeavored to dissipate the gloom that hung over them, by ridiculing, very bitterly and humorously, the pretensions of the would-be member for Yatton—the presumed writer (who, however, Kate protested, without giving her reasons, could never have been Mr. Titmouse,) of the precious "Address." He partially succeeded. Both Aubrey and he laughed heartily as they went more deliberately over it; but Kate and Mrs. Aubrey spoke very gravely and indignantly about that part of it which related to the Established Church and the Protestant religion.

"Oh dear, dear!" quoth Kate, at length, with a sudden burst of impetuosity, after a considerable and rather melancholy pause in the conversation; "only to think that such an odious little wretch is to represent the dear old—What would I not give to see him defeated?"

"Pho, Kate," replied her brother, rather sadly, "who is there to oppose him? Pickering told me, you know, that he should not go into the House again; and even if he felt disposed to contest Yatton, what chance could he have against Mr. Titmouse's influence?"

"Oh, I'm sure all the old tenants hate the little monkey, to a man."

"That may be, Kate, but they must vote for him, or be turned out of"—

"Oh, I've no patience, Charles, to hear of such things!" interrupted his sister, with not a little petulance in her manner.

"Do you mean to say, that you should like to see a rival start to contest your dear old borough with Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Mr. Delamere, who had been listening to the foregoing brief colloquy in silence, his eyes fixed with eager delight on the animated and beautiful countenance of Miss Aubrey.

"Indeed I should, Mr. Delamere," cried Kate, eagerly adding, however, with a sudden sigh, looking at her brother; "but—heigh-ho!—as Charles says, how absurd it is to fret one's self about it—about a thing we can't help—and—a place one's no more any concern with!" As she said this, her voice fell a little, and her eyes filled with tears. But her little sally had been attended with consequences she had little dreamed of. Mr. Delamere took leave of them shortly afterward, without communicating a word of any intentions he might have conceived upon the subject to any of them. But the first place he went to, in the morning, was a great banker's, who had been appointed the principal acting executor of the Marquis of Fallowfield, a very recently deceased uncle of Delamere's, whom his lordship had left a legacy of £5000; and 't was to get at this same legacy that was the object of Delamere's visit to Sir Omnium Bullion's. For some time the worthy baronet—who had not then even proved the will—would not listen to the entreaties of the eager young legatee: but the moment that he heard of the purpose for which it was wanted, Sir Omnium being a very fierce Tory, and who had lost his own snug borough by the Bill for Giving Everybody Everything, instantly relented. "There, my fine fellow, sign that," said Sir Omnium, tossing to him an "I. O. U. £5000," and drawing him a cheque for the amount: wishing him, with all imaginable zeal and energy, good speed. His eager excitement would not allow him to wait till the evening, for the mail; so, within a couple of hours' time of effecting this delightful arrangement with Sir Omnium, he was seated in a post-chaise and four, rattling at top-speed on his way to Yorkshire. SuffICIENTLY astonished were Lord and Lady de la Zouch, when he presented himself to them at Fotheringham. Infinitely more so, when he named the object of his coming down, and with irresistible entreaties sought his father's sanction for the enterprise. 'T was very hard for Lord de la Zouch to deny any thing to one on whom he doated as he did upon his son. Moreover, his lordship was one of the keenest politicians living; and as for elections, he was an old campaigner, and had stood several desperate contests, and spent immense sums upon them. And here was his son, to use a well-known phrase, indeed a *chip of the old block*; Lord de la Zouch, in short, really felt a secret pleasure in contemplating the resemblance to his early self—and after a little demur he began to give way. He shook his head, however, discouragingly; spoke of Delamere's youth—barely two-and-twenty; the certainty of defeat, and the annoyance of being beaten by such a creature as Titmouse; the suddenness and lateness of the move—and so forth.

More and more impetuous, however, became his son.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said Lord de la Zouch, "it strikes me that this extraordinary, and expensive, and hopeless scheme of yours, is all the result of—eh? I see—I understand. It's done to please—Pray, sir, how long, before you left town, had you seen Miss"—

"I pledge my word, sir, that neither Miss Aubrey, nor Mr. nor Mrs. Aubrey—whom, however, I certainly saw the very night before I started, and conversed with on the subject of Mr. Titmouse's address—has interchanged one syllable with me on the subject of my starting for the borough; and I believe them to be at this moment as ignorant of what I am about as you were the moment before you saw me here."

"It is enough," said his father, who knew that his son, equally with himself, had a rigorous regard for truth on all occasions, great and small.

"Well—I—I—certainly, we shall be laughed at for our

pains; it's really a madcap sort of business, Geoffry; but"—Lord de la Zouch had given way—"I should not like to have been thwarted by my father on an occasion like the present: so, let it be done, as you've set your heart upon it. And," he added, with a smile, "pray, sir, have you considered what I shall have to pay for your sport?"

"Not one penny, sir!"

"Ay!" exclaimed his Lordship briskly—"How's that, sir?"

Then Delamere told him of what he had done; at which Lord de la Zouch first looked serious, and then burst into laughter at the eagerness of old Sir Omnium to aid the affair. "No, no," said his lordship, "that must not stand; I won't have any risk of Sir Omnium's getting into a scrape, and shall write off to request him to annul the transaction—with many thanks for what he has done—and I'll try whether I have credit enough with my bankers—eh, Geoffry?"

"You are very kind to me, sir, but really I would rather"—

"Pho, pho—let it be as I say; and now, go and dress for dinner, and, after that, the sooner you get about your 'Address' the better. Let me see a draft of it as soon as it is finished. Let Mr. Parkinson be sent for immediately from Griston, to see how the land lies; and, in short, if we do go into the thing, let us dash into it with spirit. And hark 'ee, sir—as to that address of yours, I'll have no despicable trimming, and trying to catch votes, by vague and flattering"—

"Trust me, sir! Mine shall be, at all events, a contrast to that of my—honorable opponent."

"Go straight ahead, sir; nail your colors to the mast. Speak out in a plain, manly way, so that no one can misunderstand you. I'd rather a thousand times over see you beaten out of the field—lose the election like a gentleman—than win it by any sort of *trickery*, especially as far as the profession of your political sentiments and opinions is concerned. Bear yourself so, Geoffry, in this your maiden struggle, that when it is over, you may be able to lay your hand on your heart, and say, 'I have won honorably.'—'I have lost honorably.' So long as you can feel and say *this*, laugh at election bills—at the long faces of your friends—the exulting faces of your enemies. Will you bear all this in mind, Geoffry?" added Lord de la Zouch.

"I will, I will, sir," replied his eager son; and added, with an excited air, "Won't it come on them like?"

"Do you hear that bell, sir?" said Lord de la Zouch, moving away. Delamere bowed, and with a brisk step, a flushed cheek, and an elated air, betook himself to his dressing-room, to prepare for dinner.

Shortly after dinner, Mr. Parkinson made his appearance, and, to his infinite amazement, was invested instantly with the character of agent for Mr. Delamere, as candidate for the borough! After he and the Earl had heard the following address read by Delamere, they very heartily approved of it. Mr. Parkinson took it home with him; it was in the printer's hands that very night, and by seven o'clock in the morning, was being stuck up plentifully on all the walls in Griston, and, in fact, all over the borough:—

"To the Independent Electors of the Borough of Yatton."

"Gentlemen,

"I hope you will not consider me presumptuous, in venturing to offer myself to your notice as a candidate for the honor of representing you in parliament. In point of years, I am, I acknowledge, even younger than the gentleman whom I have come forward to oppose. But, indeed, for the fact of his being personally a comparative stranger to you, I should have paused long before contesting with him the representation of a borough on which he has unquestionably certain legitimate claims. The moment, however, that I read his Address, I resolved to come forward and oppose him. Gentlemen, the chief, if not the only ground on which I come forward is, that I disapprove of the tone and spirit of that Address, and hold opinions entirely opposed to all those which it expresses, and which I consider to be unworthy of any one seeking so grave a trust as that of your member of Parliament. As for my own opinions, they are in all essential respects identical with those of the gentlemen who have, during a long series of years, represented you, and especially with those of my highly honored and gifted friend Mr. Aubrey. Gentlemen, my own family is not unknown to you, nor are the opinions and principles which for centuries they have consistently supported, and which are also mine.

"I am an affectionate and uncompromising friend of our glorious and venerable Established Church, and of its union with the State; which it is my inflexible determination to support by every means in my power, as the most essential mode of securing civil and religious liberty. I am disposed to resist any further concessions either to Roman Catholics or Dissenters, because I think that they cannot be made safely or advantageously. Gentlemen, there is a point at which toleration becomes anarchy; and I am desirous to keep as far from that point as possible.

"I earnestly deprecate putting our Agricultural or Commercial and Manufacturing interests into competition with each other, as needless and mischievous. Both are essential elements in the national welfare; both should be upheld to the utmost: but if circumstances should unhappily bring them into inevitable conflict, I avow myself heart and soul a friend to the Agricultural interest.

"Gentlemen, I know not whether it would be more derogatory to your character, or to mine, to exact or give pledges as to my conduct on any particular measure, great or small, which may come before Parliament. It appears to me both absurd and ignominious, and inconsistent with every true principle of representation. One, however, I willingly give you—that I will endeavor to do my duty, by consulting your interests as a part of the general interests of the nation. I trust that I shall never be found uncourteous or inaccessible; and I am confident that none of you will entertain unreasonable expectations concerning my power to serve you individually or collectively.

"Gentlemen, having entered into this contest, I pledge myself to fight it out to the last; and, if I fail, to retire

with good humor. My friends and I will keep a vigilant eye on any attempts which may be made to resort to undue influence or coercion; which, however, I cannot suppose will be the case.

"Gentlemen, this is the best account I can give you, within the limits of such an Address as the present, of my political opinions, and of the motives which have induced me to come forward; and I shall within a day or two proceed to call upon you personally: and in the meanwhile I remain,

"Gentlemen,

"Your faithful servant,

"GEOFFRY LOVEL DELAMERE."

"Fotheringham Castle,

7th Dec. 18—"

Two or three days afterward, there arrived at Mr. Aubrey's, in Vivian Street, two large packets, franked "DE LA ZOUCH," and addressed to Mr. Aubrey, containing four copies of the foregoing "Address," accompanied by the following hurried note:—

"MY DEAR AUBREY,—What think you of this sudden and somewhat Quixotic enterprise of my son? I fear it is quite hopeless—but there was no resisting his importunities. I must say he is going into the affair, (which has already made a prodigious stir down here,) in a very fine spirit. His Address is good, is it not? The only thing that I regret is, his entering the lists with such a little miscreant as that fellow Titmouse—and, moreover, being *beaten* by him.—Yours ever faithfully and affectionately,

"DE LA ZOUCH."

"P. S.—You should only see little Dr. Tatham since he has heard of it. He spins about the village like a humming-top. I hope that, as far as his worldly interests are concerned, he is not acting imprudently. Our dear love to the ladies. (In great haste.)

"Fotheringham, 8th Dec. 18—"

This letter was read with almost suspended breath by Mr. Aubrey, and then by Mrs. and Miss Aubrey. With still greater emotion were the printed enclosures opened and read. Each was held in a trembling hand, and with color going and coming. Miss Aubrey's heart beat faster and faster; she turned very pale—but with a strong effort recovered herself. Then taking the candle, she withdrew with a hasty and excited air, taking her copy of the Address with her to her own room; and there burst into tears, and wept for some time. She felt her heart dissolving in tenderness toward Delamere: it was some time before she could summon resolution enough to return. When she did, Mrs. Aubrey made a faint effort to rally her; but each, on observing the traces of each other's recent and strong emotion, was silent, and with difficulty refrained from bursting again into tears.

Equally strong emotions, but of a very different description, were excited in the bosoms of certain persons at Yatton Hall, by the appearance of Mr. Delamere's Address. 'T was Mr. Barnabas Bloodsuck, (Junior)—a middle-sized, square-set young man, of about thirty, with a broad face, a very flat nose, light frizzly hair, and deep-set grey eyes—a bustling, confident, hard-mouthed fellow,—who, happening to be stirring in the main street of Griston early in the morning of the 8th Dec. 18—, beheld a man in the act of sticking up Mr. Delamere's Address against a wall. Having prevailed on the man to part with one, Mr. Bloodsuck was within a quarter of an hour on horseback, galloping down to Yatton—almost imagining himself to be carrying with him a sort of hand-grenade, which might explode in his pocket as he went on. He was ushered into the breakfast room, where sat Mr. Gammon and Mr. Titmouse, just finishing breakfast.

"My stars—good-morning! gents,—but here's a kettle of fish!" quoth Mr. Bloodsuck, with an excited air, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; and then, plucking out of his pocket the damp and crumpled Address of Mr. Delamere, he handed it to Mr. Gammon, who changed color on seeing it, and read it over in silence. Mr. Titmouse looked at him with a disturbed air; and, having finished his mixture of tea and brandy, "Eh—eh—eh, Gammon!—I—say"—he stammered—"what's in the wind? Pon my soul, you look—eh?"

"Nothing but a piece of good fortune, for which you are indebted to your distinguished friend, Mr. Phelim O' Something," replied Gammon, bitterly, "whose Address has called forth an opponent whom you would not otherwise have had."

"Hang Mr. O'Doodle!" exclaimed Titmouse; "I, 'pon my precious soul, I always thought him a-a fool, and a knave. I'll make him pay me the money he owes me!" and he strode up and down the room, with his hands thrust furiously into his pockets.

"You had perhaps better read this Address," quoth Mr. Gammon, with a blighting smile, "as it slightly concerns you;" and handing it to Titmouse, the latter sat down to obey him.

"That cock won't fight, though, eh?" inquired Mr. Bloodsuck, as he resumed his seat, after helping himself to an enormous slice of cold beef at the side table.

"I think it will," replied Gammon, thoughtfully; and presently continued, after a pause, "it is useless to say any thing about the haughty, intolerant Toryism it displays; that is all fair; but is it not hard, Mr. Bloodsuck, that when I had written an Address which would have effectually"—

"Mr. Phelim O'Doodle owes me three hundred pounds, Gammon, and I hope you'll get it for me at once; 'pon my soul, he's a most cursed scamp," quoth Titmouse, furiously, looking up with an air of desperate chagrin, on hearing Gammon's last words. That gentleman, however, took no notice of him, and proceeded, addressing Mr. Bloodsuck—"I have weighed every word in that Address; it means mischief. It's evidently been well considered; it is calm and determined—and we shall have a desperate contest, or I am grievously mistaken."

"E—eh? E—h? What, Gammon?" inquired Titmouse, who, though his eye appeared to have been traveling over the all-important document which he held in his hand, had been listening with trembling anxiety to what was said by his companions.

"I say that we are to have a contested election for the borough; you won't walk over the course as you might have done. Here's a dangerous opponent started."

"What? 'Pon my soul—for my borough? For Yatton?"

"Yes, and one who will fight you tooth and nail."  
 "Pon—my—precious soul! What a cursed scamp!  
 What a most infernal black—Who is it?"

"No blackguard, sir," interrupted Gammon, very sternly; "but a gentleman every way equal to yourself," he added, with a cruel smile, "the Honorable Mr. Delamere, the son and heir of Lord de la Zouch."

"By jingo! you don't say so! Why, he's a hundred thousand a-year," interrupted Titmouse, turning very pale.

"Oh, that he has, at least," interposed Mr. Bloodsuck, who had nearly finished a tremendous breakfast; "and two such bitter Tories you never saw or heard of before—for like father like son."

"Egad! is it?" inquired Titmouse, completely crestfallen. "Well! and what if—eh, Gammon? Is it?"

"It is a very serious business," quoth Gammon.

"By Jove! isn't it a cursed piece of impudence! What? Come into my *borough*? He might as well come into my house! Isn't one as much mine as the other? It's as bad as housebreaking—but we're beforehand with him with those prime claps at Gr—" Mr. Bloodsuck's teeth chattered; he glanced toward the door; and Gammon gave Titmouse a look that almost paralyzed him.

"They'll bleed freely!" said Bloodsuck, with a desperate effort to look concerned—whereas he was in a secret ecstasy.

"Lord de la Zouch could not have entered into this thing if he had not some end in view which he considers attainable—and as for money—"

"Oh, as for that, ten thousand pounds to him is a mere drop in a bucket."

"O Lord! O Lord! and must I spend money too?" inquired Titmouse, with a look of ludicrous alarm.

"We must talk this matter over alone, Mr. Bloodsuck," said Gammon, anxiously—"shall we go to Grilston, or will you fetch your father hither?"

"Pon my soul, Gammon, those cursed Aubreys, you may depend on't, are at the bottom of all this!"

"That there's not the least doubt of," quoth Bloodsuck, as he buttoned up his coat with a matter-of-fact air; but the words of Titmouse caused Mr. Gammon suddenly to look first at one, and then at the other of them, with a keen, penetrating glance; and presently his expressive countenance showed that surprise had been succeeded by gloomy thoughtfulness.

There had not been a contested election at Yatton, till the present one between Mr. Delamere and Mr. Titmouse, for upwards of twenty-four years; its two members having been till then, owing to the smallness of the constituency, their comparative unanimity of political sentiment, and the dominant influence of the Yatton family, returned pretty nearly as a matter of course. When, therefore, quiet little Yatton (for such it was, albeit somewhat enlarged by the new act,) became the scene of so sudden and hot a contest as that which I am going to describe, and under such novel and exciting circumstances, it seemed, in a manner, quite beside itself. The walls were everywhere covered with staring, glaring placards—red, blue, green, yellow, white, purple—judiciously designed to stimulate the electors into a calm and intelligent exercise of their important functions. Here are a few of them:

"Vote for TITMOUSE the MAN of the PEOPLE!" "TITMOUSE and CIVIL and RELIGIOUS LIBERTY!" "TITMOUSE and PURITY of ELECTION!" "TITMOUSE and NEGRO EMANCIPATION!" "TITMOUSE and CHEAP ALE!" "Vote for TITMOUSE, and No MISTAKE!" "TITMOUSE and QUARTERLY PARLIAMENTS, VOTE BY BALLOT, and UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!"

[Twas thus that the name of my little friend, like that of many others of his species, was attached to great public questions, after the manner of a kettle tied to a dog's tail; and a pretty clatter it made!]

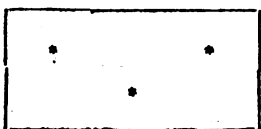
But there were others of a more elaborate and impressive character.

"Electors of Yatton!! Be not deceived!!! The enemy is among you! Do you wish to reap the full fruits of the glorious boon lately conferred on you? Rush to the poll, and VOTE for TITMOUSE. Do you wish to see them torn from your grasp by a selfish and beastly aristocracy? Get a pair of handcuffs, and go and vote for—MR. DELAMERE!!!!"

"*Quere.* If a certain *Boroughmongering Peer* should command his son to vote for the REPEAL of the Great Bill which enfranchised the inhabitants of Grilston, Succombe, and Warleigh—would not that son obey him? *How is this, Mr. DELAMERE!*"

"Twas not, to give the devil his due, Mr. Titmouse's fault that his placards did not contain any vulgar and presumptuous personalities against his opponent; but it was entirely owing to Mr. Gammon's want of the requisite wit and spirit. He felt, in fact, that such a candidate as Mr. Delamere, afforded but few salient points of attack, in respect either of his person, his position in society, or his conduct. He, also, had his placards—"VOTE for DELAMERE!" "DELAMERE and INDEPENDENCE!" "VOTE for DELAMERE, the FARMER'S FRIEND!" "DELAMERE, and the CONSTITUTION in CHURCH and STATE."

Both the candidates established their head-quarters at Grilston; Mr. Delamere at the "*Hare and Hounds*" Inn, Mr. Titmouse at the "*Woodlouse*." Over the bay-window of the former streamed a noble blue banner, with an emblazonment of the Bible and Crown, and the words, "CHURCH, KING, and CONSTITUTION—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!" Over the latter hung an immense yellow banner, with three stars, so—



(being the "Three Polar Stars" spoken of in Mr. Titmouse's Address,) and the words—"PEACE! RETRENCHMENT!! REFORM!!!" in immense gilt letters. The walls and windows of each were, moreover, covered with varicolored placards—but I shall not weary the reader by attempting to describe in detail the humors of a country election, which have employed already thousands of able and graphic pens and pencils. Surely, what else are they than he sticks and straws that float along the eddying and

roughened surface? The whole mass of water is moving along; and our object should be rather to discover its depths, its force, and direction. Principles are in conflict; the fate of the nation is involved in a popular election. Such matters as I have alluded to, are but the laughable devices resorted to, in order to delude the grinning vulgar, and disguise the movements of those calm and calculating persons who are playing the deep game of politics. Under cover of a ludicrous hubbub, might be observed, for instance, in this little borough—subject to certain petty local disturbing forces—a deadly struggle for ascendancy between the monarchical and the democratical principle; between rampant innovation and obstinate immobility; between the wealthy few and the poor many; between property and ability. If anything like this were the case, how many of the electors—new or old—of Yatton—(who may perhaps be compared to chessmen in the hands of long-headed players,—knew any more about the matter than a private soldier at Waterloo thought of, comprehended, or appreciated, the complicated and mighty schemes of a Wellington or Napoleon, whose bidding he was doing, or of the prodigious consequences attached to the success or failure of either? Some people talk vehemently about the "paramount necessity for educating the lower classes." It is, indeed, of incalculable importance that they should be instructed; but is it not of still greater importance that the *UPPER CLASSES* should be instructed, if only on account of their being the holders of that *PROPERTY*, in greater or less proportions, with its inseparable power and influence, which, directly or indirectly, determines all the movements of the state! Could such a state of things as universal suffrage be supposed to exist, consistently with the preservation of social order—of society—it would still be impossible to extirpate or effectually to counteract the influence of property, in whose hands soever it may be placed. Pluck out of the vilest of the bellowing bullies surrounding the hustings, him (of course a non-electors) most conspicuous for his insolence and brutality; suppose him suddenly or gradually become the owner of a great, or a small property, with the influence it gives him over customers, tenants, dependents; do you suppose that he will not at once, either gently or roughly, according to his temper, begin to exercise his power, (that which is so dear to the heart of man,) by dictating the exercise of the elective franchise in favor of those political opinions which he may happen to favor? Is not this the man to instruct, and the better in proportion to the extent of his real influence? Except in those brief and horrid intervals of social convulsion, in which *δικα και παρὰ νόμον στραταί*—however popularized and extended may apparently be the system of electing parliamentary representatives, those who really return members to Parliament will—whether themselves actually electors or not, and whether directly or indirectly—be the holders of property, in villages, in towns, in cities, in boroughs and counties. The influence of property is inevitable as that of gravitation: and losing sight of this, people may split their heads in vain, and chatter till the arrival of the Greek kalends, about extending further and further the elective franchise, shortening Parliaments, and voting by ballot. Whether it ought to be so, signifies little, when we know that it is, and will be so;—but now it is time to return to the Yatton election; and if I be but this once forgiven, I will not diverge again in a hurry from the main course of events. Lord de la Zouch, who resided some eight or ten miles from Yatton, soon discovered, as also did sundry other very able and experienced electioneering friends, taking an interest in his son's success, that the movements of the enemy were directed by a strong and skilful hand; and which never could be that of Mr. Titmouse. However slight and faint may be the hopes of success with which a man enters into an interesting and important undertaking, they soon begin to increase and brighten with eager action; and it was so with Lord de la Zouch.

He was not long in tracing the powerful, but cautiously concealed agency, of our friend Mr. Gammon. One or two such dangerous and artful snares were detected by the watchful and practised eyes of his lordship and his friends, just in time to prevent Delamere from being seriously compromised, as satisfied them that good Mr. Parkinson, with all his bustle, energy and heartiness, was dreadfully over-matched by his astute opponent, Mr. Gammon; and that in the hands of Mr. Parkinson, the contest would become, as far as Delamere was concerned, a painful and ridiculous farce. A council of war, therefore, was called at Fotheringham Castle; the result of which was an express being sent off to London, to bring down immediately a first-rate electioneering agent—MR. CRAFTY—and place in his hands the entire management of Mr. Delamere's cause. Mr. Crafty was between forty and forty-five years old. His figure, of middle height, was very spare. He was always dressed in a plain suit of black, with white neck-kchief, and no collars; yet no one that knew the world, could mistake him for a dissenting minister! He was very calm and phlegmatic in his manner and movements: there was not a particle of passion or feeling in his composition. He was a mere *thinking machine*, in exquisite order. He was of marvellous few words. His face was thin and angular. His chin and temples formed an isosceles triangle; his chin being very peaked, his forehead very broad. His hair was dark, and cut almost as close as that of a foot-soldier—and this it was that helped to give his countenance that expression at once quaint and unaffected, which, once observed, was not likely to be soon forgotten. His eye was blue, and intensely cold and bright—his complexion fresh; he had no whiskers; there was a touch of sarcasm about the corners of his mouth. Everything about him bespoke a man cold, cautious, acute, matter-of-fact. "*Business*" was written all over his face. He had devoted himself to electioneering tactics; and he might be said to have reduced them, indeed, to a science. No one could say whether he was of Whig or Tory politics; my impression is, that he cared not a straw for either. This is the man who was to be pitted against Gammon: and these two gentlemen may be perhaps looked upon as the *players*, whose *backers* were—Delamere and Titmouse.

Mr. Crafty soon made his appearance at Yatton; and seemed, in a manner, to have dropped into Mr. Delamere's committee-room from the clouds. His presence did not appear quite unexpected; yet no one seemed to know why, whence, or at whose instance he had come. He never went near Fotheringham, nor even mentioned the name of

its noble owner, who (between ourselves,) contemplated the success of Crafty with feelings of calm exultation and confidence. Mr. Delamere's "*committee*" was instantly disbanded, and no new one named. In fact, *there was to be none at all*: and Mr. Titmouse's friends where, for a while, led to believe that the enemy were already beginning to beat a retreat. A quiet banker at Grilston, and a hard-headed land-surveyor and agent of the same place, were alone apparently taken into Mr. Crafty's confidence. Mr. Parkinson, even, was sent to the right about; and his rising pique and anger were suddenly quelled by the steadfast and significant look with which Mr. Crafty observed, in dismissing him—"It won't do." Adjoining, and opening into the large room in which, till Mr. Crafty's arrival, Mr. Delamere's committee had sat, was a very small one; and in it Mr. Crafty established his head quarters. He came, accompanied—though no one for a while knew it—by three of his familiars; right trusty persons, in sooth. One of them always sat on a chair, at the outside of the door leading into Mr. Crafty's room, over which he kept guard as a sentinel. The other two disposed themselves according to orders. Mr. Gammon soon felt the presence of his secret and formidable opponent, in the total change—the quiet system—that became all of a sudden apparent in the enemy's tactics: his watchful eye and quick perception detected, here and there, the faint vanishing traces of a sly and stealthy foot—the evidences of experienced skill; and one morning early he caught a glimpse of Mr. Crafty, (with whose name and fame he was familiar,) and returned home with a grave consciousness that the contest had become one exceedingly serious: that—so to speak—he must instantly spread out every stitch of canvas. In short, he made up his mind for mischief, as soon as he gave Lord de la Zouch credit for being *resolved to win*; and felt the necessity for acting with equal caution and decision. During that day he obtained an advance from a neighboring banker of two thousand pounds, on the security of a deposit of a portion of the title deeds of the Yatton property. He had, indeed, occasion for great resources, personal as well as pecuniary; for instance—he had reason to believe that the enemy had already penetrated to his strong hold, the QUAINT CLUB at Grilston, (for that was the name of the club into which the one hundred and nine new voters of Grilston had formed themselves.) Though Gammon had agreed, after much negotiation, to buy them at the very liberal sum of ten pounds a-head, he had reason, shortly after the arrival of Mr. Crafty, to believe that they had been tampered with; for as he was, late one evening, moodily walking up to the hall, in the park, he overtook a man whose person he did not at first recognise in the darkness, but whose fearfully significant motions soon ensured him recognition. It was, in fact, the man who had hitherto treated with him on behalf of the Quaint Club; one Benjamin Bran, (commonly called *Ben Bran*), a squat, bow-legged baker of Grilston. He uttered not a word, nor did Mr. Gammon; but on being recognised, simply held up to Mr. Gammon his two outstretched hands, twice, with a significant and inquiring look. Gammon gazed at him for a moment with fury; and muttering—"to-morrow—here—same hour!" hurried on to the hall in a state of the utmost perplexity and alarm. The dilemma in which he felt himself, kept him awake half the night. When once you come to this sort of work, you are apt to give your opponent credit for deeper manoeuvring than you can at the time fully appreciate; and the fate of the battle may soon be rendered really doubtful. Then everything—inclusive of serious consequences, extending far beyond the mere result of the election—depends upon the skill, temper, and experience of the real and responsible directors of the election. Was Ben Bran's appearance a move on the part of Crafty? Had that gentleman brought him over and converted him into a spy? Was he now playing the traitor? Or was the purse of Titmouse to be *bonâ fide* measured against that of Lord de la Zouch? *That would be dreadful!* Gammon felt (to compare him for a moment to an animal with whom he had some kindred qualities,) much like a cat on a very high glass wall, afraid to stir in any direction, and yet unable to continue where he was; while the two candidates, attended by their sounding bands, and civil and smiling friends, were making their public demonstrations and canvassing the electors, as if thereby they exercised the slightest possible influence over one single elector on either side! As I have already intimated, the battle was being fought by two calm and crafty heads, in two snug and quiet little rooms in Grilston—one at the Hare and Hounds, the other at the Woodlouse Inn; of course, I mean Mr. Crafty and Mr. Gammon. The former, within a very few hours, saw that the issue of the struggle lay with the Quaint Club; and from one of his trusty emissaries—a man whom no one ever saw in communication with him, who was a mere stranger in Grilston, indifferent as to the result of the election, but delighting in its frolics, who was peculiarly apt to get sooner drunk than any one he drank with—Mr. Crafty ascertained that though the enlightened members of the Quaint Club had certainly formed a predilection for the principles of Mr. Titmouse, yet they possessed a candor which disposed them to hear all that might be advanced in favor of the principles of his opponent.

Mr. Crafty's first step was to ascertain what had been already done or attempted on behalf of Mr. Delamere, and also of Mr. Titmouse; then the exact number of the voters, whom he carefully classified. He found that there were exactly four hundred who might be expected to poll; the new electors amounting in numbers to one hundred and sixty, the old ones to two hundred and forty, and principally scot-and-lot voters. In due time he ascertained, that of the former class only *thirty-six* could be relied upon for Mr. Delamere. The tenants of the Yatton property within the borough amounted to one hundred and fifteen. They had been canvassed by Mr. Delamere and his friends with great delicacy; and twenty-three of them had voluntarily pledged themselves to vote for him, and risk all consequences: intimating that they hated and despised their new landlord, as much as they had loved their old one, whose principles they understood to be those of Mr. Delamere. Then there remained a class of "*accessibles*," (to adopt the significant language of Mr. Crafty,) in number one hundred and twenty-five. These were persons principally resident in and near Yatton, subject undoubtedly to strong and direct influence on the part of Mr. Titmouse, but still not absolutely at his command. Of these no fewer than seventy had pledged themselves in favor of Mr. Delamere; and, in



short, thus stood Mr. Crafty's calculations as to the probable force on both sides:

DELAMERE.		TITMOUSE.	
New Voters.....	36	New Voters.....	109
Yatton tenants.....	23	Quaint Club.....	109
Accessibles.....	70	Others.....	21
			130
		129 Tenants.....	92
		Accessibles.....	35

Now, of the class of *accessibles*, twenty remained yet unpledged, and open to conviction; and, moreover, both parties had good ground for believing that they would all be convinced *one way*—i. e. toward either Mr. Titmouse or Mr. Delamere. Now, if the Quaint Club could be in any way detached from Mr. Titmouse, it would leave him with a majority of *seventeen* only over Mr. Delamere; and then, if by any means the twenty *accessibles* could be secured for Mr. Delamere, he would be placed in a majority of three over his opponent. Whichever way they went, however, it was plain that the Quaint Club held the election in their own hands, and intended to keep it so. Gammon's calculations differed but slightly from those of Crafty; and thenceforth both directed their best energies toward the same point, the Quaint Club—going on all the while with undiminished vigor and assiduity with their canvass, as the best mode of diverting attention from their important movements, and satisfying the public that the only weapons with which the fight was to be won were—bows, smiles, civil speeches, placards, squibs, banners, and bands of music. Mr. Crafty had received a splendid sum for his services from Lord de la Zouch; but on receiving the first distinct and peremptory intimation from his lordship, through Mr. Delamere, that there was to be, *bonâ fide*, no bribery—and that the only funds placed at his disposal were those sufficient for the *legitimate* expenses of the election—he smiled rather bitterly, and sent off a secret express to Fotheringham, to ascertain for what his services had been engaged—for what was the use of going to Waterloo *without powder*? The answer he received was laconic enough, and verbatim as follows:

"No intimidation; no treating; no bribery; *manœuvre* as skilfully as you can; and watch the enemy night and day, so that the close of the poll may not be the close of the election, nor the victor there the sitting member."

To the novel, arduous and cheerless duty, defined by this despatch from head-quarters, Mr. Crafty immediately addressed all his energies; and, after carefully reconnoitering his position, unpromising as it was, he did not despair of success. All his own voters had been gained, upon the whole, fairly. The thirty-six new voters had been undoubtedly under considerable influence, of an almost inevitable kind indeed—inasmuch as they consisted of persons principally employed in the way of business by Lord de la Zouch, and by many of his friends and neighbors, all of whom were of his lordship's way of political thinking. Every one of the twenty-three tenants had given a spontaneous and cordial promise; and the seventy "*accessibles*" had been gained, after a very earnest and persevering canvass, by Mr. Delamere, in company with others who had a pretty decisive and legitimate influence over them. The remaining twenty might, possibly, though not probably, be secured by equally unobjectionable means. That being the state of things with Delamere, how stood matters with Mr. Titmouse? First and foremost, the Quaint Club had been bought at ten pounds a-head, by Gammon—that was all certain. Crafty would also have bought them like a flock of sheep, had he been allowed, and would have managed matters most effectually and secretly; yet not more so than he found Mr. Gammon had succeeded in doing: at all events, as far as he himself personally was concerned. In fact, he had foiled Mr. Crafty, when that gentleman looked about in search of legal evidence of what had been done. Still, however, he did not despair of being able to perform a series of manoeuvres which should secure one of the ends he most wished, in respect even of the Quaint Club. With equal good intentions, but actuated by a zeal that was not according to knowledge, some of Mr. Gammon's coadjutors had not imitated his circumspection. Quite unknown to him, one or two of them had most fearfully committed him, themselves, and Mr. Titmouse; giving him such accounts of their doings as should serve only to secure his applause for their tact and success. Before Mr. Crafty they stood detected as blundering novices in the art of electioneering. A small tinker and brazier at Warkleigh had received, with a wink, ten pounds from a member of Mr. Titmouse's committee, in payment of an old outstanding account. Heaven save the mark!—delivered in by him three years before, for mending pots, kettles, and saucepans, in the time of—the Aubreys! The wife of a tailor at Grilston received the same sum for a fine tom-cat, which was a natural curiosity, since it could wink each eye separately. A third worthy and independent voter was reminded that he had lent the applicant for his vote ten pounds several years before, and which that gentleman now took shame to himself, as he paid the amount, for having so long allowed it to remain unpaid. Mr. Barnabas Bloodsuck, with superior astuteness, gave three pounds a-piece to three little boys, sons of a voter, whose workshop overlooked Messrs. Bloodsuck's back offices, on condition that they would desist from their trick of standing and putting their thumbs to their noses at him, as he sat in his office, and which had really become an insupportable nuisance. Here was, therefore, a valuable consideration for the payment, and bribery was out of the question. Such are samples of the ingenious devices which had been resorted to, in order to secure some thirty or forty votes! In short, Mr. Crafty caught them tripping in at least eleven clear, unquestionable cases of bribery, each supported by unimpeachable evidence, and each sufficing to void the election, to disqualify Mr. Titmouse from sitting in that Parliament for Yatton, and to subject both him and his agents to a ruinous amount of penalties. Then again, there were clear indications either of a disposition to set at defiance the stringent provisions of the law against treating, or of an ignorance of their existence. And as for freedom of election, scarcely ten of his tenants gave him a willing vote, or otherwise than upon compulsion, and after threats of raised rents or expulsion from farms. Tied as were Mr. Crafty's hands, the Quaint Club became a perfect eyesore to him. He found means, however, to open a secret and

confidential communication with them, and resolved to hold out to them dazzling but indistinct hopes of pecuniary advantage from the regions of Fotheringham. His emissary soon got hold of the redoubtable Ben Bran, who, truth to say, had long been on the look out for indications of the desired sort from the other side. As Bran was late one evening walking slowly alone along the high-road leading to York, he was accosted by a genteel-looking person, who spoke in a low tone, and whom Bran now recollected to have seen, or spoken to, before. "Can you tell me where lies the gold mine?" said the stranger; "at Fotheringham or Yatton?"—and the speaker looked round, apprehensive of being overheard. Ben pricked up his ears, and soon got into conversation with the mysterious stranger; in the course of which the latter threw out, in a very significant manner, that "a certain peer could never be supposed to send a certain near relative into the field, in order that that relative might be beaten, \* \* \* and especially for want of a few pounds; and besides, my friend, when only \* \* \*—the other side."

"Why, who are you? Where do you come from?" inquired Ben, with a violent start.

"Dropped out of the—moon," was the quiet and smiling answer.

"Then I must say they know a precious deal," replied Ben, after a pause, "up there, of what's going on down here."

"To be sure—every thing; every thing!" \* \* \* Here the stranger told Ben the precise sum which the club had received from Mr. Gammon.

"Are we both—gentlemen?" inquired the stranger, earnestly.

"Y—e—e—s, I hope so, sir," replied Ben, hesitatingly.

"And men of business—men of our word?"

"Honor among thieves—ay, ay," answered Ben, in a still lower tone, and very eagerly.

"Then let you and me meet *alone*, this time to-morrow, at Darkling Edge; and by that time, do you see, turn this over in your mind," here the stranger twice held up both his hands, with outstretched thumbs and fingers. "Sure we understand each other!" added the stranger. Ben nodded, and they were presently out of sight of each other. The stranger gentleman pulled off his green spectacles, and also a pair of grey whiskers, and put both of them into his pocket. If any one attempted to dog him, he must have been led a pretty round! "I was in consequence of this interview that Ben made the application to Gammon, which had so disturbed him, and which has been already described. And to return to our friend: what was he to do? On returning to the Hall, he opened a secret drawer in his desk, and took out a thin slip of paper which he had deposited there that morning, it having been then received by him from town, marked "*Private and Confidential*," and franked, "*Blossom and Box*." 'Twas but a line, and written in a bold hand, but in evident haste; for it had in fact been penned by Lord Blossom and Box while he was sitting in the Court of Chancery, apparently listening to an abstruse argument, to which he had prepared the judgment which he was within a day or two's time to deliver. This is a copy of it:

"The election *must* be won. You will hear from E— by this post. Don't address any note to me. "B. and B."

With this great man, Lord Chancellor Blossom and Box, when plain Mr. Quicksilver, Mr. Gammon had had a pretty familiar acquaintance, as the reader may easily suppose; and had a natural desire to acquit himself creditably in the eyes of so distinguished and powerful a personage. Gammon had volunteered an assurance to his lordship, shortly before leaving town, that the election was safe, and in his, Gammon's hands; guess, then, his chagrin and fury at finding the systematic and determined opposition which had suddenly sprung up against him; and the intensity of his desire to defeat it. And the more anxious he was on this score, the more vividly he perceived the necessity of acting with a caution which should ensure real, ultimate success, instead of a mere noisy and temporary triumph, which should be afterward converted into most galling, disgraceful, and public defeat. The more that Gammon reflected on the sudden but determined manner in which Lord de la Zouch had entered into the contest, the more confident he became that his lordship had an important ultimate object to secure; and that he had at command immense means of every description, Gammon but too well knew, in common with all the world. Was, for instance, Mr. Crafty brought down, at an enormous expense, for nothing? What the device were the Quaint Club about? Was ever any thing so monstrous heard of—ten pounds a man received—the bargain finally struck—and now their original demand suddenly and peremptorily doubled? Venal miscreants? Was the other side really outbidding him, or laying a deep plan for entrapping him into an act of wholesale bribery? In short, were the Quaint Club now actuated by avarice, or by treachery?—Again and again did he go over his list of promises; having marked the *favorable, hostile, neutral, doubtful*, from a table as accurately compiled and classified as that of Mr. Crafty. Like his wily and practised opponent, also, Gammon entrusted his principal movements to scarce a soul of those who were engaged with him; fearing, indeed, though *them*, with no definite grounds, that Messrs. Mudflint, Woodlouse, Centipede, Bloodsuck, and Going Gone, were already too deep in the secrets of the election. According to his calculations, supporting all his promises to stand, Titmouse was, independently of the Quaint Club, and some eighteen or twenty others whom he had set down as "*to be had*"—only *twenty-five* a-head of Delamere; thus making a difference of eight only between his calculation and that of Crafty. Of course, therefore, that cursed Quaint Club had it all their own way; and how to jockey them, was a problem that well nigh split his head. He gave Lord de la Zouch credit for doing all that he—Gammon—could do to win the election; and believed him, therefore, capable of buying over any number of the club, to turn king's evidence against their original benefactor. The Bloodsucks assured him that the club were all good men and true—staunch—game to the backbone; but Gammon had obtained information as to the political sentiments of several of the members, before they had acquired the new franchise, and become banded into so sudden and formidable a confederacy, which led him to speculate rather apprehensively

on the effects which might follow any bold and skilful scheme which might be resorted to by his enemies. Now, as far as the club were concerned, its members were all quiet, respectable men, who made the affair a dry matter of business. They justly looked on each of the candidates as equally worthy of the honor they coveted of representing the borough, and considered that they would always go on right at head quarters—i. e. that the country would be properly governed—without the least reference to the quality or complexion of the House of Commons. They saw the desperate and unceasing fight going on among their betters for the loaves and fishes; and imitated their example, with reference to the crumbs and fragments. First they divided themselves, as near as their number would admit of, into tens, giving one to the odd nine, equally with each body of ten, and thus produced a body of eleven representatives. These eleven, again, in the presence of the whole club, chose five of their number for the purpose of conducting the negotiations between the club and the two candidates; and these five again selected one of themselves—Ben Bran—to be the actual medium of communication: the actual state of the market never went beyond the first body of eleven; and in the exercise of an exquisite dexterity, Mr. Crafty had contrived to inspire these eleven, through their deputy and mouthpiece, Bran, with a determination to exact *fifteen* pounds per head mere from Titmouse, before recording their votes in his favor: and this untoward state of things was duly intimated to Gammon by Ben Bran, by silently outstretching both hands and then one hand. That would make a total of *two thousand seven hundred and twenty-five pounds* disbursed among that accursed Quaint Club alone!—thought Gammon, with a shudder: and suppose they should even then turn tail upon him, seduced by the splendid temptations of Lord de la Zouch? Just to conceive the possibility, for one moment, of Mr. Benjamin Bran having been bought over to betray all his companions, and Gammon and his party also, into the hands of Lord de la Zouch? Saith the immortal author of *Hudibras*—

"Ah me, the perils that environ,  
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

But I shall make an exclamation of my own—

"What pen his troubles shall describe,  
Who voters once begins to bribe!"

"Oh!" thought Mr. Gammon, a thousand times, "that cursed Quaint Club!—That cursed Crafty!"

The very first person on whom Delamere waited, in order to solicit his support, was little Dr. Tatham, who, I need hardly say, gave it promptly and cordially; but he added, shaking his head, that he knew he was giving huge offence to the people at the Hall, who had already been several times very urgent, indeed, with him. "Well, rather, sir, than sow dissension between you and Mr. Titmouse, your neighbor," said Delamere, spiritedly, "I at once release you from your promise."

"Ah! indeed?" cried Dr. Tatham, briskly—"Do you? Can you? Ought you to do so? I look upon the exercise of my franchise to be a sacred duty, and I shall discharge it as readily and as conscientiously as any other duty, come what may." Delamere looked at him, and thought how often he had heard Miss Aubrey talk of him with affectionate enthusiasm, and he believed the little doctor to be every way worthy of it. "For myself," continued Dr. Tatham, "I care little; but I have reason greatly to apprehend the effects of his displeasure upon those who are disposed—as such I know there are—to go counter to his wishes. He'll make them rue the day!"

"Ay!—Let him!" exclaimed Mr. Delamere, with an eye of bright defiance; but it kindled only a faint, momentary spark of consolation in the breast of Dr. Tatham.

The rivals, Mr. Delamere and Mr. Titmouse, encountered one another, as it were in full state, on the second day of the former's canvass. 'Twas in the street. Mr. Delamere was attended by Mr. Parkinson, Sir Percival Pickering, Mr. St. Aubyn, Mr. Alyward Elvet, Mr. Gold, and one or two others. Mr. Delamere looked certainly very handsome. About his person, countenance, and carriage, there was an air of manly frankness, refinement, and simplicity; and a glance at his aristocratic cast of features, told you that a certain latent tendency to hauteur was kept in check by sincere good-nature. He was tall and well-proportioned, and his motions had a natural ease and grace; and as for his dress, it combined a rigid simplicity with an undoubted fashion and elegance. Though the air was very cold and frosty, he wore only a plain, dark-colored surtout buttoned.

"Delamere! Delamere!" whispered with a smile Mr. St. Aubyn, (one of the former members for the borough,) on first catching sight of the enemy approaching them on the same side of the street, at about twenty yards' distance—"Here comes your opponent; he's a beauty, eh?"

Mr. Titmouse walked first, dressed in a fine drab-colored great-coat, with velvet collar of the same hue, and sable near a foot deep at his wrist. It was buttoned tightly round a pinched-in waist, and a white cambric handkerchief peeped out of a pocket in the breast. He had a red and green plaid waistcoat, and a full satin stock, glistening with little pins and chains. His trousers were sky-blue, and very tight, and covered almost the whole of his boot; so that it was a wonder to the vulgar how he ever got into or out of them. The little that was seen of his boots shone wonderfully; and he wore spurs at his heels. His span-new glossy hat was perched a laant on his bushy hair; he wore lemon-colored kid gloves, and a delicate little ebony cane. Following this pretty little figure were—the *sallow, insolent-looking "Reverend"* Smirk Mudflint, (such was the title he assumed,) Mr. Centipede, Mr. Grogam, Mr. Bloodsuck, junior, (who had approached as near, in point of personal appearance, to his illustrious client, as he knew how,) and—Mr. Gammon. As the hostile companies neared each other, that of Delamere observed some one hastily whisper to Titmouse, who instantly stuck his chased gold eyeglass into his eye, and stared very vulgarly at Mr. Delamere—who, on passing him, with the courtesy he conceived due to an opponent, took off his hat, and bowed with politeness and grace, his example being followed by all his party. Titmouse, however, took not the least notice of the compliment; but, without removing his glass from his eye, throwing an odious sneer into his face, stared steadily at Mr. Delamere, and so passed on. Mr. Barnabas

Bloodsuck ably seconded him. Mudflint, with a bitter smirk, touched his hat slightly; Centipede affected to look another way; Grogam blushed, and bowed as to his very best customer. Mr. Gammon came last; and bursting with disgust at the reception given to Mr. Delamere, colored all over as he took off his hat, and with an expression of very anxious and pointed politeness, endeavored to satisfy Mr. Delamere and his party, that there was at all events *one* in the train of Titmouse, who had some pretensions to the character of a gentleman.

"Who can that last man be? He's a gentleman," inquired Sir Percival, with an air of much surprise.

"Mr. Gammon—a man who is lord paramount at the Hall," replied one.

"Gammon!—Is that Mr. —" echoed Delamere, with much interest; and as he turned round to look at Gammon, observed that Gammon was doing the same; on which both hastily turned away.

As the important day approached, each party *professed* complete confidence as to the result. The *Yorkshire Sting* declared that it had authority for stating that Mr. Titmouse's majority would be at least three to one over Mr. Delamere—and that, too, in glorious defiance of the most lavish bribery and corruption, the most tyrannical intimidation, that had ever disgraced the annals of electioneering. In fact, it was presumption in Mr. Delamere to attempt to foist himself upon a borough with which he had no connection, and done with a wanton and malicious determination to occasion expense and annoyance to Mr. Titmouse. The *York True Blue*, on the contrary, assured its readers that Mr. Delamere's prospects were of the brightest description—and though by perhaps a small majority, yet he was sure of his election. He had been everywhere hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. Many of even Mr. Titmouse's tenantry had nobly volunteered their support to Mr. Delamere; and at Grilston, so long regarded as the very focus and hot-bed of democracy, his success had surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his friends, and so forth. Then there was a sly and mischievous caution to the electors, not to be led away by the ingenious and eloquent sophistries which might be expected from Mr. Titmouse at the hustings, on the day of nomination!! All this might be very well for the papers, and probably produce its impression upon those who, at a distance, are in the habit of relying upon them. But as for the actors—the parties concerned—Mr. Delamere was repeatedly assured by Mr. Crafty that a decent minority was the very utmost that could be expected; while Titmouse and his friends, on the other hand, were in a very painful state of uncertainty as to the issue: only Gammon, however, and perhaps one or two others, being acquainted with the true source of uneasiness and difficulty; viz. the abominable rapacity of the Quaint Club.

At length dawned the day which was to determine how far Yatton was worthy or unworthy of the boon which had been conferred upon it by the glorious Bill for giving Everybody Everything—which was to witness the maiden contest between the two hopeful scions of the noble and ancient houses of Dreddlington and De la Zouch—on which it was to be ascertained whether Yatton was to be bought and sold, like any other article of merchandise, by a bitter old boroughmonger; or to signalize itself by its spirit and independence, in returning one who avowed, and would support, the noble principles which secured the passing of the Great Bill which has been so often alluded to. As for my hero, Mr. Titmouse, it gives me pain to have to record—making even all due allowance for the excitement occasioned by so exhilarating an occasion—that there were scarcely two hours in the day during which he could be considered as sober. He generally left his bed about 11 o'clock in the morning—about 2 o'clock reached his committee-room—there he called for a bottle or two of soda-water, with brandy; and, thus supported, set out on his canvass, and never refused an invitation to take a glass of good ale at the houses which he visited. About the real business of the election—about his own true position and prospects—Gammon never once deigned to consult or instruct him; but had confined himself to the preparation of a very short and simple speech, to be delivered by Titmouse, if possible, from the hustings, and which he had made Titmouse copy out many times, and *promise* that he would endeavor to learn off by heart. He might as well have attempted to walk up the outside of the Monument.

Merrily rung the bells of Grilston church, by order of the vicar, the Reverend Gideon Fleahpot, who was a stanch Titmouseite, and had long cast a sort of sheep's eye upon the living of Yatton; for he was nearly twenty years younger than its present possessor, Doctor Tatham. What a bustle was there in the town by eight o'clock in the morning! All business was to be suspended for the day. Great numbers from the places adjacent began to pour into the town about that hour. It was soon seen who was the popular candidate—he whose colors were yellow; for wherever you went, yellow cockades, rosettes, and button-ties for the men, and yellow ribands for the girls, yellow flags and yellow placards with "TITMOUSE FOR YATTON!" met the eye. Mr. Delamere's colors were a deep blue, but were worn, I am sorry to say, by only one in four or five of those who were stirring about; and who, moreover, however respectable, and in appearance superior to the adherents of Titmouse, yet wore no such look of confidence and cheerfulness as they. From the bay-window of the Hare and Hounds, Mr. Delamere's head-quarters, streamed an ample and very rich blue silk banner, on which was worked, in white silk, the figure of a Bible, Crown, and Sceptre, and the words "Delamere for Yatton." This would probably have secured some little favorable notice from his sullen and bitter opponents, had they known that it had been the workmanship of some fifteen of as sweet, beautiful girls as could have been picked out of the whole county of York; and, by the way, 'tis a singular and melancholy sign of the times, that beauty, innocence, and accomplishment, are in England to be found uniformly arrayed on the side of tyranny and corruption, against the people. Then Mr. Delamere's band was equal to three such as that of his opponent—playing with equal precision and power; and, what was more, they played very bold enlivening tunes as they paraded the town.

There was one feature of the early proceedings of the day, that was rather singular and significant: viz., that though all the members of the formidable Quaint Club were

stirring about, *not one of them wore the colors of either party*, though (between ourselves,) each man had the colors of both parties in his pocket. They appeared studiously to abstain from a display of party feeling—though several of them *could* not resist a leering wink of the eye when the yellow band went clashing past them. They had, moreover, a band of their own, which went about the town, preceded by their own standard—a very broad sheet of sky-blue, stretched between two poles, supported by two men; and the droll device it bore, was—an enormous man's face, with an intense squint, and two hands, with the thumbs of each resting on the nose, and the fingers spread out toward the beholder. It produced—as it seemed designed to produce—shouts of laughter wherever it made its appearance. Every member of the Quaint Club wore a grave face, as if they were the only persons who appreciated the nature of the exalted functions which they were about to exercise. No one could tell which way they intended to vote, though all expected that they were to come in at the last, and place the yellows in a triumphant majority of a hundred, at least. Though it had been a matter of notoriety that they were Mr. Titmouse's men, before Mr. Delamere appeared in the field; yet, *since* then, they had suddenly exhibited a politic and persevering silence and reserve, even among their personal friends and acquaintance. The yellow band performed one feat which was greatly applauded by the yellow crowd which attended them, and evidenced the delicacy by which those who guided their movements were actuated: viz., they frequently passed and repassed Mr. Delamere's committee-room, playing that truly inspiring air, "The Rogue's March." Then the yellows dressed up a poor old donkey in Mr. Delamere's colors, which were plentifully attached to the animal's ears and tail, and paraded him, with great cheering, before the doors of the Hare and Hounds, and Mr. Delamere's principal friends and adherents. Nay—one of the more vivacious of the crowd threw a stone at a little corner window of the blue committee-room, through which it went smashing its way, till it hit upon the inkstand of calm Mr. Crafty, who sat alone in the little room, busy at work with pen, ink and paper. He looked up for a moment, called for a fresh inkstand, and presently resumed his pen, as if nothing had happened.

The hustings were erected upon a very convenient and commodious green, at the southern extremity of the town; and thither might be seen, first on its way, a little after eleven o'clock, the procession of the popular candidate—Mr. Titmouse. Here and there might be heard, as he passed, the startling sounds of mimic ordnance, fired by little boys from house-tops. As they passed the church, its bells rang their merriest peal; and, at a little distance further on, the little boys of Mr. Hic Hæc Hoc, each with a small rosette tied to his jacket, struck up a squeaking and enthusiastic "hurrah!" while from the upper windows, the young ladies (three in number,) of Mrs. Hic Hæc Hoc's "establishment" waved their little white pocket-handkerchiefs. Next on their way, they passed the "Reverend" Smirk Mudflint's chapel, which was in very unenviable and queer contiguity to an establishment of a very questionable character—in fact, adjoining it. Against the upper part of the chapel hung a device calculated to arrest, as it *did* arrest, universal attention and admiration—viz., an inverted copy of the New Testament; over it, the figure of a church turned upside down, with the point of its steeple resting on the word "Revelation;" and upon the aforesaid church stood proudly erect an exact representation of Mr. Smirk Mudflint's chapel, over which were the words, "FREEDOM OF OPINION! and TRUTH TRIUMPHANT!" But I do not know whether another device, worked by Miss Mudflint—a skinny, tallow-faced, and flinty-hearted young lady of five-and-twenty, was not still more striking and original; viz., a Tri-angle, and an Eye with rays, and the words—"TITMOUSE! Truth! Peace!" Three cheers for Mr. Mudflint were given here; and Mr. Mudflint bowed all round with an air of proud excitement—feeling, moreover, an intense desire to stop the procession and make a speech while opposite to his own little dunghill. First in the procession marched a big fellow, with one eye, bearing a flag, with a red cap on a pike, and the words, in large black characters,

"TITMOUSE OR DEATH!!!"

"LET TYRANTS TREMBLE!!!"

Then came the band; and next to them walked—TITMURBAT TITMOUSE, Esq., dressed exactly as he was when he encountered, in their canvass, the party of his opponent, as I have already described—only that he wore a yellow rosette, attached to a button-hole on the left side of his drab great-coat. His protuberant light-blue eyes danced with delight, and his face was flushed with excitement. His hat was off and on every moment, in acknowledgment of the universal salutations which greeted him, and which so occupied him that he even forgot to use his eyeglass. On his left hand walked, wrapped up in a plain, dark-hued great-coat, a somewhat different person—Mr. Gammon. The expression which his features wore was one of intense anxiety; and any tolerably close observer might have detected the mortification and disgust with which his eye occasionally glanced at, and was suddenly withdrawn from, the figure of the grinning idiot beside him. Who do you think, reader, walked on Mr. Titmouse's right-hand side? Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, Baronet, whose keen political feelings, added to a sincere desire to secure his daughter's becoming the mistress of Yatton, had obliterated all unkindly recollection of Mr. Titmouse's gross conduct on a former occasion, after having received, through the medium of Mr. Bloodsuck, senior, as a common friend, a satisfactory apology. Next walked Mr. Titmouse's mover and seconder, the "Reverend" Mr. Mudflint, and Going Gone, "Esquire." Then came Mr. Centipede and Mr. Woodlouse, Mr. Grogam and Mr. Ginblossom; Mr. Gargle Glistler, and Mr. Barnabas Bloodsuck; and others of the leading friends of Mr. Titmouse, followed by some two hundred others, two and two. Thus passed along the main street of Grilston, in splendid array, what might too truly have been called the *triumphal* procession of the popular candidate; his progress being accompanied by the enlivening music of his band, the repeated acclamations of the excited and intelligent crowd, the waving of banners and flags below, and handkerchiefs and scarfs from the young ladies at the windows, and desperate strugglings from time to time, on the part of the crowd, to catch a glimpse of Mr. Titmouse. Mr. Gammon had the day before *hired ten pounds' worth of mob*—a device alone sufficient to have made Mr.

Titmouse the popular candidate, and it now told excellently; for the aforesaid ten pounds' worth disposed itself in truly admirable order, in front of the hustings—and, on Mr. Titmouse's making his appearance there, set up a sudden and enthusiastic shout, which rent the air, and was calculated to strike dismay into the heart of the enemy. Mr. Titmouse, on gaining the hustings, changed color visibly, and, coming in front, took off his glossy hat, and bowed repeatedly in all directions. Mr. Delamere's procession was of a vastly superior description, yet too palpably that of the unpopular candidate—every member of it, from first to last, having made up his mind to encounter incivility, and even insult, however really anxious to avoid the slightest occasion for it. The band was numerous, and played admirably. There was a profusion of gay and handsome flags and banners. Mr. Delamere walked next to the band, with a gallant bearing, a gay and cheerful smile, yet often darkened by anxiety as he perceived indubitable symptoms of a disposition to rough treatment on the part of the crowd. On his right hand side walked Mr. St. Aubyn; on his left, Sir Percival Pickering, the late member for the borough. Following them came Mr. Gold, the banker, and Mr. Milnthorpe, an extensive and highly-respectable flour-factor—these being Mr. Delamere's mover and seconder; and they were followed by at least three hundred others, two and two, all of substantial and respectable appearance, and most resolute air to boot. No amount of mob that day in Grilston would have ventured an attack, in passing, upon that stout-hearted body of yeomen. A great many white handkerchiefs were waved from the windows, as Delamere passed along—waved by the hands of hundreds of fair creatures, whose hearts throbbed with fond fears lest an unoffending gentleman should be maltreated by the mob. When Mr. Delamere approached a large bow-window, opposite to the town-hall, his heart began to beat quickly. There were four as beautiful and high-born young women as England could have produced—all gazing down upon him with eager and anxious looks. It was not they, however, who occasioned Mr. Delamere's emotion. He knew that in that room was Lady de la Zouch—his mother; and he grew silent and excited as he approached it. One of the loveliest of the four, as he stopped and with respectful bow looked up for an instant—Lady Althea Larymer—suddenly and quite unexpectedly stepped aside; and there stood revealed the figure of Lady de la Zouch. She would have waved her handkerchief, but that she required it to conceal her emotion. The lips of neither mother nor son moved; but their hearts uttered reciprocal benedictions—and Delamere passed on. As he neared the church, I regret to have it to put on record, but, at the bidding of the Reverend Gideon Fleahpot, the bells tolled as for a funeral!!

Could anything have been more lamentable and disgusting? If the sudden and unexpected sight of his mother had been calculated in any degree to subdue, for a moment, his feelings, what ensued within a minute or two afterward was sufficient to excite his sternest mood; for as soon as ever the head of his procession became visible to the crowd on the green, there arose a tremendous storm of yelling, hooting, hissing, and groaning; and when Mr. Delamere made his appearance in front of the hustings, you might have imagined that you were witnessing the reception given to some loathsome miscreant mounting the gallows to expiate with his life a dreadful crime. He advanced, nevertheless, with a smile of cheerful resolution and good humor, though he changed color a little; and, taking off his hat, bowed in all directions. Gracious heaven! what a contrast he presented to his popular rival, Mr. Titmouse, who stood grinning and winking to the wretches immediately underneath, evidently with a spiteful gratification at the treatment which his opponent was experiencing. Any one on the hustings or in the crowd had but to call out "Three cheers for Mr. Titmouse!" to be instantly obeyed; then "Three groans for the young boroughmonger!" were responded to with amazing vehemence and effect. Viewed from a distance sufficient to prevent your observing the furious faces of the dense mob, and hearing the opprobrious epithets which were levelled against the unpopular candidate, the scene appeared both interesting and exciting. On the outskirts of the crowd were to be seen a great number of carriages, both close and open, principally occupied by ladies—and I need hardly say who was the favorite in those quarters. Then the rival bands moved continually about, playing well-known national airs; while the banners and flags, blue and yellow, heightened the exhilarating and picturesque effect of the whole. The hustings were strong and commodious; Mr. Titmouse and his friends stood on the right, Mr. Delamere and his friends on the left side. He was dressed in a simple, dark blue surtout and plain black stock. He was tall, elegant, and easy in his person, appearance, and gestures; his countenance was prepossessing, and bespoke a little excitement, which did not, however, obscure its good nature. And beside him stood his mover and seconder, Mr. Gold and Mr. Milnthorpe; the two late members; and about twenty or thirty other gentlemen—the whole party forming such a strong contrast to their opponents, as must have challenged any one's observation in an instant. Titmouse stood in the centre, leaning (as he supposed,) gracefully against the front bar; on his right stood the burly, slovenly figure of Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, with his big, bloated, blotchy face: on Mr. Titmouse's left stood his proposer, the "Reverend" Mr. Smirk Mudflint. His lean, sallow face wore a very disagreeable and bitter expression, which was aggravated by a sinister cast of one of his eyes. He was dressed in black, with a white neck-kchief and no shirt collars. Next to him stood Going Gone, Esq., Mr. Titmouse's seconder, with a ruddy complexion, light hair, a droll eye, and an expression of coarseness, but by no means ill-natured energy. Gammon stood immediately behind Titmouse, into whose ear he whispered frequently and anxiously. There were also the Reverend Gideon Fleahpot, (though he evidently did not wish to make himself conspicuous,) Mr. Glistler, Mr. Grogam, Mr. Woodlouse, Mr. Centipede, Mr. Ginblossom, Mr. Hic Hæc Hoc, the Messrs. Bloodsuck, father and son. The business of the day having been opened with the ordinary formalities by the returning officer, he earnestly besought the assembled multitude to remember that they were Englishmen, and to give both parties fair play, allowing every one, who might address them from the hustings, to be heard without serious interruption. It had been arranged between the two committees that Mr. Titmouse should be the first proposed; and



the moment, therefore, that the returning officer ceased speaking, the "Reverend" Mr. Mudflint took off his hat and prepared to address the 'electors'; but he had to wait for at least a minute in order that the applause with which he had been greeted might subside; during which little anxious interval, he could not help directing toward his opponents a look of bitter exultation. He spoke with the self-possession, fluency, and precision of a practised public speaker. If the day's proceedings were to take their tone from that of the opening speech, 't was a thousand pities that it fell to the lot of the "Reverend" Mr. Mudflint to deliver it.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

### BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

If Joseph Willet, the denounced and proscribed of 'prentices, had happened to be at home when his father's courtly guest presented himself before the Maypole door—that is, if it had not perversely chanced to be one of the half-dozen days in the whole year on which he was at liberty to absent himself for as many hours without question or reproach—he would have contrived, by hook or crook, to dive to the very bottom of Mr. Chester's mystery, and to come at his purpose with as much certainty as though he had been his confidential adviser. In that fortunate case, the lovers would have had quick warning of the ills that threatened them, and the aid of various timely and wise suggestions to boot; for all Joe's readiness of thought and action, and all his sympathies and good wishes, were enlisted in favor of the young people, and were staunch in devotion to their cause. Whether this disposition arose out of his old prepossessions in favor of the young lady, whose history had surrounded her in his mind, almost from his cradle, with circumstances of unusual interest; or from his attachment toward the young gentleman, into whose confidence he had, through his shrewdness and alacrity, and the rendering of sundry important services as a spy and messenger, almost imperceptibly gilded; whether they had their origin in either of these sources, or in the habit natural to youth, or in the constant badgering and worrying of his venerable parent, or in any hidden little love affair of his own which gave him something of a fellow-feeling in the matter; it is needless to inquire—especially as Joe was out of the way, and had no opportunity on that particular occasion of testifying to his sentiments either on one side or the other.

It was, in fact, the twenty-fifth of March, which, as most people know to their cost, is, and has been time out of mind, one of those unpleasant epochs termed quarter-days. On this twenty-fifth of March, it was John Willet's pride annually to settle, in hard cash, his account with a certain vintner and distiller in the city of London; to give into whose hands a canvas bag containing its exact amount, and not a penny more or less, was the end and object of a journey for Joe, so surely as the year and day came round.

This journey was performed upon an old grey mare, concerning whom John had an indistinct set of ideas hovering about him, to the effect that she could win a plate or cup if she tried. She never had tried, and probably she never would now, being some fourteen or fifteen years of age, short in wind, long in body, and rather the worse for wear in respect of her mane and tail. Notwithstanding these slight defects, John perfectly gloried in the animal; and when she was brought round to the door by Hugh, actually retired into the bar, and there, in a secret grove of lemons, laughed with pride.

"There's a bit of horseflesh, Hugh!" said John, when he had recovered enough self-command to appear at the door again. "There's a comely creatur! There's high mett! There's bone!"

There was bone enough beyond all doubt; and so Hugh seemed to think, as he sat sideways in the saddle, lazily doubled up with his chin nearly touching his knees; and heedless of the dangling stirrups and loose bridle-rein, sauntered up and down on the little green before the door.

"Mind you take good care of her, sir," said John, appealing from this insensible person to his son and heir, who now appeared, fully equipped and ready. "Do n't you ride hard."

"I should be puzzled to do that, I think, father," Joe replied, casting a disconsolate look at the animal.

"None of your impudence, sir, if you please," retorted old John. "What would you ride, sir? A wild ass or zebra would be too tame for you, would n't he, eh sir? You'd like to ride a roaring lion, would n't you sir, eh sir? Hould your tongue, sir." When Mr. Willet, in his differences with his son, had exhausted all the questions that occurred to him, and Joe had said nothing at all in answer, he generally wound up by bidding him hold his tongue.

"And what does the boy mean," added Mr. Willet, after he had stared at him for a little time, in a species of stupefaction, "by cocking his hat, to such an extent! Are you a going to kill the wintner, sir?"

"No," said Joe, tartly; "I'm not. "Now your mind's at ease, father."

"With a military air, too!" said Mr. Willet, surveying him from top to toe; "with a swaggering, fire-eating, billing-water drinking sort of way with him! And what do you mean by pulling up the crocuses and snowdrops, eh sir?"

"It's only a little nosegay," said Joe, reddening. "There's no harm in that, I hope?"

"You're a boy of business, you are, sir!" said Mr. Willet, disdainfully, "to go supposing that wintners care for nosegays."

"I do n't suppose any thing of the kind," returned Joe. "Let them keep their red noses for bottles and tankards. These are going to Mr. Varden's house."

"And do you suppose he minds such things as crocuses?" demanded John.

"I do n't know, and to say the truth, I do n't care," said Joe. "Come, father, give me the money, and in the name of patience let me go."

"There it is, sir," replied John; and take care of it;

and mind you don't make too much haste back, but give the mare a long rest.—Do you mind?"

"Ay, I mind," returned Joe. "She'll need it, Heaven knows."

"And don't you score up too much at the Black Lion," said John. "Mind that, too."

"Then why do n't you let me have some money of my own?" retorted Joe, sorrowfully; "why do n't you, father? What do you send me into London for, giving me only the right to call for my dinner at the Black Lion, which you're to pay for next time you go, as if I was not to be trusted with a few shillings? Why do you use me like this? It's not right of you. You can't expect me to be quiet under it."

"Let him have money!" cried John, in a drowsy reverie. "What does he call money—guineas? Has n't he got money? Over and above the tolls, has n't he one and sixpence?"

"One and sixpence!" repeated his son contemptuously.

"Yes, sir," returned John, "one and sixpence. When I was your age, I had never seen so much money, in a heap. A shilling of it is in case of accidents—the mare casting a shoe, or the like of that. The other sixpence is to spend in the diversions of London; and the diversion I recommend is going to the top of the Monument, and sitting there. There's no temptation there, sir—no drink—no young women—no bad characters of any sort—nothing but imagination. That's the way I enjoyed myself when I was your age, sir."

To this, Joe made no answer, but beckoning Hugh, leaped into the saddle and rode away; and a very stalwart, manly horseman he looked, deserving a better charger than it was his fortune to bestride. John stood staring after him, or rather after the grey mare, (for he had no eyes for her rider,) until man and beast had been out of sight some twenty minutes, when he began to think they were gone, and, slowly re-entering the house, fell into a gentle doze.

The unfortunate grey mare, who was the agony of Joe's life, floundered along at her own will and pleasure until the Maypole was no longer visible, and then, contracting her legs into what in a puppet would have been looked upon as a clumsy and awkward imitation of a canter, mended her pace all at once, and did it of her own accord. The acquaintance with her rider's usual mode of proceeding, which suggested this improvement in hers, impelled her likewise to turn up a bye-way, leading—not to London, but through lanes running parallel with the road they had come, and passing within a few hundred yards of the Maypole, which led finally to an inclosure surrounding a large, old, red-brick mansion—the same of which mention was made as the Warren in the first chapter of this history. Coming to a dead stop in a little copse thereabout, she suffered her rider to dismount with right good-will, and to tie her to the trunk of a tree.

"Stay there, old girl," said Joe, "and let us see whether there's any little commission for me to-day." So saying, he left her to browse upon such stunted grass and weeds as happened to grow within the length of her tether, and passing through a wicket gate, entered the grounds on foot.

The pathway, after a very few minutes' walking, brought him close to the house, toward which, and especially toward one particular window, he directed many covert glances. It was a dreary, silent building, with echoing courtyards, desolated turret-chambers, and whole suites of rooms shut up and mouldering to ruin.

The terrace-garden, dark with the shade of overhanging trees, had an air of melancholy that was quite oppressive. Great iron gates, disused for many years, and red with rust, drooping on their hinges and overgrown with long rank grass, seemed as though they tried to sink into the ground, and hide their fallen state among the friendly weeds. The fantastic monsters on the walls, green with age and damp, and covered here and there with moss, looked grim and desolate. There was a sombre aspect even on that part of the mansion which was inhabited and kept in good repair, that struck the beholder with a sense of sadness; of something forlorn and failing, whence cheerfulness was banished. It would have been difficult to imagine a bright fire blazing in the dull and darkened rooms, or to picture any gaiety of heart or revelry that the frowning walls shut in. It seemed a place where such things had been, but could be no more—the very ghost of a house, haunting the old spot in its old outward form—and that was all.

Much of this decayed and sombre look was attributable, no doubt, to the death of its former master, and the temper of its present occupant; but remembering the tale connected with the mansion, it seemed the very place for such a deed, and one that might have been its predestined theatre years upon years ago. Viewed with reference to this legend, the sheet of water where the steward's body had been found, appeared to wear a black and sullen character, such as no other pool might own; the bell upon the roof that had told the tale of murder to the midnight wind, became a very phantom whose voice would raise the listener's hair on end; and every leafless bough that nodded to another, had its stealthy whispering of the crime.

Joe paced up and down the path, sometimes stopping in affected contemplation of the building or the prospect, sometimes leaning against a tree with an assumed air of idleness and indifference, but always keeping an eye upon the window he had singled out at first. After some quarter of an hour's delay, a small white hand was waved to him for an instant from this casement, and the young man, with a respectful bow, departed; saying under his breath as he crossed his horse again, "No errand for me to-day!"

But the air of smartness, the cock of the hat to which John Willet had objected, and the spring nosegay, all betokened some little errand of his own, having a more interesting object than a vintner or even a locksmith. So, indeed, it turned out; for when he had settled with the vintner—whose place of business was down in some deep cellars hard by Thames-street, and who was as purple-faced an old gentleman as if he had all his life supported their arched roof on his head—when he had settled the account, and taken the receipt, and declined tasting more than three glasses of old sherry, to the unbounded astonishment of the purple-faced vintner, who, gimlet in hand, had projected an attack upon at least a score of dusty casks, and who stood

transfixed, or morally gimletted as it were, to his own wall—when he had done all this, and disposed besides of a frugal dinner at the Black Lion in Whitechapel; spurning the Monument and John's advice, he turned his steps toward the locksmith's house, attracted by the eyes of blooming Dolly Varden.

Joe was by no means a sheepish fellow, but, for all that, when he got to the corner of the street in which the locksmith lived, he could by no means make up his mind to walk straight to the house. First, he resolved to stroll up another street for five minutes, then up another street for five minutes more, and so on until he had lost full half an hour, when he made a bold plunge, and found himself with a red face and a beating heart in the smoky workshop.

"Joe Willet, or his ghost!" said Varden, rising from the desk at which he was busy with his books, and looking at him under his spectacles. "Which is it? Joe in the flesh, eh? That's hearty. And how are all the Chigwell company, Joe?"

"Much as usual, sir—they and I agree as well as ever."

"Well, well!" said the locksmith. "We must be patient, Joe, and bear with old folks' foibles. How's the mare, Joe? Does she do the four miles an hour as easily as ever? Ha, ha, ha! Does she, Joe? Eh?—What have we there, Joe—a nosegay?"

"A very poor one, sir—I thought Miss Dolly—"

"No, no," said Gabriel, dropping his voice and shaking his head, "not Dolly. Give 'em to her mother, Joe. A great deal better give 'em to her mother. Would you mind giving 'em to Mrs. Varden, Joe?"

"Oh no, sir," Joe replied, and endeavoring, but not with the greatest possible success, to hide his disappointment. "I shall be very glad, I'm sure."

"That's right," said the locksmith, patting him on the back. "It don't matter who has 'em, Joe?"

"Not a bit, sir."—Dear heart, how the words stuck in his throat!

"Come in," said Gabriel. "I have just been called to tea. She's in the parlor."

"She," thought Joe. "Which of 'em, I wonder—Mrs. or Miss?" The locksmith settled the doubt as neatly as if it had been expressed aloud, by leading him to the door, and saying, "Martha, my dear, here's young Mr. Willet."

Now, Mrs. Varden, regarding the Maypole as a sort of human man-trap, or decoy for husbands; viewing its proprietor, and all who aided and abetted him, in the light of so many poachers among Christian men; and believing, moreover, that the publicans coupled with sinners in Holy Writ were veritable licensed victuallers; was far from being favorably disposed toward her visitor. Wherefore she was taken faint directly; and being duly presented with the crocuses and snowdrops, divined on further consideration that they were the occasion of the languor which had seized upon her spirits. "I'm afraid I could n't bear the room another minute," said the good lady, "if they remained here. Would you excuse my putting them out of window?"

Joe begged she would n't mention it on any account, and smiled feebly as he saw them deposited on the sill outside. If anybody could have known the pains he had taken to make up that despised and misused bunch of flowers!

"I feel it quite a relief to get rid of them, I assure you," said Mrs. Varden. "I'm better already." And indeed she did appear to have plucked up her spirits.

Joe expressed his gratitude to Providence for this favorable dispensation, and tried to look as if he did n't wonder where Dolly was.

"You're sad people at Chigwell, Mr. Joseph," said Mrs. V.

"I hope not, ma'am," returned Joe.

"You're the cruellest and most inconsiderate people in the world," said Mrs. Varden, bridling. "I wonder old Mr. Willet, having been a married man himself, does n't know better than to conduct himself as he does. His doing it for profit is no excuse. I would rather pay the money twenty times over, and have Varden come home like a respectable and sober tradesman. If there is one character," said Mrs. Varden, with great emphasis, "that offends and disgusts me more than another, it is a sot."

"Come, Martha, my dear," said the locksmith, cheerily, "let us have tea, and do n't let us talk about sots. There are none here, and Joe do n't want to hear about them, I dare say."

At this crisis, Miggs appeared with toast.

"I dare say he does not," said Mrs. Varden; "and I dare say you do not, Varden. It's a very unpleasant subject, I have no doubt, though I won't say it's personal"—Miggs coughed—"whatever I may be forced to think"—Miggs sneezed expressively. "You never will know, Varden, and nobody at young Mr. Willet's age—you'll excuse me, sir—can be expected to know, what a woman suffers when she is waiting under such circumstances. If you do n't believe me, as I know you do n't, here's Miggs, who is only too often a witness of it—ask her."

"Oh! she were very bad the other night, sir, indeed she were," said Miggs. "If you had n't the sweetness of an angel in you, mim, I do n't think you could bear it, I raly do n't."

"Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, "you're profane."

"Begging your pardon, mim," returned Miggs, with shrill rapidity, "such was not my intentions, and such I hope is not my character, though I am but a servant."

"Answering me, Miggs, and providing yourself," retorted her mistress, looking round with dignity, "is one and the same thing. How dare you speak of angels in connection with your sinful fellow-beings—mere"—said Mrs. Varden, glancing at herself in a neighboring mirror, and arranging the ribbon of her cap in a more becoming fashion—"mere worms and grovellers as we are!"

"I did not intend, mim, if you please, to give offence," said Miggs, confident in the strength of her compliment, and developing strongly in the throat as usual, "and I did not expect it would be took as such. I hope I know my own unworthiness, and that I hate and despise myself and all my fellow creatures as every practicable Christian should."

"You'll have the goodness, if you please," said Mrs. Varden, loftily, "to step up stairs and see if Dolly has finished dressing, and tell her that the chair that was ordered for her will be here in a minute, and that if she keeps it waiting, I shall send it away that instant. I'm sorry to see that you do n't take your tea, Varden, and that you

do n't take yours, Mr. Joseph; though of course it would be foolish of me to expect that any thing that can be had at home, and in the company of females, would please you."

This pronoun was understood in the plural sense, and included both gentlemen, upon both of whom it was rather hard and undeserved, for Gabriel had applied himself to the meal with a very promising appetite, until it was spoiled by Mrs. Varden herself, and Joe had as great a liking for the female society of the locksmith's house—or for a part of it, at all events—as man could well entertain.

But he had no opportunity of saying any thing in his own defence, for at that moment Dolly herself appeared, and struck him quite dumb with her beauty. Never had Dolly looked so handsome as she did then, in all the glow and grace of youth, with all her charms increased a hundred fold by a most becoming dress, by a thousand little coquettish ways which nobody could assume with a better grace, and all the sparkling expectation of that accursed party. It is impossible to tell how Joe hated that party, wherever it was, and all the other people who were going to it, whoever they were.

And she hardly looked at him—no, hardly looked at him. And when the chair was seen through the open door coming blundering into the workshop, she actually clapped her hands and seemed glad to go. But Joe gave her his arm—there was some comfort in that—and handed her into it. To see her seat herself inside, with her laughing eyes brighter than diamonds, and her hand—surely she had the prettiest hand in the world—on the ledge of the open window, and her little finger provokingly and pertly tilted up, as if it wondered why Joe didn't squeeze or kiss it! To think how well one or two of the modest snowdrops would have become that delicate boddice, and how they were lying neglected outside the parlor window! To see how Miggs looked on, with a face expressive of knowing how all this loveliness was got up, and of being in the secret of every string, and pin, and hook, and eye, and of saying it ain't half as real as you think, and I could look quite as well myself if I took the pains! To hear that provoking precious little scream when the chair was hoisted on its poles, and to catch that transient but not-to-be-forgotten vision of the happy face within—what torments and aggravations, and yet what delights were these! The very chairmen seemed favored rivals as they bore her down the street.

There never was such an alteration in a small room in a small time as in that parlor when they went back to finish tea. So dark, so deserted, so perfectly disenchanted. It seemed such sheer nonsense to be sitting tamely there, when she was at a dance with more lovers than man could calculate fluttering about her—with the whole party doting on and adoring her, and wanting to marry her. Miggs was hovering about, too; and the fact of her existence, the mere circumstance of her having been born, appeared, after Dolly, such an unaccountable practical joke. It was impossible to talk. It could n't be done. He had nothing left for it but to stir his tea round, and round, and round, and ruminate on all the fascinations of the locksmith's lovely daughter.

Gabriel was dull too. It was a part of the certain uncertainty of Mrs. Varden's temper, that when they were in this condition, she should be gay and sprightly.

"I need have a cheerful disposition, I am sure," said the smiling housewife, "to preserve my spirits at all; and how I do it I can scarcely tell."

"Ah, mim," sighed Miggs, "begging your pardon for the interruption, there a'n't a many like you."

"Take away, Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, rising, "take away, pray. I know I'm a restraint here, and as I wish everybody to enjoy themselves as they best can, I feel I had better go."

"No, no, Martha," cried the locksmith. "Stop here. I'm sure we shall be very sorry to lose you, eh, Joe?" Joe started, and said, "Certainly."

"Thank you, Varden, my dear," returned his wife; "but I know your wishes better. Tobacco, and beer, or spirits, have much greater attractions than any I can boast of, and therefore I shall go and sit up stairs and look out of the window, my love. Good night, Mr. Joseph. I'm very glad to have seen you, and only wish I could have provided something more suitable to your taste. Remember me very kindly, if you please, to old Mr. Willet, and tell him that whenever he comes here I have a crow to pluck with him. Good night!"

Having uttered these words with great sweetness of manner, the good lady dropped a curtsy remarkable for its concension, and serenely withdrew.

And it was for this Joe had looked forward to the twenty-fifth of March for weeks and weeks, and had gathered the flowers with so much care, and had cocked his hat, and made himself so smart! This was the end of all his bold determination, resolved upon for the hundredth time, to speak out to Dolly, and tell her how he loved her! To see her for a minute—for but a minute—to find her going out to a party, and glad to go; to be looked upon as a common pipe-smoker, beer-bibber, spirit-guzzler, and tosspot! He bade farewell to his friend the locksmith, and hastened to take horse at the Black Lion, thinking as he turned toward home, as many another Joe has thought before and since, that there was an end to all his hopes—that the thing was impossible and never could be—that she did n't care for him—that he was wretched for life—and that the only congenial prospect left for him, was to go for a soldier or a sailor, and get some obliging enemy to knock his brains out as soon as possible.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Joe Willet rode leisurely along in his desponding mood, picturing the locksmith's daughter going down long country-dances, and pousseting dreadfully with bold strangers—which was almost too much to bear—when he heard the tramp of a horse's feet behind him, and looking back, saw a well-mounted gentleman advancing at a smart canter. As this rider passed, he checked his steed, and called him of the Maypole by his name. Joe set spurs to the grey mare, and was at his side directly.

"I thought it was you, sir," he said, touching his hat.

"A fair evening, sir. Glad to see you out of doors again." The gentleman smiled and nodded. "What gay doings have been going on to-day, Joe? Is she as pretty as ever? Nay, do n't blush, man."

"If I colored at all, Mr. Edward," said Joe, "which I

didn't know I did, it was to think I should have been such a fool as ever to have any hope of her. She's as far out of my reach as—Heaven is."

"Well, Joe, I hope that's not altogether beyond it," said Edward, good-humoredly. "Eh?"

"Ah!" sighed Joe. "It's all very fine talking, sir. Proverbs are easily made in cold blood. But it can't be helped. Are you bound for our house, sir?"

"Yes. As I am not quite strong yet, I shall stay there to-night, and ride home coolly in the morning."

"If you're in no particular hurry," said Joe, after a short silence, "and will bear with the pace of this poor jade, I shall be glad to ride on with you to the Warren, sir, and hold your horse when you dismount. It'll save you having to walk from the Maypole, there and back again. I can spare the time well, sir, for I am too soon."

"And so am I," returned Edward, "though I was unconsciously riding fast just now, in compliment I suppose to the pace of my thoughts, which were traveling post. We will keep together, Joe, willingly, and be as good company as may be. And cheer up, cheer up, think of the locksmith's daughter with a stout heart, and you shall win her yet."

"Joe shook his head; but there was something so cheery in the buoyant, hopeful manner of this speech, that his spirits rose under its influence, and communicated, as it would seem, some new impulse even to the grey mare, who, breaking from her sober amble into a gentle trot, emulated the pace of Edward Chester's horse, and appeared to flatter herself that he was doing his very best."

It was a fine dry night, and the light of a young moon, which was then just rising, shed around that peace and tranquillity which gives to evening time its most delicious charm. The lengthened shadows of the trees, softened as if reflected in still water, threw their carpet on the path the travellers pursued, and the light wind stirred yet more softly than before, as though it were soothing Nature in her sleep. By little and little they ceased talking, and rode on side by side in a pleasant silence.

"The Maypole lights are brilliant to-night," said Edward, as they rode along the lane from which, while the intervening trees were bare of leaves, that hostelry was visible.

"Brilliant indeed, sir," returned Joe, rising in his stirrups to get a better view. "Lights in the large room, and a fire glimmering in the best bed-chamber? Why, what company can this be for, I wonder!"

"Some benighted horseman wending toward London, and deterred from going on to-night by the marvellous tales of my friend the highwayman, I suppose," said Edward.

"He must be a horseman of good quality to have such accommodations. Your bed too, sir—!"

"No matter, Joe. Any other room will do for me. But come—there's nine striking. We may push on."

They cantered forward at as brisk a pace as Joe's charger could attain, and presently stopped in the little copse where he had left her in the morning. Edward dismounted, gave his bridle to his companion, and walked with a light step toward the house.

A female servant was waiting at a side gate in the garden-wall, and admitted him without delay. He hurried along the terrace-walk, and darted up a flight of broad steps leading into an old and gloomy hall, whose walls were ornamented with rusty suits of armor, antlers, weapons of the chase, and suchlike garniture. Here he paused, but not long; for as he looked round, as if expecting the attendant to have followed, and wondering she had not done so, a lovely girl appeared, whose dark hair next moment rested on his breast. Almost at the same instant a heavy hand was laid upon her arm, Edward felt himself thrust away, and Mr. Haredale stood between them.

He regarded the young man sternly without removing his hat; with one hand clasped his niece, and with the other, in which he held his riding-whip, motioned him toward the door. The young man drew himself up and returned his gaze.

"This is well done of you, sir, to corrupt my servants, and enter my house unbidden and in secret, like a thief!" said Mr. Haredale. "Leave it, sir, and return no more."

"Miss Haredale's presence," returned the young man, "and your relationship to her, give you a license which, if you are a brave man, you will not abuse. You have compelled me to this course, and the fault is yours—not mine."

"It is neither generous, nor honorable, nor the act of a true man, sir," retorted the other, "to tamper with the affections of a weak, trusting girl, while you shrink, in your unworthiness, from her guardian and protector, and dare not meet the light of day. More than this I will not say to you, save that I forbid you this house, and require you to be gone."

"It is neither generous, nor honorable, nor the act of a true man to play the spy," said Edward. "Your words imply dishonor, and I reject them with the scorn they merit."

"You will find," said Mr. Haredale, calmly, "your trusty go-between in waiting at the gate by which you entered. I have played no spy's part, sir. I chanced to see you pass the gate, and followed. You might have heard me knocking for admission, had you been less swift of foot, or lingered in the garden. Please to withdraw. Your presence here is offensive to me and distressful to my niece." As he said these words, he passed his arm about the waist of the terrified and weeping girl, and drew her closer to him; and though the habitual severity of his manner was scarcely changed, there was yet apparent in the action an air of kindness and sympathy for her distress.

"Mr. Haredale," said Edward, "your arm encircles her on whom I have set my every hope and thought, and to purchase one minute's happiness for whom I would gladly lay down my life; this house is the casket that holds the precious jewel of my existence. Your niece has plighted her faith to me, and I have plighted mine to her. What have I done that you should hold me in this light esteem, and give me these discourteous words?"

"You have done that, sir," answered Mr. Haredale, "which must be undone. You have tied a lover's knot here which must be cut asunder. Take good heed of what I say. Must. I cancel the bond between ye. I reject you and of all your kith and kin—all the false, hollow, heartless stock."

"High words, sir," said Edward, scornfully.

"Words of purpose and meaning, as you will find," replied the other. "Lay them to heart."

"Lay you then, these," said Edward. "Your cold and sullen temper, which chills every breast about you, which turns affection into fear, and changes duty into dread, has forced us on this secret course, repugnant to our nature and our wish, and far more foreign, sir, to us than you. I am not a false, a hollow, or a heartless man; the character is yours, who poorly venture on these injurious terms, against the truth, and under the shelter whereof I reminded you just now. You shall not cancel the bond between us. I will not abandon this pursuit. I rely upon your niece's truth and honor, and set your influence at naught. I leave her with a confidence in her pure faith, which you will never weaken, and with no concern but that I do not leave her in some gentler care."

With that, he pressed her cold hand to his lips, and once more encountered and returning Mr. Haredale's steady look, withdrew.

A few words to Joe as he mounted his horse sufficiently explained what had passed, and renewed all that young gentleman's despondency with tenfold aggravation. They rode back to the Maypole without exchanging a syllable, and arrived at the door with heavy hearts.

Old John, who had peeped from behind the red curtain as they rode up shouting for Hugh, was out directly, and said with great importance as he held the young man's stirrup,

"He's comfortable in bed—the best bed. A thorough gentleman; the smilingest, affablest gentleman I ever had to do with."

"Who, Willet?" said Edward, carelessly, as he dismounted.

"Your worthy father, sir," replied John. "Your honorable, venerable father."

"What does he mean?" said Edward, looking with a mixture of alarm and doubt at Joe.

"What do you mean?" said Joe. "Do n't you see Mr. Edward does n't understand, father?"

"Why did n't you know of it, sir?" said John, opening his eyes wide. "How very singular! Bless you, he's been here ever since noon to-day, and Mr. Haredale has been having a long talk with him, and has n't been gone an hour."

"My father, Willet!"

"Yes, sir, he told me so—a handsome, slim, upright gentleman, in green-and-gold. In your old room up yonder, sir," said John, walking backward into the road and looking up at the window. "He has n't put out his candles yet, I see."

Edward glanced at the window also, and hastily murmuring that he had changed his mind—forgotten something—and must return to London—mounted his horse again and rode away; leaving the Willets, father and son, looking at each other in mute astonishment.

### Foreign Items.

**AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—A young man, whose pale and haggard countenance retained some traces of beauty and regularity, presented himself yesterday at the Commissariat of Police to place himself at the disposal of the judicial authorities. He said that he had involuntarily outraged the laws of society, and that he now implored justice to release him from the tortures of remorse and the ceaseless torments of his tempestuous conscience.

On being interrogated with kindness by the magistrate, the wretched man, whose sobs and torrents of tears bore but too ample evidence to the truth of his sad tale, spoke as follows:

"My name is Claude B—. I am thirty-four years of age. I was formerly in the habit of contributing to several journals, and the success of several of my publications would entitle me to rank as a man of letters. About three years since I married a woman, good, virtuous and beautiful; and although want and squalid misery sat with us at our board, love never deserted our humble dwelling. For two years we continued our hard struggles with adversity—my wife with her needle, I with my pen; but finding it impossible to obtain my livelihood in Paris, we determined to seek for bread in the Provinces. We left Paris to go we knew not whither. The world was all before us, and, friendless, almost naked, and in misery, we went forth in the wide world to seek our fortunes. I had no resources, no calling, or profession, and what to do I knew not. Within a few miles of Paris, on the high road, we fell in with a band of strolling players; I joined them, and for a time prospered, at least I had learned to deem that prosperity which ensured food and raiment for myself and wife. The band at length was dispersed, and we were again cast like a weed upon the ocean of wretchedness. Gaunt famine again stared us in the face, but my wife parried its attacks for a time by resigning herself to sing about the *cafés* in the evenings, as she was an accomplished musician. But even the few wretched *sous* which she obtained by her debasing calling sufficed not to preserve us from want and hunger. About a fortnight since we were at Point-Audemar, which we quitted without one farthing, intending to return to Paris, and relying upon the charity of travellers to prevent our dying of cold and hunger by the way-side. On Thursday, the 18th, we were spurned from the thresholds of several *auberges*, where we had requested permission to sing for the entertainment of the company. We had not seen a fire or tasted a morsel of food, but providentially we fell in with a poor laborer who procured us admission for the night to a stable. The smiling morning at length came on, instilling freshness and joy into all, save the miserable wretch you see before you. Tramp, tramp, we arose from our straw, and again travelled along the banks of the Eure toward Evreux; but our sufferings had been greater than we could bear. Strength and courage simultaneously failed us, and at length my beautiful, beloved wife, who had borne up like an angel against our harrowing vicissitudes, turned her famishing looks toward me and said that she would lay her down and die, for that she could no longer support the racking pains of hunger. I tried to encourage her, by pointing out the steeple of Evreux Cathedral, which was rising up out of the morning mists like a beacon of hope. I tried, by rubbing her quivering limbs, to invigorate her wasted frame; but it



was of no avail; despair had shut up all access to hope or consolation; she turned and thanked me for my efforts, and said, in a voice of angelic sweetness which I am for ever doomed to have ringing in my ears, 'My friend, were I even to survive this dreadful day, and arrive at Evreux, the same thing would occur again to-morrow or next week. We are destined to sorrow and misery in this world. If, amidst the trials and degradations against which we have so manfully contended, you still cherish the love which presided at our union, do as I am resolved to do. The river rolls beneath us: let it be our tomb; and let it be our consolation that we have none to mourn over our loss.' She repelled all my exhortations and entreaties with stern resolve, and finding all my efforts useless, I agreed to plunge with her into the foaming torrent beneath us. With my handkerchief I tied her feet and hands, and we embraced for the last time. Can I ever forget that long last kiss of blighted hopes and blasted affections? Ere yet I had finished my harrowing task, my wife, eager to quit a world of suffering, sprang from the bank, and a few bubbles told me that all was over. The trees, hills, valleys, and river, whirled around me in mad confusion. I saw and felt no more, until the day after I found myself in the middle of a field, conscious that my misfortunes had bereft me of my reason. I walked on, at times yelling like a madman gay, but during my lucid intervals a prey to tortures, such as I hope no human being will ever suffer again. I have here, still before my eyes, my gentle, uncomplaining, angel wife, springing from the bank, and I having the cowardice to assist in consummating the horrible sacrifice."

A *procès verbal* was then drawn up, and Claude B—— was placed at the disposal of the judicial authorities.—[Gazette des Tribunaux.]

A DUEL QUASHED.—"I have no stomach for the fight to-day."—A very laughable occurrence happened the other day in Paris, which may afford a good hint to the managers of affairs of honor. Two law students, living in a hotel in the Rue St. Dominique d'Éafer, quarrelled one day after dinner, and agreed to settle their differences at the point of the sword—choosing two students of medicine, living in the same hotel, for their seconds. On the following morning all the parties met in the chamber of one of the seconds, who insisted, before they proceeded to business, that the principals should taste a bottle of prime Chablis, which he produced. After a little hesitation, and being assured by their friends that it was not intended to hinder the meeting, the combatants finished the bottle, which was pronounced to be excellent. Ten minutes after they had mounted a public conveyance, and in a short time had arrived at the field of arms. The ground was soon chosen, swords measured, and the two champions were engaged, when one of them suddenly clapping his hand to his stomach, and betraying by his countenance a strong internal motion, abandoned his ground, and rushed to a neighboring thicket, where he experienced one of the least agreeable concomitants of a sea-voyage. In a few minutes, however, he appeared to grow better, and returned to his place, and prepared to commence the combat, when his adversary, seized by a similar indisposition, was obliged to drop his sword, and take refuge in the thicket. The latter, like the other, returned shortly to the ground. The swords were again drawn, and the blades crossed, when, alas! for the dignity of the duel, the antagonists were compelled, by mutual consent, to desist, and retire, where they might in secret relieve their bosoms of "the perilous stuff," which their waggish friends had administered to them in the bottle of Chablis on which they had been regaled, and who now witnessed the doleful situation of the valorous heroes with shouts of laughter. The result may be anticipated: Each of the combatants returned to their hotel "a wiser and a sadder man" than he had left in the morning, fully satisfied that honor stands no chance against tartar-emetac.

#### SPLENDID ERUPTION OF A VOLCANO.

We are indebted, says the Newark Daily Advertiser, to an officer of the Exploring Expedition for files of the *Poly-nesian*, a useful little paper published at the Sandwich Islands; and transfer the following extract from a full account of the last volcanic eruption, which was briefly referred to by our correspondent in a late letter, as having been witnessed by the officers of the squadron:

"Several days before the eruption, smoke was seen by the natives rising from the direction where the lava afterward burst out, but it was attributed to brush on fire. At 2 o'clock on Sunday, the last day of May, a bright light was seen from Hilo toward the south, which spread with great rapidity, and increased to such an intensity that it was immediately attributed to a volcanic eruption. This the reports of the natives soon confirmed. It was judged to be thirty miles distant, and at night such was the brilliancy of the light, that the finest print could be read at that distance. This nocturnal brightness, converting night into day, continued for two weeks, and is represented by eye witnesses to have been a spectacle of unsurpassed sublimity. It was like the glow of a firmament on fire, and was seen for upward of a hundred miles at sea. It also rose and spread itself above the lofty mountain peaks, so as to be distinctly visible on the leeward side of the island, where the wind drove the smoke in dense and massy clouds.

The lava continued flowing toward the sea, which it reached on Thursday, four days from its first egress. At times it would rush forward with a velocity of four to five miles per hour, but for a short distance only, then become very sluggish, and move heavily and slowly on. Its general movement was in immense semi-circular masses, owing to its great consistency. These would roll on, gradually accumulating, until the mass had become too heavy to hold itself together, while the exterior was partially cooled and solidified; then bursting, the liquid interior flowing out would join a new stream, and thus aid in forming another. By these accelerated progressive movements, the wave-like ridges were formed, which are every where observable on the older currents. At times, it forced its way under the circumjacent soil, presenting the singular appearance of earth, rocks and trees in motion like the swell of the ocean. Mr. C. was standing near the stream and watching its progress, when the land beneath him began to rise, and in a few minutes he was ten feet above his companions, who were but a short distance from him. He had barely time

to leave this dangerous situation when the earth opened, and lava gushed out. The color of the whole stream was of the deepest crimson. On the windward side its heat was not so powerful, but that persons could approach and plunge sticks into the fiery mass and draw forth specimens. So great was its viscosity, that large rocks were seen floating down the current, like cork upon water. In one night the stream spread from a few rods to half a mile in width.

The spectacle, when this burning mass reached the sea, must have been awful and sublime in the highest degree. The conflict between the two antagonistic powers, fire and water, was on a scale which the eye of man but seldom witnesses. The heavens were lit up in one intense blaze, while streams of fire, like lightning, glanced about in every direction. Ashes and sand were thrown to a great height into the air, and descended for miles distant in showers of fiery spray. Volumes of smoke and steam rolled heavily up, rendering the lurid glare still more powerful, while the heavy detonations and loud reports of exploding gases, and the roar of the conflicting elements were distinctly heard twenty-five miles off, like discharges of artillery.

With such rapidity and to such a degree was the water heated, that the following day (June 5th,) the fish floated when dead, as far as Keauu, fifteen miles distant, where the water was hot to the touch.

RAGE FOR THE TELESCOPE.—The interest which the exhibition of the telescope excited at Venice did not soon subside: Sirturi describes it as amounting almost to phrensy. When he himself had succeeded in making one of these instruments, he ascended the tower of St. Mark, where he might use it without molestation. He was recognized, however, by a crowd in the street; and such was the eagerness of their curiosity, that they took possession of the wondrous tube, and detained the impatient philosopher for several hours, till they had successively witnessed its effects. Desirous of obtaining the same gratification for their friends, they endeavored to learn the name of the inn at which he lodged; but Sirturi fortunately overheard their inquiries, and quitted Venice early next morning, in order to avoid a second visitation of this new school of philosophers. The opticians speedily availed themselves of the new instrument. Galileo's tube—or the double eye-glass, or the cylinder, or the trunk, as it was then called, for Demichiano had not yet given it the appellation of *telescope*—was manufactured in great quantities, and in a very superior manner. The instruments were purchased merely as philosophical toys, and were carried by travellers into every corner of Europe.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—On Monday afternoon, at four o'clock, the *Wellington*, one of the regular New York line of packet-ships, was hauled out of the St. Katherine's dock, Liverpool, in the presence of an immense number of spectators, who lined the pier-head on each side of the lock entrance to witness her departure. She has on board 160 emigrants, principally of the humbler classes, who intend to settle in America. Among them are a number of agricultural laborers from various counties in England, tradesmen of small capital, mechanics, and their wives and families, who have left their native land with a view of bettering their condition in the United States and Canada. The emigrants were assembled on deck as the ship was being hauled through the dock into the river, and were bidding adieu to their friends and relatives assembled to witness their departure from old England. The scene was an interesting but very painful one; the exclamations "Good by—God bless you!" were heard on all sides. Many fine young women on deck appeared deeply affected, and were sobbing loudly at the separation from their friends, country, and kindred, while numbers of both sexes on shore, who were looking upon their relatives and acquaintances for the last time, seemed quite overcome with grief. The *Wellington* was taken in tow by a steamer, and proceeded down the river for Portsmouth, and, in addition to emigrants, takes out a valuable cargo, and dispatches from government for our minister at Washington.—[English paper.]

ITALIAN TEMPERATURE AND SEASONS.—The medium height of the thermometer for the whole year at different places, has been stated as follows:—at Milan, 55° 4' of Fahrenheit's scale; at Rome 59°; at Palermo, 62° 5'; and in Sardinia, 60° 5'. In the Roman gardens the almond trees blossom about the end of January; and in March at latest, the warmth of Spring has there become great and constant. The summer heats in that quarter are most intense, or, at any rate, most oppressive, in the month of August; but they are alleviated by gentle breezes, and by occasional thunderstorms with rain. For about two months and a half in the middle of summer, the highest temperature at Rome, on an average of years, has been about 92°; but that height is sometime exceeded. In July, 1828, the thermometer in that city rose to 95°; and for some days in the same month, at Molfetta in the Terra di Barri, it ranged from 97° to 104°. The corn harvest in the Roman district commonly begins about the end of June, and the vintage early in October: soon after the beginning of September the autumnal rains set in; and, when their violence is over, the climate, till then almost insufferably warm except in favorable exposures on the hills, becomes again moderate and delightful. During the winter months the temperature is very capricious, the nights are exceedingly cold, and the suddenness of the chill which accompanies the evening twilight is equally perceptible by the senses and from the evidence of the thermometer. On the mountains near Rome, snow lies every year, though not long; and in the city it usually falls one day at least in the season, but immediately disappears. In the south of Italy, and in Sicily, the heats of Summer are mitigated by the daily breeze, which springs two or three hours before mid-day, and sinks again toward evening. On the hottest days in Sicily, the thermometer ordinarily rises to 90° or 92°, and in the coldest days of winter it very seldom falls below 36°.

WANTED, A WIDOW.—An extraordinary and ludicrous scene took place on Tuesday morning, in Tower-street, at the house of Mr. E. Stroud, stationer and patent pocket-book manufacturer, at the corner of Mark-lane. Mr. S. having occasion for a housekeeper to superintend his domestic affairs, he advertised in the papers of Monday for "a widow and her daughter, to take charge of a tradesman's house, and to cook for him." The wages were

stated to be £30 per annum, with coals and candles, &c., and application was directed to be made between eleven and three o'clock, at 68 Tower street. Before the clock struck eleven the widows began to arrive, and the street was soon rendered impassable by the number of fair ones crowding toward the house, and in a few minutes Mr. Stroud's shop and parlor were filled with women struggling to gain the attention of the advertiser, and clamorously setting forth their qualifications for the situation. A report soon got wind that Mr. Stroud had advertised for a wife, and people flocked from all quarters to see the ladies in search of a husband. The widows—young, middle-aged, and old, the thin and stout, the dark and the fair, some in their weeds and others gaily attired, and many poorly but decently clad—continued to arrive, and were greeted with laughter and shouts by the mob, who gave free vent to their jokes as the widows arrived and departed. At length the confusion became so great that a posse of the city police were sent for to preserve order, and afford a free ingress and egress to the applicants. About twelve o'clock, when the crowd was very dense round the house, a cab drove up, from which stepped a very handsome widow and her daughter, who had come from Essex to answer the advertisement, and were received by the mob in a similar rude manner, amidst cries of "Do you want a husband, marm?" "He's a good looking man;" "What fortune have you got?" and other exclamations. The widow and her daughter, seeing the position of affairs, immediately retreated and drove off. The widows continued flocking to the spot, and the mob increased till about 3 o'clock, at which time it was calculated that upwards of 600 females had applied for the situation.

MINIATURE CARRIAGE FOR THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—A most elegant little carriage is now building, and nearly completed, for the use of the Princess Royal, to enable the infant Princess to take occasional airings with her majesty through the walks in the gardens of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. It is a most tasteful little affair, the body resting within a few inches of the ground, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it will be required. A pair of beautiful Shetland ponies, in perfect keeping as to size with the carriage, have recently been purchased, and the whole "turn out" will be an attractive novelty. The ponies are so exceedingly tractable and docile that, it may be said, "even a child might drive them." It is expected that this Lilliputian affair will be used for the first time upon the arrival of the Court at Windsor at Easter.

Hayden was one of the most quiet of composers; he required no strong stimulus, no enlivening punch or sparkling champagne to give an impulse to his genius; but he had a familiar spirit of his own of another kind, a gentle sort of *Zamial*, and this was a diamond ring which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great. Did it sometimes happen that at his studies the ideas would not flow with ease, the fault was at once laid on the ring; he had forgotten to put it on. And no sooner was the magic ring on the composer's finger, and its brilliant sparkling in his eye, than the spring of his awakened fancy was at once unsealed.

## The Scrap-Book.

From the Lafayette Chronicle.

### BLACKBERRY PICKING.

LOVE AND HORNETS.

Mister Editor: Did you ever in the hull course o' your natteral life go a blackberryin'? If you haint, golly grahshus, why you do n't know nothin' no more about real labor-savin', high-preshur, galvanic-lectifyin' sport than the butt end o' nothin' arter it's been whittled. Lor' ha' massy upon offiss-holders! why nothin' in *all creation* can come up tu blackberryin', but gitten' dumped out'n a slay into a sno bank, and even that aint as good, when it aint a moon-berry night. Menny and menny is the time when a lot o' the Jordan Spankers—that 's what our village boys was nicknamed—would raise a party o' gals, arter the grain-harvestin' was over, and afore the corn and taters was ripe, and start off early in the mornin' for Hop-Toad Hill, where the blackberries was cenamost as plentiful as muskeeters in these digging, and sich all-fired prime times as we 'd have was a caution tu forriners. Fust off when all hands got collected, and a lot o' suttin' to eat, pork an' beans, new cider, gooseberry pise, green corn, lasses gingerbread an' a smart sprinklin' of other good things was provided, we 'd lokermote; the gals all a walkin' by themselves, and the fellers a walkin' by themselves; the gals with their tongues a runnin' about scandle, new ribbins, kaliko gowns, and sich consarns, jest as fast as a saw-mill in a freshet; and the fellers a gabblin' about horses, cattle, gincral musters an' corn shukkins—a tellin' how 't was all like Shaw's kerelessness that made his grain mouldy—that Jim Bingy was the orfulest liar that ever was, and that Hen Sprague told uncle Seth that Zeke Armstrong's wife had heerd how that Harrison Stebbins had n't the funs to go on with his new frame house, an' that a comin' so strait from one who 'd orter know all about it, all hands sot it rite down for a fact, an' said that it sarved him jest rite—an' then to think of his havin' the sass tu bild a house, without tellin' the hull village how menny rooms there was to be on the fust floor, an' he a member o' the church, tu—"it sarved him jest rite, by crackey!" So we 'd keep a torkin' till we cum to the hill, then all hands div rite into the bushes and brambles, and sich a scramblin' and scratchin' for blackberries as there was, was n't to be sneezed at.

It happened that on one o' these blackberryin frolics that a sartin long-haired feller, with a little bunch rite over his mouth—lookin at a distance jest as though he'd ben among the pots an' kittles, an got a great gob of crock on his upper lip—was a visitin down our way, an appeared tu have taken an amazin fancy tu Sally Ann, the Sally Ann that I 'd ben payin 'tentions tu; kep a chatin tu her the hull live long time, an' I snum if I could scarcely bleve my own natteral senses, when he begun to pick berries an' put 'em into her basket, an' she not sayin' a word agin it. Wal I guess as how I was a leetle riled, tu see myself out an' set adrift

in that fashion, an' I had a gret mined to go off and shine 'round some other gal jest for spite, but somehow 'rother I wanted to keep an eye on that dandy. So tu Sally says I, "there 's a smart sprinklin o' berries over here, I guess a leetle than they grow around your way." "Oh, they 're thick as puddin' here," says she. "I kalkilate that you are pooty consmedly thick," says. "You-aw remarks aw demd supawfluous," says the long haired creetur. Suz alive! but wa'n't my dander up, to hear myself called a "demd snporflus"—down I slat the basket an upshot all the berries—marches rite up tu him jest as brassy as a hull malicious trainin an says I, "ony you call me a porpus or a suporflus agin, an' see how I'll go tu work an spile your hansum countenance for ye." With that, Sally she bust out a cryin, an I vow if I could help a boo-hooix a leetle myself, I felt so conflasticated. "You-aw laboring under aw erruaw," says he, "but awnaw demands an explanation—awm demd." "Wal," says I, "your langwidge wants explainin that 's a fact." So he turned round tu set down, hauled out his hankercher, an' as I hope to be saved went to dustin off the top of a hornets' nest, and afore one could say "git out," sot down on 't tu explain. Gorashus! did n't the hornets come at him for squishin their nest, an' did n't he run and heller, an' scoot thro' the briar bushes, an' tear his trowser-loons—aa! the gals snickered out, an' the fellers haw-hawed till they was eenamost ded, tu see that dandy marvill down tu the main road, without enny kat, his trowse all split up, his hair a flyin' in the wind like a hosses tail, and the hornets a goin it tu kill. Sally was shockin shamed of actin so, but we soon made up, and sitch prime sport as all hands had for the rest of the day wa'n't tu be beat. Long Locks mended up his trowserloons—they were the ony ones he had—and sneaked out'n our village that day an' haint showed his nose there since—the poor creetur said he found no less than *two duzen* ded hornets in his boots arter he took 'em off! We cum from blackberryin' in pairs and not as went—had a loud cargo o' berries, and I do n't bieve that one on us 'll ever forgit the haw-hawin we had about the feller who sot down on the hornets' nest. Yures truly, JEHOSEPHAT JINKINS.

## Original Poetry.

For the New World.

### THE SPIRITS OF AIR.

BY ISAAC McLELLAN, JR.

"The whole of Nature is animated. The world teems with Spirits. The very air is thick with them. They dance in the sunshine; they ride upon the beams of the stars. They float about in the melodies of music; they nestle in the cups of flowers; and I am forced to believe, that never a flower fades, or a beam passes away, without some Being mourning the brief date of loveliness on earth."—[JAMES.]

#### I.

Spirits, gentle spirits, fill  
Every verdant grot and hill.  
Their unnumbered legions rally  
In the moist and lonesome valley.  
Thick in the sweet flowers they lie,  
In the violet's purple eye;  
In the wild rose of the hedge,  
In the pink that crowns the ledge;  
In the honeysuckle's bloom,  
In the hawthorn's soft perfume;  
In the gay sweet-pea that flings  
O'er the lattice its green rings;  
In the strawberry's snowy cup,  
Where the wild bees love to sup.

#### II.

In the twinkling leaves that quiver,  
O'er the clearly flowing river;  
High among the boughs they flit,  
On the topmost twigs they sit,  
Joying in the flashing gleam  
Of the wind-o'erwrinkled stream.  
Oft the gaudy blue-jay sees  
Their mad gambols o'er the trees;  
And the chattering squirrels meet  
On the oak their nimble feet;  
Oft the sky-ward soaring lark  
Steps their airy sports to mark;  
Oft the cawing crow's keen eye  
Views them as they circle by;  
Oft the lonely wood-dove's brood  
Meets them in the untrod wood.

#### III.

In the earliest beam that day  
Sprinkles o'er the mountains grey;  
In the tiniest sparkling mote,  
Thick those mystic Beings float;  
In the flame of noon they ride;  
And when mellow eventide  
Flushes with its yellow flood  
Glassy lake and waving wood,  
Thick their fairy myriads crowd  
Each bright color of the cloud;  
And when streams the white moonlight  
O'er the azure dome of night,  
And when twinkles the faint star,  
In its trackless course afar,  
Millions of those spirits stream  
Through each shooting, sparkling beam.

#### IV.

In the gushing melodies,  
O'er all nature that arise;  
In the ocean's hollow beat,  
Where the beach and billow meet;  
In the gurgle of the brook,  
Whispering in the woody nook;  
In the murmur of the leaves,  
When the grove the breeze receives;  
In the plaintive, mellow note  
Of the song bird's chanting throat;  
In the honey-bee's long hum,  
In the beetle's drowsy drum;  
In the warble of the flute,  
In the soft, melodious lute;  
In each pleasing earthly sound  
Are those mingling Spirits found.

For the New World.

### A TALE OF CHARLECOMBE VILLAGE, (NEAR BATH, ENGLAND.)

I left the village when quite a lad,  
I return an old gray-hair'd man;  
And many a day both gay and sad  
Have I known in Life's lengthen'd span.  
But nothing has won my heart from thee,  
Loved home, where my fathers dwelt;  
Near the village church, with its old yew tree,  
Where often, in happy infancy,  
In humble prayer I've knelt!

We were but four—my sister and I,  
My father and fond young mother;  
And surely no hearts in one family  
So dearly could love each other.  
But I was cursed with a wish to roam,  
And longed to follow the sea;  
Nor could the prayers of those at home,  
Keep me from braving the salt sea foam,  
For a sailor I would be.

I crossed the ocean and India found;  
When there I was like to die,  
But was saved by one, and friendship bound  
Me to serve him faithfully.  
I staid—and many a year rolled by;  
I wrote—but no answer came;  
Till Hope, deferred from day to day,  
Perished by tardy, yet sure decay.  
I feared they'd forgotten my name!

I heard at last, for which I had prayed,  
But my heart was sorely tried;—  
The ship that bore me returned, and said  
"In India I had died!"

\* \* \* \* \*

My sister was woo'd by many a one,  
But none would she ever wed,  
Till he with news to her feet did come,  
Or bring the truant wand'rer home,  
For she would not believe me dead.

One came—both pale and weak was he,  
But his was a soul of fire;  
He gloried to prove his constancy,  
By doing her heart's desire.  
He left, upheld by some wizard spell—  
For Love has sustaining charms—  
He tracked me over the ocean's swell,  
He found—the prize was won—too well!  
He died within these arms!

\* \* \* \* \*

I dar'd not return—and years rolled on;  
The fever of gain was past;  
My hair was turning—my health was gone,  
I pined in spirit to rest upon  
My native turf at last.  
And here I arrived but yesternight;  
My home still stands the same;  
But Death has quenched the living light  
Of all who bore my name.

He sleeps afar in a foreign land;  
They slumber here below;  
And I, the last of that link'd band,  
Alone, and stricken with sorrow, stand,  
Praying their peace to know.

HENRY E. WATSON.

A RARA AVIS.—One day this week we had an opportunity afforded us of witnessing a most remarkable instance of success in teaching birds to talk and sing. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this high treat is Mr. Garside, surgeon of Sandy-lane, Cheetham-hill, by whose kind permission we are enabled to lay the following interesting particulars before our readers. Among the large family of feathered curiosities by which Mr. Garside is surrounded, there are several highly accomplished bullfinches and canaries, which sing English and foreign airs most exquisitely, particularly a canary, which executed a difficult waltz with great precision and accuracy. But these, interesting as they are, fall into the shade when compared with the subject of our notice—a common starling, which has been taught not only to lay aside its natural notes and sing various airs with great exactness, but to chatter away with all the volubility and much of the quaintness of an old maid. Jack (for that is the name to which this mimic answers,) on a sign from his owner and instructor, commences, and runs on in the following strain:—"How d'ye do, Sir—how d'ye do, Sir? Any news to-day—any news to-day? [The bird, we should explain, repeats each expression.] Have you seen the papers? Jack is a Tory. Wellington and Peel for ever. Hurrah, hurrah!—bravo, bravo! Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you a song; I hope I don't intrude; now for it—silence, silence. [Here Jack will commence singing 'The rose tree in full bearing,' or an Italian air.] Hurrah, hurrah!—bravo, bravo!—well done, Jack. Jack is a dandy; good lad, Jack. I should like to kiss Sally. Come, Sir, be quiet; oh, for shame; how dare you? Upon my word, you're a pretty fellow! oh, for shame! Jack is very poorly. [Coughs three times.] Fetch the doctor; fetch the doctor! I should like to fly away; but I can't get out—I can't get out; let me come out. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you a song—silence, silence! (With emphasis.)—Now for it. [Sings again.] Hurrah, hurrah!—bravo, bravo!—well done, Jack; Jack is a dandy." In this way Master Jack goes on chattering and singing by turns the day long. He is now just ten months old. When he first came into Mr. Garside's possession he was only six weeks old; he soon, however, showed himself a very apt learner, and at nine months old could repeat many of the expressions which he now so constantly uses with such distinctness and apparent ease.—[Manchester Courier.]

A SENSIBLE WIFE.—One of our subscribers discontinued his paper a fortnight since, in order, as he said, to curtail his expenses. This week he sends to renew his subscription, because his wife "will have it." He has concluded to economise in something else.—[Ohio Star.]

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

Our readers are requested to read the handsome proposition, made by our Publisher in his department of the paper. It is liberal, and cannot fail to afford general satisfaction, since it places within the reach of every subscriber to the New World a most valuable and pleasing work. SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE should be found in every family circle—for its pages impart delight to the old and the young. It is a fountain of pure and wholesome recreation.

HON. RUFUS CHOATE'S EULOGY.—We are obliged to forego our intention to publish Mr. Choate's Eulogy this week. We had the copy reported in the Boston Daily Advertiser, and intended to make use of it; but we have this morning received a letter from Mr. Choate, informing us, that "so far as language goes" that report "is wholly inaccurate and incomplete."

We shall receive Mr. Choate's manuscript copy in a few days, and will then issue the eulogy as he delivered it.

PROPOSED CHANGE IN WEIGHTS, MEASURES AND MONIES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.—In every country, where advances have been made toward civilization, and where the mode of traffic among the people has been carried one step beyond the rudest system of barter, it has been found necessary for the government to interfere, in order to establish standards whereby to ascertain the quantities by weight or measure of things, which form the objects of trade. This interference is necessary, in order to prevent frauds and endless disputes; and when a system of weights and measures has been adopted, which in this respect produces certainty into the dealings of traders and consumers, a great benefit will have been conferred upon both classes. It has usually happened in most countries, from the subject not having been well understood, that the settlement of this important point has been devolved by the general Government upon various local bodies in different parts of the same country, and by this means a want of uniformity has been produced; the inconvenience of which has long been acknowledged, and at various times efforts have been made for remedying the evil.

At the organization of our Government, authority was conferred upon Congress to establish a uniform system of weights and measures, but no laws have as yet been enacted by that body for the perfection of this important object. Some measures have been taken to obtain information on the subject, and able reports have been made by Messrs. Jefferson, Adams, and Hassler. Most of the States of the Union have attempted to reduce their standards of weights and measures to a uniform system, and numerous laws have been enacted with that view; but so far from succeeding in their object, they have had in many instances, an opposite effect. There are but few States in which the proportions of their measures are required by law to be the same—lineal, superficial, and cubic measures excepted—although they may bear the same names; and owing to the difficulty of enforcing new regulations, the great pertinacity with which people adhere to customs of this kind, when once they have been suffered to take root, and a constant influx of settlers from one State into another, and from various countries of Europe, who bring with them their own accustomed weights and measures, uniformity can hardly be said to exist in any State of the Union. Local consumers do not feel the whole disadvantage of this confusion. But those who make large purchases—merchants, who either send out their own produce to another part of the country, or import the manufactures of their distant fellow-countrymen to their own States—often experience great difficulties in converting to their own local standard the quantities expressed according to another rate. The proportion which one standard often bears to another is not easily ascertained; and when it is, the calculations necessary to be made are long and tedious, and do not always give an accurate result.

We have been led to make the above remarks from reading an interesting and elaborate article in the May number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, on the forthcoming Report of a "Commission," instituted by the British Government, for devising a more simple and convenient system of Weights, Measures and Money's. The writer has evidently devoted no ordinary degree of attention to the subject, and has clearly demonstrated in what manner a uniform system can be established both in Great Britain and the United States. From the scientific character and the simplicity of the principles and arrangement of the system which he proposes, we cordially recommend it to the acceptance of the citizens of both countries; and were the two Governments to adopt this or some similar system, they would assuredly confer a lasting benefit on posterity.

With regard to the legal coinage of the country, the writer of the article referred to thinks that it could not probably be improved, with the exception of a slight alteration in the weight of our cents; but when we come to the obtrusive, ungracious and illegitimate 8th and 16th dollar pieces of Spain, a sweeping change he deems



necessary. The change he thinks could readily be effected by reducing the value of the 12½ cent pieces to 10 cents, and the 6½ cent pieces to 5 cents, which would soon drive them out of the country, after the manner of the old pistareens a few years since. No individual who has long resided among us, can be ignorant of the inconvenience and perplexity he has met with by the use of these coins, and can be so prejudiced as not to be willing to have them abolished. With these alterations, only a slight change would be required in our laws, such as the reduction of postage from 18½ cents to 15 cents; 12½ cents to 10 cents, 6½ to 5 cents, &c., which has long been called for, and a few others.

**SEIZURE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.**—We are glad to perceive that this subject, to which we adverted some days ago, is about to receive some consideration in our Legislature, though not the sort of consideration which we conceive to be imperiously demanded.

The Judiciary Committee have reported a bill conforming in part to the prayer of the petitions that have been presented during the winter: that is, it proposes to exempt from execution household goods to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars value in addition to what is already exempt by the present law.

Our objection to this bill is that it is confined to sales under execution, and does not extend to distress warrants; in other words, it does not extend to the great majority of cases where it is needed to relieve the petitioners. We hope that the bill may pass in its present shape; because its passage will be something gained. But we also hope that the good work will not stop there. To be of real, permanent service to the poor; to accomplish what all philanthropic and humane considerations would prompt; household goods must be protected, up to a certain amount, against any process. Our laws already provide exemption for a *church pew*, be its value what it may: and it is a most just and salutary provision. But, surely, a man's domestic altar is not less entitled to protection than his humble corner in the sanctuary of the Lord.

**THE BOSTON ATLAS** publishes the discourse pronounced by the Rev. Hubbard Winslow on the melancholy occasion of the death of Mr. Haughton, editor of the *Atlas*. The interest with which we read so feeling a tribute to a departed friend is indeed deep and painful. We subjoin an extract.

He had long wished to make a tour in the Old World, but circumstances had been hitherto unpropitious. They had now yielded to his desires; and his official appointment to be the bearer of despatches from government brought him at once to a decision to embark in the *Acadia*, on the 17th inst. The last cloud seemed now to have passed from his sky; the sun was riding full-orbed at high noon; the prosperity of the nation in whose cause he had so long labored, the realization of his fond dreams respecting a foreign tour, and the anticipation of pleasant scenes and recovered health in promise, made him one of the most cheerful and happy of mortals. The day of his intended departure arrived; his clothes were packed; he had taken leave of many of his friends; he had left his office, and was in his room at the Tremont House, adjusting his dress and preparing to bid adieu to his mother, brothers and sisters, and go on board. They were waiting to receive him, and exchange the parting congratulations. One of his friends had just said to him, "Major, we all hope and expect that you will have a pleasant voyage and a delightful time." He replied with emphatic assurance, "I know I shall." To another he said "I have always wished to visit Europe, but have never been able to accomplish that wish until now. My affairs are at length in a condition to leave; my paper is in good hands and is doing well; and, going as the bearer of despatches, I shall have every opportunity to be desired, abroad. I intend to be absent six months, and in the mean time to visit Italy. Yes, I am going to Rome; these eyes are soon to look upon the Eternal City." His friend remarked to him, "I hope the voyage and tour will confirm your health." His reply was, "I doubt not but they will." In less than two hours from that time, he was a corpse! Lord what is man! "Verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity."

Another gentleman, then present but now absent from the city, writes, "He said to me, 'It's rather a pleasant idea; I have dreamed all my life-time of going to Europe; To-day, I go.'" The writer adds, "I left the room for five minutes, and on coming back found him on the bed with great distress in the region of the head, and occasional nausea. He had probably been in this condition about fifteen minutes, when you came. We rubbed him, and bathed his forehead, and tried to calm his mind, which, though he said but little, was evidently distressed with fear that he could not go in the *Acadia*. He grew continually worse, and the rest you know, until the light went out, at half past twelve o'clock, and poor Haughton embarked on a voyage far different from that which the hopes of the morning had pointed to! "To-day I go!" These words, which he spoke to me as the realization of the dreams of his whole life-time, are indelibly impressed on my recollection. How full they are of prophecy! What a text for the preacher!"

Thus closes the earthly career of our lamented friend. In the 42d year of his age, in the meridian of his life and the height of his prosperity, surrounded by affectionate relatives, he is summoned in a moment to the eternal world. Relentless death would not release him; no prayers nor tears could avail; his bounds were set, and he could not pass over them. It adds to the impressiveness of the admonition, that the man exalted to the chair of the nation, and the man who acted so conspicuous a part in placing him there, so soon descend to the grave together. What a vanity is this world! What bubbles are all earthly hopes!

**POETRY.**—There is no disputing about tastes; yet we think that our good friends of the *Commercial* might have spared their readers the mortal agony of "The Change" by Mrs. Colonel Thompson," written in Washington, April 7, 1841: and published in New York, April 27, 1841; or, in other words, twenty days after date.

Undoubtedly, among the various things that fill up the world of poetry, there are sundry descriptions of numbers and of verse. We have the acrostic, the epigram, the song, the ode, the sonnet, the dirge, the almost-any-thing, indeed, done in rhyme. Then we have the tragedy, and the epic which do best in blank verse; and, in fact, we do sometimes meet with a short, fugitive, occasional piece in blank verse that is good: though it should be particularly observed and most especially noted, and very unequivocally recollected that such piece in blank verse is always to be looked on with suspicion, and is never tolerable unless it be first-rate—i. e. the thought and the language must both be of the first order to render the form (blank verse) at all endurable.

From all this it may follow logically—and, in fact, it does follow—that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every million of these occasional pieces in blank verse are miserable, wretched, irredeemable trash: and this, too, when they are done up in accordance to the mechanical rudiments of the arts,—being divided into line of ten syllables, and each line commencing with a capital letter.

But there is one kind of writing that falls far below even these—it is a sort of *mock trash*—an imitation of a humbug—a caricature of essential nonsense. This is a deliberate arrangement into lines that vary in length from four syllables to fifteen—without a rhyme to relieve them, without a thought to enliven them—of words: mere words: words taken at random from the dictionary: very good words, too, *per se*; but words which no inspiration could metamorphose, transpose or tecture into the expression of a sentiment, either good or bad.

The "Change," of which we have spoken somewhere in the course of these remarks, is a fair specimen of this style of writing: and as some of our readers may not have happened to see the *Commercial*, we will inflict an extract:

"What means this gathering of the multitude  
Toward the city gates?  
From every State within the Union's line  
They come. From shore of broadest sea,  
And bank of gentle river—from lofty edifice,  
And lowly cottage—old men, and youth,  
Each bearing laurel branch. Matrons  
And maidens fair, with wreaths  
Of choicest flowers—all come,  
To crown the brow, and scatter roses  
On the hero's path."

Now—do not be alarmed reader! we are not going to criticize such writing as that is rather too low down for criticism—now, we say, can any reasonable, respectable, well-bred gentleman inform us (not why people write such stuff; the wherefore of that is, unfortunately, too obvious: but) why the editor of a paper like the *New-York Commercial Advertiser* should consent to publish "The Change, by Mrs. Col. Thompson?"

Good luck! good luck! We can assign no other reason than that, once upon a time,  
"The sun had gone down with his battle-stained eye."

**MISS CLARENDON.**—The principal novelty at our theatres the past week has been the appearance of a young and beautiful *debutante* at the Park, who is known to the public as Miss Clarendon. She made her debut on Saturday last, in "The Wife," repeated the performance on Wednesday, and on Thursday played *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons," for her benefit. Her success before the "fit audience, though few," who were present on these several occasions, was of the most gratifying and brilliant description.

Miss Clarendon, if she resolves to persevere in the difficult career upon which her own unaided genius seems to have prompted her to enter, will attain a position second to that of no actress upon the English and American boards. We are willing to stake all the critical reputation that may be granted to us upon this vaticination.

In her stature and figure the *debutante* is not unlike Fanny Kemble, as she was, but, in loveliness of face and beauty of expression, Miss Clarendon bears away the palm not only from the illustrious Fanny but from all her professional contemporaries. It is in her exquisitely modulated and melodious voice, however, that the great charm and power and promise of her acting consist. Although half its powers are as yet undeveloped by practice, it is still sufficiently clear and sweet to win the ear of the most inattentive listener; and, with a little more study and cultivation, it will discourse "most eloquent music."

For a novice, Miss Clarendon treads the stage with surprising grace and confidence. We learn that she had not been at the theatre more than a half a dozen times in her life before making her debut. And yet we could not detect a single occasion, when there was the slightest embarrassment, awkwardness or failure of memory in her acting. There is no ungraceful exuberance, no inappropriate attempt at effect in her performance. Her faults are of so

trifling a nature, that they may be easily corrected. They are such as a little experience with the stage will entirely remove.

With a person and a voice so well adapted for success upon the stage—so calculated to win at once the sympathy and admiration of audiences—with that becoming confidence, which a just consciousness of her own talents and powers alone could have inspired—with industry, ambition and the capacity of study and application—and above all with the modesty to receive and the good sense to appreciate the criticisms of competent advisers—we cannot doubt that Miss Clarendon will rapidly attain a distinguished rank in her arduous and perilous profession. We are sufficiently acquainted with her history to know, that a more deserving candidate for histrionic honors has never appeared upon our boards.

The following address was spoken by Miss Clarendon on the occasion of her benefit, on Thursday evening last:

Friends, generous friends, what gratitude is due  
For liberal favor thus bestowed by you!  
Could studied phrase or smoothly-polished line  
Declare but half th' emotions that are mine—  
As, thus invoked by your approving hands,  
The Drama's votaries in your presence stands—  
How should I grieve that not to me was given  
Some inspiration from the poet's Heaven!  
But, not in words, though by 'he muses taught,  
And with the genius of a Shakspeare fraught,  
Can one who deeply, truly feels, impart  
The grateful sentiments that warm the heart!

New to the stage—to public effort new,  
Young Inexperience shuddered at the view.  
I feared yet ventured, trembled yet essayed,  
Alike of failure and success afraid.  
Oft in my dreams I saw the critic's frown,  
Heard the cold comments of the careless town;  
Imagined clouds, but saw no rainbow where  
Hope strove to paint her colors in the air:  
But, still resolved though doubting still, I came,  
Aid, kindness, sympathy, support to claim:  
And these are mine—and in such lavish store,  
I could not seek, I should not ask for more.

Before me lies afar my chosen way—  
And on it rests the breaking light of day;  
Shadows may fall; the sun may never rise  
In clear effulgence o'er my future's skies;  
But, whether bright or dark shall be my lot,  
The present hour shall never be forgot,  
And, though the mist that Time may round me cast,  
One fair remembrance sparkle to the last.

**THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW, AND OTHER TALES:** By Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer. P. Price, 130 Fulton street.

We have here a small and neat volume of original sketches of Life and its trials, by the wife of one of our city's most popular clergymen. Mrs. Sawyer was already known to a considerable portion of the community, by her contributions to the literary periodicals of the day and to those of her own Religious denomination; but she has never before appealed directly to the judgment of the great tribunal by publishing a book. Her many friends and admirers may well be proud of this effort. It extends to 192 pages and comprises three stories of unequal length, and a short poem of decided merit. The stories are entitled "The Merchants' Widow," "The Unequal Marriage," and "The Lonely Barial"—differing widely in their character but imbued with the same gentle, pensive, Christian spirit. None can read them without profit, and few without a profound and admiring interest. Their perfect plainness and simplicity of style, is the fitting garb of their pure thoughts and kindly, hallowed monitions; and if any of our city belles, who yawn away a late morning very dully over the last London novel, will condescend to do so unfashionable a thing as to take up "The Merchants' Widow" at their next sitting, we will warrant them a source of instruction and of serene enjoyment.

**ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.**—We are gratified to see that this invaluable work receives from all our contemporaries the marked and extended commendation which it so well deserves. The last number of the *New-York Review* furnishes the most compendious comments and analysis of the book that has yet appeared; but all the papers devote nearly a column to it; and all agree that it is the most valuable book, from an American author, that has yet been published. It is a work indispensable in every man's library.

**BANK ROBBERY.**—In the Savannah papers of Saturday, 17th inst., it is announced by the Cashier, that the Planters' Bank of Georgia, located in Savannah, has been robbed of \$37,000. The money was abstracted from the vaults, and consisted entirely of the notes of the Planters' Bank of the State of Georgia, of various denominations, but principally of notes of Fifty Dollars and Twenty Dollars.

## Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 21.

The policy of the Administration, under President Tyler, continues to be the engrossing topic in the political circles of the metropolis. The principles of the President himself have been defined with great clearness and force, in his Address to the People of the United States; and they are the principles for which the Whig party have been contending during a long course of years,—and which, when stated abstractly, no public man in this country, of any party, will venture to deny, unless he is ready also to brave the charge of being wanting in the sentiments of true republicanism. There is no mistake then, about Mr. TYLER's principles,—and there is no room for speculation, except as to the means of conveying them into practical effect. Upon this point I may perhaps be able to give your readers in a familiar way, some information that may be valuable and interesting.

One great purpose of PRESIDENT TYLER will be to restrain generally, the overaction of the Federal Government, which has been carried to such a height during the last twelve years. No one more strongly condemns the unconstitutional and anti-republican character of the leading measures of policy adopted by General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. No one more steadily or more vigorously resisted the usurpation by which they successively labored to strengthen the Executive arm. He has shown, even during his brief term of service, that what he opposed, when out of place, he is determined to put down and destroy, now when in office, and when the advantages of the increased Executive power would enure to himself. He has voluntarily deprived himself of much of the patronage and influence which he might have employed to strengthen himself, and weaken his adversaries. He has told the legion of office-holders—(who, under the last two Administrations, composed a band always to be counted upon, always to be trusted, always active and energetic in behalf of their superiors,

"For 't is their duty, as the sage ones think,  
To aid the cause by which they eat and drink."

he has told these men to keep their hands off in popular elections, and, I am sure, he will sanctify the principle by the prompt dismissal, under his own hand, of the very first officeholder who dares to interfere with the pure and independent exercise of the elective right by the people.

President TYLER, however, is anxious, not only that the overaction of the Executive Department should be restrained, but also that the Legislative branch of the Government should not pass beyond its proper Constitutional limits. He is most sincerely solicitous that the Federal Government, in all its branches, should keep itself strictly within the boundaries prescribed by the Constitution.

He thinks that not only the Executive, but Congress also, has assumed powers which do not belong to it; and he will feel bound to use all the authority, with which he is officially invested, to restrain the over-action of the Legislative Department.

For instance, should a bill, appropriating money from the National Treasury, to make a road, pass Congress, Mr. TYLER will unquestionably veto it.

This question of internal improvements, however, will not, probably, come up for some time. There is no money in the Treasury at present to spend on such objects: and the States which have expended so much from their own treasuries on internal improvements, will not, in the existing state of the public finances, be very urgent for providing other States with roads, canals, &c., &c., &c.

The political speculators may amuse themselves with inquiring how far the ideas of PRESIDENT TYLER about certain Congressional usurpations of power may be satisfactory to certain distinguished public men: they may rest assured of one thing.—*He is now where he has ever been.* It would be well for a *distinguishing* political adventurer to keep a good look out on what he has said or written—to have a good memory—lest his insincerity should be discovered. Mr. TYLER needs not this caution. He has always spoken with a straight tongue. He has been honest, open, straightforward, and, by consequence, always consistent.

## From our own Correspondent.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY—RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS—ORDER OF BUSINESS AT THE WHITE HOUSE—THE PROSCRIPTIVE CLAMOR—THE SECRETARIES.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1841.

Several members of President Tyler's family have arrived at the White House—namely, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Va., (son-in-law and daughter of the President;) Mr. Robt. Tyler and his lady, (formerly Miss Cooper,) and Miss Tyler. These, with the wife of the President, who is still in Virginia in delicate health, and Mr. John Tyler, Jr. his private Secretary, will compose the domestic circle of the Executive mansion—and a most delightful circle it will be. The President himself is distinguished for his kind and cordial manners. All who have business with him, or who call to pay their respects, are pleased with their reception. Henceforth, there will be, beside, that charm around the White House which the presence of young, beautiful, and accomplished women alone can give.

The foreign Ministers speak in the highest terms of the manner in which they were received by the President when they called in a body to present their respects to him on Saturday. No man, however accustomed to Courts, could have gone through the ceremony with a higher degree of grace and dignity. In conversation, Mr. Tyler is always singularly fluent and animated, and sometimes rises even to eloquence—but in his reply to the address of the Russian Minister, in behalf of the Diplomatic Corps, and in the remarks he made to each member, there was a felicity both of thought and expression, and a general appropriateness, which all observed and which produced the most favorable impression on the representatives of foreign nations and all who were present. It was, indeed, a most interesting scene. Several members of the Cabinet have spoken of the part the President bore in it as a model of the deportment of an American Chief Magistrate.

Mr. Tyler is fortunate in having a most methodical and industrious Private Secretary. Nothing can be more orderly than his arrangement of his father's business, and of the papers which demand his personal attention and consider-

ation. The President himself is a man of well disciplined business habits. He rises with the dawn; and thus has a couple or more hours clear for work before breakfast. His first task is to *clear his table*—that is, to dispose of all the letters and papers that have been placed there, systematically arranged, by his Secretary the day or evening previous. This prevents a very troublesome kind of business from accumulating. He devotes the time from his rising till ten o'clock, (with a brief interval at eight for breakfast,) to this work. From ten o'clock to twelve he receives the visits of those who wish to see and consult him personally on business. Such persons are admitted singly, so as to allow more freedom to their intercourse. It is expected that at these interviews no one will act so improperly as to engage the President longer than is really necessary to explain his object. From twelve to two is set apart for the reception of those who call merely to pay their respects; and the drawing rooms are generally well filled at these hours. At two o'clock the Cabinet meets, and from the breaking up of the Cabinet to dinner time the President holds himself in reserve for consultation with the heads of department, separately, on official business. The evenings are given up to free and social intercourse with those who happen to drop in. This is a very good and orderly arrangement, and by adhering to it the President is enabled to despatch a great amount of business every day.

The Globe and a few other papers of the same character continue to make an outcry about proscription. But, in truth, as I have before said, their own friends are astounded at the moderation of the Whig Administration. They did not think it conceivable that a triumphant party should be so tolerant after so decisive a victory. The principle, adopted by the President and Cabinet to remove only in cases where proof can be brought of incompetency or dishonesty, or partisan interference, is too strictly adhered to, for many good Whigs themselves. There is no doubt that there are many in office here who would deservedly come within this rule, however rigidly construed. But then, who is to turn informer? It is truly honorable to the Whigs of this District that with the temptation of lucrative posts before their eyes, they refrain from taking the odious character of informers. And yet how can the Secretaries, new in their places, as they are, be expected to know thus early who are obnoxious to the charge of partisan interference? In due time the evidence, doubtless, will be presented in a tangible shape, and the delinquents will then be removed. Thus far the removals have been few in number; and some of the more impatient of the followers of the Whig camp think that they have reason to complain that their adversaries should be suffered to remain so long in the offices they have abused.

Whoever imagines that the Secretaries have easy berths just now would find himself greatly mistaken, could he contemplate the reality. Go, for example, into the War Department. You will find the Secretary there busily engaged from an early hour in the morning till late at night. During a great part of the day his room is a sort of Chancery Court, and he the judge called to decide upon a succession of old, intricate cases of claims which have been brought up to him on appeal from the Accounting Officers—many of them involving thousands and thousands of dollars. He has to weigh the evidence, and give a conscientious and deliberate judgment. Then come the ordinary business of the Department—the incessant demands on his time by visitors—the appointments and transfers—besides Cabinet consultations, &c. &c. Be assured his is no bed of roses. This is but a sample. The other heads of Departments are no better off.

SPRING IN WASHINGTON—MIDSHIPMEN AND CADETS—UNGENEROUS CONDUCT OF TWO EX-SECRETARIES—ARMY AND NAVY—FOREIGN DESPATCHES—ON DITS.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1841.

After a long season of extraordinarily disagreeable weather, spring has at last burst upon us suddenly; and we have had two days of bright skies and genial atmosphere—though it did rain, as usual, at night! In these two days, however, the gardens, of which almost every tolerable house in Washington has one of some sort, have put forth their bloom and beauty wonderfully; and all around is the promise of a better time to come. The grounds around the Capitol are in admirable order—the grass fresh and luxuriant—and the parterres in the lawns and the beds along the smooth walks are blooming with hyacinths, and tulips, and a variety of early flowers. It is delightful, after having been pent up so long within brick walls, to get even this taste of the country: for where you have lawns, and grass-plots, and beds of flowers, and sparkling fountains, and blooming trees, with the music and flight of birds, you fancy other "rural sights and sounds" enough, and dream you are afar from the smoky and dusty city. The grounds about the President's House and the Capitol are delightful places of resort; and in the spring and summer are always filled with promenaders during the afternoon and evening. You must pardon this talk about the weather, from the novelty of the subject here!

The Secretary of State, like a man of sense and taste, has fled on the first opening of spring from the dusty Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Hill, where the windows of his study and of his drawing-rooms look out on the fine eastern gardens of the Capitol, whose early fragrance he may inhale. The other Secretaries live at the west, or court end of the city, in the neighborhood of the White House.

Much complaint is made, and with good reason, of the conduct of Mr. Paulding, late Secretary of the Navy, and of Mr. Poinsett, late Secretary of War, toward the close of Mr. Van Buren's administration. These gentlemen evidently took the determination to leave to their successors no chance of making any Midshipmen's or Cadets' appointments for a long time.

From the first to the fourth of March, it is understood, that Secretary Paulding issued between thirty and forty letters of appointment to Midshipmen—not only filling up all allowed by law, but even lapping over as if to prevent his successor from making any appointments in case a vacancy should occur, by having a nominee of his own ready to step into such vacancy. This is too bad; and the present Secretary might be justified in revoking these letters of appointment, and in refusing to issue the warrants. But such a course would inflict injury upon the young men appointed,

who certainly are not to blame, and would be mortifying to their families and friends. The forbearance of Mr. Secretary Badger in this respect presents him in strong contrast to Mr. Ex-Secretary Paulding.

Mr. Ex-Secretary Poinsett is chargeable with similar conduct. He has filled up and lapped over all the appointments to the Military Academy, so that it is difficult to say when there will be room for a single new cadet. This surely was a small business for gentlemen to engage in, during the expiring hours of their official authority. Many meritorious young men, who applied in vain under the Van Buren Administration for commissions or appointments, (being refused on account of the politics of their friends or families,) and who hoped for success after a change of rulers, find their aspirations repressed by this conduct of the ex-Secretary. Some of them have peculiar claims to the notice and assistance of the Government. In some cases the appointments are the only stay and support of widowed mothers—the sons of deceased officers—of men who have suffered, and died in the service of their country. Their hopes of advancement are cut off, and the places they ought to fill are given to the pets and proteges of partisans.

Let us indulge the hope that under the new Administration these matters hereafter will be better ordered. The military and the naval service are both dear to all true Americans. Over the departments of the war and navy two gentlemen now preside who have the entire confidence of the officers in both branches of the service; and the country will not be disappointed in the expectations of increased vigor to be given to these two arms of our defence.

Despatches have been received at the Department of State from the United States Minister in London, and from two or three ports of the Continent—brought by the Great Western: but the purport of them has not transpired.

ON DITS.

Col. Charles S. Todd will not be Minister to Austria after all—Mr. Hone will have the New-York Post Office, after all.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—The Albany Argus (extra) issued last Sunday afternoon conveys the distressing intelligence that on Saturday evening, as the steamboat South America, Capt. Brainard, was on her passage up the river, an accident occurred which reduced the machinery of the boat nearly to a wreck, and severely injured several of the passengers. The following particulars may be relied upon:

When about two miles above Poughkeepsie, at about half-past twelve, the boat being under her usual steam and full headway, the shaft broke, and the connecting machinery giving way, the piston was forced through the cylinder, both in its downward and upward motion, scattering the fragments of machinery in different directions and with great force, and discharging the steam into the gangways and cabins. All was confusion for the moment. Passengers jumping from the berth, or not thinking to envelope themselves in the bedclothes, (which some had the presence of mind to do,) encountered the vapor, and were, in the instances we give below, scalded more or less severely; though we are happy to state that the probability is that all, with perhaps one exception, will survive. Owing to the promptitude and energy of Captain Brainard and the officers and crew of the boat, the sufferers and the other passengers were relieved from immediate danger; and the steamboat Diamond which opportunely came up soon after the occurrence, went at once to their relief. The passengers, including those who were disabled, were immediately taken on board the Diamond, where every attention was afforded them, and every thing done by Capt. Flower, his passengers, officers and crew, to alleviate their sufferings. They reached this city between 9 and 10, A. M.; and the wounded were immediately taken ashore for medical treatment.

Some idea of the force with which parts of the machinery were thrown upward, will be understood by the circumstance, that a fragment of the shackle-bar, falling perhaps fifty feet from its place, passed through the deck of the state-rooms, through the second deck, and striking a colored man belonging on the boat, severely wounded him in the head.

The South America is a new and splendid boat; having made only three or four passages. Her machinery is said to be literally a wreck, and the amount of damage from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

By this accident, but one person was killed—Mr. John Garwin of Troy—and about a dozen others more or less injured, but none of them dangerously.

At a meeting of the passengers of the steamboat South America and Diamond, on the morning of April 25th, resolutions were adopted expressive of the presence of mind, energy and attention evinced by Capt. Brainard, to whom they tendered their grateful acknowledgments.

Hitherto the North River steamboats have been almost entirely exempt from disaster; because they are well built and carefully managed. We trust that the public confidence in these boats, so justly reposed and so long continued, will not be materially affected by this exception to the general rule furnished in the case of the SOUTH AMERICA.

ANOTHER STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSION.—The work of destruction, which for so many years has been principally confined to the Western rivers of our country, has at last commenced in our own waters, and Heaven knows where it is to end!

The steam-boat *Henry Eckford*, a little after 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, while lying at the foot of Cedar street, N. River, and just as she was about to leave the dock, burst her boiler. The explosion was very violent, tearing the engine and the boat almost to pieces, and killing or wounding about half the people on board. It was fortunate that the number on board was small—something less than a dozen: for the character of the explosion was such that if a load of passengers had been in the boat and in their usual place (the quarter-deck) they would all have been killed.

The accounts go to show that the *Henry Eckford* is a very old boat, and has been used of late only for towing, &c., &c. And probably any statement of particulars that may be given by the owners or hands will conclude with the consoling intelligence that "no blame whatever can be attached to any one on board."

The circumstances of the explosion on board of this boat were on Wednesday submitted to a coroner's jury, who, after a deliberate investigation, found that whatever



there is of blame attaches to the United States inspectors. Such a verdict as this is scarcely satisfactory, because it is not generally received by the public as demonstrative evidence, nor does any penalty follow it. In our opinion, the public good requires that the guilty individual, in such cases, should be detected, exposed, and punished.

**ARRIVAL OF MR. JARED SPARKS.**—Among the passengers in the steamship Columbia, recently arrived in Boston, was our countryman, Mr. Sparks, the principal object of whose voyage to Europe was to procure original materials, relative to the history of America. We understand, says the Boston Daily Advertiser, that his success has more than answered his expectations. He has been absent nearly ten months, and during that time he has been constantly employed in making researches in the public offices and libraries of England and France. By the courtesy of the governments of both those countries Mr. S. has been allowed freely to examine the manuscripts in the different departments, which relate to the history of America, and to have copies taken of all such papers as were deemed by him important in their historical character. His inquiries have been principally devoted to the period of the revolution; but he has likewise taken much pains to ascertain the original sources of American history previously to that period. We are glad to learn that these are numerous, and well preserved. From the public archives, as well as from the British Museum, and the Royal Library in Paris, he has procured copies of some curious and highly interesting manuscripts relative to the first settlements of this country. On a former occasion Mr. S. was engaged abroad more than a year in the same pursuits. The results have been seen in the works which he has since published.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—The election in Rhode Island took place on the 21st ult., and the result has been decidedly in favor of the Whigs. Governor King, and Messrs. Tillinghast and Cranston are re-elected almost without opposition. The Providence Journal gives the result in 25 of the 31 towns in the State as follows: vote for Governor King 2252—for all other candidates 62. Votes for Mr. Tillinghast 2165, for Mr. Cranston 2242; scattering 215. All the towns are heard from except Warwick, Coventry, West Greenwich, Jamestown, Little Compton and New Shoreham. There was a small vote from the double cause of want of opposition, and a very stormy day.

**33.** A very destructive fire occurred at Williamsport, Pa., on Saturday night of last week, by which property to the amount of \$30,000 was consumed. The buildings burned down were the spacious brick hotel of Mr. Hall, and the stables attached to it, together with three valuable horses, the store of Jacob Grafius & Son adjoining, and the house of Mr. Joseph Grafius. Several other buildings were torn down to arrest the progress of the flames. The fire is believed to have been the work of incendiaries.

**CRIMINAL CODE OF ALABAMA.**—The criminal laws of Alabama were revised at the late session of the Legislature of that State. Of the new statutes, the Louisville Advertiser gives a summary, from which it appears that they make but one kind of crime punishable by death, while forty-two kinds are held punishable by confinement in the Penitentiary, from periods varying from two up to fifty years. Murder in the first degree, is the crime which the law makes punishable by death, but even this the Court can at its option punish by sentence of imprisonment in the Penitentiary for life. Death in a duel, is held to be murder in the second degree, and made punishable by confinement in the Penitentiary for a period of ten years. To give, accept, or carry a challenge, disqualifies for holding office in the State, and is further punishable by confinement in the Penitentiary for two years. Rape is punishable by confinement there for life; bribery of executive, legislative, ministerial or judicial officers, from two to seven years; steamboat racing, by which life is endangered, for two years; and loss of life, or injury to the person by negligence or want of skill in officers of boats, from two to ten years.

**ARRIVAL OUT OF THE SULTANEE.**—By the Brenda, at Salem, from Bombay and Zanzibar, advices have been received of the arrival out of the Muscat ship Sultanee, on the 7th of December last, after a passage of 120 days from New York and 29 from the Cape of Good Hope. Captain Drinker, who went out as navigator, returned in the Brenda. Capt. D. had strong inducements held out to him by the Sultan, to remain in his service, such as the command of the best frigate in his navy, with the prospect of a voyage to New York within a year, &c., but he declined. The Sultan also endeavored to retain by tempting offers the four American seamen who went out with Capt. Drinker; but one, however, accepted his proposals. His navy is composed of many fine ships, all built at Bombay, of teak wood, but they are entirely neglected and suffered to go to pieces. The inhabitants are described as a very filthy, half-naked, slavish race, and the town a collection of hovels scarcely fit for dog kennels.

**ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—A sailor named Frederick Dunsom, attempted to hang himself on the 20th ult. in Westerly, R. I. He ascended a button-wood tree, and fixing a rope around his neck, fastened it to a branch, and swung off. A number of persons were standing near, who supposed that he was climbing the tree for diversion. The rope was immediately cut, with considerable difficulty, and he fell to the ground, a distance of seventeen feet. He was considerably injured by the fall. He stated that he had previously taken a very large dose of arsenic. Intemperance was the cause of the act.

**MATRIMONY.**—In the Vice-Chancellor's Court, Monday, there were no less than seven cases of application for divorce decided on. In five of the cases the application was from the wives, and the two others were from the husbands. Of these seven applications three were successful, and the other four were referred back to the Masters in Chancery, by whom they were introduced: the reference being made with a view to allow the complaining party to amend the proofs, by beginning over again. These facts do not look very encouraging to those who seek matrimonial alliances.

**ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT GONE!**—Died, in this town, on the 16th inst., Capt. Jonathan Rogers, aged 85 years. Capt. Rogers, when a youth, volunteered in the service of his country, and was for a long time in the regular service, both in the Army and Navy. At the termination of the war, then an inhabitant of one of the New-England States, he shouldered his axe, and penetrated the forest in pursuit of his fortune. He finally reached this place, and pitched his tent on the ground where this village now stands, which was then an unbroken wilderness, and by a life of industry and economy, succeeded in obtaining the object of his pursuit. He was much beloved by his acquaintances and friends, and was an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church, of which he had long been a worthy communicant.—[Northern Journal.]

**MORE INDIAN TROUBLES.**—Advices from Wisconsin, under date of April 10, are that large bodies of Sioux were gathering in the neighborhood of Fort Snelling, with the design, as was supposed, of making an attack upon it. One of the tribe, it seems being drunk and disorderly within the limits of the garrison, and resisting an attempt to remove him, was shot down; hence the hostile aspect of the tribe. Two companies from Forts Winnebago and Crawford, has been ordered to Fort Snelling.

**THE CANALS.**—We are requested to state, says the Albany Evening Journal, that owing to the recent heavy fall of rain, the frost not being out of the ground, large quantities of sand have been washed into the canal, above the lower aqueduct over the Mohawk River, which will render it impracticable to have the canal ready for navigation before Monday the 26th inst.

**SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.**—The Cleveland Herald of the 17th states that another piece of land, east of Erie street, has taken a slide into the lake. Five or six slides of a similar kind, we believe, have occurred there within two or three years, some of which have encroached considerably upon the front part of the town plat.

**DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.**—The Hon. NATHAN HEATON, a Member of the Assembly, died at his residence in Cortland co., on Monday of last week.

**—TERRIBLE.**—We learn from a credible source, this morning, that a terrible tragedy of blood occurred last Wednesday in Summer, Oxford County, where Mr. Moses Butterfield, hitherto a highly respectable citizen of that town, murdered his wife and two youngest children, while two others only saved themselves by flight.

Mr. B. had previously, we are told, had fits of insanity, and this last fatal attack took the form, it is said, of religious phrenzy, and his alleged reason for murdering his family was to save them from eternal ruin at the approaching end of the world!

He has been committed to jail in Paris.—[East Argus.]

**A KNOWING DOG.**—A gentleman owns a spaniel dog, which, owing to his daily official avocations, he cannot take out for a run, except for a Sunday after morning church service. *Dash* never ventures to show his black nose in the drawing-room during the week, but, as sure as Sunday comes upstairs he trots, between one and two o'clock, wagging his tail, and saying as plain as he can "well, here I am, ready for a walk."—[A fact.]

**STATE PRISON STATISTICS.**—Mr. A. M. C. Smith, Deputy Sheriff, who conducts the prisoners from this city to Sing Sing prison, informs us that 15 prisoners have been discharged the present month by expiration of sentence. On the 21st instant there remained in prison 861 prisoners, of whom 789 were males and 72 females. The four prisoners, viz: Provost, Bowne, Green and Moore, who were taken up to the prison by Mr. Smith, the Deputy Sheriff, had served 48 years aggregate in that prison; and, as they are sentenced for 34 years more, if they serve out that period, they will have served 82 years in that prison, or average 20½ years each.—[Tribune.]

**Michigan Execution Law.**—A law concerning sales on Execution has been enacted by the Legislature of Michigan during the present session, and is now in force. It requires an appraisement by three disinterested persons, and prohibits a sale of either real or personal property unless it will bring two-thirds of its affixed cash value.

**VIRGINIA ELECTION.**—About two-thirds of the State heard from. We have only room for general results this week. There is a Whig gain of three Members of Congress—Barton in place of Lucas, Summers in place of Beirne, and Stuart in place of Craig. On the other hand, the Whigs lose John Hill, who is succeeded by Hubbard, by 12 votes.

The Whigs have elected their old Senators—three—and have pretty certainly gained Tunstall in place of Dyer from Pittsylvania, &c. and possibly another in the West.

In 77 counties the Whigs have elected 53 members of Assembly and the Opposition 45—being an Opposition gain of 4 members.

**AWFUL OCCURRENCE.**—A few nights since, twelve negroes, belonging to the Rev. Wesley Adams, of Jefferson county, Florida, were burnt to death. They were all in one building and it is supposed were suffocated, and rendered insensible, as they gave no alarm, and when the doors were opened uttered not a groan. The building was entirely destroyed.

**CANADIAN ELECTIONS.**—The elections for Members of the Provincial House of Assembly have resulted in the choice of thirty-six Tories, who will support the government in all its leading measures—eight Conservatives, who will give the Executive a partial support, and forty Anti-Unionists, or Liberals. Nine seats will be contested—viz: Beauharnois, Three Rivers, Vaudeuil, Rouville, York 2d Riding, St. Maurice, Lenox, Addington, Montreal County and Chambly. The members returned for these places are chiefly supporters of the Government. The unsuccessful members retired from the contest on account of violence at the polls.

**33.** THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, of Tuesday evening, published a letter, dated Montreal, April 21, by which it appears that the forger, Mitchell, is now in that city.

He arrived on the 9th inst. bearing the name of Goodwin, and passes his time in gambling and at houses of ill-fame. He was arrested a few days since and taken before the police, but succeeded by feeing lawyers in getting clear. His trunk, however, was searched, and about \$4000 was found in it, mostly notes of the Girard Bank. He is spending it very freely. A stranger called at my office this morning with \$150, which he had received from Goodwin, who he said had lost it in gambling.

It struck me that this Goodwin might be Mitchell, and I said so to the stranger, who told me that he had been introduced to Mitchell in New-York about three years ago, and had afterwards seen him at Buffalo, and had no doubt that this Goodwin was the same man. When he first met him in Montreal he told him that he thought he had seen him before, but Goodwin (or Mitchell) denied all acquaintance with him. When I mentioned Mitchell's name my informant distinctly recollected that this was the same person. I learn, moreover, that he told his lawyer he was a member of Congress, and at the police office confessed that his name was Mitchell.

I have spent the whole day in trying to have him arrested, but without success. Our authorities say "The United States refuse to give up persons who have committed the most heinous crimes in this country, (alluding to Holmes the murderer,) and why should we trouble ourselves about this man? He is spending his money very freely, which will do us some good."

The money that he obtained by his forgeries might be recovered from him by proving the debt. He might be arrested on a civil process, if authority were given some one here to proceed against him.

**33.** The following is from a Texas paper—but, as the Almanacs say, it will do very well for this meridian:

"The government will want, about the first Monday in October next, some fifty-four members to supply the two Houses of Congress. Let as few of them be lawyers as possible, for the reason that they are addicted to talking, and their long speeches are too expensive."

**33.** The Legislature of Illinois adjourned without providing for any Special Election in case of an Extra Session of Congress; consequently that State will go unrepresented in the Extra Session.

**33.** The U. S. frigate Macedonian, Com. Wilkinson, arrived at Pensacola on the 7th ult. The sloop of war Levant, Commander Fitzhugh, arrived there on the 10th inst.

**CANAL NAVIGATION.**—The canal is probably navigable throughout its whole line. The water was let in at Buffalo and Rochester on Saturday. In Rochester there was a small break which was soon repaired.

**33.** Cape of Good Hope papers of the 17th of January, announce the destruction by fire, of the brig Australia, from Dundee, about 600 miles to the westward of the Cape. The Captain and crew escaped in the boats.

**"DON'T BLOW ME."**—A certain well-known and highly respectable physician of this city, who is scarcely less distinguished for his humor than for his medical skill, and who is in the habit of calling any male acquaintance Doctor, finds very few opportunities of going to church. Indeed, he is seldom seen within the walls of a sacred edifice. One Sunday, however, the Esculapian made his appearance. We encountered him as he was walking along the aisle; and, on getting within speaking distance, he put his hand on the side of his mouth, nodded, and said in a very mysterious whisper, "Don't blow me, doctor, don't blow me!"

**33.** The New London Gazette advertises that there are in that city not less than three hundred unmarried ladies, between the ages of sixteen and thirty years, handsome, well educated, and accomplished. All bachelors who possess the proper qualifications to make good husbands, and discrimination justly to appreciate beauty to combine with all the virtues which adorn the mind and render life pleasant, and society agreeable, are invited to visit New-London, and "pop the question." "Is nobody coming to marry me, is nobody coming to woo?"

**THE PRESIDENT STEAMER.**—Before the sailing of the President, 25 per cent. insurance had been paid. This was on the 7th of April; and 30 per cent. was asked. The original insurance was five per cent.

There is great anxiety respecting the fate of this vessel, and may be floundering about in the ocean, exhausted of coal. There was about 35 passengers on board.

**METHODISTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.**—A late English paper says that the Wesleyan Methodists have no less than 160 foreign missionary stations, they employ 220 missionaries, and in the schools under the supervision of those missionaries there are the amazing number of 40,000 children. The contributions to the missionary funds within the last year were nearly £90,000.

The receipts at Fanny Ellsler's benefit in New-Orleans were \$6000. The net profit of her engagement was \$20,000. On the night of her benefit, a wreath, containing a pair of bracelets set in diamonds, and other valuable jewels valued at \$1500 was thrown upon the stage. There are a great many very foolish people in New Orleans.—[Concord Republican.]

**33.** The three boys accused of the murder of the lad Phelps in Brooklyn last summer, have been arraigned before the King's County Oyer and Terminer. They pleaded not guilty. Their trial will not come on at this term.

**33.** "You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that only cost you ten day's labor." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I had been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

**33.** Alexander Troy, Esq., late Solicitor for the Fifth Judicial District in North Carolina, died on the 20th ult.

FROM WASHINGTON.—President Tyler received the Diplomatic Body on Saturday last at 2 o'clock at the President's Mansion. The British Minister, Mr. Fox, being kept away by indisposition, M. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, appeared at the head of the Corps. We give the Address with the Reply. The Intelligencer says that nothing could be more appropriate or in better taste than the President's remarks to the several members of the Body as they were successively presented.

#### M. BODISCO'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT: The United States having been suddenly deprived of its supreme head, the Constitution has invested you with the Chief Magistracy of the Union.

The Diplomatic Corps has the honor to appear before you, Mr. President, for the purpose of expressing through me, its organ, its concern in the melancholy event which has so unexpectedly removed General HARRISON from the hopes of the American People. The Diplomatic Corps hastens also to offer up its vows, Mr. President, that your Administration may be distinguished by the maintenance of all the existing friendly relations, and by a constant increase in the prosperity of the United States.

The Diplomatic Corps embraces this opportunity, Mr. President, to assure you of its earnest desire to merit your confidence and esteem.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

Mr. Minister: In my character of Chief Magistrate of the United States, and in the name of the People thereof, I have to return to the Diplomatic Corps, whom you on this occasion represent, my acknowledgements for their expression of condolence on account of the bereavement which this country has so recently sustained in the death of its late lamented and illustrious President. I take occasion, at the same time, to give the assurance that my most earnest desire, as his constitutional successor, will be to maintain and cherish the friendly relations which now so happily subsist between our respective countries.

The People of the United States regard their own prosperity as intimately connected with that of the entire family of nations, and the cultivation of the feelings of mutual amity as the best mode of advancing that important end.

I sincerely desire that the residence of the Diplomatic Corps near this Government may prove every way agreeable to them—to accomplish which, nothing shall be wanting on my own part.

#### APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Land Officers.—Receivers—Stoddard Judd, Green Bay, Wisconsin, vice I. T. Pease.

Joseph C. Hawkins, Burlington, Iowa, vice Verplanck Van Antwerp.

Registers.—William Ross, Burlington, Iowa, vice Enos Lowe.

Paraclete Potter, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, vice A. B. Morton.

John Willock, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Pittsburg, Pa., vice Robert H. Kerr.

Thomas W. Newton, to be Marshal for the District of Arkansas.

John G. Miller, to be Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio.

Justin Butterfield to be Attorney for the District of Illinois.—[Nat. Int.]

#### THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY,

At No. 134 Washington street, Boston.

Price, Five Dollars a Year.

THIS Journal was established in the year 1815, and has now reached its hundred and eleventh number. It has been successively under the editorial charge of William Tudor, Edward T. Channing, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Alexander H. Everett, and John G. Palfrey, the present editor. It continues to be conducted on the same plan as heretofore, discussing with freedom subjects in literature, philosophy, science and art, and occasionally commenting on contemporaneous events and measures, but abstaining from questions of sectarian, sectional, and party controversy.

The Review will be punctually sent by mail to any part of the United States, subscribers paying postage, and taking the risk of conveyance. Any person becoming responsible for four copies, will be entitled to one copy gratis. A liberal commission is allowed to agents.

Separate numbers, to complete imperfect sets, are on sale at the Publisher's office; also, several sets of the Second Series, beginning in 1819, and of a General Index to the first twenty-five volumes, and two sets of the work from its commencement. M29 3mSaW

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

The Publisher of the THE NEW WORLD announces that he has made an arrangement with the Publisher of the Boston NOTION, by which, all those who wish to subscribe for the Boston NOTION and The New World together, can have both Journals for one year on paying or remitting, postage-free, \$5 in advance. As the two papers do not publish the same stories in continuation, and, as they will endeavor to avoid issuing the same matter, it is thought that this arrangement will be acceptable to those who would like to take in two periodicals whose ample dimensions enable them to contain all the good floating popular literature of the day.

The New World is now publishing Samuel Warren's (author of Passages from the Diary of a late Physician) magnificent story, TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR; Charles Dickens's (Boz) BARNABY RUDGE; W. Harrison Ainsworth's GUY RAVEN; and Henry Cockton's STANLEY THORN.

The Boston Notion is publishing Captain Marryat's new novel THE POACHER; W. H. Ainsworth's OLD ST. PAUL; and Henry Cockton's GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN.

Besides these SEVEN Novels, to be obtained at the small rate of \$5 per annum, the Boston Notion and the New World publish a vast number of selected and original articles from the pens of the first authors in the literary world, as well as a much greater quantity of editorial matter than is usually contained in weekly papers; all valuable public Documents—proceedings of Congress and the State Legislatures, and copious compends of intelligence from the four quarters of the globe.

Remittances to be made in current bills to GEORGE ROBERTS, State at: est, Boston—or to J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, New-York.

## THE NEW WORLD

AND SEARS'S PICTORIAL

# BIBLE

## A SPLENDID OFFER.

In looking about for something of suitable character and of eminent value, which we could with satisfaction to ourselves and them, offer as a PRESENT to the subscribers of the NEW WORLD, we have found nothing in point of attraction and popularity, equal to

### SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE,

a work embellished with TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS of Scriptural scenes and views in the Holy Land, recommended by the press, and also by the most pious and intelligent clergymen in the country—and which, as has been justly remarked, should be possessed by every family in the United States; and, indeed, ought every where to be the companion of the sacred volume.

We therefore respectfully ask every lady and gentleman under whose observation this paper may come, to reflect on the following

#### PROPOSITIONS:

To gratify the wish which has generally been inspired to possess a copy of SEARS'S CELEBRATED PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, the Publisher has concluded to purchase a sufficient number of copies to supply, gratis, all those new subscribers to the NEW WORLD, who will forward to him—in current bills, postage free—two full years' subscription in advance, (viz. \$6.) The price of this beautiful volume is two dollars per copy; so that, by this arrangement, the NEW WORLD is actually afforded at \$4 for two years.

Further—it will be given to every present subscriber who shall pay for two years as above, on the renewal of his subscription—or who may obtain two new subscribers, and remit the money therefor. To this latter proposition particular attention is asked. Each and every one of our present subscribers may easily, if he kindly resolves to make a little exertion, procure us from the circle of his friends and acquaintances two new subscribers. To each one doing this shall be presented a copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE.

LASTLY—Clubs of ten persons associating together, and remitting FIFTY DOLLARS, shall receive the NEW WORLD two years each, and each also a copy of the Pictorial Bible. What more splendid or more liberal offer can be made than this, in presenting, for so trifling a sum as \$5, one of the most charming volumes ever published, and a paper which will give you during two years, new and rare works, choice literature, and popular discourses by eminent divines, which could not be purchased in any other form for ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

In every case New-York or Eastern money must be remitted, or the discount allowed; and all letters must be post-paid or free. To prevent misunderstanding, it must be distinctly understood that the whole subscription must be received without deduction for commissions. Every postmaster or agent will be entitled to a copy for each subscription for two years, or for two subscriptions one year, provided the full amount of six dollars is remitted.

All persons in the United States or the British Provinces, are invited to avail themselves of these propositions, to obtain a copy of the Pictorial Illustrations.

Each copy of the Bible so presented will have the name of the subscriber written in a blank leaf; and it will be held subject to his order, and will be forwarded in any way he may choose to point out. The copies will be elegantly bound, and lettered in gold.

Subjoined are a sufficient number of testimonials to the character of this invaluable work:

From the N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal (Methodist). It gives us pleasure to recommend a work of this character to our Christian brethren of all classes, and particularly youth. It contains upward of two hundred engravings, illustrative of manners and customs, incidents, landscape scenery, and natural history, referred to in the Holy Scriptures, and is entirely free from sectarianism, which but too frequently forms a part of works of a religious nature. The engravings are well explained by letter-press descriptions, occupying about two hundred pages; and which, in matter and manner, are well calculated to give the reader a desire to go farther, and "search the Scriptures." Any book that may be instrumental in leading men to the great Fountain of Truth, should receive the warm approval of sincere Christians; and it is our candid opinion that the volume in question is eminently calculated to do so. The price of the book, handsomely bound in muftin and gilt, is only Two Dollars. It is a valuable holiday present for a Christian father to make to his family.

#### From the New York Evangelist.

This work is especially adapted for, and is calculated to interest, all persons in the Sacred Scriptures. The number of engravings is two hundred. The volume is handsomely published, on good paper, and with beautiful binding. The illustrations are accompanied with descriptions of the places, customs, and curiosities noticed. The ruins of Oriental cities; the domestic manners of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabians, and other nations referred to in the Bible; the arts and inventions of writing, dress, &c., prevailing in the East—these and similar representations fill up the generous number of two hundred.

From the Rev. Charles G. Sommers, A. E., Pastor of the South Baptist Church, New-York.

Mr. Robert Sears: Dear Sir—I have carefully examined the elegant copy of the "Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible," which you sent me; and for which receive my thanks. I regard it as a valuable addition to my library. As a work explanatory of ancient and modern Oriental customs, it comprises an ordinary amount of entertaining, useful, and religious information, which could not, without great labor, be obtained from other sources. It is due to your good taste, enterprise, and great industry and care, as the compiler, to express my opinion, that your book, as to its general excellencies, stands unrivalled by any similar volume ever issued from the press in this country. Its typography is beautiful, the paper and binding are in perfect keeping, and the very low price of two dollars for a book of 200 pages, adorned with 200 superior American engravings, cannot fail to commend it to general patronage, and will eventually introduce it into intelligent and pious families throughout the United States.

Yours truly,

CHARLES G. SOMMERS.

From Rev. J. O. Choules, author of the History of Missions, &c. Mr. Robert Sears: Dear Sir—I have examined your "Two Hundred Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible," and regard the publication of the work as calculated to be very useful. I entertain no doubt of its obtaining an extensive circulation, especially in our Western country, where few persons have access to the sources from which the work has been compiled. I can easily imagine the welcome that your book will receive from our inquisitive youth, and cordially recommend the volume as a substitute for the ordinary trashy volumes which are given as annual presents.

I am, sir, yours, very truly,

JNO. O. CHOULES.

This offer will remain open for all who choose to avail themselves of the same, until the first day of September next, with the exception that every present subscriber may obtain a copy after that date who renews his subscription for two years.

ERRATA.—In a part of our edition last week, the 266th and 267th pages were transposed in 'making up.'

### IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

Those who may subscribe in accordance with the above offer, are informed that we can supply only 100 sets of the quarto from the commencement of the volume, Jan. 2, being all that remains of a surplus edition of over 3000 copies. From the commencement of the story of BARNABY RUDGE, March 20, we have 500 sets of back Nos. out of 1500 kept back at that time. New subscribers are coming in at the rate of 250 to 300 per week, and those, therefore, who take advantage of our splendid offer must write immediately, if they want the back numbers.

A large number of subscriptions will expire with quarto whole No. 52, June 1st, and notice is hereby given to such to renew them before that time, as all papers are discontinued unless a new remittance is made. For \$6 current money the New World will be sent two years, and a copy of SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE will be given.

#### Married.

On Wednesday the 31st instant, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. John Mortimer, of New-York, and Miss Ann Jennet, eldest daughter of Salmon Weeks, Esq., of Jamaica, L. I.

On Thursday morning, April 22, by Rev. Dr. Cone, Mr. Wright Gillies and Miss Mary Ann Genter, all of this city.

April 22, by Rev. Wm. Berkley, Mr. William Savage, of Worcester, Mass., and Miss Louisa Fitz, of this city.

On the 19th of April, at Fishkill, Mrs. Conklin Ann Van Wyck aged 35.

On the 22d of April, by Rev. Constantine Plac, Mr. James Keating and Miss Eleanor Brennan, both of this city.

On Thursday, April 22, by Rev. Dr. Potts, Marries Hilger and Delia A., daughter of the late Joseph Pottaro.

April 21, by Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. Edward McManus and Miss Catharine Maria Hopkins, all of this city.

April 17, by Rev. L. Youngs, Mr. George Didier and Miss Margaret Smith, all of this city.

April 23, by Rev. C. Kirk, William Bartley, Esq., and Miss Bridget O'Flanagan, late from Ireland.

April 22, by Rev. L. Grinnell, Mr. William Conger and Miss Hannah Gale, both of this city.

April 22, by Rev. Mr. McAuley, Mr. John H. Atkin and Miss Catharine A., daughter of William C. Mathews.

In New-Haven, Ct., April 20, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, David Henry Ely and Miss Anna F. Seagrave, daughter of the late Joseph Seagrave.

In Rahway, N. J., April 15, by Rev. Mr. Barton, Mr. George H. Martin and Mary Elizabeth Edgar.

On Sunday, April 25, by Rev. Dr. Power, Mr. George Coleman and Miss Sarah Lamb, both of Brooklyn.

At Auburn, on Tuesday, 30th instant, by Rev. Wm. Croswell, Hon. Fernando Wood, of this city, and Miss Ann D. youngest daughter of Hon. J. L. Richardson, of the former place.

On Monday, April 26, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. George Barsto, of Denmark, and Miss Catharine Harned, of this city.

On Monday, April 26, by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. Richard W. Mott and Miss Maria Theresa Freeman, both of this city.

April 27 by Rev. John Miles, Mr. Thomas Beetham, of Newark, and Miss Elizabeth C. Appleyard, of Brooklyn.

April 24, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. A. E. Briggs and Miss Metabelle Terry.

On Sunday evening, April 25, by Rev. Heman Bangs, Mr. George W. Swain and Miss Hannah W. Baker.

April 27, by Rev. Benjamin Evans, Mr. Alexander Young and Miss Mary Ann Mowber.

April 27, by Rev. S. D. Ferguson, Mr. H. Lee and Miss Angelina G. Lawrence, all of this city.

April 27, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Henry H. Storms, of this city, and Miss Eleanor Jane Wood, of Staten Island.

In Williamsburg, L. I., by Rev. J. W. La Fevre, Mr. John Naboe, of this city, and Miss Eliza Jane Smith, eldest daughter of Samuel S. Smith, of Williamsburg.

In Troy, N. Y., on the 21st of April, by Rev. Dr. Beman, Henry C. Knight, Esq., of Pontiac, Michigan, and Miss Frances Augusta Snow, daughter of the late Mr. Ralph Snow, of Northampton, Mass.

In this city, April 25, by Rev. E. Evans, Mr. William Randall and Miss Rhoda Couber, both of this city.

On the evening of the 25th of April, by Rev. Mr. Gilbert, Henry W. Bamley and Sarah H. Lewis, of this city.

On Sunday evening, April 25, by Rev. W. W. Everts, at the Mulberry street Baptist Tabernacle, Mr. Edward Luff and Miss Ann B. Ladd, daughter of Nathaniel Ladd, Esq., all of this city.

At Springville, Michigan, April 15, Lieut. F. Woodbridge, 2d Regiment U. S. Artillery, and Eliza, daughter of Hon. B. B. Kerchival.

On Saturday, 24th April, by Rev. Mr. F. Stohlmann, C. D. Stablnacht, Esq., of Durango, Mexico, and Miss Pauline Henschel, of this city.

#### Died.

At Newark, April 22, Anna A. Bennett, in the 54th year of her age.

On the morning of April 25, Mr. Abraham Van Tassel, in the 44th year of his age.

On Monday, April 26, Mrs. Mary Shelters, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 25th of April, of droopy, Samuel Thompson, in the 66th year of his age.

On Monday morning, April 26, Daniel McGuire, in the 23d year of his age.

On Sunday, April 25, of inflammation of the lungs, Charles Knox, aged 65.

April 26, Patrick Shiel, in the 37th year of his age.

April 26, suddenly, Gmetao De Angelis, M. D., in the 63d year of his age—a native of the city of Naples, and for 43 years a resident of this city.

At Rochester, April 24, Simon P. W. Howe, late merchant of this city.

On Sunday morning, April 25, of consumption, Eunice Ann, young daughter of Capt. Wm. Gerl.

On Sunday Morning last, of a paralytic affection, David Tomlinson, M. D., aged 60.

On Saturday morning, April 24, of consumption, Miss Harriet Post.

On Saturday morning last, after a short illness, in the 18th year of his age, James, youngest son of the late Robert McCrea.

On Sunday, April 25, Mr. William Davis.

On Sunday, April 25, John Wilson, aged 43.

On Saturday, April 24, Mrs. Mary McKinley, in the 91st year of her age.

On Sunday, April 25, of inflammation of the lungs, Charles Knox, aged 65.

On Sunday afternoon, April 25, Mrs. Margaret Ketchall, in the 72d year of her age.

In Williamsburg, April 24, Mrs. Jane Smyth, in the 34th year of her age.

On Monday, April 26, John O'Brian, in the 59th year of his age.

On Monday, April 26, of consumption, Claiborne W. Cain, in the 46th year of his age.

On Tuesday, April 27, John Owen, aged 75.

On Tuesday last, Frances Matilee wife of H. Caldwell, M. D. in the 32d year of her age.

On the evening of April 28, Samuel Wilson; son of Daniel Wilson, aged 25.

April 28, Julia E. Chauncey, daughter of Wm. Chauncey, aged 16.

On Thursday morning, April 29, Mary Ann, youngest daughter of John T. and Susannah Goldsmith.





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## Original Articles.

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN ESSAY,

READ BEFORE THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

BY E. P. HURLBUT.

THE present discourse will be devoted to the consideration of the Rights of Woman—the rights of one half of the human race, and which I do not propose to treat as the "better half," but rather as the equal half of mankind. I shall not mock woman with fulsome adulation, lest I should offend her pride—nor yet withhold from her appropriate praise, lest I should offend her sense of justice. Man surely concedes not too much when he admits her to be his equal; and her ambition may well be satisfied, without aspiring to be his superior. Woman is deprived of her natural dignity, when she is depressed below the condition of man; and she may be treated as an usurper when she aspires to exercise dominion over him.

Man was not "born to command," nor woman "to obey." They are not wedded to each other by human laws, nor by the church, but by the law of their natures, whose ministers are the common sentiments and affections of their minds—and which consecrate their union, demand its sacred inviolability, and admonish them perpetually to love, honor and cherish each other so long as they both shall live. By these neither is commanded to obey the other, but only the Creator's laws.

But woman is to be regarded not only as the companion and equal of man, but as the same intellectual being as himself, possessed of the same sentiments and affections—the same emotions and wants, and consequently of the same natural rights.

One need but hint to "ears polite" that woman is powerful in intellect, noble in sentiment, and that she aspires to the perfection of her being, by all the means allotted by the Creator for the attainment of true excellence and happiness—and all this and much more will be conceded before it is half expressed. I shall take this concession from the cultivated and polite, and treat it as though it were made in good faith. It ought not to be regarded as "small talk," nor construed tenderly, as though made "to please the ladies;" since, if we set about it earnestly, we can prove that this concession, although made in the spirit of gallantry, might well have been dictated by a sense of justice.

Inquire of the physiologist whether woman hath the same cerebral organization as man; and he will answer that her brain and nervous system are the same in structure, and execute the same functions.

Inquire of the phrenologist, and you will be informed that as in man, so in woman, by means of the brain, all mental powers are manifested; that these powers have their respective seats in distinct parts of the brain; and that not one of them which is found in man is wanting in woman; that these powers, whether of sentiment, intellect or passion, vary infinitely in the different individuals of the human race, whether male or female—but that they are common to man and woman, who have therefore one common nature.

Consult the writers upon natural law as to the derivation of human rights, and the most approved of these will state that they emanate from the natural wants and emotions of mankind, as I have attempted to show in the preceding discourses.

What, then, let me inquire, necessarily follows from these premises? Nothing less than this, That the rights of man and the rights of woman are precisely one and the same: the "lord of creation" is just as well off as the lady of creation, and not one whit better.

You have now the concession of gallantry, the testimony of the physiologist, the demonstration of the phrenologist, and the authority of writers upon the natural law, all establishing the rights of woman upon the same foundation as the rights of man. You present these to the British or American magistrate, and demand that the same legal protection shall be afforded to one as the other—nay, that the laws shall not be made for man or woman—but for man kind; that all rights are human rights, and pertain to human beings, without distinction of sex; and he will be filled with surprise, if not with horror. What then is the difficulty? Nothing less than this, That the laws of England and America, touching the Rights of Woman, are at variance with the laws of the Creator; and the question is, Which shall stand?

It would be going too far to say that the laws of these countries do not recognize the rights of woman at all; for they do acknowledge and protect the rights of a single woman or "spinster," as these laws politely term her. But marriage forms an astonishing legal era with this same "spinster;" she becomes most emphatically a new creature after this event—a being of the law's own creation—a monster, (pardon the word,) whose nature disowns—a monstrous being, breathing a legal, not a moral atmosphere.

She is courted and wedded as "an angel," and yet is denied the dignity of a rational, moral being ever after. I am aware that this is bold language; but I propose to demonstrate its truth and justice.

We have before seen that marriage is a natural institution, proceeding necessarily from the organization and condition of the sexes; and that the law of their natures demands an union for life. This union is necessary to their happiness, and as it is dictated by the desires and sentiments of their common nature, to live in the married state is a sacred right. In a former discourse, I showed that man was ordained by his mental constitution to live in human society—and this being so, he must enter the social state without surrendering any of his rights, since the designs of nature all harmonize with each other. The foundation was thus laid for asserting that woman by entering the married state, doth not properly surrender any right whatever.

My argument is this, That woman's mental forces and wants are designed to have a free and harmonious exercise and gratification—and while single her rights to this extent are conceded to her—that marriage results from her mental constitution, and is necessary to her happiness, so that she has a right to live in the married state; having such right she can demand its enjoyment, without the surrender of any other right incident to her nature—since no one proper natural want is to be answered at the expense of another's denial; and as woman no more requires the married state for her happiness than she demands that full scope and exercise be given to the various powers of her nature, it cannot be claimed that she must surrender any of her natural rights upon entering into the married state.

She follows not less than man the great law of her nature when she "pursues her own true and substantial happiness." By the laws of her organization she has the same faculties and wants as man, and they demand the same exercise and gratification. Her rights have therefore the same origin and extent as his own. Now I suppose I have established, in my introductory discourse, that man surrenders not a solitary natural right, when, by yielding to the harmonious demand of all his intellectual forces, he enters the social state, and acquiesces in the proper institutions of government. Why then should woman, by yielding to a like general demand of her nature, and entering the married state, be required to surrender any of her natural rights? Let it be borne in mind that the state of marriage is not more demanded by woman's nature than by man's. It is as necessary to his happiness as to her own. He is in an unnatural condition out of wedlock. In both it is the voice of nature that pronounces them to be "husband and wife." He surrenders not a single right when summoned by this voice to the altar of Hymen—but walks erect in all the dignity of his nature, the stern and immutable man; taketh the vow, and goeth forth undivested of any of the rights of humanity. While she, who went forth in pride returns in humility. She who was wooed by the bended knee of suppliant man, hath promised to obey that man, now proudly claiming to be her lord. She who went forth an intelligent moral being, obedient only to the will of Heaven, returns the creature of man's will—having transferred her allegiance to him.

She was before his equal—she is now his inferior. She existed before as a distinct moral being, full of rights and bounden by duties; that existence is now merged in her husband—and in the eye of the law she exists not at all. But from her legal tomb he gains an accession of power, dignity and rights. Her submission exalts the throne of his power: her legal insignificance elevates his dignity, and her lost rights are appropriated to himself. The law allows him to exact her obedience, and to compel it by appropriate chastisement and restraint. It confers upon him her estate—every body knows that the dead cannot keep their property—and the wife is legally dead. She therefore exchanges her freedom of will, her moral dignity and her worldly estate, for that most uncertain estate, a man—upon whom she can lavish her affections, and, by looking upward to him with sufficient awe and reverence, can call into complete exercise her veneration and her wonder! Well is it for the aggressor that the aggrieved was made for love rather than for war, or he would be put upon immediate self-defence. No man asks of his fellow, no nation demands of another, any like concession of rights, when the closest friendship springs up between them. The honor belongs to English and American lawgivers, of having discovered the class of human beings which will endure the greatest deprivation of rights, with the least effectual resistance. Doubtless it is a valorous thing to conquer woman, and "to the victor belong the spoils of the vanquished!"

Go forth, valiant Saxon! not frowning like Mars—but with a countenance clothed with smiles; not breathing destruction, but the soft whispers of gentle love; subdue the heart of fair, confiding woman, and the law shall load you with spoils! Gain her affections, and you shall not be annoyed with her moral dignity; obtain her hand, and you shall have her purse also. Let not the characteristic modesty of your nature depress the energies of your mind, for the law favors you. Let not your sense of justice defeat the gratification of your acquisitiveness, for is not the law

just? Princes acquire domain, power and wealth, by conquest—why shouldst not thou, one of Creation's lords, have thy plunder for thy pains?

Let us now examine the institution of marriage as recognized by the Common Law, and the legal rights and relations of husband and wife.

"Our law," says Sir William Blackstone, "considers marriage in no other light than as a civil contract. The holiness of the matrimonial state is left entirely to the ecclesiastical law, the temporal courts not having jurisdiction to consider unlawful marriage as a sin but merely as a civil incontinence."

Here is the first grand error of the British and American law concerning marriage. It is this idea of marriage being "a mere civil contract" that leads on to much absurdity and injustice. This species of contract in general relates to matters of property. It is an agreement by which one person, at the solicitation of another, undertakes to do or to abstain from doing some act, which done or abstained from, will benefit the promisee in his estate and property; the violation of which by the promisor, is regarded as a civil wrong, to be atoned for by the payment of money as damages. Hence the action for a breach of promise of marriage. A man and woman "contract" to marry: this the law regards as "a fair business transaction." The man refuses to perform his part of the contract; this refusal is a breach of contract—a civil injury—and the aggrieved party can sue him in a court of law, and recover a compensation in money as damages for the breach of contract. But the woman refuses to perform her agreement; then the man may sue her and recover a compensation in money.

In an old case it was contended that the man could not have an action for the breach of the marriage contract, for the reason that marriage was of no advantage to him, and therefore he could have no damages. But the Court overruled this argument, and gave the injured man his remedy also.

But I see not on what principle this decision can be sustained, if marriage is to be regarded as a mere civil contract, and you look to its breach as a ground for awarding pecuniary damages to the aggrieved—unless it appears that the fair defaulter possessed a fortune. For I would inquire, how much money can a man make of the marriage contract in cases where the wife brings no fortune. If he sustains no pecuniary loss he ought not to have any pecuniary satisfaction. But if the delinquent woman possess a fortune, inasmuch as the law gives it to the husband upon the marriage, we can perceive, if she will not marry him, that he sustains damage to the amount of her fortune—less her reasonable support out of it—and our most righteous laws ought to award it to him! The default of an heiress, then, would be a snug little profit to the broken hearted lover!

"A civil contract!" A contract to do what? Has it ever been written out? Is it to love one human being above all others for ever? Is it to consecrate that love by the purest devotion—the holiest sentiment—the most perfect seclusion? Is it to devote the faculties and affections of the mind to the attainment of another's happiness? Doth the wife so resolve? And is the husband to protect her life—preserve her honor—and to exalt her intellectual and moral dignity by the concentration of all his faculties, sentiments, and affections, in the work of devoted love? Shall he be willing to lay down his life for her happiness, and to part with all other beings, all other possessions, sooner than the wife of his bosom?

If so—is this to be written on parchment like a common deed—to be set forth in legal pleadings—read aloud to vulgar crowds in open courts—and to be made the subject of pecuniary estimation? "A civil contract!" Say rather that marriage is the holiest ordinance of the Creator's laws—that its obligations are felt in the highest impulses of the human sentiments—and are incapable of utterance by the human tongue.

It is this idea of marriage being a civil contract which enables the husband to prosecute for the highest infringement of the marital rights, and to recover money as damages against the offender—a mode of redress which I hope I sufficiently condemned in a former discourse. And yet the law which regards this as a mutual contract between husband and wife does not give the wife any damages for the violation of it by the husband, either as against him or the person with whom he commits the wrong. Another glory for that "perfection of human reason," the common law!

If you discard the notion of marriage being a civil contract, the action for the breach of the marriage promise would not be retained—but such breach would be regarded as a moral offence, as it truly is—and it would be punishable as such. The wrong doer would be stigmatised as a criminal—as one who had injured the happiness of a human being in a very high degree, for which no atonement could be made in money, but only by condign punishment and legal disgrace. The parties then would not so often pride themselves upon a violation of plighted vows; and indulgence in falsehood and bad faith, would no longer be called "trifling" with human affections.

But while the laws place the violation of the lover's faith upon precisely the same footing as the non-payment of a

promissory note, it may be expected that ordinary minds will regard the payment of damages in the former case a full atonement as in the latter. Thus, the man or woman whose marriage vows are broken, will be as respectable in society as the merchant whose notes are under protest—and bankruptcy of the affections will be regarded as no more distressing than bankruptcy in trade.

Do not suppose that I contend for innovation from the love of novelty—or that I would remove the landmarks of the law for the sake of appearing to be a reformer. I am only applying a general principle, which I endeavored to establish in a former discourse—that injuries to the high and holy sentiments of humanity ought to be regarded as crimes—and not as the subjects of pecuniary atonement and satisfaction—and that, when the law shall not regard them as crimes, it shall not recognize them in any manner whatever.

Let us get rid of the sordid estimate, the pecuniary valuation of human hopes and joys, sorrows and afflictions. Let no man or woman say, "This is the price of my humanity; this is the value of my honor and happiness; give me so much and I am content. Go, perjured creature, and wed another, but pay me first before you go: this mockery of the heart is worth so many dollars; pay them, and my wounds will be healed!" Precious humanity this! Is it far above our estimate of the animal tribes? The ox, the horse, the ass are valued thus; and surely none but beasts can have a monied price. A man receives your money and contracts to deliver to you a horse, but fails to do so. This is a "civil contract"—and for its breach you sue him and recover the value of the animal. But instead of contracting to deliver a horse he contracts to deliver himself—here is another "civil contract"—and he fails to perform it. Our laws allow you to sue him again and to recover the value of the animal.

Let us next consider what persons may enter into the state of matrimony. "The parties must be able to contract," saith our law; and it regards all persons as capable of marrying except those who labor under some defined disability or incapacity. Consanguinity, or relation by blood, is a disability derived from the natural laws—it having been observed as a general result that the offspring of a marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity are imbecile either in mind or body. This disability ought probably to be extended so as to prohibit marriage between first cousins. Idiots and lunatics are incapable of contracting marriage—except the latter during a lucid interval. The lunatic may bind himself by a civil contract during such intervals, and, therefore, our laws at such times allow him to marry. Here is another error arising from the doctrine of civil contract being applied to marriage. The lunatic ought to be prohibited from marrying at all times. The laws of nature forbid it, and the laws of man ought not to favor the transmission of his infirmity to his offspring.

The age of legal consent to marriage is fixed by the common law at fourteen years in males and twelve in females. "The law," says Chancellor Kent, "supposes that the parties at that age have sufficient discretion for such a contract, and they can bind themselves irrevocably, and cannot afterward be permitted to plead even their egregious indiscretion, however distressing the result of it may be." Here our law supposes a "sufficient discretion" to exist in a case, where every body knows it does not exist at all. Why should the law outrage the sense and judgment of mankind in this most important transaction of human life? No man or woman is supposed, even by the law, to have sufficient discretion before the age of 21 years to enter into any contract except for the necessities of life and for profitable instruction. No man can irrevocably convey his land, or sell a horse, before he attains to the age of 21 years—why then should he be deemed to possess sufficient discretion to choose a wife, and to assume the responsibilities of a husband? The age of legal consent to a marriage as now recognized by law is wholly immature, and ought to be changed to that period of life, when the intellectual faculties attain their full development, the character is formed, and the parties take their true position in society. The man ought to postpone marriage until he shall have entered seriously upon the business of life and fairly tested his chance of success. The Napoleon code is far more reasonable and in conformity with the laws of the human mind—which provides that in case of marriage without the parent's consent, the son must be twenty-five, and the daughter twenty-one years of age, in order to render them competent. But even this code, the parents consenting, allows marriage at too early an age. It seems to me that marriage earlier than at the age of twenty-five in males and twenty-one in females, ought to be forbidden by law, for natural reasons. The newspapers of the day contain the following statement:

"A case is now pending before the Senate of N. York, which is peculiar in its features. The common law fixes the 'age of consent,' as it is termed, at twelve years for a female. Some years since, the statute law of this State varied that age of consent to fourteen years, and at the same time declared it a felonious offence to marry a female under that age, without the consent of her parents or guardians. Subsequently, the statute was amended, so as to restore the common law rule of twelve years of age as the period when a female becomes legally marriageable; but the penalty against clandestinely marrying a female less than fourteen years of age, was inadvertently left in force.

During the autumn of 1838, a daughter of a citizen of Stephentown, Rensselaer county, aged about 13 years, attended the common school of the district in which she resided, and when going and returning, was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house on the way. The mistress of this house seems to have been an inveterate match-maker, and she so filled the simple girl's mind with notions of matrimony, having reference to a particular young man of her acquaintance, as to prepare her to take that important step at the first opportunity. In the course of events, the father and mother of the girl were absent from their residence, at a funeral, which would detain them for nearly a day, and this occasion was improved by the husband of the officious match-maker, and others, to persuade their victim (though not without much hesitation on her part) to ride to a clergyman's in the vicinity, and be married to the young man—who would seem, from the statements before the Senate, to have played but a secondary part in the affair.

Resulting from these proceedings was the indictment of the conspirators, and the sentence of the husband to the State prison. Meanwhile, the wife is such in the eye of the law; although the punishment of the husband pronounces her still under the control of her parents. To put an end to this double and incompatible relation, legislative action seems to be necessary."

Our laws appear to be defective in not restraining from marriage the moral idiot—as well as those who are afflicted with such bodily infirmities as observation has shown will be almost certain to be transmitted. The former seems

to me to be as incapable of entering into the married state as if he were deficient in the ordinary powers of intellectual perception; nay, as this state is mainly dependent upon the moral forces of the mind, he who is grossly depraved morally, is not at all in a condition to embark in it, and is surely unfit to discharge its obligations. The social body is deeply concerned in all that relates to the fitness of marriage, and the moral training and intellectual culture of children.

We have treated marriage as an ordinance of nature, binding upon the parties for life. Its permanency can be greatly sustained by judicious precautions at the outset. Prohibit marriage by the young and indiscreet—by those who are morally insane, and also by those whose constitutional diseases will cut off themselves and their offspring, and a great protection will be gained against the dissolution of the nuptial ties, by moral causes and premature death.

If we could penetrate the designs of Nature in reference to the matrimonial state, we should, perhaps, discover that one marriage was all that was ordained for either man or woman. There are strong indications of such a natural design. The uniform equality of the sexes as regards numbers first suggests this idea. And, next, it would appear to be the design of nature that human beings should not die from disease or want, but that they should wear out by the lapse of years. Mr. Combe in his "Constitution of Man" appears to demonstrate that disease and premature death are the result of our ignorance of, and inattention to, the laws of our organization. If this be so, (and no other view appears to be reconcilable with the benevolence of the Creator,) an union between two persons of opposite sexes, would naturally be terminated by death in old age, when a second marriage would seem to be prohibited by Nature. The moral organization of mankind tends, moreover, to the same conclusion. The shock which conjugal bereavement gives, even to the least sensitive of our race—the sadness with which it shrouds the survivor—the fact that the husband or wife selected in early life, is ever regarded as a more perfect being, and is clothed with charms, graces and virtues unobserved in one adopted by a second marriage—the revolt of the children of the first marriage against their surviving parent's again embarking in matrimony—the earnest last request of the dying wife that her husband will not marry another—the solemn last will and testament of the dying husband, so framed as to prevent, if possible, a second marriage by his wife—the common sentiment of mankind, that second marriages are the creatures of interest, and are not hallowed by those pure sentiments which consecrated the first—all conspire to show that the higher nature of mankind revolts at a second matrimonial union, and tend strongly to confirm the idea that it is the design of Nature that there shall be but one marriage connexion for either man or woman.

What instruction then ought the lawgivers of mankind to derive from these natural precepts? Their first care should be to ordain such laws on this subject, as would protect as far as possible all indiscreet unions between the sexes; they ought next to guard the marriage ties by severe and salutary legislation, and they should regard the dissolution of these ties in any other manner than by death as contrary to the laws of nature—except in cases where the marriage connexion ought never to have been formed, by reason of the moral unfitness of one or both of the parties.

The law's first care should be to prevent improper marriages, and its next, to guard the married state from all molestation, and lastly, to regulate divorce by the standard of natural morality. There is a right of divorce, as well as a right of marriage. Ignorance, indiscretion or misfortune cannot be visited by the law as a crime—they cannot properly work a legal forfeiture of human rights or happiness. Where, then, shall we allow, and what limits shall we set to the right of divorce? I answer, divorce must be allowed in those cases, and in no other, where it is fairly proved from the inexperience of the parties that the marriage connexion ought not to have been formed—that is to say, whenever the party complained against shall be shown to be unfit to live in the married state. *The test should be the moral fitness for marriage of the party complained against.*

"Christ himself tells" says Milton "who should not be put asunder, namely, those whom God hath joined; a plain solution of this great controversy, if men would but use their eyes; for when is it that God may be said to join? When the parties and their friends consent? No surely—for that may concur to lowdest ends. Or is it when church rites are finished? Neither; for the efficacy of those depends upon the presupposed fitness of either party. It is left, that only then when the minds are fitly disposed, and are enabled to maintain a cheerful conversation, to the solace and love of each other, according as God intended and promised in the very first foundation of matrimony. 'I will make her a helpmeet for him;' for surely what God intended and promised, that only can be thought to be his joining, and not the contrary. So likewise the apostle witnesseth, that in marriage 'God hath called us to peace.' It may be for domestic reasons Milton leaned to the side of divorce—nevertheless, he reasons well on this subject; for all the sacredness of the marriage state depends upon the fitness of the parties, and the harmony of their minds.

Upon the principle in view, divorce would in all cases be total, and a second marriage would be prohibited to the party who was shown to be morally unfit for that condition. An absolute divorce is now allowed in only one case, and that case, it seems to me, is evidence of no greater moral turpitude than many others which are unnoticed by law. It seems to me that in all the cases in which it is provided by the statutes of this State, that a partial divorce, or separation, may be decreed, such as cases of brutal and inhuman treatment, threatening danger to life, or great bodily injury, and desertion and abandonment, ought to be made the grounds of absolute divorce; and that habitual drunkenness, gaming, gross prodigality, habitual insult, tyranny or neglect, as well as insanity, idiocy, and the conviction of an infamous offence, ought to be included in the causes for absolute divorce. The miseries produced by domestic wrongs, of which our laws take no notice, cry aloud for recognition and redress. How often do you witness the spectacle of a gentle, kind and sensitive woman, abounding in every virtue of her sex, who is wedded to a brutal man, degraded by

many vices, or sunk in habits of drunkenness, or perhaps convicted of an infamous crime—and when you contemplate her condition, or hear the story of her wrongs and sufferings, your hearts sink within you, and all the kind and generous impulses of your nature demand that she be relieved from her wretched thralldom. But to all the generous pleadings of humanity the law coldly responds, that she must abide her cruel fate! Why should your sentiments and the law be at variance with each other? Ought not the law to respond to the high demand of your moral nature? Whence its authority, unless it be derived from the sanction of your superior sentiments? The law ought to be no more nor less than enlightened justice and benevolence written out in the pages of human legislation. It has properly nothing to do with questions of expediency—its concern is with *the right*. Is it right that any human being should be bound by an inexorable law to another human being whose presence and whose character inspire nothing but dread and loathsome disgust? Is it right to arm one human being with the power of inflicting perpetual misery upon another? If not, then let justice be done, though it would divorce a world of wretched sufferers.

Be not filled with dread of an innovation proceeding from your enlightened justice and humanity. He who regards the marriage vows the most sacredly, and who has the most rational view of the true aim of the matrimonial relation, will be the first to demand the release of the aggrieved party from the miseries of a wretched marriage. You would not bind a noble being to a brute, degrade moral excellence by perpetual association with the vilest ruffianism—make fast the bond that unites the innocent with the guilty, and condemn a spotless being to perpetual union with a felon! Humanity revolts at such awful sacrifice of a noble, an immortal being. How long will it bear such bold defiance by your laws? If man will legislate no more wisely, let woman be heard upon this point;—she hath suffered enough from the barbarous tyranny of the common law, which weds her to a brute, as it were, in her cradle, and binds her irrevocably to the moral monster, until the grave opens to receive her!

I quote further from Milton:

"He therefore who lacketh of his due in the most native and humane end of marriage, thinks it better to part than to live sadly and injuriously to that cheerful covenant, for not to be loved, and yet retained, is the greatest injury to a gentle spirit; he, I say, who therefore seeks to part, is one who highly honors the married life and would not stain it; and the reasons which now move him to divorce, are equal to the best of those that could first warrant him to marry."—[Milton's Prose Works, vol. 2, page 101.

"And it is a less breach of wedlock to part with wise and quiet consent betimes, than still to foil and profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadness and perpetual distemper; for it is not the outward continuing of marriage that keeps whole the covenant, but whatsoever does most according to peace and love, whether in marriage or in divorce, he it is that breaks marriage least: it being so often written that 'love only is the fulfilling of every commandment.'"—[ib. p. 103.

"Again, if law aim at the firm establishment and preservation of matrimonial faith, we know that cannot thrive under violent means, but is the more violated. It is not when two, unfortunately met, are by the canon forced to draw in that yoke an unmerciful day's work of sorrow, till death unshakes them, that then the law keeps marriage most unviolated and unbroken; but when the law takes order that marriage be accountant and responsible to perform that society, whether it be religious, civil or corporal, which may be conscientiously required and claimed therein, or else to be dissolved if it cannot be undergone; this is to make marriage indissoluble, by making it a just and equal dealer, a performer of those new helps which instituted the covenant, being otherwise a most unjust contract, and no more to be maintained under tuition of law than the vilest fraud, or cheat, or theft that may be committed."—[ib. p. 146.

It will be perceived that I regard marriage more as a solemn sacrament, than as a civil contract; and that when the union is consecrated by the sentiments of the parties, it ought to be dissolved only by death;—but that, in those cases where there is an unfitness in either of the parties, this tie ought to be dissolved upon the application of the aggrieved party, since it is mere mockery of the sacredness of marriage to allow its solemn obligations to be violated with impunity. Moral unfitness ought to be deemed a disability; and as it may not be known at the time of the marriage, but may come out by its experience, the marriage ought to be declared void, in the same manner as a marriage by a person having a former husband or wife living at the time is now declared void by law upon proper application. In the latter case the party is deemed incompetent to marry; in the former case the party is equally incompetent, since he wants the moral properties requisite to a performance of the high moral duties of the conjugal state. Upon this principle the law would not acknowledge that there had been a marriage, (except in behalf of the offspring,) since it was not consecrated by the moral sentiments of the parties themselves, and the decree dissolving it would be based upon the moral evidence that this marriage was a profanation of the most sacred natural ordinance.

Wherever, then, marriage can properly exist by the moral laws, the law of the land would hold to its sacred inviolability and permanent endurance; and where it could not in contemplation of the former laws have its proper existence, the law of the land would declare it to be void.

In short, marriage would be regarded as an ordinance of nature, consecrated by the high and holy sentiments of humanity, and as dependent upon these for its moral and legal existence, and where these would be outraged by the connexion, it would be dissolved.

Let us now consider more particularly the legal condition of woman in the character of wife.

And first; she surrenders her *very existence* to a certain extent, as an intelligent moral being.

"By marriage," says Sir William Blackstone, "the husband and wife are one person in law—that is, the *very being* or legal existence of the woman is *suspended* during the marriage, or at least is *incorporated* or *consolidated* into that of the husband, under whose wing, protection and cover she performs everything, and is therefore called in our law—French, a *femme covert*, is said to be *covert baron*, or under the protection and influence of her husband, *baron* or *lord*, and her condition during her marriage is called her *coverture*."—[1 Bl. Com., 422.

Chancellor Kent says that—

"The legal effects of marriage are generally deducible from the principle of the common law by which the husband and wife are regarded as one person, and her legal existence and authority are in a degree lost or suspended during the continuance of the matrimonial union."—[2 Kent's Com. 129.

Mr. Justice Patti, of this State, in an elaborate opinion, delivered in the Court for the Correction of Errors, expresses

\* Milton's Prose, vol. 2, page 135.



the highest admiration of these maxims of the common law, and denounces the tendency of modern decisions as "accommodated to the excessive refinements of society;" and he complains that there have arisen artificial innovations in regard to the rights and duties of good old English matrimony." He approves the doctrine that the very being or legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage, and confesses that he loves and venerates "that primeval notion of the mystical and hallowed union of husband and wife."

This is a remarkable example of the highest activity of the organ of veneration! But the benevolence of the learned judge was not altogether dormant when he continued and said: "That we often see acts of tyranny and cruelty exercised by the husband toward the person of the wife, of which the law takes no cognizance," and yet," he adds, under the influence of self-esteem, doubtless, "no man of wisdom and reflection can doubt the propriety of the rule which gives to the husband the control and custody of the wife." "It is the price," says he, "which female wants and weakness must pay for their supply and protection." Neither of the two former of these writers have attempted to justify this doctrine—they merely state its existence and extent—they declare the law as it exists, like faithful commentators. Sir William Blackstone seems rather to wish to apologise for the existence of the law; and quotes the civil law without disapproving it, by which he says, "the husband and wife are considered as two distinct persons, and may have separate estates, contracts, debts and injuries." It is consoling to know that all womanhood are not under the tyranny of the common law of England, which sets nature at defiance. It is the law of the male sex gathering unto themselves dominion and power at the sacrifice of the female. It originated among a people who are full as much distinguished, in the highest state of civilization and refinement, for their self-esteem as their love of justice; and it took its origin in the days of their ignorance and barbarism; when the condition of woman was depressed, and when it was even doubted whether she had the same moral and intellectual existence as man. When the sword created the lord, and submission the vassal, the husband took the title of baron or lord, and the wife was regarded as his creature. Presumptuous pride repelled the idea of equality, and rude and savage man never would admit woman to be his equal. This act of sense and justice it was reserved for civilized man to do after a season of reflection. The time has arrived; justice and benevolence are abroad in our fair land, awakening the spirit of inquiry and innovation, and the Gothic fabric of the British law will fall before it, save where it is based upon the foundation of truth and nature.

Need I to prove, and if so, have I not proved, that woman has the same moral and intellectual constitution as man; that her being and her rights are individual and distinct; that she thinks and acts for herself; is happy or miserable of herself; is a free, moral agent; an accountable being; full of rights and bounden by duties; having equals, but no superiors upon the earth? Hath she not the sense of pride, of justice and of praise, the love of personal and moral freedom? Is it revealed by the natural laws or written by inspiration that man shall have dominion over her? This was given to him over the brute only. Is he answerable for her will? Let him then do her thinking. Is he responsible for her as a moral being? Let him be punished for her crimes. Does he absorb her pleasures? Let him then endure her pangs, even to her toothache! Neither her moral or intellectual existence can be merged in his, more than her physical. If she has any existence whatever after marriage, it must be as woman, as one of mankind. But I will not insult an audience in the nineteenth century by stopping to prove that woman after marriage ought still to be regarded as the creature of God, and not as the creature of man.

Those laws, then, which in the least detract from woman's intellectual freedom or moral responsibility, or restrain the harmonious activity of her faculties after marriage, outrage her rights. Her happiness still depends upon the free exercise of her natural powers. Her restraints must be those of her own enlightened nature. The woman and the wife must remain one and the same. She must be deemed capable of moral and legal consent; capable of judging and of acting; of willing and refusing. Her rights must be acknowledged and her wrongs redressed. She must remain a distinct person, as by the civil law; having "her separate estate, contracts, debts and injuries." In no other way can her mental powers have their requisite scope and exercise; in no other way can her intellectual and moral powers enjoy that healthy and harmonious activity which nature has ordained as the means of perfecting all human beings in knowledge, excellence and happiness. How widely doth our law depart from these plain principles! "As the husband," says Chancellor Kent, "is the guardian of the wife, and bound to protect and maintain her, the law has given him a reasonable superiority and control over her person, and he may even put gentle restraints upon her liberty, if her conduct be such as to require it."

Sir William Blackstone also says, that "the husband (by the old law) might give his wife moderate correction—for as he is to answer for her misbehavior, the law thought it reasonable to entrust him with this power of restraining her by domestic chastisement, in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices or children." He adds "that in the polite reign of Charles the II, this power of correction began to be doubted, and yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exert their ancient privilege; and the courts of law will still permit a husband to restrain a wife of her liberty in case of any gross misbehavior."

And this learned commentator has the grace to add, after this, that "even the disabilities which the wife lies under are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit;" and then exclaims in rapture, "so great a favorite is the female sex of the law of England!" The truth is, how politely soever the commentator may express it, that the "good old common law" allowed the husband to whip and beat his wife, so that he performed this salutary infliction with a lawful weapon—and a broomstick was solemnly adjudged to be such lawful weapon—and a rod not larger than the thumb was not objected to, unless it

were of iron, but if so, and death ensued, it was murder. But commentators chose to say the law only allows salutary correction and restraint of the wife in cases of gross misbehavior. We'll allow this to be so. He may still lock her up in a closet; he may bind her with cords; but he may not whip her. He can still inflict personal chastisement of some sort, and can correct her as an inferior and dependent, instead of treating her as his companion and equal, as a rational, moral being like himself. And so long as the act shall be legalised, there will always be a large amount of brute power employed in its perpetration.

All the writers upon the common law agree to this dominion of the husband over the wife, although they assign different reasons for its origin and present existence.

In a note in Petersdorff's Abridgement it is said, "A series of ages have demonstrated that the savages are the tyrants of the female sex; and that the condition of woman is usually ameliorated by the refinements of civilised life. In the early stages of society females are generally subject to the uncontrolled power of the man; and he may approve or condemn, caress or chastise, and exercise the dominion of life or death. Even now, in countries of the most refined and polished habits, a considerable latitude is allowed to marital coercion. In England the husband has the right of imposing such corporal restraints as he may deem necessary for securing to himself the fulfilment of the obligations imposed on the wife by virtue of the marriage contract. He may, in the plenitude of his power, adopt every act of physical coercion which does not endanger the life or health of the wife or render cohabitation unsafe."—[4 Pct., Abr. 21. I am a loss to know whether this English writer intends to call his countrymen "savages" and "tyrants of the female sex;" or whether he designs this as a pleasant satire upon the dignity of English and American wives. At any rate he admits that the law confers upon the husband "a plenitude of power" indeed! He sits in judgment upon the hourly actions of his wife; arbitrarily determines whether she has performed her duties to her lord; measures the extent of her submission to his will; and whether he be good or bad, just or unjust, calm or raging; whether he loves or hates her, he has the power to decide in his own case; and to seize her person; to restrain her of her liberty; "to use every act of physical coercion which may not endanger her life or health;" and if she resist and oppose his lordly authority and brute force, he may even maim her; for the right to coerce implies that he may use all the force necessary to accomplish his lawful design. So much for the personal liberty and security of the wife as set forth by the most skillful apologists of the common law. Let us now see how the same writers regard the moral condition of the wife; and whether her superior sentiments are protected by law or abandoned to the grossest laceration and insult at her husband's will.

The last writer quoted says that, "mere austerity of temper, petulance of manners, rudeness of language, or want of civil attention and accommodation—even occasional sallies of passion—if they do not threaten bodily harm, do not amount to legal cruelty; they are high offences in the marriage state, but not that cruelty against which the law can relieve." I ask why is not actual cruelty "legal cruelty"? Why are not "high offences in the marriage state" offences against the law? Because this law, true to its origin, still looks upon the husband and wife as the same man and woman of whom it first took cognizance, and these were savages. It knows not civilized man or woman, and ought to take leave of them. I would commend it to those congenial minds which the policy of our Government has concentrated "beyond the Mississippi."

Lawyers do not find it difficult, in general, to assign some sort of reason in support of any proposition for which they may have occasion to contend. Accordingly the last writer from whom I have quoted, hard pressed in the premises, attempts to justify the legal supremacy of the husband, upon the ground that he is the stronger party of the two—that in him there is power to support his dominion—while if it were given to the woman who wants the power, she would at every moment be obliged to resort for help to conquer her refractory subject. This is the tyrant's old argument that "power confers right"—that physical force confers the right to do a moral wrong. This does not look well on paper—and he accordingly fortifies it by another statement—that the man is best fitted by his education, experience and mental powers to bear away. This is but substituting intellectual for physical force, and substantially asserts the right of intellectual power to do a wrong; that because a man has the intellectual forces at command, he may use them to subdue the moral and intellectual powers of woman. This would do if the power were to be exerted against a brute—but the assumed mental superiority of the man can have nothing to do with physical coercion; it can only be exerted to persuade and convince the reluctant and refractory woman. But man shuts out woman from the education and experience which he enjoys, and after doing this wrong, make the deficiency of his own creation the foundation of his own supremacy, and the denial of her rights; which is but setting up one wrong as the justification of another.

But this argument is most abused in another point of view. The question is not which shall have the supremacy, but whether any legal supremacy shall be allowed in the case? The argument is against the woman's bearing away. Now I am as much in fear of such a state of things, as the grayest sage of the common law. I am contending only for the legal equality of the sexes; I am striving to put out of view all pretension to the right of coercion by either party.

Lord Kaimes says "both should govern: the husband by law, and the wife by persuasion." He is only half right. Both should govern: neither by law—but both by persuasion. All the force that can be employed is the proper force of human beings, the moral and intellectual powers of their minds. If they were regarded as equals, and as intelligent moral beings, the one that reasoned best and loved most would have the supremacy, and the only supremacy consistent with the laws of their being.

Our laws have created a little officer to look after all married women who may be signing deeds and papers "under the fear and compulsion of their husbands." He is the only legal remnant of the days of chivalry—the only official representative of the spirit of La Mancha's far-famed Knight, who went about releasing captive and distressed women

from their grievous oppressions. This little officer is known as a "Commissioner of Deeds"—and great deeds he commits, surely. What doth he? Perhaps there are few married ladies present, but have received a visit from this worthy little dignitary. He cometh with a deed in his hand—he sendeth the husband sneakingly out of the room—he goeth up to the wife—he looketh in any direction but that of her face—he seemeth ashamed of his errand—he muttereth something about "fear and compulsion of her husband"—attempts to laugh at the idea of her fearing her husband, but saith something about the law's requiring him to certify as to her bravery—he getteth out of the house as quick as possible, and feels that he hath done a foolish thing. Did he ever extort the confession that a wife had signed a deed from fear? Her pride, her humanity revolt at the idea. We must abolish the necessity for this little officer, by denying to the husband the legal right to inspire fear in the wife, or to coerce her to do any act whatever, by physical resorts.

But this idea of woman-merger, so stupidly adhered to by the law, is turned to a benevolent account in relieving the lost being from moral responsibility. Husband and wife cannot be guilty of a conspiracy, because in the eye of the law they are one person. Here both escape from punishment because one person cannot conspire to do any act.

But the law has other benevolent features. It takes the sensible ground that none but a rational, moral being can commit either theft or burglary; and as the wife is not regarded as such a being in the presence of her husband, she cannot in that dread presence be deemed to have committed either of these crimes. The law construes his mere presence as equivalent to coercion, and it requires such strong proof to rebut its own presumption that it must appear that she was the principal instigator of the crime, or she will escape all punishment. How consistent is the law in its barbarism! This is a complete demonstration that it regards the moral being of the wife as sunk, and her will completely surrendered to her husband. "So great a favorite of the law is the female sex!" Hath not woman a right to be ever regarded as a free moral agent? The law takes away this right, and boasts that it has created an exception! It sets so degraded an estimate of woman's moral nature as to consider her incapable of either committing or abstaining from crime, and then boasts its magnanimity in forbearing to punish her! Why not rather first assent to her enjoying the moral dignity pertaining to her nature, and then hold her accountable as a human being? If she commit a wrong under actual restraint or compulsion, treat her as the law treats other human beings—as irresponsible—for no one can be deemed to have acted while forcibly constrained by another. What shame, that the law should degrade an intelligent moral being to such a degree, that it shrinks from holding her responsible for a criminal act! It is the highest demand of our natures, the most sacred right of humanity, to be held responsible at all times, and in all conditions, to the moral laws of the Creator. No sane man or woman can ever forfeit this moral eminence, from which flow all human rights and dignity.

But the legal sacrifice of the wife is yet incomplete; her person, her will, and her moral freedom are not enough for her lord's contentment. He must have all; and what remains but her worldly estate? He takes that also.

By marriage the husband becomes seized of all the wife's money and personal effects, and is entitled to treat them absolutely as his own. In her lands he has an estate in general during his life, and in return he assumes her debts, and is bound to provide for her reasonable support and maintenance.

"So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England" and America!

Now we have before seen that both man and woman have an instinctive disposition to acquire and keep exclusive property, and that the gratification of this desire was ordained by the Creator as a means of happiness—that, therefore, such gratification is the right of every human being. Here, then, is a surrender of a positive right on the part of women by the act of marriage. Is it necessary, or proper that the law should thus defeat the natural desire of any human being? The laws cannot demand the surrender of rights, their office is to protect them. Woman is naturally sufficiently tenacious of the right of property. If you are sceptical on this point, go and bargain with a *femme sole* who buys and sells habitually, and return with your answer. It is true that this native disposition of the mind may be heightened in its manifestations by frequent exercise—as an hour's observation in Wall street will sufficiently establish. It is enough for my purpose that woman has the native desire of property; this confers the right, and I know not upon what ground her entire surrender of this right to her husband, by the mere act of marriage, can be justified or excused.

The possession of property is ordained to be a great means of support to one's personal independence. A proper self-esteem oftentimes depends upon this possession. The dependence of one human being upon another is a moral dependence. Domestic and general society result mainly from the moral wants of mankind.

Now pride, or a feeling of self-dependence, is one attribute of the human mind. It cannot be lost without a sense of degradation. Pride gives tone to human character. A dependant and servile human being hath lost a portion of his proper humanity—and the laws ought to do nothing to create an artificial and unnecessary state of depression and dependence in any human being. Look at the wife in this point of view, and behold her after the surrender of her estate to her husband—a mere pensioner upon his bounty—entitled, it may be, to her reasonable support and maintenance, but having to ask for it, to make known her wants; aye, and to satisfy her lord of their reasonableness before he can be moved to her relief. "In the general course of human nature," says Mr. Hamilton, "a power over a man's subsistence is a power over his will."

So a power over a woman's subsistence may enslave her will and degrade her pride. Moreover, the chances for the just exercise of this power are not as numerous as could be desired, since he who decides upon the wife's requests is interested against her wishes—for so much as he withholds from her he retains to himself. Her sense of justice, therefore, receives the next wound, and love vanishes. For no woman's affection, however strong, can remain long unim-

paired after her pride has been mortified, and her sense of justice outraged by her husband.\*

Moreover, if the husband really fears that the wife is unfit to appreciate the value of property, he has but to allow her the same means he himself enjoys for the gratification of her innate love of it, by allowing her to acquire and possess it; and all analogy shows that she will be very soon well enough improved in the very point he would attain. She will come by degrees to appreciate property as well as himself, and the more she shall exercise the faculty of acquisitiveness the stronger it will become. She now is sometimes inclined to regard the property of her husband as a stranger's—it is not her own—and all she spends of it is clear gain to herself. She is not allowed to indulge the desire of possession. Its activity would be a salutary check upon needless expenditure.

She would soon look upon him with great respect for his love of money. She would think him on the whole as rather a sensible man than otherwise, and she might be inclined to imitate her lord's example. Husbands had better try the experiment at any rate. They now keep their wives from the exercise of acquisitiveness, and still complain that they are deficient in that respect; and this with the same justice that a parent could complain of a child for being deficient in music, after having strictly prohibited it from all instruction and exercise. But I wish to treat of the justice and not the expediency of this matter. Woman has the right of property, and the husband has no right to demand its surrender by the act of marriage, and the law ought not to sanction it. If a woman of proper age and discretion chooses voluntarily to surrender a part of her property to her husband by an ante-nuptial agreement, there seems not to be any objection to this, provided the law shall properly guard the mode of her doing it; but an implied surrender by force of law is entirely destitute of foundation in reason and justice. It seems to me that the law should leave the woman's fortune in her own hands, and under her perfect and free control to the same extent after marriage as before. Then as regards the acquisitions of property after marriage, it seems to me that the parties ought to be treated as holding it jointly between them, and the whole to go to the survivor.

A bill is now (Jan. 1841,) pending before the Legislature of the State of Missouri, which if passed, will greatly improve the condition of married women in respect to the right of property. It provides that—

"All the property owned by the wife, at the time of the marriage, and all she may acquire during the marriage, by descent or gift, shall be called 'the wife's separate property.'"

All the property which shall be acquired during the marriage, either by the husband or by the wife, except that which is acquired by descent or gift, shall be called 'common property.'

The husband's separate property shall be liable for his debts contracted before and after the marriage, but shall not be liable for the debts of the wife.

The wife's separate property shall be liable for her debts contracted before the marriage, but shall not be liable for the husband's debts, contracted before or after the marriage.

The husband shall have unrestricted power to alienate and dispose of his own separate property, and to alienate and dispose of the common property during the marriage; except that the common property which is real estate shall not be alienated or disposed of, unless the wife join the husband in the conveyance.

The husband may, during the marriage, alienate and dispose of the wife's separate property, if the wife give her consent thereto in writing."

This latter clause, it seems to me, confers too much authority upon the husband. He ought not to be empowered to alienate her separate estate, without the order of a court of competent jurisdiction, which should ascertain that it was the true interest of the wife to consent to the transfer of her estate, and require an equivalent in value to be settled upon her by the husband.

Let us carry the principal of equality into the married state, and allow the wife to know and feel that she is truly the partner and equal of her husband. If she has not been a "silent partner" hitherto, she has at least been a very "dormant" one. My proposition is not new. The common law is altogether at variance with the laws of France, Spain, Holland, and with the laws of one of the States of this Union, (Louisiana,) in regard to the marital rights—and especially as to the wife's right of property. Community of property between husband and wife exists to a certain extent in most civilized countries where the common law of England does not prevail. The civil law is the friend of woman, and as respects her moral freedom and her right of property tends to exalt her condition and to render her conscious of her equality with man.

But I am obliged to leave this subject to your consideration; and I fear that the same objection may prevail against me, as against the laws of which I have complained—that of having done injustice to the Rights of Woman.

\* NOTE.—During a debate in the New-York Legislature of 1840, upon "a bill to incorporate the New York Female Benevolent Society," several members seemed to have imbibed the spirit of reform in regard to laws affecting the rights and social position of woman, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Loomis advocated the bill as one step toward recognizing the separate existence of females.

Mr. Culver said there was one feature in this bill of which he heartily approved. It was that which exempted the husband from any liability for the wife's subscriptions. 'I long,' said Mr. C., 'to see the day when legislation shall give to women some right of possession in their own property.'

Mr. Simmons agreed with the gentleman from Washington, in expressing his hopes that the law would be modified in relation to the rights of married women, but he doubted the propriety of commencing this reform by an act of incorporation.

Mr. Stoddard, stated that he would be glad to see the day when the female sex should have their own control over their own property, when they should be no longer subjected to the caprice and oppression, and the ill-treatment of the idle and the vicious men, to whom it may be their lot to be united.

Mr. Murray hoped the period would soon arrive when very great and serious alterations would be made in our statutes relative to the rights of married women. These laws have been handed down to us from dark feudal times, and are not consistent with the better, wiser, purer spirit of this age. The poor female, subjected by laws, in the making of which she has had no voice, to the grasp of the merciless creditor of the dissolute husband, finds her property, earned by her own hard labor, swept away.

The adversities of the last few years had shown thousands of instances where the laws visited upon the wife the misfortune or imprudence of the husband.

It is a publication by Dr. Shattuck, of Boston, it is stated, that forty-three per cent., or nearly one-half of the deaths which have taken place in Boston during the last nine years, are of persons under five years of age; and the proportional mortality of this age has been increasing.

For the New World.

## ISABELLE OF ENGLAND.

Many a bright eye has sparkled with indignation at the mention of the Salic law, excluding the fairest part of creation from the empire of the French throne. Ambition we know is insatiable, and though woman is allowed to reign queen of hearts, she cannot but murmur that any nation should be so barbarous as to exclude her from her just inheritance. We may well say barbarous, for the law first sprang from barbarians. A company of *Salians* emigrated to the borders of France, before the time of Clovis, and made frequent incursions into Gaul. In time they assumed the name of Franks, and became an important part of the nation. They then determined to make a code of laws.

For this purpose, they all assembled in a great *Wigwam*, and elected four of their wisest men to frame the laws. These four were the learned Doctors Arrogast, Bodegast, Sologast and Windegast. When they first assembled, the wives and daughters were allowed to be present, but when they came to what is now termed the Salic law, the ladies made such violent opposition, and grew so obstreperous and loquacious, that business could not proceed, and they were requested to withdraw. We are credibly informed that they were absolutely expelled from the Chamber of State, and as "might is right," obliged to content themselves with wandering round it, and peeping through the chinks in the walls.

Still, however, this law was framed merely for individuals, and meant to operate on private estates—the sons only thought capable of inheriting the patrimony of the father. In time it extended even to the throne, and, from the earliest period of the French monarchy, no *Victoria* reigned over the Empire.

They talk of the chivalry of the earlier ages, yet we never read of any knight-errant who buckled on sword and helmet, put his lance in rest, and went forth to overthrow the Salic monster, which grew and flourished on the wrongs of women.

In succeeding years "Philip the Fair" ascended the throne of France, and left three sons, and one beautiful daughter, named Isabelle. The two eldest sons died, after having reigned successively, and the third, Charles, took possession of the throne. Isabelle was married to the King of England, Edward the Second.

Now it seems evident that the English monarch treated the fair Isabelle with great slight, and though she bore him three hopeful sons, he considered her a mere *Salian*. To this stimulated by Sir Hugh Spencer, an ambitious and evil-minded man, who so set him against the Queen that he treated her quite like a slave, and finally excluded her from his royal presence. Poor Isabelle, for a time, bore her wrongs with the timidity of a woman, but when she was privately informed that the King had determined to imprison her for life, she set her wits to work to relieve herself from his tyranny. For this purpose she humbly entreated leave from her royal master to go on a pious pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Edward churlishly replied, "that so she did not offend his sight he cared not where she went."

The Queen immediately made preparations for the pilgrimage. A number of Dames and Esquires offered to accompany her, and on a bright morning she mounted her snow-white palfrey, with housings richly embroidered by her own hands, reaching to the very ground; by her side rode her young son the Duke of Kent, prancing and curvetting his charger, much to the annoyance of his royal mother, who vainly represented the impropriety of going in this guise to the holy shrine of St. Thomas.

"Ah, mother," said the boy, "it is of St. Denis I am thinking."

"Hush, foolish boy," she replied, "or thou wilt mar my fortunes and thine own."

Rapidly they proceeded to Canterbury, but we do not find that the piety of the Queen detained her long there, as we read that she "embarked that night at Winchelsea, on board a vessel in waiting for her and her sister, and arrived the next morning at Boulogne."

When she landed, she was received by the high authorities of the place and conducted to the Abbey, where great preparations were made for her. It is even averred that the old rushes were removed and new and clean ones strewn upon the floors. She remained there two days, and then proceeded to Paris. Charles sent his nobles to meet her; and when she entered his apartment she would have knelt at his feet, but he threw his arms around her, called her his dear sister, and said, "I welcome you with your fair son, my nephew." Now we are told that some of the English dames that accompanied the Queen, were so rude as to titter at the costume of the French ladies, because they wore only their hair low on the head ornamented with flowers and jewels; whereas the English ladies, with the Queen, wore head-dresses resembling grenadier caps, three quarters of a yard high and a large tassel dangling at the end, which went to a point. It must have been hard for the French ladies to have preserved their gravity, but we do not learn that they suffered a smile to escape them.

Isabelle was much moved by the kindness of her brother, and could not refrain from shedding tears, but we presume they were few and far between, as history says "they greatly increased her charms," and in modern times we have never seen a face improved by downright crying. The Queen then began her moving appeal, telling her brother of the wrongs she had endured from her husband and Sir Hugh Spencer. The King replied—"Fair sister, be appeased, for by the faith I owe to God and St. Denis, I will provide a remedy." When the young Edward, the Earl of Kent, heard the King quote St. Denis he actually clasped his hands for joy, but his mother looked gravely at him and shook her head.

It must be confessed that the King of France was placed in an embarrassing situation—for to openly espouse his sister's cause might involve him in a war with the King of England, and so it was agreed by him and his nobles that the queen should be allowed to purchase friends, and that he should privately assist her with gold and silver.

Isabelle had been in France three years when she received letters from England entreating her to return, and promising to acknowledge her and her son as heads of the nation—

† The tutelar Saint of France.

for they said that Sir Hugh Spencer governed the King, and they could no longer endure the oppression they suffered; that nobles were put to death without any just cause, and that if she could collect a thousand men at arms, and would return at the head of them, they would receive the young Edward as their lawful sovereign. Charles was much gratified with this offer, and promised to raise an army for her. She had already gained many partisans by her grace and beauty, winning them by smiles and tears, much like April showers.

But when Sir Hugh Spencer and the King heard what was going on in France, they determined to counteract her plans, and not only sent large sums of money to bribe the French, but poisoned the King's mind with suspicions of his sister's intentions. "Do you not perceive," said they, "that she has brought her son to France that he may study the genius and character of the people, and, when seated on the throne of England, will insist on the Salic laws being set aside, and claim the kingdom in right of his mother after your death?"

All this seemed quite clear to the King and his courtiers, and he began to grow cold to Isabelle. In the mean time the King of England wrote a letter to the Pope, entreating him to order Charles to send back to him "the wife of his bosom whom he tenderly loved," and his young son, both of whom he greatly feared were plotting against the peace of France. Great quantities of jewels and plate were sent, as presents, with the letter. In consequence of this letter the Pope threatened to excommunicate the French King if he did not comply with the demand; and Charles forthwith sent to his sister to leave the kingdom with her son immediately.

Alas for poor Isabelle! what was to be done? One friend she found to advise her, and that was her cousin, the Count D'Artois, who came in the dead of the night—"I can do nothing for you here," said he, "for the King has sworn that whoever speaks in your favor shall be banished the kingdom; but I will recommend you to William, Earl of Hainault, and his brother, who are both great lords and wise men, and much dreaded by their enemies."

The Queen departed as quickly as possible with her son and those friends who yet adhered to her. With what anguish did she leave her native land. Not so the young Edward. "Be of good cheer, mother!" said he, "we shall yet find friends."

When the Queen arrived at Hainault, she found Earl William absent; but his brother immediately hastened to her. He was then in the early bloom of manhood, full of generous and bold daring. "Lady," said he, "you see before you your knight, who will not fail to die for you though every one should desert you. I will restore you to your rank in England, by the grace of God, and the assistance of your friends in those parts, nor will we fear any danger from the King of France."

The Queen was sitting down, but she rose, and would have thrown herself at the young knight's feet, but he said, "God forbid that the Queen of England should do such a thing."

"Alas, sir," said the Queen, "I find more comfort in you than in all the world besides, and I give you five hundred thousand thanks."

The young nobleman then conducted her and her son to Valenciennes, where she was received by Lord Williams, of Hainault, with the utmost courtesy, and also by the citizens of the town, who all came to welcome her.

The Countess of Hainault was famed for the grace with which she did the honors of her house. It was filled with the choicest luxuries of the day; but its brightest ornaments were her four daughters, scarcely emerged from childhood. Hitherto Edward had appeared insensible to the dames of France, and his mother deemed him too young to woo or win. Yet now she observed he spoke in raptures of Margaret and Isabelle Hainault; "and what has poor Philippa done?" said she, "to my eye she is fairest of all."

"She is unlike the ladies of the French court," replied he, "and I have no other standard, you know: I scarcely remember my own countrywomen."

The Queen remained at Hainault several weeks. It may not comport with the gravity of history to tell of the feasts and joustings which took place—but this was outward show, for all the time preparations were making for her return to England, and St. John de Hainault was raising followers to aid her cause. For this purpose he sent to Bohemia and Brabant, beseeching them to accompany him in his expedition. Those who did not join him, strove to persuade him to relinquish his intention, but he would not listen to their advice, saying, "he could die but once; that time was in the will of God, and that all true knights were bound to aid ladies and damsels driven from their kingdoms, comfortless and forlorn."

The noble Earl of Hainault could not but tremble for his brother, and he represented to him that he was too young for such a great undertaking; but the young man replied, "My dear lord and brother I am young and believe that God has inspired me with a desire for this enterprise; for I also believe for certain that this lady and her son have been driven from their kingdom wrongfully and unjustly."

When it came to the leave-taking the Queen knew not how to express her thanks to the Earl and Countess of Hainault. It was observed that the young Edward succeeded better with three of the sisters; but Philippa seemed to be sadly neglected. Among his gifts and pledges and keep-sakes, there were none for her; but she did not put herself forward, on the contrary, when the last parting came, she was nowhere to be found.

The Queen and Sir John Hainault proceeded to Dordrecht, and then embarked with all their followers—the fleet making a beautiful appearance. But soon a violent storm arose, and for two days they were in danger of being wrecked. At length the sailors decried the coast of England, and they landed without knowing where they were. They had suffered much, and Isabelle drooped under such fatigues and dangers. After giving a day or two to rest they began their march. A long and dreary one it was over hill and dale, now and then coming to scattered villages; at length they saw a large monastery, and here they determined to halt. The order of Black Friars came out to receive them, and would not part with them till they were fully refreshed. It now began to be rumored abroad



## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

that Isabelle had arrived with a powerful army, and the lords who were friendly to her hastened to join her. She learned that the King and Sir Hugh Spencer were at Bristol. The Queen, with her son and Sir John Hainault and all her followers, marched directly for that place. They were received every where with acclamations and joy, and the army rapidly increased; indeed, so greatly was it augmented that all England seemed to be of her side.

The royal monarch had shut himself up in a strong castle surrounded by the sea. The King, perhaps, never less desirous to see the "wife of his bosom" than now, and she on her part seemed to have had as little inclination to renew her intercourse with him.

The Queen and her party besieged Bristol, and the inhabitants finding they could not hold out under such circumstances, surrendered, giving up Sir Hugh Spencer and those most obnoxious to the Queen.

As for the King, he endeavored to escape, but was brought back to Bristol and delivered to the Queen as a prisoner. She ordered him to Berkeley Castle where he was strictly confined—but every proper attention paid him.

The Queen and her son, with Sir John Hainault, and all their followers, proceeded to London. They were received by the people with the utmost delight. We regret to say what executions took place, but it could hardly be otherwise. Sir Hugh Spencer was among the number.

The citizens presented splendid gifts to Isabelle, and after seeing her restored to her kingdom, Sir Hugh Hainault declared he must return home. The Queen used every entreaty to persuade him to remain at least till after Christmas, and he, unable to refuse, at length consented; but there were goings on at the court which hinted that he had remained too long for his own and Isabelle's peace of mind; but history does not make any such record, and as he was several years younger than the Queen, we are greatly inclined to doubt it. Most of his followers returned home. It came now to be considered what should be done with the King, who had proved himself so unworthy to govern the kingdom. It was finally decided that he should be held a prisoner for life and young Edward be crowned in his stead.

Sir John agreed to remain till after the coronation, and all honor was paid to him by every man that bore a British heart. He was feasted by the nobles, and the ladies all strove who should do him most honor—but the time had now arrived when he must part from Isabelle, for he was invited to a great tournament that was to take place at Comdè. A melancholy parting it was, and though the Queen shed many tears, and all saw how deeply she felt, yet so high and noble was her bearing that not a word was uttered, and not a thought conceived against her fair fame.

"You know, my lords and ladies," said the Queen, "how much we owe to Sir John de Hainault and his noble brother; that aid and protection which my husband and brothers denied to me and my son, they granted, and, under God, have restored me to my kingdom. The King, Edward the Third, made not only Sir John but his Esquires valuable presents, and the knight departed loaded with the honors and gratitude of the nation. Most nobly did the diadem grace the brow of the youthful monarch—yet it soon became evident that care pressed upon his mind. "Mother," said he one day, "methinks we have not done all that was required to prove our gratitude to the Earl de Hainault." "Speak out my son," said Isabelle, "if aught remains for us to do, it shall be accomplished."

"He has three daughters," said Edward, the blood mantling to his brow; "ought they not to be mated with the highest nobles of our land?" "You forget, my son, he has four. I think you strangely passed over Philippa while we were there; Philippa, who would grace a diadem!"

"Think you so, my mother?" said Edward, with vivacity. "Then demand her for your son—for your Edward! She is the sole mistress of his heart, his first and only love!"

Shortly after this conversation, the King, the Queen, the Earl of Kent her brother, Henry Earl of Lancaster, and the whole council sent a deputation of Lords, Bishops and great men to beg that the Count of Hainault and Holland would send over one of his daughters to be wife of the King, and that that one might be Philippa. Edward privately gave him a line to the young lady, in which he promised to "love her more dearly than woman was ever loved, both on her own and her father's account."

Though all were in agreement at this proposal, it was necessary to get a dispensation from the Pope, on account of their being *cousins-german*. This was granted at Avignon. Preparations were made for the nuptials, and Philippa was married by a "procurator" which Edward sent over, as he could not be permitted to quit the kingdom. She landed with her suite at Dover, accompanied by Sir John de Hainault, the never-tiring friend of Isabelle. There they found Edward waiting their arrival. "Have I not redeemed my pledge?" said he, as he pressed his youthful bride to his heart. "Philippa we part no more!"

"How strangely young people manage these things," said Isabelle; "I never suspected that he loved Philippa!"

The Queen-mother gladly resigned her authority to the hands of her son, and devoted the remainder of her life to her younger children, living in domestic retirement. Her death preceded that of the King of France, who, dying without heirs in 1328, was succeeded by Philip of Valois, the peers and barons of France setting aside the rightful claim of Isabelle and her son, in virtue of the Salic law, and declaring that "the kingdom of France was of such great nobleness that it ought not to fall by succession to a female."

It may well be supposed that Edward did not patiently submit to this award, but contended for his right. The many wars that this law has occasioned France, and the blood which has been shed, is not our present theme—we close our sketch with Isabelle.

Should any one question the truth of this history, we refer them to Froissart, where they will find enough to authenticate it.

A CENTENARIAN.—The Centerville, Md. Times says that a free colored man, named Pompey Carpenter, died in the upper part of Caroline county, on the 18th ult., aged 106 years, leaving 13 children, 57 grand children, 68 great grand children, and 8 great great grand children—total 146 descendants.

He had so clear a voice, spoke with such distinctness and deliberation, and amid such silence, that every word he uttered was audible all over the crowd; and anything more unchristian, uncourteous, unfair toward his opponents, and calculated to excite toward them the hatred of the crowd, could hardly have been conceived. In what offensive and indecent terms he spoke of the Established Church and its ministers! of the aristocracy, ("those natural tyrants," he said,) and, indeed of all the best and time-hallowed institutions of dear, glorious old England—which might well blush to own such a creature as he, as one entitled by birth to call himself one of her sons! How he hailed the approaching downfall of priest craft and kingcraft!—"A new light," he said, "was diffusing itself over benighted mankind—it was the pure and steady light of REASON, and all filthy things were flying from before it." (immense cheers followed the announcement of so important and interesting a fact.) He said, "the Bible was a book of excellent common sense; and nothing but villainous priestcraft had attempted to torture and dislocate it into all sorts of fantastic mysteries, which led to rank idolatry and blasphemy, equally revolting to God and man." (Perceiving that this was going a little too rapidly ahead, from the coolness with which it was received, he dropped that subject altogether, and soon regained the ear of his audience, by descending in very declamatory and inflammatory terms upon the resplendent victory which the people had recently gained in the glorious Bill for giving Everybody Everything.) "They had burst their bonds with a noble effort; but their chains would be quickly re-riveted, unless they followed up their advantage, and never stopped short of crushing a heartless and tyrannical oligarchy; unless the people were now true to themselves, and returned to the House of Commons good men and true, to watch over the energies of reviving liberty, lest they should be strangled in their way—the remainder of the sentence was inaudible in the storm of applause which it excited.) Under these circumstances, Providence itself had pointed out an individual whom he was proud and happy to propose to their notice—(here he turned and bowed to Mr. Titmouse, who, plucking off his hat, bobbed in return, and blushed, amid the deafening cheers of all before them, to whom also he bowed repeatedly.) A gentleman who seemed—as it were—made for them; who, in his own person, might be said to afford a lively illustration of the regeneration of society—who, to borrow for a moment an absurd word from his opponents, had by a sort of miracle (with what an infernal emphasis he pronounced this word!) had been placed where he was, in his present proud position; who had totally and happily changed the whole aspect of affairs in the neighborhood, which had already become the scene of his profuse and yet discriminating generosity and hospitality; who stood in bright and bold relief from out a long gloomy line of ancestors, all of whom had lived and died in enmity to the people—also who had distinguished themselves by nothing except their bigotry and hatred of civil and religious liberty. Mr. Titmouse was the first of his ancient family to claim the proud title of—The Man of the People. (Here a voice called out, "three cheers for Mr. Titmouse!"—which were given spontaneously, and most effectively.) His "address" was worthy of him—it did equal honor to his head and his heart (it is impossible to describe the smile which here just glanced over the countenance of Mr. Gammon,)—touching nothing that it did not adorn—at once bold, comprehensive, uncompromising!—He had had the felicity of enjoying the acquaintance, he might venture perhaps to say the friendship, of Mr. Titmouse, since he had taken up his abode at the home of his ancestors, and very proud he was to be able to say so. He could assure the electors, from his own personal knowledge of Mr. Titmouse, that they would have cause to be proud of their future representative—of the choice which they were about to make. (Here the worthy speaker had some sudden misgivings as to the display likely to be made by Titmouse, when it came to his turn to address the electors:—so he added in rather a subdued tone)—It was true that they might not have, in Mr. Titmouse, a magpie in the House, (laughter;) a mere chatterer—much cry and little wool; they had had enough of mere speechifiers at St. Stephen's—but they would have a good working member, (cheers;) one always at his post in the hour of danger, (cheers;) a good committee-man, and one whose princely fortune rendered him independent of party and of the blandishments of power. In the language of the ancient poet (?) Mr. Mudflint would exclaim on such an occasion, "*Facta, non verba quæro*," (great cheering.) And now a word for his opponent, (groans.) He was a mere puppet, held in the hands of some one out of sight, (laughter)—it might be of a base old boroughmonger, (groans,) who sought to make Yatton a rotten borough, (hisses,) a stepping-stone to ascendancy in the county, (cries of "Will he, though, lad, eh?") who would buy and sell them like slaves, (hisses,) and would never rest satisfied till he had restored the intolerable old vassalage of feudalism, (groans and hisses here burst forth from that enlightened assemblage, at the idea of anything so frightful.) He meant nothing personally offensive to the honorable candidate—but was he worthy of a moment's serious notice? (great laughter.) Had he an opinion of his own? (loud laughter.) Had he not better, to use the language of a book that was much misunderstood, *tarry at Jerusalem (!!!) till his beard was grown?* Was he not, in fact, a nonentity, unworthy of a reasonable man's serious notice? Was he not reeking from Oxford, (groans,) that hot-bed of pedantic ignorance and venerable bigotry, (hisses,) surrounded by a dismal and lurid halo of superstition?"

Finer and finer was Mr. Mudflint becoming every moment as he warmed with his subject—but unfortunately his audience was beginning very unequivocally to intimate that they were quite satisfied with what they had already heard. A cry for instance was heard—"The rest of my discourse next Sunday!"—for the crowd knew that they were kept all this while from one of their greatest favorites, Mr. Going Gone, who had also himself been latterly rather frequently and significantly winking his eye and shrugging his

shoulders. Mr. Mudflint, therefore, with feelings of vivid vexation, pique, and envy, concluded rather abruptly by proposing TITMUSE, ESQUIRE, of YATTON, as a fit and proper person to represent them in Parliament. Up went hats into the air, and shouts of the most joyous and enthusiastic description rent the air for several minutes. Then took off his hat the jolly Mr. Going Gone—a signal for roars of laughter, and cries of coarse and droll welcome, in expectancy of fun. Nor were they disappointed. He kept them in good-humor and fits of laughter during the whole of his "address;" and though destitute of any pretence to refinement, I must say that I could not detect any traces of real ill-nature in it. He concluded by seconding the nomination of Mr. Titmouse, amidst tumultuous cheers; and, after waiting for some few minutes in order that they might subside, Mr. Gold took off his hat, and essayed to address the crowd. Now he really was what he looked, an old man of unaffected and very great good-humor and benevolence; and that, too, was extensive and systematic. He had only the week before distributed soup, blankets, coals, and potatoes to two hundred poor families in the borough, even as had done at that period of the year for many years before. No tale of distress was ever told him in vain, unless palpably fictitious and fraudulent. The moment that his bare head, scantily covered with grey hairs, was visible, there arose, at a given signal from Mr. Barnabas Bloodsuck, a dreadful hissing and hooting from all parts of the crowd. If he appeared disposed to persevere in addressing the two or three immediately around him, that only infuriated the mob against the poor old man, who bore it all, however, with great good humor and fortitude. But it was in vain. After some twenty minutes spent in useless efforts to make himself audible, he concluded, in mere dumb show, by proposing the Honorable Geoffrey Lovel Delamere, at the mention of whose name there again arose a perfect tempest of howling, hissing, groaning, and hooting. Then Mr. Milnthorpe came forward, determined not to be "put down." He was a very tall and powerfully-built man; bold and determined, with a prodigious power of voice, and the heart of a lion. "Now, lads, I'm ready to try which can tire the other out first!" he roared, in a truly stentorian voice, that was heard over all their uproar, which it redoubled. How vain the attempt! How ridiculous the challenge! Confident of his lungs, he smiled good-humoredly at the hissing and bellowing mass before him, and for half an hour persevered in his attempts to make himself heard. At length, however, without his having in the slightest degree succeeded, his pertinacity began to irritate the crowd, who, in fact, felt themselves being *bullied*, and that no crowd that ever I saw or heard of can bear for one instant; and what is one against so many? Hundreds of fists were held up and shaken at him. A missile of some sort or another was flung at him, though it missed him; and then the returning officer advised him to desist from his attempts, lest mischief should ensue; on which he shouted at the top of his voice, "I second Mr. Delamere!" and amidst immense groaning and hissing replaced his hat on his head, thereby owning himself vanquished, which the mob also perceiving, they burst into loud and long-continued laughter.

Now, Mr. Titmouse," said the returning officer; on hearing whose words the gentleman he addressed turned as white as a sheet of paper, and felt very much disposed to be sick. He pulled out of his coat-pocket a well-worn little roll of paper, on which was the speech which Mr. Gammon had prepared for him, as I have already intimated; and with a shaking hand unrolled it, casting at its contents a glance—momentary and despairing. What then would that little fool have given for memory, voice, and manner enough to "speak the speech that had been set down for him!" He cast a dismal look over his shoulder at Mr. Gammon, and took off his hat—Sir Harkaway clapping him on the back, exclaiming, "Now for 't, lad—have at 'em and away—never fear!" The moment that he stood bare-headed, and prepared to address the writhing mass of faces before him, he was greeted with a prodigious shout—hats, some waved, others flung into the air—and it was two or three minutes before the roar abated in the least. With fearful rapidity, however, every species of noise and interruption ceased—and a perfect silence prevailed. The sea of eager, excited faces—all turned towards him—was a spectacle that might for a moment have shaken the nerves of even a man—had he been "unaccustomed to public speaking." The speech, which—brief and simple as it was—he had never been able to make his own, even after copying it out half-a-dozen times, and trying to learn it off for an hour or two daily during the preceding fortnight, he had now utterly forgotten; and he would have given a hundred pounds to retire at once from the contest, or sink unperceived under the floor of the hustings.

"Begin! begin!" whispered Gammon, earnestly. "Ya—s—s—but—what shall I say?" stammered Titmouse.

"Your speech"—answered Gammon, impatiently. "I—I—pon my—soul—I've forgot every word of it!"

"Then read it," said Gammon, in a furious whisper—"Good God, you'll be hissed off the hustings!—Read from the paper, do you hear?" he added, almost gnashing his teeth.

Matters having come to this fearful issue, "Gentlemen," he commenced, faintly—

"Hear him! Hear, hear!—Hush! Ts! Ts!" cried the impatient and expectant crowd.

Now, I happen to have a short-hand writer's notes of every word uttered by Titmouse, together with an account of the reception it met with: and I shall here give the reader, first, Mr. Titmouse's *real*, and secondly, Mr. Titmouse's *supposed* speech, as it appeared two or three days afterward in the columns of the *Yorkshire Sting*.

## Mr. Titmouse's ACTUAL Speech.

"GENTLEMEN—Most uncommon, unaccustomed as I am, (cheers)—happy—memorable—proudest—high honor—unworthy, (ch. ering)—day of my life—important crisis, (cheers) day gone by, and arrived—too late, (cheering)—civil and religious liberty all over the world, (immense cheering, led off by Mr. Mudflint.) Yes, gentlemen—I could observe—it is unnecessary to say—passing of that truly glorious Bill—charter—Britains never shall be slaves, (enthusiastic cheers)—Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to address an assembly of this—a hem, (hear! hear! hear! and cheers)—civil and religious liberty all over the world, (cheers)—yet the tongue can feel where the heart cannot express the (cheers)—uni-

versal suffrage and cheap and enlightened equality, (*cries of 'that's it, lad!'*)—which can never fear to be established in this country, (*cheers*)—if only true to—industrious classes and corn-laws—yes, Gentlemen, I say corn-laws—for I am of op—(*hush! hear him! silence!*)—working out the principles which conducted to the establishment a—a—a—civil and religious liberty of the press! (*cheers!*) and the working classes, (*hush!*) Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am—well—at any rate—will you—I say—will you? (*vehement cries of No! No! Never!*) unless you are true to yourselves! Gentlemen, without going into—Vote by ballot (*cheers*) and quarterly Parliaments, (*loud cheering*) three polar stars of my public conduct—(here the great central banner was waving to and fro, amid enthusiastic cheering) and reducing the overgrown Church Establishment to a difference between me and my honorable opponent, (*loud cheers and groans*)—I live among you, (*cheers*)—money in the borough, (*cheers*)—no business to come here, (*no, no!*) right about, close borough, (*hisses*)—patient attention, which I will not further trespass upon, (*hear! hear! and loud cheering*)—full explanation—rush early to the—base, bloody and brutal (*ch.ers*)—poll triumphant—extinguish for ever, (*cheers*) Gentlemen, these are my sentiments—wish you many happy—re—hem! a—hem—and by early displaying a determination to—(*cries of "we will, we will,"*)—eyes of the whole country upon you—crisis of our national representation—patient attention—latest day of my life!"

#### Mr. Titmouse's REPORTED Speech.

"Silence having been restored, Mr. Titmouse said, that he feared it was but too evident that he was unaccustomed to scenes so exciting as the present one—that was one source of his embarrassment; but the greatest was, the enthusiastic reception with which he was honored, and of which he owned himself quite unworthy, (*cheers*.) He agreed with the gentleman who had proposed him in so very able and powerful a speech, (*cheers*.) that we had arrived at a crisis in our national history (*cheering*.)—a point at which it would be ruin to go back, while to stand still was impossible, (*cheers*;) and therefore, there was nothing for it but to go forward, (*great cheering*.) He looked upon the passing of the Bill for giving Everybody Everything, as establishing an entirely new order of things, (*cheers*.) in which the people have been roused to a sense of their being the only legitimate source of power, (*cheering*.) They had, like Samson, though weakened by the cruelty and torture of his tyrants, bound down and broken into pieces the gloomy fabric of aristocracy. The words 'Civil and Religious Liberty' were now no longer a by-word and a reproach, (*cheers*;) but, as was finely observed by the gentleman who so eloquently proposed him to their notice, the glorious truth had gone forth to the ends of the earth, that no man was under any responsibility for his opinions or his belief, any more than for the shape of his nose, (*loud cheers*.) A spirit of tolerance, amelioration and renovation, was now abroad, actively engaged in repairing our defective and dilapidated constitution, the relic of a barbarous age—with some traces of modern beauty, but more of ancient ignorance and unsightliness, (*cheers*.) The great Bill he alluded to had roused the masses into political being, and made them sensible of the necessity of keeping down a rapacious and domineering oligarchy. Was not the liberty of the press placed now upon an intelligible and imperishable basis? Already were its purifying and invigorating influences perceptible, (*cheering*)—and he trusted that it would never cease to direct its powerful energies to the demolition of the many remaining barriers to the improvement of mankind, (*cheers*.) The corn laws must be repealed, the taxes must be lowered, the army and navy reduced: vote by ballot and universal suffrage conceded, and the quarterly meeting of Parliament secured. He found that there were three words on his banner, which were worth a thousand speeches—*Peace, Retrenchment, Reform*—which had been happily observed by the gentleman who had so ably proposed him."

[And so, for a column more, in the course of which there were so many flattering allusions to the opening speech of the proposer of Titmouse, that it has often occurred to me as probable, that the "Reverend" Mr. Mudflut had supplied the above report of Mr. Titmouse's speech.]

With this Mr. Titmouse made a great number of very profound bows, and replaced his hat upon his head, amid prolonged and enthusiastic cheering, which, on Mr. Delamere's essaying to address the crowd, was suddenly converted into a perfect hurricane of hissing; like as we now and then find a shower of rain suddenly change into hail. Mr. Delamere stood the pitiless pelting of the storm with calmness, resolution, and good-humor. Ten minutes had elapsed, and he had not been allowed to utter one syllable audible to any one beyond four or five feet from him. Every fresh effort he made to speak caused a renewal of the uproar, and many very offensive and opprobrious epithets were applied to him. Surely this was disgraceful, disgusting! What had he done to deserve such treatment? Had he been guilty of offering some gross indignity and outrage to every person present, individually, could he have fared worse than he did? He had conducted his canvass with scrupulous and exemplary honor and integrity—with the utmost courtesy to all parties, whether adverse or favorable. He was surely not deficient in those qualities of head and of heart—of personal appearance, even, which usually secure man favor with his fellows. Who could lay anything to his charge—except that he had ventured to solicit the suffrages of the electors of Yatton, in competition with Mr. Titmouse? If men of a determined character and of princely means have to calculate upon such brutal usage as this, can those who sanction or perpetrate it wonder at bribery and other undue means being resorted to, in absolute self-defence? Is it meant to deter any one from coming forward that has not a forehead of brass, and heart of marble? After upwards of a quarter of an hour had been thus consumed, without Mr. Delamere's having been permitted to utter two consecutive sentences, though he stood up against it patiently and gallantly, the returning officer, who had often appealed to them in vain, earnestly besought Mr. Titmouse to use his influence with the crowd, in order to secure Mr. Delamere a moment's hearing.

"For my life—I—ch?" quoth Titmouse. "A likely thing! He'd do it for me, would n't he? Every man for himself—all fair at an election, eh, Gammon?"

"Do it, sir!" whispered Gammon, indignantly—"do it, and instantly—or you are not worthy the name of gentleman!"

Titmouse, on this, took off his hat, with a very bad grace, and addressing the crowd, said, "I—I—suppose you'll hear what he's got to say for himself, gents." But all was in vain: "Off! off! No!—Go home!—ah!—a—a—a—h!—St!—St!—Get away home with you, you young boroughmonger!—a—a—h!" came in louder and fiercer tones from the mob. Yet Mr. Delamere did not like to give up without another and a desperate effort to catch the ear of the mob; but while he was in the act of raising his right hand, and exclaiming—"Gentlemen, only a word or two—I pledge my honor that I will not keep you three minutes"—some barbarous miscreant, from the body of the crowd, aimed at him a stone, not a very large one to be sure, yet flung with very considerable force, and hit him just above the centre of the upper lip, which it cut open. He instantly turned pale, and applied to it his white pocket-handkerchief, which was speedily stained with blood which issued copiously from the wound, and must have greatly gratified the crowd. Still the gallant young fellow stood his ground with firmness, and the smile which he endeavored to assume was enough to have brought tears into one's eyes to witness. The instant that Gammon had seen the stone take effect, he rushed over toward where Mr. Delamere stood amidst his agitated friends, who were dissuading him from persevering in his attempt to address the crowd:

"You are severely hurt, sir!" exclaimed Gammon, with much agitation, taking off his hat with an air of earnest and respectful sympathy. Then he turned with an air of excitement toward the crowd, who seemed shocked into silence by the incident which had taken place, and were uttering increasing cries of "shame! shame!"

"Shame!—shame, shame, indeed, gentlemen"—he exclaimed, vehemently—"Where is that atrocious miscreant? In the name of Mr. Titmouse, who is too much agitated to address you himself, I conjure you to secure that abominable ruffian, and let him be brought to justice! If not, Mr. Titmouse protests solemnly that he will withdraw from the election."

"Bravo, Titmouse! bravo! Spoke like a man!" exclaimed several voices. A desperate struggle was soon perceived about that quarter where the man who flung the stone must have been standing; he had been seized, and being in a trice most severely handled, a couple of men almost throttled him with the tightness of their grasp about his neck—these two the very men who had encouraged him to perpetrate the outrage!—and, amidst a shower of kicks and blows, he was hauled off, and deposited, half dead, in the cage.

"Three cheers for Delamere!" cried a voice from the crowd; and never had a more vehement shout issued from them than in response to that summons.

"Delamere! Delamere!—Hear him!—Speak out!—Delamere!" cried a great number of voices of people growing more and more excited as they beheld his handkerchief becoming suffused with blood. But he was not in a condition then to respond to their call. He was suffering really not a little pain; and moreover, his feelings had for a moment—just for a moment—given way, when he adverted to the possibility that Lady de la Zouch might have witnessed the outrage, or received exaggerated accounts of it. Mr. St. Aubyn, however, stood forward in Mr. Delamere's stead, and in a very feeling and judicious but brief address, roused the feelings of the crowd to a high pitch of sympathy for Mr. Delamere, who stood beside him, hat in hand—vehemently, and at length successfully, struggling to repress his rising emotions. If only one out of a hundred of those present had had a vote, this little incident might have changed the fate of the election. The returning officer then proceeded to call for a show of hands, on which a very great number were held up in favor of Mr. Titmouse; but when Mr. Delamere's name was called, it really seemed as if every person present had extended both his hands—there could be no mistake, no room for doubt. Titmouse turned as pale as a sheet, and gazed with an expression of ludicrous consternation at Gammon, who also looked, in common indeed with his whole party, not a little disconcerted. The returning officer, having procured silence, declared that the choice of the electors had fallen upon Mr. Delamere, on which a tremendous cheering followed, which lasted for several minutes; and, luckily recollecting the utter nullity of a show of hands as a test or evidence, either way, of the result of the election, Mr. Gammon directed Mudflut formally to demand a poll on behalf of Mr. Titmouse; on which the returning officer announced that the poll would take place at eight o'clock the next morning; and thereupon the day's proceedings closed. Mr. Delamere, in a very few words, returned thanks to the electors for the honor which they had conferred upon him, and entreated them to go early to the polls. He and his friends then left the hustings. His procession quickly formed; his band struck up with extraordinary energy and spirit—"See the conquering hero come!" but the rolling of the drums, the clashing of cymbals, the rich deep tones of the bassoons, trombones, and French horns, and clear and lively tones of flute and clarinet, were quite overpowered by the acclamations of the crowd which attended them to Mr. Delamere's committee-room. Sir Percival Pickering, throwing open the bow-window of the committee-room, addressed a word or two to the immense crowd, and then, having given three lusty cheers, they withdrew. A glass of weak wine and water quickly refreshed the spirits of Mr. Delamere, and a surgeon having arrived, found it necessary only to direct that a little piece of court-plaster should be applied to the upper lip, assuring him that by the morning no disfiguring traces of the accident would be visible.

As for Mr. Crafty, as soon as he heard what had taken place, he uttered, as he felt bound to do, a few casual expressions of sympathy; but what passed through his thoughts, as he resumed his seat before his papers, was—"What a pity that all those fellows had not had votes, and that the poll had not commenced *instantly*!" The truly unexpected issue of the day's proceedings, while it elevated the spirits of all Mr. Delamere's friends, produced only one

"The show of hands," says Lord Stowell, in *Ankeny v. Senger*, 1 Hag. Com. Rep. 133, "is only a rude and imperfect declaration of the sentiments of the electors."

effect upon the imperturbable Mr. Crafty; he strongly suspected that the other side would probably be resorting during the night to measures of a desperate and unscrupulous description, in order to counteract the unfavorable impression calculated to be effected by the defeat of Mr. Titmouse at the show of hands. As for that gentleman, by the way, he became very insolent toward Mr. Gammon on reaching the committee-room, and protested, with fury in his face, that it had all been brought about by the "cursed officious meddling with Mr. Titmouse's name before the mob after the stone had been thrown;" on hearing which, "Go on to the Hall, sir, dine, and get drunk if you choose," said Gammon, bitterly and peremptorily; "I shall remain all night. Powerful as are your energies, they require relaxation after the fatigues of the day!" and with a very decisive, but not violent degree of force, Titmouse was in a twinkling in the outer committee-room. Mr. Gammon had, indeed, as much serious work before him that night as Mr. Crafty, and prepared for secret and decisive action every whit as calmly and effectively as he. Mr. Crafty's arrangements were admirable. During the day he had parcelled out the borough into a number of small departments, each of which he committed to some steady and resolute friend of Mr. Delamere, who was to look after every elector in his division about whom there was the least fear, in respect either of apprehended violent abduction, or of treachery. These gentlemen were to be relieved at intervals; and from one to the other of them, perpetually, were the personal agents of Crafty to go their rounds, in order to see that all was right, and carry any intelligence to head quarters. Then others were intrusted with the ticklish and tiresome duty of watching the movements of the enemy in quarters where Crafty had sure information of intended operations during the night. Complete arrangements had been made, also, for bringing up voters at the poll at the exact times, and in the manner, which might on the morrow be determined on by Mr. Crafty. Names were noted down of those to whom the bribery oath was to be administered. Prudent as were these precautions, they did not entirely prevent the mischief against which they were levelled. As the night wore on, evidence was, from time to time, brought in to Mr. Crafty that the enemy were at work—at their expected tricks.

"Jabob Jolliffe is missing. Wife says she knows nothing about him. Inquire."

"Send at least a couple of men to watch Peter Jiggins, or he'll be out of the way when he's wanted."

"Haste—haste. G. Atkins and Adam Hutton, both safe ten minutes ago, are off; enticed out into a post-chaise—gone toward York.—(Half-past eleven.)"

"Send some one to Jolly Snobs to watch the treating going on. Most important. Mr. Titmouse has been there, and drunk a glass of rum with them."

Then more mysterious missives made their appearance from Mr. Crafty's own familiars.

"Q. C. S. H. O.—12."—(i. e. "The Quaint Club still holds out.—Twelve o'clock.")

"Q. C. G. W.— $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1."—(i. e. "The Quaint Club are going wrong.—Half-past one o'clock.")

"S. B.; G. O.  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 1.— $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 2."—(i. e. "I have seen Bran. Gammon offers ten pounds, in addition to the ten pounds already given.—They hesitate.—A quarter to two o'clock.")

"3 heard S. B. & M. w. B. O. Q. C. 12—3."—(i. e. "Three of our people have just overheard and seen Bloodsuck and Mudflut, with Bran, offering the Quaint Club twelve pounds.—Three o'clock.")

"Q. C. G. R. w. Y. & C. T. T. Y. M. S. I.—4."—(i. e. "The Quaint Club are getting restive with you, and coming to terms with Titmouse. You must stir instantly.—Four o'clock.")

" $\Delta\Delta$  10 m. 4."—The mysterious symbols caused Mr. Crafty instantly to beat himself. He changed color a little, and went into the adjoining room. The meaning of the communication was—*Great danger to both parties.*

In the adjoining room, where two candles were burning down in their very sockets, and the fire nearly out, were some four or five trusty friends of Mr. Delamere—gentlemen who had placed themselves entirely at Mr. Crafty's service throughout the night. When he entered, they were all nearly asleep, or at least dozing. Beckoning two of them into his own room, he instructed one of them to go and plant himself openly, as conspicuously as possible, near the door of Mr. Titmouse's committee-room, so as not to fail of being recognized by any one leaving or entering it, as a well-known friend of Mr. Delamere's; in fact, they were to discover that their motions were watched. The other he instructed to act similarly opposite the door of a small house, in a narrow court—the residence, in fact, of Ben Bran, where all the night's negotiations with the Quaint Club had been carried on. Immediately afterward Mr. Crafty felt it his duty, as between man and man, to warn his opponent of the mortal peril in which he was placed; and found means to convey the following note into the committee-room where Mr. Gammon and one or two others were sitting:

"Take care!! You are deceived! betrayed! Q. C. is sold out and out to the Blues!! And part of the bargain, that B. B. shall betray you into bribery in the presence of witnesses—not one man of the club safe; this have just learnt from the wife of one of them. From a well-wishing friend, but obligated to vote (against his conscience) for the Blues."

P. S.—Lord D. in the town with lots of the needful, and doing business sharply."

While Mr. Gammon and his companions were canvassing this letter, in came the two gentlemen who had been watched, in the way I have stated, from Ben Bran's house to Mr. Titmouse's committee-room, pale and agitated, with intelligence of that fact. Though hereat Gammon's color deserted his cheek, he affected to treat the matter very lightly, and laughed at the idea of being deluded by such boy's play. If Lord de la Zouch had hired Crafty only to play tricks like these, he might as well have saved the trouble and expense. Here a slight bustle was heard at the door; and the ostler made his appearance, saying that a man had just given him what he produced to Mr. Gammon, who, taking from the ostler a dirty and ill-folded paper, read as follows:—

"To Squire Titmouse you Are All Wrong, the blues is wide Awake All Night and now all, Lord Dillysough about



with One hundred Spies; And look Out for traitors in the Camp. A friend or Enemy as you Will, but loving Fair Play."

"Poh!" exclaimed Gammon, flinging it on the table contemptuously.

Now, I may as well mention here, that about nine o'clock in the evening, Mr. Parkinson brought to Crafty *sure* intelligence that a very zealous and influential fellow, who was entirely in the confidence of the enemy, had come to him a little while before, and candidly disclosed the very melancholy position of his financial affairs; and Mr. Parkinson happened to be in a condition to verify the truth of the man's statement; that there was a writ out against him for £250, and unless he could meet it he would have to quit the country before day-break, and his very promising prospects in business would be utterly ruined. Mr. Parkinson happened to know these matters professionally; and, in short, Crafty was given to understand, that so disgusted was Mr. M'Do'em with Whig principles (his inexorable creditor being a Whig) and practices, such as the bribery, treating, and corruption at that moment going on, that—his conscience pricked him—and—ahem!—the poor penitent was ready to make all the amends in his power by discovering villany to its intended victims. Crafty having felt the ground pretty safe underneath him, took upon himself to say, that Mr. M'Do'em need be under no further apprehension as to his pecuniary liabilities; but, in the meanwhile, he would certainly wish for a little evidence of the bona fides of his present conduct.

"Come," quoth M'Do'em, after receiving a pregnant wink from Mr. Crafty—"send some one whom you can rely upon with me immediately, to do as I bid him—and let him tell you."

No sooner said than done. A trusty managing clerk of Mr. Parkinson's forthwith accompanied M'Do'em on a secret expedition. They stood at a window, with a broken pane. 'Twas a small ill-furnished kitchen, and in the corner, close to the fire, sat smoking a middle-aged man, in a paper cap. Opposite to him sat two persons, in very earnest conversation with him. They were Mr. Mudflint and Mr. Bloodsuck, Junior.

"Come, come, that's decidedly unreasonable," quoth the former.

"No, Sir, it *isn't*. It quite cut me to the heart, I assure you, sir, to see Master Delamere so dreadfully used—my good missus, that 's in bed, says to me—says she—"

"But what had Mr. Titmouse to do with it, you know?" said Mudflint, taking out of his pocket a bit of crumpled paper, at which the man addressed gazed listless, and exclaimed, "No it *won't* do.—He did n't deserve such treatment, poor young gentleman." (Here Bloodsuck and Mudflint whispered—and the latter, with a very bad grace, produced a second bit of crumpled paper.)

"That's something like"—said the man, rather more good-humoredly.

"Now, mind, by a quarter past eight—eh?" inquired Mudflint, very anxiously, and somewhat sullenly.

"I'm in a man of my word—no one can say I ever broke it in earnest; and as for a straight forward bit o' business like this, I say, I'm your man—so here 's my hand."

"Do n't that look rather like business?" inquired M'Do'em, in a whisper, after they had lightly stepped away. "But come along!"

After another similar scene, the two returned to the Hare and Hounds, and the matter was satisfactorily settled between Crafty and M'Do'em—one hundred down, and the rest on the morning after the election. He was to poll for Titmouse, and that, too, early in the day; and be as conspicuous and active as possible in his exertions in behalf of that gentleman—to appear, in short, one of his most staunch and confidential supporters. Whether Lord de la Zouch or his son would have sanctioned such conduct as this, had they had an inkling of it, I leave to the reader to conjecture; but Crafty was easy about the matter—'twas only manœuvring; and all weapons are fair against a burglar or highwayman; and all devices against a swindler. M'Do'em gave Crafty a list of nine voters at Griston, who had received five pounds a-piece; and enabled him to discover a case of wholesale treating, brought home to one of the leading members of Mr. Titmouse's committee. Well, this worthy capped all his honorable services, by hurrying in to Gammon, some quarter of an hour after he had received the second anonymous letter, and with a perfect appearance of consternation, after carefully shutting the door, and eyeing the window, faltered that all was going wrong—traitors were in the camp;—that Lord de la Zouch had bought every man of the Quaint Club two days before, at £30 a-head! half already paid down, the rest to be paid on the morning of the fifteenth day after Parliament had met—(M'Do'em said he did not know what that meant; but Gammon was more influenced and alarmed by it than anything else that had happened;—) that *Ben Bran* was playing false, having received a large sum—though how much M'Do'em had not yet learned—as head money from Lord de la Zouch; and that, if one single farthing were, after that moment, paid or promised to any single member of the club, either by Mr. Titmouse, or any one on his behalf, they were all delivered, bound hand and foot, into the power of Lord de la Zouch, and at his mercy. That so daring and yet artful was Lord de la Zouch, that his agents had attempted to tamper with even him, M'Do'em! but so as to afford him not the least hold of them. Moreover, he knew a fellow townsman who would, despite all his promises to the liberal candidate, poll for Delamere; but nothing should induce him—M'Do'em—to disclose the name of that person, on account of the peculiar way in which he—M'Do'em—had come to know the fact. On hearing all this, Gammon calmly made up his mind for the worst; and immediately resolved to close all further negotiation with the Quaint Club. To have acted otherwise would have been mere madness, and courting destruction. The more he reflected on the exorbitant demand of the Quaint Club—and so suddenly exorbitant, and enforced by such an insolent sort of quiet pertinacity, the more he saw to corroborate—that that occurred to him as necessary—the alarming intelligence of M'Do'em. Mr. Gammon concealed much of his emotion; but he ground his teeth together with the effort. Toward six o'clock, there was a room full of the friends and agents of Titmouse; to whom Gammon, despite all that had happened, and which was

known to only four or five of those present, gave a highly encouraging account of the day's prospects, but impressed upon them all, with infinite energy, the necessity for caution and activity. A great effort was to be made to head the poll from the first, in order at once to do away with the prestige of the show of hands; and the "friends of Mr. Titmouse," (i. e. the ten pounds' worth of mob,) were to be in attendance round the polling booth at seven o'clock, and remain there the rest of the day, in order, by their presence, to encourage and protect (!) the voters of Mr. Titmouse. This and one or two other matters having been thus arranged, Mr. Gammon, who was completely exhausted with his long labor, retired to a bed-room, and directed that he should, without fail, be called in one hour's time. As he threw himself on the bed, with his clothes on, and extinguished his candle, he had at least the consolation of reflecting, that nine of the enemy's voters were safely stowed away, (as he imagined,) and that seven or eight of the accessibles, pledged to Mr. Delamere, had promised to re-consider the matter.

If Gammon had taken the precaution of packing the front of the polling-booth in the way I have mentioned, Mr. Crafty had not overlooked the necessity of securing efficient protection for his voters; and between seven and eight o'clock, no fewer than between four and five hundred stout yeomen, tenants of Lord de la Zouch and others of the surrounding nobility and gentry, made their appearance in the town, and insinuated themselves into the rapidly accumulating crowd; many of them, however, remaining at large, at the command of Mr. Delamere's committee; in order, when necessary, to secure safe access to the poll for those who might require such assistance. It was strongly urged upon Mr. Crafty to bring up a strong body of voters at the commencement, in order to head the polling at the end of the first hour. "Not the least occasion for it," said Crafty quietly—"I do n't care a straw for it: in a small borough no end can be gained, where the voters are so few in number that every man's vote is secured long beforehand, to a dead certainty. There's no prestige to be gained or supported. No. Bring up first all the distant and most uncertain voters—the timid, the feeble, the wavering; secure them early, while you have time and opportunity. Again, for the first few hours poll languidly: it may render the enemy over easy. You may perhaps make a sham rush of about twenty or thirty, between twelve and one o'clock, to give them the idea that you are doing your very best. Then fall off, poll a man now and then only, and see what they will do, how they are playing off their men. If you can hang back till late in the day, then direct, very secretly and cautiously, the bribery oath and the questions to be put to each of their men as they come up; and while you are thus picking their men off, pour in your own before they are aware of your game, and the hour for closing the poll may perhaps arrive while some dozen or so of their men are unpollled. "But above all, gentlemen," said Crafty, "every one to his own work only. One thing at a time throughout the day, which is quite long enough for all you have to do. Do n't try to bring up several at once; if you have one ready, take him up at once and have done with him. Do n't give yourselves the least concern about ascertaining the numbers that have polled, but only those that have yet to be polled: the returns I will look after. Let those stand behind the check-clerks, who are best acquainted with the names, persons, and circumstances of the voters who come up, and can detect imposture of any sort before the vote is recorded and the mischief done. The scoundrel may be thus easily kept off the poll-books whom it may cost you a thousand pounds hereafter to attempt to remove, in vain."

The day was bright and frosty; and long before eight o'clock, the little town was all alive with music, flags, cheering, and crowds passing to and fro. The polling-booth was exceedingly commodious and well constructed, with a view to the most rapid access and departure of the voters. By eight o'clock there were more than a thousand persons collected before the booth; and, significant evidence of the transient nature of yesterday's excitement, the yellow colors appeared as five to one. Just before eight o'clock up drove Mr. Titmouse in a dog-cart, from which he jumped out amidst the cheers of almost all present, and skipped on to the bench, behind his own check-clerk, with the intention of remaining there all day to acknowledge the votes given for him. But Mr. Delamere, with a just delicacy and pride, avoided making his appearance either at or near the booth, at all events till the voting was over. The first vote given was that of Obadiah Holt, the gigantic landlord of the Hare and Hounds, and for Mr. Delamere, the event announced by a tremendous groan; but no one of the crowd ventured any personal incivility to the laughing giant that passed through them. A loud cheer, as well as a sudden bobbing of the head on the part of Titmouse, announced that the second vote had been recorded for him; and, indeed, during the next twenty minutes he polled fifteen for Delamere's eight. At nine o'clock the poll stood thus:

Titmouse.....	31
Delamere.....	18
Majority.....	13
Steadily adhering to Mr. Crafty's system, at ten o'clock the poll stood:	
Titmouse.....	53
Delamere.....	29
Majority.....	24
At eleven o'clock:	
Titmouse.....	89
Delamere.....	41
Majority.....	48
At twelve o'clock—	
Titmouse.....	94
Delamere.....	60
Majority.....	34
At one o'clock—	
Titmouse.....	129
Delamere.....	84
Majority.....	45

At this point they remained stationary for some time; but Delamere had polled all his *worst* votes, Titmouse almost all his *best*. The latter had, indeed, only *seventeen* more in reserve, independently of the Quaint Club, and the still neutral *twenty* accessibles; while Delamere had yet, pro-

vided his promises stood firm, and none of his men were hounded or kidnapped, forty-five good men and true—and some faint hopes, also, of the aforesaid twenty accessibles. For a quarter of an hour, not one man came up for either party; but at length two of Delamere's leading friends came up, with faces full of anxiety, and recorded their votes for Delamere, amidst loud laughter. About half past one o'clock, a prodigious—and I protest that it was both to Lord de la Zouch and Mr. Delamere a totally unexpected—rush was made on behalf of Delamere, consisting of the *twenty* accessibles; who, in the midst of yelling, and hissing, and violent abuse, voted one after another for Delamere. Whether or not a strong pressure had been resorted to by some zealous and powerful gentlemen in their neighborhood, but entirely independent of Mr. Delamere, I know not; but the fact was as I have stated. At two o'clock the poll stood thus:

Titmouse.....	145
Delamere.....	134

Majority.....11  
Thus Titmouse had then polled within one of his positive reserve, and yet was only eleven above Delamere, who had still *fifteen* men to come up!

"Where is the Quaint Club?" began to be more and more frequently and earnestly asked among the crowd; but no one could give a satisfactory answer; and more than one conjecture was hazarded, as to the possibility of their coming up under blue colors. But—*where were they?* Watching the state of the poll, and under marching orders for the moment when the enemy should be at his extremity? Between two o'clock and a quarter past, not one vote was polled on either side; and the crowd, wearied with their long labors of hissing and shouting, looked dispirited, listless, exhausted. By-and-by Mr. Gammon, and Messrs. Bloodsuck, (senior and junior,) Mudflint, Centipede, Ginblossom, Going Gone, and others, made their appearance in the booth, around Titmouse. They all looked sour, and depressed, and fatigued. Their faces were indeed enough to sadden and silence the crowd. Were Mr. Titmouse's forces exhausted? "Where's the Quaint Club?" roared out a man in the crowd, addressing Mr. Gammon, who smiled *wretchedly* in silence. The reason of his then appearing at the polling-booth was certainly the one first suggested; but he had another; for he had received information that within a short time Dr. Tatham, and also fourteen of the Yutton tenantry, were coming up to the poll. Mr. Gammon, accordingly, had not stood there more than five minutes, before a sudden hissing and groaning announced the approach of a blue—in fact, it proved to be little Dr. Tatham, who had been prevented from earlier coming up, through attendance on one or two sick parishioners. It cost the quiet, stout-hearted old man no little effort, and occasioned him a little discomposure, elbowed, and jolted, and insulted as he was; but at length there he stood before the poll-clerks—who did not require to ask him his name or residence. Gammon gazed at him with folded arms, and a stern and sad countenance. Presently, inclining slightly toward Mudflint, he seemed to whisper in that gentleman's ear; and—"Administer the bribery oath," said he to the returning officer, eagerly.

"Sir!" exclaimed that functionary, in a low tone, with amazement—"The bribery oath! To Dr. Tatham? Are you in earnest?"

"Do your duty, sir!" replied Mudflint, in a bitter, insulting tone.

"I regret to say, sir, that I am required to administer the bribery oath to you," said the returning officer.

"What? What? The bribery oath? To me?" inquired Dr. Tatham, giving a sudden start, and flushing violently: at which stringent evidence of his guilt—

"Ah, ha!" cried those of the crowd nearest to him—"Come, old gentleman! Thou must bolt it now!"

"Is it pretended to be believed," faltered Dr. Tatham, with visible emotion—"that I am bribed?" But at that moment his eye happened to light upon the exulting countenance of "the Reverend" Mr. Mudflint. It calmed him. Removing his hat, he took the Testament into his hand, while the crowd ceased hooting for a moment, in order to hear the oath read; and with dignity he endured the indignity. He then recorded his vote for Mr. Delamere; and after fixing a sorrowful and surprised eye on Mr. Gammon, who stood with his hat slouched a good deal over his face, and looking in another direction, withdrew; and as he turned his mild and venerable face toward crowd, the hissing subsided.

Shortly afterward came up, amidst great uproar, several of the tenantry of Mr. Titmouse—all of them looking as if they had come up, poor souls! rather to receive punishment for a crime, than to exercise their elective franchise in a free country. Gammon colored a little, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and fixing on the first of the tenantry, Mark Hackett, the eye at it were of a suddenly-revived serpent, wrote down his name in silence—but what an expression was in his face! Thus he acted toward every one of those unhappy and doomed persons; replacing his pocket-book whence he had taken it, as soon as the last of the little body had polled. It was now a quarter to three o'clock, (the poll closing finally at four,) and thus stood the numbers:

Delamere.....	149
Titmouse.....	146
Majority.....	3

On these figures being exhibited by an eager member of Mr. Delamere's committee, there arose a tremendous uproar among the crowd, and cries of "Tear it down! Tear it down! Ah! Bribery and corruption! Three groans for Delamere! O—h! o—h! o—h!" Matters seemed, indeed, getting desperate with the crowd; yet they seemed to feel a sort of comfort in gazing at the stern, determined, yet chagrined countenance of the ruling spirit of the day, Mr. Gammon. He was a "deep hand"—he knew his game; and, depend upon it, he was only waiting till the enemy was clean done, and then he would pour in the Quaint Club, and crush them for ever. Thus thought hundreds in the crowd. Not a vote was offered for a quarter of an hour; and the poll clerks, with their pens behind their ears, employed the interval in munching sandwiches, and drinking sherry out of a black bottle—the crowd cutting many jokes upon them while thus pleasantly engaged. Symptoms were soon visible, in the increasing proportion of blue rosettes in and about the crowd, that this promising

state of things was reviving the hopes of Mr. Delamere's party, while it as plainly depressed those in the yellow interest. Not for one moment, during the whole of that close and exciting contest, had Mr. Crafty quitted his little inner apartment, where he had planned the battle, and conducted it to its present point of success. Nor had his phlegmatic temperament suffered the least excitement or disturbance: cold as ice though his heart might be, his head was ever clear as crystal. Certainly his strategy had been admirable. Vigilant, circumspect, equal to every emergency, he had brought up his forces in perfect order throughout the day; the enemy had not caught the least inkling of his real game. By his incessant, ingenious, and safe manœuvring, he had kept that dreaded body, the Quaint Club, in play up to this advanced period of the day—in a state of exquisite embarrassment and irresolution, balancing between hopes and fears; and he had, moreover, rendered a temporary reverse on the field upon which he then fought, of little real importance, by reason of the measures he had taken to cut off the enemy entirely in their very next move. He was now left entirely alone in his little room, standing quietly before the fire with his hands behind him, with real composure, feeling that he had done his duty, and awaiting the issue patiently. The hustings, all this while, exhibited an exciting spectacle. Another quarter of an hour had elapsed without a single vote being added to the poll. The crowd was very great, and evidently experiencing no little of the agitation and suspense experienced by those within the booth—(except Mr. Titmouse, whose frequent potations of brandy and water during the day, had composed him at length to sleep—as he leaned, absolutely snoring, against the corner of the booth, out of sight of the crowd.) The poll clerks were laughing and talking unconcernedly together. The leading Blues mastered strongly in their part of the booth; elated undoubtedly, but with the feelings of men who have desperately fought their way, inch by inch, sword to sword, bayonet to bayonet, up to a point where they expect, nevertheless, momentarily to be blown into the air. What could have become of the Quaint Club? thought they also, with silent astonishment and apprehension. Gammon continued standing, motionless and silent, with folded arms—his dark surtout buttoned carelessly at the top, and his hat slouched over his eyes, as if he sought to conceal their restlessness and agitation. Excitement—intense anxiety—physical exhaustion—were visible in his countenance. He seemed indisposed to speak, even in answer to any one who addressed him.

"O cursed Quaint Club! O cursed Crafty! I am beaten—beaten hollow—ridiculously. How the miscreants have bubbled me! Crafty can now do without them, and won't endanger the election by polling them! We are ruined! And what will be said at head quarters, after what I have led them to believe—bah!"—he almost stamped with the vehemence of his emotions. "There's certainly yet a resource; nay, but that also is too late—a riot—a nod, a breath of mine—those fine fellows there—down with hustings—poll books destroyed. No, no; it is not to be thought of—the time's gone by."

It was now nearly a quarter past three, the poll closing at four. "It's passing strange!" thought Gammon, as he looked at his watch; "what can be in the wind? Not a man of them up! Perhaps, after all, Lord de la Zouch may not have come up to their mark, and may now be merely standing on the chance of our being unable to come to terms with them. But what can I do, without certain destruction, after what I have heard? It will be simply jumping down into the pit." A thought struck him; and with forced calmness he slipped away from the polling booth, and with an affectation of indifference, made his way to a house where a trusty emissary awaited his orders. "T was a Grilston man, a yellow voter, as much at Gammon's beck and call as Ben Bran was represented to be at the command of Lord de la Zouch. Gammon dispatched him on this enterprise—to rush alarmedly among the club, who knew him, but not his devotion to Gammon—to tell them that he had just discovered, by mere accident, the frightful danger in which they were placed, owing to Mr. Gammon's being enraged against them on account of their last proposal—that he had now made up his mind to the loss of the election, and also to commence prosecution for bribery against every single member of the club; for that, having early suspected foul play, he was in a position "to nail every man of them," without fixing himself or Mr. Titmouse. If he succeeded thus far, viz. in alarming them—then, after apparently dire perplexity, he was suddenly to suggest one mode of at once securing themselves, and flogging their bitter enemy, Gammon; viz. hasten up to the poll without a word to any one, and, by placing Titmouse at the top of the poll, destroy Gammon's motive for commencing his vindictive proceedings, and so take him in his own trap. Gammon then returned to the polling booth, (having named the signal by which he was to be apprized of success,) and resumed his former position, without giving to any one near him the slightest intimation of what he had been doing. If he imagined that any movement of his, at so critical a moment, had not been watched, he was grievously mistaken. There were three persons whose sole business it had been, during the whole of that day, to keep a lynx eye upon his every movement, especially as connected with the Quaint Club. But his cunning emissary was equal to the exigency; and having (unseen) reconnoitred the street for a few moments, he imagined he detected one, if not two spies, lurking about. He therefore slipped out of a low back window, got down four or five back yards, and so across a small hidden alley, which enabled him to slip unperceivedly into the back room of the house he wished.

"Ben! Ben!" he gasped, with an air of consternation.

"Hallo, man! what is it?" quoth Ben.

"Done! every man of you sold! Mr. Gammon turned tail on you. Just happened to overhear him swear a solemn oath to Mr. Muddflint, that before four-and-twenty hours—"

"Lord!—you, did you really?"

"So help me—!" exclaimed the man, aghast.

"What's to be done?" quoth Ben, the perspiration hurrying out all over his forehead. "We've been made the cursest fools of by some one. Hang me if I think the old beast at Fotheringham, or the young cub either, has ever meant—"

"What signifies it? It's all too late now."

"Is n't there any way, eh? To be sure, I own I thought we were pitched a little too high with Mr. Gam."

"But he has you now, though; and you'll find he's a devil incarnate. But stop, I see"—he seemed as if a thought had suddenly glanced across his puzzled and alarmed mind—"I'll tell you how to do him, and save yourselves yet."

"O Lord! eh?" exclaimed Ben, breathlessly.

"But are they all together?"

"Oh, ay! In five minutes' time we could all be on our way to the booth."

"Then do n't lose a minute—or all's lost! Do n't explain to them the fix they're in till all's over; and if ever you tell 'em, or any one, the bit of service I've—"

"Never, Thomas, so help me—!" quoth Ben, grasping his companion's hand as in a vice.

"Off all of you to the booth, and poll for life and death, for Titmouse."

"What? Come—come, Master Thomas!"

"Ay, ay—you fool! Do n't you see? Make him win the election, and then in course Gammon's no cause to be at you—he'll have got all he wants."

"My eyes!" exclaimed Ben, as he suddenly perceived the stroke of policy. He snapped his finger, buttoned his coat, popped out of the house—within a few moments he was in the midst of the club, who were all in a back yard, behind a small tavern which they frequented. "Now, lads!" he exclaimed, with a wink of his eye. He took the yellow and the blue colors out of his bosom; returned the blue and mounted the yellow: so in a trice did every one present, not one single question having been asked of Ben, in whom they had perfect confidence.

But, to return to Gammon. It was now a moment or two past the half hour—there was scarcely half an hour more before the election must close. The mob were getting sulky. The Quaint Club were being asked for—now with hisses, then with cheers. All eyes were on Gammon, who felt that it was so. His face bore witness to the intensity of his emotions; he did not even attempt to disguise his desperate disappointment. His nerves were strung to their highest pitch of tension; and his eye glanced incessantly, but half closed, toward a corner house at a little distance: ah! it was suddenly lit up, as it were, with fire—never was such an instantaneous change seen in a man's face before. He had at length caught the appointed signal; a mat appeared at a window, and waved a little stick through it. A mighty sigh escaped from the pent-up bosom of Gammon, and relieved him from a sense of suffocation. His feelings might have been compared to those excited in our great commander, when the Prussians made their appearance at Waterloo. The battle was won; defeat converted into triumph; but suddenly recollecting himself—aware that every muscle of his face was watched—he relapsed into his former gloom. Presently were heard the approaching sounds of music—nearer and nearer came the clash of cymbals, the clangor of trombone and trumpet, the roll of the drum: all the crowd turned their faces toward the quarter whence the sounds came, and within a few seconds time were seen turning the corner, full on its way to the booth, the banner of the Quaint Club, with yellow rosettes streaming from the top of each pole—yellow ribbons on every one's breast. THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE HAD TRIUMPHED! Their oppressors were prostrate! A wild and deafening shout of triumph burst from the crowd as if they had been one man; and continued for several minutes intermingling with the inspiring sounds of the noble air—"Rule Britannia!" played by the two bands, (that of Mr. Titmouse having instantly joined them.) On marched the club, two and two, and arm in arm, with rapid step; their faces flushed with excitement and exultation—their hands vehemently shaken by the shouting crowd, who opened a broad lane for them up to the polling booth. Oh, the contrast exhibited in the faces of those standing there! What profound gloom, what vivid vexation, rigid despair, on the one hand—what signs of frantic excitement, joy, and triumph on the other! "Titmouse!" cried the first member of the club, as he gave his vote; "Titmouse!" cried the second; "Titmouse!" cried the third; "Titmouse!" cried the fourth. The battle was won. Mr. Titmouse was in a majority, which went on increasing every minute amidst tremendous cheering. Mr. Gammon's face and figure would at that moment have afforded a study for a picture; the strongly repressed feeling of triumph yet indicating its swelling influence upon his marked and expressive countenance, where an accurate eye might have detected also the presence of anxiety. Again and again were his hands shaken by those near him. Blood-uck, Centipede, Muddflint, Going Gone, Gimblossom, as they enthusiastically gave him credit for the transcendent skill he had exhibited, and the glorious result it had secured. As the church clock struck four, the books were closed, the election was declared at an end, with eighteen of Mr. Titmouse's votes yet unpolled. Within a few minutes afterward Mr. Going Gone hastily chalked up on the board, and held it up, exultingly to the crowd:

Titmouse, .....	237
Delamere, .....	149
Majority, .....	88!

"Hurrah!—hurrah!—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" pealed from the crowd; while hands were upraised and whirled round, hats flung into the air, and every other mark of popular excitement exhibited. "Titmouse!—Titmouse!—NINE TIMES NINE FOR MR. TITMOUSE!" was called for, and responded to with thrilling and overpowering effect. The newly elected member, however, could not be pinched, or shaken, or roused, out of the drunken stupor into which, from the combined influence of liquor and excitement, he had sunk. To enable him to go through the responsible duties of the day—viz. bobbing his head every now and then to the worthy and independent electors who came to invest him with the proud character of their representative in the house of Commons—he had brought in his pocket a flask of brandy, which had been thrice replenished: in a word, the popular idol was decidedly not presentable; and under the impulse of strong excitement, Mr. Gammon, infinitely to the disgust of the Reverend Smirk Muddflint, who was charged up to his throat with combustible matter, and ready to go off at an instant's notice, stepped forward, and on removing his hat, was received with several distinct

and long-continued rounds of applause. Silence having been at length partially restored—

"Yes, gentlemen," he commenced, in an energetic tone and with an excited and determined air and manner, "well may you utter those shouts of joy, for you have fought a noble fight and won a glorious victory, (great cheering.) Your cause, the cause of freedom and good government, is triumphant over all opposition, (immense cheering.) The hideous forms of bigotry and tyranny are at this moment lying crushed and writhing, (vehement cheering rendered the rest of the sentence inaudible.) Gentlemen, truth and independence have this day met and overthrown falsehood and slavery, (cheers,) in spite of the monstrous weapons with which they came into the field, (groans)—bribery, (groans), corruption, (groans), intimidation, (hisses), coercion and treachery, (mingled groans and hisses.) But, gentlemen, thank God, all was in vain! (enthusiastic cheering.) I will not say that a defeated despot is at this moment sitting with sullen scowl in a neighboring castle ( tremendous shouts of applause;) all his schemes frustrated, a l his gold scattered in vain, and trampled under foot by the virtuous electors whom he sought first to corrupt, and then to degrade into slaves, (great cheering.) Gentlemen, let us laugh at his defeat, (loud and prolonged laughter;) but let us rejoice like men, like freemen, that the degraded and execrable faction to which he belongs is defeated, (cheering.)—Gentlemen, if ever there was a contest in which public spirit and principle triumphed over public and private profligacy, this has been it; and by this time tomorrow, hundreds of constituencies will be told, as their own struggles are approaching, to look at Yatton—to emulate her proud and noble example; and England will soon be enabled to thro' off the hateful incubus that has so long oppressed her, (immense cheering.) But, gentlemen, you are all exhausted, (No! no! and vehement cheers;) we are all exhausted, after he great labor and excitement of this glorious day, and need repose, in order that on the morrow we may meet refreshed to enjoy the full measure of our triumph, (cheering.) In particular, your distinguished representative, Mr. Titmouse, worn out with the excitement of the day, long depressed by the adverse aspect of the poll, was so overpowered with the sudden and glorious change effected by that band of patriots who—(the rest of the sentence was drowned in cheering.) Gentlemen, he is young, and unaccustomed to such extraordinary and exciting scenes, (hear, hear, hear!) but by the morrow he will have recovered sufficiently to present himself before you, (cheers.) In his name, gentlemen, I do from my soul thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon him, and assure you that he considers any past success with which Providence may have blessed him (hear, hear, hear!) as nothing, when compared with the issue of this day's struggle, (cheering.) Rely upon it that his conduct in Parliament will not disgrace you, (no, no, no!) And now, gentlemen, I must conclude, trusting that with victory will cease animosity, and that there will be an immediate declaration of those feelings of frank and manly cordiality, and good feeling, which ought to distinguish free fellow-citizens, and above all, is signally characteristic of Englishmen, (cheering.) Shake hands, gentlemen, with a fallen enemy, (we will, we will!) and forget, when you have conquered, that you ever fought!"

With these words, uttered with the fervor and eloquence which had indeed distinguished the whole of his brief address, he resumed his hat, amidst "three times three for Mr. Titmouse!"—"three times three for Mr. Gammon!"—"nine times nine groans for Mr. Delamere!"—all of which were given with tumultuous energy. The two bands approached; the procession formed; the nearly insensible Titmouse, his face deadly pale and hat awry, was partly supported and partly dragged along between Mr. Gammon and Mr. Going Gone; and to the inspiring air of "See the Conquering Hero comes," and accompanied by the cheering crowd, they all marched in procession to Mr. Titmouse's committee-room. He was hurried up stairs; then led into a bed-room; and there, soon, alas! experienced the overmastering power of sickness, which instantly obliterated all recollection of his triumph, and made him utterly unconscious of the brilliant position to which he had just been elevated—equally to the honor of himself and his constituency, who justly and proudly regarded

"TITLLEBAT TITMOUSE, Esq., M. P."

as the glorious first-fruits to them of the glorious "Bill for giving Everybody Everything."

At a late hour that night, an interview took place between Ben Bran and Mr. Gammon, of which all that I shall say at present is, that it was equally confidential and satisfactory. There can be no harm, however, in intimating that Mr. Gammon made no allusion to the arrival of the Greek kalends: but he did to—the fifteenth day after the meeting of Parliament. He satisfied Ben—and through him the Quaint Club—that Lord de la Zouch's agents had been only deluding them, and had laid a deep plan for ensnaring the club—which Gammon had early seen through, and endeavored to defeat. A little circumstance which happened some two or three days afterwards, seemed to corroborate the truth of at least a portion of his statements—viz. eight prosecutions for bribery were brought against some members of the Quaint Club: and on their hastily assembling to consult upon so startling an incident, one still more so, came to light;—five leading members were not to be found. Writs in actions for penalties of £500 each, were on the same day served upon—Barnabas Bloodsuck, Smirk Muddflint (otherwise called the Reverend Smirk Muddflint,) Cephas Woodhouse, and—woe is me that I should have it to record!—"OILY GAMMON, gentleman, one of the attorneys of our lord the king, before the king himself, at Westminster." The amount claimed from him was £4000; from Bloodsuck £3000; and from Muddflint £2500, which would, alas, have alone absorbed all the few rents of his little establishment for one hundred years to come, if his system of moral teaching should so long live. What was the consternation of these gentlemen to discover, when in their turn they called a private meeting of their leading friends, that one of them also was missing, viz., Julian M'Dorm! Moreover, it was palpable that amidst an ominous silence and calmness on the other side—even on the part of the True Blue—the most guarded and systematic and persevering search for evidence was going on, and with all Gammon's self-possession, the sudden sight of Mr. Crafty stealthily quitting the house of an humble Yel-



low voter, a week after the election, occasioned him somewhat sickening sensations. Gammon was not unaccustomed to wade in deep waters; but these were very deep!

However, a great point had been gained. Mr. Titmouse was M. P. for Yatton; and Mr. Gammon had maintained his credit in high quarters, where he stood pledged as to the result of the election; having been long before assured that every member returned into the new Parliament was worth his weight in gold. Such were the thoughts passing through the acute and powerful mind of Gammon, as he sat late one night alone at Yatton, Mr. Titmouse having retired to his bed-room half stupefied with liquor, and anxious to complete matters by smoking himself to sleep. The wind whistled cheerlessly round the angle of the Hall in which was situated the room where he sat, his feet resting on the fender, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the fire. Then he took up the newspaper, recently arrived from town, which contained a report of his speech to the electors at the close of the poll; it was the organ of the Whig party—the *Morning Grouse*; and its leading article commented in very encomiastic terms upon his address, "given in another part of the paper." His soul heaved with disgust at the thoughts of his own dissimulation;—"Independence!" "Purity of Election!" "Public Principle!" "Triumph of Principle!" "Popular enthusiasm!" "Man of the people!" Look, thought he—ugh—at Titmouse! Is representation an utter farce—a mere imaginary privilege of the people? If not, what but public swindlers are we who procure the return of such idiots as—faugh! Would I had been on the other,——He rose, sighed, lit his chamber candle, and retired—to bed, but not to rest; for he spent several hours in endeavouring to retrace every step which he had taken in the election—with a view to ascertaining how far it could be proved that he had legally implicated himself. The position in which, indeed, he and those associated with him in the election were placed, was one which required his most anxious consideration, with a view, not merely to the retention of the seat so hardly won, but to the tremendous personal liabilities with which it was sought to fix him. The inquiries which he instituted into the practices which he had been led to believe prevailed openly upon the other side, led to no satisfactory results. If the enemy had bribed, they had done so with consummate skill and caution. Yet he chose to assume the air of one who thought otherwise; and gave directions for writs for penalties to be forthwith served upon Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Gold, Mr. St. Aubyn, and Mr. Milnthorpe—all of whom, as indeed he had expected, only laughed at him. But it was woefully different as regarded himself and his friends; for before Mr. Crafty took his departure from Yatton, he had collected a body of evidence against all of them, of the most fearful stringency and completeness. In fact, Lord de la Zouch had determined that, if it cost him ten thousand pounds more, he would spare no effort, as well to secure the seat for his son, as to punish those who had been guilty of the atrocious practices which had been revealed to him.

Need I say with what intense interest, with what absorbing anxiety, the progress of this contest had been watched by the Aubreys? From Lady de la Zouch and other friends, but more especially from Dr. Tatham, who had regularly forwarded the *True Blue*, and also written frequent and full letters, they had learned, from time to time, all that was going on. Mr. Aubrey had prepared them for the adverse issue of the affair; he had never looked for any thing else; but could he or any of them feel otherwise than a painful and indignant sympathy with the little Doctor, on reading his account of the gross insult which had been offered to him at the hustings? Kate, before she had read half of it, sprang from her chair, threw down the letter, cried bitterly, then kissed the venerable Doctor's hand-writing, and walked to and fro, flashing lightning from her eyes, as her vivid fancy painted to her with painful distinctness that scene of wanton and brutal outrage, on one of the most gentle, benevolent, and spotless of God's creatures, whose name was associated in all their minds with every thing that was pious, pure, and good—indeed they were all powerfully affected. As for the Reverend Smirk Mudflint—"Presumptuous wretch!" quoth Kate, as her flashing eye met that of her brother; and he felt that his feelings, like her own, could not be expressed. The first account she received of the outrage perpetrated on Delamere was in the columns of the *True Blue*, which, being published that evening, had been instantly forwarded to town by Dr. Tatham. It blanched her cheek; she then felt a mist coming over her eyes—a numbness—a faintness ensued, and she sank upon the sofa and swooned. It was a long while after she had recovered before a flood of tears relieved her excitement. "T was no use disguising matters, even had she felt so disposed, before those who felt so exquisite and vivid a sympathy with her; and who did not restrain their ardent and enthusiastic expressions of admiration at the spirited and noble manner in which Delamere had commenced and carried on his adventure. At whose instance, and to please whom, had it been really undertaken? Kate's heart fluttered intensely at the bare notion of seeing him again in Vivian-street. He would come—she felt—with a sort of claim upon her!—And he made his desired and dreaded appearance some days afterward quite unexpectedly. Kate was playing on the piano and did not hear his knock; so that he was actually in the drawing-room before she was aware of his being in London, or had formed the slightest expectation of such a thing.

"Heavens, Mr. Delamere!—Is it you!" she stammered, rising from the piano, her face having suddenly become pale.

"Ay, sweet Kate—unless I am become some one else, as—the rejected of Yatton!"—he replied fondly, as he grasped her hands fervently in his own, and led her to the sofa.

"Do n't—do n't—Mr. Delamere!"—said she faintly, striving to release one of her hands, which she instantly placed before her eyes to conceal her rising and violent emotion. Her brother and Mrs. Aubrey considerably came to her relief, by engaging Delamere in conversation. He saw their object; and releasing Miss Aubrey, for the present, from his attentions, soon had entered into a long and very animated account of all his Yatton doings. In spite of herself, as it were, Kate drew near the table, and, engrossed with interest, listened, and joined in the conversation, as if

it had not been actually DELAMERE who was sitting beside her.—He made very light of the little accident of the wounded lip—but as he went on, Kate looked another way, her eyes obstructed with tears, and her very heart yearning toward him. "Oh, Mr. Delamere!"—she suddenly and vehemently exclaimed—"what wretches they were to use you so!"—and then blushed scarlet. Shortly afterward Mr. Aubrey went down-stairs to fetch up one of Doctor Tatham's letters for a particular purpose; and—what will my lady readers say?—I—in fact, it is useless mincing matters,—Delamere, who was sitting next to Kate, thought that no time was like the present—she never looked so beautiful—he threw his arms round her, and kissed her white forehead half-a-dozen times—

"Fie, fie, Mr. Delamere!" said Mrs. Aubrey, slightly coloring, but not with a very angry air—"are these the tricks you have learned at Yatton?"

"Pray, Mr. Delamere—I beg—I entreat of you—do n't!"—quoth Kate, striving vehemently to detach his arms from her waist, which she barely succeeded in doing before her brother re-entered the room. The faces of all three of them burned like fire—and if Aubrey suspected anything, he said nothing, but was soon engaged with the letter he had gone in quest of.

"Well—see if I'm not M. P. for Yatton, yet!"—said Delamere, with a confident air, just before he rose to go—"and that within a few weeks, too; and then!"

"Do n't be too sure of that," said Aubrey gravely. "Sure? I've no more doubt of it," replied Delamere briskly, "than I have of our now being in Vivian Street—if there be the slightest pretence to fairness in a committee of the House of Commons. Why, upon my honor, we've got no fewer than eleven distinct, unequivocal!"

"If election committees are to be framed of such people as appear to have been returned!"— \* \* \*

## Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

### THE PROCLAMATION OF KING HENRY.

The following ballad, taking up the story just where it is left in the preceding one, gives us the Proclamation and Coronation of Don Henry, surrounded, from the courtesy of his manners, *El Caballero*, and the grief of Pedro's lovely and unhappy mistress, *Maria de Padilla*. From its structure and versification, I have no doubt it is of much more modern origin than most of those in the first *Cañonero*.

The picture which Maria gives us of Don Pedro, the hero of so many atrocious and tragical stories, is to me very striking. "He was pale of complexion," says the historian; "his features were high and well formed, and stamped with a certain authority of majesty, his hair red, his figure erect, even to stiffness; he was bold and determined in action and in council; his bodily frame sank under no fatigues, his spirit under no weight of difficulty or of danger. He was passionately fond of hawking, and all violent exercises."

In the beginning of his reign, he administered justice among private individuals with perfect integrity. But even then were visible in him the rudiments of those vices which grew with his age, and finally led him to his ruin; such as a general contempt and scorn of mankind, an insatiable tongue, a proud and difficult ear; even to those of his household. These faults were discernible even in his tender years; to them, as he advanced in life, were added avarice, dissolution in luxury, an utter hardness of heart, and a remorseless cruelty."—[*Mariana*, Book xvi. ch. 16.]

The reader who understands the German language, will find almost the whole of Don Pedro's history clothed in a strain of glowing and elegant poetry, in a very recent performance of the Baron de la Motte Fouquet. See his "Bertrand Du Guesclin, historisches rittergedicht."—Leipz., 1822.

I.  
At the feet of Don Henrique now King Pedro dead is lying,  
Not that Henry's might was greater, but that blood to Heaven  
was crying. [breast,  
Though deep the dagger had its sheath within his brother's  
Firm on the frozen throat beneath Don Henry's foot is prest.

II.  
So dark and sullen is the glare of Pedro's lifeless eyes,  
Still half he fears what slumbers there to vengeance may  
arise.  
So stands the brother, on his brow the mark of blood is seen,  
Yet had he not been Pedro's Cain, his Cain had Pedro been.

III.  
Close round the scene of cursed strife, the armed knights  
appear  
Of either band, with silent thoughts of joyfulness or fear;  
All for a space, in silence, the fratricide survey, [may  
Then sudden bursts the mingling voices of triumph and dis-

IV.  
Glad shout on shout from Henry's host ascends unto the sky;  
"God save King Henry—save the King—King Henry!" is  
their cry. [near,  
But Pedro's Barons clasp their brows, in sadness stand they  
Whate'er to others he had been, their friend, lies murder'd  
here.

V.  
The deed, say those, was justly done—a tyrant's soul is sped;  
These ban and curse the traitorous blow, by which a King  
is dead. [people's rights!  
"Now see," cries one, "how Heaven's arm asserts the  
Another—"God will judge the hand that God's anointed  
smites!"—

VI.  
The Lord's vicegerent," quoth a priest, "is sovereign of  
the land, [command."  
And he rebels 'gainst Heaven's behest, that alights his King's  
"Now Heaven be witness, if he sinn'd," thus speaks a gal-  
lant young, [flung;  
"The fault was in Padilla's eye, that o'er him magic

VII.  
"Or if no magic be her blame, so heavenly fair is she,  
The wisest, for so bright a dame, might well a sinner be.  
Let none speak ill of Pedro—No Roderick hath he been;  
He dearly loved fair Spain, although 't is true he slew the  
Queen."

VIII.  
The words he spake they all might hear, yet none vouch-  
safe reply, [is the cry;  
"God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry!"  
While Pedro's liegemen turn aside, their groans are in your  
ear, [ter'd here!"  
"Whate'er to others he hath been, our friend lies slaugh-

IX.  
Nor paltry souls are wanting among King Pedro's band,  
That, now their King is dead, draw near to kiss his mur-  
derer's hand. [eye.  
The false cheek clothes it in a smile, and laughs the hollow  
And wags the traitor tongue the while with flattery's ready  
lie.

X.  
The valor of the King that is—the justice of his cause—  
The blindness and the tyrannies of him the King that was—  
All—all are doubled in their speech, yet truth enough is  
there  
To sink the spirit shivering near, in darkness of despair.

XI.  
The murder of the Master,\* the tender Infants† doom,  
And blessed Blanche's thread of life snapt short in dungeon's  
gloom,  
With tragedies yet unreveal'd, that stain'd the King's abode,  
By lips his bounty should have seal'd are blazon'd black  
abroad.

XII.  
Whom served he most at others cost, most loud they rend  
the sky, [is the cry.  
"God save great Henry—save our King—King Henry!"  
But still, amid too many foes, the grief is in our ear  
Of dead King Pedro's faithful few—"Alas! our lord lies  
here!"—

XIII.  
But others' tears, and others' groans, what are they match'd  
with thine,  
Maria de Padilla—thou fatal concubine!  
Because she is King Henry's slave, the damsel weepeth sore,  
Because she's Pedro's widow'd love, alas! she weepeth  
more.

XIV.  
"O Pedro! Pedro!" hear her cry—"how often did I say  
That wicked counsel and weak trust would haste thy life  
away!"—  
She stands upon her turret top, she looks down from on high,  
Where mantled in his bloody cloak she sees her lover lie.

XV.  
Low lies King Pedro in his blood, while bending down ye  
see [er's knee;  
Caitiffs that trembled ere he spake, crouch'd at his murder-  
They place the sceptre in his hand, and on his head the crown,  
And trumpets clear are blown, and bells are merry through  
the town.

XVI.  
The sun shines bright, and the gay rout with clamors rend  
the sky, [the cry;  
"God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry!" is  
But the pale Lady weeps above, with many a bitter tear,  
Whate'er he was, he was her love, and he lies slaughter'd  
here.

XVII.  
At first, in silence down her cheek the drops of sadness roll,  
But rage and anger come to break the sorrow of her soul;  
The triumph of her haters—the gladness of their cries,  
Enkindle flames of ire and scorn within her tearful eyes.

XVIII.  
In her hot cheek the blood mounts high, as she stands gazing  
down,  
Now on proud Henry's royal state, his robe and golden crown,  
And now upon the trampled cloak that hides not from her  
view  
The slaughter'd Pedro's marble brow, and lips of livid hue.

XIX.  
With furious grief she twists her hands among her long  
black hairs, [tears;  
And all from off her lovely brow the blameless locks she  
She tears the ringlets from her front, and scatters all the  
pearls  
King Pedro's hand had planted among the raven curls.

XX.  
"Stop, caitiff tongues!"—they hear her not—"King Pe-  
dro's love am I." [still they cry.  
They heed her not—"God save the King—great Henry!"  
She rends her hair, she wrings her hands, but none to help  
is near, [der'd here!"  
"God look in vengeance on their deed, my lord lies mur-

XXI.  
Away she flings her garments, her broider'd veil and vest,  
As if they should behold her love within her lovely breast—  
As if to call upon her foes the constant heart to sue,  
Where Pedro's form is still enshrined, and evermore shall be.

XXII.  
But none on fair Maria looks, by none her breast is seen,—  
Save angry Heaven remembering well the murder of the  
Queen, [staunch  
The wounds of jealous harlot rage, which virgin blood must  
And all the scorn that mingled in the bitter cup of Blanche's.

XXIII.  
The utter coldness of neglect that haughty spirit stings,  
As if a thousand fiends were there, with all their flapping  
wings;  
She wraps the veil about her head, as if 'twere all a dream—  
The love—the murder—and the wrath—and that rebellious  
scream;

XXIV.  
For still there's shouting on the plain, and spurring far and  
nigh, [the cry;  
"God save the King—Amen! amen!—King Henry!" is  
While Pedro all alone is left, upon his bloody bier,  
Not one remains to cry to God, "Our lord lies murder'd  
here!"—

\* The Master of the order of St. Iago (see a preceding ballad.)  
† Two young brothers, (sons of his father by Leonora de Guzman)  
who were taken off by Don Pedro, when irritated by the first rebellion  
of Don Enrique of Trastamara.

ALUMINOUS SALTS.—The body of Gen. Wayne, who  
died 30 or 40 years ago, at Erie, Pa., and was buried near  
the Lake, was recently disinterred and removed by his son,  
and was found to be in a very perfect state of preservation.  
Those who had known Gen. Wayne, recognized his fea-  
tures at once. This extraordinary preservation is account-  
ed for in Silliman's Journal, by the fact, that the body had  
been buried in argillaceous soil, strongly impregnated with  
a solution of Alum.—[Albany D. Adv.]

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

## BARNABY RUDGE

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

## CHAPTER XV.

At noon next day, John Willet's guest sat lingering over his breakfast in his own home, surrounded by a variety of comforts, which left the Maypole's highest flight and utmost stretch of accommodation at an infinite distance behind, and suggested comparisons very much to the disadvantage and disfavor of that venerable tavern.

In the broad, old-fashioned window-seat—as capacious as modern sofas, and cushioned to serve the purpose of a luxurious settee—in the broad old-fashioned window-seat of a roomy chamber, Mr. Chester lounged, very much at his ease, over a well furnished breakfast-table. He had exchanged his riding-coat for a handsome morning-gown, his boots for slippers; had been at great pains to atone for the having been obliged to make his toilet when he rose without the aid of dressing-case and tiring equipage; and, having gradually forgotten through these means the discomforts of an indifferent night and an early ride, was in a state of perfect complacency, indolence, and satisfaction.

The situation in which he found himself, indeed, was particularly favorable to the growth of these feelings; for, not to mention the lazy influence of a late and lonely breakfast, with the additional sedative of a newspaper, there was an air of repose about his place of residence peculiar to itself, and which hangs about it, even in these times, when it is more bustling and busy than it was in the days of yore.

There are still, worse places than the Temple, on a sultry day, for basking in the sun or resting idly in the shade. There is yet a drowsiness in its courts, and a dreamy dullness in its trees and gardens; those who pace its lanes and squares may yet hear the echoes of their footsteps on the sounding stones, and read upon its gates, in passing from the tumult of the Strand or Fleet street, "Who enters here leaves noise behind." There is still the splash of falling water in fair Fountain Court, and there are yet nooks and corners where dun-haunted students may look down from their dusty garrets, on a vagrant ray of sunlight patching the shade of the tall houses, and seldom troubled to reflect a passing stranger's form. There is yet, in the Temple, something of a clerkly monkish atmosphere, which public offices of law have not disturbed, and even legal firms have failed to scare away. In summer time, its pumps suggest to thirsty idlers, springs cooler, and more sparkling, and deeper than other wells; and as they trace the spillings of full pitchers on the heated ground, they snuff the freshness, and, sighing, cast sad looks toward the Thames, and think of baths and bays, and saunter on, despondent.

It was in a room in Paper Buildings—a row of goodly tenements, shaded in front by ancient trees, and looking, at the back, upon Temple Gardens—that this, our idler, lounged; now taking up again the paper he had laid down a hundred times; now trifling with the fragments of his meal; now pulling forth his golden toothpick, and glancing leisurely about the room, or out at window into the trim garden-walks, where a few early loiterers were already pacing to and fro. Here a pair of lovers met to quarrel and make up; there a dark-eyed nursery maid had better eyes for Templars than her charge; on this hand an ancient spinster, with her lapdog in a string, regarded both enormities with scornful sidelong looks; on that a weazen old gentleman, ogling the nursery maid, looked with like scorn upon the spinster, and wondered she did not know she was no longer young. Apart from all these, on the river's margin, two or three couple of business-talkers walked slowly up and down in earnest conversation; and one young man sat thoughtfully on a bench, alone.

"Ned is amazingly patient!" said Mr. Chester, glancing at this last named person as he set down his teacup and plied the golden toothpick, "immensely patient! He was sitting yonder when I began to dress, and has scarcely changed his posture since. A most eccentric dog!"

As he spoke, the figure rose, and came toward him with a rapid pace.

"Really, as if he had heard me," said the father, resuming his newspaper with a yawn. "Dear Ned!"

Presently the room-door opened, and the young man entered; to whom his father gently waved his hand, and smiled.

"Are you at leisure for a little conversation, sir?" said Edward.

"Surely, Ned. I am always at leisure. You know my constitution. Have you breakfasted?"

"Three hours ago."

"What a very early dog!" cried his father, contemplating him from behind the toothpick, with a languid smile.

"The truth is," said Edward, bringing a chair forward, and seating himself near the table, "that I slept but ill last night, and was glad to rise. The cause of my uneasiness cannot but be known to you, sir; and it is upon that, I wish to speak."

"My dear boy," returned his father, "confide in me, I beg. But you know my constitution—don't be prosy, Ned."

"I will be plain, and brief," said Edward.

"Do not say you will, my good fellow," returned his father, crossing his legs, "or you certainly will not. You are going to tell me—"

"Plainly this, then," said the son, with an air of great concern, "that I know where you were last night—from being on the spot, indeed—and whom you saw, and what your purpose was."

"You do not say so!" cried his father. "I am delighted to hear it. It saves us the worry, and terrible wear and tear of a long explanation, and is a great relief for both. At the very house! Why did not you come up? I should have been charmed to see you."

"I knew that what I had to say would be better said after a night's reflection, when both of us were cool," returned the son.

"Fore Gad, Ned," rejoined the father, "I was cool enough last night. That detestable Maypole! By some infernal contrivance of the builder, it holds the wind, and

keeps it fresh. You remember the sharp east wind that blew so hard five weeks ago? I give you my honor it was rampant in that old house last night, though out of doors there was a dead calm. But you were saying—"

"I was about to say, Heaven knows how seriously and earnestly, that you have made me wretched, sir. Will you hear me gravely for a moment?"

"My dear Ned," said his father, "I will hear you with the patience of an anchorite. Oblige me with the milk." "I saw Miss Haredeale last night," Edward resumed, when he had complied with this request; "her uncle, in her presence, immediately after your interview, and, as of course you know, in consequence of it, so bade me the house, and, with circumstances of indignity, which are of your creation I am sure, commanded me to leave it on the instant."

"For his manner of doing so, I give you my honor, Ned, I am not accountable," said his father. "That you must excuse. He is a mere boor, a log, a brute, with no address in life.—Positively a fly in the jug. The first I have seen this year."

Edward rose, and paced the room. His imperturbable parent sipped his tea.

"Father," said the young man, stopping at length before him, "we must not trifle in this matter. We must not deceive each other, or ourselves. Let me pursue the manly open part I wish to take, and do not repel me by this unkind indifference."

"Whether I am indifferent or no," returned the other, "I leave you, my dear boy, to judge. A ride of twenty-five or thirty miles, through many roads—a Maypole dinner—a tête-à-tête with Haredeale, which, vanity apart, was quite a Valentine and Orson business—a Maypole bed—a Maypole landlord, and a Maypole retinue of idiots and centaurs—whether the voluntary endurance of these things looks like indifference, dear Ned, or like the excessive anxiety, and devotion, and all that sort of thing, of a parent, you shall determine for yourself."

"I wish you to consider, sir," said Edward, "in what a cruel situation I am placed. Loving Miss Haredeale as I do—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted his father with a compassionate smile, "you do nothing of the kind. You do not know anything about it. There is no such thing, I assure you. Now, do take my word for it. You have good sense, Ned—great good sense. I wonder you should be guilty of such amazing absurdities. You really surprise me."

"I repeat," said his son firmly, "that I love her. You have interposed to part us, and have, to the extent I have just now told you of, succeeded. May I induce you, sir, in time, to think more favorably of our attachment, or is it your intention and your fixed design to hold us asunder if you can?"

"My dear Ned," returned his father, taking a pinch of snuff and pushing his box toward him, "that is my purpose, most undoubtedly."

"The time that has elapsed," rejoined his son, "since I began to know her worth, has flown in such a dream that until now I have hardly once paused to reflect upon my true position. What is it? From childhood I have been accustomed to luxury and idleness, and have been bred as though my fortune were large, and my expectations almost without a limit. The idea of wealth has been familiarized to me from my cradle. I have been taught to look upon those means, by which men raise themselves to riches and distinction, as being beyond my heading, and beneath my care. I have been, as the phrase is, liberally educated, and am fit for nothing. I find myself at last wholly dependent upon you, with no resource but in your favor. In this momentous question of my life we do not, and it would seem we never can, agree. I have shrunk instinctively alike from those to whom you have urged me to pay court, and from the motives of interest and gain which have rendered them in your eyes visible objects for my suit. If there never has been such much plain-speaking between us before, sir, the fault has not been mine, indeed. If I seem to speak too plainly now, it is, believe me, father, in the hope that there may be a franker spirit, a worthier reliance, and a kinder confidence between us in time to come."

"My good fellow," said his smiling father, "you quite affect me. Go on, my dear Edward, I beg. But remember your promise. There is great earnestness, vast candor, a manifest sincerity in all you say, but I fear I observe the faintest indications of a tendency to prose."

"I am very sorry, sir."

"I am very sorry too, Ned, but you know that I cannot fix my mind for any long period upon one subject. If you'll come to the point at once, I'll imagine all that ought to go before, and conclude it said. Oblige me with the milk again. Listening, invariably makes me feverish."

"What I would say, then, tends to this," said Edward. "I cannot bear this absolute dependence, sir, even upon you. Time has been lost and opportunity thrown away, but I am yet a young man, and may retrieve it. Will you give me the means of devoting such abilities and energies as I possess, to some worthy pursuit? Will you let me try to make for myself an honorable path in life? For any term you please to name—say for five years if you will—I will pledge myself to move no further in the matter of our difference without your full concurrence. During that period, I will endeavor earnestly and patiently, if ever you did, to open some prospect for myself, and free you from the burden you fear I should become if I married one whose worth and beauty are her chief endowments. Will you do this, sir? At the expiration of the term agreed upon, let us discuss this subject again. Till then, unless it is revived by you, let it never be renewed between us."

"My dear Ned," returned his father, laying down the newspaper at which he had been glancing carelessly, and throwing himself back in the window-seat, "I believe you know how very much I dislike what are called family affairs, which are only fit for plebeian Christmas days, and have no manner of business with people of our condition. But as you are proceeding upon a mistake, Ned—altogether upon a mistake—I will conquer my repugnance to entering on such matters, and give you a perfectly plain and candid answer, if you will do me the favor to shut the door."

Edward having obeyed him, he took an elegant little knife from his pocket, and paring his nails, continued: "You have to thank me, Ned, for being of good family;

for your mother, charming person as she was, and almost broken-hearted, and so forth, as she left me, when she was prematurely compelled to become immortal—had nothing to boast of in that respect."

"Her father was at least an eminent lawyer, sir," said Edward.

"Quite right, Ned; perfectly so. He stood high at the bar, had a great name and great wealth, but having risen from nothing—I have always closed my eyes to the circumstance, and steadily resisted its contemplation, but I fear his father dealt in pork, and that his business did once involve cow-hell and sausages—he wished to marry his daughter into a good family. He had his heart's desire, Ned. I was a younger son's younger son, and I married her. We each had our object and gained it. She stepped at once into the politest and best circles, and I stepped into a fortune which I assure you was very necessary to my comfort—quite indispensable. Now, my good fellow, that fortune is among the things that have been. It is gone, Ned, and has been gone—how old are you? I always forget."

"Seven-and-twenty, sir."

"Are you indeed?" cried his father, raising his eyelids in a languishing surprise. "So much! Then I should say, Ned, that as nearly as I remember, its skirts vanished from human knowledge about eighteen or nineteen years ago. It was about that time when I came to live in these chambers (once your grandfather's, and bequeathed by that extremely respectable person to me), and commenced to live upon an inconsiderable annuity and my part-reputation."

"You are jesting with me, sir," said Edward.

"Not in the slightest degree, I assure you," returned his father, with great composure. "These family topics are so extremely dry, that I am sorry to say they do not admit of any such relief. It is for that reason, and because they have an appearance of business, that I dislike them so very much. Well! You know the rest. A son, Ned, unless he is old enough to be a companion—that is to say, unless he is some two or three and twenty—is not the kind of thing to have about one. He is a restraint upon his father, his father is a restraint upon him, and they make each other mutually uncomfortable. Therefore, until within the last four years or so—I have a poor memory for dates, and if I mistake, you will correct me in your own mind—you pursued your studies at a distance, and picked up a great variety of accomplishments. Occasionally we passed a week or two together here, and disconcerted each other as only such near relations can. At last you came home. I candidly tell you, my dear boy, that if you had been awkward and overgrown, I should have exported you to some distant part of the world."

"I wish with all my soul you had, sir," said Edward.

"No you do not, Ned," rejoined his father, coolly; "you are mistaken, I assure you. I found you a handsome, prepossessing, elegant fellow, and I threw you into the society I can still command. Having done that, my dear fellow, I consider that I have provided for you in life, and rely on your doing something to provide for me in return."

"I do not understand your meaning, sir."

"My meaning, Ned, is obvious—I observe another fly in the cream-jug, but have the goodness not to take it out as you did the first, for their walk when their legs are milky, is extremely ungraceful and disagreeable—my meaning is, that you must do as I did; that you must marry well and make the most of yourself."

"A mere fortune-hunter!" cried the son, indignantly.

"What in the devil's name, Ned, would you be?" returned the father. "All men are fortune-hunters, are they not? The law, the church, the court, the camp—see how they are all crowded with fortune-hunters, jostling each other in the pursuit. The Stock-Exchange, the pulpit, the counting-house, the royal drawing room, the Senate—what but fortune-hunters are they filled with? A fortune-hunter! Yes. You are one; and you would be nothing else, my dear Ned, if you were the greatest courtier, lawyer, legislator, prelate, or merchant, in existence. If you are squeamish and moral, Ned, console yourself with the reflection, that at the worst your fortune-hunting can make but one person miserable or unhappy. How many people do you suppose these other kinds of huntsmen crush in following their sport—hundreds at a step? Or thousands?"

The young man leant his head upon his hand, and made no answer.

"I am quite charmed," said the father, rising, and walking slowly to and fro—stopping now and then to glance at himself in a mirror, or survey a picture through his glass, with the air of a connoisseur, "that we have had this conversation, Ned, unpromising as it was. It establishes a confidence between us which is quite delightful, and was certainly necessary, though how you can ever have mistaken our position or designs, I must confess I cannot understand. I conceived, until I found your fancy for this girl, that all these points were tacitly agreed upon between us."

"I knew you were embarrassed, sir," returned the son, raising his head for a moment, and then falling into his former attitude, "but I had no idea we were the beggarly wretches you describe. How could I suppose it, bred as I have been; witnessing the life you have always led; and the appearance you have always made?"

"My dear child," said the father—"for you really talk so like a child that I must call you one—you were bred upon a careful principle; the very manner of your education, I assure you, maintained my credit surprisingly. As to the life I lead, I must lead it, Ned—I must have these little refinements about me. I have always been used to them, and I cannot exist without them. They must surround me, you observe, and therefore they are here. With regard to our circumstances, Ned, you may set your mind at rest upon that score. They are desperate. Your own appearance is by no means despicable, and our joint pocket-money alone devours our income. That's the truth."

"Why have I never known this before? Why have you encouraged me, sir, to an expenditure and mode of life to which we have no right or title?"

"My good fellow," returned his father more compassionately than ever, "if you made no appearance, how could you possibly succeed in the pursuit for which I destined you? As to our mode of life, every man has a right to live in the best way he can; and to make himself as comfortable as he can, or he is an unnatural scoundrel."



Our debts, I grant, are very great, and therefore it the more behoves you, as a young man of principle and honor, to pay them off as speedily as possible."

"The villain's part," muttered Edward, "that I have unconsciously played! I to win the heart of Emma Har-dale! I would, for her sake, I had died first!"

"I am glad you see, Ned," returned his father, "how perfectly self-evident it is, that nothing can be done in that quarter. But apart from this, and the necessity of your speedily bestowing yourself on another (as you know you could to-morrow, if you chose), I wish you'd look upon it pleasantly. In a religious point of view, alone, how could you ever think of uniting yourself to a Catholic, unless she was amazingly rich? You ought to be so very Protestant, coming of such a Protestant family as you do. Let us be moral, Ned, or we are nothing. Even if one could set that object aside, which is impossible, we come to another which is quite conclusive. The very idea of marrying a girl whose father was killed, like meat! Good God, Ned, how disagreeable! Consider the impossibility of having any respect for your father-in-law, under such unpleasant circumstances—think of his having been 'viewed' by jurors, and 'sat upon' by coroners, and of his very doubtful position in the family ever afterwards. It seems to me such an delicate sort of thing that I really think the girl ought to have been put to death by the state to prevent its happening. But I leave you perhaps. You would rather be alone? My dear Ned, most willingly. God bless you. I shall be going out presently, but we shall meet to-night, or if not to-night, certainly to-morrow. Take care of yourself in the mean time, for both our sakes. You are a person of great consequence to me, Ned—of vast consequence indeed. God bless you!"

With these words, the father, who had been arranging his cravat in the glass, while he uttered them in a disconnected careless manner, withdrew, humming a tune as he went. The son, who had appeared so lost in thought as not to hear or understand them, remained quite still and silent. After the lapse of half an hour or so, the elder Chester, gaily dressed, went out. The younger still sat with his head resting on his hands, in what appeared to be a kind of stupor.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A series of pictures representing the streets of London in the night, even at the comparatively recent date of this tale, would present to the eye something so very different in character from the reality which is witnessed in these times, that it would be difficult for the beholder to recognise his most familiar walks, in the altered aspect of little more than half a century ago.

They were, one and all, from the broadest and best to the narrowest and least frequented, very dark. The oil and cotton lamps, though regularly trimmed twice or thrice in the long winter nights, burnt feebly at the best; and at a late hour, when they were unassisted by the lamps and candles in the shops, cast but a narrow track of doubtful light upon the footway, leaving the projecting doors and horse-fronts in the deepest gloom. Many of the courts and lanes were left in total darkness; those of the meaner sort, where one glimmering light twinkled for a score of houses, being favored in no slight degree. Even in these places, the inhabitants had often good reason for extinguishing their lamp as soon as it was lighted; and the watch being utterly inefficient and powerless to prevent them, they did so at their pleasure. Thus, in the lightest thoroughfares, there was at every turn some obscure and dangerous spot whither a thief might fly for shelter, and few would care to follow; and the city being belted round by fields, green lanes, waste grounds, and lonely roads, dividing it at that time from the suburbs that have joined it since, escape, even where the pursuit was hot, was rendered easy.

It is no wonder that with these favoring circumstances in full and constant operation, street robberies, often accompanied by cruel wounds, and not unfrequently by loss of life, should have been of nightly occurrence in the very heart of London, or that quiet folks should have had great dread of traversing its streets after the shops were closed. It was not unusual for those who wended home alone at midnight to keep the middle of the road, the better to guard against surprise from lurking footpads; few would venture to repair at a late hour to Kentish Town or Hampstead, or even to Kensington or Chelsea, unarmed and unattended; while he who had been loudest and most valiant at the supper-table or the tavern, and had but a mile or so to go, was glad to see a link-boy to escort him home.

There were many other characteristics—not quite so disagreeable—about the thoroughfares of London then, with which they had been long familiar. Some of the shops, especially those to the eastward of Temple Bar, still adhered to the old practice of hanging out a sign; and the creaking and swinging of these boards in their iron frames on windy nights, formed a strange and mournful concert for the ears of those who lay awake in bed or hurried through the streets. Long stands of hackney-chairs and groups of chairmen, compared with whom the coachmen of our day are gentle and polite, obstructed the way and filled the air with clamor; night-cellars, indicated by a stream of light crossing the pavement, and stretching out half way into the road, and by the stifled roar of voices from below, yawned for the reception and entertainment of the most abandoned of both sexes; under every shed and bulk small groups of link-boys gamed away the earnings of the day; or one more weary than the rest, gave way to sleep, and let the fragments of his torch fall hissing on the puddled ground.

Then there was the watch with staff and lantern crying the hour, and the kind of weather; and those who woke up at his voice and turned them round in bed, were glad to hear it rained, or snowed, or blew, or froze, for very comfort's sake. The solitary passenger was startled by the chairmen's cry of "By your leave there!" as two came trotting past him with their empty vehicle—carried backward to show its being disengaged—and hurried to the nearest stand. Many a private chair too, inclosing some fine lady, monstrously hooped and furbelowed, and preceded by running-footmen bearing flambeaux—for which extinguishers are yet suspended before the doors of a few houses of the better sort—made the way gay and light as it danced along, and darker and more dismal when it had passed. It was not unusual for these running gentry, who carried it with a very high hand, to quarrel in the servants' hall while waiting for their masters and mistresses; and,

falling to blows either there or in the street without, to strew the place of skirmish with hair-powder, fragments of bag-wigs, and scattered nosegays. Gaming, the vice which ran so high among all classes (the fashion being of course set by the upper), was generally the cause of these disputes; for cards and dice were as openly used, and worked as much mischief, and yielded as much excitement below stairs as above. While incidents like these, arising out of drums and masquerades, and parties at quadrille, were passing at the west end of the town, heavy stage-coaches and scarce heavier wagons were lumbering slowly toward the city, the coachmen, guard, and passengers, armed to the teeth, and the coach—a day or so, perhaps, behind its time, but that was nothing—despoiled by highwaymen; who made no scruple to attack, alone and single-handed, a whole caravan of goods and men, and sometimes shot a passenger or two, and were sometimes shot themselves, just as the case might be. On the morrow, rumors of this new act of daring on the road yielded matter for a few hours' conversation through the town, and a Public Progress of some fine gentleman (half drunk) to Tyburn, dressed in the newest fashion, and damning the ordinary with unspeakable gallantry and grace, furnished to the populace at once a pleasant excitement and a wholesome and profound example.

Among all the dangerous characters, who, in such a state of society, prowled and skulked in the metropolis at night, there was one man, from whom many an unthought and fierce as he, shrunk with an involuntary dread. Who he was, or whence he came, was a question often asked, but which none could answer. His name was unknown, he had never been seen until within eight days or thereabouts, and was equally a stranger to the old ruffians, upon whose haunts he ventured fearlessly, as to the young. He could be no spy, for he never removed his slouched hat to look about him, entered into conversation with no man, heeded nothing that passed, listened to no discourse, regarded nobody that came or went. But so surely as the dead of night set in, so surely this man was in the midst of the loose concourse in the night-cellar where outcasts of every grade resorted; and there he sat till morning.

He was not only a spectre at their licentious feasts; a something in the midst of their revelry and riot that chilled and haunted them; but out of doors he was the same. Directly it was dark, he was abroad—never in company with any one, but always alone; never lingering or loitering, but always walking swiftly; and looking (so they said who had seen him,) over his shoulder from time to time, and as he did so quickening his pace. In the fields, the lanes, the roads, in all quarters of the town—east, west, north, and south—that man was seen gliding on, like a shadow. He was always hurrying away. Those who encountered him, saw him steal past, caught sight of the backward glance, and so lost him in the darkness.

This constant restlessness and flitting to and fro gave rise to strange stories. He was seen in such distant and remote places, at times so nearly tallying with each other, that some doubted whether there were not two of them, or more—some, whether he had not unearthly means of traveling from spot to spot. The footpad hiding in a ditch had marked him passing like a ghost along its brink; the vagrant had met him on the dark high-road; the beggar had seen him pause upon the bridge to look down upon the water, and then sweep on again; they who dealt in bodies with the surgeons could swear he slept in church-yards, and that they had beheld him glide away among the tombs, on their approach. And as they told these stories to each other, one who had looked about him would pull his neighbor by the sleeve, and there he would be among them.

At last, one man—he was of those whose commerce lay among the graves—resolved to question this strange companion. Next night, when he had eat his poor meal voraciously, (he was accustomed to do that, they had observed, as though he had no other in the day,) this fellow sat down at his elbow.

"A black night, master!"

"It is a black night."

"Blacker than last, though that was pitchy, too. Did n't I pass you near the turnpike, in the Oxford road?"

"It 'slike you may. I do n't know."

"Come, come, master," cried the fellow, urged on by the looks of his comrades, and slapping him on the shoulder; "be more companionable and communicative. Be more the gentleman in this good company. There are tales among us that you have sold yourself to the devil, and I know not what."

"We all have, have we not?" returned the stranger, looking up. "If we were fewer in number, perhaps he would give better wages."

"It goes rather hard with you, indeed," said the fellow, as the stranger disclosed his haggard unwashed face, and torn clothes. "What of that? Be merry, master. A stave of a roaring song now—"

"Sing you, if you desire to hear one," replied the other, shaking him roughly off; "and do n't touch me, if you're a prudent man; I carry arms which go off easily—they have done so before now—and make it dangerous for strangers who do n't know the trick of them, to lay hands upon me."

"Do you threaten?" said the fellow.

"Yes," returned the other, rising and turning upon him, and looking fiercely round as if in apprehension of a general attack.

His voice, and look, and bearing—all expressive of the wildest recklessness and desperation—daunted while they repelled the bystanders. Although in a very different sphere of action now, they were not without much of the effect they had wrought at the Maypole Inn.

"I am what you all are, and live as you all do," said the man sternly, after a short silence. "I am in hiding here like the rest, and if we were surprised, would perhaps do my part with the best of ye. If it 's my humor to be left to myself, let me have it. Otherwise"—and here he swore a tremendous oath—"there 'll be mischief done in this place, though there are odds of a score against me."

A low murmur, having its origin perhaps in the dread of the man and the mystery that surrounded him, or perhaps in a sincere opinion on the part of some of those present, that it would be an inconvenient precedent to meddle too curiously with a gentleman's private affairs, if he saw reason to conceal them, warned the fellow who had occasioned this discussion that he had best pursue it no further. After a

short time, the strange man lay down upon a bench to sleep, and when they thought of him again, they found that he was gone.

Next night, as soon as it was dark, he was abroad again and traversing the streets; he was before the locksmith's house more than once, but the family were out, and it was close shut. This night he crossed London bridge and passed into Southwark. As he glided down a bye street, a woman, with a little basket on her arm, turned into it at the other end. Directly he observed her, he sought the shelter of an archway, and stood aside until she had passed. Then he emerged cautiously from his hiding-place, and followed.

She went into several shops to purchase various kinds of household necessaries, and round every place at which she stopped he hovered like her evil spirit; following her when she re-appeared. It was nigh eleven o'clock, and the passengers in the streets were thinning fast, when she turned, doubtless to go home. The phantom still followed her.

She turned into the same bye street in which he had seen her first, which, being free from shops, and narrow, was extremely dark. She quickened her pace here, as though distrustful of being stopped, and robbed of such trifling property as she carried with her. He crept along on the other side of the road. Had she been gifted with the speed of wind, it seemed as if his terrible shadow would have tracked her down.

At length the widow, for she it was, reached her own door, and, panting for breath, paused to take the key from her basket. In a flush and glow, with the haste she had made, and the pleasure of being safe at home, she stooped to draw it out, when, raising her head, she saw him standing silently beside her; the apparition of a dream.

His hand was on her mouth, but that was needless, for her tongue clove to its roof, and the power of utterance was gone. "I have been looking for you many nights. Is the house empty? Answer me. Is any one inside?"

She could only answer by a rattle in her throat.

"Make me a sign."

She seemed to indicate that there was no one there. He took the key, unlocked the door, carried her in, and secured it carefully behind them.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It was a chilly night, and the fire in the widow's parlor had burnt low. Her strange companion placed her in a chair, and stooping down before the half-extinguished ashes, raked them together and fanned them with his hat. From time to time he glanced at her over his shoulder, as though to assure himself of her remaining quiet and making no effort to depart; and that done, busied himself about the fire again.

It was not without reason that he took these pains, for his dress was dank and drenched with wet, his jaws rattled with cold, and he shivered from head to foot. It had rained hard during the previous night, and for some hours in the morning, but since noon it had been fine. Wheresoever he had passed the hours of darkness, his condition sufficiently betokened that many of them had been spent beneath the open sky. Besmeared with mire; his saturated clothes clinging with a damp embrace about his limbs; his beard unshaven, his face unwashed, his meagre cheeks worn into deep hollows—a more miserable wretch could hardly be, than this man who now cowered down upon the widow's hearth, and watched the struggling flame with bloodshot eyes.

She had covered her face with her hands, fearing, as it seemed, to look toward him. So they remained for some short time in silence. Glancing round again, he asked at length:

"Is this your house?"

"It is. Why, in the name of Heaven, do you darken it?"

"Give me meat and drink," he answered, sullenly, "or I dare do more than that. The very marrow in my bones is cold, with wet and hunger. I must have warmth and food, and I will have them here."

"You were the robber on the Chigwell road."

"I was."

"And nearly a murderer then."

"The will was not wanting. There was one came upon me and raised the hue-and-cry, that it would have gone hard with, but for his nimbleness. I made a thrust at him."

"You thrust your sword at him?" cried the widow. "Oh God, you bear this man! you hear and saw!"

He looked at her, as with her head thrown back, and her hands tight clenched together, she uttered these words in an agony of appeal. Then, starting to his feet as she had done, he advanced toward her.

"Beware!" she cried in a suppressed voice, whose firmness stopped him midway. "Do not so much as touch me with a finger, or you are lost; body and soul, you are lost!"

"Hear me," he replied, menacing her with his hand. "I, that in the form of a man live the life of a hunted beast; that in the body am a spirit, a ghost upon the earth, a thing from which all creatures shrink, save those cursed beings of another world, who will not leave me; I am, in my deprecation of this night, past all fear but that of the hell in which I exist from day to day. Give the alarm, cry out, refuse to shelter me. I will not hurt you. But I will not be taken alive; and so sure as you threaten me above your breath, I fall a dead man on this floor. The blood with which I sprinkle it, be on you and yours, in the name of the Evil Spirit that tempts me to their ruin!"

As he spoke, he took a pistol from his breast, and firmly clutched it in his hand.

"Remove this man from me, good Heaven!" cried the widow. "In thy grace and mercy, give him one minute's penitence, and strike him dead!"

"It has no such purpose," he said, confronting her. "It is deaf. Give me to eat and drink, lest I do that, it cannot help my doing, and will not do for you."

"Will you leave me, if I do thus much? Will you leave me and return no more?"

"I will promise nothing," he rejoined, seating himself at the table, "nothing but this—I will execute my threat if you betray me."

She rose at length, and going to a closet or pantry in the room, brought out some fragments of cold meat and bread and put them on the table. He asked for brandy, and for water. These she produced likewise; and he ate and drank with the voracity of a famished hound. All the time he was so engaged she kept at the uttermost distance

of the chamber, and sat there shuddering, but with her face toward him. She never turned her back upon him once: and although when she passed him (as she was obliged to do in going to and from the cupboard) she gathered the skirts of her garment about her, as if even its touching his by chance were horrible to think of, still, in the midst of all this dread and terror, she kept her face directed to his own, and watched his every movement.

His repast ended—if that can be called one, which was a mere ravenous satisfying of the calls of hunger—he moved his chair toward the fire again, and warming himself before the blaze which had now sprung brightly up, accosted her once more.

"I am an outcast, to whom a roof above his head is often an uncommon luxury, and the food a beggar would reject as delicate fare. You live here at your ease. Do you live alone?"

"I do not," she made answer with an effort.

"Who dwells here besides?"

"One—it is no matter who. You had best begone, or he may find you here. Why do you linger?"

"For warmth," he replied, spreading out his hands before the fire. "For warmth. You are rich, perhaps?"

"Very," said she, faintly. "Very rich. No doubt I am very rich."

"At least you are not penniless. You have some money. You were making purchases to-night."

"I have a little left. It is but a few shillings."

"Give me your purse. You had it in your hand at the door. Give it to me."

She stepped to the table and laid it down. He reached across, took it up, and told the contents into his hand. As he was counting them, she listened for a moment, and sprang toward him.

"Take what there is, take all, take more if more were there, but go before it is too late. I have heard a wayward step without, I know full well. It will return directly. Begone."

"What do you mean?"

"Do not stop to ask. I will not answer. Much as I dread to touch you, I would drag you to the door if I possessed the strength, rather than you should lose an instant. Miserable wretch! fly from this place."

"If there are spies without, I am safer here," replied the man, standing aghast. "I will remain here, and will not fly till the danger is past."

"It is too late!" cried the widow, who had listened for the step, and not to him. "Hark to that foot upon the ground! Do you tremble to hear it! It is my son, my idiot son!"

As she said this wildly, there came a heavy knocking at the door. He looked at her, and she at him.

"Let him come in," said the man, hoarsely. "I fear him less than the dark, houseless night. He knocks again. Let him come in!"

"The dread of this hour," returned the widow, "has been upon me all my life, and I will not. Evil will fall upon him, if you stand eye to eye. My blighted boy! Oh! all good angels who know the truth—hear a poor mother's prayer, and spare my boy from knowledge of this man!"

"He rattles at the shutters!" cried the man. "He calls you. That voice and cry! It was he who grappled with me in the road. Was it he?"

She had sunk upon her knees, and so knelt down, moving her lips, but uttering no sound. As he gazed upon her, uncertain what to do or where to turn, the shutters flew open. He had barely time to catch a knife from the table, sheathe it in the loose sleeve of his coat, hide in the closet, and do all with the lightning's speed, when Barnaby tapped at the bare glass, and raised the sash exultingly.

"Why, who can keep out Grip and me!" he cried, thrusting in his head, and staring round the room. "Are you there, mother? How long you keep us from the fire and the light!"

She stammered some excuse and tendered him her hand. But Barnaby sprang lightly in without assistance, and putting his arms about her neck, kissed her a hundred times.

"We have been afield, mother—leaping ditches, scrambling through hedges, running down steep banks, up and away, and hurrying on. The wind has been blowing, and the rushes and young plants bowing and bending to it, lest it should do them harm, the cowards—and Grip—ha, ha, ha!—brave Grip, who cares for nothing, and when the wind rolls him over in the dust, turns manfully to bite it—Grip, bold Grip, has quarrelled with every little bowing twig—thinking, he told me, that it mocked him—and has worried it like a bull dog. Ha, ha, ha!"

The raven, in his little basket at his master's back, hearing this frequent mention of his name in a tone of exultation, expressed his sympathy by crowing like a cock, and afterward running over his various phrases of speech with such rapidity, and in so many varieties of hoarseness, that they sounded like the murmurs of a crowd of people.

"He takes such care of me besides!" said Barnaby. "Such care, mother! He watches all the time I sleep, and when I shut my eyes, and make-believe to slumber, he practises new learning softly; but he keeps his eye on me the while, and if he sees me laugh, though never so little, stops directly. He won't surprise me till he's perfect."

The raven crowed again in a rapturous manner, which plainly said, "Those are certainly some of my characteristics, and I glory in them." In the meantime Barnaby closed the window and secured it, and coming to the fire-place, prepared to sit down with his face to the closet. But his mother prevented this, by hastily taking that side herself, and motioning him toward the other.

"How pale you are, to-night!" said Barnaby, leaning on his stick. "We have been cruel, Grip, and made her anxious!"

Anxious in good truth, and sick at heart! The listener held the door of his hiding-place open with his hand, and closely watched her son. Grip—alive to every thing his master was unconscious of—had his head out of the basket, and in return was watching him intently with his glistening eye.

"He flaps his wings," said Barnaby, turning almost quickly enough to catch the retreating form and closing door, "as if there were strangers here, but Grip is wiser than to fancy that. Jump, then!"

Accepting this invitation with a dignity peculiar to himself, the bird hopped upon his master's shoulder, from that

to his extended hand, and so to the ground. Barnaby unstrapping the basket and putting it down in a corner with the lid open, Grip's first care was to shut it down with all possible despatch, and then to stand upon it. Believing, no doubt, that he had now rendered it utterly impossible, and beyond the power of mortal man, to shut him up in it any more, he drew a great many corks in triumph, and uttering a corresponding number of hurrahs.

"Mother!" said Barnaby, laying aside his hat and stick, and returning to the chair from which he had risen, "I'll tell you where we've been to-day, and what we have been doing—shall I?"

She took his hand in hers, and holding it, nodded the word she could not speak.

"You mustn't tell," said Barnaby, holding up his finger, "for it's a secret, mind, and only known to me, and Grip, and Hugh. We had the dog with us, but he's not like Grip, clever as he is, and does n't guess it yet, I'll wager. Why do you look behind me so?"

"Did I?" she answered faintly. "I did n't know I did come nearer me."

"You are frightened!" said Barnaby, changing color. "Mother—you do n't see—"

"See what?"

"There's—there's none of this about, is there?" he answered in a whisper, drawing closer to her and clasping the mark upon his wrist. "I'm afraid there is, somewhere. You make my hair stand on end, and my flesh creep. Why do you look like that? Is it in the room as I have seen it in my dreams, dashing the ceiling and the walls with red? Tell me. Is it?"

He fell into a shivering fit as he put the question, and shutting out the light with his hands, sat shaking in every limb until it had passed away. After a time, he raised his head and looked about him.

"Is it gone?"

"There has been nothing here," rejoined his mother, soothing him. "Nothing indeed, dear Barnaby. Look! You see but you and me."

He gazed at her vacantly, and, becoming reassured by degrees, burst into a wild laugh.

"But let us see," he said, thoughtfully, "were we talking? Was it you and me? Where have we been?"

"Nowhere, but here."

"Ay, but Hugh and I," said Barnaby, "—that's it. Maypole Hugh, and I, you know, and Grip—we have been lying in the forest, and among the trees by the road side, with a dark-lantern after night came on, and the dog in a noose, ready to slip him when the man came by."

"What man?"

"The robber; the man that the stars winked at. We have waited for him after dark these many nights, and we shall have him. I'd know him in a thousand. Mother, see here! This is the man. Look!"

He twisted his handkerchief round his head, pulled his hat upon his brow, wrapped his coat about him, and stood up before her: so like the original he counterfeited, that the dark figure peering out behind him might have passed for his own shadow.

"Ha, ha, ha! We shall have him," he cried, ridding himself of the semblance as hastily as he had assumed it. "You shall see him, mother, bound hand and foot, and brought to London at a saddle-girth; and you shall hear of him at Tyburn Tree if we have luck. So Hugh says. You're pale again, and trembling. And why do you look behind me so?"

"It is nothing," she answered. "I am not quite well. Go you to bed, dear, and leave me here."

"To bed!" he answered. "I do n't like bed. I like to lie before the fire, watching the prospects in the burning coals—the rivers, hills, and dells, in the deep, red sunset, and the wild faces. I am hungry, too, and Grip has eaten nothing since broad noon. Let us to supper. Grip! To supper, lad!"

The raven flapped his wings, and, croaking his satisfaction, hopped to the feet of his master, and there held his bill open, ready for snapping up such lumps of meat as he should throw him. Of these he received about a score in rapid succession, without the smallest discomposure.

"That's all," said Barnaby.

"More!" cried Grip. "More!"

But it appearing for a certainty that no more was to be had, he retreated with his store; and disgorging the morsels one by one from his pouch, hid them in various corners—taking particular care, however, to avoid the closet, as being doubtful of the hidden man's propensities and power of resisting temptation. When he had concluded these arrangements, he took a turn or two across the room, with an elaborate assumption of having nothing on his mind (but with one eye hard upon his treasure all the time), and then, and not till then, began to drag it out, piece by piece, and eat it with the utmost relish.

Barnaby, for his part, having pressed his mother to eat, in vain, made a hearty supper too. Once, during the progress of his meal, he wanted more bread from the closet, and rose to get it. She hurriedly interposed to prevent him, and, summoning her utmost fortitude, passed into the recess, and brought it out herself.

"Mother," said Barnaby, looking at her steadfastly as she sat down beside him after doing so; "is to-day my birthday?"

"To-day!" she answered. "Do n't you recollect it was but a week or so ago, and that summer, autumn, and winter, have to pass before it comes again?"

"I remember that it has been so till now," said Barnaby.

"But I think to-day must be my birthday too, for all that."

She asked him why?

"I'll tell you why," he said. "I have always seen you. I did n't let you know it, but I have—on the evening of that day, grow very sad. I have seen you cry when Grip and I were most glad; and look frightened with no reason; and I have touched your hand, and felt that it was cold—as it is now. Once, mother, (on a birthday that was, also,) Grip and I thought of this after we went up stairs to bed, and when it was midnight—striking one o'clock—we came down to your door to see if you were well. You was on your knees. I forget what it was you said. Grip, what was it we heard her say that night?"

"I'm a devil!" rejoined the raven promptly.

"No, no," said Barnaby. "But you said something in a prayer; and when you rose and walked about, you looked

(as you have done ever since, mother, toward night on my birthday) just as you do now. I have found that out, you see, though I am silly. So I say you're wrong; and this must be my birthday—my birthday, Grip!"

The bird received this information with a crow of such duration as a cock, gifted with intelligence beyond all others of his kind, might usher in the longest day with. Then, as if he had well considered the sentiment, and regarded it as apposite to birthdays, he cried, "Never say die!" a great many times, and flapped his wings for emphasis.

The widow tried to make light of Barnaby's remark, and endeavored to divert his attention to some new subject—too easy a task at all times, as she knew. His supper done, Barnaby, regardless of her entreaties, stretched himself on the mat before the fire—Grip perched upon his leg, and divided his time between dozing in the grateful warmth, and endeavoring (as it presently appeared) to recall a new accomplishment he had been studying all day.

A long and profound silence ensued, broken only by some change of position on the part of Barnaby, whose eyes were still wide open and intently fixed upon the fire; or by an effort of recollection on the part of Grip, who would cry in a low voice, from time to time, "Polly put the ket—" and there stop short, forgetting the remainder, and go off in a doze again.

After a long interval, Barnaby's breathing grew more deep and regular, and his eyes were closed. But even then the unquiet spirit of the raven interposed. "Polly put the ket—" cried Grip, and his master was broad awake again.

At length he slept soundly; and the bird with his bill sunk upon his breast, his breast itself puffed into a comfortable aldermanlike form, and his bright eye growing smaller and smaller, really seemed to be subsiding into a state of repose. Now and then he muttered in a sepulchral voice, "Polly put the ket—" but very drowsily, and more like a drunken man than a reflecting raven.

The widow, scarcely venturing to breathe, rose from her seat. The man glided from the closet, and extinguished the candle.

"—tle on," cried Grip, suddenly struck with an idea and very much excited. "—tle on. Hurrah! Polly put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea; Polly put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a ket-tle on, keep up your spirits, never say die. Bow wow wow, I'm a devil, I'm a ket-tle, I'm a—Polly put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea."

They stood rooted to the ground, as though it had been a voice from the grave.

But even this failed to awaken the sleeper. He turned over toward the fire, his arm fell to the ground, and his head drooped heavily upon it. The widow and her unwelcome visitor gazed at him and at each other for a moment, and then she motioned him toward the door.

"Stay," he whispered. "You teach your son well."

"I have taught him nothing that you heard to-night. Depart instantly, or I will rouse him."

"You are free to do so. Shall I rouse him?"

"You dare not do that."

"I dare do anything, I have told you. He knows me well, it seems. At least I will know him."

"Would you kill him in his sleep?" cried the widow, throwing herself between them.

"Woman," he returned between his teeth, as he motioned her aside, "I would see him nearer, and I will. If you want one of us to kill the other, wake him."

With that he advanced, and bending down over the prostrate form, softly turned back the head and looked into the face. The light of the fire was upon it, and its every lineament was revealed distinctly. He contemplated it for a brief space, and hastily arose.

"Observe," he whispered in the widow's ear: "In him, of whose existence I was ignorant until to-night, I have you in my power. Be careful how you use me. Be careful how you use me. I am destitute and starving, and a wanderer upon the earth. I may take a sure and slow revenge."

"There is some dreadful meaning in your words. I do not fathom it."

"There is a meaning in them, and I see you fathom it to its very depth. You have anticipated it for years; you have told me as much. I leave you to digest it. Do not forget my warning."

He pointed, as he left her, to the slumbering form, and stealthily withdrawing, made his way into the street. She fell on her knees beside the sleeper, and remained like one stricken into stone, until the tears which fear had frozen so long, came tenderly to her relief.

"Oh Thou," she cried, "who hast taught me such deep love for this one remnant of the promise of a happy life, out of whose affliction, even, perhaps the comfort springs that he is ever a relying, loving child to me—never growing old or cold at heart, but needing my care and duty in his manly strength as in his cradle-time—help him, in his darkened walk through this sad world, or he is doomed, and my poor heart is broken!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Gliding along the silent streets, and holding his course where they were darkest and most gloomy, the man who had left the widow's house crossed London Bridge, and arriving in the city, plunged into the back ways, lanes, and courts, between Cornhill and Smithfield; with no more fixedness of purpose than to lose himself among their windings and baffle pursuit, if any one were dogging his steps.

It was the dead time of the night, and all was quiet. Now and then a drowsy watchman's footsteps sounded on the pavement, or the lamp-lighter on his rounds went flashing past, leaving behind a little track of smoke mingled with glowing morsels of his hot red link. He hid himself even from these partakers of his lonely walk, and, shrinking in some arch or doorway while they passed, issued forth again when they were gone, and so pursued his solitary way.

To be shelterless and alone in the open country, hearing the wind moan and watching for day through the whole long weary night; to listen to the falling rain, and crouch for warmth beneath the lee of some old barn or rick, or in the hollow of a tree, are dismal things—but not so dismal as the wandering up and down where shelter is, and beds and sleepers are by thousands, a houseless, rejected creature. To pace the echoing stones from hour to hour, counting the dull chimes of the clocks; to watch the lights twinkling in chamber windows, to think what happy forgetfulness each house shuts in; that here are children coiled



together in their beds, here youth, here age, here poverty, here wealth, all equal in their sleep, and all at rest; to have nothing in common with the slumbering world around, not even sleep, heaven's gift to all its creatures, and be akin to nothing but despair; to feel by the wretched contrast with every thing on every hand, more utterly alone and cast away than in a trackless desert—this is a kind of suffering on which the rivers of great cities close full many a time, and which the solitude in crowds alone awakens.

The miserable man paced up and down the streets—so long, so wearisome, so like each other—and often cast a wistful look toward the east, hoping to see the first faint streaks of day. But obdurate night had yet possession of the sky, and his disturbed and restless walk found no relief.

One house in a back street was bright with the cheerful glare of lights; there was the sound of music in it too, and the tread of dancers, and there were cheerful voices, and many a burst of laughter. To this place—to be near something that was awake and glad—he returned again and again; and more than one of those who left it when the merriment was at its height, felt it a check upon their mirthful mood to see him flitting to and fro like an uneasy ghost. At last the guests departed, one and all; and then the house was close shut up, and became as dull and silent as the rest.

His wanderings brought him at one time to the city jail. Instead of hastening from it as a place of ill omen, and one he had cause to shun, he sat down on some steps hard by, and resting his chin upon his hand, gazed upon its rough and frowning walls as though even they became a refuge in his jaded eyes. He paced it round and round, came back to the same spot, and sat down again. He did this often, and once, with a hasty movement, crossed to where some men were watching in the prison lodge, and had his foot upon the steps, as though determined to accost them. But looking round, he saw that the day began to break, and failing in his purpose, turned and fled.

He was soon in the quarter he had lately traversed, and pacing to and fro again as he had done before. He was passing down a mean street, when from an alley close at hand some shouts of revelry arose, and there came straggling forth a dozen madcaps, whooping and calling to each other, who, parting noisily, took different ways in smaller groups.

Hoping that some low place of entertainment which would afford him a safe refuge might be near at hand, he turned into this court when they were all gone, and looked about for a half-opened door, or lighted window, or other indication of the place whence they had come. It was so profoundly dark, however, and so ill-favored, that he concluded they had but turned up there, missing their way, and were pouring out again when he observed them. With this impression, and finding there was no outlet but that by which he had entered he was about to turn, when from a grating near his feet a sudden stream of light appeared, and the sound of talking came. He retreated into a doorway to see who these talkers were, and to listen to them.

The light came to the level of the pavement as he did this, and a man ascended, bearing in his hand a torch. The figure unlocked and held open the grating as for the passage of another, who presently appeared, in the form of a young man of small stature and uncommon self-importance.

"Good night, noble captain," said he with the torch. "Farewell, commander. Good luck, illustrious general!" In return to these compliments, the other bade him hold his tongue, and keep his noise to himself; and laid upon him many similar injunctions, with great fluency of speech and sternness of manner.

"Commend me, captain, to the stricken Miggs," returned the torch-bearer in a lower voice. "My captain flies at higher game than Miggses. Ha, ha, ha! My captain is an eagle, both as respects his eye and soaring wings. My captain breaketh hearts as other bachelors break eggs at breakfast."

"What a fool you are, Stagg!" said Mr. Tappetit, stepping on the pavement of the court, and brushing from his legs the dust he had contracted in his passage upward.

"His precious limbs!" cried Stagg, clasping one of his ankles. "Shall a Miggs aspire to these proportions! No, no, my captain. We will inveigle ladies fair, and wed them in our secret cavern. We will unite ourselves with blooming beauties, captain."

"I'll tell you what, my buck," said Mr. Tappetit, releasing his leg, "I'll trouble you not to take liberties, and not to broach certain questions unless certain questions are broached to you. Speak when you're spoke to on particular subjects, and not otherways. Hold the torch up till I've got to the end of the court, and then kennel yourself, do you hear?"

"I hear you, noble captain."

"Obey then," said Mr. Tappetit, haughtily. "Gentlemen, lead on!" With which word of command (addressed to an imaginary staff or retinue) he folded his arms, and walked with surpassing dignity down the court.

His obsequious follower stood holding the torch above his head, and then the observer saw for the first time, from his place of concealment, that he was blind. Some involuntary motion on his part caught the quick ear of the blind man, before he was conscious of having moved an inch toward him, for he turned suddenly and cried, "Who's there?"

"A man," said the other, advancing. "A friend."

"A stranger?" rejoined the blind man. "Strangers are not my friends. What do you do there?"

"I saw your company come out, and waited here till they were gone. I want a lodging."

"A lodging at this time!" returned Stagg, pointing toward the dawn as though he saw it. "Do you know the day is breaking?"

"I know it," rejoined the other, "to my cost. I have been traversing this iron-hearted town all night."

"You had better traverse it again," said the blind man, preparing to descend, "till you find some lodgings suitable to your taste. I don't let any."

"Stay!" cried the other, holding him by the arm.

"I'll beat this light about that hangdog face of yours (for hangdog it is, if it answers to your voice,) and rouse the neighborhood besides, if you detain me," said the blind man. "Let me go. Do you hear?"

"Do you hear!" returned the other, chinking a few shillings together, and hurriedly pressing them into his hand. "I beg nothing of you. I will pay for the shelter you give me. Death! Is it much to ask of such as you! I have come from the country, and desire to rest where there are none to question me. I am faint, exhausted, worn out, and nearly dead. Let me lie down, like a dog, before your fire. I ask no more than that. If you would be rid of me, I will depart to-morrow."

"If a gentleman has been unfortunate on the road," muttered Stagg, yielding to the other, who, pressing on him, had already gained a footing on the steps—"and can pay for his accommodation—"

"I will pay you with all I have. I am just now past the want of food, God knows, and wish but to purchase shelter. What companion have you below?"

"None."

"Then fasten your grate there, and show me the way. Quick!"

The blind man complied after a moment's hesitation, and they descended together. The dialogue had passed as hurriedly as the words could be spoken, and they stood in his wretched room before he had had time to recover from his first surprise.

"May I see where that door leads to, and what is beyond?" said the man, glancing keenly round. "You will not mind that?"

"I will show you myself. Follow me, or go before. Take your choice."

He bade him lead the way, and, by the light of the torch which his conductor held up for the purpose, inspected all three cellars, narrowly. Assured that the blind man had spoken truth, and that he lived there alone, the visitor returned with him to the first, in which a fire was burning, and flung himself with a deep groan upon the ground before it.

His host pursued his usual occupation without seeming to heed him any further. But directly he fell asleep—and he noted his falling into a slumber, as readily as the keenest-sighted man could have done—he knelt down beside him, and passed his hand lightly but carefully over his face and person.

His sleep was checkered with starts and moans, and sometimes with a muttered word or two. His hands were clenched, his brow bent, and his mouth firmly set. All this, the blind man accurately marked; and, as if his curiosity were strongly awakened, and he had already some inkling of his mystery, he sat watching him, if the expression may be used, and listening, until it was broad day.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1841.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We have been hitherto somewhat remiss in noticing the favors of our Correspondents. Similar neglect will be avoided in future. We shall be grateful for any suggestions, and hold ourselves quite willing to reply to any interrogatories which may be put to us, either concerning matters of fact or matters of taste. Who will send us good detached critical notices of the present exhibition of the National Academy? They must be done in an artist-like style, though not filled with technical expressions.*

*We shall hold ourselves particularly obliged to those who will forward to us intelligence from any part of the United States. All near or distant correspondents who will give us news of importance regularly shall be furnished with the NEW WORLD or, if they prefer it, our daily paper—the EVENING SIGNAL—and further compensation if required.*

### TO THE LADY-READERS OF THE NEW WORLD.

Among the pleasing evidences with which we have, from time to time, been favored by the subscribers to this journal, none have been so gratifying as the letters which have been received from ladies, who have approved our labors, hailed our success, and contributed, by their direct aid, to our advancement. We could, were we at liberty to do so, enumerate instances wherein our lady subscribers, not content with putting their own names upon our lists, have, exerting the influence of their recommendations, sent us other names, which, with their own, we should be proud to publish as proofs of approbation in quarters from which approbation should be most anxiously desired and gratefully received. But since this is, of necessity, denied to us, the least we can do is to express our sense of obligation in this general way, and to ask each of our fair correspondents to appropriate a portion of our gratitude to herself.

The reasons why we have received this species of encouragement is evident to our minds; they exist doubtless as much in what we have avoided as in what we have done. From its incipency to this moment, the New World has never contained an offensive thought or an indelicate allusion—not a line nor a syllable which a modest woman should blush to read. We have shunned coarseness and vulgarity and *double entendre*—the usual staple of prints which live by ministering to the baser appetites of human nature. We have refused to render our columns a Newgate Calendar—a record of crime and error and debasing vice. We have preferred rather to forego the reputation of telling all the news than to publish that which had better remain untold. By this course we have voluntarily yielded support in one direction for good-will and kind approval in another. And these have been extended to us, not less by men of taste

and refinement than by women. Our experiment has triumphantly demonstrated that we felt no unsafe confidence when we threw ourselves upon the virtue and intelligence of the community. It is a fact worthy of mention that THE NEW WORLD, a newspaper which has acquired the immense circulation of TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES a week, (a number stated without exaggeration,) never indulged a vicious taste nor stimulated an unworthy feeling.

Let not this true speaking be called self-flattery. Truth is never flattery. That we speak the truth of this paper, let every number, which has been laid before the public since the 19th of October, 1839, to the present moment, bear indisputable witness. We appeal to our lady-readers; of them we ask confirmation of what we say. Confirmation! Their continued approval is confirmation.

Such, then, being the facts—are we presuming too far, or soliciting too much, when we apply, ladies, directly to yourselves for assistance in carrying out the design of this journal—to print the best literature of a pure and popular character, to print full compends of general intelligence from the old world and the new—avoiding with scrupulous watchfulness all things of which you, as mothers, sisters, wives, would disapprove? If we are not; we pray you favor us, among those who move in the charmed circles of your influence, with your expressed commendations. Every name forwarded to us through your interest, will be especially valued and excite us to fresh efforts to merit the kindness.

We have considered this a fitting occasion, on which to address you immediately; because we have this week the satisfaction to publish a forcible and finely-reasoned essay on the Rights of Woman. The doctrines therein conveyed, we cordially believe, and have, through other channels, though by no means in so original or striking a manner, endeavored to convey. Let the essay be deeply pondered by every woman who respects her sex and who would have it assume that place in the scale of society, of which it has been unjustly deprived by the common law of England, but to which it must, before the lapse of many years, be completely restored by the voice of justice and of common sense. Let it no longer be said by men that they will make use of the very qualities which render women lovely to render them slaves. Not rather let her amiability, her beauty, her weakness, be arguments for her elevation; let her intellect, proved by many glorious examples to be fully equal to that of her master, be allowed to assert her equality; let us be her champions rather than her rulers, and think that we best maintain our own lordliness by acknowledging her independence.

There have appeared, in various quarters, statements and insinuations that Mr. John O. Sargent and Mr. Epes Sargent were in some manner connected with the Evening Signal and the New World. Neither of these gentlemen have the remotest connection with either paper, nor do they influence or control in any manner the paragraphs which appear in their columns. Mr. Epes Sargent retired from the papers in December last, and has not, since that time, been engaged in any way whatsoever as editor or co-editor.

Mr. J. N. REYNOLDS.—This gentleman, after years of active and efficient service in the Whig cause, has opened an office in Wall street, and is now devoting himself to the practice of the law, in which we are confident his talents will win for him rapid advancement and distinction. Mr. Reynolds is one of the most remarkable men of the day. As a writer he is most favorably known to the public by his interesting books of voyages and travels. To his individual enterprise, perseverance and energy of character we are indebted for our South Sea Expedition, which, under the command of Wilkes, has already revealed to science the existence of a new continent.

We have few public speakers amongst us, who in addressing a popular assembly can give such general satisfaction as Mr. Reynolds. He is an admirable debater, and wins his way by appeals to the reason rather than to the imagination and passions of his audience. We should think that before a jury his style of eloquence would be extremely effective. We learn that Mr. Reynolds intends to devote himself more particularly to maritime law, in which, it must be allowed, he is likely to have few competitors. We need not wish success to such men as Reynolds. They have the energy and perseverance to command it sooner or later.

We believe that, if the vote of the citizens of New York could be taken whether or not to break up this practice of moving on May-day, an overpowering majority would record their disapprobation of so inconvenient and expensive a practice. Is it not absurd, on the face of it, that any single day of the year should be set apart by the inhabitants of a great city like this, for a general tumbling out of one set of houses and tumbling into another? Such confusion—such damage—such distraction! They so turmoil the billows of social life that weeks of halcyon calm are required to make them smooth again. "Getting settled" is the thing—what a labor, what an *opus*!

About these times, the city is like a pool, which long suffered to stagnate, is stirred into motion. The most inodorous scents fill the air; the most unsightly objects meet the eye. The streets are covered over with heaps of rubbish and filth; the air is filled with the smoke of musty straw, burning bonfire-wise, here and there and everywhere, and in the night-time surrounded by squads of shouting, dancing, contortionizing, little ragged urchins who, seen through the lurid effulgence of the irregular flames, resemble imps of darkness at their tricks in the absence of some overseeing devil. Cleanliness is not a striking characteristic of Gotham in the best of seasons—shortly before elections when the sweepers are wanted for the polls—nor are the thoroughfares ever quite destitute of the sweepings of the kitchen and the puddle of the sink; but now, about, before and after the first of May, the intense congregated nastiness cannot be mentioned to "ears polite," though scarcely to be avoided by eyes of the most lofty and refined vision.

Cannot these "moving accidents" be avoided? In parliamentary language, we move that the moving on May-day be utterly abolished. Who seconds the motion?

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1841.

It is understood here that Judge Bronson of the Supreme Court of your State has granted a writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of McLeod, and that personage is now probably on his way from Lockport to New-York. It is further stated that on his arrival in New-York a motion will be made by his counsel, Mr. Gardner, for the discharge of McLeod, and that it will probably be granted by the court, and this notable person be discharged, and given safe conduct to St. Johns. These facts come from an authentic source; and as this has been the subject of conversation here for a few days in private circles, I am somewhat surprised at having seen no reference to them in the public journals. The ground upon which McLeod's counsel will ask for his discharge is, that the question is now of an international character purely, since the British Government has distinctly recognized the attack on the Caroline.

General Scott has made a very full report to the President and Secretary of State of all the circumstances connected with the Caroline affair. If McLeod should be discharged the case will be relieved of a very productive source of difficulty and exasperation; but yet it will have a very grave aspect, and we can only hope that two governments, whose sole interest and true glory it is to cultivate peace and harmony, will take care to accommodate the difficulty in an honorable and amicable manner. Thus far there has been no communication between Mr. Fox and Mr. Webster on the subject that has not been perfectly respectful, and friendly in its spirit and tendency.

What a creature is this ALEXANDER McLEOD to have thrown into a flame the bellicose spirits on both sides! Undoubtedly he had no more to do with the attack on the vessel in question than you had. His boast was a *double entendre*, meaning only to boast of his brutal triumph over a young woman named *Caroline*, whom he had seduced!—but giving the impression that he had *boarded the Caroline*. The British officers in Canada express freely the utmost scorn and disgust for this profligate character, while they protest against his seizure and imprisonment, and would not cry out much if he were brought to severe punishment on their own side of the lines.

An extraordinary document made its appearance a few days ago in the *Globe*, signed "Levi Woodbury," and purporting to be a report from the late Secretary of the Treasury to President Van Buren, showing the state of the finances at the close of the late administration. If this thing was *bona fide* made to the President, why was it not communicated to Congress before the close of the session—even on the last day—for their information, and that of the public? But nobody believes it was presented to Mr. Van Buren. It is a pitiful attempt to blind the people to the bare condition in which Mr. Van Buren left the finances. The document has been a topic of conversation in all circles; and every where it has been treated with unmitigated ridicule. As a composition it is about the most cloudy and clumsy that ever came even from Mr. Woodbury. As a statement of finances there is nothing in it, from beginning to end, stated with any degree of exactness and precision. In my next I will present to your readers some facts as to the true state of the finances, which will show very differently from what Mr. Woodbury would have the public believe. Mr. EWING has opened "new books," and the country needs not the assistance of the Ex-Secretary to illumine now his success in keeping dark and producing confusion worse confounded for eight years past.

When Mr. Woodbury finished his speech in defence of Blair and Rives, at the extra session, Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, said, very keenly, "Well, I am quite disappointed in Woodbury. Really he is quite *intelligible*. I confess he never made a report I could understand!"

When John Calhoun was in opposition to Van Buren, he used to denounce, in his fierce way, the "unpenetrable darkness of the Treasury Reports" of Mr. Woodbury;—and this is the gentleman, who, now after the lapse of two months, sends from the hills of New Hampshire, a long, prosy, pointless, contumelious string of conjectures, and "probabilities," and computations to make people believe that the Treasury was left in a most prosperous condition; and the *Globe* proclaims, on the strength of it, that "Mr. Woodbury could carry the Government triumphantly through the year without any additional provision"! Oh! oh!

Mr. GRANGER removed from the Post Office Department yesterday, two clerks, who had been placed there on partisan grounds, and had retained their places by partisan services. Removals, you may expect, will be made from time to time in the offices here, as the evidence of incompetency, or infidelity of trust, or if malversation is presented strong enough for conviction. The reform will certainly be extended to the partisan agents; though it may be more slowly than the Whigs desire.

I perceive that a morning paper in New York contains an attack on the Secretary of War, in the form of a letter from Washington, because he has not removed certain officers in his Department. This blow comes, if I mistake not, from a person who is particularly anxious to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs! There are many applicants for this important and lucrative place; and when some of the many important solicitors clear out from Washington, Mr. Bell will perhaps make the appointment.—*Ver. b. Sap.*

WASHINGTON, May 4th.

It has been customary to talk of WASHINGTON, as an intolerably dull place, in the recess of Congress. I wonder that any body should think so. Far from dull have I ever found it. On the contrary, not half of the enjoyments the place affords can be known, or at least properly appreciated by him who only makes a visit during the session. The crowd of strangers, then, is so great, and the good people of the city are so much taken up with the crowd, and the eternal round of engagements, and balls, and parties and amusements which fill up every hour from the opening of Congress to its close, that little opportunity is there for ripening acquaintance with the most pleasant families into intimacy, or penetrating into the domestic circles of those who, while they shine in the world, are still more delightful when at home and by their own firesides. No city in the Union can boast of more intelligent, highly cultivated or refined society, than that which belongs to Washington proper—I mean the people who live here year in and year out, as contradistinguished from the multifarious assemblage collected here during the session. Now is the time to see them as they are, not in the glare of fashionable life, but in their own quiet and tasteful drawing-rooms, happy in the bosom of their families, or dispensing a simple and elegant hospitality to a few chosen friends. Now the easy and unceremonious morning-call on the person you really wish to see and converse with, is not disturbed by the sudden incursion of half a score of strangers, whom your friend has never seen before and cares not ever to see again, but to whom civilities are to be paid, and visits made, and invitations, of course, given. Now you may have the quiet family dinner, enlivened by the presence of true friends, not mere chance companions, and the sober glass of as good wine as France, Spain, or Germany can afford. Now is the time for the afternoon drive, or ride, or the promenade in the grounds around the Capitol or the White House.

I might go on, and fill this sheet with details demonstrating that Washington is by no means dull, although the "Assembled Wisdom" is not here to illumine it! The recess is rather a relief. The people live more at ease, and are more themselves. Even the Foreign Ministers and their diplomatic families catch the spirit of the times, and mingle more familiarly than ever in the social circle. I tell you if you wish to know what Washington really is, you must spend a recess here as well as a session.

I have frequently had occasion to remark that a taste for simple enjoyments prevails here to a degree which you would scarcely expect to find in a population, exposed for so great a portion of their lives to all the dissipation and excitements of a Metropolis. It was very pleasantly illustrated last evening at the MAY BALL. This is a juvenile festival, which for many years has been celebrated on the evening of the first of May at Carusi's Saloon. It is an occasion on which all social differences are almost entirely thrown aside, and old and young, and all ranks and classes, meet together to enjoy the spectacle of childish loveliness, innocence and mirth. Owing to the late National bereavement, it was not so well attended as in former years. The President and Heads of Departments, and other *ex-officio* leaders of society were missed. Indeed it was at first contemplated to omit the ball altogether. But it is the CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY—it only comes once a year—and why should a shadow be cast upon their young days? They waited, however, until the prescribed month of mourning was over; and made the third, instead of the first, the May Day.

It was a beautiful sight to look upon the young and blushing Queen—a graceful girl with the happy name of May—as she entered the room accompanied by her fair attendants, followed by the smallest and most exquisite of pages, and a long train of infantine Floras. When she reached her throne, the page advanced with a chaplet of snow-white flowers, and the mistress of the ceremonies crowned the Queen. Then came a short poetical address from a very beautiful young girl, to which Her May Majesty replied, and the music rang out, and Floras scattered their fragrant offerings over the steps of the throne. A spirited striding then sought the hand of the Queen and led her out—the maids of honor and Floras were quickly appropriated by other miniature beaux, and in a trice the floor was covered by the most lively and happy dancers the world ever saw!

About nine o'clock, other sets, of a larger growth, took the floor—the children went home to dream over the delights of the evening and to long for the return of May-day—and then the hilarity of the night was kept up to a tolerably late hour.

It has been intimated in certain journals that the despatches from Mr. Fox to his Government, sent by the President, were of such a nature that the loss or delay of that vessel would produce serious inconvenience in regard to the negotiations now pending between the United States and Great Britain. This is erroneous. I have learned that the communications were not of the important character alleged. Before Mr. WEBSTER left the city for Boston, he had some correspondence with Mr. Fox. But their whole intercourse was of a perfectly amicable kind. There is no sensation at all here about our relations with Great Britain. No one in the diplomatic circles, or in any other that I know of, has any apprehension of war, or any uneasiness about the termination of the present difficulties.

Mr. Fox has been somewhat indisposed of late. But he is now much better, and is able to go out.

Mr. Ex-Secretary POINSETT has followed the example of Mr. Woodbury, and published his report to Mr. Van Buren, professing to give an account of matters and things connected with the War Department, as they were at the close of the late Administration. These "dying speeches" are unprecedented at least; but I take it, the public will wait to hear what Mr. Bell may have to say at the Extra Session.

### Literary Notices.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE ART OF WRITING SHORT-HAND, &c. By T. Towndrow.

After an attentive examination of the work of Mr. Towndrow we are inclined to think it exceedingly well adapted to give the learner an insight into the curious and useful art of short-hand writing. In the matter of explanations and examples this treatise is superior to any of its predecessors, and from the numerous and warm testimonials prefixed to the volume by those who have practically tested it, there can be little doubt but the system of Mr. T. is equal if not superior to any ever invented.

Q. The May number of the *Ladies' Companion* is embellished with a steel-engraving that would do no discredit to Finden's Galleries. It is exceedingly beautiful, and is entitled "The Young Chief's First Ride." Such embellishments alone entitle this various and excellently edited magazine to the bountiful patronage with which it is favored. We notice certain typographical improvements in this number, which are indications of the good taste of the proprietor.

The literary merit of the *Ladies' Companion* seems to increase rather than diminish—and, with the editorial labors which are now bestowed upon it, it cannot fail to be pronounced highly creditable to the literature of the country.

Q. We see by the London papers that Thomas Campbell's "Life of Petrarch," which has been so long announced, is at length published. Have you it in press, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard? Or will nothing go down now but Carlyle?

GEORGE W. LIGHT, 1 Cornhill, Boston, has just published a very pleasing little story, embellished with a very poor lithographic frontispiece, entitled "The Tyrolaise Minstrel, or the Romance of Every-day Life. By a lady." 1 vol. duo. pp. 200.

SAXTON AND PIERCE, Boston, and GOULD, NEWMAN AND SAXTON, of New-York, have published a small work, entitled "Musical Anecdotes and Stories. Lives of Haydn and Mozart, written for the young, with sixteen pieces of original and German Music. By the Singing Master." 1 vol. duo. pp. 96.

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have just issued a copious work under the designation of "Celebrated Trials of all countries and remarkable cases of Criminal Jurisprudence, selected by a member of the Philadelphia Bar." 1 vol. oct. pp. 596.

Q. LITTELL & Co., 297 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have published Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature for May. Carvill & Co. are the agents for this city. It comprises some thirty selections from foreign journals. pp. 168.

Q. JAMES MONROE & Co., of Boston, have published "The Christian Examiner and General Review," for the months of May and June. Its contents are six original reviews and four critical notices. pp. 138.

LEA AND BLANCHARD of Philadelphia have published "The History of a Flirt; related by herself—from the second London edition"—a novel in two volumes duo., pp. 215 and 214.

L. A. GODEY issued punctually his Lady's Book for May. Graham's Magazine was punctually issued. ISRAEL POST 88 Bowery, is the agent for New York. Both of these works are monthly embellished with engravings.

### Latest Intelligence.

THE SEASON AND THE CROPS.—The American Farmer says, under this head, "The observation is universal, that so backward a spring was never known. Work of all kinds in the country is two or three weeks behind hand. Many have not yet sown a bushel of oats, nor run a furrow for corn—every farmer being aware that nothing is so destructive as ploughing land when too wet. Wheat, generally, looks tolerably well."

FROM NEW GRENADA.—Advices from New Grenada have been received up to the latter end of February. A decisive battle had been fought between the government troops, under Gen. Herran, and the insurgents, which resulted in the entire discomfiture of the latter, with the loss of 1000 prisoners and a large number killed, several of them chiefs and officers. The insurgents, who are 2000 strong, have been again routed, and it was supposed the rebellious Provinces would soon be reduced to subjection. Hopes were entertained that tranquillity would soon be restored.

BOUNTY ON SILK.—The Legislature of this State has passed an Act allowing a bounty of 15 cents per pound, for all cocoons produced in the State, and 50 cents per pound for the reeled silk. The act is to continue in effect until June 1, 1846.

Q. DEATHS in New York last week, numbered 140; 30 men; 37 women; 43 boys, and 30 girls. Eighteen were over 50, and 40 under 2 years.

FROM THE PACIFIC.—By the ship *Osage*, Capt. Mickle from Valparaiso, letters have been received from the U. S. frigate *Constitution*, dated 27th January, 1841, by which we have intelligence of interest to many readers.

The officers and crew are all well, and since sailing from the United States only four of the five hundred composing the crew of "Old Ironsides" have been overtaken by death. This fact speaks well for the climate—well for the internal police of the ship, and also well for the skill of her medical officers.—[Phil. Nat. Gaz.]

MORE FRESHETS.—The rivers of South Carolina have again overflowed, occasioning a great destruction of stock, &c., along their courses. In some instances one half or two thirds of the cattle and hogs of planters living near the Edisto have been swept away by the flood and lost.



## OFFICIAL.

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Alexander P. Field, to be Secretary for the Territory of Wisconsin.

Robert Tyler, to be Secretary to the President to sign patents.

*Surveyors General.*—James Wilson, for Wisconsin and Iowa.

Silas Reed, for Missouri and Illinois.

*Attorneys.*—Franklin Decker, for the District of Mass.

Thomas W. Sutherland, for the Territory of Wisconsin.

*Marshal.*—John B. Eldridge, for the District of Conn.

*Justice of the Peace.*—Robert Getty, for the county of Washington, in the District of Columbia, (reappointed.)

*Postmasters.*—James W. Coburn, at Maysville, Kentucky. Keiland Tynes, at Macon, Georgia. Robert M. Riddle, at Pittsburgh, Penn. Jonas M. Wheeler, at Canandaigua, New-York. George William Gordon, at Boston, Mass. George Hall, at Brooklyn, New York; Sylvester R. Lyman, at Portland, Maine.

*Surveyors General.*—William Pelham, for the state of Arkansas.

Benjamin A. Ludlowe, for the south District of Tennessee.

*Attorneys of the United States.*—George C. Bates, for the state of Michigan.

Balie Peyton, for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

Joshua A. Spencer, for the Northern District of New-York.

*Marshal.*—Silas M. Stillwell, for the Southern District of New-York.

J. F. Cox, Henry Naylor, Nathan Lufborough, Joshua Prince, Lewis Carbery, John Cox, and Robert White, to be members of the Levy Court for the County of Washington, in the District of Columbia.

*Richard Cox and Samuel Spackman*, to be Appraisers of Merchandise at Philadelphia.

*John B. Dade*, of Virginia, to be Warden of the Penitentiary in the District of Columbia.

*Thomas Sewall and Thomas Donoho*, of Washington, and *Bernard Hoce*, of Alexandria, to be Inspectors of the Penitentiary in the District of Columbia for the year commencing on the 4th instant, when the previous year's commissions expire.

*Virginia Elections.*—Sufficient returns have been received from the Virginia Elections to enable us to form a correct opinion as to the result. The Congressional delegation will stand as follows: Whigs 10; Van Buren men 10; and one 'independent' or no-party man, R. M. T. Hunter; being a Whig gain of two. The State Senate will consist of 17 Whigs and 15 Van Buren men, being a Whig gain of one member. The character of the House of Delegates is not so certain, from there being several members of doubtful politics returned, but the Whigs claim 68, which gives them a majority of two.

*Gale and Loss of Life.*—A violent gale and rain storm took place in Massachusetts bay, on the 30th ult. The sloop Warsaw, Captain Godfrey, from Salem to New York, ran aground near Cohasset, about daylight, and, with her cargo, became a total loss. Captain Godfrey was drowned, but the crew, five in number, were saved by the life-boat, placed at Cohasset by the Humane Society. All the men who were saved were unable to speak.

*Treaty with Portugal.*—The National Intelligencer of the 21st ult. contains a copy, in the English and Portuguese languages, of the treaty of Commerce and Navigation which was concluded at Lisbon on the 26th of August last, between the United States and Portugal; as also, the announcement by authority of the President, that the said treaty has been duly ratified by both powers, and the ratifications exchanged at the city of Washington, on the 23d of April, 1841.

*A Steamer Sunk.*—We have just learned, says the Pittsburgh American, that the steamboat Czar, heavily loaded with merchandise, on her downward trip from this port, has been sunk near Wellsville, by coming in contact with the Tarquin, on her way up. The loss, it is supposed, will be very heavy. The boat and cargo were insured at different offices in this city, to the amount of \$13,000; and the cargo, we understand, more largely in the Philadelphia offices.

*More Freshets.*—Black River, in this State, has been raised to an unusual height by the melting of the snow among the hills of Lewis County. One or two buildings have been swept away as well as a vast quantity of saw logs and timber, and the whole of the dam at Brownsville.

*McLeod.*—Alexander McLeod arrived in this city on Monday morning, in custody of the Sheriff of Niagara county. He comes here by virtue of a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by the Supreme Court, now in session. An application will be made on Thursday for his discharge from custody. Joshua A. Spencer, Esq., U. S. Attorney for the Northern District, and Mr. Gardner of Buffalo are McLeod's counsel, and Mr. Attorney General Hall, and Mr. Wood, District Attorney at Lockport, counsel on behalf of the commonwealth.

*Melancholy Accident.*—The Norfolk Beacon of May 1, says:—Lieut. Wm. B. Lyne, of the U. S. Navy, while on duty on board of the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, during the middle watch on Thursday night, fell from the fore chains overboard and was drowned. His body was dragged for yesterday and was found.

Lieut. Lyne was an accomplished officer, and leaves a wife and child and numerous friends to lament his untimely fate.

*Commerce of Boston.*—During the month of April last, there arrived at the port of Boston, 502 vessels of all descriptions, of which 341 were coastwise, and 138 from foreign ports. During the same period there were 341 clearances, of which 231 were coastwise and 110 foreign.

*St. Louis Fire Company.*—The St. Louis Fire Company have offered a reward of \$300 for the apprehension of the murderers of Jesse Barker and Jacob Weaver. The funeral of the victims was attended by an immense number of the citizens of St. Louis.

## Postscript to Quarto Edition. ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

### Twelve Days later from Europe. IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.

The Steamship Britannia, Capt. Cleland, arrived at Boston on Thursday morning at 2 o'clock, bringing important intelligence from Europe. The affairs with the Chinese Government, the ministerial papers say, are adjusted. The British squadron had reduced two of their forts, and were carrying on hostilities with great activity when the Chinese authorities proposed a cessation. The tea market had been very much depressed, and the London merchants had remonstrated to Lord Palmerston against the treaty of Admiral Elliot. Cotton remained about the same. Flour dull. The money market was variable. Stocks had rather improved.

Nothing had been heard of the steamship President, and the hope of her safety is nearly abandoned. The rate of insurance upon her is 80 per cent.

Tea has greatly declined in consequence of the China news.

The sales of cotton at Liverpool during the week ending April 16th were 26,260 bales, 5,000 for export and 1,500 on speculation. No change in ordinary; the better qualities were in demand for export, and slightly higher.

Parliament had adjourned for a fortnight.

There has been a change of Ministry in Belgium.

U. S. Bank shares sold in London on the 16th at £5 10s. France is tranquil. The Ministry had declined to enter upon a discussion of the affairs of the East until the pending negotiation between all the Great Powers shall have been concluded.

The differences between England and Persia have been fully adjusted.

Accounts from Armenia state that the whole country around Diarbekir is in a state of insurrection.

Austria has declared that she will withdraw from the Quadruple Alliance against the Pacha of Egypt unless he is treated more favorably.

Frederick Reynolds, the Dramatist, is dead, aged 77.

The Penny Postage is about to be adopted in Belgium.

*INDIA.*

The Punjab is the theatre of civil war. An adventurer known as *Sher Singh* had corrupted the military at Lahore, and made a desperate attempt to dethrone the reigning Queen, Rance Chund Koar, mother of the deceased Prince, Nao Nepal Singh, who was accidentally killed while attending the funeral of his father, Runjeet Singh. His success was probable at the last advices.

*NEW TREATY OF THE FIVE EUROPEAN POWERS.*—The treaty or convention (*paraphé*) on the 15th ult. by the representatives of the five great European powers and the ambassador of the Porte contains: A preamble of considerable length, stating and recognizing the rights of the Ottoman Porte as an independent power in her relations with the other European nations; Articles 1 and 2, which stipulate the closing of the Dardanelles against all foreign ships of war, without distinction. Article 3, which consists of an invitation to all friendly powers, not parties to the treaty, to accede to it; and article 4, which relates merely to the exchange of the ratifications within a given time.

*THE DISPUTE WITH CHINA.*—The dispute between England and China was settled after two forts at the passage of the Bogue had been stormed by the British troops, the junks destroyed, and other batteries bombarded. The Governor of Canton then renewed the negotiation, and the following terms were agreed upon. They are not satisfactory to the English merchants.

1. The cession of the island and harbor of Hongkong to the British Crown. All just charges and duties to the empire upon the commerce carried on there, to be paid as if the trade were conducted at Whampoa.

2. An indemnity to the British Government of six millions of dollars, one million payable at once, and the remainder in equal annual instalments, ending in 1846.

3. Direct official intercourse between the countries upon an equal footing.

4. The trade of the port of Canton to be opened within ten days after the Chinese new year, and to be carried on at Whampoa till further arrangements are practicable at the new settlement.

*THE EAST.*

The Eastern question is considered settled. It was thought probable in Vienna that Mehemet Ali would abdicate in favor of Ibrahim Pacha.

*TROUBLE AMONG THE INDIANS.*—The Wisconsin Inquirer says, "An express arrived at Fort Crawford and Winnebago, a day or two since, from Fort Snelling, with the intelligence that the warriors of the Sioux tribe of Indians were collecting in great numbers in the vicinity of the last mentioned military station and meditated an attack upon the garrison. A company of dragoons from Fort Crawford and a company of infantry from Winnebago, have been ordered, we understand, to St. Peter's to assist in the defence of the post."

*HON. R. M. JOHNSON*, late Vice President of the United States, is a candidate for the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature.

*¶* We want No. 8 of the 2d Quarto volume. Any of our agents who have this number are requested to return them to this office without delay.

*¶* A large number of subscriptions will expire with quarto whole No. 32, June 1st, and notice is hereby given to such to renew them before that time, as all papers are discontinued unless a new remittance is made. For \$6 current money the New World will be sent two years, and a copy of SEARS' PICTORIAL BIBLE will be given.

## A SPLENDID OFFER.

In looking about for something of suitable character and of eminent value, which we could with satisfaction to ourselves and them, offer as a present to the subscribers of the New World, we have found nothing in point of attraction and popularity, equal to

### SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE,

a work embellished with Two Hundred Illustrations of Scriptural scenes and views in the Holy Land, recommended by the press, and also by the most pious and intelligent clergymen in the country—and which, as has been justly remarked, should be possessed by every family in the United States; and, indeed, ought every where to be the companion of the sacred volume.

We therefore respectfully ask every lady and gentleman under whose observation this paper may come, to reflect on the following

#### PROPOSITIONS:

To gratify the wish which has generally been inspired to possess a copy of SEARS'S CELEBRATED PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, the Publisher has concluded to purchase a sufficient number of copies to supply, gratis, all those new subscribers to the New World, who will forward to him—in current bills, postage free—two full years' subscription in advance, (viz. \$6.) The price of this beautiful volume is two dollars per copy; so that, by this arrangement, the New World is actually afforded at \$4 for two years.

Further—it will be given to every present subscriber who shall pay for two years as above, on the renewal of his subscription—or who may obtain two new subscribers, and remit the money therefor. To this latter proposition particular attention is asked. Each and every one of our present subscribers may easily, if he kindly resolves to make a little exertion, procure us from the circle of his friends and acquaintances two new subscribers. To each one doing this shall be presented a copy of the PICTORIAL BIBLE.

*Clubs of ten persons*, associating together, and remitting FIFTY DOLLARS, shall receive the New World two years each, and each also a copy of the Pictorial Bible. What more splendid or more liberal offer can be made than this, in prospecting, for so trifling a sum as \$5, one of the most charming volumes ever published, and a paper which will give you during two years, new and rare works, choice literature, and popular discourses by eminent divines which could not be purchased in any other form for one hundred dollars.

*¶* In every case New-York or Eastern money must be remitted, or the discount allowed; and all letters must be post-paid or free. To prevent misunderstanding, it must be distinctly understood that the whole subscription must be received without deduction for commissions. Every postmaster or agent will be entitled to a copy for each subscription for two years, or for two subscriptions one year, provided the full amount of six dollars is remitted.

*¶* All persons in the United States or the British Provinces, are invited to avail themselves of these propositions, to obtain a copy of the Pictorial Illustrations.

Each copy of the Bible so presented will have the name of the subscriber written in a blank leaf; and it will be held subject to his order, and will be forwarded in any way he may choose to point out. The copies will be elegantly bound, and lettered in gold.

#### Married,

On Wednesday evening, April 28, by Rev. Dr. Van Franklin, John N. Gessin and Mary Ann, daughter of William Fox all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, April 28, by Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Thomas Elliott and Miss Jane Hussey, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, April 28, by Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Frederick Alexander Canfield and Miss Caroline Foulston, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, April 29, Rev. O. Porter, Mr. F. Dubois, of the firm of Dubois, Jacot & Co., and Miss E. Leuba, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 29th ult., by Rev. Duncan Dunbar, Nicholas C. Smith to Coraelia R., only daughter of Jacob Arnold, Esq. all of this city.

On the 24th ult., by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. A. R. Biggs, to Miss Melchiah Terry, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, 31 instant, by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. John Thomson and Miss Martha G. Blandford.

On the 29th ult., by Rev. Mr. Storrs, Mr. Richard Bullwinkle and Miss Maria Matilda Laughlin, both of this city.

On the evening of the 8th ult. by Rev. F. G. Martin, Mr. Samuel G. Potest, of Pulaski, Mo., and Miss Narcissa Balurge, of Wright county, Mo.

On Saturday evening, by Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. Uzira Fountain and Miss Phoebe Sanford, all of this city.

On Sunday, 2d instant, by Rev. Mr. Mahan, of Jersey City, Mr. Bernard J. Montague, of Troy, and Miss Ann Daly, of this city, sister of Rev. John B. Daly, of Vt.

On Sunday, 2d instant, Mr. Augustus Heath, of this city, and Mrs. Ellen Merrill, of Bridgeport, Conn.

On Monday evening, 3d instant, by Rev. George Larkins, Mr. David Carpenter, of Florida, and Miss Sarah J. K. Crabtree, of this city.

On Tuesday, 4th instant, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. C. J. Hempel and Miss E. A. Leuba, both of Germany.

On Monday, 3d instant, by Rev. Dr. Knox, Cornelius T. Marsh and Mary Givens, all of this city.

On Tuesday, 4th instant, at the Church of the Transfiguration, by the Very Rev. F. Varrella, Mr. Garret Byrnes and Miss Catharine Maria, daughter of the late Daniel Higgins.

At Washington City, May 2, Lieut. Montgomery C. Meigs, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, and Louisa, daughter of the late Commodore John Rodgers.

At New Rochelle, on Tuesday evening, 4th instant, by Rev. Dr. Coit, Mr. Charles F. Rice and Mrs. Rebecca Crehore, widow of the late Edward Crehore, formerly of Boston.

#### Died,

On Thursday evening, April 29, Samuel Dana Casey, late of Manchester England, aged 28.

April 29, Andrew Wilson, aged 64.

April 29, at the residence of E. Wade, Jr., Mr. Philo C. Wheeler, of Bridgeport, Ct., aged 28.

April 29, Caroline Dyer Jacobs, aged 13, eldest daughter of James Jacobs.

At Ghent, April 29, Mrs. Margaret Hodgboom, widow of the late John C. Hodgboom deceased, aged 74.

On Friday, April 30, after a very short illness, Henry, son of Daniel Morran, of Jersey City, aged 15 years.

The friends of the family are invited to attend his funeral from the house of his father in Grand street, this (Saturday) afternoon at 4 o'clock.

At Hudson, N. Y., on the 30th ult., Charles Lincoln, formerly of Norton, Mass., aged 58. Boston papers will please copy.

On Sunday morning, 2d instant, Sarah Margaret, wife of Samuel T. Jones, and daughter of Philip Thomas.

On Sunday morning, 2d instant, Sarah Ann, wife of Wm. Weed, jr. in the 26th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, 2d instant, Mr. Lewis Smith, in the 46th year of his age.

In Philadelphia, on the 30th ult., Ellen S., wife of Thomas R. Tanner, in the 20th year of her age.

This morning, Mr. Michael Walsh, in the 40th year of his age. His friends, and those of the family, are invited to attend his funeral, on to-morrow afternoon, 6th instant, at half past 4 o'clock, from his late residence, 489 Pearl st.

On Monday morning, 3d instant, Mrs. Hannah M. Taylor, in the 28th year of her age.

On Monday morning, 3d instant, Mr. Charles Mowatt, in the 43d year of his age.

## THE LAST ADIEU.

AS SUNG BY MRS. EDWARD LODER, AT THE EUTERPEAN CONCERT.

A BALLAD—THE WORDS BY W. B. OLLIVIER—THE MUSIC BY EDWARD PERRY.

**ANDANTE.**

*p*

*Cres.*

*Dim.*

*Sempre Legato.*

*Cres.*

*Dim.*

Farewell, Dearest, Fare thee well, And blessings with thee go; May sunshine be up - on thy path, And flow'rs a - round thee grow: For thou wert

kind when all the world From off my for - tunes fell; Thou'rt soothed with smiles the trou - bled

*Tempo Rubato.*

*Tempo Primo*

heart: Then Dear - est, Fare thee well, Farewell, Dearest! fare thee well, and blessings with thee go; May sunshine be up -

*Colla voce.*

*Dim.*

*Ad lib.*

on thy path, And flow'rs around thee grow: Dearest! fare thee well.

*Dim.*

## SECOND VERSE.

Farewell, Dearest! May those smiles  
That o'er all hearts have shone,  
Now smile, and throw their blessed pow'r  
Like sunlight, on thine own.  
And may the joy that thou hast given,  
For ever with thee dwell;  
Sweet thoughts and pleasing dreams be thine,  
Then Dearest, fare thee well.

## THIRD VERSE.

Farewell, Dearest! Still I stay,  
And yet I know not why,  
To hear the music of thy voice,  
The music of thy sigh.  
Once more thy hand is press'd in mine,  
Once more I feel its spell,  
Oh! give me back one sunny smile.  
Then Dearest, fare thee well.



PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

QUARTO EDITION.

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VOLUME II....No. 20.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 50.

## Choice Literature.

## BRITISH ORATORS.

No. I....LORD CHATHAM.

When we consider that the critiques upon our great poets and poetry are both numerous and able, it is somewhat surprising that so little should have been written upon their younger brethren and companions—upon British Orators and Eloquence. Although, since the invention of that mighty master-work, printing, oratory has ceased to be the sole means of directing or embodying public opinion, yet the influence of this great and popular power in our own country, owing to the peculiar form of our government, is scarcely less than it was during the Demosthenean era at Athens.

Many of the speeches of British orators may well challenge comparison with the masterpieces of antiquity. In rhythm and compactness of diction, it is true, that they may not be equal; but this defect (of our language, rather than our orators,) is more than compensated by greater closeness of argumentation, by more extended views, by more profound and varied knowledge, not of human nature and human kind alone, but of all that is glorious and sublime in the truths which science has discovered, and revelation unfolded. Nowhere have the true principles of enlightened and profound policy been more clearly stated or better illustrated, or more sagaciously applied to passing events—nowhere have the absurdity and ruinous tendency of the various schemes with which designing men have deluded the unthinking multitude, been exposed with greater ability than in the debates of the British Senate. The wide extension of political privileges, and still more the irrefragable power of public opinion among all ranks of people in this country, render the diffusion of a knowledge of political philosophy especially desirable; for, as Lord Brougham well observes,\* "it is immeasurably important in countries living under a free government that those whom the constitution recognize as sharers, more or less directly, in the supreme power, should have a correct knowledge of the state of their own affairs, and the principles upon which their rights and interests depend."

This knowledge, or, at least, a very considerable portion of it, can hardly fail to be acquired by him who studies the best speeches of the orators of Great Britain. Among the more eminent of these, Lord Chatham will ever stand conspicuous.

Many of his earlier speeches, unfortunately, have shared the fate of those of his great predecessors, Somers, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chesterfield, Murray, and Fox. The names of these great men are, indeed, recorded by history, in the list of orators; but of their speeches there remains at best but a rare outline of arguments; but the vivid imagery, the keen cuttings, the copious and elegant diction, are irretrievably lost; whilst the lucubrations of writers (then ironically called reporters,) are substituted in their stead. Happily, however, many of Lord Chatham's later speeches, particularly those on the American question, have been preserved to us, in all their fulness and grandeur, with more than usual accuracy, by the Earl of Charlemont and others, who took a deep interest in the debates of that critical period.

Like Demosthenes (who is said to have been his great model,) the peculiar excellence of Lord Chatham's style consisted in pointed and impassioned energy. Beautiful examples of metaphor, hyperbole, and apostrophe, are to be found, gracing his eloquence and enforcing his argument; yet, his forte lies not so much in these, as in clear and convincing exposition of what he deemed to be just policy; in overwhelming invective hurled, as with a giant hand, against opponents; and, in the most thrilling and touching appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature. How grand—how heart-stirring is the following burst of indignant eloquence in reply to Lord Mansfield's vindication of the conduct of the Commons in the expulsion of the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, January 9th, 1770:—

"The Noble Lord assures us that he knows not in what code the law of Parliament is to be found; that the House of Commons, when they act as judges, have no law to direct them, but their own wisdom; that their decision is law; and if they determine wrong, the subject has no appeal but to heaven. What then, my Lords, are all the generous efforts of our ancestors; are all those glorious contentions, by which they meant to secure to themselves and to transmit to their posterity, a known law, a certain rule of living; reduced to the conclusion that, instead of the arbitrary power of a king, we must have the arbitrary power of a House of Commons? If this be true, what benefit do we derive from the exchange? Tyranny, my Lords, is detestable in every shape; but in none is it so formidable as when it is assumed and exercised by a number of tyrants. But, my Lords, this is not the fact; this is not the constitution; we have a law of Parliament; we have a code in which every honest man

may find it. We have Magna Charta; we have the Statute Book, and the Bill of Right."

The whole passage is worthy, not only of the disciple, but of the original—of the master himself. The truth of the observation, that "tyranny is never so formidable as when exercised by a number of tyrants," our knowledge of human nature, and the veritable record of history, have overpowered over again palpably demonstrated.

One of the boldest and most striking metaphors that Lord Chatham ever used, occurs in this speech. The mention of Magna Charta led him to exhort their lordships not to degenerate from the glorious example of those "iron barons," by whose exertions that great bulwark of our liberties was secured.

"They were," says he, "the guardians of the people: yet their virtues, my Lords, were never engaged in a question of so much importance as the present. A breach has been made in the constitution; the battlements are dismantled; the citadel is open to the first invader; the walls totter; the constitution is not tenable; what remains, then, but for us to stand foremost in the breach—to repair it, or to perish in it."

The energy and vividness imparted to his manly sentiments by this appropriate metaphor, exemplify Cicero's observation, "that the most striking metaphors are those taken from the sense of sight."

In his speech, on the third reading of the bill for quartering soldiers in America, Lord Chatham depicts, in lively colors, the stern resolution which animated the first settlers in America, and shows the folly of expecting the descendants of such men tamely to surrender their inalienable rights. For generous sentiments, expressed in language at once forcible, ornate, copious, without harshness or superfluity, it will bear a comparison with the passage which immediately precedes the celebrated oath in Demosthenes' masterpiece—his oration on the crown.

"If we take a transient view of those motives which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in America to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the Western World, our astonishment at the present conduct of their descendants will subside. There was no corner of the world into which men of their free and enterprising spirit would not fly with alacrity, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical principles which prevailed at that period in their native country. And shall we wonder, my Lords, if the descendants of such illustrious characters spurn with contempt the hand of unconstitutional power that would snatch from them such dear-bought privileges as they now contend for?"

"Τὴν γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ἀγάσαιο τῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐκείνων τῆς ἀρετῆς οἱ καὶ τὴν χώραν καὶ τὴν πόλιν ἐκείνην ὑπερβαίνοντες εἰς τὰς τριπλοῦς ἔμβαντες ὑπὲρ τοῦ μὴ το κτενομένου ποιεῖναι, τὸν μὲν (ταῦτα συμβολήσαντα) Θημιστοκλῆα στρατηγὸν ἔλομενοι, τὸν δ' ἐπακούειν ἀποφραγμένον τοῖς ἐπιταγόμενοις Κερσίλον καταλιθισάντες, οὐ μόνον αὐτοὺς ἀλλὰ καὶ αἱ γυναῖκες αἱ ἑμετέραι τὴν γυναικα αὐτοῦ. Οὐ γὰρ εἴποντο οἱ τοῦ ἀθανάτου οὐτε ῥητορὰ οὐτε στρατηγὸν δι' τοῦ δουλεύουσιν εὐτυχῶς ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ζῆν ἤϊον εἰ μὴ μετ' ἐλευθερίας ἐξέσται τοῦτο ποιεῖν."

"Who can reflect, without astonishment, upon the magnanimity of those who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection? Who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and when Cræsus proposed that they should yield to the terms prescribed, how they stoned him to death? Nay, the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For, the Athenians of that day looked for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy it in freedom."

Although, as we have already observed, pathos does not constitute the characteristic excellence of Lord Chatham's oratory, his entreaty that their lordships would "proceed," with regard to the Americans, "like a kind and affectionate parent towards a child whom he tenderly loves; and, instead of harsh and severe proceedings, pass an amnesty on all their youthful errors, and clasp them once more in their fond and affectionate embrace," is touching and pathetic in the extreme.

His speech, on moving an amendment to the address, (Nov. 18, 1777,) after expressing his hearty concurrence in the first part of the address, and his sincere joy on the birth of another princess, and her majesty's happy recovery, thus sternly proceeds:—

"I must stop here; my courtly complaisance will carry me no further: I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind servile address, which approves, and endeavors to sanctify, the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us—which have brought ruin to our doors. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness

which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors."

Having by this gloomy picture gained, the first object of every orator, the attention of his audience, Lord Chatham poured upon "the confounded ministers" a torrent of invective, denouncing their measures as "having reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt;" and declaring his deep rooted conviction, "that to conquer America was impossible." Warmd by his subject, and entering fully into the lacerated feelings of the Americans, he broke forth into that burst of glowing eloquence, which Grattan (himself no mean orator,) thought finer than any thing in Demosthenes. "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!"

The following sublime reply, in this truly magnificent speech, to Lord Suffolk's vindication of the employment of Indians in the war, on the ground, "that it is perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands," is worthy of all praise, and may well lay claim to the same position in English, as the oath of Demosthenes will ever hold in Grecian oratory.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution;—I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor, of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion—the Protestant religion—of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war."

How solemn is the adjuration of the highest dignities in Church and State, "to save their country from pollution." The frowning of the glorious commander of that fleet, which triumphed over the Armada, and preserved England from superstition and slavery, is a figure truly bold and poetical; and the terrible picture of the horrors of savage war, makes the blood almost curdle in one's veins. Well might one of our finest poets say, of this consummate orator—

"In him Demosthenes was heard again,  
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain,  
She clothed him with authority and awe,  
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law:  
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,  
And all his country beaming in his face;  
He stood as some inimitable hand  
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.  
No sycophant or slave that dare oppose  
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;  
And every vernal stickler for the yoke,  
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke."

COWPER'S Table Talk.

## WEDDING DAYS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We had hoped to annex to the following remarks on Wedding Days, like some exquisite fringe to the bridal garment, a whole heap of beautiful passages out of Epithalamiums, or Wedding Songs—wondering that we could not call them to mind on the instant, and resolved to give a delightful rebuke to our memory by ransacking a multitude of the rogues, ancient and modern. But our memory proved correcter than our enthusiasm: so the song, as of old, shall go before the bride; and if we subsequently fall into a train of graver reflection than our outset promised, this, we trust, will not be held inconsistent in people witnessing the delights of others, especially as it will be founded in the very natural regret that every body is not so happy as every body else, nor all exquisite creatures going to be married next Monday. (Imagine if they were—China included!—the

\* Political Philosophy, by the Useful Knowledge Society, No. 1, p. 25.

\* See his Treatise De Oratore, Dialogue the third, chap. 40.

Balearic Isles;—all Italy and Spain, and all Tobolski!—one universal bridal hymn rising from the whole globe, like fragrance from a peach!

The poets have not written so many Epithalamiums, by a hundredth part, as might have been expected, nor is the majority of what they have written worth reading. In Italy, it is true, and we suppose in other southern countries, there are poetasters who make a trade of such things, and who send you up a panegyric sonnet from the street-door, on every possible occasion; but we are speaking of what has been written by poets, truly so called; and whether it is, that they themselves have seldom written on such subjects but for patrons, or whether the poem would have been thought too great a display for the parties, or whether the poet felt too much in earnest about them to write even a hearty song, or thought too strongly upon his own case, (good or ill,) or whether he "envied" the man, and wished, as Sir Anthony Absolute says, to "marry the girl himself"—certain it is, that Epithalamiums from celebrated pens have been, for the most part, failures—cold and splendid nothings. See those in the Latin and Italian poets (Tasso and others,) the French, and the old English. They are all escapes from character and feeling, into every species of irrelevancy except one, and that one is badly managed. We have plenty of stately words, plenty of personifications of realms and rivers, plenty of Auroras and Venuses and other mythologies, and plenty of *politics*. Seine weds Danube, or Danube weds Tiber, or somebody's Marquisate weds somebody's Earldom, and Hymen is invoked, and the bride is very beautiful, and the bridegroom a paragon of manliness, and there is a heap of roses and lilies, and Cupids, and hopes, and tresses, and pearls, and torches, and evening stars, and now and then a plentiful sprinkle of indecorums; but seldom a word of real feeling, much less any distinctions of *character*—any real portraits of the wedded couple—any such account as we like to have when *who* has married *who*, and anticipations are made of the kind of happiness to be looked for from the nature and disposition of the parties. There is a whole volume of Epithalamiums written by Marino, who carried every folly in verse to an extreme; and these might serve for thorough specimens, or involuntary burlesques, of the entire system. The best things about them are the names of the parties. It is difficult to read of unions between "Don Francesco Gonzaga of Mantua, and Donna Margherita of Savoy," or "Don Vincenzo Imperiali" and the lady "Caterina Grimaldi," or the "most illustrious Signor the Conte Filiberto Tesauero" and "Madama di Vernon," without hoping something better to ensue than long canting odes about ancestors and Paphos, or sonnets on doves and turtles. One would almost feel ashamed to think (if his manifestly good heart did not relieve even his horrible debauchery) that the very best bit of genuine tenderness ever effused on these occasions, is to be found in the pages of a Latin poet—and he, one of the most profligate writers that ever lived! Yet so it is. We are aware of nothing in all the land of Epithalamium, comparable to that single exquisite little picture of the infant—the pledge of love—in the poems of Catullus.

Torquatus, volo, parvulus  
Matris e gremio sum  
Forrigas teneras Manus,  
Dulce rident ad patrem  
Semihante labella.

"May a young Torquatus soon  
Lying next his mother's heart,  
Stretch his little hands apart,  
And with mouth half-open the while  
Sweetly at his father smile."

But the version of this passage, be it said (since we have a personal right to make the objection,) does not do it justice. "May there soon be a young Torquatus," says the poet, "who, stretching forth his tender hands from the bosom of his mother, shall sweetly smile at his father with his little half-open mouth."

And what follows, is not unworthy:

Sit suo similis patri  
Manlio, et facile incisi  
Nocitetur ab ornibus,  
Et pudicitie sum  
Matris indicet ore.

"May his look his father's be,  
So as to strike instantly;  
Yet his mother's, too, express,  
In a certain bashfulness."

Indeed, the whole poem is full of paintings after nature, and the most genuine feeling. Theocritus, and Homer himself, would have admired it. Nor should we be so ungrateful to the author as to fancy that its most exquisite passages may have been stolen from the Greeks; for though a great poet upon them, he had a rich stock of genius of his own. There is nothing even in Theocritus's Bridal of Helen to compare with it, though the former contains one of the best Epithalamiums extant. We confess we hold it for a shame to the modern world, boasting as it does to surpass the ancients in sentiment, particularly in regard to womanhood, that it can produce nothing of the sort, to rival the effusion of Catullus. Some of the little wedding-songs in Beaumont and Fletcher, are the best we can at present think of; but far indeed from the affectionate tenderness of the Latin poet; and those extraordinary poets almost always spoil what they do, with a mixture of town rakery. Suckling's famous ballad on a wedding, is exquisite of its kind—fresh as a young, a cunning, and good-natured lip; but the kind is unluckily a mixed one, after the same fashion, and difficult to quote. Yet who can ever mention it without repeating the ever-quoted passage?

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared to that was next her chin;  
Some bee had stung it newly."

Nor is the petteir fancy about the feet less original, or hardly less admired; and observe how he effuses, and, as it were, swallows it up, in the larger overwhelming simile of the burst of sunshine:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light;  
But, oh! she dances such a way!  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight."

The celebrated Epithalamium of Spenser, perhaps the best altogether in the language, is gorgeous, voluptuous, full of the most refined sensual elegance, and consecrated more-over by the stars; yet, like those of Tasso, it is somehow too stately, and scholar-like—too loftily serious, even in its gaieties. One fancies that a kind of celestial schoolmaster is going to be married. And yet never was mythology so daintily managed. Here is a picture equal to Correggio:

"Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,  
In proud humility!  
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took  
In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,  
Twixt sleep and wake, when that she weary was  
With bathing in the Aoidalian brook."

Next to Spenser's poem, our best Epithalamiums, only ones, we fear, worth much remembrance, are those of a great wit and intellect, who is supposed, by some, to be nothing but a bundle of conceits—Mr. Donne. In occasional passages, they are even superior in depth and feeling, though the veridicality of their truthfulness (honest in that depth) hinders them from being quotable to the "general ear." One of them is upon the marriage of poor wretched Car, Earl of Somerset, with Lady Essex—singular personages for the feeling and thoughtful Donne to panegyricize. The faith expressed in their love, however, by this good and great child-like man, however startling to us when we know under what circumstances they were married, was, no doubt, as far as regards himself, good and true. Let us hope, therefore, there were more circumstances than we are aware of, to extenuate, if possible, their crimes. One thing there certainly was—they were victims of their own beauty.

What made us call these bridal effusions to mind, was the having been present the other day at the marriage of a friend. It is an increasing, and we think laudable fashion, to conduct these matters with as much privacy as possible; for though wedding-favors are a cheerful sight for the eyes of the rest of the world, and cheerful sights are not often enough given them, and although publicity, when it is not to be helped, as in the case of royal marriages, ought to put the best face on the business it can, yet it must be felt by all truly loving couples, as something of a desecration and an impertinence. If we lived in a golden age, and nothing evil were thought of what is not so, or no impertinent consciousness and sense of power assumed over the parties upon the strength of so innocent a bit of knowledge, then, indeed, the case would be altered; and not only would the white ribbons in hats, and the paragraphs in newspapers, and the proclamations in churches, be regarded but as public dues to sympathy and the rights of joy, but the street-musicians might come forth, as of old, and dancers be set forth, and healths drunk at open windows to the populace, and even a license, within the bounds of good taste, be given to all sorts of loving associations of ideas, and merry speeches; but till the planet roll round into that sunny period out of the mists and difficulties in the way of us "honest youth" of the *Honi soit* principle, delicacy must be allowed to step a pace or two back in the road of progression, by very reason of the multitudes that have become half-cognizant of it; and, therefore, we are for private marriages, single-meanings, and no favors to coachmen. There is meaning enough in the thoughts of every body; and (not to be prudish and hypocritical, which we hate worse than a little license, for there is worse belief in it) very pretty meaning it is, and very allowable, because very human, and not to be helped; but as it is beautiful to see this consciousness manifest itself in the very increase of the respect, mixed with cheerful tenderness, toward the parties, so we heartily sympathize with that honest sea-captain whom Steele mentions somewhere, as present at a wedding-dinner, and who, whenever a silly fellow uttered some distressing impertinence, added, by way of an inverted sort of Amen, "Knock him down."

On a wedding-day, every body, so to speak, is wedded. The servants—the household—think of nothing but the day for a month before; the older relations recall their own; the younger, if marriageable, go through a thousand reflections upon "new ties," hopes, non-hopes, doubts, difficulties, and Mr. Smith; and the youngest of all look as if they had suddenly grown five years older, and had some respectable and matronly thoughts on the subject, apart from sympathies with their brother or sister. The little girl writes a long letter to her friend, Miss Thomson; and having felt herself at a disadvantage in the throng, and being conscious of no ideas on the matter, except that she must vindicate her right to be thought something of, though Susan is married, declares she has acquired a dislike to the "wedded state;" and is very severe on the dresses of some of the parties, and the foolish looks of "that hobbady hoy," Mr. Thomas Gibbs. As to the boys, they are in some extreme, either of politeness or indifference, or else they are very insolent and brotherly, especially if school-boys, and more especially if brothers to the lady. They congratulate her on having "got a husband at last;" and wonder what a figure she will cut, sitting at the head of a table.

But all the grown people (with the exception of such as differ with the match, or were not consulted upon it) are in a state of benevolence; and they meet an equally benevolent party, though strangers, in the clergymen and parish clerk, who await them in the vestry, and the pew-opener who stands curtsying in the chancel. The clergyman, being a gentleman, is not to be supposed to care for his fee in the particular; but neither is it to be expected of him that he should be indifferent to it in the gross. The clerk, breathing a serene clerical atmosphere, adjusts his respectable demeanor to the tranquillity of the clergyman; and if the pew-opener's curtsy has a bland eye to her half-crown, still there is something about herself that is decent and motherly, and not unmixed with a genuine feeling of consideration toward the young-folks as well as the gentle-folks. She, as well as the clerk and the clergyman, has had a wedding of her own; and perhaps she sighs to think how people may be disappointed, even though they come to be married in silks and satins. She has a daughter, also, and is not quite sure that she is happy with the green-grocer. Then there are the passengers who gather at the carriage stops, and make an avenue for the party to the church-door. It must be said, to their credit, that they are generally very staid and well-mannered. Their puzzle is, to be certain that they distinguish the bride and bridegroom; not always an easy matter among a party of friends and bride-maids. In Charles the Second's time, spectators were hardly so considerate, though the internal reflections among them were perhaps not very different. The parties themselves, also, did not carry matters so gravely. "To church in the morning," says Pepys, in one of his memorandums, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with an-

other; and strange to see the delight we married people have, to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." (Vol. I. Chap. IV. p. 384.) Which reminds us of an anecdote of pleasant Jack Taylor, author of "Monsieur Tonson," whom we met, a little before his death, hobbling with an ever-juvenile countenance to a dinner-party. He said one day, "I met So-and-So this morning. He is married, and I congratulated him upon it. And yet, I do not know, poor fellow, why I did so; for he never did me any injury."

On the occasion which gave rise to the present article, the parties assembled in the church were all of a nature which it was agreeable to contemplate. The father, a man of wealth and consequence, with a spirit above the ordinary notions on such points, was at the altar, to give his daughter away to a young man of letters, not poor, but not rich. The latter, no ordinary scholar, with a rare universality of apprehension, and destined, if we are not greatly mistaken, to make a distinguished figure in his career, if he can but subject a certain vehemence of will to the greatness of his heart and understanding, had fancied that this said will would carry him through any scene unshaken; and yet, here he was, trembling as the service began, through every masculine fibre, at the thought of the solemn responsibility he was taking upon him for the happiness of the person he loved. The young lady, than whom none could have been better qualified for his companion, both by good temper and by a like catholic tendency of brain, discernible through that very kind of child-like gaiety and ingenuousness, which is confounded by the undiscerning with a simplicity of a different sort, was more collected than himself, by reason of her being gathered for life under the shadow of his wing. You could only see how she was affected, by the most pleasing of all indications in these cases—the low gentleness of her responses. The rest of us, both young and old, we flatter ourselves, all behaved with an extreme propriety, between cheerfulness and awe; the painted window over the altar (always looking like a bit of heaven) shone down upon us; the very clerk seemed to catch a more than clerical tone of good sense and feeling from the clergyman; and the clergyman it was impossible for any clergyman to surpass, in the emphatic reasonableness, the unaffected grace, and well-tempered Christian emotion, with which he read the service. We are happy to find (as indeed we expected of such a man) that he omitted a part of it, now seldom read, and surely much better dropped, in which a mistaken spirituality is carried to an extreme, degrading to honest and natural affections, and dangerous to the sense of truth. The rest, like almost every part of the services of the church, is delicate and beautiful.

The first marriage ceremony at which we ever attended, was during our childhood; and we remember being astonished at our getting into a corner apart, and pouring out floods of tears. It was an evidence of that remarkable intuition which resides in the feelings, and which every body must have observed in themselves who have thought about the matter—that knowledge, as it were, *without knowledge*, or intellectual perception without consciousness—of the critical reasons for feeling as we do, long before we can give any account of them. All uncritical people have it at all times more or less, at all times of life. Audiences at theatres are full of it; and laugh and weep in the right places, though one man in fifty might not be able to give a reason for his emotion, in a paragraph in a newspaper. Infants have it, when they reciprocate practical jests and arch looks, before they can speak. It is Nature's reasoning; and twenty to one, if it could speak, would beat hollow that of the critics, considering how diverted from pure reason they are accustomed to be by a hundred sophisticate irrelevancies. What our tears meant, without our knowing it was, that we were in the presence of two people about to unite their destinies for life, and calling upon heaven to witness the care and love they would have for one another, "for better, for worse," come betwixt that time and the grave what might. The whole obscure future of human existence, and the next world besides, was set open before us, and the glimpse overwhelmed us with a sense of all the doubt, weakness, and responsibility, which these two fellow-creatures were taking upon themselves to encounter. Never since have we been able to restrain our eyes quite on similar occasions, though the drops have fallen less and less, and

"Years have brought the philosophic mind."

But, on the present occasion, we encountered a new and unexpected source of emotion. The clergyman, such as we have described him, and something more besides—a man with keen eyes, a good-natured smile, and a noble profile—in short, himself an extraordinary man both for reputation and powers, turned out to be one who was supposed to have been the critic, and the very hard critic, of the dearest friend we ever possessed—of one of the rarest and best-intentioned friends the world ever possessed; and to have dealt a severe blow to his reputation, and his heart. The supposition has been declared unfounded, and we have nothing farther to say on that part of the matter: indeed, we should not have touched farther upon it in any case. All that we meant to observe, was, that there, for the first time, stood visible to us this supposed enemy of our friend, and that so loving and unhostile, nevertheless, was the image that that friend retained in our memories, and so the reverse of all that was supposed of him the impression left by his doctrines, mixed as all doctrines are with mistake, that our first and only impulse, as his representative, was to have gone up to his critic, and requested him, in both our names, to shake hands with us. And we should unquestionably have done so, had we thought it would have been as pleasing to his notions of Christianity as to our own; in which doubt we very likely did him a wrong, and assumed too much for ourselves; and we hereby accordingly beg his pardon for it—not with any feelings of an ostentatious charity, God knows, or anything the least resembling it—granting even that we had a right to give charity more than to take it; which we do not pretend. Far from us be any such despicable impertinence. But what we felt, we have stated; to be construed, we hope, in his own and other such minds, after their kindest fashion. We are all human beings alike, the frailest of us, as well as the noblest; and what he and every one else, arrived at the truly Christian time of life and reflection, of which such minds are capa-



ble, will, we trust, be glad of, is to see that it is possible for men of the greatest difference of opinion on some points, to mean well, and feel not unkindly, on all.

The contemplation of the happiness of others makes one desire to see all the world happy; and the truly Christian sentiments to be found at the heart of every Christian creed are apt to make us wonder that all the world does not become so. However, all in good time. The root must grow before the flower. Happy they, meanwhile, who can distinguish its buddings, and are sure that it will come.

## BATTLE OF WATERLOO!

FROM "STORIES OF MY FOSTER-FATHER."

Well do I remember that evening on which my worthy foster-father, for the very first time, communicated to an admiring and wonder-stricken audience of the villagers, the surprising and most spirit-stirring events of the celebrated struggle, by which the destiny of Europe and Napoleon was finally decided.

Before permitting the historian to speak in his own person, it might be well to furnish my readers with some slight sketch of one who deemed that, on the wide face of the habitable globe, there lived no other man who ever possessed, or was at any time at all likely to possess, the title part of his general information on all possible subjects!

Murty O'Callaghan was at the wrong side of sixty, if one could believe the evidence of Judith Crowley, a daring old woman, who, unimpaired by the certain prospect of the great man's displeasure, did actually swear as to her certainty of his age. Though bowed down, in some degree, by a stoop in his shoulders, he yet possessed considerable activity and strength. He resented, with the most vehement indignation, the least insinuation against his youthfulness, and never could bring himself to pardon the deep affront or withdraw his anger, unless upon a full and frank confession of wilful folly and malignity, by the unlucky individual so offending. Murty also imagined that he came from the hands of Nature "a born beauty," but upon what grounds he founded this imagining, it would be next to an impossibility to divine, as each and every feature presented a striking contrast to any and every standard by which we are accustomed to estimate our notions of beauty. However, it was not one physical excellence that Murty O'Callaghan alone prided himself: it was upon the acknowledged superiority of his "janus," and that *janus* was equal to any undertaking, from the simple operation of *worming* a cur dog, to the construction of the most intricate mechanism of a "good watch!" Besides, he was story-teller and historian to the village—he having for ever silenced old Peggy Murphy, in one capacity, and the schoolmaster himself, in the other. Barney Roche, the blacksmith, at one period universally considered to be the ablest politician in the whole barony—a reputation earned by the total neglecting of his forge—dared not now even hazard a single comment upon Peel or O'Connell, in the august presence of Murty, without deferring, with a bitterly-felt and badly assumed humility to the great man's omnipotent opinion on such points! Indeed, if Master Barney Roche were at all wise, and had not his eyes been lamentably obscured by the demon of jealousy, he might possibly have had wit enough to perceive how much he had *gained* by his *loss*; for, since the memorable occasion of his rival's signal triumph, Barney's returning customers found him more constantly near the anvil, and more punctual in the performance of their jobs.

An entire volume would hardly suffice to record Mr. O'Callaghan's opinions on men and things, or his noble remarks on the enormity of the tobacco-tax, which was, as he said, "all down on the poor, the chrayturs, who didn't get as much as an *inch* for a pinny, bekase the govmint was goin to the devil wid it intirely!"

Such was Murty, as, on the evening in question, he sat by his own fire, surrounded by a group of his most faithful and most humble followers. Barney Roche, happily, was not there to mar his complete triumph, by a sneering grin on his unwashed countenance, or by putting some untimely and puzzling query, just as Murty was sailing down the full tide of popularity. My foster-father had indeed appointed this night, as the one on which he was to delight his friends by a particular and veracious account of the battle of Waterloo.

Turf had been heaped in abundance on the fire by my active nurse, Katty O'Callaghan, who, carefully providing the place of honor for her "darlin' Master Frank," meaning myself, then sat opposite to her illustrious husband, gazing on him with a mingled expression of intense pride, anxiety, and affection.

"Yerra, Uncle avick, begin with the shtory," said Murty's nephew, Corney Fogarty; "here's Ellen Griffin and Mary O'Leary, an' they can't con-tain themselves wid waitin' for ye to begin."

The young ladies, alluded to by the roguish Corney, tittered and cried—"Be aisy, will ye, Corney! Don't mind him, Mistor O'Callaghan! he's always joking with his thricks."

A more generally expressed desire to hear Murty at last seemed to induce him to break silence. He commenced:—"Well, thin, I suppose ye all hard about Boney an' the Frinch, and how he becum a king all of a suddint; for, if ye didn't, I'll tell ye."

"God bless ye, sir," was the thankful exclamation on the part of his gaping auditory.

"Well, thin," continued the historian, "wanst upon a time, and a very good time it was, the ould king of the Frinch, Louis, becum mighty hard upon his people, puttin' some ov 'em into prison, thansportin' ov more, an' hangin' more ov 'em for divarshin. He was goin' on this way for some time, whin the people, seein' 'emselves made away wid in that manner, an' for nothin' at all in life, be Jemey, they run'd to the palls, and they tuk the ould fellow pris'ner, in spite ov all the sodergers could do to pravit them from takin' ov him. Well, that same wouldn't plaze their minds, but they should go an' cut off his head, an' do the like to the poor ould queen, the chraytur, that never harmed any one, nor never hurted a hair ov their heads."

"My dear sows, Mistor Boney thin cum wid his *palaver*, an' he begins to tip 'em the rael Blarney, tellin' 'em what a grate dale he wouldn't be afther doin' for the poor, af they only made king ov him, an' how the devil a bit ov him

would be mane enuf to put a tax upon the tobacco, but would lave every livin' sowl to shmoke his own pipe in pace and cumfirt!"

"Good luck to him! for that, Mistor O'Callaghan," was the exclamation, as Murty touched upon a tender point.

"Musha, amin, I say," continued he,—"Well, my dear, Boney used ever an' always to be cursin' ov the English, an', of coorse, the Irish along wid 'em. There was nothin' like this for plazin' the Frinch; an' so to make a long story short, they tuk an' clapped him upon the throne, an' made him a king in no time. The dickens a one ov him was there long, before he begun conquerin' an' batin' the world, an' robbin, an' shtrippin', an' plunderin' all the nashins over; an', be Jingo, doin' what hisself wished wid every haporth in life he could pat his four fingers and thumb upon."

"Sure enuf, the grate Imperir of Jarminee, nothin' 'ud do him but to give his own beautiful daughter, an' make Boney put away wan wife to take the tother, an' make her a rael queen. Well, all in good time, there was as a darlint young prence cum, as ever ye clapped eyes upon; an' maybe 'tis Boney an' his lady war'n proud in 'emselves, an' delighted intirely, bekase ov the babby! Naboclish, war'at they?"

"Boney, bein' soft an account ov the young prence comin' into the world, faix, my dear sows, le tuk it into his head to make friends wid ould George; an' so, out of the greatest civility an' fine breedin', he sint him, be post, an invite for himself, or any of his family that was in the humor, to cum to France, 'an' be at the christnin' on the darlint babby."

"Whin the invite cum, sez George, sez he, to his ould lady, 'I've news for ye, my ducky!'"

"What's that?" sez the ould lady, sez she.

"Yerra, now, be afther guessin', my dear," sez he.

"The devil take the wan ov me that can!" sez the queen.

"Well, thin," sez he, at last, "'tis an invite from Boney, to go all the ways to France to stand gossip to his babby!"

"Yerra, George, 'pon yer sowl, are ye sairiss?" sez the ould lady.

"I never was more so in all my born days," sez he.—"Here, take the letter," sez he.

"With that, the ould lady put her hand in her pocket, an' she tuk out her glasses, an' she put 'em on her nose, an' she read the letter from back to front. Yerra, faix, 'tis she put herself in the rage all out whin she had done readin'; for, ye see, the ould queen hard that Boney's lady sed that the ould queen ov England was nothin' but an ould baste, neither good for king or counthry! So, sez she, 'Bad luck to the imperat bliggard, how dar he, or any upstart like him, prasume to sind sich a letter to the king ov England and Scotland, and ould Ireland, the darlint, into the bargain? I wouldn't budge the length ov my nose; an' as for you, George, ye're nothin' but a poor mane, wake-spereted chraytur, af ye have anythin' in life to do with him, or his babby, or his spitfire ov a wife. I hard, sez the queen, 'that she has the devil ov a crooked peeper, an' that the chin ov her would clane a tobacco-pipe!'"

"Yerra, my dear sows, this was all pure spite; bekase the queen ov France was as purty a faymale as ye ever see in a day's walk."

"Well, there was the devil ov a letter sint from England, tellin' Boney that the king ov England, nor any of his seed, breed, or generashin, would n' deince 'emselves by havin' anythin' to do wid Boney or the like ov him!"

"Oh, blood!" sez Boney, 'is this all my thanks for my civility in axin' sich an omadhaun ov a baste to stand gossip to a decent man's child? Bad luck to him; but 'tis I'll have me revinge'. Naboclish!"

"Sure enuf, as soon as the next day cum, he ordered all the people to assamble in a large field, near the coort, an' he, an' his lady, and the nurse a'carryin' ov the little prence in her arms. Well, Boney, and the wife, and child, all wint up soort ov high big place, that the people, high an' low, gentle an' simple, might be afther seein' and hearin' all he had to say. Whin he got up, he made them as genteel a bow as ever Paddy Corkoran, the dancing-master, was able to do before the leedies, an' he clapt his hand in his breeches-pocket, an' he tuk out the letter, an' he read it at the top of his voice. Oh, murder alive! what a groanin' they set up, whin they hard what the ould strange king wrote to their darlint Boney! My dear, whin Boney see the rage they got into, all on a suddent, faix, he turns about, an' he takes the babby out ov the nurse's arms; an' he sez, 'Will ye have the prence be ansulted by any man, if he was a king tin times over? I say, will ye have the ould on-mannerly nigger, the king ov England grin at him?'"

I declare to ye, the crabbed little rogue looked for all the world as if he knew what Boney was a sayin' ov him, an' he begun to clap his dawny paws, jist as much as to say, 'Be Jemey, this myself do n't care a pinch of snuff for any king ov 'em, barrin' my own daddy!'"

"The Lord love him for that!" ejaculated my nurse, with tears in her eyes, as she listened to her learned husband's interpretation of the royal child's action on the important occasion. "Sure enuf," continued she, "that's jist the dinctical way that Mistor Frank, there, would be crowin' like a game-cock, and clappin' his hands, whin his darlint mother used to cum an' see how he was a'gettin' on."

After obligingly adding the sanction of his authority to my nurse's statement, in reference to my infant peculiarities, Murty resumed:—"Whin Boney axed them would they have any *furriner* dare lay as much as a *toit finger* on the prence, they all begin to bawl out, that they'd die tin times over before they'd suffer the likes."

"What am I to do wid the kaanankress ould bliggard," says Boney, "am I to lave the Frinch people, who 're the greatest ov all nashins, to be spit upon by any king alive?'"

"Go to war wid him!" sez they, 'we'll bate the consait ov ov him! We'll go in ships to England, and take the ould fellow prisoner!'" So Boney sed he'd do jist what they told him, an' he quite content to lave his wife and babby to their keepin' till he cum back from the war.

"Whin ould George hard this, in Lunna, faix, sooner than he'd have the Frinch sodergers cum over to his counthry, playin' *randy* wid his people, he up an' told the grate Juke of Willington to get the Inglish an' the Scotch, an' plenty ov the fine Irish sodergers, an' to go an' bate the saucy Frinch."

"Bravo! ov the ould king!" exclaimed Murty's excited and highly interested auditory, as they fixed their eyes on his animated countenance, radiant with pride and importance. He gave one triumphant smile, and resumed his history.

"Well, both ov the two armies cum together at the Waterloo. Ye see the raisin why they call it the *Waterloo*, is bekase there's a little shtrame of wather a'runnin' down the middle ov the field—an' that's the *waterloo*!"

"Boney made a fine illigant speechin' to his army, an' the Juke did the same; an' thin the both ov 'em begin to huzza like mad. 'Damn my buttons,' sez Boney, to a general be his side, that was ridin' on a beutiful stallion, 'I wish to my heart I had sich sodergers as them apposite me there. Take out yer *telescope*, an' tell what rigement is them wid the nate green facins all on their coats and breeches?'"

"Faix, yer Majesty, sure enuf, them is the best ov sodergers a belongin' to the Juke—they're the Ianiskillen Dhragoons; an' them widout no horses, are the boys that bates Banagher, an' he bates the devil, be all accounts—they're the Connaught Rangers!"

"I'm sorry for 'em," sez Boney, 'sez he, takin' a pinch in the left side ov his nosick, 'I like their look; but my own min 'ill make biled porridge of 'em! Go along,' sez he, 'an' tell 'em to charge down on the Juke, and deaire the cannins to rattle away at his sodergers.' With that the general rides away on his beutiful stallion, an' he told what Boney sed.

"Now boys!" sed the Juke, an' he tuk off his cocked-hat, an' feathers flyin' mighty grand, 'there's the Frinch forist ye; an' if ye don't bate them, why, be gorra, they'll bate ye, an' that all! I tell ye what's more, above that same, they'll pinistrate into yer counthry, an' there'll be no ind to what they'll be afther doin' to every livin' sowl ov yer people, men, women, and babbies!"

"Oh, my dear, 'tis the Juke sed enuf to put 'em on their mettle; an' whin down the cannins begin to rattle, the ould boy himself could n't stand 'em, they war so mad to be at the Frinch! An', to bate it all, the band begin to shtrike up 'Garryowen' an' 'Patrick's Day in the Morning,' so fine, to keep up their sperrets!"

"Oh, thin glory to you, Mistor O'Callaghan, 'tis yerself is the fine warrant for a story!" was the cry.

Returning the compliment by a broader smile than the former one, the elated Murty continued:—

"Well, thin the battle begin'd in rael airmest, the music playin', the horses chargin', the cannons a'rattlin', and the sodergers huzzaing, whin they war puckin' aich other wid the swords, an' preddin' aich other wid the bagnets! There they war dhivin', and pushin', an' skelpin', an' they shtrandin' up to their ancles in blood, all the same as af it war a pool ov wather."

"The Lord be good to us, an' save us from all harm!" ejaculated the group, with a strong expression of horror.

"Oh," said Murty, "t'would take me a week to tell ye the killin', an' murderin', an' batin' they had; an' they no sooner stoppin' for a mouthful of fresh air, than they'd begin as if they'd never get enuf ov the wars! There was wan young Frinch chap, an' the devil a wan ov him, but he killed a *hundred-an'-forty* min wid a long gun he had! He'd fire an' shoot his man; thin, whin he'd see the balls comin' towards him, faix he'd, cute enuf, go down on his face and hands, an' lave him to go over his own shoulder, an' kill anybody they'd plase! He was risin' his hundred-an'-forty, whin Paddy Magrath, a corporal in the Connaught rangers, see what the *party boy* was at, an' he sez, 'Be the powers of pewter! my bouchal, but I'll take the coal off ov yer pipe in a hurry. Naboclish!' sez Paddy. Wid that he watched, an' he pretended to take aim at the young Frinch soderger; an' the Frinch fellow throw'd himself down agin, to lave the shot go over him. Faix, Paddy didn't fire till the boy was down, an' thin he tuk him clane an' nate in the small of back, an' the dickens a wan ov the Frinch *gladhiator* ever riz off ov the airth agin!"

Paddy, had he now been present, would have heard a loud shout of admiration at the mention of his achievement.

"Well," continued Murty, "afther scrimmages here an' there an' everywhere, Boney seen the day a'gois' agin' him; an' he called a sargint ov Frinch Dhragoons, an' he told him to run down, as fast as his horse would carry him, an' to tell his father-in-law, the king of Jarminee, that the battle was a'gois' agin him, an' for him to be afther siadin' up help inmaydhility."

"The sargint wint, sure enuf, an' he soon cum to where all the *tints* of the king of Jarminee war on the green sod. He seen a general, an' he axed him where was the king, an' that hisself was carryin' a message from Boney to him. The general, civil, an' decent, told him that he'd see him a walkin' before his own tint, wid his dhressin' gown on, an' red shippers on his two feet, an' he readin' a book. So the sargint cum up where the king was apposite a large tint, with a beutiful color a'flyin' out on the top ov it; and he went down on his knees, as be coorse he should, to a *ra:l* king, an' he sed he cum from Boney."

"How's the battle a goin', ye bliggard?" sez the king, mighty proud.

"'Tis a goin' agin Boney," sez the poor sargint, 'an' I was ordered to cum to yer majesty for help."

"Do ye tell me 'tis goin' agin my son-in-law?" sez the king agin.

"The devil a word ov a lie I'm tellin', but the blessed thruth, as I hope to be saved, amin," sez the sargint, an' he crossin' hisself mighty piess, for he was a rael Roman.

"Well thin, my man, ye may go to the seventeen divils, for all I care about the likes ov you or him; for since I gave him my beutiful daughter, he's keepin' ov me in bilin' wather, an' risin' intimes, like *musharoons*, up before me. Go away; I'll give the vagabone no help, but to bate him; an' go tell him so for me. Don't say a word, or I'll cut yer head off yer shoulders," sez the king to the onfortunate sargint.

"Wid that, he called the general, an' he told him to get a *hundred thousand* horseman, an' to jine the Juke ov Willington's army, an' to bang Boney off ov the face ov the airth."

"Oh! my dear sows, down they cum; an' they war jist in time enuf to see my bould Juke batin' ov the Frinch, an' Boney dhivin' away in his coach-an'-six, an' he all wounded in the *pole*, wid a red handkerchief tied, round

about it! Well, the Jarmans purchased the Frinch, an' they murdered an' killed 'em right an' left, till the never a wan ov 'em remained upon t'ie field ov battle.

"An' so that was the way that the Juke an' Boney had their divarshin at the battle of the WATERLOO!"

## THE DISTINCTIVE DIE.

BY HENRY COCKTON.

Author of *Valentine Vox*, *Stanley Thorn*, *George St. George Julian*, &c.

When the science of Phrenology shall have established an universal Lynch Law, by virtue of the testimony of a man's own organs being considered legal evidence against him, it must be abundantly manifest to all, save those who are either extremely thick-headed, or whose organs are rather suspiciously developed, that such perfection will be held to be a sound constitutional comfort, *per se*, by every regular philanthropist alive.

Happily, however, there is no real necessity for waiting until Trial by Phrenology shall have totally superseded our present corrupt system of Trial by Jury, in order to illustrate the strictly scientific proposition, that there is among men no organ so universally developed by either the cerebellum or the cerebrum, as that of Philoprogenitiveness proper. Its influence, moreover, is most powerful: if viewed solely with reference to a man's own offspring, nothing can surpass it in point of strength: it is shed upon every infant, in every social sphere, from the royal angel to the dustman's duck.

Such being the case, then, it will not, by the intellectual, be deemed extraordinary, that Mr. Thomas Trimmer, the respectable individual now about to be introduced, should have had this particular organ large. It will be, notwithstanding, quite right to explain, that its influence, previously to his own little stranger being welcomed, had been so completely unfelt that he never gave the children of his friends the apparition of a chance, although subsequently to that important period of his history, he amused, caressed, and romped with them all, with a daring disregard of those natural consequences with which such temerity commonly teems; for he loved them, and they loved him; even with those who were old enough to judge of the human countenance, he was a favorite, he was so ugly.

It is, of course, well known there are several species of ugliness which are repulsive; but the ugliness of this gentleman was of an interesting caste. His laugh was the most contagious laugh ever beheld; for as he brought every muscle into play, he laughed completely all over his face, which was very agreeable. But, independently of this pleasing characteristic, there was a peculiar charm about his figure; for although he was short, he was strikingly plump, and as he prided himself especially upon the undeniably fashionable cut of his clothes, his appearance, on the whole, was unique.

Now, that a man thus gifted should have an amiable, elegant wife, is not marvellous: the fact, therefore, of Mrs. Trimmer being elegant and amiable, is not stated with the view of inducing the world to wonder, but in order to show how natural it was for Trimmer himself to be happy; for happy, indeed, he was, very happy, and so was Mrs. Trimmer; they loved each other fondly, and when the heir arrived, he was, in the estimation of both, the most extraordinary specimen of his species ever invented. In the annals of infants not one could be found remotely comparable with him. He was, indeed, a phenomenon; there was nothing at all like him alive. He had ten of the most remarkable *toes* in nature! and so extremely precocious was he, that before he was ten months old he could actually lie upon his back, bring the two great ones up to his mouth, and continue to suck them, like an angel, for hours! Nor was this all! Not by any means; no—in less than twelve months from the period of his birth, he had three of the most wonderful teeth that ever sprang from human gums. They were perfectly unparalleled teeth. Nothing like them had ever been seen. And he would *show* them!—it was amazing how that child would show those three teeth. Nor did he stop even here! One morning, a *fourth* was discovered in the act of peeping through, and that discovery led to circumstances which render that particular morning memorable—circumstances which it is now deemed correct to record.

Philosophers who have dived to any depth into the study of human motives, have, in all probability, observed that children, in general, are extremely fond of paper; but whether philosophers have, in reality, observed this or not, it may be stated, that children in general are, and that the value of any paper within reach, is not, in their view, a matter of the smallest importance, for they would just as soon tear up a fifty pound note as they would pick to bits a five-cent-and-a-half representative of the beautiful currency of Natchez or Mississippi.

The propriety of alluding to this fact may not, at present, perhaps, be very apparent; but anon, it will be seen how this singular fondness for paper produced those results which have now to be explained.

Having somewhat miraculously discovered this fourth fancy tooth, Mrs. Trimmer, in the pride of her heart, rushed into the parlor, with the view of showing the novel production to papa; and as the sight of it threw them both into a state of inexpressible rapture, the infant managed, unperceived, to pluck a note from the joyous bosom of Mrs. Trimmer, and to hold it tightly until she had quitted the room alone.

She had scarcely, however, left a single instant before Trimmer, while dancing and singing, and lavishing the usual endearments upon his own little beauty, saw this horrid note, of which the contents were as follow:—

"My dearest Love,

"Indeed, it delights me to think that I shall, this evening, pass another happy hour with you alone. It was kind of you to inform me that Trimmer dines out, and I will give you a thousand kisses for that act of kindness; but till seven, my sweetest, adieu, and believe me to be ever your own

ALFRED."

Trimmer groaned on reading this: he groaned fiercely: and having pursed his lips and knitted his brows, groaned again.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, as the perspiration

sprang from every pore. "Is it, can it be possible! Woman!—woman! oh! woman! Another happy hour!" he added, on recurring with a fiend-like smile to this most unhappy note. "He dines out!—does he? a thousand kisses! I should like to catch him at it! Come here, you little wretch!" he continued, placing the infant upon his knee, and looking at it with an expression of the most intense severity. "If you could tell tales! if you knew what I wish to know! Why what likeness is there between us? Is that my nose? Is that mouth like mine? Would I own such a mouth? You miserable little imp—I almost hate you!"

As the infant had been by no means accustomed to such extremely harsh language, he began to express his feelings of indignation in the usual manner, when Trimmer, with an aspect of disgust, rolled him roughly upon the rug, and rang the bell.

"Take that kid from the room," said he, furiously, as the servant entered; "I'll not have the little wretch squalling here."

The girl looked at her master with an expression of amazement; for she really did not know what to make of it at all! Instead, however, of calling upon him to explain, she demanded an immediate explanation of the child.

"What is the masser wis se little man?" she cried. "What is the masser wis my little ducks of diamonds? Never mind sen!—come and tell me all about it! Come sen!—and sen we'll go aboady. There!—bless his little heart sen!—Is n't he a little ducks?"

"I'm a miserable man!" exclaimed Trimmer, intensely, on being left alone. "Who would have thought it? Who could have conceived it to be possible? I'll strangle him! And as for her!—Monstrous hypocrisy! Oh! monstrous! What's to be done? How am I to act? Shall I tell her at once that I have discovered her perfidy, or shall I watch her, and thereby deprive the base creature of the power to deny her shameless conduct?"

"Dear Tom! Why what on earth is the matter?" exclaimed the lady, as she entered into the room at this moment with the infant in her arms.

"The matter, madam!" echoed Trimmer, with a look of scorn.

"Why, what in the name of goodness can this mean?" "Do you, madam," said Trimmer, severely, and he trembled with violence as he spoke. "Do you perceive any resemblance between that child and me?"

"Resemblance!" said the lady, who could not assert with the slightest show of truth that she did, simply because there really was none. "Why he may resemble you more as he grows up. It's impossible to say; children at his age are so much alike."

"That's the misery. They are much alike! That's the germ of impunity for baseness. There should be some distinctive die, madam!—some DISTINCTIVE DIE!"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean, madam! Can you thus shamelessly look in my face, and with the calmness of innocence, ask what I mean?"

"Shamelessly look in your face! Tom, you are a monster!"

"I know it! I feel it! That ever I should have lived to see this day!"

"I will not put up with it sir! You treat me very ill! My father shall know of your cruelty."

"Weep, madam; weep! But oh! that I could see you weep for shame!"

"Shame! What is it you mean, sir? I insist upon knowing what you mean!"

"I dine out this evening, do I not? You will pass, madam, another happy hour alone! A thousand sweet kisses. Oh! model of deception!—you amaze me!"

"You amaze me, sir!"

"Leave the room, madam!"

"I have never before disobeyed you; but I will not leave the room!—nor shall you, sir! until you have explained."

"Do you require an explanation?"

"I do."

"Then do you happen," said he, with a most sarcastic sneer, as he held the dreadful note in his left hand, and violently struck it with his right: "do you happen to have seen this hand-writing before?"

"I have—it is that of Captain Todd."

"The devil fly away with Captain Todd!—And can you stand confessed—can you stand there and proclaim your shame—without even a blush?"

The lady smiled.

"What!" exclaimed Trimmer. "And are you thus abandoned?"

"I have a great mind to tease you, Tom! I now perceive what you mean. It would serve you quite right, sir!—you richly deserve it."

"Tease me, madam! Though my heart is tortured, though my fond hopes are blighted, though you have driven me almost to madness, I am not to be played with like a child!"

"And is he jealous?"

"No, madam, I am not jealous; but I *will* be satisfied!"

"Do you see this envelope, Tom?"

Trimmer snatched it from her hand when she had drawn it from her bosom, and found it addressed to his sister!

"Harriet!" he exclaimed, "was this sent to Harriet?"

"Why, of course!"

Trimmer dropped both the note and the envelope, and stood for a moment as if petrified—

"Fool!" said he, at length. "Oh!—fool!"

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"Oh! Maria, forgive me!"

"Indeed, sir, I shall not. I have given you no cause to doubt my fidelity, and will not tolerate your unjust suspicions. That is all for which you jealous creatures care! You pay no regard whatever to our feelings. Oh! no—wound us as you will; charge us with whatever wickedness you will; you imagine, when you find that you are in error, that all you have to say is, 'Maria, forgive me!'—Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort."

"But I'm really very sorry: I am, upon my honor. I am fit to strike my head off, for being such an ass. I, indeed, had no idea that they corresponded now; nor did I even know that his name was Alfred!"

"You should have inquired, sir, instead of at once accusing me of wickedness. I am surprised at you!"

"I am wrong, my love; I know that I am wrong; and am anxious to make all the reparation in my power; what can I do, what can I say, more?"

"Tom! Is it not amazing, that men who profess to love their wives—nay, who do love them, fondly—should be so anxious to catch at every word, at every thought, having reference to their infidelity, when they know that the suspicions thus engendered, may alone, however baseless they may be, have the direct effect of withering their happiness for ever?"

"Maria; as a husband and wife are morally, so all men who are jealous of their own honor, must, of necessity, be jealous of the honor of their wives."

"Nay, but when men are jealous, they appear to be most anxious to have their suspicions confirmed!"

"Not when they really love. That is the case only with those who are anxious to repudiate their wives. Do you think, now, that I would rather have my suspicions confirmed than removed?"

"I do n't know."

"You do know, Maria! You know that I would not. You know that you are all the world to me."

"Indeed, I know nothing of the sort. You are very cruel, Tom. I have a great mind to be seriously angry with you."

"Come! you must forgive me! Can you resist?"

At this moment his look was so droll that she could not help smiling, and the moment he perceived that, he kissed her with unfeigned affection.

"This is the way in which you cruel creatures triumph over our weakness," she observed. "But, indeed, I will not love you, if you are jealous."

"I'll be jealous no more. I am now so happy, that I could almost be tempted to let Captain Todd come to the house when he pleased. And you, my little beauty!" he added, taking the infant in his arms, "why, I might have been sure, so far as you were concerned!—those little laughing eyes might alone have convinced me!"

Still he strongly felt, that as in the absence of every test we are left completely in the dark upon the subject, it would be quite as well, not only as an improvement upon phrenology, but as a means of effectually preventing all mistakes, if every child were born with some DISTINCTIVE DIE.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

Did, however, the gaudy flower of Titmouse's victory at Yatton contain the seeds of inevitable defeat at St. Stephen's? 'Twas surely a grave question; and had to be decided by a tribunal, the constitution of which, however, the legislature hath since seen fit altogether to alter. With matters, therefore, as they then were—but now are not—I deal freely, as with history.

The first glance which John Bull caught of his new House of Commons, under the *Bill for Giving Everybody Everything*, almost turned his stomach, strong as it was, inside out; and he stood for some time staring with feelings of alternate disgust and dismay. Really, as far at least as outward appearance and behaviour went, there seemed scarcely fifty gentlemen among them; and those appeared ashamed and afraid of their position. 'Twas, indeed, as though the scum that had risen to the simmering surface of the caldron placed over the fierce fires of revolutionary ardor, had been ladled off and flung upon the floor of the House of Commons. The shock and mortification produced such an effect upon John, that he took for some time to his bed, and required a good deal of severe treatment, before he in any degree recovered himself. It was, indeed, a long while before he got quite right in his head!—As they anticipated a good deal of embarrassment from the presidency of the experienced and dignified person who had for many years filled the office of Speaker, they chose a new one; and then, breathing freely, started fair for the session.

Some fifty seats were contested; and one of the very earliest duties of the new Speaker, was to announce the receipt of "a petition from certain electors of the borough of Yatton, complaining of an undue return; and praying the House to appoint a time for taking the same into its consideration. Mr. Titmouse, at that moment was modestly sitting immediately behind the Treasury bench, next to a respectable pork-butcher, who had been returned for an Irish county, and with whom Mr. Titmouse had been dining at a neighboring tavern, where he had drunk whiskey and water enough to elevate him to the point of rising to present several petitions from his constituents—*first*, from Smirk Mudflint, and others, for opening the universities of Oxford and Cambridge to Dissenters of every denomination, and abolishing the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; *secondly*, from Mr. Hic Hæc Hoc, praying for a commission to inquire into the propriety of translating the Eton Latin and Greek Grammars into English; *thirdly*, from several electors, praying the House to pass an act for exempting members of that House from the operation of the Bankruptcy and Insolvency laws, as well as from arrest on mesne and final process; and *lastly*, from several electors, praying the House to issue a commission to inquire into the cause of the Tick in sheep. I say this was the auspicious commencement of his senatorial career, meditated by Mr. Titmouse, when his ear caught the above startling words uttered by the Speaker, which so disconcerted him—prepared though he was for some such move on the part of his enemies, that he resolved to postpone the presentation of the petitions of his enlightened constituents till the ensuing day. After sitting in a dreadful stew for some twenty minutes or so, he felt it necessary to go out and calm his flurried spirits with a glass of brandy and soda-water. As he went out, a little incident happened to him that was attended with very memorable consequences.

"A word with you, sir," whispered a commanding voice in his ear, as he felt himself caught hold of by some one sitting at the corner of the Treasury Bench—"I'll follow you out—*quietly*, mind."



The Speaker was a Mr. Swindle O'Gibbet, a tall, elderly, and somewhat corpulent person, with a broad-brimmed hat, a slovenly surtout, and vulgar swaggering carriage; a ruddy shining face, that constantly wore a sort of greasy smile; and an unctuous eye, with a combined expression of cunning, cowardice, and ferocity. He spoke in a rich brogue, and with a sort of confidential and cringing familiarity; yet, withal, 'twas with the air and the tone of a man conscious of possessing great direct influence out of doors, and indirect influence within doors. 'Twas, in a word, at once insinuating and peremptory—submissive and truculent. Several things had concurred to give Titmouse a very exalted notion of Mr. O'Gibbet. First, a noble speech of his, in which he showed infinite "pluck" in persevering against shouts of "order" from all parts of the House for an hour together; secondly, his sitting on the front bench, often close beside little Lord Bulfinch, the leader of the House. His lordship was a Whig; and though, as surely I need hardly say, there are thousands of Whigs every whit as pure and high-minded as their Tory rivals, his lordship was a very bitter Whig. The blood of original Whiggism, however, ripening fast into the rottenness of Radicalism, gave out at length an odor which was so offensive to many of his own early friends, that they were forced to withdraw from him. But personally, he was a gentleman, and a very accomplished scholar; the only one of his family that had achieved personal distinction; and enjoying that Parliamentary influence always secured by the possessor of great tact, experience, and personal respectability. Now, it certainly argued some resolution in Mr. O'Gibbet to preserve an air of swaggering assurance and familiarity beside his aristocratic neighbor, whose freezing demeanor towards him—for his lordship evinced even a sort of shudder of disgust when addressed by him—Mr. O'Gibbet felt to be visible to all around. Misery makes strange bed-fellows, but surely politics stranger still; and there could not have been a more striking instance of it than in Lord Bulfinch and Mr. O'Gibbet sitting side by side—as great a contrast in their persons as in their characters. But the third and chief ground of Titmouse's admiration of Mr. O'Gibbet, was a conversation—private the parties thought it, and unheard, in the lobby of the House; but every word of it had our inquisitive, but not very scrupulous, little friend contrived to overhear—between Mr. O'Gibbet and Mr. Flummery, a smiling, supple Lord of the Treasury, and whipper-in of the Ministry. Though generally confident enough, on this occasion he trembled, frowned, and looked infinitely distressed. Mr. O'Gibbet chuckled him under the chin, confidently and good-humoredly, and said—"Oh, murder and Irish! what's easier?—But it lies in a nutshell. If you won't do it, I can't swim; and if I can't, you sink—every mother's son of you. Oh, come, come—give me a bit of a push at this pinch."

"That's what you've said so often."

"Fait, an' what if I have? And look at the shoves I've given you," said Mr. O'Gibbet with sufficient sternness.

"But—a—a—really we shall be found out! The House suspects already that you and we"—

"Bah! bother! hubbaho! Propose you it; I get up and oppose it—vehemently, do you mind—an' the blackguards opposite will carry it for you, out of love for me, ah, ha!—Aisy, aisy—softly say I! Isn't that the way to get along?" and Mr. O'Gibbet winked his eye.

Mr. Flummery, however, looked unhappy, and remained silent and irresolute.

"Oh, my dear sir—*exporrigere frontem!* Get along wid you, you know it's for your own good," said Mr. O'Gibbet; and, shoving him on good-humoredly, left the lobby, while Mr. Flummery passed on, with a forced smile, to his seat. He remained comparatively silent, and very wretched, the whole night.

Two hours before the House broke up, but not till after Lord Bulfinch had withdrawn, Mr. Flummery, seizing his opportunity, got up to do the bidding, and eventually fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. O'Gibbet, amidst bitter and incessant jeers and laughter from the opposition.

"Another such victory and we're undone," said he, with a furious whisper, soon afterward to Mr. O'Gibbet.

"Och, go to the old devil wid ye," replied Mr. O'Gibbet, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and moving off.

Now Titmouse had contrived to overhear almost every word of the above, and had naturally formed a prodigious estimate of Mr. O'Gibbet and his influence in the highest quarters. But to proceed. Within a few minutes' time might have been seen Titmouse and O'Gibbet earnestly conversing together, remote from observation, in one of the passages leading from the lobby. Mr. O'Gibbet spoke all the while in a tone which at once solicited and commanded attention. "Sir, of course you know you've not a ghost of a chance of keeping your seat? I've heard all about it. You'll be beat, dead beat; will never be able to sit in this parliament, sir, for your own borough, and be liable to no end of penalties for bribery, besides. Oh, my dear sir, how I wish I had been at your elbow! This would never have happened!"

"Oh, sir! 'pon my soul—I—I"—stammered Titmouse, quite thunderstruck at Mr. O'Gibbet's words.

"Hush—st—hush, wid your chattering tongue, sir, or we'll be overheard, and you'll be ruined," interrupted Mr. O'Gibbet, looking suspiciously around.

"I—I—beg your pardon, sir, but I'll give up my seat. I'm most uncommon sorry that ever—curse me if I care about being a member!"

"Oh! and is that the way you spake of being a member o' parliament? For shame, for shame, not to feel the glory of your position, sir! There's millions o' gentlemen envying you, just now! Sir, I see that you're likely to cut a figure in the House!"

"But, begging pardon, sir, if it costs such a precious long figure—why I've come down some four or five thousand pounds already," quoth Titmouse, twisting his hands into his hair.

"An' what if ye have? What's that to a gentleman o' your consequence in the country? It's, moreover, only once and for all; only stick in now—and you stay in for seven years, and come in for nothing next time; and now—d'ye hear me, sir? for time presses—retire, and give the seat to a Tory, if you will—(what's the name o' the blackguard? Oh! it's young Delamere)—and have your own borough stink under your nose all your days! But can you keep a secret like a gentleman? Judging from your

appearance, I should say yes—sir; is it so?" Titmouse placed his hand over his beating heart, and with a great oath solemnly declared that he would be "mum as death;" on which Mr. O'Gibbet lowered his tone to a faint whisper—"You'll distinctly understand I've nothing to do with it personally, but it's impossible, sir—d'ye hear?—to fight the devil except with his own weapons—and there are too many o' the enemies o' the people in the house—a little money, sir; eh? Aisy, aisy—softly say I! Is n't that the way to get along?" added Mr. O'Gibbet, with a rich leer, and poking Titmouse in the ribs.

"'Pon my life that'll do—and—and what's the figure, sir?"

"Sir, as you're a young member, and of liberal principles," continued Mr. O'Gibbet, dropping his tone still lower, "three thousand pounds."—Titmouse started as if he had been shot. "Mind, that clears you, sir, d'ye understand? Every thing! Out and out, no reservation at all—divil a bit!"

"'Pon my life I shall be ruined between you all!" gasped Titmouse, faintly.

"Sir, you're not the man I took you for," replied O'Gibbet impatiently and contemptuously, "Do n't you see a barley-corn before your nose? You'll be beat after spending three times the money I name, and be liable to ten thousand pounds penalties besides for bribery!"

"Oh, 'pon my life, sir, as for that," said Titmouse, briskly, but feeling sick at heart, "I've no more to do with it than—my tiger!"

"Bah! you're a baby, I see!" quoth O'Gibbet, testily. "What's the name o' your man o' business?—there's not a minute to lose—it's your greatest friend I mean to be, I assure ye—tut, what's his name?"

"Mr. Gammon," replied Titmouse, anxiously.

"Let him, sir, be with me at my house in Ruffian row by nine to-morrow morning to a minute—and alone," said Mr. O'Gibbet, with his lip close to Titmouse's ear—"and once more, d'ye hear, sir—a breath about this to any one, an' you're a ruined man—you're in my power most completely!" With this Mr. O'Gibbet and Mr. Titmouse parted—the former having much similar business on hand, and the latter determined to hurry off to Gammon forthwith; and in fact he was within the next five minutes in his cab, on his way to Thavie's Inn.

Mr. Gammon was at Mr. O'Gibbet's (of whom he spoke to Titmouse in the most earnest and unqualified terms of admiration) at the appointed hour; and after an hour's private conference with him, they both went off to Mr. Flummery's official residence, in Priory place; but what passed there I never have been able to ascertain with sufficient accuracy to warrant me in laying it before the reader.

When the day for taking into consideration the YATTON PETITION had arrived—on a voice calling out at the door of the House, "Counsel in the Yatton petition!" in walked forthwith eight learned gentlemen, four being of counsel for the petitioner, and four for the sitting member—attended by their respective agents, who stood behind, whilst the counsel took their seats at the bar of a very crowded and excited house; for there were several committees to be balloted for on that day. The door of the house was then locked; and the order of the day was read. Titmouse might have been seen popping up and down about the back ministerial benches, like a parched pea. On the front treasury bench sat Mr. O'Gibbet, his hat slouched over his fat face, his arms folded. On the table stood several glasses, containing little rolls of paper, each about two or three inches long, and with the name of every member of the house severally inscribed on them. These glasses being placed before the Speaker, the clerk rose, and taking them out presented them to the Speaker, who, opening each, read out aloud the name inscribed, to the House. Now, the object was, on such occasions, to draw out the names of thirty-three members then present in the House; which were afterward to be reduced, by each party alternately striking off eleven names, to ELEVEN—who were the committee charged with the trial of the petition. Now the astute reader will see that, imagining the House to be divided into two great classes, viz., those favorable and those opposed to the petitioner—according to whose success or failure a vote was retained, lost or gained to the party; and as the number of thirty-three cannot be more nearly divided than into seventeen and sixteen, 'tis said by those experienced in such matters, that in cases where it ran so close—that party invariably and necessarily won who drew the seventeenth name; seeing that each party having eleven names of those in his opponent's interest, to expunge out of the thirty-three, he who luckily drew this prize of the SEVENTEENTH MAN, was sure to have six good men and true on the committee against the other's FIVE. And thus, of course it was, in the case of a greater or less proportion of favorable or adverse persons answering to their names. So keenly was all this felt and appreciated by the whole House, on these interesting—these solemn, these deliberative, and JUDICIAL occasions—that on every name being called, there were sounds heard and symptoms witnessed indicative of eager delight or intense vexation. Now, on the present occasion, it would at first have appeared as if some unfair advantage had been secured by the Opposition; since five of their names were called, to two of those of their opponents; but then only one of the five answered, (it so happening that the other four were absent, disqualified as being petitioned against, or exempt,) while both of the two answered! You should have seen the chagrined faces, and heard the loud exclamations of "Ts!—ts!—ts!" on either side of the House, when their own men's names were thus abortively called over! the delight visible on the other side! The issue long hung in suspense; and at length the scales were evenly poised, and the House was in a state of exquisite anxiety; for the next eligible name answered to would decide which side was to gain or lose a seat.

"Sir Ezekiel Tuddington"—cried the Speaker, amidst profound and agitated silence. He was one of the Opposition—but answered not; he was absent. "Ts! ts! ts!" cried the Opposition.

"Gabriel Grubb."—This was a ministerial man, who rose, and said he was serving on another committee. "Ts! ts! ts!" cried the ministerial side.

"Bennet Barleycorn."—(Opposition)—petitioned against. "Ts! ts! ts!" vehemently cried the Opposition.

"PHELIM O'DOOLLY!"

"Here!" exclaimed that honorable member, spreading

triumph over the ministerial, and dismay over the opposition side of the House; and the thirty-three names having been thus called and answered to, a loud buzz arose on all sides—of congratulation or despondency.

The fate of the petition, it was said, was already as good as decided.—The parties having retired to strike the committee, returned in about an hour's time, and the following members were then sworn in, and ordered to meet the next morning at eleven o'clock:—

#### Ministerials.

- (1.) Sir Simper Silly.
- (2.) Noah No-land.
- (3.) Phelim O'Doodle.
- (4.) Micah M'Squash.
- (5.) Sir Caleb Calf.
- (6.) Och Hubbaboo.

#### Opposition.

- (1.) Castleton Plume.
- (2.) Charles D'Eresby.
- (3.) Merton Mortimer.
- (4.) Sir Simon Alkmond.
- (5.) Lord Frederick Brackenbury.

And the six, of course, on their meeting, chose the chairman, who was a sure card—to wit, SIR CALEB CALF, BART.

Mr. Delamere's counsel and agents, together with Mr. Delamere himself, met at consultation that evening, all with the depressed air of men who are going on in any undertaking *contra spem*. "Well, what think you of our committee?" inquired Mr. Berrington, the eloquent, acute, and experienced leading counsel. All present shrugged their shoulders; but at length agreed that even with such a committee, their ease was an overpowering one; no committee could dare to shut their eyes to such an array of facts as were here collected; the clearest case of *agency* made out—Mr. Berrington declared—that he had ever known in all his practice; and eleven distinct cases of *BRIBERY*, supported each by at least three unexceptionable witnesses; together with half-a-dozen cases of *TREATING*; in fact, their case, it was admitted, had been most admirably got up, under the management of Mr. Crafty, (who was present,) and they must succeed.

"Of course, they'll call for proof of *AGENCY*, first quoth Mr. Berrington, carelessly glancing over his enormous brief; "and we'll at once fix this—what's his name—the Unitarian parson, Mr. Muffin."

"Mudflint—Smirk Mudflint!"

"Ah, ha!—We'll begin with him, and Bloodsuck, and Centipede. Fix them—the rest all follow, and they'll strike, in spite of their committee—or—egad—we'll have a shot at the sitting member himself."

By eleven o'clock the next morning the committee and the parties were in attendance—the room quite crowded—such a quantity of Yatton faces!—There, near the chairman, with his hat perched as usual on his bushy hair, and dressed in his ordinary extravagant and absurd style—his glass screwed into his eye, and his hands stuck into his hinder coat-pockets, and resting on his hips, stood the sitting member, Mr. Titmouse; and after the usual preliminaries had been gone through, up rose Mr. Berrington, with the calm and confident air of a man going to open a winning case; and an overwhelming case he did open—the chairman glancing gloomily at the five ministerials on his right, and then inquisitively at the five opposition members on his left. The statement of counsel was luminous and powerful. As he went on, he disclosed almost as minute and accurate a knowledge of the movements of the Yellows of Yatton, as Mr. Gammon himself could have supplied him with. That gentleman shared in the dismay felt around him. 'Twas clear that there had been infernal treachery; that they were all ruined. "By Jove! there's no standing up against this, unless we break them down at the agency—for Berrington do n't overstate his cases," whispered Mr. Granville, the leading counsel for the sitting member, to one of his juniors, and to Gammon, who sighed, and said nothing. With all his experience in the general business of the profession, he knew as yet little or nothing of what might be expected from a *favorable election committee*. Stronger and stronger, blacker and blacker, closer and closer, came out the petitioner's case. The five opposition members paid profound attention to Mr. Berrington, and took notes; as for the ministerials, one was engaged with his betting-book, another writing out franks, (in which he dealt,) a third conning over an attorney's letter, and two were quietly playing together at 'Tut-tat-to.' As was expected, the committee called peremptorily for proof of *AGENCY*; and I will say, only that if Smirk Mudflint, Barnabas Bloodsuck, and Seth Centipede were not fixed as the 'AGENTS' of the sitting member—there is no such relation as that of principal and agents in *rerum natura*; there never was in this world an agent that had a principal, or a principal that had an agent.—Take only, for instance, the case of Mudflint. He was proved to have been from first to last an active member of Mr. Titmouse's committee; attending daily, hourly, and on hundreds of occasions in the presence of Mr. Titmouse—conversing with him—consulting him—making appointments with him for calling on voters, which appointments he invariably kept; letters in his handwriting, relating to the election, signed some by Mr. Titmouse, some by Mr. Gammon; circulars similarly signed, and distributed by Mudflint, and the addresses in his handwriting; several election bills paid by him on account of Mr. Titmouse; directions given by him and observed, as to the bringing up voters to the poll; publicans' bills paid at the committee-room, in the presence of Mr. Titmouse—and, in short, many other such acts as these were established against all three of the above persons. Such a dreadful effect did all this have upon Mr. Bloodsuck and Mr. Centipede, that they were obliged to go out, in order to get a little gin and water; for they were indeed in a sort of death-sweat. As for Mudflint, he seemed to get sallower and sallower every minute; and felt almost disposed to utter an inward prayer, had he thought it would have been of the slightest use. Mr. Berrington's witnesses were fiercely cross-examined, but no material impression was produced upon them; and when Mr. Granville, on behalf of the sitting member, confident and voluble, rose to prove to the committee, that his learned friend's case was one of the most trumpety that had ever come before a committee—a mere bottle of smoke;—that three gentlemen in question had been no more the agents of the sitting

member than was he—the counsel then on his legs—the agent of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and that every one of the petitioner's witnesses was unworthy of belief—in fact *perjured*—how suddenly awake to the importance of the investigation, became the ministerial members! They never took their eyes off Mr. Granville, except to take notes of his pointed, cogent, unanswerable observations! *He called no witnesses.* At length he sat down; and strangers were ordered to withdraw—and 'twas well they did: for such an amazing uproar ensued among the committee, as soon as the five opposition members discovered to their amazement and disgust, that there was the least doubt amongst their opponents as to the establishment of agency, as would not, possibly, have tended to raise that committee, as a judicial body, in public estimation. After an hour and a half's absence, strangers were re-admitted. Great was the rush—for the fate of the petition hung on the decision to be immediately pronounced. As soon as the counsel had taken their seats, and the eager, excited crowd been subdued into something like silence, the chairman, Sir Caleb Calf, with a flushed face, and a very uneasy expression, read from a sheet of foolscap paper, which he held in his hand, as follows:—

"Resolved—That the Petitioner's Counsel be directed to proceed with evidence of AGENCY," [i. e. the committee were of opinion that no sufficient evidence had yet been given, to establish Messrs. Mudflint, Bloodsuck, and Centipede, as the agents of Mr. Titmouse, in the election for Yatton!!!] The five Opposition members sat with stern indignant faces, all with their backs turned towards the chairman; and nothing but a very high tone of feeling, and chivalrous sense of their position, as members of a public committee of the House of Commons, prevented their repeating in public their fierce protest against the monstrous decision at which the committee, through the casting voice of the redoubtable chairman, had arrived.

Their decision was not immediately understood or appreciated by the majority of those present. After a pause of some moments, and amidst profound silence—

"Have I rightly understood the resolution of the committee, sir," inquired Mr. Berrington, with an amazed air, "that the evidence already adduced is *not sufficient* to satisfy the committee, as to the agency of Messrs. Mudflint, Bloodsuck, and Centipede?"

"The committee meant, sir, to express as much," replied the chairman, dryly, and he sealed a letter with affected indifference: *affected*, indeed! the letter being one addressed to a friend, to desire him forthwith to take a hostile message on his—the chairman's behalf—to Colonel D'Eresby, one of the committee, who had, during the discussion with closed doors, spoken his mind pretty freely concerning the conduct of the aforesaid chairman.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Berrington, (on receiving the chairman's answer,) in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard all over the room, "*neither would they believe though one rose from the dead.*"

"We 'd better strike," said his juniors.

"I think so, too," said Mr. Berrington; adding, as he turned toward the committee with an air of undisguised disgust, "I protest, sir, that never in the whole course of my experience before election committees, have I been so astounded as I am at the decision to which the committee has just come. Probably, under these circumstances, the committee will be pleased to adjourn till the morning, to give us an opportunity of considering the course we will pursue." (This produced a great sensation.)

"Certainly—let it be so," replied the chairman, blandly, yet anxiously: and the committee broke up. Before they met again, three shots a-piece had been exchanged between the chairman and Colonel D'Eresby—"happily without effect," and the parties left the ground in as hostile a spirit as they had reached it. I will say for the Colonel, that he was a plain, straight-forward soldier, who did not understand nonsense, nor could tolerate coquetting with an oath.

"Of course the petition is dropped?" said Mr. Berrington, bitterly, as soon as all were assembled in the evening, in consultation at his chambers.

"Of course," was the answer, in a sufficiently melancholy tone.

"So help me Heaven!" said Mr. Berrington. I feel disposed to say I will never appear again before a committee. This sort of thing cannot go on much longer! To think that every man of that committee is sworn before God to do his duty! I'll take care to strike every one of those six men off from any future list that I may have to do with!"

"I can say only," remarked the second counsel, a calm and experienced lawyer, "that, in my opinion, had all of us sate down to frame, beforehand, a perfect case of agency—with facts at will—we would never have framed one stronger than the one to-day declared insufficient."

"I have been in seven other petitions," said Mr. Berrington, "this very week; but there the sitting members, were Tories: Gracious Heaven! what facts have been there held sufficient proof of agency!—The *Barnard Castle* committee yesterday, held that, to have been seen once shaking hands in a pastry-cook's shop with the sitting member, was sufficient evidence of agency—and we've lost the seat! In the *Cucumber* Committee, a man who by chance stood once under a door-way with the sitting member, in a sudden shower of rain—was held thereby to have become his agent; and we there also lost the seat!—Faugh! what would foreigners say if they heard such things?"

"It's, perhaps, hardly worth mentioning," said Mr. Parkinson; "but this afternoon I happened to see Mr. O'Gibbet dining with Mr. O'Doodle, Mr. Hubbaboo, and Mr. M'Squash, off pork and greens, at the Jolly Thieves' Tavern, in Dodge street—I—I—they were talking together very eagerly."

"The less we say about that the better," replied Mr. Berrington; "I have not had my eyes shut, I can tell you! It's a hard case, Mr. Crafty; but after all your pains, and the dreadful expense incurred, it's nevertheless quite farcical to think of going on with a committee like this."

"Of course the petition is abandoned," replied Crafty. The next morning they again appeared before the committee.

"I have to inform the committee," commenced Mr. Berrington, with sufficient sternness, "that my learned friends and I, who had, in our ignorance and inexperience, imagined, till yesterday, that the evidence we then opened was ten times more than sufficient to establish agency before any legal tribunal."

"Counsel will be pleased to moderate their excitement, and to treat the committee with due respect," interrupted the chairman, warmly, and reddening as he spoke; while the ministerial members looked very fiercely at Mr. Berrington, and one or two placed their arms a-kimbo.

"Have come to the determination to withdraw the petitioner's case from before the committee; as, under existing circumstances, it would be utterly absurd to attempt."

"Fait, sir, an' you're mighty indacent—ye are—an' you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head," said Mr. O'Doodle, fiercely, and with an insolent look at Mr. Berrington.

"Sir," said the latter, addressing Mr. O'Doodle, with a bitter smile—"as it is possible to stand where I do without ceasing to be a gentleman, so it is possible—to sit there—without becoming one."

"Sir—Misther Chairman—I'll only just ask you, sir—is n't that a brache of privilege?"

"Oh, be aisy—aisy wid ye—and is n't he *hired* to say all this?" whispered Mr. Hubbaboo; and the indignant scutator sat down.

"The petition is withdrawn, sir," said Mr. Barrington, calmly.

"Then," subjoined his opponent, as quietly rising as his learned friend had sate down, "I respectfully apply to the committee to vote it *Frivolous and Vexatious.*"

"Possibly the committee will pause before going that length," said Mr. Berrington, very gravely; but he was mistaken. Strangers were ordered to withdraw; and, on their re-admission, the Chairman read the resolution of the committee, that "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., had been and was duly elected to serve for the borough of Yatton; and that the petition against his return was *Frivolous and Vexatious*;" by which decision, all the costs and expenses incurred by Mr. Titmouse were thrown upon his opponent, Mr. Delanere—a just penalty for his wanton and presumptuous attempt. This decision was welcomed by the crowd in the committee-room with clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and cheering. Such was the fate of the YATTON PETITION. Mr. Titmouse, on entering the House that evening, was received with loud cheers from the ministerial benches: and within a few minutes afterward, Lord Frederick Brackenbury, to give the House and the public an idea of the important service performed by the committee, rose and moved that the *evidence should be printed*—which was ordered.

The next day a very distinguished patriot gathered some of the blooming fruit of the *Bill for giving Everybody Everything*—not for himself personally, however, but as a trustee for the public; so, at least, I should infer from the following fact, that whereas, in the morning, his balance at his banker's was exactly L.3, 10s. 7½d.—by the afternoon it was suddenly augmented to L.3003, 10s. 7½d.—shortly expressed thus:—

$$L\ 3 : 10 : 7\frac{1}{2}d. \rightarrow L\ 3000 = L.3003 : 10 : 7\frac{1}{2}d.$$

Thus might my friend Titmouse exclaim, "Out of this nettle danger I've plucked the flower safely!" 'T was, indeed, fortunate for the country, that such, and so early, had been the termination of the contest for representation of Yatton; for it enabled Mr. Titmouse at once to enter, with all the energy belonging to his character, upon the discharge of his legislative functions. The very next day after his own seat had been secured to him by the decision of the committee, he was ballotted for, and chosen one of the members of a committee, of which *Swindle O' Gibbet, Esquire*, was chairman, for trying the validity of the return of two Tory impostors for an Irish county. So marvelously quick an insight into the merits of the case did he and his brethren in the committee obtain, that they intimated, on the conclusion of the petitioners counsel's opening address, that it would be quite superfluous for him to call witnesses in support of a statement of facts, which it was presumed the sitting members could not think of seriously contesting. Against this, the sitting member's counsel remonstrated with indignant energy, on which the committee thought it best to let him take his own course, which would entail its own consequences: viz., that the opposition to the petition would be voted frivolous and vexatious. A vast deal of evidence was then adduced, after which, as might be expected, the committee reported to the House that Lord Beverly de Wynston (who owned half the county for which he had presumed to stand) and Sir Harry Edgington (who owned pretty nearly the other half) had been unduly returned; that two most respectable gentlemen, Mr. O'Shirtless and Mr. O'Toddy, (the one a discarded attorney's clerk, and the other an insolvent publican, neither of whom had ever been in the county till the time of the election,) ought to have been returned; and the clerk of the House was to amend the return accordingly; and that the opposition to the petition had been frivolous and vexatious.

Mr. Titmouse after this formed an intimate acquaintance with the two gentlemen whom, infinitely to their own astonishment, he had helped to seat for the county, and who had many qualities kindred to his own, principally in the matter of dress and drink. Very shortly afterward, he was selected one of a committee to inquire into the state of the operation of the Usury Laws, and another, of a still more important character—viz., to inquire into the state of our relations with foreign powers, with reference to free trade and the permanent preservation of peace. They continued sitting for a month, and thus stated the luminous result of their inquiry and deliberation, in their report to the House: "That the only effectual mode of securing permanently the good will of foreign powers, was by removing all restrictions upon their imports into this country, and imposing prohibitory duties upon our exports into theirs; at the same time reducing our naval and military establishments to a point which should never thereafter occasion uneasiness to any foreign power." He also served on one or two private committees, attended by counsel. In the course of their inquiries many very difficult and complicated questions arose, which called forth great ability on the part of coun-

sel. On one occasion, in particular, I recollect that Mr. Depth, one of the most dexterous and subtle reasoners to be found at the English bar, having started the great question really at issue between the parties, addressed a long and most masterly argument to the committee. He found himself, after some time, making rapid way with them; and, in particular, there were indications that he had at length powerfully arrested the attention of Mr. Titmouse, who, his chin resting on his open hand, and his elbow on the table, leaned forward toward Mr. Depth, on whom he fixed his eye apparently with deep attention. How mistaken, however, was Depth! Titmouse was thinking all the while of two very different matters; viz., whether he could possibly sit it out without a bottle of soda-water, laboring, as he was, under the sickening effects of excessive potatoes over night; and also, whether his favorite little terrier, Titty, would win or lose in her encounter on the morrow with fifty rats—that being the number which Mr. Titmouse had bet three to one she would kill in three minutes' times. The decision to which that committee might come, would affect interests to the amount of nearly a million sterling, and might or might not occasion a monstrous invasion of vested rights!

He still continued to occupy his very handsome apartments at the Albany. You might generally have seen him, about ten o'clock in the morning, (or say *twelve*, when his attendance was not required upon committees,) reclining on his sofa, enveloped in a yellow-figured satin dressing-gown, smoking an enormous nookah; with a little table before him, with a decanter of gin, cold water, and a tumbler or two upon it. On a large round table near him lay a great number of dinner and evening cards, notes, letters, public and private, vote-papers, and Parliamentary reports. Beside him, on the sofa, lay the last number of the *Sunday Flash*—to which, and to the *Neogate Calendar*, his reading was, in fact, almost entirely confined. Over his mantelpiece was a large, hideous oil-painting of two brawny and half-naked ruffians, in boxing attitude; opposite was a very large picture (for which he had given seventy guineas) of Lord Scaramouch's dog Nestor, in his famous encounter with two hundred rats, which he killed in the astonishingly short space of seven minutes and fifteen seconds. Opposite to the door, however, was the great point of attraction—viz., a full length portrait of Titmouse himself. His neck was bare, his ample shirt-collars being thrown down over his shoulders, and his face looking upward. The artist had labored hard to give it that fine indignant expression with which, in pictures of men of genius, they are generally represented as looking upward toward the moon; but nature was too strong for him—his eye too accurate, and his brush too obedient to his eye; so that the only expression he could bring out was one of innocent and stupid wonder. A rich green mantle enveloped his figure; and amidst its picturesque folds, was visible his left hand, holding them together, and with a glittering ring on the first and last fingers. In one corner of the room, on a table, were a pair of foils; and on the ground near them, three or four pairs of boxing gloves. On another table lay a guitar—on another, a violin; on both of which delightful instruments he was taking almost daily lessons. Though the room was both elegantly and expensively furnished, (according to the taste of its former occupant,) it was now redolent—as were Mr. Titmouse's clothes—of the odors of tobacco-smoke and gin and water. Here it was that Mr. Titmouse would often spend hour after hour, boxing with Billy Bully, the celebrated prize-fighter and pickpocket; or, when somewhat far gone in liquor, playing cribbage, or put, with his valet—an artful, impudent fellow, who had gained great influence over him.

As for the House—Modesty (the twin-sister of Merit) kept Mr. Titmouse for a long time very quiet there. He saw the necessity of attentively watching every thing that passed around him, in order to become practically familiar with the routine of business, before he ventured to step forward into action, and distinguish himself. He had not been long, however, thus prudently occupied, when an occasion presented itself, of which he availed himself with all the bold felicitous promptitude of genius—whose prime distinguishing characteristic is the successful seizure of opportunity. He suddenly saw that he should be able to bring into play an early accomplishment of his—an accomplishment of which, when acquiring it, how little he dreamed of the signal uses to which it might be afterward turned! The great Lord Coke hath somewhere said to the legal student, that there is no kind or degree of knowledge whatsoever, so apparently vain and useless that it shall not, if remembered, at one time or other serve his purpose. Thus it seemed about to be with Mr. Titmouse, to whom it chanced in this wise. In early life, while following the humble calling in which he was occupied when first presented to the reader, he used to amuse himself, in his long journeys about the streets, with bundle and yard-measure under his arm, by imitating the cries of oaks, the crowing of cocks, the squeaking of pigs, the braying of donkeys, and the yelping of cars; in which matters he became at length so great a proficient, as to attract the admiring attention of passers-by, and to afford great amusement to the circles in which he visited. There is probably no man living, though ever so great a fool, that cannot do *something* or other well; and Titmouse became a surprising proficient in the arts I have alluded to. He could imitate a *blue-bottle fly* buzzing about the window, and, lighting upon it, abruptly ceasing its little noise, and, anon flying off again, as suddenly resume it;—a *chicken*, picking its way cautiously among the growing cabbages;—a *cat*, at midnight on the moonlit tiles, pouring forth the sorrows of her heart on account of the absence of her inconstant mate;—a *cock*, suddenly waking out of some horrid dream—it may be the nightmare—and, in the ecstasy of its fright, crowing as though it would split at once its throat and heart, alarming all mankind;—a little *cur*, yelping with mingled fear and fury, at the same time, as it were, advancing backwards, in view of a fiendish tom-cat, with high-curved back, flaming eyes, and spitting fury. I only wish you had heard Mr. Titmouse on these occasions; it might, perhaps, even have reminded you of the observation of Doctor Johnson, that genius is great natural powers accidentally directed.

Now there was, on a certain night, about three months after Titmouse had been in the House, a kind of pitched battle between the Ministry and their formidable opponents; in which the speakers on each side did their best to prove



that their opponents were apostates; utterly worthless; despicable alike of public and private virtue; unfit to govern; and unworthy of the confidence of the country. My Lord Bulfinch rose, late on the third evening of the debate—never had been so full a House during the session—and in a long and able speech contended, (first,) that the opposite side were selfish, ignorant, and dishonest; and, (secondly,) that Ministers had only imitated their example. He was vehemently cheered from time to time, and sat down amidst a tempest of applause.

Up then rose the ex-minister and leader of the Opposition, and in a very few moments there was scarce a sound to be heard, except that of the delicious voice—at once clear, harmonious, distinct in utterance, and varied in intonation—of incomparably the finest Parliamentary orator of the day, Mr. Vivid. The hearts of those around him, who centred all their hopes in him, beat with anxious pride. He had a noble countenance—a brilliant eye—strongly marked and most expressive features—a commanding figure—a graceful and winning address. His language, refined, copious, and vigorous, every word he uttered told. His illustrations were as rich and apt as his reasonings were close and cogent; and his powers of ridicule were unrivalled. On the present occasion he was thoroughly roused, and put forth all his powers: he and Lord Bulfinch had been waiting for each other during the whole debate; and now Mr. Vivid had the reply, and truly regarded himself as the mouthpiece of a great and grievously slandered party in the state, whom he had risen to vindicate from the elaborate and venomous aspersions of Lord Bulfinch, who sat, speedily pierced through and through with the arrows of poignant sarcasm, amidst the loud laughter of even his own side, so irresistible was the humor of the speaker. Even Mr. O'Gibbet, who had been from time to time exclaiming, half aloud, to those around—"Och, the pitiful fellow! The stupid baste!—Nivir mind him—divil a word, my lord!"—was at length subdued into silence. In fact, the whole House was with the brilliant and impassioned speaker. Every now and then vehement and tumultuous cheering would burst forth from the Opposition as from one man, answered by as vehement and determined cheering from the ministerial benches; but you could not fail to observe an anxious and alarmed expression stealing over the faces of Lord Bulfinch's supporters. His lordship sat immovably, with his arms folded, and eyes fixed on his opponent, and a bitter smile on his face, glancing frequently, however, with increasing anxiety, towards Mr. O'SQUEAL, the only "great gun" he had left—that gentleman having undertaken (*infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli!*) to reply to Mr. Vivid. Poor Mr. O'SQUEAL himself looked pale and dispirited, and would probably have given up all his little prospects to be able to sneak away from the post he had so eagerly occupied, and devolve upon others the responsibility of replying to a speech looming more and more dreadfully upon his trembling faculties every moment, as infinitely more formidable in all points of view than any thing he had anticipated. The speech must electrify the public, even as it was then electrifying the House. He held a sheet of paper in one hand, resting on his knee, and a pen in the other, with which he incessantly took notes—only to disguise his fright; for his mind went not with his pen—all he heard was above and beyond him;—he might as well think of whistling down a whirlwind; yet there was no escape for him. Was the uneasy eye of Lord Bulfinch, more and more frequently directed toward him, calculated to calm or encourage him? or the sight of the adroit, sarcastic, and brilliant debater sitting opposite, who had his eye on Mr. O'SQUEAL, and was evidently to rise and reply to him? Mr. O'SQUEAL began to feel cold as death, and at length burst into a cold perspiration. After two hours' speech, of uncommon power and brilliancy, Mr. Vivid wound up with a rapid and striking recapitulation of the leading points of his policy when in power, which, he contended, were in triumphant contrast with those of his successors, which were wavering, inconsistent, perilous to every national interest, and in despicable subservience to the vilest and lowest impulses. "And now, sir," said Mr. Vivid, turning to the Speaker, and then directing a bold and indignant glance of defiance at Lord Bulfinch—"does the noble lord opposite talk of *impeachment*? I ask him in the face of this House, and of the whole country, whose eyes are fixed upon it with anxiety and agitation—will he presume to repeat his threat? or will any one on his behalf?"—(turning a glance of withering scorn toward Mr. O'SQUEAL)—"Sir, I pause for a reply!"—And he did—several seconds elapsing in dead silence, which was presently, however, broken in a manner that was perfectly unprecedented, and most astounding. "T was a reply to his question; but such as, had he anticipated it, he would never have put the question, or paused for its answer.

"*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!*" issued, with inimitable fidelity of tone and manner, from immediately behind Lord Bulfinch, who started from his seat as if he had been shot. Every one started; Mr. Vivid recoiled a pace or two from the table—and then a universal peal of laughter echoed from all quarters of the House, not excepting even the strangers' gallery. The Speaker was convulsed, and could not rise to call "order." Lord Bulfinch laughed himself almost into fits; even these immediately behind Mr. Vivid were giving way to uncontrollable laughter, at so comical and monstrous an issue. He himself tried for a moment to join in the laugh, but in vain; he was terribly disconcerted and confounded. This frightful and disgusting incident had done away with the effect of his whole speech; and in twenty-four hours' time, the occurrence would be exciting laughter and derision in every corner of the kingdom.

"Order! order! order!" cried the Speaker, his face red and swollen with scarce subdued laughter. Several times Mr. Vivid attempted to resume, only, however, occasioning renewed laughter. Still he persevered; and, with much presence of mind, made a pointed and witty allusion to Rome saved by the cackling of a goose. "T was, however, plainly useless; and after a moment or two's pause of irresolution, he yielded to his fate, with visible vexation abruptly concluded his observations, gathered hastily together his papers, and resumed his seat and his hat—a signal for renewed laughter and triumphant cheering from the ministerial side of the House. Up then started Mr. O'SQUEAL—and, despite his absurd and extravagant gesticu-

lation, and perfectly frightful tone of voice, dashed boldly off at one or two of the weakest points which had been made by his discomfited adversary, which he dealt with very dexterously; and then threw up a vast number of rhetorical fireworks, amidst the glitter and blaze of which he sat down, and was enthusiastically cheered. "T was my friend Mr. Titmouse that had worked this wonder, and entirely changed the fate of the day. Up rose Mr. O'SQUEAL's dreaded opponent—but in vain; he was quite crestfallen; evidently in momentary apprehension of receiving an interruption similar to that which Mr. Vivid had experienced. He was nervous and fidgety—as well he might be; and would most assuredly have shared the fate of Mr. Vivid, but that Titmouse was (not without great difficulty) restrained by Lord Bulfinch, on the ground that the desired effect had been produced, and would be only impaired by a repetition. The debate came somewhat abruptly to a close, and the Opposition were beaten by a majority of a hundred and thirty, which looked something like a working majority.

This happy occurrence at once brought Mr. Titmouse into notice, and very great favor with his party;—well, indeed, it might, for he had become a most powerful auxiliary, and need it be added how dreaded and detested he was by their opponents? How could it be otherwise, with even their leading speakers, who could scarce ever afterward venture on any thing a little out of the common way—a little higher flight than usual—being in momentary apprehension of some such disgusting and ludicrous interruption as the one I have mentioned, indicating the effect which the speaker was producing upon—a cat, a donkey, a cock, or a puppy? Ah, me! what a sheep's eye each of them cast, as he went on, toward Titmouse? And if ever he was observed to be absent, there was a sensible improvement in the tone and spirit of the Opposition speakers. The ministerial journals all over the country worked the joke well; and in their leading articles against any of Mr. Vivid's speeches, would "sum up all in one memorable word—"*cock-a-doodle-doo!*"

As is generally the case, the signal success of Mr. Titmouse brought into the field a host of imitators in the House; and their performances, inferior though they were, becoming more and more frequent, gave quite a new character to the proceedings of that dignified deliberative assembly. At length, however, it was found necessary to pass a resolution of the House against such practices; and it was entered on the journals, that thenceforth no honorable member should interrupt business by whistling, singing, or imitating the sounds of animals, or making any other disgusting noise whatsoever.

The political importance thus acquired by Mr. Titmouse—and which he enjoyed till the passing of the above resolution, by which it was cut up root and branch—had naturally a very elevating effect upon him; as you might have perceived, had you only once seen him swaggering along the House to his seat behind the front Treasury bench, dressed in his usual style of fashion, and with his quizzing-glass stuck into his eye. Mr. O'Gibbet invariably greeted him with the utmost cordiality, and would often, at a piaching part of an Opposition speech, turn round and invoke his powers, by the exclamation—"Now, now, Titty!" He dined, in due course, with the speaker—as usual, in full court-dress; and, having got a little champagne in his head, insisted on going through his leading "imitations," infinitely to the amusement of some half dozen of the guests, and all the servants. His circle of acquaintance was extending every day; he became a very welcome guest, as an object of real curiosity. He was not a man, however, to be always enjoying the hospitality of others, without at least offering a return; and, at the suggestion of an experienced friend in the House, he commenced a series of "parliamentary dinners," (presumptuous little puppy!) at the Gliddington Hotel. They went off with much eclat, and were duly chronicled in the daily journals, as thus:—

"On Saturday, Mr. Titmouse, M. P., entertained (his third dinner given this session) at the Gliddington Hotel, the following (amongst others) distinguished members of the House of Commons: Sir Simpson Silly, Mr. Flummery, Mr. O'Gibbet, Mr. Outlaw, Lord Beetle, Mr. O'Shirtless, Sir Too Raladdy, Mr. Tripe, Mr. Scum, and a dozen others."

Mr. Titmouse, at length, thought himself warranted in inviting Lord Bulfinch!—and the SPEAKER!—and LORD FIREBRAND, (the Foreign Secretary;) all of whom, however, very politely declined, pleading previous engagements. I can hardly, however, give Mr. Titmouse the credit of these after proceedings; which were, in fact, suggested to him, in the first instance, by two or three young wags in the House; who, barring a little difference in the way of bringing up, were every whit as great fools and coxcombs as himself, and equally entitled to the confidence of their favored constituencies and of the country, as so calculated for the purpose of practical legislation, and that remodeling of the constitutions of the country upon which the new House of Commons seemed bent. "T was truly delightful to see the tables of these young gentlemen groaning under daily accumulations of Parliamentary documents, containing all sorts of political and statistical information, collected and published with vast labor and expense, for the purpose of informing their powerful intellects upon the business of the country, so that they might come duly prepared to the important discussions in the House, on all questions of domestic and foreign policy. As for Mr. Titmouse, he never relished the idea of perusing and studying these troublesome and repulsive documents—page after page, filled with long rows of figures, tables of prices, of exchanges, &c., reports of the evidence, *verbatim et literatim*, taken in question and answer before every committee that sat; all sorts of expensive and troublesome "returns," moved for by any one that chose; he rather contented himself with attending to what went on in the House; and at the close of the session, all the documents in question became the perquisite of Mr. Titmouse's valet, who got a good round sum for them (uncut) as waste paper.

It is not difficult to understand the pleasure which my little friend experienced, in dispensing the little favors and courtesies of orders for the gallery, and franks, to those who applied for them; for all his show of feeling it a "bore" to be asked. "T was these little matters which, as it were, brought home to him a sense of his dignity, and made him feel the possession of station and authority. I know not

but the following application was not more gratifying to him than any which he received:—

"T. Tagrag's best respects to T. Titmouse, Esq. M. P., and begs to say how *greatly* he will account y<sup>e</sup> favor of obtaining an order to be Admitted to the Gallery of the House of Commons for to-morrow night, to hear the debate on the Bill for Doing away with the Nuisance of Dustmen's cries, of a morning.

"With Mrs. T.'s & daughter's comp<sup>ts</sup>."

"T. TITMOUSE, Esq. M. P."

On receiving this, Titmouse looked out for the finest sheet of glossy extra-superfine gilt bath post, scented, and wrote as follows:—

"Please To Admit y<sup>e</sup> Barer To The Galery of the House of Commons.—T. TITMOUSE. Wednesday, March 6<sup>th</sup>, 18—"

But the reader, who must have been highly gratified by the unexpectedly rapid progress of Mr. Titmouse in Parliamentary life, will be, doubtless, as much interested by hearing that corresponding distinction awaited him in the regions of science and literature; his pioneer thither being one who had long enjoyed a very distinguishing eminence; successfully combining the character and pursuits of a scholar and philosopher, with those of a man of fashion—I mean a DOCTOR DIABOLUS GANDER. Though upward of sixty, he found means so effectually to disguise his age, that he would have passed for barely forty. He had himself so strong a predilection for dress, that the moment he saw Titmouse, he conceived a certain secret respect for that gentleman; and, in fact, the two dressed pretty nearly in the same style. The Doctor passed for a philosopher in society. He had spent most of his days in drilling youth in the elements of the mathematics; of which he had the same kind and degree of knowledge that is possessed of English literature by an old governess who has spent her life in going over the first part of Lindley Murray's English grammar with children. Just so much did the Doctor know of the scope, the object, the application, of the mathematics. His great distinguishing mark was, the capability of rendering the most abstruse science, "*popular*;"—i. e. utterly unintelligible to those who *did* understand science, and very exciting and entertaining to those who *did* not.

He had a knack of getting hold of obscure and starving men of genius and science, and secretly availing himself of their labors. He would pay them with comparative liberality to write, in an elegant style, on subjects of pure and mixed science: but when published, the name of *Diabolus Gander* would appear upon the title-page; and, to enable the doctor to do this with *some* comfort to his conscience, he would actually copy out the whole of the manuscript, and make a few alterations in it. But, alas! *omne quod teligit fœdavit*; and it invariably happened that these were the very *macula* pitched upon, exposed, and ridiculed by reviewers. No man could spread his small stock over a larger surface than Doctor Gander; no man be more successful in ingratiating himself with those persons so useful to an enterprising empiric—viz. wealthy fools. He paid constant court to Titmouse, from the first moment he saw him; and took the liberty of calling—unasked—the very next day, at his rooms in the Albany. He soon satisfied Titmouse that he—Gander—was a great philosopher, whom it was an advantage and a distinction to be acquainted with. He took my little admiring friend, for instance, to hear him—Gander—deliver a lecture at the Hanover Square Rooms, to a crowd of fashionable ladies and old gentlemen, who greatly applauded all he said, upon a subject equally abstruse, interesting, and instructive; viz. the occult qualities of *Triangles*. In short, he paid anxious and successful court to Titmouse, and was a very frequent guest at his dinner table. He gave Titmouse, on one of these occasions, an amusing account of the distinction belonging to a member of any of the great learned societies; and, in fact, quite inflamed his little imagination upon the subject—sounding him as to his wish to become a member of some great society, in common with half the dukes, marquesses, earls, and barons in the kingdom—in particular his own august kinsman, the Earl of Dreddlington himself.

"Why—a—'pon my soul—" quoth Titmouse, grinning, as he topped off his tenth glass of champagne, with the bland and voluble doctor—"I—should n't much dislike a thingumbob or two at the end of my name—what's the figure?"

"Certainly, I myself, as a zealous lover of science, my dear sir, consider her honors always well bestowed on those eminent in rank and station: though they may not have gone through the drudgery of scientific details, sir, their countenance *irradiates* the pale cheek of unobtrusive science."

"Yes—a—a, 'pon honor, it certainly does," quoth Titmouse, not exactly, however, comprehending the doctor's fine figure of speech.

"Now look you, Mr. Titmouse," continued the doctor, "the greatest society in all England, out and out, is the CREDULOUS SOCIETY. I happen to have come *tertile* influence there, through which I have been able, I am happy to say, to introduce several noblemen."

"Have you, by Jove? What the devil do they do there?"

"Do, my dear sir! They meet for the purpose of—consider the distinguished men that are fellows of that society! It was only the other day that the Duke of Tadcaster told me, (the very day after I had succeeded in getting his Grace elected,) that he was as proud of the letters "F. C. S." added to his name, as he was of his dukedom!"

"By Jove!—No—but—'pon honor bright—did he? Can you get me into it?" inquired Titmouse eagerly.

"I—oh—why—you see, my very dear sir, you're certainly rather young," quoth the doctor, gravely, pausing and rubbing his chin; "if it could be managed, it would be a splendid thing for you—eh?"

"By jingo, I should think so!" replied Titmouse.

"I think I've been asked by at least a dozen noblemen for my influence, but I've not felt myself warranted."

"Oh, well! then in *course* there's an end of it," interrupted Titmouse, with an air of disappointment; "and curse me if ever I cared a pin about it—I see I've not the ghost of a chance."

"I do n't know that either," replied the doctor, musingly. His design had been all along to confer sufficient obligation on Titmouse, to induce him to lend the doctor a sum of

four or five hundred pounds, to embark in some wild scheme or other, and also to make Titmouse useful to him for other purposes, from time to time. "As you are so young, I am afraid it will be necessary in some sort of way to give you a sort of scientific pretension—ah, by Archimedes! but I have it!—I have it! You see, I've a treatise in the press, and nearly ready for publication, upon a particularly profound subject—but, you'll understand me, explained in a perfectly popular manner—in fact, my dear sir, it is a grand discovery of my own, which will in future ages be placed side by side of that of Sir Isaac Newton!"

"Is he a member of it too?" inquired Titmouse.

"No, my dear sir! Not bodily; but his *spirit* is with us. We feel it influencing all our deliberations; though he died a quarter of a century before we were established! But to return to the discovery I was mentioning; as Sir Isaac discovered the principle of GRAVITATION, (otherwise weight, or heaviness,) so, Mr. Titmouse, I have discovered the principle of LIGHTNESS!"

"You do n't say so! 'Pon my life, amazing!" exclaimed Mr. Titmouse.

"And equally true, as amazing. As soon as I shall have indicated its tendencies and results, my discovery will effect a revolution in the existing system of physical science."

"Ah! that's what they talked about in the House last night—*Revolution*. 'Pon my soul, I do n't like revolution, though!" exclaimed Titmouse, uneasily.

"I am speaking of something quite different, my dear Titmouse," said Dr. Gander, with a slight appearance of pique; "but to proceed with what I had intended. Since I have been sitting here, my dear sir, it has occurred to me that I have an excellent opportunity of evincing my sense of your kindness toward me. Sir, intend to DEDICATE my work to you;"

"Sir, you're amazing kind—most uncommon polite!" quoth Titmouse, who had not the slightest notion of what a "dedication" meant. Within a week or two's time, sure enough, appeared a handsome octavo volume beautifully printed and splendidly bound, entitled,

"Researches into Physical Science, with a view to the Establishment of a New Principle—

"LIGHTNESS.

BY

"DIABOLUS GANDER, ESQUIRE, L. L. D.; F. C. S.; Q. U. A. K.; G. O. S.; Secretary of the Empirical Society; Corresponding Member of the Leipzig Lunatic Society; Vice-President of the Peripatetic Gastronomic Association; and Member of Seventeen American Philosophical and Literary Societies, &c., &c., &c."

And it bore the following "Dedication:"

"To TITMUSE, ESQUIRE,

M. P., &c., &c., &c."

This volume is respectfully inscribed,

by his obedient, obliged,

faithful humble servant,

DIABOLUS GANDER."

The work being vigorously pushed, and systematically puffed in all directions, of course brought the honored name of Mr. Titmouse a good deal before the scientific public; and about three weeks afterward might have been seen the following "Testimonial," suspended against the screen of the public room of the Credulous Society, in support of Mr. Titmouse's pretensions to be elected into it:

"Testimonial.—We, the undersigned, Fellows of the Credulous Society, hereby certify that, from our knowledge of TITMUSE, ESQUIRE, M. P., we believe him to be a gentleman greatly attached to recondite science, and desirous of promoting its interests; and as such, deserving of being elected a Fellow of the Credulous Society.

"DREDDINGTON.

"TANTALLAN.

"WOODEN SPOON.

"FLIMSY CROTCHETT.

"DIABOLUS GANDER.

"PERIWINKLE PARALLELOGRAM.

"PLACID NOODLE."

The above distinguished names were procured by Dr. Gander; and thereupon the election of Mr. Titmouse became almost a matter of certainty—especially as, on the appointed day, Dr. Gander procured the attendance of some amiable old gentlemen, fellows of the Society, who believed the doctor to be all he pretended to be. The above testimonial having been read from the chair, Mr. Titmouse was balloted for, and declared elected unanimously a Fellow of the Credulous Society. He was prevented from attending on the ensuing meeting by a great debate, and an expected early division; then, by sheer intoxication; and again by his being unable to return in time from Croydon, where he had been attending a grand prize-fight, being the backer of one of the principal ruffians, Billy Bully, his boxing-master. On the fourth evening, however, having dined with the Earl of Dreddington, he drove with his lordship to the Society's apartments, was formally introduced, and solemnly admitted; from which time he was entitled to have his name stand thus:

"TITMUSE, ESQ., M. P., F. C. S."

—And heaven knows how much higher he might not have immediately mounted, in the scale of social distinction, but that he came to a very sudden rupture with his "guide, philosopher, and friend," Dr. Gander, who, on at length venturing to make his long-meditated application to Titmouse for a temporary loan, to enable him, Dr. Gander, to prosecute some extensive philosophical experiments—[i. e., *inter nos*, on public credulity]—was unhesitatingly refused by Titmouse; who, on being pressed by the Doctor, abused him in no very choice terms—and finally ordered him out of the room! He quitted the presence of his ungrateful protégé with disgust, and in despair—nor without reason—for that very night he received a propulsion toward the Fleet Prison, which suggested to his philosophical mind several ingenious reflections concerning the *attraction of repulsion*. There he lay for three months till he sent for the creditor who had deposited him there, and who had been his bookseller and publisher; and the doctor so puzzled him by the outline of a certain literary speculation—to be called THE GANDER GALLERY—that his credulous creditor relented, and set his ingenious and enterprising debtor once more at large.

But to return to Mr. Titmouse. It was not long after his election in the Credulous Society, that a deputation from

the committee of the Society for the *Promotion of Civil and Religious Discord* waited upon him at his apartments in the Albany, to solicit him, in terms the most flattering and complimentary, to preside at the next annual meeting at the Stonemasons' Hall; and, after some modest expressions of distrust as to his fitness for so distinguished a post, he yielded to their anxious entreaties.

He ordered in, while they were with him, a very substantial lunch, of which they partook with infinite relish; and having done ample justice to his wines and spirits, the worthy gentlemen withdrew, charmed with the intelligence and affability of their distinguished host, and anticipating that they should have in Mr. Titmouse one of the most rising young men in the liberal line, a very effective chairman, and who would make their meeting go off with great eclat. How Titmouse could have got through the task he had undertaken, the reader must be left to conjecture; seeing that, in point of fact, "circumstances, over which he had no control," prevented him from fulfilling his promise. The meeting waited for him at least three-quarters of an hour; when, finding that neither he nor any tidings of him came, they elected some one else into the chair, and got on as well as they could. I dare say the reader is rather curious to know how all this came to pass; and I feel it my duty to state the reason frankly. On the evening of the day before that on which he had promised to preside at Stonemasons' Hall, he dined out with one or two choice spirits; and, about two o'clock in the morning, they all sallied forth, not a bit the better for wine, in quest of adventures. Mr. Titmouse gave some excellent imitations of donkeys, cats, and pigs, as they walked along arm in arm; and very nearly succeeded in tripping up an old watchman, who had crawled out to announce the hour. Then they rung every bell they passed; and, encouraged by impunity, proceeded to sport of a still more interesting and exciting description; viz., twisting knockers off doors. Titmouse was by far the most drunk of the party, and wrenched off several knockers in a very resolute and reckless manner, placing them successively in his pocket—where, also, his companions contrived, unknown to him, to deposit their spoils—till the weight was such as seriously to increase the difficulty of keeping his balance. When tired of this sport, it was agreed that they should extinguish every lamp they passed. No sooner said than done; and Titmouse volunteered to commence. Assisted by his companions, he clambered up a lamp post at the corner of St. James's street; and holding with one hand by the bar, while his legs clung round the iron post, with the other hand he opened the window of the lamp; and while in the act of blowing it out, "Watch! watch!" cried the voices of several people rushing round the corner; a rattle was sprung; away scampered his companions in different directions; and after holding on where he was for a moment or two, in confusion and alarm, down he slid, and dropped into the arms of three watchmen, around whom was gathered a little crowd of persons, all of whom had been roused from sleep by the pulling of their bells, and the noise made in wrenching off their knockers. A pretty passion they all were in, shaking their fists in the face of the captured delinquent, and accompanying him, with menacing gestures, to the watch-house.

There having been safely lodged, he was put into a dark cell, where he presently fell asleep; nor did he wake until he was summoned to go to the police office. There he found a host of victims of his over-night's exploits. He stoutly denied having been concerned in despoiling a single door of its knocker—on which a breeches-maker near him furiously lifted up the prisoner's coat-tails, and exclaimed, eagerly, "Your worship, your worship! see, he's got his knocker full of pockers! he's got his knocker full of pockers—see here, your worship!"—"What do you mean, sir, by such gibberish?" inquired the magistrate, in so stern a tone as drew the speaker's attention to the little transposition of letters which he had made in his head-long haste to detect the falsehood of the delinquent; who, finding the dismal strait to which he was driven, and feeling really very ill, begged for mercy, which, after a very severe rebuke, confronted by seven knockers lying before him in a row, all of them having been taken out of his own pockets, he obtained, on condition of his making compensation to the injured parties, who compounded with him for twelve pounds. After paying a couple of pounds to the poor-box, he was discharged; crawled into a coach, and, in a very sad condition, reached his rooms about one o'clock, and got into bed in a truly deplorable state—never once recollecting that, at that precise hour, he ought to have been taking the chair of the meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Civil and Religious Discord. As, however, his misfortunes were, in the newspapers, assigned, not to "Titmouse," but to one "John Smith," the exact state of the case never transpired to the worthy gentlemen who had been so unaccountably deprived of his services; and who, on inquiry, were told by his fluent valet, that Mr. Titmouse's late hours at the House had brought on a slight and sudden attack of—jaundice; on hearing which, they begged he might be assured of their respectful sympathy, and hearty wishes for his restoration; and tried very hard to sound the valet on the subject of his master's compensating for his absence by some donation or subscription; but the fellow was very obtuse, and they were compelled to depart disappointed.

I should have thought that the foregoing would have proved a lesson to Mr. Titmouse, and restrained him for some time from yielding to his cursed propensity to drink. Yet was it otherwise—and I shall tell the matter exactly as it happened. Within a fortnight after the mischance which I have above described, Titmouse dined with the members of a sort of pugilistic club, which met every fortnight, for the purpose of settling matters connected with the "ring." On the present occasion there had been a full muster, for they had to settle the preliminaries for a grand contest for the championship of England—to which Titmouse's master, Mr. Billy Bully, aspired. Titmouse had scarcely ever enjoyed himself more than on that exciting occasion; and, confident of his man, had backed his favorite pretty freely. Toward eleven o'clock, he found the room very close—and it was not to be wondered at, when you considered the dreadful quantity of hard ale, harder port wine, and poisonous gin and water, which the little wretch had swallowed since sitting down to dinner—however, about the hour I have named, he, Sir Pumpkin Pup-

py, and one or two others, all with cigars in their mouths, sallied forth to walk about town, in search of sport. I have hardly patience to write it—but positively they had not got half way down the Haymarket, when they got into a downright "row;" and, egged on by his companions, and especially inwardly impelled by the devil himself, the miserable Titmouse, after grossly insulting a little one-eyed, one-legged, bald-headed old waterman attached to the coach-stand there, challenged him to fight, and forthwith flung away his cigar, and threw himself into a boxing attitude amid the jeers and laughter of the spectators—who, however, formed a sort of ring, in a trice. At it they went *instanter*. Titmouse squared about with a sort of disdainful showiness—in the midst of which he suddenly received a nasty teaser on his nose and shoulder, from his active, hardy, and experienced antagonist, which brought him to the ground, the blood gushing from his nose in a copious stream. Sir Pumpkin quickly picked him up, shook him, and set him fairly at his man again. Nearer and nearer stamped the old fellow to the devoted "swell," who, evidently groggy, squared in the most absurd way imaginable for a moment or two, when he received his enemy's one, two in his eye, and on his mouth, and again dropped down.

"He's drunk—he can't fight no more than a baby; I won't stand against him any more," quoth the fair and stout-hearted old waterman. "It warn't any o' my seeking; but if he thought to come it over an old cripple like me!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried his comrades; "come along, old chap—come along!" said one; "if I do n't give you a jolly quarter, may I stick here without a fare all this blessed night?" and the speaker led off the victor to the public house opposite, while Titmouse's friends led him off, nearly insensible, to a tavern a few doors off. Having given directions that he should be forthwith taken to a bedroom and washed, they ordered broiled bones and mulled claret for themselves. After about an hour and a half's nap, Titmouse, who probably had benefited rather than suffered from his blood-letting, rejoined his friends, and called for a cigar and a glass of cold brandy and water; having had which, they set off homeward; he reached his rooms about one o'clock, with a very black eye, a swollen nose and mouth, a very thick and indistinct speech, and unsteady step: in fact, in a much worse pickle than he had as yet exhibited to his valet, who told him, while preparing for him a glass of brandy and soda water, that no fewer than five messengers had been at his rooms. While he was yet speaking, a thundering knock was heard at the outer door, and its being opened, in rushed, breathlessly, Mr. Phelim O'Doodle.

"Titmouse!—Titmouse. Och, murder and thunder, where are ye? Where have ye been, wid ye?" he gasped—

"When—a—hen—on—water—swims—  
Too-ra-laddy  
Too-ra-lad lad-lad!"

drowsily sung Titmouse—it being part of a song he had heard thrice encored that evening after dinner—at the same time staggering toward O'Doodle.

"Och, botheration take your too-ra-laddy! Come, fait—by Jesus! clap your hat on and button your coat, and off to the House—immediately—or it's all up with us, an' out we go every mother's son of us—an' the bastely Tories 'll be in. Come! come!—off wid ye, I say! I've a coach at the door!"

"I—(hiccup)—I sha' n't—can't—'pon my life!"

"Och, off wid ye!—is n't it mad that Mr. O'Gibbet is wid ye?"

"He's one eye—ah, ha!—end on leg—Too-ra-laddy," hiccupped the young senator.

"Divil burn me if I do n't tie ye hand an' foot together!" cried O'Doodle, impetuously. "What the divil have ye been about wid that black eye o' yours, and—but I'll spake about it in the coach. Off wid ye! Is n't time worth a hundred pounds a minute?"

Within a minute or two's time, O'Doodle had got him safely into the coach, and down to St. Stephen's they rattled at top speed. There was going on, indeed, a desperate fight—a final trial of strength between Ministers and the Opposition on a vote of want of confidence; and a division expected every minute. Prodigious had been the efforts of both parties—the whip unprecedented. Lord Bulfinch had, early in the evening, explicitly stated that Ministers would resign unless they gained a *majority*; and, to their infinite vexation and astonishment, three of their staunch adherents—Titmouse being one—were missing just at the critical moment. The Opposition had been more fortunate; every man of theirs had come up—and were shouting tremendously, "Divide! divide! divide!"—while, on the other hand, Ministers were putting up men, one after another, to speak against time, though not one syllable they said could be heard, in order to get a chance of their then missing men coming up. If none of them came, Ministers would be exactly even with their opponents; in which case they resolved to resign. Up the stairs and into the lobby came O'Doodle, breathlessly, with his prize.

"Och, my dear O'Doodle!—Titmouse, ye little drunken divil, where have ye been?" commenced O'Gibbet, on whom O'Doodle stumbled suddenly.

"Thank Heaven! Good God, how fortunate!" exclaimed Mr. Flummery, both he and O'Gibbet being in a state of intense anxiety and great excitement.

"In with him!—in with him!—by Jove, they're clearing the gallery!" gasped Mr. Flummery, while he rushed into the House, to make the way clear for O'Doodle and O'Gibbet, who were literally carrying in Titmouse between them.

"Sir!—Mr. Flummery!" gasped O'Doodle; "ye wo n't forget what I've done to-night, will ye?"

"No, no—honor! In with you! In with you! A moment, and all's lost."

However, they reached the House in safety, Mr. O'Gibbet waving his hand in triumph.

"Oh, ye droll little divil! where have ye been hiding?" he hastily whispered, as he deposited him on the nearest bench, and sat beside him. He took off his hat, and wiped his reeking head and face. Gracious Heavens, what a triumph!—and in the very nick of time!—he had saved the Ministry! Tremendous was now the uproar in the House, almost every one present shouting, "Divide!—divide!"

"Strangers, withdraw," cried the Speaker.



At it they went, with an air of tumultuous and irrepressible excitement; but, through Titmouse, the Ministers triumphed. The numbers were announced:

Ayes, 301  
Noes, 300

#### Majority for Ministers.

On which burst forth immense cheering on the ministerial side of the House, and vehement counter-cheering on the opposition side, which lasted for several minutes. The noise, indeed, was so prodigious, that it almost roused Titmouse from the sort of stupor into which he had sunk. Mr. O'Doodle accompanied him home; and, after taking a couple of tumblers of whisky and water with him, took his departure—caring nothing that he had left Titmouse on the floor, in a state of dangerous insensibility; from which, however, in due time, he recovered, but was confined to his bed, by a violent bilious attack, for nearly a week. Mr. O'Doodle's services to the Government were not forgotten. A few days afterward he vacated his seat, having received the appointment of sub-inspector of political caricatures in Ireland, with a salary of six hundred pounds a year for life. His place in the House was immediately filled up by his brother, Mr. Trigger O'Doodle. Profuse were Phelim's thanks to Mr. O'Gibbet, when that gentleman announced to him his good fortune, exclaiming, at the same time, with a sly smile, "Ye see what it is to render service to the state—ah, ah! Aisy, aisy!—softly, say I. Isn't that the way to get along?"

The injuries which Titmouse had received in his encounter with the waterman—I mean principally his black eye—prevented him from making his appearance in public, or at Lord Dreddlington's, or in the House, for several days after he had recovered from the bilious attack of which I have spoken. His non-attendance at the House, however, signified little, since both parties had been so thoroughly exhausted by their late trial of strength, as to require for some time rest and quietness, to enable them to resume the public business of the country. As soon as his eye was fairly convalescent, the first place to which he ventured out was his new residence in Park lane, which, having been taken for him, under the superintendence of the Earl of Dreddlington and Mr. Gammon, some month or two before, was now rapidly being furnished, in order to be in readiness to receive his lady and himself, immediately after his marriage—his parliamentary duties not admitting of a prolonged absence from town. His marriage with the Lady Cecilia had, as usual, been already prematurely announced in the newspapers several times, as on the eve of taking place. Their courtship went on very easily and smoothly. Neither of them seemed anxious for the other's society, though they contrived to evince, in the presence of others, a decent degree of gratification at meeting each other. He did all which he was instructed to be necessary for a man of fashion to do. He attended her and the Earl to the opera repeatedly, as also to other places of fashionable resort: he had danced with her occasionally; but, to tell the truth, it was only at the vehement instance of the Earl her father, that she ever consented to stand up with one whose person, whose carriage, whose motions, were so unutterably vulgar and ridiculous as those of Mr. Titmouse, who was yet her affianced husband. He had made her several times rather expensive presents of jewelry, and would have purchased for her a great stock of clothing, if she would have permitted it. He had, moreover, been a constant guest at the Earl's table, where he was under greater restraint than anywhere else. Of such indiscretions and eccentricities as I have just been recording, they knew, or were properly supposed to know, nothing. "I was not for them to have their eyes upon him while sowing his wild oats—so thought the Earl; who, however, had frequent occasion for congratulating himself in respect of Mr. Titmouse's political celebrity, and also of the marks of distinction, conferred upon him in the literary and scientific world, of which the Earl was so distinguished an ornament. Titmouse had presented copies, gorgeously bound, of Dr. Gander's Treatise on Lightness, both to the Earl and the Lady Cecilia; and the very flattering dedication to Titmouse, by Dr. Gander, really operated not a little in his favor with his future lady.

What effect might have been produced upon her ladyship, had she been apprised of the fact, that the aforesaid dedication had appeared in only a hundred copies, having been cancelled directly Dr. Gander had ascertained the futility of his expectations from Titmouse, I do not know; but I believe she never was apprised of the fact. As far as his dress went, she had contrived, through the interference of the Earl and of Mr. Gammon, (for whom she had conceived a singular respect,) to abate a little of its fantastic absurdity—its execrable vulgarity. Nothing, however, seemed capable of effecting any material change in the man, although his continued intercourse with refined society could hardly fail to effect an advantageous change in his manners. As for any thing further, Tittlebat Titmouse remained the same vulgar, heartless, presumptuous, ignorant creature he had ever been. Though I perceive in the Lady Cecilia no qualities to excite our respect or affection, I pity her from my very soul when I contemplate her coming union with Titmouse. One thing I know, that as soon as ever she had bound herself irrevocably to Mr. Titmouse, she began to think of at least fifty men whom she had ever spurned, but whom now she would have welcomed with all the ardor and affection of which her cold nature was susceptible. As she had never been conspicuous for animation, vivacity, or energy, the gloom which more and more frequently overshadowed her, whenever her thoughts turned toward Titmouse, attracted scarce any one's attention. There were those, however, who could have spoken of her mental disquietude at the approach of her cheerless nuptials—I mean her maid Annette and Miss Macepleuchan. To say that she loathed the bare idea of her union with Titmouse—of his person, manners, and character—would not perhaps be exactly correct, since she had not the requisite strength of character; but she contemplated her future lord with mingled feelings of apprehension, dislike, and disgust. She generally fled for support to the comfortable notion of "fate," which had assigned her such a husband. Heaven had denied poor Lady Cecilia all powers of contemplating the future, of anticipating consequences, of reflecting upon the step she was about to take. Miss Macepleuchan, however, did so for her; but, being placed in a situation of great delicacy and difficulty, acted with cau-

tious reserve whenever the subject was mentioned. Lady Cecilia had not vouchsafed to consult her before her ladyship had finally committed herself to Titmouse; and, after that, interference was useless and unwarrantable.

Lady Cecilia late one afternoon entered her dressing-room, pale and dispirited, as had been latterly her wont; and, with a deep sigh, sunk into her easy chair. Annette, on her ladyship's entrance, was leaning against the window frame, reading a book, which she immediately closed and laid down. "What are you reading there?" inquired Lady Cecilia, languidly.

"Oh, nothing particular, my lady!" replied Annette, coloring a little; "it was only the prayer-book. I was looking at the marriage-service, my lady. I wanted to see what it was that your ladyship has to say."

"It's not very amusing, Annette. I think it very dull and stupid."

"La, my lady—now I should have thought it quite interesting, if I had been in your ladyship's situation!"

"Well, what is it that they expect me to repeat?"

"Oh! I'll read it, my lady—here it is," replied Annette, and read as follows:

"Then shall the priest say unto the woman, 'N, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, serve him, love, honor, and keep him, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?'"

"The woman shall answer, 'I will.'"

"Well, it's only a form, you know, Annette, and I dare say no one ever gives it a thought," said Lady Cecilia, struggling to suppress a sigh.

"Then," continued Annette, "your ladyship will have to say a good deal after the parson—but I beg your ladyship's pardon—it's (in your case) the bishop. Here it is:

"I, N, take thee M, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish—"

"Yes, yes—I hear," interrupted Lady Cecilia, faintly, turning pale; "I know it all—that will do, Annette."

"There's only a word more, my lady."

"And obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth." All this, your ladyship sees, your ladyship says, with your right hand holding Mr. Titmouse's." Here a visible tremor passed through Lady Cecilia. "You may leave me alone, Annette, a little while," said she; "I don't feel quite well."

"La, my lady, an't your ladyship late already! Your ladyship knows how early her Grace dines ever since her illness."

"There's plenty of time; I'll ring for you when I want you. And—stay—you may as well leave your prayer-book with me for a moment; it will answer me to look in it." Annette did as she was bid; and the next moment her melancholy mistress was alone. She did not, however, open the book she had asked for, but fell into a reverie, which was disturbed only by her maid tapping at the door; and who, on entering, told her that she had not one moment to lose; that his lordship had been dressed for some time. On this her ladyship rose, and commenced her toilet with a very deep sigh.

"Your ladyship, I suppose, wears your gold-colored satin? It matches so well with the pearls," said Annette, going to the jewel-case.

"I sha'n't wear any pearls to-day."

"Oh! my lady! not that beautiful spray of Mr. Titmouse's? Your ladyship does look so well in it."

"I sha'n't wear any thing of Mr. Tit—I mean," she added, coloring; "I sha'n't wear any thing in my hair to-day!"

Many and anxious, it may be easily believed, had been the conferences and negotiations between the Earl, Mr. Titmouse and Mr. Gammon, with reference to the state of his property, and the settlement to be made on Lady Cecilia. It appeared that the extent of the incumbrances on the Yatton property was £35,000, and which Gammon had many ways of accounting for, without disclosing the amount of plunder which had fallen to the share of the firm—or rather to the senior partner. The interest on this sum (£1750) would reduce Mr. Titmouse's present income to £8250 per annum; but Gammon pledged himself that the rental of the estates could, with the greatest ease, be raised to £12,000, and that measures, in fact, were already in progress to effect so desirable a result. Then there was a sum of £20,000 due to Mr. Titmouse from Mr. Aubrey, on account of the same profits, £10,000 of which was guaranteed by Lord de la Zouch, and would very shortly become payable, with interest; and the remaining £10,000 could be at any time called in. The sum finally determined upon, as a settlement upon Lady Cecilia, was £3000 a year—surely a very substantial "consideration" for the "faithful promise" to be, by-and-by, made by her at the altar—and which, moreover, she conceived she had a prospect of having entirely to herself—really "for her separate use, exempt from the control, debts, and engagements of her said intended husband." I am sorry to say that Lady Cecilia clung to the prospect of an almost immediate separation; which, she learned from several confidential friends, some of whom were qualified, by personal experience, to offer an opinion, was a very easy matter, becoming daily more frequent, on the ground of incompatibility of temper. A faint hint of the kind which she had once dropped to Miss Macepleuchan, was received in such a manner as prevented her from ever repeating it. As for the Earl, her father, I cannot say that he did not observe a depression of spirits in his daughter, increasing with the increasing proximity of her marriage. Since, however, he had entirely reconciled himself to it—and was delighted at the approaching long-coveted re-union of the family interests—he did not think of her having any real objection to the arrangements. As for her lowness of spirits, and nervousness, doubtless every woman on the point of being married experienced similar feelings. She herself, indeed, seldom if ever named the matter to her father in such a way as occasion him uneasiness. In short, the affair seemed to be going on just as it ought to do; and even had it assumed an untoward aspect, circumstances had arisen which would have prevented the Earl from giving his wonted attention to what in any degree concerned his daughter.

In the first place, on his lordship's party coming in to

power, to his infinite amazement his old post of Lord High Steward was filled up by some one else! So also was the office of Lord President of the Council; and so, moreover, was every other office; and that, too, without any apology to the offended peer, or explanation of such a phenomenon as his entire exclusion from office. The Premier, in fact, had never once thought of his lordship while forming his administration; and on being subsequently remonstrated with by a venerable peer, a common friend of the Premier and Lord Dreddlington, the Premier very calmly and blandly expressed his regret that Lord Dreddlington had not given him notice of his being still—even in his advanced years—disposed to hold office; and trusted that he should yet be able, and before any long time should have elapsed, to avail himself of the very valuable services "of my Lord Dreddlington." This was all that he could get from the courteous but marble-hearted Premier; and, for a long while, the Earl could think of only one mode of soothing his wounded feelings—viz. going about to his friends, and demonstrating that the new Lord Steward and the new Lord President were every day displaying their unfitness for office; and that their only error committed by the Premier, in the difficult and responsible task of forming a government, was that of selecting two such individuals as he had appointed to those distinguished posts. He was also greatly comforted and supported, at this period of vexation and disappointment, by the manly and indignant sympathy of—Mr. Gammon, who had succeeded in gaining a prodigious ascendancy over the Earl, who, on the sudden death of his own solicitor, old Mr. Peunce, adopted Gammon in his stead; and infinitely rejoiced his lordship was, to have thus secured the services of one who possessed an intellect at once so practical, masterly, and energetic; who had formed so high an estimate of his lordship's powers; and whom his lordship's condescending familiarity never for one moment caused to lose sight of the vast distance and difference between them. He appeared, moreover, to act between Titmouse and the Earl with the scrupulous candor and fidelity of a high-minded person, consciously placed in a situation of peculiar delicacy and responsibility. At the least, he seemed exceedingly anxious to secure Lady Cecilia's interests; and varied—or appeared to vary—the arrangements, according to every suggestion of his lordship. The Earl was satisfied that Gammon was disposed to make Titmouse go much further than of his own accord he would have felt disposed to go, toward meeting the Earl's wishes in the matter of the settlements;—in fact, Gammon evinced great anxiety to place her ladyship in that position to which her high pretensions so justly entitled her.

But this was not the only mode by which he augmented and secured his influence over the weak old peer. Not only had Gammon, in the manner pointed out in a previous portion of this history, diminished the drain upon his lordship's income which had so long existed in the shape of interest upon money lent him on mortgage, (and which embarrassments, by the way, had all arisen from his foolish state and extravagance when Lord High Steward;) not only, I say, had Gammon done all this, but infinitely more;—he had enabled his lordship, as it were, "to strike a blow in a new hemisphere," and at once evince his fitness for the conduct of important and complicated affairs of business, acquire an indefinite augmentation of fortune, and also great influence and popularity.

England, about the time I am speaking of, was smitten with a sort of mercantile madness—which showed itself in the shape of a monstrous passion for JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES. John Bull all of a sudden took it into his troubled head, that no commercial undertaking of the least importance could any longer be carried on by means of individual energy, capital, and enterprise. A glimmering of this great truth he discovered that he had had from the first moment that a private partnership had been adopted; and it was only to follow out the principle—to convert a private into a public partnership, and call it a "Joint stock Company." This bright idea of John's produced prompt and prodigious results—a hundred joint-stock companies

"rose like an exhalation"

in the metropolis alone, within one twelvemonth's time. But then came the question, upon what were these grand combined forces to operate? Undertakings of commensurate magnitude must be projected—and so it was. It really mattered not a straw how wild and ludicrously impracticable was a project—it had but to be started, and announced, to call forth monied people among all classes, all making haste to be rich—and ready to back the speculation, even to the last penny they had in the world; pouring out their capital with a recklessness, of which the lamentable results may prevent their recurrence. Any valuble visionary who was unluckily able to reach the ear of one or two persons in the city, could expand his crotchets into a "company" with as little effort as an idiot could blow out a soap-bubble. For instance: one wiseacre (who ought never to have been at large) conceived a plan for creating ARTIFICIAL RAIN at an hour's notice over any extent of country short of three miles; a second, for conveying MILK to every house in the metropolis in the same way as water is at present conveyed, viz. by pipes, supplied by an immense reservoir of milk to be established at Islington, and into which a million of cows were to be milked night and morning; and a third for converting saw-dust into solid wood.

WHITTIER.—The Christian World, is noticing the poet Whittier, says: "We have long admired his genius, and shall henceforth cherish the image of his person. It is a delightful thing to witness the ascendancy of the moral over the intellectual in such men. Goodness alone is greater than genius."

CAMPBELL, the poet, being asked by a young lady to write something "original" in her album, answered as follows:

An original something, dear maid, you would win me  
To write, but how shall I begin?  
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,  
EXCEPTING Original Sin.

Q.—A Southern paper complains that the mosquitoes near Newton, Ga., are so large and ravenous that they are pulling up corn like blackbirds!

## Recent Literature.

## GUY FAWKES.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER XIII. . . . The Flight of the Conspirators.

On the same night, and at the same hour that Guy Fawkes was captured, the other conspirators held their rendezvous in Lincoln's Inn Walks. A presentiment of the fate awaiting them filled the breasts of all, and even Catesby shared in the general depression. Plan after plan was proposed, and, as soon as proposed, rejected; and they seemed influenced only by alarm and irresolution. Feeling, at length, that nothing could be done, and that they were only increasing their risk by remaining together longer, they agreed to separate, appointing to meet at the same place on the following night, if their project should not, in the interim, be discovered.

"Before daybreak," said Catesby, "I will proceed to the cellar under the Parliament House, and ascertain whether anything has happened to Guy Fawkes. My heart misgives me about him, and I reproach myself that I have allowed him to incur this peril alone."

"Guy Fawkes is arrested," said a voice near them, "and is at this moment under examination before the King." "It is Tresham who speaks," cried Catesby; "secure him."

The injunction was instantly obeyed. Tresham was seized, and several weapons pointed against his breast. He did not, however, appear to be dismayed, but so far as could be discerned in the obscurity, seemed to maintain great boldness of demeanor.

"I have again ventured among you at the hazard of my life," he said, in a firm tone, "to give you this most important intelligence; and am requited, as I have ever been of late, with menaces and violence. Stab me, and see whether my death will avail you in this extremity. I am in equal danger with yourselves, and whether I perish by your hands, or by those of the executioner, is of little moment."

"Let me question him before we avenge ourselves upon him," said Catesby to Rookwood. "How do you know that Guy Fawkes is a prisoner?"

"I saw him taken," replied Tresham, "and esteem myself singularly fortunate that I escaped the same fate. Though excluded from further share in the project, I could not divest myself of a strong desire to know how matters were going on, and I resolved to visit the cellar secretly at midnight. As I stealthily approached it, I remarked several armed figures beneath a gateway, and conjecturing their purpose, instantly concealed myself behind a projection of the wall. I had not been in this situation many minutes, when the cellar door opened, and Guy Fawkes issued from it."

"Well!" cried Catesby, breathlessly.

"The party I had noticed immediately rushed forward, and secured him before he could offer any resistance," continued Tresham. "After a brief struggle, certain of their number dragged him into the cellar, while others kept watch without. I should now have flown, but my limbs refused their office, and I was therefore compelled, however reluctantly, to see the end of it. In a short time Guy Fawkes was brought forth again, and I heard some one in authority give directions that he should be instantly taken to Whitehall, to be interrogated before the King and the Privy Council. He was then led away, and a guard placed at the door of the cellar. Feeling certain I should be discovered, I continued for some time in agony of apprehension, not daring to stir. But, at length, summoning up sufficient resolution, I crept cautiously along the side of the wall, and got off unperceived. My first object was to warn you."

"How did you become acquainted with our place of rendezvous?" demanded the elder Wright.

"I overheard you, at our last interview at White Webbs, appoint a midnight meeting in this place," replied Tresham, "and I hurried hither in the hope of finding you, and have not been disappointed."

"When I give the word plunge your swords into his breast," said Catesby, in a low tone.

"Hold!" cried Percy, taking him aside. "If we put him to death in this spot, his body will be found, and his slaughter may awaken suspicions against us. Guy Fawkes will reveal nothing."

"Of that I am well assured," said Catesby. "Shall we take the traitor to some secure retreat, where we can detain him till we learn what takes place at the palace, and if we find he has betrayed us, despatch him?"

"That would answer no good purpose," returned Percy. "The sooner we are rid of him the better. We can then deliberate as to what is best to be done."

"You are right," rejoined Catesby. "If he has betrayed us, life will be a burthen to him, and the greatest kindness we could render him would be to rid him of it. Let him go. Tresham," he added, in a loud voice, "you are free. But we meet no more."

"We have not parted yet," cried the traitor, springing backwards, and uttering a loud cry. "I arrest you all in the King's name."

The signal was answered by a band of soldiers, who emerged from behind the trees where they had hitherto been concealed, and instantly surrounded the conspirators. "It is now my turn to threaten," laughed Tresham.

Catesby replied by drawing a petronel, and firing it in the supposed direction of the speaker. But he missed his mark. The ball lodged in the brain of a soldier who was standing beside him, and the ill-fated wretch fell to the ground.

A desperate conflict now ensued. Topcliffe, who commanded the assailing party, ordered his followers to take the conspirators alive, and it was mainly owing to this injunction that the latter was indebted for their safety. Whispering his directions to his companions, Catesby gave the word, and making a simultaneous rush forward, they broke through the opposing ranks, and instantly disappearing, and favored by the gloom, they baffled pursuit.

"We have failed in this part of our scheme," said Tresham to Topcliffe, as they met half an hour afterward. "What is to be done?"

"We must take the Earl of Salisbury's advice upon it," returned Topcliffe. "I shall now hasten to Whitehall to see how Guy Fawkes's interrogation proceeds, and will communicate with his lordship."

Upon this they separated. None of the conspirators met again that night. Each fled in a different direction, and, ignorant of what had happened to the rest, sought some secure retreat. Catesby ran toward Chancery lane, and passing through a narrow alley, entered the large gardens which then lay between this thoroughfare and Fetter lane. Listening to hear whether he was pursued, and finding nothing to alarm him, he threw himself on the sod beneath a tree, and was lost in painful reflection.

"All my fair schemes are marred by that traitor Tresham," he muttered. "I could forgive myself by being duped by him, if I had slain him when he was in my power. But that he should escape to exult in our ruin, and reap the reward of his perfidy, afflicts me even more than failure."

Tortured by thoughts like these, and in vain endeavoring to snatch such brief repose as would fit him for the fatigue he might have to endure on the morrow, he did not quit his position till late in the morning of a dull November day—it was, as will be recollected, the memorable Fifth—had arrived.

He then arose, and slouching his hat, and wrapping his cloak around him, shaped his course toward Fleet street. From the knots of persons gathered together at different corners—from their muttered discourse and mysterious looks—as well as from the general excitement that prevailed—he felt sure that some rumor of the plot had gone abroad. Shunning observation as much as he could, he entered a small tavern near Fleet Bridge, and called for a flask of wine and some food. While discussing these, he was attracted by the discourse of the landlord, who was conversing with his guests about the conspiracy.

"I hear that all the Papists are to be hanged, drawn and quartered," cried the host; "and if it be true, as I have heard, that this plot is their contrivance, they deserve it. I hope I have no believer in that faith—no recusant in my house."

"Do not insult us by any such suspicion," cried one of the guests. "We are all loyal men—all good Protestants."

"Do you know whether the conspirators have been discovered, sir?" asked the host of Catesby.

"I do not even know of the plot," replied the other. "What was the object?"

"What is its object?" cried the host. "You will scarcely credit me when I tell you. I tremble to speak of it. Its object was to blow up the Parliament House, and the King and all the nobles and prelates of the land along with it."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the guests.

"But how do you know it is a scheme of the Papists?" asked Catesby.

"Because I have been told so," rejoined the host. "But who else could devise such a monstrous plan? It would never enter into the head or heart of a Protestant to conceive so detestable an action. We love our King too well for that, and would shed the last drop of our blood rather than a hair of his head should be injured. But these priest-ridden Papists think otherwise. They regard him as a usurper; and having received a dispensation from the Pope to that effect, fancy it to be a pious act to remove him. There will be no tranquility in the kingdom while one of them is left alive; and I hope his Majesty will take advantage of the present ferment to order a general massacre of them, like that of the poor Protestants on Saint Bartholomew's day in Paris."

"Ay, massacre them," cried the guests, "that's the way. Burn their houses, and cut their throats. Will it be lawful to do so without further authority, mine host? If so, we will set about it immediately."

"I cannot resolve you on that point," replied the landlord. "You had better wait a short time. I dare say their slaughter will be publicly commanded."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" cried one of the guests, "I will bear my part in the business."

Catesby arose, paid his reckoning, and strode out of the tavern.

"Do you know," mine host," said the guest who had last spoken, "I half suspect that tall fellow, who has just left us, is a Papist."

"Perhaps a conspirator," said another.

"Let us watch him," cried a third.

"Stay," cried the host, "he has paid me double my reckoning. I believe him to be an honest man and a good Protestant."

"What you say confirms my suspicions," rejoined the first speaker. "We will follow him."

On reaching Temple Bar, Catesby found the gates closed, and a guard stationed at them,—no one being allowed to pass through without examination. Not willing to expose himself to this scrutiny, Catesby turned away, and in doing so perceived three of the persons he had just left in the tavern. The expression of their countenances satisfied him they were dogging him; but affecting not to perceive it, he retraced his steps, gradually quickening his pace, until he reached a narrow street leading into Whitefriars, down which he darted. The moment his pursuers saw this, they hurried after him, shouting, "A Papist—a Papist!—a conspirator!"

But Catesby was now safe. Claiming the protection of certain Alsatians who were lounging at the door of a tavern, and offering to reward them, they instantly drew their swords, and drove the others away; while Catesby, tossing a few pieces of money to his preservers, passed through a small doorway into the Temple, and making the best of his way to the stairs, leapt into a boat, and ordered the waterman to row to Westminster. The man obeyed, and plying his oars, soon gained the middle of the stream. Little way, however, had been made, when Catesby descried a large wherry, manned by several rowers, swiftly approaching them, and instinctively comprehending whom it contained, ordered the man to rest on his oars till it had passed.

In a few moments the wherry approached them. It was filled with sergeants of the guard and halberdiers, in the midst of whom sat Guy Fawkes. Catesby could not resist

the impulse that prompted him to rise, and the movement attracted the attention of the prisoner. The momentary glance they exchanged convinced Catesby that Fawkes perceived him, though his motionless features gave no token of recognition, and he immediately afterwards fixed his eyes towards heaven, as if to intimate—at least Catesby so construed the gesture,—that his earthly career was well-nigh ended. Heaving a deep sigh, Catesby watched the wherry sweep on towards the Tower—its fatal destination—until it was lost to view.

"All is over, I fear, with the bravest of our band," he thought, as he tracked his course; "but some effort must be made to save him. At all events, we will die sword in hand, and like soldiers, and not as common malefactors."

Abandoning his intention of proceeding to Westminster, he desired the man to pull ashore, and landing at Arundel Stairs, hastened to the Strand. Here he found large crowds collected, the shops closed, and business completely at a stand. Nothing was talked of but the conspiracy, and the most exaggerated and extraordinary accounts of it were circulated and believed. Some would have it that the Parliament House was already blown up, and that the city of London itself had been set fire to in several places by the Papists. It was also stated that numerous arrests had taken place, and it was certain that the houses of several Catholic nobles and wealthy gentlemen had been searched. To such a height was the popular indignation raised, that it required the utmost efforts of the soldiery to prevent the mob from breaking into these houses, and using violence towards their inmates.

Every gate and avenue to the palace was strictly guarded, and troops of horse were continually scouring the streets. Sentinels were placed before suspected houses, and no one was suffered to enter them, or to go forth without special permission. Detachments of soldiery were also stationed at the end of all the main thoroughfares. Bars were thrown across the smaller streets and outlets, and proclamation was made that no one was to quit the city, however urgent his business, for three days.

On hearing this announcement, Catesby saw at once that if he did not effect his escape immediately, it would be impracticable. Accordingly, he hurried towards Charing Cross, and turning up Saint Martin's Lane, at the back of the King's Mews, contrived to elude the vigilance of the guard, and speeded along the lane,—for it was then literally so, and surrounded on either side by high hedges,—until he came to Saint Giles's,—at this time nothing more than a few scattered houses intermixed with trees. Here he encountered a man mounted on a powerful steed, and seeing this person look hard at him, would have drawn out of the way, if the other had not addressed him by name. He then regarded the equestrian more narrowly, and found it was Martin Heydocke.

"I have heard what has happened, Mr. Catesby," said Martin, "and can imagine the desperate strait in which you must be placed. Take my horse,—it may aid your flight. I was sent to London by my master, Mr. Humphrey Chetham, to bring him intelligence of the result of your attempt, and I am sure I am acting in accordance with his wishes in rendering you such a service. At all events I will risk it. Mount, sir,—mount, and make the best of your way hence."

Catesby needed no further exhortation, but springing into the saddle, hastily murmured his thanks, and striking into a lane on the right, rode off at a swift pace towards Highgate.

On reaching the brow of this beautiful hill, he drew in the bridle for a moment, and gazed towards the city he had just quitted. Dark and bitter were his thoughts as he fixed his eye upon Westminster Abbey, and fancied he could discern the neighboring pile, whose destruction he had meditated. Remembering that from this very spot, when he had last approached the capital, in company with Guy Fawkes and Viviana Radcliffe, he had looked in the same direction, he could not help contrasting his present sensations with those he had then experienced. At that time, he was full of ardor, and confident of success. Now, all was lost to him, and he was anxious for little more than self-preservation. Involuntarily, his eye wandered along the great city, until passing over the mighty fabric of Saint Paul's it settled upon the Tower,—upon the place of Guy Fawkes's captivity.

"And can nothing be done for his deliverance?" sighed Catesby, as he turned away, his eyes filling with moisture:—"must that brave soldier die the death of a felon—must he be subjected to the torture—horror! If he had died defending himself, I should scarcely have pitied him. And if he had destroyed himself, together with his foes, as he resolved to do, I should have envied him. But the idea of what he will have to suffer in that dreadful place—nay, what he is now, perhaps, suffering—makes the life-blood curdle in my veins. I will never fall alive into their hands."

With this resolve, he struck spurs into his steed, and, urging him to a swift pace, dashed rapidly forward. He had ridden more than a mile, when hearing shouts behind him, he perceived two troopers galloping after him as fast as their horses could carry them. They shouted to him to stay, and as they were better mounted than he was, it was evident they would soon come up with him. Determined, however, to adhere to the resolution he had just formed, and not to yield himself with life, he prepared for a conflict, and suddenly halting, he concealed a petronel beneath his cloak, and waited till his foes drew near.

"I command you in the King's name to surrender," said the foremost trooper, riding up. "You are a rebel and a traitor."

"Be this my answer," replied Catesby, aiming at the man, and firing with such certainty, that he fell from his horse mortally wounded. Unsheathing his sword, he then prepared to attack the other trooper. But, terrified at the fate of his comrade, the man turned his horse's head, and rode off.

Without bestowing a thought on the dying man, who lay groaning in the mire, Catesby caught hold of his horse, and satisfied that the animal was better than his own, mounted him, and proceeded at the same headlong pace as before.

In a short time he reached Finchley, where several persons rushed from their dwellings to inquire whether he brought any intelligence of the plot, rumors of which had already reached them. Without stopping, Catesby replied that most important discoveries had been made, and that



he was carrying despatches from the King to Northampton. No opposition was, therefore, offered him, and he soon left all traces of habitation behind him. Urging his horse to its utmost, he arrived, in less than a quarter of an hour, at Chipping Barnet. Here the same inquiries were made as at Finchley, and returning the same answer,—for he never relaxed his speed for a moment—he pursued his course.

In less than three-quarters of an hour after this, he arrived at Saint Albans, and proceeding direct to the post-house, asked for a horse. But instead of complying with the request, the landlord of the Rose and Crown—such was the name of the hotel—instantly withdrew, and returned the next moment with an officer, who desired to speak with Catesby before he proceeded further. The latter, however, took no notice of the demand, but rode off.

The clatter of horses' hoofs behind him soon convinced him he was again pursued, and he was just beginning to consider in what way he should make a second defence, when he observed two horsemen cross a lane on the left, and make for the main road. His situation now appeared highly perilous, especially as his pursuers, who had noticed the other horsemen at the same time as himself, shouted to them. But he was speedily relieved. These persons, instead of stopping, accelerated their pace, and appeared as anxious as he was to avoid those behind him.

They were now within a short distance of Dunstable, and were ascending the lovely downs which lie on the London side of this ancient town, when one of the horsemen in front chancing to turn round, Catesby perceived it was Rookwood. Overjoyed at the discovery, he shouted to him at the top of his voice; and the other, who, it presently appeared, was accompanied by Keyes, instantly stopped. In a few seconds, Catesby was by their side, and a rapid explanation taking place, they all three drew up in order of battle.

By this time, their pursuers had arrived within a hundred yards of them, and seeing how matters stood, and not willing to hazard an engagement, after a brief consultation, retired. The three friends then pursued their route, passed through Dunstable, and without pausing a moment on the road, soon neared Fenny Stratford. Just before they arrived at this place Catesby's horse fell from exhaustion. Instantly extricating himself from the fallen animal, he ran by the side of his companions till they got to the town, where Rookwood, who had placed relays on the road, changed his horse, and the others were fortunate enough to procure fresh steeds.

Proceeding with unabated impetuosity, they soon cleared a few more miles, and had just left Stoney Stratford behind them, when they overtook a solitary horseman, who proved to be John Wright, and a little further on they came up with Percy, and Christopher Wright.

Though their numbers were thus increased, they did not consider themselves secure, but flinging their cloaks away to enable them to proceed with greater expedition, hurried on to Towcester. Here Keyes quitted his companions, and shaped his course into Warwickshire, where he was afterwards taken; while the others, having procured fresh horses, made the best of their way to Ashby Saint Leger's.

About six o'clock, Catesby and his companions arrived at his old family seat, which he had expected to approach in triumph, but which he now approached with feelings of the deepest mortification and disappointment. They found the house filled with guests, among whom was Robert Winter—who were just sitting down to supper. Catesby rushed into the room in which these persons were assembled, covered with mud and dirt—his haggard looks and dejected appearance proclaiming that his project had failed. His friends followed, and their appearance confirmed the impression that he had produced. Lady Catesby hastened to her son, and strove to comfort him, but he rudely repulsed her.

"What is the matter?" she anxiously inquired.

"What is the matter?" cried Catesby in a furious tone, and stamping his foot to the ground. "All is lost! our scheme is discovered; Guy Fawkes is a prisoner, and ere long we shall all be led to the block. Yes, all," here panted, gazing sternly around.

"I will never be led thither with life," said Robert Winter.

"Nor I," added a young Catholic gentleman, named Acton of Ribbesford, who had lately joined the conspiracy; "though the great design has failed, we are yet free, and have swords to draw, and arms to wield them."

"Ay," exclaimed Robert Winter, "all our friends are assembled at Dunchurch. Let us join them instantly, and we may yet stir up a rebellion which may accomplish all we can desire. I myself accompanied Humphrey Littleton to Dunchurch this morning, and know we shall find everything in readiness."

"Do not despair," cried Lady Catesby, "all will yet be well. Every member of our faith will join you, and you will soon muster a formidable army."

"We must not yield without a blow," cried Percy, pouring out a bumper of wine, and swallowing it at a draught.

"You are right," said Rookwood, imitating his example, "we will sell our lives dearly."

"If you will adhere to this resolution, gentlemen," rejoined Catesby, "we may yet retrieve our loss. With five hundred staunch followers, who will stand by me to the last, I will engage to raise such a rebellion in England as shall not be checked, except by the acknowledgment of our rights, or the dethronement of the King."

"We will all stand by you," cried the others.

"Swear it," cried Catesby, raising the glass to his lips.

"We do," was the reply.

"Wearied as we are," cried Catesby, "we must at once proceed to Dunchurch, and urge our friends to rise in arms with us."

"Agreed," cried the others.

Summoning all his household, and arming them, Catesby then set out with the rest for Dunchurch, which lay about five miles from Ashby Saint Leger's. They arrived there in about three-quarters of an hour, and found the mansion crowded with Catholic gentlemen and their servants. Entering the banquet hall, they found Sir Everard Digby at the head of the board, with Garnet on his right hand. Upwards of sixty persons were seated at the table. Their arrival was greeted with loud shouts, and several of the guests drew their swords and flourished them over their heads.

"What news?" cried Sir Everard Digby. "Is the blow struck?"

"No," replied Catesby: "we have been betrayed."

A deep silence prevailed. A change came over the countenances of the guests. Significant glances were exchanged, and it was evident that general uneasiness prevailed.

"What is to be done?" cried Sir Everard Digby, after a pause.

"Our course is clear," returned Catesby. "We must stand by each other. In that case, we have nothing to fear, and shall accomplish our purpose, though not in the way originally intended."

"I will have nothing further to do with the matter," said Sir Robert Digby of Coleshill, Sir Everard's uncle. And rising, he quitted the room with several of his followers, while his example was imitated by Humphrey Littleton, and others.

"All chance for the restoration of our faith in England, is over," observed Garnet, in a tone of despondency.

"Not so, father," replied Catesby, "if we are true to each other. My friends," he cried, stopping those who were about to depart, "in the name of our holy religion I beseech you to pause. Much is against us now. But let us hold together, and all will speedily be righted. Every Catholic in this county, in Cheshire, in Lancashire, and Wales, must flock to our standard when it is once displayed. Do not desert us—do not desert yourselves—for our cause is your cause. I have a large force at my command; so has Everard Digby, and together we can muster nearly five hundred adherents. With these, we can offer such a stand as will enable us to make conditions with our opponents, or even to engage with them with a reasonable prospect of success. I am well assured, moreover, if we lose no time, but proceed to the houses of our friends, we shall have a large army with us. Do not fall off, then. On you depends our success."

This address was followed by loud acclamations, and all who heard it agreed to stand by the cause in which they had embarked to the last.

As Catesby left the banquet-hall with Sir Everard to make preparations for their departure, they met Viviana and a female attendant.

"I hear the enterprise has failed," she cried, in a voice suffocated by emotion. "What has happened to my husband? Is he safe? Is he with you?"

"Alas! no," replied Catesby; "he is a prisoner."

Viviana uttered a cry of anguish, and fell senseless into the arms of the attendant.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—The Examination.

Disarmed by Sir Thomas Knevet and his followers, who found upon his person a packet of slow matches and touchwood, and bound hand and foot, Guy Fawkes was dragged into the cellar by his captors, who instantly commenced their search. In a corner behind the door they discovered a dark lantern, with a light burning within it; and moving with the utmost caution,—for they were afraid of bringing sudden destruction upon themselves,—they soon perceived the barrels of gunpowder ranged against the wall. Carefully removing the planks, billets, and iron bars with which they were covered, they remarked that two of the casks were staved in, while the hoops from a third were taken off, and the powder scattered around it. They also noticed that several trains were laid along the floor,—everything, in short, betokening that the preparations for the desperate deed were fully completed.

While they were making this investigation, Guy Fawkes, who, seeing that further resistance was useless, had remained perfectly motionless up to this moment, suddenly made a struggle to free himself; and so desperate was the effort, that he burst the leathern thong that bound his hands, and seizing the soldier nearest to him, bore him to the ground. He then grasped the lower limbs of another, who held a lantern, and strove to overthrow him, and wrest the lantern from his grasp, evidently intending to apply the light to the powder. And he would unquestionably have executed his terrible design, if three of the most powerful of the soldiers had not thrown themselves upon him, and overpowered him. All this was the work of a moment, but it was so startling, that Sir Thomas Knevet and Topcliffe, though both courageous men, and used to scenes of danger—especially the latter—rushed toward the door, expecting some dreadful catastrophe would take place.

"Do him no harm," cried Knevet, as he returned to the soldiers, who were still struggling with Fawkes,— "do him no harm. It is not here he must die."

"A moment more, and I had blown you all to perdition," cried Fawkes. "But heaven ordained it otherwise."

"Heaven will never assist such damnable designs as yours," rejoined Knevet. "Thrust him into that corner," he added to his men, who instantly obeyed his injunctions, and held down the prisoner so firmly that he could not move a limb. "Keep him there. I will question him presently."

"You may question me," replied Fawkes, sternly; "but you will obtain no answer."

"We shall see," returned Knevet.

Pursuing the search with Topcliffe, he counted thirty-six hogheads and casks of various sizes, all of which were afterward found to be filled with powder. Though prepared for this discovery, Knevet could not repress his horror at it, and gave vent to execrations against the prisoner, to which the other replied by a disdainful laugh. They then looked about, in the hope of finding some document or fragment of a letter, which might serve as a clue to the other parties connected with the fell design, but without success. Nothing was found except a pile of arms; but though they examined them, no name or cypher could be traced on any of the weapons.

"We will now examine the prisoner more narrowly," said Knevet.

This was accordingly done. On removing Guy Fawkes's doublet, a horse-hair shirt appeared, and underneath it, next his heart, suspended by a silken cord from his neck, was a small silver cross. When this was taken from him, Guy Fawkes could not repress a deep sigh.

"There is some secret attached to that cross," whispered Topcliffe, plucking Knevet's sleeve.

Upon this, the other held it to the light, while Topcliffe kept his eye fixed upon the prisoner, and observed that, in spite of all his efforts to preserve an unmoved demeanor, he was slightly agitated.

"Do you perceive anything?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Knevet, "there is a name. But the character is so small, I cannot decypher it."

"Let me look at it," said Topcliffe. "This is most important," he added, after gazing at it for a moment; "the words inscribed on it are, '*Viviana Radcliffe, Ordsall Hall.*' You may remember that this young lady was examined a short time ago, on suspicion of being connected with some Popish plot against the state, and committed to the Tower, whence she escaped in a very extraordinary manner. This cross, found upon the prisoner, proves her connection with the present plot. Every effort must be used to discover her retreat."

Another deep sigh involuntarily broke from the breast of Guy Fawkes.

"You hear how deeply interested he is in the matter," observed Topcliffe, in a low tone. "This trinket will be of infinite service to us in future examinations, and may do more for us with this stubborn subject even than the rack itself."

"You are right," returned Knevet. "I will now convey him to Whitehall, and acquaint the Earl of Salisbury with his capture."

"Do so," replied Topcliffe. "I have a further duty to perform. Before morning I hope to net the whole of this wolfish pack."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Knevet. "Have you any knowledge of the others?"

Topcliffe smiled significantly.

"Time will show," he said. "But if you do not require me further I will leave you."

With this, he quitted the cellar, and joined the Earl of Mounteagle and Tresham, who were waiting for him outside at a little distance from the cellar. After a brief conference, it was arranged, in compliance with the Earl of Salisbury's wishes, that if they failed in entrapping the conspirators, nothing should be said about the matter. He then departed with Tresham. Their subsequent proceedings have already been related.

By Sir Thomas Knevet's directions, Guy Fawkes was now raised by two of the soldiers, and led out of the cellar. As he passed through the door, he uttered a deep groan.

"You groan for what you have done, villain," said one of the soldiers.

"On the contrary," rejoined Fawkes, sternly. "I groan for what I have not done."

He was then hurried along by his conductors, and conveyed through the great western gate, into the palace of Whitehall, where he was placed in a small room, the windows of which were strongly grated.

Before quitting him, Sir Thomas Knevet put several questions to him, but he maintained a stern and obstinate silence. Committing him to the custody of an officer of the guard, whom he enjoined to keep strict guard over him, as he valued his life, Knevet then went in search of the Earl of Salisbury.

The Secretary, who had not retired to rest, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival, was delighted with the success of the scheme. They were presently joined by Lord Mounteagle; and after a brief conference it was resolved to summon the Privy Council immediately, to rouse the King, and acquaint him with what had occurred, and interrogate the prisoner in his presence.

"Nothing will be obtained from him, I fear," said Knevet. "He is one of the most resolute and determined fellows I ever encountered."

And he then related the desperate attempt made by Fawkes in the vault to blow them all up.

"Whether he will speak or not, the King must see him," said Salisbury. As soon as Knevet was gone, the Earl observed to Mounteagle, "You had now better leave the palace. You must not appear further in this matter, except as we have arranged. Before morning, I trust we shall have the whole of the conspirators in our power, with damning proof of their guilt."

"By this time, my lord, they are in Tresham's hands," replied Mounteagle.

"If he fails, not a word must be said," observed Salisbury. "It must not be supposed we have moved in the matter. All great statesmen have contrived treasons, that they might afterwards discover them; and though I have not contrived this plot, I have known of its existence from the first, and could at any time have crushed it, had I been so minded. But that would not have answered my purpose. And I shall now use it as a pretext to crush the whole Catholic party, except those on whom, like yourself, I can confidently rely."

"Your lordship must admit that I have well seconded your efforts," observed Mounteagle.

"I do so," replied Salisbury, "and you will not find me ungrateful. Farewell! I hope soon to hear of our further success."

Mounteagle then took his departure, and Salisbury immediately caused all such members of the Privy Council as lodged in the palace to be aroused, desiring they might be informed that a terrible plot had been discovered, and a conspirator arrested. In a short time, the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Marr, Lord Hume, the Earl of Southampton, Lord Henry Howard, Lord Mountjoy, Sir George Hume, and others, were assembled; and all eagerly inquired into the occasion of the sudden alarm.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Salisbury had himself repaired to the King's bedchamber, and acquainted him with what had happened. James immediately roused himself, and desired the chamberlain, who accompanied the Earl, to quit the presence.

"Will it be safe to interrogate the prisoner here?" he asked.

"I will take care your Majesty shall receive no injury," replied Salisbury, "and it is absolutely necessary you should examine him before he is committed to the Tower."

"Let him be brought before me, then, directly," said the King. "I am impatient to behold a wretch who has conceived so atrocious—so infernal a design against me and against my children. Hark'e, Salisbury, one caution I wish to observe. Let a captain of the guard with his drawn sword in his hand, place himself between me and the prisoner, and let two halberdiers stand beside him, and if the villain moves a step, bid them strike him dead. You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Salisbury, bowing.

"In that case, you may take off his bonds—that is, if you think it prudent to do so—not otherwise," continued James. "I would not have the knave suppose he can awe me."

"Your Majesty's commands shall be fulfilled to the letter," returned the Earl.

"Lose no time, Salisbury," cried James, springing out of bed, and beginning to dress himself without the assistance of his chamberlain.

The Earl hastily retired, and ordered the attendants to repair to their royal master. He next proceeded to the chamber where Guy Fawkes was detained, and ordered him to be unbound, and brought before the King. When the prisoner heard this mandate, a slight smile crossed his countenance, but he instantly resumed his former stern composure. The smile, however, did not escape the notice of Salisbury, and he commanded the halberdiers to keep near to the prisoner, and if he made the slightest movement in the King's presence, instantly to despatch him.

Giving him some further directions, the Earl then led the way across a court, and entering another wing of the palace, ascended a flight of steps, and traversed a magnificent corridor. Guy Fawkes followed, attended by the guard. They had now reached the ante-chamber leading to the royal sleeping apartment, and Salisbury ascertained from the officers in attendance that all was in readiness. Motioning the guard to remain where they were, he entered the inner room alone, and found James seated on a chair of state near the bed, surrounded by his council—the Earl of Marr standing on his right hand and the Duke of Lennox on his left, all anxiously awaiting his arrival. Behind the king were stationed half-a-dozen halberdiers.

"The prisoner is without," said Salisbury. "Is it your Majesty's pleasure that he be admitted?"

"Ay, let him come in forthwith," replied James. "Stand by me, my lords. And do you, varlets, keep a wary eye upon him. There is no saying what he may attempt."

Salisbury then waved his hand. The door was thrown open, and an officer entered the room, followed by Guy Fawkes, who marched between two halberdiers. When within a couple of yards of the King the officer halted, and withdrew a little on the right, so as to allow full view of the prisoner, while he extended his sword between him and the King. Nothing could be more undaunted than the looks and demeanor of Fawkes. He strode firmly into the room, and, without making any reverence, folded his arms upon his breast, and looked sternly at James.

"A bold villain!" cried the King, as he regarded him with curiosity, not unmixed with alarm. "Who, and what are you, traitor?"

"A conspirator," replied Fawkes.

"That I know," rejoined James, sharply. "But how are you called?"

"John Johnson," answered Fawkes. "I am servant to Mr. Thomas Percy."

"That is false," cried Salisbury. "Take heed that you speak the truth, traitor, or the rack shall force it from you."

"The rack will force nothing from me," replied Fawkes, sternly; "neither will I answer any question asked by your lordship."

"Leave him to me, Salisbury—leave him to me," interposed James. "And it was your hellish design to blow us all up with gunpowder?" he demanded.

"It was," replied Fawkes.

"And how could you resolve to destroy so many persons, none of whom have injured you?" pursued James.

"Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies," replied Fawkes. "Milder means have been tried, but without effect. It was God's pleasure that this scheme, which was for the benefit of his holy religion, should not prosper, and therefore I do not repine at the result."

"And are you so blinded as to suppose that Heaven can approve the actions of him who raises his hand against the King—against the Lord's anointed?" cried James.

"He is no King who is excommunicated by the apostolic see," replied Fawkes.

"This to our face!" cried James, angrily. "Have you no remorse—no compunction for what you have done?"

"My sole regret is that I have failed," replied Fawkes.

"You will not speak thus confidently on the rack," said James.

"Try me," replied Fawkes.

"What purpose did you hope to accomplish by this atrocious design?" demanded the Earl of Marr.

"My main purpose was to blow back the beggarly Scots to their native mountains," returned Fawkes.

"This audacity surpasses belief," said James. "Mutius Senevola, when in the presence of Porcenna, was not more resolute. Hark 'e, villain, if I give you your life, will you disclose the names of your associates?"

"No," replied Fawkes.

"They shall be wrung from you," cried Salisbury.

Fawkes smiled contemptuously. "You know me not," he said.

"It is idle to interrogate him further," said James. "Let him be removed to the Tower."

"Be it so," returned Salisbury; "and when next your Majesty questions him, I trust it will be in the presence of his confederates."

"Despite the villain's horrible intent, I cannot help admiring his courage," observed James, in a low tone; "and were he as loyal as he is brave, he should always be near our person."

With this he waved his hand, and Guy Fawkes was led forth. He was detained, by the Earl of Salisbury's orders, till the morning—it being anticipated that before that time the other conspirators would be arrested. But as this was not the case, he was placed in a wherry, and conveyed, as before related, to the Tower.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

**THE FIRST DAILY LONDON NEWSPAPER.**—The Londoners did not enjoy the luxury of a newspaper every day until the year 1709, in the reign of Queen Anne. One was then published, the title of which was the *Daily Courant*, which was issued every other day of the week but Sunday. At the time there were 17 others published thrice a week, and one twice. Among them were the *British Apollo*, the *General Postscript*, the *London Gazette*, the *Postman*, the *City Intelligencer*, the *Evening Post*, &c.—[*London Times*.]

## THE STORMY NIGHT.

Oh! 'tis a dark and stormy night—a night that bids us turn With grateful mirth unto the hearth where crackling faggots burn;

When e'er the whistling wind without, above the tempest's din,

The merry lay, with chorus gay, sounds jeyously within— And oh! 'twere meet in hour like this, when tempests round us sweep,

To pray "God speed those in their need, who sail upon the deep!"

For us, the bright and cheerful light yon ruddy blaze gives out, And unconfined from "vacant mind" the mirth-inspired shout;

While round us in each honest face and brightly beaming eye We read how vain the world's cold chain when those we love are nigh;

But dark—unlit by friendship's torch—the weary watch they keep,

Who look upon a clouded sky, and on a stormy deep.

E'en now, how many a gallant bark may struggle 'mid the roar Of giant waves, which urge to graves 'mid hidden rocks before:

And in the blast which now doth shake each casement's fragile pane,

How many a cry is borne on high beseeching help in vain. Alas! full many a cheek will blanch, full many an eye will weep,

Caused by the blight which such a night hath sent across the deep.

\* \* \* \* \* Good night!—yet stay, before we part our closing chaunt shall be.

To breathe once more from those on shore kind thoughts to friends at sea,

Who many a stormy sea must brave, and many an angry blast, Ere home be near, and friends so dear be told of dangers past.

Good night! but ere the whistling wind hath lulled ye into sleep,

Oh! pray "God speed those in their need, who sail upon the deep."

## SONNETS.

TO MARY HOWITT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Oh! thou, who singest of the clear blue streams,  
Of verdant meadows, and of gushing springs,—  
Lighting the woodlands with their silvery gleams;  
Of butterflies, with rainbow-tinted wings;  
Of trees, round which the fragrant woodbine clings.  
Crowned with a coronal of golden beams;  
Of birds, and flowers, and other country things,"  
That toil-worn citizens behold in dreams:—  
Who wakest all our kindly sympathies  
With ballads quaint, and sweetly musical,  
Of cottage-hearth, old manor-house, and hall,  
And ships that wander on the stormy seas;—  
Whose gentle thoughts, and pure moralities,  
Upon the heart, like dew on folded flower-buds, fall.

Fain would I thank thee for the many hours  
Of pure and calm delight, that I have spent,  
Transported by thy strains to woodland bowers,  
Where sorrow cometh not, nor discontent;  
Listing the warblings of the song-birds, blent—  
In one delicious harmony, while flowers  
Sprang thickly round—the blue sky o'er me bent—  
And trees upon me shed their fragrant showers:  
Fain would I thank thee for the visions bright  
Thy lays have conjured up, of happy vales,  
And quiet nooks, and old men telling tales  
To cottage children, laughing "in the light  
Of their own loveliness," mid groves bedight  
With blossoms, shedding perfume on the balmy gales.

**INTERESTING ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.**—It would appear from the following interesting paragraph from a German paper on the distance of the fixed stars, that unless the German philosopher has missed a figure or two in his calculations, a most important problem has been solved:

"M. Bessel, a German astronomer, has made one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, by having ascertained the parallax of the double star 61 Cygni. He found, from repeated observations, made from August, 1837 to March 1840, that the parallax of a Cygni did not exceed thirty-one hundredths of a second, which places the distance of that star from us at nearly 670,000 that of the sun, or which is nearly sixty-four millions of millions of miles, or, more nearly, 63,650,000,000,000 miles. This immense distance can better be conceived when we state, that if a cannon ball were to traverse this vast space at the rate of twenty miles a minute, it would occupy more than six millions of years in coming from that star to our earth; and if a body could be projected from our earth to 61 Cygni, at thirty miles an hour, which is about the same rate as carriages on railroads travel, it would occupy at least ninety-six millions of years. Light, which travels more than eleven millions of miles in a minute, would occupy about twelve years in coming from that star to our earth."

**MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.**—ITALY.—At the Teatro Reale Turin, Mad'le. Ermanno Frizzolini has created an immense furor in Bellini's Beatrice di Tenda. She is young and beautiful; her style is pure, her intonation perfect, her manner graceful, and her expression most womanishly touching.

A new opera by Nicolai has been most unequivocally rejected at the Teatro Agostino, Genoa. An opera by Donizetti called *La Faustina* has been played with but very little success. Mademoiselle Cerito is the main attraction at the Scala; she has lately received a *carte blanche* from the Académie Royale, Paris; but she is fully engaged until the 3d of 1842, alternating between England, Germany and Italy, at the end of which time she is expected to thaw the Neva, and fire the heart of the Emperor at St. Petersburg. Meyerhies Robert le Diable is playing at Florence, where it has made an immense sensation.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1841.

**TO CLERGYMEN.**—A copy of SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE, neatly bound, will be presented to any and every clergyman in the United States, who will send us the names of two subscribers to the *New World*—viz: \$6 in advance. Surely, every minister can easily obtain, from among his parishioners, two names and thus supply himself with an elegant and valuable religious work.

**THE QUARTO NEW WORLD.**—The first number of this edition of the *New World* was issued on the sixth of June, 1840. Many subscriptions will expire on that date the present year. They should be immediately renewed; as it is an INVARIABLE rule with us never to send a single paper after the expiration of the period for which payment is made in advance.

**OUR NEW VOLUME.**—The third volume of the Quarto edition of the *New World* will commence the first week in July. It is now the time for new subscribers to send in their names. Let it be remembered that \$5 a year in advance will procure two copies for a year or one copy for two years; and that six dollars sent in advance will procure the same number of copies together with a beautiful copy of SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

**THE BOSTON NOTION AND THE NEW WORLD.**—\$5 sent in advance to George Roberts, Boston, or to J. Winchester, New-York, will procure a copy of each of these journals sent to any part of the country.

We shall hold ourselves particularly obliged to those who will forward us intelligence from any part of the United States. All near or distant correspondents who will give us news of importance regularly shall be furnished with the *NEW WORLD* or, if they prefer it, our daily paper—the *EVENING SIGNAL*—and further compensation if required.

**EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMBOAT HENRY ECKFORD.**—In reading the evidence given before the Coroner's Jury, called together by the death of Amos Belcher, caused by the explosion on board the above boat, we were led to notice particularly that of a witness who is a professor of the "theory" of the steam-engine and ranks high as a scientific gentleman, and is frequently summoned to examine into and give satisfactory reasons, to the public, for explosions of steam boilers, &c. Such evidence has been, heretofore, satisfactory and quieted the minds of a lenient community; but the evidence before us appears so far from the truth, and so at variance with all known practice that we are bound, as guardians of the lives of our citizens, to review his testimony, and leave it with the public to judge, if there is not something radically wrong in the theory or practice of steam power.

We are pained to make these remarks, but we have the good of the public in view, and our sympathies are with those who are, and must be, from necessity, the sufferers, so long as they are made to believe that 100lbs. of steam is no more dangerous than 6lbs., trusting implicitly in the theory, the application of which has been destructive to the lives of many valuable citizens, without producing the least evidence of its safety.

We will now take up the evidence abstractly, making our comments as we proceed. The witness says, "the low pressure engine, so called, condenses the steam. In the high pressure, the steam is not condensed. Those that are called low pressure are frequently driven by high steam." We are here made acquainted with the difference between high and low pressure—the one condenses and the other does not; but he wisely says, when speaking of low pressure, "so called." This can be viewed in no other light than deception in its worst form, because he knows full well that steam at ten pounds per square inch above the pressure of the atmosphere is no longer low pressure, and steam at 150 lbs. has been condensed; therefore, unless low steam is used in a condensing engine, it is no longer low pressure. We are sorry to say there are but few steamers left in our waters, which are really worked at a low pressure. A celebrated writer says, "Our boats are on the low pressure plan, but they carry from 16 to 25 inches of steam, and this is nothing more nor less than high steam. The shape of our boilers is not calculated to resist such a pressure, and some tremendous accident will sooner or later occur, to spread ruin and death among the crowds who venture themselves within their reach."

"If the boilers were equal in point of strength, I do not think there is any difference in the quantum of steam each might carry with perfect safety." This is theory indeed, most destructive in its consequences; and did we not possess practical talent with good common sense, to manage our steamboats, but few families would be left to say, "we mourn no relative destroyed by steam." Had the coroner summoned the engineers from our fine steamers to give evidence to the jury, they would one and all have repudiated the dangerous and destructive "theory" that 100 lbs. of steam is as safe as 40 lbs., and 40 lbs. as safe as 5 lbs. Practice has taught them that 15 lbs., or one atmosphere, will not explode, and never has exploded a boiler. It is true the legs of a boiler may be worn out and give way



with that pressure, but this will do no harm, and never cause explosion. And they will truly add that a greater pressure of steam has caused the explosion and destruction of life, and a much less pressure, too, than "theory" says is perfectly safe. Again, "I have been employed in the testing of engines and do not think there was any carelessness." If there is a test which determines the security of engines, we earnestly desire the public should know it. We were not aware that "engines" were tested, *except by use*; and what the testing of "engines" has to do with the explosion of boilers, or what safety it would give to them, we cannot imagine.

Again, "I think  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch is the largest size made." We can inform him that Boiler-plate iron is now made in America  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, and to any pattern ordered, and it is found to be superior to the English. "A boiler, if properly repaired, would last twelve years." We are willing to believe, and indeed know, that iron boilers, made of first quality iron, will, in *fresh water*, last 12 years. But every owner and engineer of a boat running out of New-York knows, and will testify, that such boilers will, (when used constantly,) require repairs in three or four years, and in six years are considered unsafe without thorough repairs; and although they may be used for years after, will require annual repairs, and must be run but with a light head of steam. It is true, boilers *without* flues will last much longer than those with, which is the reason these have been in use ten years; but this explanation is not given, therefore the natural inference would be that *all* iron boilers, high or low pressure, would, "if properly repaired," last 12 years. A dangerous and delusive "theory" this, and contrary to *all practice*! If persevered in by those having them in use, we shall be called on to record another and another destruction of life.

Again, "the flues are the weakest part of a boiler." Instances have occurred where flues have collapsed, but we have never heard of an instance where flues have exploded, and if we are rightly informed, they are (with the exception of the arch of the boilers) the *strongest* part—the *legs* or steam chimneys being invariably the first to give way. "I have heard the boilers and engines described by the witness, and should have deemed them safe for a boat of that size." What has the size of the boat to do with the *safety* of these "boilers and engines?" We must confess we desire information on this point, having heretofore supposed that "boilers and engines" were constructed *suitable for a boat*, and that their safety depended on *good workmanship and management*.

Again; "I should not like to use steam as high as 150 lbs. pressure. I think it is beyond a safe limit, but I do not think that a dangerous explosion would be likely to take place at 75 lbs." Why not safe at 150 lbs. if the boilers are sufficiently strong to bear that pressure? Should the boilers be much worn by use ("properly repaired") and an explosion take place with 75 lbs. of steam on, it would not be "dangerous?" Oh no! But if it exploded with 50 lbs. of steam, (as in the case of the Eckford, *vide* evidence of the engineer,) dreadful are its consequences: nearly every soul on board scalded or maimed, and the boat and machinery nearly destroyed. By the same rule, lessen the pressure and thereby *increase* the danger. We certainly know not by what rule or course of reasoning or practice he comes to such conclusions; but we do know that in every case where such "theory" is put into practice, and persevered in, its results have been dreadful. "I should think a boiler calculated for from 25 to 40 lbs. would be the safest that could be constructed, and the maximum of prudence I should deem to be about 100 lbs." We now have the sum and substance of the whole "theory" of steam—as 25 to 40 lbs. is the "safest" quantity of steam to run with; 75 lbs. would not produce a "dangerous explosion," and 100 lbs. is "the maximum of prudence." Fatal indeed are the lessons taught by this rule, and fearful its consequences—in proof of which we will enumerate a few cases which are familiar to many of us:

	Killed.	Wounded.
Steamer Advocate, from Hudson to Albany, 1836.....2		
" Atlanta, New-York Harbor, 1816.....2		
" Barnet, Long Island Sound, 1828.....1		
" Bellona, New-York Harbor, 1819.....2		
" Constitution, Hudson River, 1835.....3		
" C. J. Marshall do 1836.....11		
" Etna, New York Harbor, 1824.....13		
" Fidelity, do 1825.....2		
" Franklin, Hudson River, 1826.....1		
" Gen. Jackson, Hudson River, 1831.....12		
" Hudson, East River, 1826.....1		
" Jersey, Jersey City, 1824.....2		
" John Hancock, L. I. Sound, 1817.....1		
" Legislator, New-York Harbor, 1825.....5		
" New-England, Connecticut River, 1833, 15		
" Ohio, Hudson River, 1832.....5		
" Oliver Ellsworth, Conn. River, 1827.....2		
" Paragon, Hudson River, 1827.....3		
" Patent, New-York Harbor, 1820.....5		
" United States, L. I. Sound, 1830.....9		
" Wm. Gibbons, N. Y. Harbor.....6		
" Henry Eckford do 1841.....1		
	101	32

In twenty two explosions in our waters, one hundred and killed and thirty-two wounded, all caused by a greater pressure of steam than the boilers could sustain! But let us examine some of the evidence in the case of the New England, before a committee of scientific gentlemen.

Adam Hall examined—"am chief engineer of the West Point Foundry Association. Had not proved the boilers.

Think that the boilers should have borne 50 lbs. to the square inch."

Henry Waterman, Jr., Captain—"felt a little alarmed for the laboring of the engine in the heavy sea, with 12 or 15 inches. Usually works 14 or 18 inches when in full speed."

From further evidence it appears there were 26 inches of steam, and rising; and that at the time of the explosion, there could not have been 32 inches, as the mercury remained in two of the steam gauges, which would have been blown out, had it exceeded that quantity.

The "unanimous" opinion of the board of examiners is in these words—"That the explosion of the steamboat New England was caused by the pressure of steam, produced in the ordinary way, but accumulated to a degree of tension which the boilers were unable to sustain."

A very sage conclusion certainly! But here is an explosion which stripped the boilers completely, threw one overboard and the other end for end; rending new copper, three-eighths of an inch in thickness, like cloth; tore off the boat's guards; killed 15 persons and wounded 10 more. And we are told that "25 to 40 lbs. is the *safest* pressure, and 75 lbs. would not produce a dangerous explosion!" Furthermore, had Mr. Hall, the constructor of the boilers, told the engineer they could not prudently carry over 30 lbs. of steam, he never would have endangered the safety of the passengers.

From all the testimony obtained in relation to the *twenty-three* explosions named, it appears that most of them occurred with less than thirty inches of steam. Indeed, it is conceded by all our scientific gentlemen who have examined into the causes of such explosions, that *there was a greater internal pressure than the boilers could sustain, and consequently they exploded*. Hence the great danger of scientific gentlemen introducing a "theory" which, if adopted by proprietors, is almost inevitable destruction. The celebrated Engineer, Smeaton, says, "Care not about any theory at all. A man of experience does not require it. In my intercourse with mankind I have always found those who would *thrust theory, into practical matters, at bottom to be men of no judgment, and pure quacks*. In my own practice, almost every case would have required an independent theory of its own; theory and quackery go hand in hand." We leave the public to draw their own conclusions, believing that were we governed more by *practice* and less by *theory* we should be possessed of greater security.

STEAMER PRESIDENT.—The examination of Capt. Bowman, on Tuesday, before the British Consul did not elicit anything very definite or important. It appears that he (the Captain) saw on the 28th March, in Lon. 30.55 Lat. 41.40 the hull of a large ship about ten miles to windward of his own vessel; and that as the sea was running high, and the object discovered was dead to windward, he did not attempt to approach it. It appears, also, that Capt. Merry, one of the port-wardens, and Capt. Parkinson, master of a British vessel, both expressed the opinion that an attempt on the part of Capt. Bowman to reach the wreck would have been useless.

The failure of Capt. Bowman to make such attempt, however, as well as the justification of his conduct by the individuals referred to, strike us as altogether remarkable; especially the latter, which is very much in the same key as the certificates given after the explosion of a steamboat, that nobody was to blame.

In our judgment, a master of a vessel who discovers a wreck within ten miles of his own ship and does not expend at least 24 hours in an attempt to reach it, is recreant to his duty in *every respect*, and deserves the severest reprehension.

Why, we ask, would the attempt to reach the wreck have been useless? Is an object ten miles to windward, in the open sea, *unapproachable*? The approach, doubtless, requires some time and some trouble; the captain making the discovery must tack and beat and work to reach the object—but what are these considerations compared to the chance of rescuing our fellow-beings from a lingering death? If Capt. Bowman had had reason to suppose that his wife, his child, his parent or his brother was in that wreck, we fancy he would not have regarded the attempt to reach her as altogether "useless." We protest, most solemnly, against the inhumanity of this Captain Bowman, and the cold blooded certificate of captains *Merry* and *Parkinson*, that his conduct was justifiable under the circumstances.

¶ We find the following in the Commercial of Wednesday. How it is "the most conclusive that the Editors of that paper have seen," or how it is in any degree conclusive, we do not discover:

THE PRESIDENT.—The most conclusive evidence or intimation that we have yet seen, as to the fate of the steamship President, is contained in the following extract from the log-book of the packet-ship Utica, which we find in the Newark Daily Advertiser:

"Ship Utica, from Havre toward N. York, }  
"March 15 or 16, (date obscure.) }

"At 10 30 A. M., fresh breezes from N. W., passed the wreck of a vessel's mast, spars and yards, (or mast and yards, for the word spars appears to have been partly erased,) with sails attached thereto, the mast-heads and yards being painted black. Supposed them to have belonged to an English vessel dismasted in the gale of the 12th, being in the

same latitude and longitude in which the Utica lost many sails.

"Lat. 46 30 N., long. 41 35 W."

The gentleman who furnished the extract says—"The latitude and longitude give the position of the Utica on the 12th. Capt. Pell remarked at the time he passed the wreck that it did not appear to belong to an ordinary merchantman, having considerable chain work about the spars. The wreck was passed so near that they were obliged to luff to prevent the copper of the Utica being scratched. I may add that Capt. Pell, before leaving port, entertained serious apprehensions that the wreck was a portion of the steamship President.

In continuation of the same subject, we copy the following from the *Baltimore Patriot*; simply remarking that, in our judgment, neither the extract from the log-book nor the Southampton letter should be regarded as throwing any light on the question of the President's fate.

STEAM SHIP PRESIDENT.—We have information which leads us to hope that the steam ship President is safe, having gone into Madeira. A letter has been received by Mr. Howell, of Cumberland, Md., whose father was on board the President, from a relation of his who resides at Southampton, England, stating the fact of the arrival of the steamship at Maderia, and detailing how the news reached him.

Mrs. Power, the wife of Mr. Tyrone Power, the actor, who was a passenger, had agents stationed at points where information of the steamship would likely be received, and from one of those agents she received by express, a letter on the 19th ult., in which it was stated that a vessel had just arrived there from Madeira, which reported that as she was leaving the latter port the President was going in, and spoke her.

This letter was received by Mrs. Power on the 19th ult., and being read by the relation of Mr. Howell, who was present at the moment it was received, he immediately sat down and wrote the letter, referred to above. He despatched it by the post, and it reached the steamship Britannia in time to be brought on by that vessel, which left England on the 20th ult."

There is reason to hope that the next English steamer may bring further accounts; but we probably shall know nothing definite before such arrival.

#### STATE BANKRUPT LAW.

¶ The following memorial was sent to us for publication, by one who has nobly distinguished himself in the cause of philanthropy. It seems that an effort is to be made to procure the passage in our State Legislature of a Bankrupt Law, which shall afford that protection, that mercy, to citizens of New-York, which our wise Congress have denied to the citizens of the United States. We hope that the law will embrace a provision, exempting debtors who shall avail themselves of it, from arrest in other States by creditors of their own State.

We would here suggest that action on this subject should be immediate; there cannot be the least question that a vast majority of the citizens of New-York demand the passage of a law like that for which the petition prays.

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK:

Your memorialists respectfully represent to your Honorable bodies

That the laws of the State of New-York do not afford that encouragement to honest industry that the moral and political welfare of the community requires. Misfortune is still as severely punished as crime. The loss of property by fire or any other casualty or misfortune, where the unfortunate man is in debt, carries with it an entire disability to use character or credit for future acquisitions; and thus the city and country are filled with the victims of the uncertainty of fortune, and bad laws.

An appeal has been made to Congress for the enactment of a bankrupt law that would relieve an honest unfortunate man from the disabilities of debts, which unforeseen events have rendered him unable to pay. Your honorable bodies joined in this appeal, and the Senate of the United States responded to the call; but from causes that could not be removed, it did not become a law, and the prospect of the favorable action of Congress is so remote as to induce the citizens of New-York to apply directly to their own representatives in the Legislature at Albany for such acts as may restore to the unfortunate their rights and privileges as free citizens of an enlightened republic.

The memorialists ask you to allow honest unfortunate insolvents the right to use their *character for integrity, capacity and industry* for the accumulation of property after they shall have faithfully surrendered, by assignment, all their property for the benefit of their creditors.

To render this object effectual, your memorialists pray that you will cause all the subsequently acquired property of the insolvent to be exempt from execution or any process of law by which it can be seized for the payment of any debt contracted prior to the assignment by such insolvent.

This will be humane, just and expedient. It will protect the honest, unfortunate man in the rewards of industry, as effectually as a bankrupt law, and will be subject from time to time to the action of the State Legislature.

That this remedy for existing and intolerable oppressive grievances will be Constitutional, we have the authority of innumerable decisions of the courts of nearly every state in the Union, for we believe there is no state that has not from some cause exempted certain portions of property from execution. Some have exempted a small amount of household furniture and apparel; others have allowed the debtor to reserve his real estate and slaves—and all have acted upon the conviction that public good requires such an interference by the Legislature for the protection of the citizens.

FOUR NEW STATES.—During the next Congress, the Territories of Iowa, Wisconsin, and the two Floridas, will probably ask for admission to the family of the American Union.

**MR. POINSETT'S REPORT.**—The late Secretary of War, like the Secretary of the Treasury, considered it his duty, in retiring from office, to publish in the *Globe* a statement of the condition in which he left the Department over which he had presided for the last four years.

This report purports to have been written for the information of Mr. Van Buren; but as that gentleman's term of office expired the day after it was written, it is not very plain what advantage he was to derive from it. However, as it is not our business to meddle with its object, we shall be content to give a summary of the facts it contains.

More than forty thousand Indians have been peacefully removed beyond the frontiers of the Western States, and the only exception to our universal peace is the contest with the Seminoles of Florida. Mr. Poinsett expresses the opinion that this war may be considered as virtually ended, but recent events in Florida prove such an opinion to be unfounded.

The arrearages due militia employed in the Florida war amount to \$661,815; but all the claims on this sum will not, it is thought, be found valid. Mr. P. does not know whether the amounts appropriated for the purpose are sufficient to cover Indian arrearages or not. There is nothing due on pensions, and the unliquidated claims on the Department are thought not to be so great as they were four years since.

The army is in a high state of discipline, and is composed of 10,069 men. The expense for each person in the army in 1837 was \$400 13, and in 1840, \$375 96; showing a reduction of \$24 19, or more than 6 per cent.

All the various departments and bureaus connected with the War Office are represented to be in excellent condition, and to be as well-regulated and efficient as possible. The gross amount of expenditures during the year 1840, were ten millions, being a reduction of more than eight millions from those of the four preceding years.

**(Q.)** We are surprised to see the *Globe* so very angry at the proceedings in the matter of McLeod. Judging from the leading article in that paper of Wednesday, one would suppose that the question of McLeod's guilt was not debatable; but that he ought to be summarily suspended by the neck, without regard to rights or consequences.

Now, for our own part, we are clearly of the opinion, and have more than once expressed it, that McLeod is innocent of the crime which he stands charged; and even if he were not, he ought not to be deprived of his life, all things considered. But, in any event, the indignation of the *Globe* seems out of place; for surely those who have been instrumental in bringing McLeod to New York for trial, as well as those who have approved the proceedings, have no ulterior and discreditable motives.

It appears to us extremely absurd to accuse the New York editors of all sorts of meanness and dishonesty for declaring themselves in favor of a course which promises equal justice, and does not in the remotest degree compromise national honor.

Indeed, a stranger, who should read the *Globe's* comments would be apt to infer—inasmuch as it is clearly charged—that the members of the Cabinet at Washington, in connexion with Gov. Seward and the New-York press, were systematically and deliberately conspiring to provide the means of escape for a convict of the most abandoned character. In our judgment, such a representation of the case, on the part of the *Globe*, is both unbecoming and disreputable. Their statement is absurd on its face; for it is, properly speaking, impossible that such a combination could exist for such a purpose.

But, after all, the article in the *Globe* is a fair specimen of the partizan warfare of the day. A political opponent is treated as an unmitigated villain without one redeeming quality; and the denunciation is carried so far beyond the truth, that nothing is produced but reaction.

**FOUR LEGS.**—All judiciously-built chairs—saving and excepting rocking-chairs—have four legs, and it may be assumed that they, also, have four feet, on which feet the superstructure was designed to stand. And it follows as a matter of fact, if not as a matter of course, that well-bred men will never impose upon the hind-feet the duty that belongs to the four. Nevertheless, Americans are very prone to lean back in their chairs, raise the fore-feet from the floor and put their own feet in their stead. Now this proceeding shows conclusively that these individuals belong to the genus loafer, and they must bear the discredit of it—but the evil does not stop here: for fashionable mahogany chairs are so constructed now-a-days, that they are very apt to break when so misused. We have seen, many a time, a complacent loafer balance himself on the hind-legs of his chair and suddenly break down, without the notion ever coming into his thick skull that he, and not the chair-maker, was in fault. The poor fool concluded that the chair was "cracked before," and tries and breaks down half a dozen more in the same manner. In behalf of house-keepers, we feel bound to say to these individuals that this habit of leaning back in a chair is an Americanism and a vulgarity, which all (otherwise) well-bred men should eschew.

## From our own Correspondents.

WASHINGTON, May 8th, 1841.

The wise, just, and deliberate course of the Administration, in regard to removals and appointments, has exposed it to two fires—from opposite sides! There are on the one side, the *Globe* and its echoes, and these for whom they speak, with the cry of "Proscription! Proscription!"—whenever any officer is removed, however obnoxious he may have made himself by partisan interference, and though he may have been absolutely incompetent for the place. To make out a case, the official organ of the overwhelmed Dynasty publishes a list of the heads of Bureaus, and clerks in the Executive Departments here in 1829, marking those who were removed under General Jackson, and designating the Jackson men, and the opponents of "THE HERO," as he was familiarly styled by the Jackson papers. I was here during that REIGN OF TERROR, as the first year of General Jackson's term was properly called by the sufferers, and know that the list is exceedingly imperfect—and in many respects entirely false. It does not include the names of all who were removed; and for the purpose of giving the impression that the Whigs had a majority of the offices, it sets down as Whigs a large number of persons who were notorious brawlers for Jackson, and would not have been retained, had such not been their character. But even this list shows that in the first few months after the 4th of March, 1829, between forty and fifty Auditors, Comptrollers, Clerks, and other subordinates were dismissed!—about four times as many as have been removed by the present Cabinet in this city.

Certainly, under any circumstances, the clamor of "proscription" would come with an ill grace from the *Globe* people and their party, even if they could make out a case against President Tyler and his friends: for the *Globe* clique commenced a proscription which had never before been known under our free institutions. Their cries now are ridiculous: for there has been nothing like proscription here, and if it has occurred elsewhere, it has no sanction from the President or his Cabinet. Virginia, in the play, speaks of "a voice so fine that nothing lives betwixt it and silence." The reform, so far as the agents of government are concerned, is so fine, that little lives betwixt it and the old system of abuse. Many yet remain in office whom the necessity of reform will require to be dismissed; and who will, doubtless, be furnished with "walking papers" in due season.

PRESIDENT TYLER gave his first official dinner on Thursday last. There were present the members of the Cabinet, (except Mr. Webster and Mr. Crittenden, who are absent from the city) the Mayor of Washington, the Commander in Chief, the Adjutant General, the Senior Commodore in the Navy, MORRIS—COMMODORE WARRINGTON, and GENERAL JESSUP, two or three members of Congress, and a few gentlemen of the city—including every Whig editor. There were no ladies except those of the family.

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1841.

It is a valuable remark of a celebrated English professor\* in a discourse on the American Revolution, that "men fail in the management of a dispute, whether as statesmen or individuals, chiefly because they do not enter into the views and feelings of those to whom they are opposed." What illustrations we would have of this fault, in the management of our relations with Great Britain, if those charged with the business would but adopt the councils of the *Globe*; or if they were animated by the spirit of the late officials who yet furnish its articles on our foreign policy. For more than a week has Mr. Van Buren's official journal been sending forth elaborate commonplaces in order to produce an impression that the General Government has submitted—is submitting—and will continue to submit to the British demands—that indeed the State Department has exhibited wonderful alacrity in this dishonorable course—and that, when our diplomatic negotiations are divulged, they will be found to be nothing short of a series of successive prostrations before the power of England!! These charges and insinuations, I need scarcely say, are wholly arbitrary. Not a single fact is presented to sustain them; and they have no support but in the vulgar declamation for which the *Globe* is notable. That journal calls it "pusillanimous" not to indulge in the coarseness and fury of its own manner and proceedings. What would be justly esteemed as overbearing and insolent would just come up to its notions of diplomatic dignity and international courtesy. It would probably like Mr. Webster to tell Mr. Fox that the English nation is "one with which no terms ought to be kept"—that it is a "hellish nation"—that "it protects and rewards murderers." To adopt any tone milder than this—to be merely firm and deliberate in purpose—wise and energetic—is "abasement of the United States before the British Lion." It must be somewhat mortifying to the *Globe* to find that its thunder on all these points excites little or no sensation in the country. There are probably not half a dozen sane men in the Union, who would reason, or who feel on these subjects with the violence intended to be produced by the language "of mighty sound" daily uttered by the organ of the Opposition.

Much solicitude is felt in Washington and the neighboring cities, for the fate of the Rev. Mr. Cookman, a learned and eloquent Clergyman of the Methodist church, who was a passenger in the President. For two or three sessions he has been Chaplain to the Senate, and was highly respected and beloved by a large circle of friends, as well as by the Members of Congress. He has left behind him a wife, and a large family of young children, whose situation will be truly deplorable, should he be lost. Mr. Cookman's object in visiting England, was to see an aged parent. On the Sabbath before he left us, he preached a most impressive sermon in the Representative's Hall, and took an affecting farewell of those for whom he had so long been accustomed to minister at the Capitol. The House was crowded in every part, and never did I see an assembly more deeply touched than by his chaste and pathetic eloquence. The prayers of thousands followed him on his voyage; and his numerous devoted friends and admirers here cling to the slightest circumstance that affords them any hope for his safety.

The President summoned a Cabinet Council to-day at

\* Professor Smythe, of the University of Cambridge.

twelve o'clock;—and they remained in session more than two hours.

Unless the pressure of visitors and applicants to the President is diminished, I should think he would be compelled to fly to some quiet nook for a few days, to prepare his Message to Congress. The Message, and the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury will be the great documents of next month. The Reports from the other Departments probably will not be long or elaborate, until the regular annual session, unless information on certain points is called for by Congress.

## From Georgia.

AUGUSTA, May 7, 1841.

DEAR SIR: I have little or no news to write you; but lest you should think me utterly out of "the land of the living," I am fain to send you a few words to assure you I still jostle in an earthly tabernacle.

Business is prostrate, and, though on its back, is not looking up. Augusta is an uncommonly pretty city; and with its beautiful women, and its numerous trees and gardens, decorating, perfuming and shading every street, it would be a very charming place but that it needs business, with its Promethean fire, to put a little life into it. There are no amusements here save church-going, and the town is unmitigatedly dull.

Gen. Glascock, a lawyer of great eminence here, was thrown from his horse a few days ago, in the country, and so much injured that his life is despaired of. He was dragged some distance, with his foot entangled in the stirrup, and his head in collision with a rough road.

Before this reaches you, you will have heard of the cowardly murder of Gen. Read by the villain Willis Allston. Some incidents connected with and leading to this tragedy, may not be uninteresting to you.

A few years ago Mr. Read quitted his law studies, at Tallahassee, to avenge the aggressions of the Seminoles; and raising a company of volunteers, put himself at their head. With this corps he speedily fell upon the Indians, and in a number of skirmishes acquitted himself so gallantly, that this, aided by his tall, manly form and noble intellect, soon made him very popular with the whites. His promotion was as rapid as his exertions were brave and incessant, so that some time ago, he had risen to the rank of Brigadier General. He was the friend of Gov. Call, as the latter was professedly his; and though opposite in politics—the Governor being a Jackson and Union man—he had done much to serve him; but when put up for Congress, Call threw all his weight and influence against him, so that he was defeated by a small majority. This occasioned unusual acerbity of feeling between these men and their immediate friends; and in the excitement Gen. Read was insulted by one of his opponents, whereupon a challenge ensued and Gen. R. shot his opponent, wounding him severely, though not fatally.

Another duel grew out of Gov. Call's unfounded charges of cowardice against Gen. Clinch, then commanding in Florida. Notwithstanding those charges were triumphantly refuted by the certificates of the best informed and most impartial witnesses of Gen. Clinch's conduct, an individual acting under the influence of the Governor, reiterated the old libel through the press. This was replied to in an able article signed "Observer," published in the Chronicle, of this city, and the mendacity and contemptible character of the Governor's tool so justly served up, that that person, supposing Read to be the author, (though the General was then in Tallahassee,) fell upon him with much verbal abuse, and accused him of writing it. He denied any agency in the matter, and the other called him a liar; whereupon the Gen. challenged him, and the other agreed to meet him, but afterwards backed out. Then one of the Allstons, (a family of abandoned character,) swearing that if his friend would not fight, he would, challenged Read, boasting he would shoot him before (the signal) "he could turn round." The first shot of his opponent pierced the braggadocio to the heart. The ball was extracted by a sister of Allston, and it is said she swore, and induced Willis Allston and others, to swear, that they would not rest until they had killed Gen. Read with the same lead. Pursuant to his oath, Willis Allston sometime ago entered a public house where Gen. Read was dining, and approaching him unsuspectingly, discharged a pistol which took effect in his abdomen; he then fired another, which missed, he then attacked him with a bowie knife, wounding him in the same region, until his intended victim succeeded in getting at his pocket pistol, at which the cowardly ruffian fled, the General's shot piercing his hand just as he reached the door. The affair was allowed to blow over, and it was generally supposed that the malignity of the assassins was appeased, but by the last accounts from Tallahassee, we learn that nothing short of murder could content them. On the 23d ult., Willis Allston shot General Read through the body with a rifle, in the streets of Tallahassee, so that he died in fourteen hours in great agony. Allston is in jail awaiting examination. He is a monster of the darkest dye, and has committed many crimes—one of which is, going up to a poor drunken pious-wood's countrymen, who had given him no offence, and cutting his throat from behind! I trust there are moral feeling and courage enough in Tallahassee to give this fiend to the gallows.

Yours, &c.

W.

## THE ANNIVERSARIES.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**—The thirteenth Anniversary of the Seaman's Friend Society was held at the Tabernacle last evening, the President Anson G. Phelps, Esq., being in the Chair.

The house was unusually well filled, and much interest was manifested in the objects of the Society, as developed by the different speakers. An abstract of the Report of the Corresponding Secretary was read, giving a summary of the operations of the parent society and its auxiliaries, and of the receipts and disbursements during the past year. The amount collected by the parent society was stated at \$12,292, and by the auxiliaries at about \$16,400. The disbursements have been made in the following manner: the Chapel at Havre has been built at an expense of \$10,000; \$5,380 have been expended for the purposes of the Society at Boston; \$600 in Maine, and \$500 by the New-York Female Bethel Society; making a total of \$28,692.



collected and expended by the Society and its direct auxiliaries. By these not auxiliary, there have been raised and disbursed at New York \$3,500, Philadelphia 1,500, Baltimore \$1,000, Charleston \$1,000, Savannah \$200, New Bedford \$1,000, Boston \$500, and Salem \$850; adding to this the sum appropriated by the American Bethel Society for the operations on the Western waters, stated at \$5,000, we have the total amount raised and expended in the United States during the year, \$14,242.

After reading the report, the Assembly was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Corresponding Secretary, upon the general objects of the society, and urging the necessity of more vigorous efforts than had hitherto been made. The Rev. Mr. Scott, Missionary at Stockholm followed, in some interesting remarks on the necessities of instruction of sailors who visited the ports of Sweden.

R. H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, author of "Two Years before the Mast," next delivered a polished and eloquent appeal on behalf of the sailor; presenting his hardships and privations vividly to the audience, and forcibly urging his claims to, and need of, the attention of the philanthropist of every denomination.

Additional remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Baird Stillman and Bingham, after which a collection in furtherance of the designs of the society was taken up.

**AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.**—The sixteenth anniversary of this society was celebrated on Wednesday morning. The Report of the Treasurer presents the following summary:

The proceeds of the sale of publications to auxiliary societies were \$24,880; societies not auxiliary and individuals, \$32,620; donations, \$11,378; from life directors, \$7,371; from life members, \$6,030; annual subscriptions, \$16,981. Total, \$98,962. The whole amount received has been expended as follows: Paid for paper, \$17,860; printing, translating, &c., \$15,759; folding, stitching and binding, \$21,269; appropriations for foreign distributions, \$25,000; services of various kinds, \$5,169; secretaries, &c., \$6,945; miscellaneous, about \$5,000.

There are 1,162 auxiliary societies. Twenty-six new works have been issued during the year, making the whole number of publications 994. The whole number of publications printed during the year is 4,436,710, making 95,958,500 pages and 254,710 volumes. Total circulated during the year, 4,124,372 publications, or 80,581,565 pages, including 153,340 volumes. Total circulation since the formation of the society is 59,333,771 publications, including 1,598,150 volumes, making in all, 1,122,252,841 pages.

The gratuitous distribution during the year is 477 separate grants, including 1,261,696 for foreign mission stations, &c. amounts to 8,972,870 pages; the amount drawn by members and directors, 2,935,395—making a total value of \$7,938 84. The receipts during the year amount to \$98,962 59, of which \$57,210 68 were for publications sold, \$23,395 25 for foreign distribution.

**AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—The fifteenth annual report of the Treasurer of this society presented the following statement of its financial operations:

Balance in the Treasury on the 1st of May, 1840, \$2,278. 51; received from Auxiliary Societies and Agents, \$76,533.33; from Life Directors, \$735; other donations, \$8,140 01; total of receipts, \$87,691 85, being \$7,068 more than last year. The payments to Missionaries during the year amount to \$2,959 83; payments for the Home Missionary and Pastors' Journal, \$2,669 54; Missionary labors and Agents, \$74,672 60; Salaries of Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, \$4,568; total of disbursements, \$84,964 06—leaving in the Treasury a balance of \$2,827 79.

The number of Missionaries employed last year was 690, supplying 862 churches. The whole number added to their churches during the year is 4,613.

**NEW YORK STATE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.**—The ninth annual reports read at the anniversary of this society, presented a very favorable account of its condition and prospects. The Treasurer's report stated the total receipts of the past year at \$10,266. The following expenditures have been made: For goods, &c. sent to Liberia \$6,156 51; balance due the Treasurer, \$951 31; office expenses, &c. \$433 36; printing, &c. \$752 73; repairs of ship Saluda, \$560 00; salary of Cor. Secretary, \$2,000 00; travelling expenses of same, \$196 60; amount due by the Society at the end of the year, \$2,049 19.

The report of the Managers gave an encouraging account of the colony at Liberia, cheering the Society on to renewed exertions in its philanthropic cause.

**THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY** held its celebration on Tuesday evening. Arthur Tappan presiding. This is the political branch of the Abolitionists. The operations of the Society during the past year, do not seem to have been very extensive, and all attempts to raise funds and to increase the circulation of the "Anti-Slavery Reporter," have been without much success. Addresses were made by Rev. J. Leavitt, J. G. Birney and others.

**THE FOREIGN EVANGELICAL SOCIETY** held its celebration on Tuesday. The receipts of this Society during the past year, amounted to above \$14,000, while the disbursements amounted to but \$9,000. Interesting addresses were made by Chancellor Frelinghuysen, Rev. Messrs. Kirk, Cheever, and others, from which it appears the prospects of this Society are very encouraging.

**THE FEMALE MORAL REFORM SOCIETY** met in the Spring street church. The report states \$2000 to have been received during the year, all of which have been expended.

Thirty-six Auxiliary Societies have been formed during the year, and 4000 petitions have been sent to the Legislature. The Society never was in a more prosperous condition.

**YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.**—The report of the Secretary of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society stated that since October, 1840, fourteen agents have been employed, who had delivered 400 lectures, obtained 11,000 total abstinence pledges, and established 47 societies. Receipts during the past year \$460.

## Literary Notices.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By HENRY HALLAM, F.R.S. A. 2 vols., 8vo. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Hallam is no ordinary writer. He grasps his subject, difficult or vast as it may be, with a hold that shows his complete mastery over it. There is nothing feeble, nothing obscure, nothing rashly assumed or inconsiderately asserted in his productions to indicate, as in those of less learned or less gifted writers, either a want of due examination, or incapacity to arrive at clear and definite conclusions; but every thing is forcible, plain, and consequential, powerfully reasoned, and strongly and distinctly stated, giving evidence of attainments at once profound and extensive, and of intellectual qualities of the rarest excellence. No writer of the present day, in the higher walks of literature, has been more justly admired or more extensively read, nor has any one exercised a larger or purer influence on public sentiment, or done more to extend the bounds of true philosophy and of sound learning. We cannot forbear, in connection with these remarks, to quote the closing paragraph of this his last and greatest work, as showing the toil it cost him and his modesty in estimating the value of his labors.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.—Containing Evidence of their Identity, an Account of their Manners, Customs and Ceremonies, together with Sketches of Travel in Ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media and Mesopotamia, and Illustrations of Scripture Prophecy.—By ASAHEL GRANT, M.D. Harper & Brothers.

The narrative part of this volume, giving an account of the author's travels, is very interesting, but far less so than his discussion of the question as to the identity of the Nestorians with the Lost Tribes of Israel. We believe that Dr. Grant is the first writer who has ever started this supposition; but we must say that he has brought forward an array of facts to substantiate his position, which appear to be entirely conclusive in its favor. That the facts he states have been hitherto unknown, is accounted for by the circumstance that that branch of the Nestorian family visited by him, had not before come under the observation of any traveller. They are completely isolated by their position among the mountain ranges they occupy. We have read Dr. Grant's book with a great deal of interest, and cannot doubt it will prove equally interesting to others.

MEMOIR OF THE VERY REV. THEOPHILUS MATTHEW, with an Account of the Rise and Progress of Temperance in Ireland: and the Evil Effects of Drunkenness Physiologically Explained.

This work has just been published by A. V. BLAKE, Fulton street. It is reputed to be a highly interesting volume; it gives an excellent memoir of the great Irish Apostle of Temperance, and displays the wonderful effects which have everywhere followed his itinerant exhortations. This book will not only gratify the curious, but it will afford to the advocates of a great cause new arguments for its support.

REVIEWS OF A PART OF PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, AND OF CAMPBELL'S LECTURES ON GREEK POETRY.

Under this title C. S. Francis, 252 Broadway, offers for sale two able Reviews; the first, of that portion of Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, where a parallel is drawn between Elizabeth of England and Isabella of Spain; and the second, of Campbell's lectures on Greek Poetry—also containing a brief abstract of the Reception of Ulysses at the Phœacian Court, after having suffered shipwreck on their coast: From Homer's Odyssey, Book 6-13.

ANTHONY'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.—This profound and learned work—a work which displays more minute and extensive research, and more thorough scholarship, than any other ever published in the country—has, within the short time which has elapsed since its publication, reached a sale of nearly one thousand copies. That it will become standard throughout the literary world, and be universally adopted in American schools and colleges, if not in those of Great Britain, we entertain no manner of doubt. It is every way vastly superior to any edition of Lemprière. It has the high merit of being an original, not a translated work; it conveys facts in pure and idiomatic English instead of that bastard style, which marks even the best translations. Its publication adds to the great reputation of its intelligent publishers, HARPER AND BROTHERS.

EDWARD MOXON of London, the republisher of Mr. Dana's Two Years before the Mast, writes that the work has been received with great favor in London. A very cheap edition has been published and extensively sold. The Lords of the Admiralty ordered of Mr. Moxon five hundred copies of his handsome edition. Every American should read this book. It was published by the Harper's.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF PETRARCH.—We inquired, last week, whether any publishers were likely to issue this anxiously expected work. We on Thursday last received a letter from CAREY and HART of Philadelphia, informing us that it is in their press and nearly ready for publication. They received the early sheets from Mr. Colburn, the London publisher.

## Latest Intelligence.

MITCHELL.—Officer Bowyer, who has had such a long chase after the ex-M. C., writes the following account of the arrest of that distinguished individual:

"I have at length succeeded in capturing his Honor, after a pretty long chase, (about twenty-six hundred miles,) and I think this time I have waked up the right passenger. He had been concealed at Point-au-Tremble, about ten miles from here. On attempting to arrest him, he leaped from the garret window and ran to the river St. Lawrence. Finding himself pursued, he plunged in. One of the officers called to him to stop, or he would fire. He then threw into the current a package containing, as he says, \$2,700, and told the officer to fire, as he was ready to die.

"A canoe was then shoved off to him by a companion before he could be prevented, but he got a nice flogging for his trouble. Mitchell got into the canoe and crossed to an island in the river, but was soon arrested there.

I have taken every possible measure to recover the

money, but can't say how it will turn out. I am now waiting the Governor's order for his removal.

I think it will turn out that this Mitchell got Ward's doubloons, as he exactly answers the description which the boy gave.

I wish you would let Mr. L. know that there was a man here who is supposed to have been concerned in the forgery. I know where he is now, but he will soon sail for England. He came from New Orleans just about the time of the forgery, and is full of gold. He is rather a small-sized man, bright eyes, hair grey, but dyed black. He has a lady and boy with him. I am informed at the house where I put up, that he changed some Cincinnati money. He surely has been concerned in some roguery, or he would not come here to go to England at this time of the year.

Captain Comeau, of the Police, also suspected him, and called on him; but he suddenly started off after the Captain left. He is an Englishman. I received a letter this day from a gentleman who is watching his movements for me."

The foregoing suggestion, that Mitchell is the man who swindled John Ward & Co. out of the doubloons is new, but perhaps not ill-founded.

Quere. What has become of Mitchell's "two contingent friends?"

MORE FORGERIES.—The Nashville Whig of the 30th ult. says—There were rumors in town yesterday of forgeries to the amount of six or seven thousand dollars in the Notes Discounted of the principal Bank of Tennessee. The spurious notes were manufactured in the adjoining counties of Wilson and Rutherford and sent in for discount last fall, with the forged recommendation, in pencil, of the county directors, who it was known by the parties engaged in the villainy would not be in attendance at the Board to detect the fraud. Other particulars we do not feel at liberty to go into, until the facts can be thoroughly sifted by the officers of the Bank.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Relief Bill, which was passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature and vetoed by Gov. Porter, has been re-passed by the Legislature, two-thirds of each house voting in its favor, and is consequently now a law of the land.

"It provides, in the first place, for a loan of \$3,100,000, redeemable in five years, and bearing an interest of 5 per cent. All the banks of the State, except four, which are not subject to a tax upon their dividends, are to subscribe to this loan in amounts proportioned to their respective capital; and these banks may pay for the loan thus taken, in \$1, \$2 and \$5 notes; but not more than one fourth of the latter. The aggregate issue of small notes, or \$1 and \$2 notes, will be \$2,325,000; and the banks issuing these notes are obliged to receive them for debts and on deposit; but the deposits are payable in the same description of currency, and the notes are redeemable, not in specie, but in State stock at par; and only then, when presented in sums of \$100, or upwards."

ALABAMA.—The Legislature of Alabama has fixed upon the 15th inst. as the day for holding a special election for members of Congress. It has also extended the suspension of the State Bank and branches twelve months.

KENTUCKY.—The Congressional election in Kentucky has resulted in the choice of eleven Whigs and two Van Buren men. The delegation stands the same as in the last Congress.

INDIANA ELECTION.—Sufficient returns have been received from the Indiana Congressional election to render it probable that the Whigs have succeeded in carrying the entire delegation. In the last Congress the delegation stood, Whigs 3; Van Buren men 4.

VERMONT.—The Green Mountain boys elect every seventh year a Council of (thirteen) Censors to meet and inquire whether their Constitution has been violated, and also what amendments are desirable. They elected, this Spring, the entire Whig ticket. Whig vote about 5,500; Opposition 2,800; Abolition, 1,000.

A GREAT FRESHET.—We learn that immense damage has been sustained in Northern Mississippi by the heavy rains which have fallen there. All the low lands on the Yallobusha were entirely submerged, and at Columbus the river was about two miles wide. There had been no estimate of the extent of the losses sustained, but they were supposed to be very great on the plantations on that river and on all the other large water courses.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM now contains 31,768 volumes. The real estate, fine arts, building, &c., belonging to the Institution, are valued at \$38,441; the paintings, busts, &c., \$18,833; books at \$52,103; and stocks and notes receivable at \$28,083.

PENALTY OF AN ELOPEMENT.—A year since a letter was published from Montreal, announcing the elopement of Mrs. Harris, wife of Captain Harris, 24th regiment, with E. D. David, Esq., of Montreal, barrister, and Major in the Montreal Cavalry. On the 6th inst. the action commenced by Captain Harris against Mr. David was tried in Montreal, and resulted in a verdict for thirty thousand dollars damages.

According to the Nantucket Inquirer, there was imported into the United States, during the month of April, 1841, 19,952 barrels, or 628,488 gallons of sperm oil, and 37,056 barrels, or 1,167,264 gallons whale oil, by 21 ships, 3 barks, and 1 brig.

FOR LIBERIA.—The barque Union sailed from New Orleans on the 10th inst., for Liberia, taking out forty-two emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee and New Orleans.

Dr. Dyott, who was recently pardoned by Gov. Porter, has been again arrested, on an indictment found against him in 1839.

The Niles (Mich.) Republican states that there are 35,000 barrels of Flour and Pork ready to be shipped eastward at the mouth of the St. Joseph's River—25,000 held by one firm. A steamboat leaves Niles daily.

**FROM PERU.**—A letter dated Callao, Feb. 18, and published in the Journal of Commerce, gives the following account of the domestic affairs of the Peruvians:

The anticipated political convulsion in Bolivia and Peru has taken place. Col. Vivanco has been proclaimed Supreme Chief in the departments of Cusco, Arequipa, Puno and Moquegua; and notwithstanding Gen. San Roman, who was placed in command of the former by Vivanco, has declared against him with 1000 men, yet he appears to be rapidly gaining ground, as the whole community is decidedly against the government of Gamarra, who has degraded the country to such an extent as to place it in the class of a Chilean colony, sustained by Chilean influence and Chilean control.

On the 21st ult., a general rising took place in Bolivia, headed by Genls. Lara and Iriogoyen, who have proclaimed Gen. Santa Cruz Supreme Protector. This officer was expected at Guayaquil about the 15th or 20th ult., where he was to hold himself in readiness to embark for Peru with a small force on the first favorable opportunity; and as such opportunity is now offered, we are momentarily expecting him in Peru. On his arrival, the downfall of this degraded government is inevitable. In fact, nothing prevents its immediate overthrow but the want of some officer of rank and influence under whom all parties would unite.

**LATER FROM FLORIDA.**—FLORIDA, May 1.—As I expected the rumor relative to the disappearance of Cosatusenuggee and 80 warriors from Tampa proves to be without foundation. The General has about 200 of the enemy ready for emigration. I have not learned when he purposes to embark them. You are aware that Coaceochee (Wild Cat) consented to emigrate, and had permission to be absent until the 5th of May, for the purpose of collecting his people. He has sent in eight of his warriors to the General to be retained as hostages, saying that circumstances have occurred to prevent his returning by the specified day, but that he will return, and in company with his people. We have (notwithstanding the favorable train events are now in,) every prospect of an active summer campaign. It is rumored, that in consequence of the Indian difficulties in the west, between the Choctaws and Kicapoos, that the 2d Regiment of Dragoons will be ordered west of the Mississippi.—[Savannah Georgian.]

#### APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.

David Agnew, to be Postmaster at Wheeling, Virginia.  
Thomas J. Charlton, Collector of the Customs at Edenton, N. C., vice Robert M. Noxen.  
Henry Curtis, Surveyor of the Revenue at Madisonville, La., vice W. Batterson, deceased.  
Thomas Finley, to be Postmaster at Baltimore, Md.

#### APPOINTMENTS BY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

Philo C. Fuller, of Michigan, to be Second Assistant Postmaster General.  
John S. Skinner, of Maryland, to be Third Assistant Postmaster General.

**POISONOUS CHEESE.**—The New Orleans Bulletin says: "The public are already aware of the fact, that a short time since Mr. P. Bertus, of the 1st Municipality, on the representation of Dr. Puissean, had a great quantity of cheese seized on the Levee, which was supposed to be of a poisonous description. This examination took place from the circumstance that Mr. M. Blache and family, had been taken ill on eating some cheese of the same kind, which Dr. P. had declared to be tainted with the poison of hemlock. The cheeses however were returned to the owners, and now again Dr. Puissean has written to the Recorder, stating that thirteen persons are lying ill from the same cause. There is a rumor, too, of the death of one man."

In the last number of the Western Medical Journal, Dr. Graff of Illinois states that in some districts where the milk sickness prevails, people are found base enough to use the infected milk in making cheese, which is sent off to New Orleans and other places to be sold. It is but too likely that the cheese mentioned above is from a neighborhood where this mysterious disease prevails. What punishment would be appropriate for the wretches who would knowingly manufacture such an article?

**MADAM RESTELL.**—The Recorder admitted this woman to bail on Tuesday evening last—and the morning papers seem to put forth implied censure of his conduct. In our opinion, he did exactly what was right and just; we do not see how he could have done otherwise. Lohman, her reputed husband and Brainard both justified in the amount required by law—viz: 6,000 dollars each. The Recorder, however, refused to receive them. Whereupon, the amount of the recognizance—viz: 3,000 dollars, was deposited in cash in the hands of Madam Restell's counsel, A. L. Jordan, Esq., who deposited with the court his certificate to pay over the amount on the forfeiture of the bond given by Lohman and Brainard and the non-appearance at trial of the accused.

We do not see how any bail, more satisfactory than this could possibly be offered, and the Recorder would have been justly amenable to a charge of oppression had he refused it.

We are aware that it has not been the practice of judges to receive a deposit of money instead of a recognizance; but this objection seems manifestly unjust—it would be tyrannical in the case of a stranger—and Mr. Recorder Tallmadge deserves the warmest public approval for his independence and equitable decision in this matter.

**ARRIVAL OF THE BRANDYWINE.**—The U. S. Frigate Brandywine, Capt. Bolton, arrived at this port on Monday, thirty days from the coast of Gibraltar. It is said that this frigate returned to the United States in consequence of the threatening aspect of war with Great Britain, and in accordance with the advice of the American Minister at London.

**AN Abolition Lecturer in Massachusetts** the other day, was assailed with rotten eggs by some miscreant. He stood his ground manfully, and after all the ammunition was exhausted, he went on with his exercises. The next night he lectured again, but the opposition was not renewed.

**THE following, which we have cut from a country newspaper, is a beautiful and touching specimen of poetical ability. It affects the heart and takes captive the understanding. It is, as a man may say, magnificent. Gross exaggeration could not be laid to the door of him, who should call it superb. It convinces while it delights. We recommend it to people who write elegies, as a model of the pathetic sublime. There is a moral to it—a useful lesson, which should be conned over and learned by heart. We know nothing, in the whole range of classic literature, superior to it, except perhaps those ever memorable stanzas from the luminous pen of the illustrious Lieut. G. W. Paten, U. S. Army, commencing with,**

"The sun had gone down, with his battle stained eye."

#### ADVANTAGE OF TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

I knew two friends, as much alike  
As e'er you saw two stumps;  
And no phrenologist could find  
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life  
Was happier than a king's;  
His children all can read and write,  
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and  
While strolling through the wood,  
A tree fell down upon his crown,  
And hurt him, as it should!!

Had he been reading of the news  
At home, like neighbor Jim,  
I'll bet a cent this accident  
Would not befallen him.

**GOOD MANAGEMENT.**—The Newark Advertiser says that fifteen years ago a farm in western New York, of 400 acres, exhausted by bad husbandry, was bought by a Scotch farmer for \$4000. This farm has been so improved by good husbandry that the owner was last year offered for it \$40,000. He refused the offer on the ground that it had actually netted him the interest of over 60,000 dollars.

## The New World.

### A New Quarto Volume.

COMMENCING THE FIRST WEEK IN JULY.

The **QUARTO** form of the **NEW WORLD** contains sixteen three-column pages, elegantly printed, in a convenient form for binding, embellished with engravings and music. The Second Volume of the Quarto was commenced on the 1st of January, 1841; and new Volumes will begin on each 1st of January and 1st of July hereafter, making two volumes per year of 416 pages each, to which a title-page and index will be given, and which, when bound, will form a most valuable repository of the Periodical Literature of the day.

This is a Journal of Popular Literature, Criticism, Science and the Arts. It is supplied with articles by the first living writers of the United States and Great Britain. The first number was issued in June 1840, and its circulation has steadily increased to this day, till it counts more readers than any other newspaper of its kind in the world. This is owing to the fact of its having given to the public, for a sum merely nominal, and always in advance of any other print, the most popular works of the most approved authors.

A novel and striking feature of the New World is, that it has given, besides the great literary productions of the day, the discourses of eminent divines. In future these discourses will be presented even more frequently than heretofore; but not too often to interfere with other interesting articles.

In addition to all these new and popular works, these eloquent discourses, this comprehensive Journal has given the best poems and periodical papers which have appeared in the English and American Magazines. *What has been done is an earnest of what will be done.* The New World is divided into various departments, viz:—*Original Articles; First American Editions; Periodical Literature; The Scrap Book; The Literary World; The Musical World; The Dramatic World; The Political World; The World of Science and Art; Patchwork; Latest Intelligence.*

We cannot forbear to add in conclusion, that the New World studiously avoids all party politics; and is conducted on principles of the strictest morality. No profane or improper jest, no vulgar allusion, no irreligious sentiment, is allowed to soil its pages. Reverence of God and respect to man govern it always. *The rule of the Editor is never to publish a line which he would hesitate to read aloud in the hearing of virtuous and intelligent females.* Thus the New World is made an unexceptionable Family Newspaper, and is earnestly recommended to the regard of every friend of a pure literature, as well as of correct morals and the public good.

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Three Dollars a year—Two copies one year, or one copy two years for Five Dollars—*payment always in advance.* All remittances must be in current funds, and either post-paid or free.

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Postmasters are requested to act as Agents, to whom 25 per cent will be allowed on each subscription at \$3, if the balance is remitted in current funds. Specimen copies sent to all who wish to examine the work, if the request be made free of expense.

All those papers with whom we exchange, will please copy the above two or three times, and give a notice of the same; and for this favor we will send the "Evening Signal" daily to such as do not receive it, who may signify their wish to that effect.

**SEARS' PICTORIAL BIBLE.**—To answer the thousands of inquiries, respecting this work, and to save ourselves the time and expense of answering numerous letters, constantly coming to hand, it is enough for us to say, that it is *compiled from the "LONDON PICTORIAL BIBLE"—which sells here for something more than TWENTY DOLLARS per copy!* This simple fact, alone, ought to satisfy ALL of the importance and value of such a volume; and no family that can possibly afford it, and in which veneration for the Sacred Writings is sedulously inculcated, should be without it. It is calculated to interest the child, and to instruct the philosopher. The "REFLECTIONS ON ANCIENT RUINS," is a pure fountain of eloquence, combining an extent of reading, with a critical acumen. The style of the writer is clear where elucidation is required, graphic in description, and animated when the holy recollections inspired by his theme prompt and warrant a tempered enthusiasm.

Slight reflection will serve to show how valuable a knowledge of the natural features and customs of the HOLY LAND must be to the student of the Bible, as well as the general reader. True, many works have been published to supply this desideratum; but none, we believe, has ever yet appeared in this country, equal to what may be expected in this series—*certainly, no book ever issued here, has passed through SEVEN EDITIONS OF TWO THOUSAND EACH, in as many months!* Many of the engravings represents actual history, with "fanciful sketches;" and as a whole they are good specimens of the Art of Wood Engraving, nearly as perfect as has yet been attained in this country.

#### Married.

On the 8th inst., at St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, by Rev. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Thomas Augustus Walton and Miss Ann Witty, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Augustus Kutzmeyer and Miss Louisa Oram, only daughter of George and Phoebe Oram, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by Rev. Asa D. Smith, Mr. Daniel Godwin formerly of Bath, England, and Miss Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of James Chalmers, all of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 7th instant by Rev. J. H. Jones, John S. Gross, of New York, and Abby Ann, daughter of Levi Taylor, Esq., of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. J. D. Williamson, Mr. Samuel L. Buck and Miss Cornelia M. Peabody.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, May 5, at the Market street Church, by Rev. Dr. Ferris, Mr. Daniel M. Nolen and Miss Margaret C. Freeman, all of this city.

On the 4th instant, by Rev. J. Ellis, Charles Megarey and Mary Ann, daughter of James Corkray, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by Rev. Henry Chase, of this city, Mr. Nelson Larabee and Miss Cordelia Clark, both of Jersey City, N. J.

On the 11th instant Mr. Joseph K. Braintree and Miss Susanna F. Leyden, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by Rev. Mr. Clair, Mr. Jacques Croton and Miss Priscilla Mudge.

On the 11th instant, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Samuel Brief, Esq., and Miss Julia Ann Selby.

On the evening of the 10th instant, Mr. James K. A. Brown, of Albany, and Miss Eve Johnson, of Brooklyn.

At Dover, Del., on the 3d instant, by Rev. Dr. Austin, of Starbridge, Mass., S. H. Austin, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Miss Annie Lofland, of Dover.

At Hudson, on the 9th instant, Paul Houston, Esq., and Adelia, daughter of Philo C. Lumbia, Esq.

At Newark, on the 10th instant, Mr. Orlando W. Wall and Miss Eliza Cranston.

At Albany, on the 10th instant, Mr. S. brant Corlaer and Miss Dorothea W. Van Sly.

At Valparaiso, Chili, on the 5th of January last, Thomas S. Page, M. D., of Philadelphia, and Anna Maria, only child of Olof Liljivaich, Esq., of Stockholm, and now of Talcahuano, and grand daughter of Paul Delano, formerly of this city.

On Saturday evening, 8th instant, by Rev. Dr. Knox, Mr. L. Underhill and Eliza Maria, daughter of Luke Turbox, Esq., all of this city.

On Monday morning, 10th instant, at St. George's Church, by Rev. Dr. Milnor, Nicholas H. Smith and Frances Henrietta, daughter of Peter Morris.

On the 9th instant, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. John S. Bogart and Miss Elmira Bennett, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, at Sullivan street Church, by Rev. Dr. Wallace, Mr. Elias Tooker and Miss Matilda Washburn, daughter of James Washburn, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by Rev. Mr. S. M. Isaac, Mr. M. S. Cohen and Miss Elizabeth Goddard, both natives of Holland.

#### Died.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. Julia A. Meigs, wife of Henry Meigs, in the 58th year of her age.

On the morning of the 10th instant, James Arnold, Esq., in the 79th year of his age.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. Susan Caroline Little, wife of William H. Little, and daughter of the late Daniel H. Meigs, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 10th instant, Henry G. Van Ness.

On the 9th instant, Eliza, wife of Alexander Dunn Baker.

On the 9th instant, Patrick Dolanally, aged 46.

On the 10th instant, Eliza, wife of Thomas Thorsell, aged 52.

On the 10th instant, of consumption, Wm. Ledy, in the 46th year of his age.

At Morrisiana, on the 10th instant, John Armstrong, in the 45th year of his age.

At Brooklyn, Rebecca, wife of James Loines, in the 64th year of her age.

On the morning of the 6th instant, Ann Maria Percy, in the 50th year of her age.

On Tuesday, the 5th instant, John King.

On the 5th instant, after a short illness, Mrs. Sarah Abell, wife of Dr. T. M. Abell, aged 54.

On the 5th instant, of consumption, Mrs. Maria D., wife of Francis Colton.

In Harwich, Mass., on the 1st instant, Rev. Nathan Underwood, aged 59. Mr. Underwood was at the battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, White Plains, and Trenton.

At New Britain, Conn., on the 4th instant, Mrs. Mary Mattison, wife of Smith Mattison, and daughter of the late George Bowen, in the 34th year of her age.

At Port Perry, Perry Co. Mo., on the 4th instant, Charles McKinstry, aged about 25 years. He was a native and resident of Hudson, N. Y.

At New Orleans, Mr. George P. Walton, son of Gen. E. P. Walton, of Montpelier, Vt., aged 22.

At New London, on the 25th ult., at the advanced age of one hundred and five years, Jane Loudon, a colored woman.

On the morning of the 5th instant, by Rev. J. W. Lefevre, William O. E. Bourne and Mary Whitlock, all of this city.

On the 6th instant, by Rev. Dr. Smith, Stephen Merrihew and Julia A., daughter of James Chalmers, all of this city.

On the evening of the 6th instant, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. James E. Ferry and Miss Rosetta Shaw, all of this city.

On the morning of the 7th instant, Francis Panton, aged 77.

On the afternoon of the 7th instant, Temperance Ebbots, aged 38, wife of Daniel Ebbots.

On the morning of the 6th instant, of consumption, Mrs. Sarah H. daughter of the late Edwin Keeler, and wife of Robert Butcher, Jr., aged 23.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

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WHOLE NUMBER 51.

## Choice Literature.

## ADDRESS

TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS, DEPOSITED IN THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY HOZACE SMITH, Esq.

THOU Alabaster relic! while I hold  
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,  
Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,  
Might'st thou relate the changes thou hast known;  
For thou wert primitive in thy formation,  
Launched from the Almighty's hand at the creation.

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies  
And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places;  
When God, from Chaos, bade the spheres arise,  
And fixed the blazing sun upon its basis,  
And with his finger on the bounds of space  
Marked out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth  
Thou slept'st in darkness it were vain to ask,  
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,  
And year by year pursued their patient task,  
Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,  
Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus!

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,  
Or David reigned in holy Palestine,  
Some ancient Theban monarch was extended  
Beneath the lid of this emblazoned shrine,  
And to that subterranean palace borne  
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes, from her hundred portals filled the plain,  
To see the car on which thou wert upheld.

What funeral pomp extended in thy train,  
What banners waved, what mighty music swelled,  
As armies, priests, and crowds bewailed in chorus,  
Their King—their God—their Serapis—their Orus!

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust  
Thee, and the lord of all the nations round,  
Grim king of silence! Monarch of the dust!  
Embalmed, anointed, jewelled, sceptered, crowned,  
Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff and stark,  
A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages rolled; but their dissolving breath  
Could only blacken that imprisoned thing,  
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,  
As if it struggled still to be a king;  
And each dissolving century, like the last,  
Just dropped its dust upon thy lid, and passed.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt poured  
His devastating host—a motley crew;  
The steel-clad horseman—the barbarian horde,  
Music and men of every sound and hue,  
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes—  
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyzes tear away  
The ponderous rock that sealed the sacred tomb;  
Then did the slowly penetrating ray  
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,  
And lowered torches flashed against thy side,  
As Asia's king thy blazoned trophies eyed.

Plucked from his grave with sacrilegious taint,  
The features of the royal corpse they scanned;  
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt,  
They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand;  
And on those fields, where once his will was law,  
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,  
Upclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill,  
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast  
Over its entrance a concealing rill;  
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep  
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramids nor sphynx  
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni came;  
From the tomb's mouth unloosed the granite links,  
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,  
And brought thee from the sands and deserts forth,  
To charm the pallid children of the North!

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,  
Was what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,  
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue;  
A scene by nature cursed—by man disgraced.  
Now—'tis the world's metropolis!—The high  
Queen of arms, learning, arts and luxury!

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think  
What other hands, perchance, preceded mine;

Others have also stood beside thy brink,  
And vainly coned the moralizing line!  
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touched this stone like me,  
Where are ye now?—Where all must shortly be.

All is mutation;—he within this stone  
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour.  
His bones are dust—his very name unknown!—  
Go, learn from him the vanity of power;  
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,  
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul.

## THE GOBLET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE,

Author of Sartor Resartus, &amp;c., &amp;c.

The forenoon bells were sounding from the high cathedral. Over the wide square in front of it were men and women walking to and fro, carriages rolling along, and priests proceeding to their various churches. Ferdinand was standing on the broad stair, with his eyes over the multitude, looking at them as they came up to attend the service. The sunshine glittered on the white stones; all were seeking shelter from the heat. He alone had stood for a long time leaning on a pillar, amid the burning beams, without regarding them; for he was lost in the remembrances which mounted up within his mind. He was calling back his bygone life, and inspiring his soul with the feeling which had penetrated all his being, and swallowed up every other wish in itself. At the same hour, in the past year, had he been standing here, looking at the women and the maidens coming to mass; with indifferent heart, and smiling face, he had viewed the variegated procession; many a kind look had roguishly met his, and many a virgin cheek had blushed; his busy eye had observed the pretty feet, as they mounted the steps, and how the wavering robe fell more or less aside, to let the dainty little ancles come to sight.

Then a youthful form had crossed the square; clad in black; slender, and of noble mien, her eyes modestly cast down before her, carelessly she hovered up the steps with lovely grace; the silken robe lay round that fairest of forms, and rocked itself as in music about the moving limbs; she was mounting the highest step, when by chance she raised her head, and struck his eye with a ray of the purest azure. He was pierced as if by lightning. Her foot caught the robe; and quickly as he darted toward her, he could not prevent her having, for a moment, in the most charming posture, lain kneeling at his feet. He raised her; she did not look at him, she was all one blush; nor did she answer his inquiry whether she was hurt. He followed her into the church; his soul saw nothing but the image of that form kneeling before him, and that loveliest of bosoms bent toward him. Next day he visited the threshold of the church again; for him that spot was consecrated ground. He had been intending to pursue his travels, his friends were expecting him impatiently at home; but from henceforth his native country was here, his heart and its wishes were inverted. He saw her often, she did not shun him; yet it was but for a few separate and stolen moments; for her wealthy family observed her strictly, and still more a powerful and jealous bridegroom. They mutually confessed their love, but knew not what to do; for he was a stranger, and could offer his beloved no such splendid fortune as she was entitled to expect. He now felt his poverty; yet when he reflected on his former way of life, it seemed to him that he was passing rich; for his existence was rendered holy, his heart floated forever in the fairest emotion; Nature was now become his friend, and her beauty lay revealed to him; he felt himself no longer alien from worship and religion; and he now crossed this threshold, and the mysterious dimness of the temple, with far other feelings than in former days of levity. He withdrew from his acquaintances, and lived only to love. When he walked through her street, and saw her at the window, he was happy for the day. He had often spoken to her in the dusk of the evening; her garden was adjacent to a friend's, who, however, did not know his secret. Thus a year had passed away.

All these scenes of his new existence again moved through his remembrance. He raised his eyes; that noble form was even then gliding over the square; she shone out of the confused multitude like a sun. A lovely music sounded in his longing heart; and as she approached, he retired into the church. He offered her the holy water; her white fingers trembled as they touched his, she bowed with grateful kindness. He followed her, and knelt down near her. His whole heart was melting in sadness and love; it seemed to him as if, from the wounds of longing, his being were bleeding away in fervent prayers; every word of the priest went through him, every tone of the music poured new devotion into his bosom; his lips quivered, as the fair maiden pressed the crucifix of her rosary to her ruby mouth. How dim had been his apprehension of this Faith and this Love before! The priest elevated the Host, and the bell sounded; she bowed more humbly, and crossed her breast; and, like a flash, it struck through all his powers and feel-

ings, and the image on the altar seemed alive, and the colored dimness of the windows as a light of paradise; tears flowed fast from his eyes, and allayed the swelling fervor of his heart.

The service was concluded. He again offered her the consecrated font; they spoke some words, and she withdrew. He staid behind, in order to excite no notice; he looked after her till the hem of her garment vanished round the corner; and he felt like the wanderer, weary and astray, from whom, in the thick forest, the last gleam of the setting sun departs. He awoke from his dream, as an old withered hand slapped him on the shoulder, and some one called him by name.

He started back, and recognized his friend, the teaty old Albert, who lived apart from men, and whose house was open to Ferdinand alone.

"Do you remember our engagement?" said the hoarse, husky voice.

"O, yes," said Ferdinand. "And will you perform your promise to-day?"

"This very hour," replied the other, "if you like to follow me."

They walked through the city to a remote street, and there entered a large edifice. "To-day," said the old man, "you must push through with me into my most solitary chamber, that we may not be disturbed." They passed through many rooms, then along some stairs; they wound their way through passages; and Ferdinand, who had thought himself familiar with the house, was now astonished at the multitude of apartments, and the singular arrangements of the spacious building; but still more that the old man, a bachelor, and without family, should inhabit it by himself, with a few servants, and never let out any part of the superfluous room to strangers. Albert at length unbolted a door, and said: "Now, here is the place." They entered a large, high chamber, hung round with red damask, which was trimmed with golden listings; the chairs were of the same stuff; and, through heavy red silk curtains covering the windows, came a purple light. "Wait a little," said the old man, and went into another room. Ferdinand took up some books; he found them to contain strange, unintelligible characters, circles, and lines, with many curious plates; and from the little he could read, they seemed to be works on alchemy; he was aware already that the old man had the reputation of a gold-maker. A lute was lying on the table, singularly overlaid with mother-of-pearl, and colored wood; and representing birds and flowers in very splendid forms. The star in the middle was a large piece mother-of-pearl, worked in the most skilful manner into many interesting circular figures, almost like the centre of a window in a Gothic church. "You are looking at my instrument," said Albert, coming back; "it is two hundred years old: I brought it with me as a memorial of my journey into Spain. But let us leave all that, and do you take a seat."

They sat down beside the table, which was likewise covered with a red cloth; and the old man placed upon it something which was carefully wrapped up. "From pity to your youth," he began, "I promised lately to predict to you whether you could ever become happy or not; and this promise I will in the present hour perform, though you hold the matter as only a jest. You need not be alarmed, for what I purpose will take place without danger; no dread invocations shall be made by me, nor shall any hurried apparition terrify your senses. The business I am on may fail in two ways; either if you do not love so truly as you have been willing to persuade me; for then my labor is in vain, and nothing will disclose itself; or, if you shall disturb the oracle and destroy it by a useless question, or a hasty movement, should you leave your seat and dissipate the figure; you must therefore promise me to keep yourself quite still."

Ferdinand gave his word, and the old man unfolded from its cloths the packet he had placed on the table. It was a golden goblet, of very skilful and beautiful workmanship. Round its broad foot ran a garland of flowers, intertwined with myrtles, and various other leaves and fruits, worked out in high chasing with dim and with brilliant gold. A corresponding ring, but still richer, with figures of children, and wild little animals playing with them, or flying from them, wound itself about the middle of the cup. The bowl was beautifully turned; it bent itself back at the top as if to meet the lips; and within, the gold sparkled with a red glow. Old Albert placed the cup between him and the youth, whom he then beckoned to come nearer. "Do you not feel something," said he, "when your eye loses itself in this splendor?"

"Yes," answered Ferdinand, "this brightness glances into my inmost heart; I might almost say I felt it like a kiss in my longing bosom."

"It is right, then!" said the old man. "Now let not your eyes wander any more, but fix them steadfastly on the glittering of this gold, and think as intently as you can of the woman whom you love."

Both sat quietly for a while, looking earnestly upon the gleaming cup. Ere long, however, Albert, with mute gestures, began, at first slowly, then faster, and at last in rapid movements, to whirl his outstretched finger in a constant

circle round the glitter of the bowl. Then he paused, and recommenced his circles in the opposite direction. After this had lasted for a little, Ferdinand began to think he heard the sound of music; it came as from without, in some distant street, but soon the tones approached, they quivered more distinctly through the air; and at last no doubt remained with him that they were flowing from the hollow of the cup. The music became stronger, and of such piercing power, that the young man's heart was throbbing to the notes, and tears were flowing from his eyes. Busily old Albert's hand now moved in various lines across the mouth of the goblet; and it seemed as if sparks were issuing from his fingers, and darting in forked courses to the gold, and tinkling as they met it. The glittering points increased; and followed, as if strung on threads, the movements of his finger to and fro; they shone with various hues, and crowded more and more together till they joined in unbroken lines. And now it seemed as if the old man, in the red dusk, were stretching a wondrous net over the gleaming gold; for he drew the beams this way and that at pleasure, and wove up with them the opening of the bowl; they obeyed him, and remained there like a cover, wavering to and fro, and playing into one another. Having so fixed them, he again described the circle round the rim; the music then moved off, grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. While the tones departed, the sparkling net quivered to and fro as in pain. In its increasing agitation it broke in pieces; and the beaming threads rained down in drops into the cup; but as the drops fell, there arose from them a ruddy cloud, which moved within itself in manifold eddies, and mounted over the brim like foam. A bright point darted with exceeding swiftness through the cloudy circle, and began to form the image in the midst of it. On a sudden there looked out from the vapor as it were an eye; over this came a playing and curling as of golden locks; and soon there went a soft blush up and down the shadow, and Ferdinand beheld the shining face of his beloved, the blue eyes, the tender cheeks, the fair red mouth. The head waved to and fro, rose clearer and more visible upon the slim white neck, and nodded toward the enraptured youth. Old Albert still kept casting circles round the cup; and out of it emerged the glancing shoulders; and as the fair form mounted more and more from its golden couch, and bent in lovely kindness this way and that, the soft, curved, parted breasts appeared, and on their summits two loveliest rose-buds glancing with sweet, secret red. Ferdinand fancied he felt the breath, as the beloved form bent waving towards him, and almost touched him with its glowing lips; in his rapture he forgot his promise and himself; he started up and clasped that ruddy mouth to him with a kiss, and meant to seize those lovely arms, and lift the enrapturing form from its golden prison. Instantly a violent trembling quivered through the lovely shape; the head and body broke away as in a thousand lines; and a rose was laying at the bottom of the goblet, in whose redness that sweet smile still seemed to play. The longing young man caught it and pressed it to his lips; and in his burning ardor it withered and melted into air.

"Thou hast kept thy promise badly," said the old man, with an angry tone; "thou hast none but thyself to blame." He again wrapped up the goblet, drew aside the curtains, and opened a window; the clear daylight broke in; and Ferdinand, in sadness, and with many fruitless excuses, left old Albert still in anger.

In an agitated mood, he hastened through the streets of the city. Without the gate, he sat down beneath the trees. She had told him in the morning that she was to go that night with some relations to the country. Intoxicated with love, he rose, he sat, he wandered in the wood; that fair, kind form was still before him, as it flowed and mounted from the glowing gold; he looked that she would now step forth to meet him in the splendor of her beauty, and again that loveliest image broke away in pieces before his eyes; and he was indignant at himself, that, by his restless passion and the tumult of his senses, he should have destroyed the shape, and perhaps his hopes, forever.

As the walk in the afternoon became crowded, he withdrew deeper into the thickets; but he still kept the distant highway in his eye; and every coach that issued from the gate was carefully examined by him.

The night approached. The setting sun was throwing forth its red splendor, when from the gate rushed out the richly gilded coach, gleaming with a fiery brightness in the glow of evening. He hastened toward it. Her eye had already seized him. Kindly and smilingly she leaned her glittering bosom from the window; he caught her soft salutation and signal; he was standing by the coach, her full look fell on his, and as she drew back to move away, the rose which had adorned her bosom flew out and lay at his feet. He lifted it up, and kissed it; and he felt as if it presaged to him that he should not see his loved one any more, that now his happiness had faded away from him for ever.

Hurried steps were passing up stairs and down; the whole house was in commotion; all was bustle and tumult, preparing for the great festivities of the morrow. The mother was the gladdest and most active; the bride heeded nothing, but retired into her chamber to meditate upon her changing destiny. The family were still looking for their elder son, the captain, with his wife; and for two elder daughters, with their husbands; Leopold, the younger, was maliciously busy in increasing the disorder, and deepening the tumult; perplexing all, while he pretended to be furthering it. Agatha, his still unmarried sister, was in vain endeavoring to make him reasonable, and to persuade him simply to do nothing, and to let the rest have peace; but her mother said: "Never mind him and his folly; for to-day a little more or less of it amounts to nothing; only this I beg of one and all of you, that, as I have so much to think about already, you would trouble me with no fresh tidings, unless it be of something that especially concerns us. I care not whether any one have let some china fall, whether one spoon or two spoons are wanting, whether any of the stranger servants have been breaking windows; with all such freaks as these I beg you would not vex me by recounting them. Were these days of tumult over, we will reckon matters; not till then."

"Bravely spoken, mother!" cried her son; "these sentiments are worthy of a governor. And if it chance that any of the maids should break her neck; the cook get tipsy, or set the chimney on fire; the butler, for joy, let all the malmsey run upon the floor, or down his throat, you shall

not hear a word of such small tricks. If, indeed, an earthquake were to upset the house! That, my dear mother, could not be kept secret."

"When will he leave his folly!" said the mother. "What must thy sisters think, when they find thee every jot as riotous as when they left thee two years ago?"

"They must do justice to my force of character," said Leopold; "and grant that I am not so changeable as they or their husbands, who have altered so much within these few years, and so little to their advantage."

The bridegroom now entered, and inquired for the bride. Her maid was sent to call her. "Has Leopold made my request to you, my dear mother?" said he.

"I did, forsooth," said Leopold. "There is such confusion here among us, not one of them can think a reasonable thought."

The bride entered, and the young pair joyfully saluted one another. "The request I meant," continued the bridegroom, "is this; that you would not take it ill, if I should bring another guest into your house, which, in truth, is full enough already."

"You are aware yourself," replied the mother, "that, extensive as it is, I could scarcely find another chamber."

"Notwithstanding, I have partly managed it already," cried Leopold; "I have had the large apartment furnished up."

"Why, that is quite a miserable place," replied the mother; "for many years it has been nothing but a lumber-room."

"But it is splendidly repaired," said Leopold; "and our friend, for whom it is intended, does not mind such matters; he desires nothing but our love. Besides, he has no wife, and likes to be alone; it is the very place for him. We have had enough of trouble in persuading him to come, and show himself again among his fellow creatures."

"Not your dismal conjuror and gold-maker, certainly?" cried Agatha.

"No other," said the bridegroom, "if you will still call him so."

"Then do not let him, mother," said the sister. "What should a man like that do here? I have seen him on the street with Leopold, and I was positively frightened at his face. The old sinner, too, almost never goes to church; he loves neither God nor man; and it cannot come to good to bring such infidels under the roof, on a solemnity like this. Who knows what may be the consequence?"

"To hear her talk!" said Leopold, in anger. "Thou condemnest without knowing him; and because the cut of his nose does not please thee, and he is no longer young and handsome, thou concludest him a wizard, and a servant of the Devil."

"Grant a place in your house, dear mother," said the bridegroom, "to our old friend, and let him take part in our general joy. He seems, my dear Agatha, to have endured much suffering, which has rendered him distrustful and misanthropic; he avoids all society, his only exceptions are Leopold and myself. I owe him much; it was he that first gave my mind a good direction; nay, I may say, it is he alone that has rendered me perhaps worthy of my Julia's love."

"He lends me all his books," continued Leopold; "and, what is more, his old manuscripts; and what is more still, his money, on my bare word. He is a man of the most Christian turn, my little sister. And who knows, when thou hast seen him better, whether thou wilt not throw off thy coyness, and take a fancy to him, ugly as he now appears to thee?"

"Well, bring him to us," said the mother; "I have had to hear so much of him from Leopold already, that I have a curiosity to be acquainted with him. Only you must answer for it, that I cannot lodge him better."

Meantime, strangers were announced. They were members of the family, the married daughters, and the officer; they had brought their children with them. The good old lady was delighted to behold her grandsons; all was welcoming, and joyful talk; and Leopold and the bridegroom, having also given and received their greetings, went away to seek their ancient, melancholic friend.

The latter lived most part of the year in the country, about a league from town; but he also kept a little dwelling for himself in a garden near the gate. Here, by chance, the young men had become acquainted with him. They now found him in a coffee-house, where they had previously agreed to meet. As the evening had come on, they brought him, after some little conversation, directly to the house.

The stranger met a kindly welcome from the mother; the daughters stood a little more aloof from him. Agatha especially was shy, and carefully avoided his looks. But the first general compliments were scarcely over, when the old man's eye appeared to settle on the bride, who had entered the apartment later; he seemed as if transported, and it was observed that he was struggling to conceal a tear. The bridegroom rejoiced in his joy, and happening sometime after to be standing with him by a side at the window, he took his hand, and asked him: "Now, what think you of my lovely Julia? Is she not an angel?"

"O, my friend!" replied the old man, with emotion, "such grace and beauty I have never seen; or rather, I should say (for that expression was not just), she is so fair, so ravishing, so heavenly, that I feel as if I had long known her, as if she were to me, utter stranger though she is, the most familiar form of my imagination, some shape which had always been an inmate of my heart."

"I understand you," said the young man; "yes, the truly beautiful, the great, and sublime, when it overpowers us with astonishment and admiration, still does not surprise us as a thing foreign, never heard of, never seen; but, on the other hand, our own inmost nature in such moments becomes clear to us, our deepest remembrances are awakened, our dearest feelings made alive."

The stranger, during supper, mixed but little in the conversation; his looks were fixed on the bride, so earnestly and constantly, that she at last became embarrassed and alarmed. The captain told of a campaign which he had served in; the rich merchant of his speculations and the bad times; the country gentleman of the improvements which he meant to make in his estate.

Supper being done, the bridegroom took his leave, returning for the last time to his lonely chamber; for in future it was settled that the married pair were to live in the mother's house; their chambers were already furnished.

The company dispersed, and Leopold conducted the stranger to his room. "You will excuse us," said he, as they went along, "for having been obliged to lodge you rather far away, and not so comfortably as our mother wished; but you see, yourself, how numerous our family is, and more relations are to come to-morrow. For one thing, you will not run away from us; there is no finding of your course through this enormous house."

They went through several passages, and Leopold at last took leave, and bade his guest good-night. The servant placed two wax-lights on the table; then asked the stranger whether he should help him to undress, and as the latter waived his help in that particular, he also went away, and the stranger found himself alone.

"How does it chance, then," said he, walking up and down, "that this image springs so vividly from my heart to-day? I forgot the long past, and thought I saw herself. I was again young, and her voice sounded as of old; I thought I was awakening from a heavy dream; but no, I am now awake, and those fair moments were but a sweet delusion."

He was too restless to sleep; he looked at some pictures on the walls, and then round on the chamber. "To-day," cried he, "all is so familiar to me, I could almost fancy I had known this house and this apartment of old." He tried to settle his remembrances, and lifted some large books which were standing in a corner. As he turned their leaves, he shook his head. A lute-case was leaning on the wall; he opened it, and found a strange old instrument, time-worn, and without the strings. "No, I am not mistaken!" cried he, in astonishment; "this lute is too remarkable; it is the Spanish lute of my long-departed friend, old Albert! Here are his magic books; this is the chamber where he raised for me that blissful vision; the red of the tapestry is faded, its golden hem is becoming dim; but strangely vivid in my heart is all pertaining to those hours. It was for this the fear went over me as I was coming hither, through these long, complicated passages where Leopold conducted me. O Heaven! On this very table did the Shape rise budding forth, and grow up as if watered and freshed by the redness of the gold. The same image smiled upon me here, which has almost driven me crazy in the hall to-night; in that hall where I have walked so often in trustful speech with Albert!"

He undressed, but slept very little. Early in the morning he was up, and looking at the room again; he opened the window, and the same gardens and buildings were lying before him as of old, only many other houses had been built since then. "Forty years have vanished," sighed he, "since that afternoon; and every day of those bright times has a longer life than all the intervening space."

He was called to the company. The morning passed in varied talk; at last the bride entered in her marriage-dress. As the old man noticed her, he fell into a state of agitation, such that every one observed it. They proceeded to the church, and the marriage-ceremony was performed. The party was again at home, when Leopold inquired: "Now, mother, how do you like our friend, the good, morose old gentleman?"

"I had figured him, by your description," said she, "much more frightful; he is mild and sympathetic, and might gain from one an honest trust in him."

"Trust?" cried Agatha; "in these burning, frightful eyes, these thousand-fold wrinkles, that pale, sunk mouth, that strange laugh of his, which looks and laughs so mockingly? No; God keep me from such friends! If evil spirits ever take the shape of men, they must assume some shape like this."

"Perhaps a younger and more handsome one," replied the mother; "but I cannot recognize the good old man in thy description. One easily observes that he is of a violent temperament, and has inured himself to lock up his feelings in his own bosom; perhaps, too, as Leopold was saying, he may have encountered many miseries; so he is grown mistrustful, and has lost that simple openness which is especially the portion of the happy."

The rest of the party entered, and broke of their conversation. Dinner was served up; and the stranger sat between Agatha and the rich merchant. When the toasts were beginning, Leopold cried out: "Now, stop a little, worthy friends; we must have the golden goblet down for this, then let it travel round."

He was rising, but his mother beckoned him to keep his seat. "Thou wilt not find it," said she, "for the plate is all stowed elsewhere." She walked out rapidly to seek it herself.

"How brisk and busy is our good old lady still!" observed the merchant. "See how nimbly she can move, with all her breadth and weight, and reckoning sixty by this time of day. Her face is always bright and joyful, and to-day she is particularly happy, for she sees herself made young again in Julia."

The stranger gave assent, and the lady entered with the goblet. It was filled with wine, and began to circulate, each toasting what was dearest and most precious to him. Julia gave the welfare of her husband, he the love of his fair Julia; and thus did every one as it became his turn. The mother lingered, as the goblet came to her.

"Come, quick with it," said the captain, somewhat hastily and rudely; we know, you reckon all men faithless, and not one among them worthy of a woman's love. What, then, is dearest to you?"

His mother looked at him, while the mildness of her brow was on a sudden overspread with angry seriousness. "Since my son," said she, "knows me so well, and can judge my mind so rigorously, let me be permitted not to speak what I was thinking of, and let him endeavor, by a life of constant love, to falsify what he gives out as my opinion." She pushed the goblet on, without drinking, and the company was for a while embarrassed and disturbed.

"It is reported," said the merchant, in a whisper, turning to the stranger, "that she did not love her husband; but another, who proved faithless to her. She was then, it seems, the finest woman in the city."

When the cup reached Ferdinand, he gazed upon it with astonishment; for it was the very goblet out of which old Albert had called forth to him the lovely shadow. He looked in upon the gold, and the waving of the wine; his hand shook; it would not have surprised him, if from the magic bowl that glowing Form had again mounted up, and brought with it his vanished youth. "No!" said he, after



some time, half aloud, "it is wine that is gleaming here!"

"Ay, what else?" cried the merchant, laughing: "Drink and be merry."

A thrill of terror passed over the old man; he pronounced the name "Francesca" in a vehement tone, and set the goblet to his lips. The mother cast upon him an inquiring and astonished look.

"Whence is this bright goblet?" said Ferdinand, who also felt ashamed of his embarrassment.

"Many years ago, long ere I was born," said Leopold, "my father bought it, with this house and all its furniture, from an old, solitary bachelor; a silent man, whom the neighbors thought a dealer in the Black Art."

The stranger did not say that he had known this old man; for his whole being was too much perplexed, too like an enigmatic dream, to let the rest look into it, even from afar.

The cloth being withdrawn, he was left alone with the mother, as the young ones had retired to make ready for the ball. "Sit down by me," said the mother; "we will rest, for our dancing years are past; and if it is not rude, allow me to inquire whether you have seen our goblet elsewhere, or what it was that moved you so intensely?"

"O, my lady," said the old man, "pardon my foolish violence and emotion; but ever since I crossed your threshold, I feel as if I were no longer myself; every moment I forget that my head is gray, that the hearts which loved me are dead. Your beautiful daughter, who is now celebrating the gladdest day of her existence, is so like a maiden whom I knew and adored in my youth, that I could reckon it a miracle. Like, did I say? No, she is not like; it is she herself! In this house, too, I have often been; and once I became acquainted with this cup in a manner I shall not forget." Here he told her his adventure. "On the evening of that day," concluded he, "in the park, I saw my loved one for the last time, as she was passing in her coach. A rose fell from her bosom; this I gathered, she herself was lost to me, for she proved faithless, and soon after married."

"God in Heaven!" cried the lady, violently moved, and starting up, "thou art not Ferdinand?"

"It is my name," replied he.

"I am Francesca," said the lady.

They sprang forward to embrace, then started suddenly back. Each viewed the other with investigating looks; both strove again to evolve from the ruins of Time those lineaments which of old they had known and loved in one another; and as, in dark, tempestuous nights, amid the flight of black clouds, there are moments when solitary stars ambiguously twinkle forth, to disappear next instant, so to these two was there shown now and then from the eyes, from the brow and lips, the transitory gleam of some well-known feature; and it seemed as if their Youth stood in the distance, weeping smiles. He bowed down, and kissed her hand, while two big drops rolled from his eyes. They then embraced each other cordially.

"Is thy wife dead?" inquired she.

"I was never married," sobbed the other.

"Heavens!" cried she, wringing her hands, "then it is I who have been faithless! But no, not faithless. On returning from the country, where I stayed two months, I heard from every one, thy friends as well as mine, that thou wert long ago gone home, and married in thy own country. They showed me the most convincing letters, they pressed me vehemently, they profited by my despondency, my indignation; and so it was that I gave my hand to another, a deserving husband: but my heart and my thought were always thine."

"I never left this town," said Ferdinand; "but after a while, I heard that thou wert married. They wished to part us, and they have succeeded. Thou art a happy mother; I live in the past, and all thy children I will love as if they were my own. But how strange that we should never once have met!"

"I seldom went abroad," said she; "and as my husband took another name, soon after we were married, from a property which he inherited, thou couldst have no suspicion that we were so near together."

"I avoided men," said Ferdinand, "and lived for solitude. Leopold is almost the only one that has attracted me, and led me out amongst my fellows. O my beloved friend! it is a frightful spectre-story, to think how we lost, and have again found each other."

As the young people entered, the two were dissolved in tears, and in the deepest emotion. Neither of them told what had occurred, the secret seemed too holy. But ever after, the old man was the friend of the house; and Death alone parted these two beings, who had found each other so strangely, to reunite them in a short time, beyond the power of separation.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

Within three days of each of these hopeful speculations being announced, there were as many completely organized joint-stock companies established to carry them into effect. Superb offices were engaged in the city; Patrons, Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Trustees, Chairmen, Directors, Secretaries; Auditors, Bankers, Standing Counsel, Engineers, Surveyors, and Solicitors appointed; and the names of all these functionaries forthwith blazed in dazzling array at the head of a "Prospectus," which set forth the advantages of the undertaking with such seductive eloquence as no man could resist; and within a week's time there was not a share to be had in the market. Into affairs of this description, Mr. Gammon, who soon saw the profit to be made out of them, if skillfully worked, plunged with the energy and excitement of a gamester. He drew in Mr. Quirk after him; and, as they could together command the ears of several enterprising capitalists in the city, they soon had their hands full of business, and launched two or three very brilliant speculations. Mr. Gammon himself drew up their "Prospectuses," and in a style which must have tempted the very devil himself (had he seen them) into venturing half his capital in the undertaking!—One was a scheme for providing the metropolis with a constant supply of salt water, by means of a canal cut from the

vicinity of the Nore, and carried nearly all round London, so as to afford the citizens throughout the year the luxury of sea-bathing. Another was of a still more extraordinary and interesting description—for carrying into effect a discovery, by means of which, ships of all kinds and sizes could be furnished with the means, by one and the same process—and that remarkably simple, cheap, and convenient—of obtaining pure fresh water from the sea, and converting the salt or brine thrown off in the operation, instantaneously into gunpowder! The reality of this amazing discovery was decisively ascertained by three of the greatest chemists in England; a patent was taken out, and a company formed for immediately working the patent. This undertaking was the first that Gammon brought under the notice of the Earl of Dreddlington, whom he so completely dazzled by his description, both of the signal service to be conferred upon the country, and the princely revenue to be derived from it to those early entering into the speculation, that his lordship intimated rather an anxious wish to be connected with it.

"Good gracious, sir! to what a pitch is science advancing! When will human ingenuity end? Sir, I doubt not that one of these days we shall find a mode of communicating with the moon and stars!"

"Certainly—I feel the full force of your lordship's very striking observation," replied Gammon, who had listened to him with an air of delighted deference.

"Sir, this is a truly astonishing discovery! Yet I give you my honor, sir, I have often thought that something of the kind was very desirable, as far as the obtaining fresh water from salt water was concerned, and have wondered whether it could ever be practicable; but I protest the latter part of the discovery—the conversion of the brine into gunpowder—is—sir, I say it is—astounding: it is more: it is very interesting, in a picturesque and patriotic point of view. Only think, sir, of your vessels gathering gunpowder and fresh water from the sea they are sailing over! Sir, the discoverer deserves a subsidy! This must in due time be brought before Parliament." His lordship got quite excited; and Gammon, watching his opportunity, intimated the pride and pleasure it would give him to make his lordship the patron of the gigantic undertaking.

"Sir—sir—you do me—infinite honor," quoth the Earl, quite flustered by the suddenness of the proposal.

"As there will be, of course, your lordship sees, several great capitalists concerned, I must, for form's sake, consult them before any step is taken; but I flatter myself, my lord, that there can be but one opinion, when I name to them the possibility of our being honored with your lordship's name and influence."

The Earl received this with a stately bow and a gratified smile; and on the ensuing day received a formal communication from Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, soliciting his lordship to become the patron of the undertaking; which he most graciously acceded to, and was easily prevailed on to secure several other highly distinguished names among his friends, who were profoundly ignorant of business in all its departments, but delighted to figure before the public as the patrons of so great and laudable an enterprise. Out went forthwith, all over the country, the advertisements and prospectuses of the new company, and which could boast such commanding names as cast most of its sister companies into the shade: e.g. "The Right Honorable the EARL OF DREDDLINGTON, G. C. B., F. R. S., F. A. S., &c., &c." "The Most Noble the DUKE OF TANTALLAN, K. T., &c., &c." "The Most Honorable the MARQUESS OF MARMALADE, &c., &c., &c." The capital to be one million, in ten thousand shares of one hundred pounds each. Lord Dreddlington was presented with a hundred shares, as a mark of respect and gratitude from the leading shareholders; moreover, his lordship took two hundred shares besides, and prevailed on various of his friends to do the same. In less than three weeks' time the shares had risen to £40 premium, (i.e. my lady readers will understand, each share for which his lordship was supposed to have given, or to be liable to be called upon for £100, he could at any moment dispose of for £140.) and then Mr. Gammon so represented matters to his lordship, as to induce him to part with his shares, which he found no difficulty in doing—and thereby realized a clear profit of £12,000. This seemed to the Earl rather the effect of magic than of an every day mercantile adventure. His respect for Gammon rose with every thing he heard of that gentleman, or saw him do; and his lordship allowed himself to be implicitly guided by him in all things. Under his advice, accordingly, the Earl became interested in several other similar speculations; all which exercises so occupied his thoughts, as almost to obliterate his sense of ministerial injustice. Several of his friends cautioned him, now and then, against committing himself to such novel and extensive speculations, in which he might incur, he was reminded, dangerous liabilities; but his magnificent reception of such interference soon caused their discontinuance. The Earl felt safe in the hands of Mr. Gammon; forming an equally and a very high estimate of his ability and integrity.

His lordship's attention having been thus directed to such subjects, to the mercantile interests of this great country, so he began to take a great interest in the discussion of such subjects in the House, greatly to the surprise and edification of many of his brother peers. Absorbing, however, as were these and similar occupations, they were almost altogether suspended, as soon as a day, and that not a distant one, had been fixed upon for the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Titmouse. From that moment, the old man could scarcely bear her out of his presence; following and watching all her movements with a peculiar, though still a stately, solicitude and tenderness. Frequent, earnest, and dignified were his interviews with Titmouse: his representations as to the invaluable treasure that was about to be intrusted to him in the Lady Cecilia, the last direct representative of the most ancient noble family in the kingdom. Innumerable were his lordship's directions to him concerning his future conduct, both in public and private life; intimating, in a manner at once impressive and affectionate, that the eyes of the country would be thenceforward fixed upon him, as son-in-law of the Earl of Dreddlington. His lordship, moreover, pocketing the affront he had received at the hands of the Ministry, made a very strenuous and nearly a successful effort to procure for this destined son-in-law a vacant lordship of the Treasury. The Premier was really considering the subject, when Mr. O'Gibbet ex-

tinguished all the aspiring hopes of Lord Dreddlington, by applying for the vacant office for a friend of his, Mr. Och Hubbaboo, an early friend of Mr. O'Gibbet; and who, having failed in business and been unable to re-establish himself, had come into the House of Commons to repair his shattered fortunes. I need hardly say that, within a day or two, Mr. Hubbaboo was made a Lord of the Treasury; and thereby very nearly alienated from Ministers two staunch supporters, to wit, the Earl of Dreddlington and Mr. Titmouse.

Early in the forenoon of Tuesday the 1st of April, 18—, there were indications in the neighborhood of Lord Dreddlington's house in Grosvenor Square, that an aristocratic wedding was about to be celebrated. Lady Cecilia's bridesmaids, and one or two other ladies, the Duke and Duchess of Tantallan, and a few others who were to accompany the party to church, made their appearance about eleven o'clock; and shortly afterward dashed up Mr. Titmouse's Cab, in which sat that gentleman, enveloped in a magnificent green cloak, which concealed the splendor of his personal appearance. He had been engaged at his toilet since five o'clock that morning, and the results were not unworthy of the pains which had been taken to secure them. He wore a light-blue body coat, with velvet collar; tight black pantaloons tying round the ankles; gossamer white silk stockings, and dress-shoes with small gold buckles. His shirt was of snowy whiteness, and there glittered in the centre of it a very superb diamond brooch. He had two waistcoats, the under one a sky-blue satin, (only the roll visible,) the outer one a white satin waistcoat, richly embroidered. He wore a burnished gold guard-chain, disposed very gracefully over the outside of his outer waistcoat. His hair was parted down the middle, and curled forward toward each temple, giving his countenance a very bold and striking expression. He wore white kid gloves, a glossy new hat, and held in his hand his agate-headed ebony cane. Though he tried to look at his ease, his face was rather pale, and his manner a little flurried. As for the bride—she had slept scarcely a quarter of an hour the whole night; and a glimpse at her countenance, in the glass, convinced her of the necessity of yielding to Annette's suggestions, and rousing a little. Her eyes told of the sleepless and agitated night she had passed; and while dressing, she was twice forced to drink a little sal volatile and water. She was cold, and trembled. When at length she had completed her toilet, what a figure did her cheval glass present to her! The dress, rich white satin, a long and beautiful blonde lace veil—and a delicate wreath of orange-blossoms, was that of a bride, certainly; but was the countenance that of a bride? Miss Macspleuchan burst into tears at the sight. When, attended by her bride-maid and Miss Macspleuchan, she made her appearance in the drawing-room, the Earl of Dreddlington approached her, and saluted her in silent tenderness. Then Titmouse came up, with a would-be familiar air—"Hope you're quite well, dearest, this happy day," said he, and kissed her gloved hand. She made him no reply; and presently the carriages were announced to be in readiness. The Earl led her down, followed by her two bride-maids, and entered the first carriage, which then drove off to St. George's Church; Titmouse and the rest of the party immediately following. The ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of Barnard-Castle, an old friend, and indeed a distant relation of Lord Dreddlington's. Methinks I now see his portly and commanding figure, standing before the altar, with the little distinguished party before him; and hear his clear sonorous voice reading the marriage service. Titmouse was pale and flushed by turns, and looked frightened—behaving, however, with more sedateness than I should have expected. Lady Cecilia leaned, when she could, against the rails; and repeated her few allotted words in a voice scarcely audible. When Titmouse affixed the ring upon her finger she trembled and shed tears—averting her countenance from him, and at length concealing it entirely in her pocket handkerchief. She looked, indeed, the image of misery. The Earl of Dreddlington maintained a countenance of rigid solemnity. At length the all-important ceremony came to a close; the necessary entries and signatures were made in the vestry, to which they followed the bishop; and then Mr. Titmouse, taking his wife's arm within his own, led her from the vestry to the private door, where stood waiting for them the Earl's chariot. He handed her into it, and popped in after her—a little crowd standing round to catch a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom: and they drove rapidly homeward. He sat in one corner, and she in the other; each so occupied with their own thoughts that they uttered scarce two words all the way.

A splendid *déjeuner à la fourchette* was prepared, and a very brilliant party attended to pay their respects to the bride and bridegroom, and the Earl of Dreddlington; and about two o'clock the lady Cecilia withdrew to prepare for her journey, which was to Poppleton Hall, her father's residence in Hertfordshire, where they were to spend their honeymoon. She had never shown so much emotion in her life, as when she parted with Miss Macspleuchan and her bride-maids—being several times on the verge of hysterics. Mr. Titmouse's travelling chariot—a handsome chocolate-colored one, with four horses—stood at the door, her ladyship's maid and his valet seated in the rumble. Some hundred people stood round to see the

"Happy, happy, happy pair,"

set off on their journey of happiness. The Earl led down Lady Cecilia, followed by Titmouse, who had exchanged his hat for a gaudy traveling cap, with a gold band round it. Lady Cecilia, with drooping head and feeble step, suffered the Earl, whom she kissed fervently, to place her in the chariot, when she burst into a flood of tears. Then Mr. Titmouse shook hands cordially with his distinguished father-in-law; stepped into the chariot; the steps were doubled up; the door closed; the side blinds were drawn down by Mr. Titmouse; "All's right!" cried one of the servants, and away rolled the carriage-and-four, which, quickening its speed, was soon out of sight. Lady Cecilia remained in a sort of stupor for some time, and sat silent and motionless in the corner of the chariot; but Titmouse had now become lively enough, having had the benefit of some dozen glasses of champagne.

"Ah, my lovely gal—dearest gal of my heart!" he exclaimed fondly, at the same time kissing her cold cheeks, and putting his arm round her waist—"Now you're all my own! 'Pon my soul, is n't it jolly! We're man and

wife! By Jove, I never loved you so much as now, ducky! eh?" Again he pressed her cold cheek.

"Don't, do n't, I beg," said she faintly, "I'm not well;" and she feebly tried to disengage herself from his rude and boisterous embrace; while her drooping head and ashy cheek fully corroborated the truth of her statement. In this state she continued for the whole of the first stage. When they stopped to change horses, says Titmouse, who had very nearly dropped asleep, "Cicely, as you're so uncommon ill, had n't you better have your maid in, and I'll sit on the box?"

"Oh, I should feel so obliged if you would, Mr. Titmouse!" she replied, faintly. It was done as she wished. Titmouse enveloped himself in his cloak; and, having lit a cigar, mounted the box, and smoked all the way till they reached the Hall.

Gammon was one of those who had seen them set off on their auspicious journey. He contemplated them with deep interest and anxiety.

"Well," he exclaimed, walking away with a deep sigh, when the carriage had got out of sight, "So far, so good: Heavens! the plot thickens, and the game is bold!"

Were you, oh unhappy Lady Cecilia! in entering into this ill-omened union, to be more pitied or despised? 'T was most *deliberately* done; in fact, we have already had laid before us ample means of determining the question—but 't is a delicate and a painful matter, and had perhaps be better left alone.

They spent about a fortnight at Poppleton Hall, and then went on to Yatton; and if the reader be at all curious to know how MR. AND LADY CECILIA TITMOUSE commenced their matrimonial career, I am able, in some measure, to gratify him by the sight of a letter addressed by the Lady Cecilia, some time afterward, to one of her confidential friends.

"YATTON, April 28, 18—

"You may well ask, my dear Blanche, what has become of me—and why I have not performed my promise. I have not written, only because I had not courage to do so. Indeed, my dear friend, I am the most miserable woman in the world—and am I not to be pitted? For I have become such purely to please papa—but as I am fortunately left alone this evening, (no novelty by the way,) Mr. Titmouse being gone to some of his haunts at Grilston, or thereabouts, I am resolved to write you a long letter. Whenever he is away I feel as if I were rid of a mischievous and odious animal—an ape, or an ourang-outang, or something of that kind. Why did he not always appear to me the same as he does now that I am so dreadfully committed to him? Surely he is the most vulgar, horrid wretch the world ever saw; and I feel it will be quite impossible for me live with him without going mad, for you never heard of such tricks and habits as his; indeed he *tries*, I do believe, to make himself as disgusting to me as he can. He is the most ignorant fellow in the world, and is always drinking and smoking, both in-doors and out of doors—in every room of the house, and night and day. To say nothing of his personal impertinences to myself, and his gross *gougeries* in the presence of every one he goes to see, or who comes to see us—fancy the creature carrying a nasty pocket-comb everywhere, and combing out his abominable hair in the carriage when we go out to dinner. I have even seen him doing it in the drawing-room, before the chimney and pier-glasses! What will you think of the vile creature when you hear what happened only four days after our most unfortunate wedding! He comes up to my dressing-room, and bursts open the door while I was dressing, and 'Ah, Cicely, Cicely,' (that is the odious way he pronounces my name,) says he, holding up to me—gracious Heavens! the little morocco collar of my poor dear little Fidelio all stained with blood, so that I was very nearly fainting outright—'what do you think? We've unmuzzled and let loose *Frend*,' (that 's a monstrous mastiff of papa's, chained up in the court-yard, and dreadfully savage,) 'and we set him, quite in fun, at your little Blenheim Fid.; and curse me if he did n't snap his head off in a moment and crush him to pieces, and this is all that's left of him!' The beast never once thought of Titmouse! I fainted, and recollect nothing more till Annette was sitting by my bedside. Talking of her, by the way, the other day she gave me warning, to my infinite annoyance, (for she's quite a treasure;) and when I asked her why, she blushed a good deal, and said it was very unpleasant to be used so by Mr. Titmouse. 'What do you mean?' said I. 'Oh, my lady,' said she 'he's always winking at me, or chucking me under the chin; and once he tried to kiss me—and more than that, my lady, I'm not the only one he does the same to.' The odious, abominable devil! (one can't help writing strongly,) my rivals are my own servants! We have several times gone out to dinner since we have been here, to some of papa's friends, (for the creature knows no one of himself)—and he has more than once got quite tipsy, and lain snoring or hiccupping; and once—laugh! And as for the company he keeps, it is all of a piece. Fancy me entertaining a Unitarian parson, an auctioneer, and a little fat apothecary, with their dowdy wives! He says it is to keep up his political influence, (which is all stuff;) the real truth is, he is so despised, no decent presentable person will come near Yatton. I often see the servants almost bursting with laughter while waiting at dinner! His breath and all his clothes are full of the filthy odor of tobacco; and Annette is often obliged to deluge my shawls and pelisses, &c., with eau-de-cologne, before and after my going anywhere with him, lest they also should smell of tobacco-smoke. He is quite hated by all the tenants; he is the most insolent and unkind landlord, and is going to 'screw them all up a little higher' (he says) in their rents. He will soon not have a respectable tenant on the estate. And he is such a little liar, that not the least reliance can be placed on any thing he says. The other day he began telling me how beautiful Miss Aubrey was, and that it was no fault of *hers* that she was not now Mrs. Titmouse, and that he has a good many letters from her! which I cannot believe; but I wish he had married—however it is now too late. Then he goes on in such a rude, odious way before Dr. Tatham, (a very nice little old clergyman—the vicar of Yatton,) that I have no doubt he will give up visiting us. Mr. Titmouse has no more sense of religion than a cat or a dog; and I understand has left a great many of his election bills unpaid; and positively the diamond spray he gave me turns out to be only paste!! What do you think he is about to-night? Why, you must know there is a little

school-room, between the park gate and the vicarage, which Dr. Tatham says Mr. Aubrey built for his sister (by the way, you cannot imagine how beloved they are here by everybody) to educate little girls in; and Titmouse, to promote his own political interests, he says, has given it to a Mr. Murkyflint, (or some such name,) a Unitarian parson, who always abuses the Church horribly. Well, they are giving Mr. Titmouse a public dinner at Grilston to-day, partly to celebrate this affair of the chapel. He is going to run up a long shooting gallery—and, in short, will ruin this sweet old place, (for such it is at present.) I have reason to believe that he has introduced a sad set into the village; in short, he will run everything about him before long. I dare say, dearest B., you will be heartily sick of reading all this, and yet it is only a hundredth part of my sufferings. Good Heavens! where were my wits when I ever thought of uniting myself to such a fellow? Fancy him him heir to the barony! I hope I shall outlive him: in fact, I am not (between ourselves) quite in despair on that head, for I should think—the word first written by her ladyship was plainly 'hope'—his constitution cannot stand such continual drinking. However, fate brought us together, and we must all resign ourselves to fate. My papa knows nothing of all this horrid work as yet—at least from me; but I soon shall tell him that Mr. Titmouse and I cannot possibly go on together much longer: I shall die if we do. Of course, I sha'n't degrade myself by getting my letter franked by Mr. Titmouse, so I direct under cover to the Marquis. By the way, another piece of gross impertinence of Mr. Titmouse—when I came down one morning to breakfast, I found that the little brute had positively opened all my letters!! And he says it is all one between us now, and he has a right to do it! So I have now got a letter-bag of my own, which is always delivered in my dressing-room. He is everlastingly talking about the women he might have married! But I must conclude—alas! he is come home! I hear his voice: he is evidently tipsy, and abusing some one in the hall. What to become of your wretched

CECILIA!

"THE LADY BLANCHE DE BURGH."

A dull and phlegmatic disposition, like that of Lady Cecilia, must have been roused and stung, indeed, before she could have attained to such strength and bitterness of expression as are displayed in the above communication. Though it shadows forth, with painful distinctness, several of the more disadvantageous features of Mr. Titmouse's character and conduct, there were far darker ones, with which its miserable writer had not then become acquainted. I shall but hastily allude to one of them, viz. that he was at that moment keeping a mistress in town, and commencing the seduction of a farmer's daughter in the neighborhood of Yatton! Execrable little miscreant!—why should I defile my paper by further specifying his gross misdeeds, or dwelling upon their sickening effects on the mind and feelings of the weak woman who could suffer herself to be betrayed into such a union? Whatever may be the accidental and ultimate advantages, in respect of fortune or social station, expected to be realized by a woman in forming a union with one who would be otherwise regarded with indifference, or dislike, or disgust, she may rely upon it that she is committing an act of deliberate wickedness, which will be attended, probably, for the rest of her life, with consequences of unutterable and inevitable misery, which even the obtaining of her proposed objects will not compensate, but only enhance. It is equally a principle of our law, and of common sense, that people must be understood to have contemplated the natural and necessary consequences of their own acts, even if hastily—but by so much the more, if deliberately done. When, therefore, they come to experience those consequences, *let them not complain*. A marriage of this description is, so to speak, utter dislocation and destruction to the delicate and beautiful fabric of a woman's character. It perverts, it *deflects* the noblest tendencies of her lovely nature; it utterly degrades and corrupts her; she sinks irremediably into an inferior being; instead of her native simplicity and purity, are to be seen thenceforth only heartlessness and hypocrisy. Her affections and passions, denied their legitimate objects and outlets, according to their original weakness or strength of development, either disappear and wither—and she is no longer woman—or impel her headlong into coarse sensuality, perhaps, at length, open criminality; and then she is expelled indignantly and for ever from the community of her sex. It is not the mere ring, and the orange blossom, that constitute the difference between virtue—and vice.

Had Lady Cecilia been a woman of acute perceptions or lively sensibilities, she must have fled from her sufferings—she must have gone mad, or committed suicide. As it was, dull as was her temperament, when the more odious points of Titmouse's character and habits were forced upon her notice by the close and constant contiguity of daily intercourse, the reflection that such must be the case for the remainder of *her* *life*, became even hourly more intolerable, and roused into existence feelings of active hatred and disgust; she became hourly more alive to the real horrors of her position. The slender stay she had sought for in the reflection that she had incurred all by a dutiful submission to her father's wishes, quickly gave way: *she knew that it was false!* As for Titmouse, he had never cared one straw about anything beyond becoming the husband of the future Baroness of Drelincourt, not merely on account of the dignity and splendor conferred upon him by such alliance with the last remaining member of the elder branch of his ancient family, but also because of the grave and repeated assurances of Mr. Gammon that it was in some mysterious way essential to the tenure of his own position. Had she, instead of being cold and inanimate, haughty even to repulsion in her manner, and of person lean and uninviting—been of fascinating manners, affectionate disposition, of brilliant accomplishments, and of ripe loveliness of person, it would, I am persuaded, have made little or no difference to Mr. Titmouse, since such a woman would, as it were, stand always surrounded by the invisible but impassable barrier of *refinement*—for ever forbidding communion and sympathy. As for Lady Cecilia, Titmouse could scarcely avoid perceiving how she despised him, and avoided his company on every possible occasion. No person, from merely seeing them, could have dreamed of their being husband and wife. He made no secret at all (at least in his own peculiar visiting circles) of his wishes that the Earl's increasing age and infirmities might quicken, and Lady

Cecilia's apparently delicate health decline apace—and thus accelerate the accession of Mr. Titmouse to the barony of Drelincourt and the fortune attached to it.

"Ha, ha!" would exclaim his choice boon companions, "won't it be comical, Tit, to see you take your seat in the Upper House?"

"Pon my soul, jolly, ah, ha!—Demme, I'll show the old stagers a funny trick or two!"

"Capital!—ah, ha, ha!—Do the *donkey*? eh?—You'd make the Chancellors wig jump off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—I'll tickle 'em, or my name is n't Tittlebat Titmouse!"—By all which was meant, that he proposed introducing into the House of Lords that peculiar mode of debating which had earned him such quick distinction in the House of Commons!

After they had spent about a month at Yatton, his urgent parliamentary duties required Mr. Titmouse to tear himself from that lovely seclusion—that "bower of bliss"—and resume his arduous post in the House. Though Lady Cecilia would have vastly preferred being left behind at Yatton, decency seemed to require that the bride and bridegroom should make their reappearance in the world jointly, and she was therefore compelled to accompany him to town; and they were very soon duly established in his new residence in Park Lane. It was spacious and elegant—indeed it was furnished with great splendor, inasmuch as *carte blanche* had been given to a fashionable upholsterer. In a moment they were both in the great whirling world of fashion. Lord Dreddington gave a series of dinner parties on their account, as did several of their distinguished kinsfolk and friends; and in due time their hospitalities were returned by Mr. Titmouse. His first dinner party went off with great *éclat*, no fewer than four peers of the realm, with their ladies, being among his guests. Mr. Titmouse led down to dinner the gigantic Duchess of Tantallan, blazing in diamonds, being preceded by his Grace the Duke and the Lady Cecilia—all of which was duly announced, the ensuing morning, in the obsequious columns of the *Aurora*. For some time Mr. Titmouse occupied his novel and dazzling position with becoming decorum and self-denial; but, as he became familiar with it, his old tastes revived—and Lady Cecilia and her friends were gratified, while in the drawing-room after dinner, by catching occasional sounds of Mr. Titmouse's celebrated imitations of animals, which, once or twice, when considerably elevated, he insisted upon giving on his re-entering the drawing-room! Indeed, he spared no pains to acquire the power of pleasing society by the display of rare accomplishments; for which purpose he took lessons every other day in the *art diabolique*—i. e., in conjuring, in which he soon became an expert proficient, and could play marvellous tricks upon cards and with dice, eat pocket-handkerchiefs, cause wine-glasses visibly to sink through solid tables, and perform sundry other astounding feats. Nor was he long in collecting round him guests, who not only tolerated, but professed infinite delight in, such entertainment—"fit audience, nor few"—consisting principally of those adventurous gentlemen who have entered Parliament in a devout reliance on Providence to find them dinners. 'T was only in such society as this that Titmouse could feel the least sense of enjoyment, and from which Lady Cecilia altogether absented herself, often without deigning the slightest reason, excuse, or apology. In fact, the intemperate habits and irregular hours of Titmouse soon rendered it necessary that he and the Lady Cecilia should occupy separate sleeping apartments; for either his club, the House, or his other engagements, kept him out till a very late—or rather early—hour every morning.

It was about half-past eleven o'clock one day toward the latter end of June, that Mr. Titmouse having finished breakfast, (which was surely very early, since he had not got to bed till four o'clock that morning,) a meal to which he invariably sat down alone, often not catching a glimpse of Lady Cecilia, except on a chance encounter in the hall, or on the stairs, or when they were forced to go out to dinner together—had entered his library to enjoy undisturbed the luxury of his hookah. The library was a large and handsome room, all the sides of which were occupied by very curious antique carved oak bookcases, which had belonged to the former tasteful occupant of the house, and from whom they had been purchased by Titmouse, who then bethought himself of procuring a library to fill them.

For this purpose, it luckily occurred to him, on seeing an advertisement of a library for sale by auction one day, that it would be a good speculation to be beforehand with the expected audience, and purchase it in a lump, by private contract. He did so, and at a remarkably low price; giving directions that they should forthwith be carried to a bookbinder, named by the obsequious auctioneer, with orders to bind them all in elegant but as varied bindings as possible. Certainly the works were of a somewhat miscellaneous character—old directories; poems by young ladies and gentlemen; ready reckoners; Doddridge's *Expositor*; Hints on Etiquette; two hundred Minerva press novels; triplicate editions of some forty books on cookery; the art of war; charades; books of travels; bibles; dictionaries; prayer-books; plays; adventures of noted highwaymen; the classics; moral essays; and Burne's Ecclesiastical Law. If these respectable works had had the least sense of the distinction that had been so unexpectedly bestowed upon them, they ought not to have murmured at never afterward receiving the slightest personal attention from their spirited and gifted proprietor. The room was lit by a large bay window, which, being partially open, admitted the pleasant breeze which was stirring without, while the strong light was mitigated by the half drawn blinds and the ample chintz window-drapes. On the mantelpiece stood one or two small alabaster statues and vases, and a very splendid and elaborately ornamented French time-piece. The only unpleasantness perceptible, was the sort of disagreeable odor prevalent in rooms which, as in the present instance, are devoted to smoking. To this room had been also transferred many of the articles which I have described as having been visible in his rooms at the Albany. Over the mantelpiece was placed the picture of the boxers—that of Titmouse being similarly situated in the dining-room. Mr. Titmouse was in a full crimson dressing-gown, with yellow slippers; his shirt-collar was open and thrown down over his shoulders—leaving exposed to view a quantity of sand-colored hair under his throat. In fact, he looked the image of a gentleman (of one sort) at his ease. He lay on



the sofa with his hookah in his left hand; near him was the table, on which stood the *Morning Groul*, and some eight or ten letters, only one or two of which had as yet been opened. He had just leaned back his head, and with an air of tranquil enjoyment very slowly expelled a mouthful of smoke, when a servant submissively entered, and announced the arrival of a visitor—Mr. Gammon.

"How do you do, Gammon?—early, eh?" commenced Titmouse, without stirring, and with infinite composure and nonchalance. Mr. Gammon made the usual reply, and presently sat down in the chair placed for him by the servant, nearly opposite to Mr. Titmouse; who, had he been accustomed to observation, or capable of it, might have detected something very unusual in the flushed face, the the anxious and restless eye, and the forced manner of his visitor.

"Likely to be devilish hot day—'pon my soul!"—exclaimed Titmouse after again emptying his mouth; adding, in a tolerably conceited manner:

"By the way, here's a letter from Snap—just opened it! Dem him, asks me for a place under government! Ah—a—what's he fit for?"

"For what he is, and nothing else," replied Gammon, quietly glancing his eye sarcastically over poor Snap's letter, which Titmouse handed to him, though marked "strictly confidential,"—Gammon being undoubtedly the very last man upon earth whom Snap would have wished to know of his application.

"Were you at the House last night? They sat very late. Lord Bulfinch made, I think, a very powerful speech."

"Yes devilish good—rather long thought!" replied Titmouse, languidly.

He had by this time turned himself towards Mr. Gammon; his right arm and leg hanging carelessly over the side of the sofa.

"Lady Cecilia is well, I hope?"

"Can't say—not seen her this week," drawled Titmouse. "I'll ring and ask, if you wish," he added, with an affected smile.

"Ah, my dear Titmouse," quoth Gammon, blandly, and with a smile of delicious flattery; "I hope you do n't give her ladyship just cause for jealousy? Eh? You must not avail yourself of your—your acknowledged power over the sex. Ahem!"

Mr. Titmouse, half closing his eyes, silently expelled a mouthful of smoke, while an ineffable smile stole over his features.

"You must not neglect her ladyship, Titmouse," quoth Gammon, gently shaking his head, and with an anxiously deferential air.

"'Pon my life, I do n't neglect her! Public life, you know," replied Titmouse, slowly, with his eyes closed, and speaking with the air of one suffering from ennui. Here a pause of some moments ensued.

"Can we have about half an hour to ourselves, uninterrupted?" at length inquired Mr. Gammon.

"A—why? my singing-master is coming here a little after twelve," quoth Titmouse, turning himself round so as to be able to look at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Oh, probably less than that period will suffice, if we shall not be interrupted. May I ring the bell, and will you give orders to that effect?" With this Gammon rung the bell; and on the servant's appearing—

"I say, sir—do you hear, demme?" said Titmouse; "not at home—till this gentleman's gone." The man bowed and withdrew; and on his closing the door, Gammon softly stepped after him and bolted it; by which time Titmouse, somewhat startled, withdrew his hookah from his mouth, and gazed rather anxiously at Gammon, about whose appearance he then, for the first time, fancied he saw something unreasonable.

"Ah, how!—how monstrous funny!" he exclaimed, and began to smoke rather more energetically than before, with his eye fixed on the grave countenance of Mr. Gammon.

"My dear Titmouse," commenced his visitor, drawing his chair near to Titmouse, and speaking in an earnest and kindly manner, "does it never astonish you, when you reflect on the stroke of fortune which has elevated you to your present point of splendor and distinction?"

"Most amazing!—uncommon!" replied Titmouse, apprehensively.

"It is!—marvellous! unprecedented! you are the envy of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands! such an affair as yours does not happen above once or twice in a couple of centuries—if so often! You cannot imagine the feelings of delight with which I regard all this—this brilliant result of my long labors, and untiring devotion to your service." He paused.

"Oh! 'pon my life, yes; it's all very true," replied Titmouse, with a little trepidation, replenishing the bowl of his hookah with tobacco.

"May I continue to hope, my dear Titmouse, that I have established my claim to be considered, in some measure, as the sole architect of your extraordinary fortune—your earliest—your most constant friend?"

"You see, as I've often said, Mr. Gammon, I'm most uncommon obliged to you for all favors—so help me—! and no mistake!"—with a countenance of increasing seriousness; and he rose from his recumbent posture, and sat with his face turned full towards Mr. Gammon, who resumed—

"As I am not in the habit, my dear Titmouse, of beating about the bush, let me express a hope that you consider the services rendered you not unworthy of requital."

"Oh yes—to be sure—certainly," quoth Titmouse slightly changing color; "anything, by Jove, that's in my power; but, it is most particular unfortunate that—ahem!—so deuced hard up just now—but—ah, 'pon my soul, I'll speak to Lord Bulfinch, or some of those people, and get you something—though I shan't do anything of the kind for Snap—dem him! You've no idea how devilish thick Lord Bulfinch and I are—he shakes hands with me when we meet in the lobby—he does, 'pon my life!"

"I am very much obliged, my dear Titmouse, for your kind offer; but I have a little political influence myself, when I think fit to exert it," replied Gammon, gravely.

"Well, then," interrupted Titmouse eagerly; "as for money—if that's what—by jingo! but if you do n't know how precious hard up one is just now—"

"My dear sir, the subject on which we are now engaged is one of inexpressible interest and importance, in my opinion, to each of us; and let us discuss it calmly. I am prepared to make a communication to you immediately, which you will never forget to the day of your death. Are you prepared to receive it?"

"Oh yes!—Never so wide awake in my life! oh Lord! fire away!"—replied Titmouse; and taking the tip of his hookah from his lips, and holding it in his left fingers, he leaned forward, staring open-mouthed at Gammon.

"Well, my dear Titmouse, then I will proceed. I will not enjoin you to secrecy—and that not merely because I have full confidence in your honor—but because you cannot disclose it to any mortal man, but at the peril of immediate and utter ruin."

"'Pon my soul, most amazing! Demme, Mr. Gammon, you frighten me out of my senses!" said Titmouse, turning paler and paler, as his recollection became more and more distinct of certain mysterious hints of Mr. Gammon's many months before, at Yatton, as to his power over Titmouse.

"Consider for a moment. You are now a member of Parliament; the unquestioned owner of a fine estate; the husband of a lady of very high rank—the last direct representative of one of the proudest and most ancient of the noble families of Great Britain; you yourself are next but one in succession to almost the oldest Barony in the kingdom; in fact, in all human probability you are the next Lord Drellincourt; and all this through me." He paused.

"Well—excuse me, Mr. Gammon—but—I hear—though—ahem! you're (meaning no offence) I can't for the life and soul of me tell what the devil it is you're driving at!"—said Titmouse, twisting his finger into his hair, and gazing at Gammon with intense anxiety. For some moments Mr. Gammon remained looking very solemnly and in silence at Titmouse; and then proceeded.

"Yet you are really no more entitled to be what you seem—what you are thought—or to possess what you at present possess—than—the little wretch who last swept your chimneys here!"

The hookah dropped out of Titmouse's hand upon the floor, and he made no effort to pick it up, but sat staring at Gammon, white as his shirt, and in blank dismay.

"I perceive that you are agitated, Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon kindly.

"By Jove—I should think so!" replied Titmouse faintly; but he tried to assume an incredulous smile—in vain, however; and to such a pitch had his agitation reached, that he rose, opened a cabinet near him, and taking out from it a brandy-flask and a wine glass, poured it out full, and drank it off. "You a'tat joking, Mr. Gammon, eh?" Again he attempted a sickly smile.

"God forbid, Mr. Titmouse!"

"Well—but—why a'tat I entitled to it all! Hasn't the law given it to me?"

"No one on earth knows the *who* and the *why* of this matter but myself; and if you choose, no one ever shall; nay, I will take care that if this morning you come to my terms, to deprive even myself of all means of proving what I can now prove, at any moment I choose!"

"Lord!" ejaculated Titmouse, wiping his forehead—his agitation visibly increasing. "What's to be the figure?" he faltered presently, and looked as if he dreaded to hear the answer.

"If you mean what are my *terms*—I will at once tell you—they are terms on which I shall peremptorily insist; they have been long fixed in my own mind; I am quite inflexible: so help me heaven, I will not vary them a hair's breadth! I require, first, To sit in Parliament for Yatton, at the next election; and afterwards alternately with yourself; and secondly, that you immediately grant me an annuity for my life of two thousand pounds a year on your—"

Titmouse sprang from the sofa, dashing his fist on the table, and uttering a frightful imprecation. He stood for a moment, and then threw himself desperately at full length on the sofa, muttering the same execration that had at first issued from his lips. Gammon moved not a muscle, but fixed a steadfast eye on Titmouse; the two might have been compared to the affrighted rabbit, and the deadly boaster.

"It's all a swindle!—a d—d swindle!" at length he exclaimed, starting up into a sitting posture, and almost grinning defiance at Gammon. "You're a swindler!" he claimed vehemently.

"Possibly—but you are a—BASTARD!"—replied Gammon, calmly. Titmouse looked the picture of horror, and trembled in every limb.

"It's a lie!—It's all a lie!"—he gasped.

"Sir, you are a *bastard*!"—repeated Gammon, extending his fore-finger in a solemn manner toward Titmouse.

"Wretched miscreant—do you presume to tell me I lie? You base born cur!"—a lightning glance shot from his eye; but he restrained himself. Titmouse sat at length as if petrified, while Gammon in a low and solemn tone proceeded—"You the owner of Yatton? You the next Lord Drellincourt? No more than the helper in your stables! One breath of mine blights you for ever—as an impostor—a mere audacious swindler—to be spit upon! to be kicked out of society—perhaps to be transported for life. Gracious Heavens! what will the Earl of Dreddlington say when he hears that his sole daughter and heiress is married to a—It will kill him, or he will kill you."

"Two can play at that," whispered Titmouse, faintly—indeed almost inarticulately. There was nearly a moment's pause.

"No—but is all true!—honor!" inquired Titmouse, in a very subdued voice.

"As God is my witness!" replied Gammon.

"Well," exclaimed Titmouse, after a prodigious sigh, "then, at any rate, you're in for it with me; you said just now you'd done it all.—Ah, ha! I recollect, Mr. Gammon! I should no more have thought of it myself—Lord! than—what d'ye say to that, Mr. Gammon?"

"Alas, sir! it will not avail you," replied Gammon, with a fearful smile; for I never made the dreadful discovery of your illegitimacy till it was too late—till at least two months after I had put you (whom I believed the true heir) into possession of Yatton."

"Ah—I don't know—but—why didn't you tell Lord Dreddlington? Why did you let me marry Lady Cicely? By Jove, but it's you he'll kill," quoth Titmouse, eagerly.

"Yes!—Alas! I ought to have done so," replied Mr. Gammon, with a profound sigh—adding, abstractedly, "It may not be too late to make his lordship *some* amends. I may save his *title* from degradation. Lord Drellincourt!"

"Oh, lud!" ejaculated Titmouse, involuntarily, and almost unconsciously staring stupidly at Gammon, who continued with a renewed sigh—"Yes, I *ought* to have told his lordship—but I own—I was led away by feelings of pity—of affection for you—and is this the return?" He spoke this with a look and in a tone of sorrowful reproach. "Well, you shouldn't have come down on one so suddenly—all at once—how can a man—eh? Such horrid news!"

"It has cost me, sir, greater pain to tell you, than it has cost you to hear it!"

"By the living Jove!" exclaimed Titmouse, starting up with a sort of recklessness, and pouring out and tossing off a large glassful of brandy—"it can't be true—it's all a dream! I—I a'n't—I can't be a bas—perhaps you're all this while the true heir, Mr. Gammon?" he added briskly, and snapped his fingers at his companion.

"No, sir, I am not," replied Gammon calmly; "but, let me tell you, I know where he is to be found, Mr. Titmouse! Do you commission me to go in search of him?" he inquired, suddenly fixing his bright and penetrating eye upon Titmouse, who instantly stammered out—"Oh, lud! By Jove! no, no!"

Gammon could scarcely suppress a bitter smile, so ludicrous were the look and tone of Titmouse.

"You shouldn't have let me spend such a lot of money if it wasn't mine, all the while!"

"The estate was, in a manner, Mr. Titmouse, in my gift; and in pitching upon you, sir, out of several, I had imagined that I had chosen a gentleman—a man grateful and honorable!"

"'Pon my solemn soul, so I am!" interrupted Titmouse.

"I had but to scrawl a line or two with my pen, the very first day that I saw you at the shop of Mr. Tag-rag—and there, sir—or in some similar hole—you would have been at this moment!" replied Gammon, with a sudden sternness that quite overawed Titmouse, but totally losing sight of the very different account of the matter which had given Titmouse five minutes before; but the very best and most experienced liars have very short memories. Here it was, however, *Liar v. Fool*; and the latter did not perceive the slip made by his adversary—who, however, suddenly became aware of his little inconsistency, and colored.

"You'll excuse me, sir," quoth Titmouse, presently; but with an air which was becoming momentarily more timid and doubtful—"but *will* you, if all this isn't a bottle of smoke, tell me how you can prove it all? Because, you know, it isn't only *saying* the thing that will do—you know, Mr. Gammon?"

"Certainly—certainly! You are quite right Mr. Titmouse! Nothing more reasonable! Your curiosity shall be gratified. Aware that you natural acuteness, my dear sir, will in all probability prompt you to make the very observation you have now made, I have provided myself with the three principal documents, and you shall see them; though I doubt whether you will at first sight understand them, or appreciate their importance; but, if you desire it, I will fully explain them to you."

With this he took out his pocket-book, and with much care took out three pieces of paper, folded up, which, after a brief preliminary explanation, he unfolded and read—Titmouse looking over his shoulder.

"Do I know the handwriting?" said Titmouse.

"Probably not," replied Gammon.

"It's a devilish queer old-fashioned sort of writing."

"It is, and when you consider—"

"Are all three in the same handwriting?" inquired Titmouse, taking them into his tremulous hand; while Gammon observed that his countenance indicated the despair which had taken possession of him.

"That cursed curtain is so much in the light," said Titmouse, looking up; and going towards it, as if to draw it aside, he started suddenly away from Gammon, and with frenzied gestures tore the little papers to pieces with inconceivable rapidity, and flung them out of the window, where a brisk breeze instantly took them up, and scattered them abroad—the glistening fragments—never to be again reunited.

Having performed this astounding feat, he instantly turned round, and leaning his back against the window, gazed at Gammon with a desperate air of mingled apprehension and triumph, but spoke not a word. Nor did Gammon; but—oh the smile with which he regarded Titmouse, as he slowly approached towards him! who stepping aside, as Gammon advanced, reached the cabinet, and with desperate rapidity threw open the door, and, as if the devil had been waiting his bidding, in a moment turned round upon Gammon with a pistol.

"So help me God, I'll fire!" gasped Titmouse, cocking and presenting it—"I will—I will—one!—two!—for God's sake! be off!—it's loaded, and no mistake!"

"Booby! you may put your pistol down, sir!" said Gammon, calmly and resolutely, a contemptuous smile passing over his pale features.

"Demme! distance!—Keep your distance!"

"Ridiculous simpleton!—you poor rogue!" said Gammon, laughingly. There was, however, *murder* in his smile; and Titmouse instinctively perceived it. He kept his deadly weapon pointed full at Gammon's breast.

Gammon stood, for a minute or two, gazing steadfastly, and without moving, at Titmouse; and then, shrugging his shoulders, with a bitter smile, returned to his chair, and resumed his seat. Titmouse, however, refused to follow his example.

"So help me God, sir! I will not hurt a hair of your head," said Gammon, solemnly. Still Titmouse remained at the window, pistol in hand. "Why should I hurt you? What have you to fear, you little idiot?" inquired Gammon impatiently. "Do you think you have injured me? Do you think me so great a fool, my little friend, as really to have trusted you with the precious originals, of which those were only the copies!—Copies which I can replace in a minute or two's time. The originals, believe me, are far away, and safe enough under lock and key."

"I—I—I—don't believe you," gasped Titmouse, dropping the hand that held the pistol, and speaking in a truly dismal tone.

"That does not signify, my worthy little friend," said Gammon, with a bitter smile, "if the fact be so. That you are a fool you must by this time even yourself begin to suspect; and you can't doubt that you are an arrant little rogue after what has just taken place? Eh? 'Twas a bright idea truly—well conceived and boldly executed. I give you all the credit for it; and it is only your misfortune that it was not successful. So let us now return to business. Uncock your pistol—replace it in your cabinet, and resume your seat, or in one minute's time, I leave you, and go direct!"

Titmouse, after a moment or two's pause of irresolution, passively obeyed—very nearly on the point of crying aloud with disappointment and impotent rage; and he and Gammon were again sitting opposite to one another.

Gammon was cold and collected—yet must it not have cost him a prodigious effort? Though he had told Titmouse that they were copies only which he had destroyed, they were, nevertheless, the ORIGINALS, which, with such an incredible indiscretion, he had trusted into the hands of Titmouse; they were the ORIGINALS which Titmouse had just scattered to the winds; and in so doing had suddenly broken to pieces the wand of the enchanter who had long exercised over him so mysterious and despotic an authority. How comes it, that we not unfrequently find men of the profoundest craft, just at the very crisis of their fortunes, thus unexpectedly and incredibly committing themselves?

"Are you now satisfied, Titmouse, that you are completely at my mercy, and at the same time totally undeserving of it?" said Gammon, speaking in a low and earnest tone, and with much of his former kindness of manner. To an observant eye, however, what was at that moment the real expression in that of Gammon? Soothing and gentle as was his voice, he felt as if he could instantly have destroyed the audacious little miscreant before him. "Do not, my dear Titmouse, madly make me your enemy—your enemy for life—but rather your friend—your watchful and powerful friend, whose every interest is identified with your own. Remember all that I have done and sacrificed for you—how I have racked my brain for you day and night—always relying on your ultimate gratitude. Oh, the endless scheming I have had to practice to conceal your fatal secret—and of which you shall ere long know more! During these last two years have I not ruinously neglected my own interests to look after yours?"

Gammon paused, and abruptly added—I have but to lift my finger, and this splendid dressing-gown of yours, Titmouse, is exchanged for a prison-jacket!"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! oh Lord!" suddenly exclaimed Titmouse with a shudder—"I wish I were dead and forgotten! oh Lord! what shall I do? 'Pon my soul!"—he struck his forehead with some violence—"I'm going mad!"

"Consider, Titmouse, calmly, how reasonable and moderate is my offer!"—proceeded Gammon; who now and then experienced changes of color on the sudden recurrence of a sense of his last misfortune.

"Here's Lady Cicely to have £3,000 a-year."

"Not till after your death, my dear sir!"

"Then she shall have it directly; for curse me if I don't kill myself!"

"Then she would never have a farthing—for I should instantly produce the real heir!"

"Yah!" exclaimed Titmouse, uttering a sound like the sharp, furious bark of a cur, foiled at all points. He threw himself on the sofa, and folded his arms on his breast, compressing them as it were with convulsive vehemence.

"Do not excite yourself, Mr. Titmouse—you are still one of the most fortunate men upon earth, to have fallen into hands like mine, I can assure you! You will still enjoy a splendid income—little short of nine thousand a-year—for I will undertake to raise the Yatton rental, within a year or two, to twelve or thirteen thousand a-year, as I have often told you—I have explained to you over and over again, how absurdly under their value they were let in the time of!"

"And you've perhaps forgotten that I've borrowed nearly fifty thousand pounds—that costs nothing, I suppose!"

"Well, certainly, you must be a little careful for a year or two, that's all!"

"Demme, sir—I must give up my yacht!" exclaimed Titmouse, desperately, snapping his thumb and finger vehemently at Gammon.

"Yes—or Yatton," replied Gammon, sternly. "After all—what more shall I be than a sort of steward of yours?"

"I do n't want one," interrupted Titmouse; and, starting from the sofa, walked to the window, where he stood with his back turned toward Gammon, and crying! Gammon eyed him for several minutes in silence; and then slowly approaching him, tapped him briskly on the shoulder. Titmouse started.

"Come, sir—you have now, I hope, relieved your little feelings, and must attend to me—and be prompt. The time for trifling, and playing the baby, or the girl, is gone. Hark you, sir!—yield me my terms, or this day I will spring a mine under your feet, you little villain! that shall blow you into ten thousand atoms, and scatter them wider than even you scattered just now those bits of worthless paper. Do you hear that?"

As he said this, he took hold of the collar of Titmouse's dressing-gown, which Titmouse felt to be grasped by a hand, tightening momentarily, with the vehement emotion of Gammon. Titmouse made no reply; but gazed at Gammon with a countenance full of distress and terror.

"Pause and you are lost—stripped of this gaudy dress—turned out of this splendid house into the streets, or a prison! If I quit this room—and I will not wait much longer—without your plain and written consent to my terms, I shall go direct to my Lord Dreddlington, and tell him the obscure and base-born impostor that has crept!"

"Oh, Mr. Gammon, have mercy on me!" exclaimed Titmouse, shaking like an aspen-leaf—at length realizing the terrible extent of danger impending over him.

"Have mercy on yourself!" rejoined Gammon, sternly.

"I will—I'll do all you ask—I will, so help me!"

"I'm glad to hear it!" said Gammon, relaxing his hold of Titmouse; and, in a voice of returning kindness, adding—"Oh, Titmouse, Titmouse! how fearful would be the scene—when your noble father-in-law—you must have quitted the country! His lordship would have instantly divorced you from the Lady Cecilia!"

"You can't think how I love Lady Cicely!" exclaimed Titmouse, in a broken voice.

"Ay—but would she love you, if she knew who and what you were?"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! I love Lady Cicely! I love Lady Cicely!"

"Then get pen, ink and paper, if you would not lose her for ever!"

"Here they are, Mr. Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse, hastily stepping to his desk which lay on the table, and with tremulous eagerness got out a quire of writing paper and took a pen. "Suppose you write, Mr. Gammon," said he, suddenly—"my hand trembles so! Lord, I feel so sick! I'll sign any thing you like."

"Perhaps it would be better," replied Gammon, sitting down, and dipping his pen into the inkstand; "it may save time." He commenced writing; and, as he went on, said, at intervals—"Yes, Titmouse! Thank God, all is near over! It shall no longer be in Lord Dreddlington's power—no, nor any one's—to beggar you—to transport you—to take your noble wife from you."

"Oh, no, no! You know Lady Cicely's taken me for better for worse, for richer for poorer."

"Ah, Titmouse! But she did not know, when she said that, that she was speaking to a—"

"What! would n't it hold good?" exclaimed Titmouse, perfectly aghast.

"We need not speculate on a case that cannot arise, my dear Titmouse," replied Gammon, eyeing him steadfastly, and then resuming his writing. "This paper becomes, as they say at sea, your sheet-anchor!—Here you shall remain—the owner of Yatton—of this splendid house—husband of Lady Cecilia—a member of Parliament—and, in due time, as my Lord Drellincourt, take your place permanently in the Upper House of Parliament. Now, Mr. Titmouse, sign your name."

Titmouse eagerly took the pen, and, with a very trembling hand, affixed his signature to what Gammon had written.

"You'll sign it too, eh?" he inquired, timidly.

"Certainly, my dear Titmouse." Gammon affixed his signature, after a moment's consideration. "Now we are both bound—we are friends for life! Let us shake hands, my dear, dear Titmouse, to bind the bargain."

They did so, Gammon cordially taking into his hands each hand of Titmouse, who, in his anxiety and excitement never once thought of asking Mr. Gammon to allow him to read over what he had signed.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, heaving a very deep sigh, "I begin to feel something like again! It's really all right!"

"On my sacred word of honor," replied Gammon, laying his hand on his heart, "provided you perform the engagement into which you have this day entered."

"Never fear! honor bright!" said Titmouse, placing his on his heart with as solemn a look as he could assume.

Mr. Gammon having folded up the paper, put it into his pocket-book.

"I was a trifle too deep for you, Titmouse, eh?" said he, good-humoredly. "How could you be suppose me green enough to bring you the real documents?" he added, with perfect command of voice and feature.

"Where are they?" inquired Titmouse, timidly.

"At a banker's, in a double-iron strong-box, with three different locks."

"Lord! But, in course, you'll put them into the fire when I've performed my agreement, eh?"

Gammon looked at him for a moment, doubtful what answer to make to this unexpected question.

"My dear Titmouse," said he, at length, "I will be candid—I must preserve them—but no human eye shall ever see them except my own."

"My stars!—Excuse me!"—stammered Titmouse, uneasily.

"Never fear my honor, Titmouse! Have you ever had reason to do so?"

"No—never! It's quite true! And why don't you trust me?"

"Have you forgotten?—Did I not trust you—as you supposed—quickly subjoined Gammon, positively on the point of again committing himself—"and when you fancied you had the precious documents?"

"Oh! well!"—said Titmouse, his face flushing all over—"but that's all past and gone."

"You must rely on my honor—and I'll tell you why. What would be easier than for me to pretend to you that the papers which you might see me burn were really the originals—and yet be no such thing?"

"I course—yes; I see!" replied Titmouse—who, however, had really not comprehended the case which Gammon had put to him. "Well—but I say—excuse me, Mr. Gammon," said Titmouse, hesitatingly returning, as Gammon imagined, to the charge—"but—you said something about the real heir."

"Certainly. There is such a person."

"Well—but since you and I, you know, have made it up, and we are friends for life, eh? What's to be done with the fellow?—(betwixt ourselves!)"

"That is at present no concern—nay, it never will be any concern of yours or mine. Surely it is enough for you, that you are enjoying the rank and fortune belonging to some one else? Good gracious! I can't help reminding you—fancy the natural son of a cobbler—figuring away as the Right Honorable Lord Drellincourt—while all the while, the real Lord Drellincourt is—nay, at this moment, pining, poor soul! in poverty and obscurity."

"Well—I dare say he's used to it, so it can't hurt him much! But I've been thinking, Mr. Gammon, could n't get him—pressed? or enlisted into the army? He's a deuced deal better out of the way, you know, for both of us."

"Sir," interrupted Gammon, speaking very seriously, and even with a melancholy and apprehensive air—"leave the future to me. I have made all requisite arrangements; the only person on earth beside myself that can disturb them, is yourself."

Here a gentle tapping was heard at the door.

"Be off!" shouted Titmouse, with angry impatience; but Mr. Gammon, who was anxious himself to be gone, stepped to the door; opening it, a servant entered—a tall, graceful footman, with powdered hair, shoulder-knot, and blue and yellow livery—and who obsequiously intimated to Mr. Titmouse, that Signor Sol-fa had been in attendance for at least half-an-hour.

"A—a—I do n't sing to-day—let him come to-morrow," said Titmouse, and the servant withdrew.

"Farewell, Mr. Titmouse—I have a most important engagement awaiting me at the office—so I must take my leave. Will you execute the necessary documents as soon as they are ready? I will cause them to be prepared immediately."

"Oh! yes!"—and he added in a correction—"take care, Mr. Gammon, no one knows why."

"Leave that to me!"—Good morning, Mr. Titmouse," replied Gammon, buttoning his surcoat, and taking up his gloves and hat; and having shaken Titmouse by the hand, he was the next moment in the street—where he heaved a prodigious sigh—which, however, only momentarily relieved his pent-up bosom from the long-suppressed rage, the mortification, the wounded pride, and the wild apprehension with which it was nearly bursting. Why, what a sudden and serious disaster had befallen him! What but his own inconceivable folly had occasioned it? His own puppet had beaten him; and laid him prostrate: 'twas as though Prospero had permitted Caliban to wheedle him out of his wand! What could Gammon possibly have been thinking about, when he trusted the originals into the hands of Titmouse? As Gammon recognized no over-ruling Providence, he was completely at a loss to account for an act of such surpassing thoughtlessness and weakness as he had committed—at the mere recollection of which, as he walked along, he ground his teeth together with the vehemence of his emotions. After a while, he reflected that regrets were idle—the future, not the past, was to be considered; and how he had to deal with the new state of things which had so suddenly been brought about. All he had thenceforth to trust to, was his mastery over the fears of a fool. But was he really, on consideration, in a worse position than before? Had Titmouse turned restive at any time while Gammon possessed the documents in question, could Gammon have had more effectual control over him than he still had, while he had succeeded in persuading Titmouse that such documents were still in existence?—Could the legality of the transaction which Gammon sought to effect, be upheld one whit the more in the one case than in the other, if Titmouse took it into his head resolutely to resist? Again, could an arrangement of such magnitude, could so serious a diminution of Titmouse's income, remain long concealed from his father-in-law, Lord Dreddlington, who, Gammon knew, was every now and then indicating some anxiety on the subject of Titmouse's finances? Was it possible to suppose the Earl disposed to acquiesce, in any event, in such an arrangement? Suppose again Titmouse, in some moment of caprice, or under the influence of wine, should disclose to the Earl the arrangement which would have taken place; and that either sinking or revealing the true ground on which Mr. Gammon rested a claim of such magnitude? Gracious Heavens! thought Gammon—fancy the Earl really made acquainted with the true state of the case! What effect would so terrible a disclosure produce upon him?

Here a bold stroke occurred to Mr. Gammon: what if he were himself, as it were, to take the bull by the horns—to be before-hand with Titmouse, and apprise the Earl of the frightful calamity that had befallen him and his daughter? Gammon's whole frame vibrated with the bare imagining of the scene which would probably ensue. But what was the practical use to be made of it? The first shock over, if the old man, indeed survived it—would the possession of such a secret give Gammon a complete hold upon the Earl, and render him in effect obedient to his wishes? The objects which Gammon had originally proposed to himself, and unwaveringly fixed his eye upon amidst all the mazy tortuosities of his course, since taking up the cause of Tittlebat Titmouse, was his own permanent establishment in the upper sphere of society; above all, conscious that could he but once emerge into political life, his energies would ensure him speedy distinction. With an independent income of £2,000 a-year, he felt that he should be standing on sure ground. But even above and beyond these, there was one dazzling object of his hopes and wishes which, unattained, would render all others comparatively valueless—a union with Miss Aubrey. His heart fluttered within him at the bare notion of such an event. What effect would be produced upon that beautiful, that pure, high-minded, but haughty creature—for haughty to him had Kate Aubrey ever appeared—by a knowledge that he, Gammon, possessed the means—Bah! accused Titmouse! thought Gammon, his cheek suddenly blanching as he recollected that through him those means no longer existed—stay! unless, indeed—which would however, be all but impossible—perilous in the extreme. Absorbed with these reflections, he started on being accosted by the footman of the Earl of Dreddlington; who observing Gammon had ordered his carriage to draw up, to enable his lordship to speak to him. It was the end of Oxford Street nearest the City.

"Sir, Mr. Gammon, good day, sir!" commenced the Earl, with a slight appearance of disappointment, and even displeasure; "pray has anything unfortunate happened?"

"Unfortunate! I beg your lordship's pardon"—interrupted Gammon, coloring visibly, and gazing with surprise at the Earl.

"You do not generally, Mr. Gammon, forget your appointments. The Marquis, I, and the gentlemen of the Direction, have been waiting for you in vain at the office for a whole hour."

"Good Heaven's! my lord—I am confounded!" said Gammon suddenly recollecting the engagement he had made with the Earl; "I have forgotten everything in a sudden fit of indisposition, with which I have been seized at the house of a client at Bayswater. I can but apologize, my lord!"

"Sir, say no more; your looks are more than sufficient; and I beg that you will do me the honor to accept a seat in my carriage, and tell me whither you will be driven. I'm at your service, Mr. Gammon, for at least an hour: longer than that I cannot say, as I have to be at the House: you remember our two bills have to be forwarded a stage?"

Since his lordship was peremptory as politeness would permit him to be, in got Gammon, and named THE GUNPOWDER AND FRESHWATER COMPANY'S offices, in Lothbury, in the hopes of finding yet some gentlemen whom he had so sadly disappointed; and thither, having turned his horse's heads, drove the coachman.



"Sir, said the Earl, after much inquiry into the nature of Gammon's recent indisposition, "by the way, what can be the meaning of my Lord Tadpole's opposition to the second reading of our bill, No. 21?"

"We offered his lordship no shares, my lord, that is the secret. I saw him a few days ago, my lord, and he sounded me, upon the subject; but—I'm sure your lordship will understand—in a company such as ours, my lord!"

"Sir, I quite comprehend you, and I applaud your vigilant discrimination. Sir, in affairs of this description, in order to secure the confidence of the public, it is the matter of the last importance that none but men of the highest—by the way, Mr. Gammon, how are the GOLDEN EGG shares? Would you advise me to sell?"

"Hold, my lord, a little longer. We are going, in a few days' time, to publish some important information concerning the prospects of the undertaking, of the most brilliant character, and which cannot fail to raise the value of the shares. Has your lordship signed the deed yet?"

"Sir, I signed it last Saturday, in company with my lord Marmalade. I should not like to part with my interest in the company, you see—Mr. Gammon—hastily; but I am in your hands!"

"My lord, I am ever watchful of your lordship's interests."

"By the way, will you dine with me to-morrow? We shall be quite alone, and I am very anxious to obtain an accurate account of the present state of Mr. Titmouse's property; for, to tell you the truth, I have heard of one or two little matters that occasion me some uneasiness!"

"Can anything be more unfortunate, my lord? I am engaged out to dinner for the next three days—if indeed, I shall be well enough to go to any of them," said Gammon, with an agitation which could have escaped the observation of few persons except the Earl of Dreddlington.

"Sir, I exceedingly regret to hear it; let me trust that some day next week I shall be more fortunate. There are several matters on which I am desirous of consulting you. When did you last see Mr. Titmouse?"

"Let me see my lord—I don't think I've seen him since Monday last, when I casually met him in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, where, by the way, he seems a pretty frequent attendant!"

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the Earl, somewhat gravely; and, as Gammon imagined, with a slight expression of surprise, or even distrust. Gammon therefore fancied that the Earl had recent intelligence of some of the wild pranks of his hopeful son-in-law, and wished to make inquiries concerning them of Gammon.

"Will you, sir, have the goodness to write off to-day to General Epaulette's solicitors, and tell them I wish to pay off immediately £12,000 of his mortgage? Oblige me, sir, by attending to this matter to-day; for I met the General the other day at dinner—and I might possibly have been mistaken, sir—but I fancied he looked at me as if he wished me to feel myself his debtor. Do you understand me, sir? It annoyed me; and I wish to get out of his hands as soon as possible."

"Rely upon it, my lord, it shall be attended to this very day," replied Gammon, scarcely able—troubled though he was—to suppress a smile at the increasing symptoms of pure-pride in the Earl, whose long empty coffers were being so rapidly and unexpectedly replenished by the various enterprises into which, under Gammon's auspices, his lordship had entered with equal energy and sagacity. While the Earl was speaking, the carriage drew up at the door of the company's office, and Gammon alighted. The Earl, however, finding that all the gentlemen whom he had left there had quitted, drove off westward, at a smart pace, and reached the House in time for the matters which he had mentioned to Mr. Gammon. That gentleman soon dropped the languid demeanor he had worn in Lord Dreddlington's presence, and addressed himself with energy and decision to a great number of important and difficult matters requiring his attention—principally connected with several of the public companies in which he was interested—and one of which, in particular, required the greatest possible care and tact, in order to prevent its bursting—prematurely. He had also to get through a considerable arrears of professional business, and to write several letters on the private business of Lord Dreddlington, and of Mr. Titmouse—respectively. Nay, he had one or two still more urgent calls upon his attention: the action against himself for £4,000 penalties, for bribery, arising out of the Yatton election, and as to which he had received, that afternoon, a very gloomy opinion from Mr. Lynx, who was advising him on his defence. Much in the same plight, also, were Messrs. Bloodsuck, Mudflint, and Woodlouse, for whom Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap were defending similar actions; and who were worried out of their lives by daily letters from their terror-stricken clients, as to the state, progress, and prospects of the several causes in which they were so deeply interested.

All these actions were being pressed forward by the plaintiffs with a view to trial at the ensuing Yorkshire Assizes; had been made, by the plaintiffs, special juries; and, infinitely to Gammon's vexation and alarm, he had found, on hurrying to retain Mr. Subtle, that he, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Crystal, had been already retained for the plaintiffs! Lastly, he was dreadfully teased by an action of seduction, which had, a few days before, been brought against Mr. Titmouse; and which Gammon, finding it to be a very bad case, was making great efforts to compromise. To each and every of these matters, he gave the attention that was due—and, about seven o'clock, having finished his labors for the day, repaired, a good deal exhausted, to his chambers at Thavies' Inn. After a slight repast, he proceeded to draw up confidential "instructions" for Mr. Frankpledge, to frame the deeds necessary to carry into effect his contemplated arrangement with Titmouse. That did not take him long; and having sealed up his packet, and addressed it, he threw himself down on the sofa, and gave himself up to meditation, for he was aware that he was now, as it were, touching the very crisis of his fortunes. Again, again, and again he recurred to the incident of the day—the destruction of his documents by Titmouse; and cursed his own stupidity, even aloud. Yet he could not avoid indulging at the same time in secret pride and exultation at the admirable presence of mind which he had displayed—the successful skill with which he had encountered so sudden, singular, and serious an emergency. But what would be the effect

of the destruction of those documents, upon certain secret arrangements of his connected with Titmouse's recovery of the Yatton property?—a question which occasioned Gammon great perplexity and apprehension. Then, as to Gammon's rent charge of £2,000 per annum on the Yatton property—he bethought himself, with no little uneasiness, of some expressions concerning Titmouse's property, let fall by the Earl that day: and if his lordship should persevere in his determination to become minutely acquainted with the state of Titmouse's property, how could the new and heavy incumbrance about to be laid upon it possibly escape discovery? and if it did, how was it to be accounted for, or supported? Confound it! It seemed as if fate were bent upon urging on a catastrophe!

"Shall I," thought Gammon, "wait till I am challenged on the subject, and then fire my shot, and bring his lordship down from the tight-rope? Then, however, I cannot but appear to have known the thing from the very beginning; and God knows what liabilities, civil or criminal—of fraud or conspiracy—may not be attached to what I have done! Shall I wait for a convenient, though early opportunity, and rush, with dismay and confusion, into the Earl's presence, as with a discovery only just made? By Heaven! but the thing wears already a very ugly appearance. If it comes out, what an uproar will be in the world! The lightning will fall upon my head first, unless I take care. The discovery will doubtless kill Lord Dreddlington; and as for his daughter, it may overturn the little reason she has!"

Passing from this subject, Gammon surveyed his other relations with the Earl, which were daily becoming more involved and critical. He had seduced his lordship into various mercantile speculations, such as had already placed him in a very questionable point of view, as taking advantage of the raging mania for bubble companies. In fact, Gammon had, by his skilful but not very scrupulous manoeuvring, already put into Lord Dreddlington's pocket some forty thousand pounds, and at the same time involved his lordship in liabilities which he never dreamed of, and even Gammon himself had not contemplated. Then he warmed with his apparent proximity to Parliament, (to that part of Titmouse's bargain Gammon resolved to hold him to the very letter,) which he was sure of entering on the very next election. By that time he would have realized a sum, through his connection with the various companies, which, even independently of the income to be derived thereafter from the Yatton property, would render him so far independent as to warrant him in dissolving partnership with Messrs. Quirk and Snap, and quitting at least the practice of the profession. He was a man of very powerful mind, possessing energies of the highest order, and for the development and display of which he felt, and fretted when he felt, his present position in society afforded him no scope whatever, still at least he had entered upon that series of bold but well-conceived plans and purposes with which he has been represented as occupied since the time when he first became the secret master of the fortunes of Titmouse. His ambition was boundless, and he felt within himself a capacity for the management of political affairs of no ordinary magnitude, could he but force himself into the regions where his energies and qualifications could be discovered and appreciated. Indeed I will undertake to say, that, had Gammon only been a good man, he would, in all probability, have become a great one. But, to proceed with the matters which were then occupying his busy brain. There was yet one upon which all his thoughts settled with a sort of agitating interest—his connection with the Aubreys; and whenever that name occurred to his thoughts, one beautiful image rose before him like that of an angel—I mean Miss Aubrey. She was the first object that ever excited in him the passion of love—that love, I mean, which is in a manner purified and sublimated from all grossness or sensuality by a due appreciation of intellectual and moral excellence. When he dwelt upon the person and character of Miss Aubrey, and for a moment realized the possibility of a union with her, he felt, as it were, elevated above himself. Then her person was very beautiful; and there was a certain bewitching something about her manners, which Gammon could only feel, not describe; in short, his passion for her had risen to a most extraordinary pitch of intensity, and became a sort of infatuation. In spite of all that had happened at Yatton, he had contrived to continue, and was at that moment on terms of considerable intimacy with the Aubreys, and had, moreover, been all the while so watchful over himself as to have given none of them any reason to suspect the state of his feelings toward Miss Aubrey; and, on the other hand, nothing had ever transpired to give him the slightest inkling of the state of matters between Miss Aubrey and Delamere—with the exception of one solitary circumstance which had at the moment excited his suspicions—Mr. Delamere's contesting the borough of Yatton.

Though he had watched for it, however, nothing had afterwards occurred calculated to confirm his suspicion. He had taken infinite pains to keep a good name in Vivian street, with great art representing, from time to time, his disgust for the conduct and character of Titmouse, and the reluctance with which he discharged his duty towards that gentleman. He made a point of alluding to the "gross and malignant insult" which had been offered at the hustings to the venerable vicar of Yatton, and which, he said, was a sudden suggestion of Mr. Titmouse's and carried into effect by "the vile Unitarian parson, Mudflint," in defiance of Mr. Gammon's wishes to the contrary. He represented himself as still haunted by the mild, reproachful, sorrowful, indignant look with which Dr. Tatham had regarded him, as though he had been the author of the insult. The account which appeared in the *True Blue* of his indignant interference on the occasion of Mr. Delamere's being struck on the hustings, was calculated, as Mr. Gammon conceived, to corroborate his representations, and aid the impression he was so anxious to produce. For the same reason Mr. Gammon, whenever he had been at Yatton, had acted with great caution and secrecy, so as to give no cause of offence to Dr. Tatham; to whom he from time to time complained, in confidence, of those very acts of Mr. Titmouse which had been dictated to him by Mr. Gammon. Thus reasoned Mr. Gammon; but it would indeed have been singular had he succeeded as he desired and expected. He lost sight of the proverbial influence of one's wishes over one's belief. In imagining that he had concealed from the Aubreys all the

unfavorable features of his conduct, was he not, in some degree, exhibiting the folly of the bird that thrust its head only into the bush, and imagined that it had thereby concealed its whole body?

The Aubreys knew amply sufficient to warrant a general dislike and distrust of Mr. Gammon; but there existed grave reason, for avoiding any line of conduct which Gammon might choose to consider offensive. Mr. Aubrey justly regarding him as standing, at present, alone between him and some of his most serious liabilities. If Gammon, to accomplish objects to them undiscoverable, wore a mask—why challenge his enmity by attempting to tear off that mask? Mr. Aubrey governed his movements, therefore, with a prudent caution; and though, after the election, and the infamous decision of the election committee, Gammon was received at Vivian street—whither he went with no little anxiety and trepidation—it was with a visibly increased coolness and reserve, but still with studious courtesy; and beyond that distinct but delicate line, none of them ever advanced a hair's breadth, which Gammon observed with frequent and heavy misgivings. But he felt that something must at length be done, or attempted, to carry into effect his foad wishes with respect to Miss Aubrey. Months had elapsed, and their relative position seemed totally unchanged since the first evening that his manoeuvre had procured him a brief introduction to Mrs. Aubrey's drawing-room. In fact, he considered that the time had arrived for making known, in some way or other, the state of his feelings to Miss Aubrey; and after long deliberation, he resolved to do so without loss of time, and, moreover, personally. He had a heavy misgiving that he should be—at all events at first—unsuccessful; and now that, having taken his determination, he passed in rapid review all their intercourse, he perceived less and less ground for being sanguine; for he felt that Miss Aubrey's manner towards him had been throughout more cold and guarded than that of either Mr. or Mrs. Aubrey. Like a prudent general contemplating the contingencies of an important expedition, and calculating his means of encountering them, Gammon considered—*persuasion* failing—what means of *compulsion* had he? He came, at length, finally to the conclusion, that his resources were at that moment most available; and moreover, that his circumstances required an immediate move.

The very next day, about ten o'clock, he sallied forth from his chambers, and bent his steps towards Vivian street, intending to keep watch for at least a couple of hours, with a view to ascertain whether Mrs. Aubrey's going out alone, would afford him an opportunity of seeing Miss Aubrey, alone and undisturbed; reasonably reckoning on the absence of Mr. Aubrey at the Temple, whither he knew he always went about half-past nine o'clock. That day, however, Mr. Gammon watched in vain—during the time that he stayed, only the servants and the children quitted the door. The next day he walked deliberately close past the house; was that brilliant and tasteful performance on the piano *hers*! Again, however, he was unsuccessful. The next day, from a safe distance, he beheld both Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, accompanied by a female servant and the children, quit the house, and walk in the direction of the Park, whither he followed their movements with a beating heart. The next time, he saw Miss Aubrey leave the house accompanied only by little Charles, and he instantly turned his steps despondingly eastward. How little did either of those fair forms dream of the strict watch that was thus kept upon their every movement! Two days afterwards, however, Gammon's perseverance was rewarded; for shortly after eleven o'clock, he beheld Mrs. Aubrey, accompanied by the two children, quit the house, and turn towards the Park. Gammon's heart began to beat hard. Though he never cared much for dress, his appearance on the present occasion afforded indications of some little attention to it; and he appeared simply a well-dressed gentleman, in a dark blue buttoned surtout, with velvet collar, and plain black stock, as, after a moment's somewhat flurried pause, he knocked and rang at Mr. Aubrey's door.

"Is Mr. Aubrey within?" he inquired of the very pretty and respectable-looking maid-servant, who presently answered his summons.

"No, sir; he is never here after!"

"Perhaps Mrs. Aubrey?"

"No, sir; there is only Miss Aubrey at home; my mistress and the children are gone out into the Park, and Miss Aubrey is writing letters, or she would have gone with my mistress."

"Perhaps—I could see—Miss Aubrey for a moment?" inquired Gammon, with as matter-of-fact an air as he could assume.

"Certainly, sir—she is in the drawing-room. Will you walk up stairs?" said the girl, who of course knew him well, as not an infrequent visitor at the house. So she led the way up stairs, he following, and with somewhat fading color.

"Mr. Gammon!" he presently heard, as he stood on the landing, echoed in the rich and soft voice of Miss Aubrey, who seemed to speak in a tone of great surprise, in answer to the servant's announcement.

"Why, Fanny, did you not say that neither your master nor mistress were at home?" Gammon next heard hastily asked, in a lower tone, by Miss Aubrey, and his countenance fell a little; for there was a tone of displeasure, or chagrin, in her voice, especially as she added: "You should have said that I was engaged! Well, show him in, Fanny;" and the next moment Mr. Gammon found himself bowing his way towards Miss Aubrey, with whom, for the first time in his life, he found himself alone.

She was sitting writing at her desk, before which stood, in a small flower-glass, a beautiful moss-rose. There was a little air of negligence in the arrangement of her hair, and her light morning costume displayed her figure to infinite advantage. There was really something inexpressibly lovely in her whole appearance, seen, though she was, at that moment, by Gammon, through a faint mist of displeasure.

"Good morning, Mr. Gammon," she commenced, rising a little from her chair; and sinking again into it, slightly turned it towards him, gazing at him with some curiosity.

"May I venture to hope, madam, that I am not intruding upon you," said he, seating himself in the chair nearest to him, and placing his hat upon the ground.

"My brother always leaves at half-past nine; is he not at the Temple to-day, Mr. Gammon?" she added, a little

eagerly—for the first time observing something unusual in the expression of his countenance.

"I—really do not know—in fact, I have not been there to-day; I thought it better, perhaps,"—he paused for a second.

"I sincerely trust, Mr. Gammon," interrupted Miss Aubrey, slightly changing color, and looking with great anxiety at Mr. Gammon—"that nothing unpleasant—unfortunate—has happened: do, pray, Mr. Gammon!" she continued earnestly, turning her chair full towards him—"for Heaven's sake, tell me!"

"I assure you, madam, upon my honor, that nothing whatever has happened, that I know of, since last we met."

"Oh dear—I was getting so alarmed!" said she, with a faint sigh, hastily putting back the curls which were clustering rather more luxuriantly than usual over her fair cheek.

"Certainly, madam; I have, however an errand—one to me, at least, of inexpressible importance," he commenced, and in a lower key than that in which he had previously spoken; and there was a peculiarity in his manner which quite rivetted Miss Aubrey's eye upon his expressive—and now, she saw, plainly agitated countenance. What can possibly be the matter? I thought she, as she made a courteous but somewhat formal inclination toward him, and said something about "begging him to proceed."

"I hope, madam, that comparatively few as have been my opportunities of becoming acquainted with it, I may venture to express my appreciation of your superior character."

"Really, sir," interrupted Miss Aubrey—"you are not candid with me. I am now certain that you have some unpleasant communication to make! Do, I entreat of you, Mr. Gammon, give me credit for a little presence of mind and firmness: let me know the worst, and be prepared to break it to my brother and sister." Gammon seemed unable to bear her bright blue eyes fixed upon his own, which he directed to the floor, while his cheek flushed. Then he looked again at her; and with an eye that explained all, and drove away the bloom from Miss Aubrey's cheek, while it also suspended, for a moment, her breathing.

"Oh, forgive me for an instant—for one moment bear with me, Miss Aubrey!" continued Gammon, in a voice of low and thrilling pathos, "this interview agitates me almost to death; it is that which for a thousand hours of intense, absorbing, agonizing doubts and fears, I have been looking forward to!" Miss Aubrey sat perfectly silent and motionless, gazing intently at him, with blanched cheek: he might have been addressing a Grecian statue. "And now—now that it has at last arrived—when I feel as if I were breathing a new—an intoxicating atmosphere, occasioned by your presence—by the sight of your surpassing loveliness!"

"Gracious mercy sir! what can you mean!" at length interrupted Miss Aubrey, with a slight start—at the same time slipping her chair a little farther from Mr. Gammon. "I declare, sir, I do not in the least understand you," she continued, with much energy; but her increasing paleness showed the effect which his extraordinary conduct had produced upon her. She made a strong and successful effort, however, to recover her self-possession.

"I perceive, madam, that you are agitated."

"I am, sir! astonished!—shocked!—I could not have imagined!"

"Madam! madam! at the risk of being deemed unkind—cruel—if I die for it, I cannot resist telling you that I reverence—I love you to a degree!"

"Oh, Heavens!" murmured Miss Aubrey, still gazing with an air of amazement at him. Several times she thought of rising to ring the bell, and at once get rid of so astounding an interruption and intrusion; but for several reasons she abstained from doing so as long as possible.

"It would be ridiculous, sir," said she, at length, with sudden spirit and dignity, "to affect ignorance of your meaning and intentions; but may I venture to ask what conduct of mine, what single act of mine, or word or look—has ever induced you to imagine, for one moment to believe?"

"Alas, madam, that which you could not conceal or control—your incomparable excellence—your beauty—loveliness—Madam! madam! the mere sight of your transcendent—my soul sunk prostrate before you the first moment that I ever saw you!"

All this was uttered by Gammon in a very low tone, and with passionate fervor of manner. Miss Aubrey trembled visibly, and had grown very cold. A little vinaigrette stood beside her; and its stinging stimulating powers were infinitely serviceable, and at length enabled her to make head against her rebellious feelings.

"I certainly ought to feel flattered, sir," said she, rapidly recovering herself, "by the high terms in which you are pleased to speak of me—of one who has not the slightest claim upon your good opinion. I really cannot conceive what conduct of mine can have led you to imagine that such an—an—application—as this could be successful—or received otherwise than with astonishment—and, if persisted in—displeasure, Mr. Gammon." This she said in her natural manner, and very pointedly.

"Miss Aubrey—permit me"—said Gammon, passionately.

"I cannot, sir; I have heard already too much; and I am sure, that when a lady requests a gentleman to desist from conduct which pains and shocks her—sir, I beg you will at once desist from addressing me in so very improper a strain and manner."

"Indulge my agonized feelings for one moment, Miss Aubrey," said Gammon, with desperate energy; "alas! I had suspected—I had feared—that our respective positions in society would lead you to despise so comparatively humble and obscure a person, in point of station and circumstances!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Kate, magnificently, drawing up her figure to its utmost height—her manner almost petrifying Gammon, whose last words she had most unaccountably imagined, at the moment, to amount to a bitter sarcastic allusion to their fallen fortunes, and diminished personal consequence in society; but she was quickly undeceived, as he proceeded fervently; "Yes, madam—your birth, your family connections, your transcendent mental and personal!"

"I—I—I beg your pardon, sir; I misunderstood you,"

said Kate, discovering her error, and coloring violently; "but it is even more painful to me to listen to the language you are addressing to me. Since you urge me to it, I beg you to understand, sir, that if by what you have been saying to me, I am to gather that you are making me an offer of your addresses—I decline them at once, most peremptorily, as a thing quite out of the question." The tone and manner in which this was said—the determination and hauteur perceptible in her striking and expressive features—blighted all the nascent hopes of Gammon; who turned perfectly pale, and looked the very image of misery and despair. The workings of his strongly marked features told of the agony of his feelings. Neither of them spoke for a few moments. "Alas! madam," at length he inquired, in a tremulous voice, "am I presumptuous, if I intimate a fear—which I dare hardly own to myself even—that I am too late; that there is some more fortunate?"

Miss Aubrey blushed scarlet. "Sir," said she, with quick indignant energy, "I should certainly consider such inquiries—most—presumptuous—most offensive—most unwarranted by anything that has ever passed between us;" and indeed her eye quite shone with indignation. Gammon gazed at her with piercing intensity, and spoke not.

"You cannot but be aware, sir, that you are greatly taxing my forbearance; nay, sir, I feel that you are taking a very great liberty in making any such inquiries or suggestions," continued Miss Aubrey, proudly, but more calmly; "but, as your manner is unobjectionable and respectful, I have no objection to say, sir, most unhesitatingly, that the reason you hint at is not in the least concerned in the answer I have given. I have declined your proposals, sir, simply because I choose to decline them—because I have not, nor ever could have, the least disposition to entertain them."

Gammon could not, at the moment, determine whether she really had or had not a pre-engagement.

"Madam, you would bear with me did you but know the exquisite suffering your words occasion me! Your hopeless tone and manner appear to my soul to consign it to perdition—to render me perfectly careless about life," said Gammon, with irresistible pathos: and Miss Aubrey, as she looked and listened, pitied him—"I might perhaps, establish some claim to your favor, were I at liberty to recount to you my long unwearied exertions to shield your brother—nay, all of you—from impending trouble and danger—to avert it from you."

"We are indeed deeply sensible of your kindness toward us, Mr. Gammon," replied Miss Aubrey, with her usual sweetness and fascinating frankness of manner, which now he could not bear to behold.

"Suffer me, Miss Aubrey, but one word more," he continued, eagerly, apprehensive that she was about to check him. "Were you but aware of the circumstances under which I come to throw myself at your feet—myself, and all I have—nor is that little, for I am in independent circumstances—I shall soon be in the House of Commons"—Miss Aubrey exhibited still more unequivocal symptoms of impatience—"and for ever have abandoned the hateful walk in life to which for the last few years"—

"I suppose I must listen to you, sir, however uselessly to yourself and disagreeable and painful to me. If, after all I have said, you choose to persevere," said Miss Aubrey, with calm displeasure—

But Gammon persevered. "I say, Miss Aubrey, that could you but catch a glimpse—one momentary glimpse—of the troubles which surround you all—infinity greater than any which you have ever yet experienced, severe and terrible though these have been—which are every day coming nearer and nearer to you"—

"What do you mean, Mr. Gammon?" interrupted Miss Aubrey, alarmedly.

"—And which, eager and anxious as may, and shall be, my efforts, I may be unable any longer to avert from you—you would at least appreciate the pure and disinterested motives with which I set out upon my truly disastrous mission."

"Once more, Mr. Gammon, I assure you that I feel—that we all of us feel—a lively gratitude toward you for the great services you have rendered us; but how can that possibly vary my resolution? Surely, Mr. Gammon, you will not require me to enter again upon a most unpleasant"—Gammon heaved a profound sigh. "With regard to your intimation of the danger which menaces us—alas! we have seen much trouble—and Providence may design us to see much more—I own, Mr. Gammon, that I am disturbed by what you have said to me on that subject."

"I have but one word more to say, madam," said Gammon, in a low impassioned tone, evidently preparing to sink upon one knee, and to assume an imploring attitude. On which Miss Aubrey rose from her chair, and, stepping back a pace or two, said, with great resolution, and in an indignant manner—"If you do not instantly resume your seat, sir, I shall ring the bell; for you are beginning to take advantage of my present defenceless position—you are persecuting me, and I will not suffer it. Sir, resume your seat, or I summon the servant into the room—a humiliation I could have wished to spare you."

Her voice was not half so imperative as was her eye. He felt that his cause was hopeless—he bowed profoundly, and said, in a low tone, "I obey you, madam."

Neither of them spoke for some moments. At length—"I am sure, sir," said Miss Aubrey, looking at her watch, "you will forgive me for reminding you that when you entered I was engaged writing letters"—and she glanced at her desk—"for which purpose alone it is that I am not now accompanying my sister and the children."

"I feel too painfully, madam, that I am intruding; but I shall soon cease to trouble you. Every one has some great bitterness to pass through at some time or other of his life—and I have this instant passed through mine," replied Gammon, gloomily. "I will not say that the bitterness of death is past; but I feel that life has henceforth, as far as I am concerned, nothing worth pursuing." Miss Aubrey remained silent while he spoke. "Before we part, Miss Aubrey, and close, as far as I—nay, as far, it may be, as both of us are concerned—a very memorable interview, I have yet one communication to make, to which you will listen with absorbing interest. It will be made to you in such confidence as, having heard it, you may consider yourself at liberty conscientiously to keep from every person upon

earth; and I shall leave it to produce such effect upon you as it may."

"I shall not disguise from you, sir, that your manner and your language alarm me terribly," said Miss Aubrey, peculiarly struck by the sinister expression of his eye—one quite inconsistent with the sad, subdued, gentle tone and manner of his address. "I am not anxious to receive so dark and mysterious a communication as you hint at; and, if you choose to make it, I shall use my own discretion as to keeping it to myself, or mentioning to any one whom I may choose—of that I assure you. You see that I am agitated; I own it," she added, dropping her voice, and pressing her left hand against her side; "but I am prepared to hear anything you may choose to tell me—that I ought to hear. Have mercy, sir," she added, in a melting voice, "on a woman whose nerves you have already sufficiently shaken!"

Gammon gazed at her with a bright and passionate eye that would have drunk her very soul. After a moment's pause—"Madam, it is this," said he, in a very low tone: "I have the means—I declare in the presence of Heaven, and on the word and honor of a man"—[Oh, Gammon! Gammon! Gammon! have you forgotten what occurred between you and your friend Titmouse one short week ago? Strange, infatuated man! what can you mean? What if she should take you at your word?—of restoring to your brother all that he has lost—THE YATTON PROPERTY, Miss Aubrey—immediately—permanently—without fear of future disturbance—by due process of law—openly and most honorably."

"You are trifling with me, sir," gasped Miss Aubrey, faintly, very faintly—her cheek blanched, and her eye riveted upon that of Gammon.

"Before God, madam, I speak the truth," replied Gammon, solemnly.

Miss Aubrey seemed struggling ineffectually to heave a deep sigh, and pressed both hands upon her left side, over her heart.

"You are ill, very ill, Miss Aubrey," said Gammon, with alarm, rising from his chair. She also rose, rather hastily; turned toward the window, and with feeble trembling hands tried to open it, as if to relieve her faintness by the fresh air. But it was too late; poor Kate had been at length overpowered, and Gammon reached her just in time to receive her inanimate figure, which sunk into his arms. Never in his life had he been conscious of the feelings he that moment experienced, as he felt her pressure against his arm and knee, and gazed upon her beautiful but deathlike features. He felt as though he had been brought into momentary contact with an angel. Every fibre within him thrilled. She moved, she breathed not. He dared not kiss her lip, her cheek, her forehead, but raised her soft white hand to his lips, and kissed it with indescribable tenderness and reverence. Then, after a moment's pause of irresolution, he gently drew her to the sofa, and laid her down, supporting her head and applying her vinaigrette, till a deep-drawn sigh evidenced returning consciousness. Before she had opened her eyes, or could have become aware of the assistance he had rendered her, he had withdrawn to a respectful distance, and was gazing at her with deep anxiety. It was several minutes before her complete restoration—which, however, the fresh air entering through the windows, which Gammon hastily threw open, added to the incessant use of her vinaigrette, greatly accelerated.

"I hardly know, sir," she commenced, in a very low and faint tone of voice, and looking languidly at him, "whether I really heard you say, or only dreamed that I heard you say, something most extraordinary about Yatton?"

"I pray you, madam, to wait till you are completely restored; but it was indeed no dream—it was my voice which you heard utter the words you allude to; and when you can bear it, I am ready to repeat them as the words, indeed, of truth and soberness."

"I am ready now, sir—I beg you will say quickly what you have to say," replied Miss Aubrey, with returning firmness of tone and calmness of manner; at the same time passing her snowy handkerchief feebly over her forehead.

He repeated what he had said before. She listened with increasing excitement of manner; her emotions at length overmastered her, and she burst into tears, and wept for some moments unrestrainedly.

Gammon gazed at her in silence; and then, unable to bear the sight of her sufferings, turned aside his head, and gazed toward the opposite corner of the room. How little he thought, that the object on which his eyes accidentally settled, a most splendid harp, had been, only a few days before, presented to Miss Aubrey by Mr. Delamere!

"What misery, Miss Aubrey, has the sight of your distress occasioned me!" said Gammon, at length; "and yet why should my communication have distressed you?"

"I cannot doubt, Mr. Gammon, the truth of what you have so solemnly told me," she replied, in a tremulous voice; but will you not tell my unfortunate, my high-minded, my almost broken-hearted brother? Again she burst into a fit of weeping.

"Must I say it, Miss Aubrey?" presently inquired Gammon in a broken voice; "can I say it without occasioning what I dread more than I can express—your displeasure? The use to be made of my power rests with you alone."

She shook her head bitterly and despairingly, and hid her face in her handkerchief while he proceeded.

"One word—one blessed word from your lips—and before this very day shall have passed away, I strike down the wretched puppet that at present—replace your noble-minded brother at Yatton—restore you all to its delicious shades—Oh, Miss Aubrey, how you will love them! A thousand times dearer than ever! Every trace of the wretched idiot now there shall vanish; and let all this come to pass before I presume to claim!"

"It is impossible, sir," replied Miss Aubrey, with the calmness of despair, "even were you to place my brother on the throne of England. Is it not cruel—shocking—that if you know my brother is really entitled—nay, it is monstrous injustice. What may be the means at your command I know not; I shall not inquire; if it is to be purchased only on the terms you mention"—she involuntarily shuddered—"be it so, I cannot help it; and if my brother and his family must pine because I reject your addresses"—

"Say not that word, Miss Aubrey! Do not shut out all



hope—Recall it! For God's sake consider the consequences to your brother—to his family. I tell you that malice and rapacity are at this moment gleaming like wild wolves within a few paces of you—ready to rush upon you. Did you but see them as distinctly as I do, you would indeed shudder and shrink!”

“I do, sir; but we trust in a merciful Providence,” replied Miss Aubrey, “and resign ourselves to the will of Heaven.”

“May not Heaven have brought about this meeting between us as a mode of?”

“Monstrous!” exclaimed Miss Aubrey, in a voice and with a look that for a moment silenced him.

“It is high time that you should leave me, sir,” presently said Miss Aubrey, determinedly. “I have suffered surely sufficiently already; and my first answer is also my last. I beg now, sir, that you will retire.”

“Madam, you are obeyed,” replied Gammon, rising, and speaking in a tone of sorrowful deference. He felt that his fate was sealed. “I now seem fully aware, to myself even, of the unwarrantable liberty I have taken, and solicit your forgiveness.” Miss Aubrey bowed to him loftily. “I will not presume to solicit your silence to Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey concerning this visit I have paid you?” he continued, very anxiously.

“I am not in the habit, sir, of concealing anything from my brother and sister; but I shall freely exercise my own discretion in the matter.”

“Well, madam,” said he, preparing to move toward the door, while Miss Aubrey raised her hand to the bell—“In taking leave of you,” he paused,—“let me hope, not for ever—receive my solemn assurance, given before Heaven! that, haughtily as you have repelled my advances this day, I will yet continue to do all that is in my power to avert the troubles now threatening your brother—which I fear, however, will be but of little avail! Farewell, farewell, Miss Aubrey!” he exclaimed; and was the next moment rapidly descending the stairs. Miss Aubrey, bursting afresh into tears, threw herself again upon the sofa, and continued long in a state of excessive agitation. Mr. Gammon walked eastward at a rapid pace, and in a state of mind which cannot be described. How he loathed the sight of Saffron Hill, and its disgusting approaches! He merely looked into the office for a moment, saying that he felt too much indisposed to attend to business; and then betook himself to his solitary chambers—a thousand times more solitary and cheerless than ever they had appeared before—where he remained in a sort of reverie for hours. About eleven o'clock, he was guilty of a strange piece of extravagance; for his fevered soul being unable to find rest anywhere, he set off for Vivian Street, and paced up and down it, with his eye constantly fixed upon Mr. Aubrey's house; he saw the lights disappear from the drawing-room, and re-appear in the bed-rooms: then also he watched out—still he lingered in the neighborhood, which seemed to have a sort of fatal fascination about it; and it was past three o'clock before exhausted in mind and body, he regained his chamber, and throwing himself upon the bed, slept from mere weariness.

## Recent Literature.

### STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “VALENTINE VOX.”

CHAP. XXXVIII....The commencement of Stanley's speculation.

To those who have been accustomed to view only the unamiable portions of the female character, as developed on the one hand by the restless scheming creature of the world, and on the other by the designing hollow-hearted courtesan, the mean, cowardly practice of defrauding a woman is sport; but by married men who have studied the character deeply, and who appreciate those beautiful feelings by which it is essentially distinguished, that practice is happily held in abhorrence. Marriage induces a higher estimate of female virtue: it inspires men with a chivalrous, gallant spirit, of which the peculiar promptings are to those who never experienced the blessings which spring from the gentle characteristics of an amiable wife, altogether unknown; and hence Stanley—he being the only married man present during the performance of the disgraceful, cruel mockery detailed in the preceding chapter—was the only man by whom it was not viewed as a jest. But although he was thoroughly disgusted with the heartless conduct of his associates, he felt bound to fulfil the engagement into which he had entered, but from which he would then most gladly have withdrawn. He had no longer the slightest confidence in the men; he conceived it to be almost impossible for them to be actuated by any correct feeling,—still, having entered into the speculation so far, he was unable to see how he could with honor retire.

Having reflected upon the matter for some time, vainly hoping for something to suggest itself whereby the speculation might with grace be abandoned, he named the subject to Sir William, in order that he might, if possible, point out the means by which an honorable retreat could be accomplished.

“I feel so indignant,” said he, after explaining the manner in which the mock marriage had been conducted, “at having, although unconsciously, been made a party to so disreputable a proceeding, that I declare to you I would almost as soon forfeit the money I have engaged to put down, than have any farther connection with the men.”

“Had you taken my advice,” said Sir William, “you would not have entered into it at all; but I do not see how you can call off now.”

“Nor do I; and yet one might imagine that conduct like that which I have described would form a sufficient pretext for withdrawing?”

“Oh! you must not think for a moment of making that a pretext. Were you to do so, you would only get laughed at.”

“But do you not deem it disgraceful?”

“Why, I must say that, strictly speaking, it is not the thing; but in the circle, my dear fellow, in which they move, an affair of the kind is really thought but little of. Had he married the girl in reality, the case would have been widely different—it would then have been considered disgraceful

indeed: but as it is, being merely a nominal marriage, which may at any moment be dissolved, why, his family are free from the stain of a low alliance, and his friends look upon him of course as before.”

“Notwithstanding, he has utterly destroyed that poor girl by blasting her happiness forever.”

“The conduct of men of high connections must not, my good fellow, be scrutinized too closely. You must consider the peculiarity of their position. Suppose for instance, now, that this had been an absolute marriage, what must of necessity have followed? Why, his family, who would have considered themselves thereby eternally disgraced, would have spurned him for being a fool.”

“But this is no justification—”

“Justification! I grant you. But a family of this description would rather there should be five hundred mock marriages than a real one with a creature of plebeian origin, unless, indeed, she possess a mine of wealth. The influence of affection or love in such a case is never allowed; they'll not hear it. Rank or wealth, Thorne,—rank or wealth. No other influence can possibly be recognized by them. And perhaps it is as well that it is so.”

“Conceive, for example, the absurdity of such an announcement as this:—‘MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We have authority to state, that the Earl of Clarendale will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Sophonisba Gills, the lovely daughter of the late Mr. Timothy Gills, for many years the confidential carman of the celebrated Jonas Carp, Esq. the distinguished fishmonger of Billingsgate Market.’—Why it would throw every member of the noble family into fits, while the bridegroom himself would become the legitimate laughing-stock of the world. And then look at the position of the girl. Would it not be one of perpetual misery? Even suppose she were received by the family in question, their very courtesy would make her wretched, if even their sarcasms failed to break her heart. The absurdity of persons wishing to form alliances in a sphere far above that in which they have been accustomed to move is really monstrous. As far as happiness is concerned, the ambition is fatal if the object be attained. They cannot be happy. Even their servants will sneer at the meanness of their birth. In a word, Thorne, the belief that anything but bitter mortification on either side can spring from a marriage of this character is based upon ignorance the most gross.”

“All this I admit to be correct,” rejoined Stanley. “In an essentially artificial state of society it invariably is so; and none but densely ignorant persons would dream of forming such a connection. But this is not the point—”

“Why, it proves that this girl, for example, as far as regards her happiness, is not in a worse position than she would have been had the earl really married her.”

“But it does not prove the conduct of the Earl to be a whit less disgraceful.”

“Granted!—as far as that goes; but it does not by any means follow, that because men of his caste delude a lot of ignorant girls, whom they consider fair game, they should therefore be incapable of acting in all other respects with strict honor. As I said before, Thorne, I regret that you ever entered into this speculation; not because this affair has occurred, for that is too paltry to be considered for a moment but because I conceive that the profits, whatever they may be, will never be commensurate with the trouble it may occasion. As however, you are in it, I cannot see how you can well call off.”

Nor could Stanley. The disgust with which the heartless proceeding had inspired him was not in the slightest degree diminished; his confidence in the honor of his new associates had not by the arguments of Sir William been to any extent increased; still, jealous of his reputation as a man of spirit, anxious to be deemed by all a high-toned fellow, and therefore dreading the possibility of being suspected of meanness, or even of irresolution, he determined at once to go on with the speculation precisely as if nothing of a disreputable character had occurred.

In pursuance of this determination, he in the course of the day called upon Captain Filcher, whom he found most appropriately engaged in the honorable occupation of fixing an entirely new roulette table, the secret springs of which had been constructed with surpassing ingenuity.

“My dear fellow!” exclaimed the gallant Captain, as Stanley entered, “I am positively too glad to see you. I feared that something queer had occurred, you cut away so abruptly. You should have stopped. Oh! I'd have given the world if you had remained. We kept it up till daylight; and such sport! I thought I should have died. But how came you to leave us so early?”

“I was anxious to get away,” replied Stanley; “and I always find that the safest course to adopt in such a case is that of leaving without giving even the slightest intimation.”

“And so it is; but I am nevertheless sorry you started.” Which was perfectly true. The sorrow expressed was entertained very sincerely, and moreover very affectionately, considering that he and a bosom friend had laid a well-conceived plan for fleecing Stanley to a highly respectable extent. “But I say, my dear fellow,” he continued, “those bills, now—I have not the cash for them yet. It seems strange, but the money market is in such a state. I've been about them this morning. Four-and-twenty bills returned in three days—that tells a little tale! However, I left them; but if you have any channel, I'll get them out of his hands.”

“I can do nothing with them,” said Stanley.

“Oh! well then, a day or two probably will be of no importance?”

“None whatever.”

“I always like these things to be done at once; but to-morrow, or the next day, I shall be able, no doubt, to get a cheque for the amount.”

“That will do quite as well,” replied Stanley. “But when do we commence operations?”

“Why, I should say this day week. As far as the play is concerned, you see everything now is nearly ready; but there are rooms to be fitted up for the Countess.”

“Will she reside here?”

“Oh! yes; and mamma is to be the comptroller of the household.”

“Indeed! When do they return?”

“To-morrow, I hear; and some excellent sport we shall have. Did you ever see anything more admirably managed? Oh! the whole thing was capital!”

Stanley made no observation upon this, but directed his attention to the arrangement of the tables, more with a view of changing the subject than of ascertaining what had been done. The Captain, however, entered into a variety of minute explanations having reference to the course they intended to pursue; and when he had explained all he wished him to know, Stanley left with the understanding that he was to call the next morning for the cheque.

On the following day he accordingly went: but the Captain had been still unsuccessful. He was to have it the next day; and he called the next day, and the next; in short, he continued to call day after day until the time had been fixed for putting down the first five hundred each, as per agreement, when he mortgaged his estate for the two thousand pounds, and regretted that he had not pursued this course at once, without exposing his poverty to the Captain.

Having effected this mortgage, he at once expressed his sorrow to that gallant person that he should have given him so much trouble, and stated, that as he had then sufficient money in his possession, he no longer required the bills to be done.

“I am glad to hear it,” said the Captain, on receiving this intelligence, “although I gave them this morning to a friend of mine who promised to bring me the cash in the course of the day. But as it is, why, they had better be destroyed. I regret exceedingly that I should have been unable to get the thing done without delay; but you know what bill-discounters are.”

“I've never had anything to do with them,” said Stanley; “but I believe they are not angels.”

“Angels!—devils, sir—absolute devils. However, I'll get the bills together and see that they are destroyed.”

Stanley thanked him, and was satisfied. Scarcely knowing the nature of bills, it never struck him that he himself ought to see them destroyed; and if it had, he possessed too much delicacy to hint that he deemed it essential. That, in his view, would have been a direct imputation upon the honor of the Captain, which he would not have cast, even if he had thought of the possibility of the bills getting into circulation; but the fact is, as the Captain undertook to destroy them, he thought nothing more about the matter.

The time now arrived for making up the first bank to commence with, and they met at their own club, which they had named the European, and put down five hundred pounds each. The Earl and his friends, however, manifested no inconsiderable surprise at the unaccustomed promptitude of the Captain in this particular. They evidently anticipated nothing more substantial from him than an I. O. U., and therefore looked at each other with great significance when, on drawing forth his pocket-book, he put down ten fifties with the air of a man having the power to produce fifty more of the same sort at a moment's notice. It was held to be mysterious obviously by them all, although nothing was said on the subject at the time. The money was taken, the bank was formed, and the “European” opened the following night.

CHAPTER XXXIX....Is one which the ladies will appreciate highly.

“Now, my precious,” observed Mrs. Gills, addressing the “Countess,” the morning after the speculation had commenced, “now your spirits is a little bit tranquil, you know, you must begin to look about you as a lady of title ought, and take care you're not imposed upon, or anything of that; because now you are a Countess, my dear, you must do, of course, as Countesses does, and keep up a proper spirit and dignity.”

“Yes, ma,” mildly replied the Countess.

“Nor you mustn't be put off neither, my dear. You must have your own way, as all Countesses has. Insist upon having all you want, and you'll get it.”

“But I have all I want, ma, already.”

“Nonsense, child!—truly ridiculous! Oh! do n't tell me! You ought to have a separate carriage, and a box at the operer, and give a splendid series of parties, and all that, and have all the new novels, and harps, and pianers—”

“But you know, ma, I never learned to play.”

“What of that? The whole world needn't know it. When you give a soiree, you know, or anything of that, engage them to play, my love, as gets their living by it. Countesses never play in public. Don't you know, my dear, that that's beneath their dignity? Never try to play, and then nobody'll know you can't. There's no occasion to tell the world what you do n't know.”

“No, ma, no more there is n't.”

“Very well, then, my dear, then you don't ought to do it.”

“I won't, ma; I'll always make believe that I can play.”

“In course. And mind, never suffer them stuck up things of servants to address you as anything but ‘my lady,’ or ‘your ladyship.’—‘Did your ladyship please to ring for me, my lady?’—‘May it please your ladyship,’ and so on. I'm not sure it don't ought to be ‘your grace;’ but ‘your ladyship’ will do for the present. Be sure and make 'em stick to that; if they dox't, ask 'em who they are speaking to with their impudence. Mind that particular. Always keep them gals at a respectable distance: they are sure to take liberties where they can. If you give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell, and you don't ought to do it. Always know what is due your dignity, my precious, and make 'em conduct themselves in a way as becomes 'em. Look at that low vulgar feller, the porter. The ideor of bringing up the baker's bill in his naked hand, for all the world as if there want a piece of plate upon the premises. And then look at that impudent thing, Susan. She's always agigling and going on. I see her, although she thinks I don't. What does she mean, I should like to know? Perhaps she thinks the situation ain't good enough for her. I'd give her a month's warning: she don't know her place. I don't think she's much better than she should be, my dear. Look at her curls! What business has a low common housemaid with all them there curls! Twelve pounds a-year, my love, won't support that. Besides, she don't treat me with proper respect; and I'd have her to know, that although I am not a Countess myself, I'm mother of a Countess, and that, too, of as good a Countess as any in the kingdom. What does she mean by laughing, and sneering, and opening her ignorant eyes to other servants, when I'm giving 'em the necessary orders? Does she think I'll put

up with her low-bred ways? The insolence of such dressed up things is exclusive. Either she or me must quit."

"Dear ma," observed the Countess, "don't drop yourself down to the level of her."

"I drop myself down to her level! No, my love; I think I do know myself better than that comes to. Her level! I don't think I'd go quite so low as that, neither!"

"Well, never mind, ma; I'll give her warning."

"In course. And very proper. I shall make a woman of spirit of you yet. But that, my darling, isn't all. You mustn't let the noble Earl take no advantage of your innocence; for Earls is but men, and all men in this regard is alike; they'll all impose where they can; and you don't ought to suffer him to do it. Assume enough my precious. Begin as you mean to go on. There's nothing like striking the iron while it's hot. It saves a world of trouble, my dear. If you wait till a man gets cool, you'll find him very difficult to bend to your own shape; but if you tell him at first what you mean, you establish your dignity, and when he knows he has to expect, why, he ain't after that disappointed. You take my advice, my love, and insist upon doing what you please; there's nothing like it. A woman ain't a woman of spirit as don't, and especially a Countess. You must go out a-patternizing people, particular them foreigners as sings; and give blankets away to the poor in cold weather: it all tells, my love, to make a noise in the world. And when you a-shopping, make 'em bring the goods out to the carriage, instead of going in; and when you don't want your carriage, have your footman behind you with a long stick, with a large gold knob at the top. Nothing on earth my dear, looks so respectable as that; and the taller the footman, and the longer the stick is, the better. Besides, you have n't been to court yet; nor I have n't seen your name a single once in the papers! And another thing, the Earl has n't once introduced you to his family!"

"Oh! ma!" exclaimed the Countess, "I should tremble like anything, I know, if he was."

"Tremble! Fiddledede! Why should you tremble? You're as good as them any day in the week."

"Oh dear, ma! I shiver at the thought. What I should do when I saw 'em I can't think. I am sure I should turn as pale as a I don't know what."

"Pale, my precious! What do that signifies? Paint—all Countesses paints—and then nobody'll know whether you turn pale or not."

"Oh! but I should feel so queer, I know I should."

"Rubbish, my love! What's to make you feel queer? Always look upon people as being beneath you; there's nothing on earth gives such confidence as that. If you look up to them, they'll look down upon you; that's the way people gets over people, my precious. And then there's another thing: where is your cards? I never heard of such a thing as a Countess without cards! We'll go and order 'em this blessed morning, my love, and have your court of arms upon 'em, you know, and all that. Nothing can be done without cards. And then I'll tell you what we'll do while we're about it. Dear me! now, how strange it never struck me before!—it will be the very thing—my love, we'll order a whole lot of invitation cards at the same time. And then we'll get up a party, and invite all the other nobility in town; all the Duchesses, and all the Marquises, and all the Earls, and all the foreign ambassadors and their suits. Oh! we'll have such a jolly night of it, my precious!"

"But will my lord like it?"

"There's not the least occasion, my love, to let him know anything about it until they all come, and then, oh! won't it be an agreeable surprise! But let's see—who can we get now to manage it all for us? It must be somebody that knows all about it, you know. There's the Captain; but I don't like that Captain: he's always a-sneering and smirking, and going on so, as if he war n't as good as him, and a precious sight better. I can't a-bear such ways!"

"There's Mr. Thorn, ma!" suggested the Countess.

"Ah! he's a nice gentleman. He'd be the one. He knows how to behave himself. Nobody can conduct themselves more gentlemanly than him. He'll manage it for us. I know he will, if I ask him."

At this moment Stanley was dashing down street in his cab, with the view of ascertaining the result of the previous night's play; but as, on pulling up, he happened to see a person in livery at the door of the European, he laid the whip into Marmion with so much effect, that the animal, darting off in an instant, left Bob, who had got down with all his wonted alacrity, a considerable distance in the rear before he had time to recover his faculties. The whole of which had been thus unceremoniously upset. Feeling, however, that he had not a single moment to lose, and being, moreover, extremely swift of foot, he by virtue of making a desperate rush, soon overtook the cab, and remounted.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I should on'y just like to know what's o'clock now! There's something in the weather-glass, safe! As true as I'm alive, I do n't know what's come to all the masters. It's my belief they're all a-going stark naked mad. Here's a mess—here's a pickle!"—he added, taking a retrospective view of his clothes—"splashed up to the very eyes!—a full hour and arf's brushing; it ain't to be done under. I'm blessed if it ain't enough to aggravate a bishop. If he did n't mean to stop there at all, what did he make believe to pull up for?"

That was the point; and while Bob was thus occupied in giving expression to his own private feelings upon it, Stanley's rage was unbounded; for as Venerable Joe was the person whom he saw—but whom Bob in his desperate haste failed to see—he leaped at once to the conclusion that the General, having heard of the speculation into which he had entered, had planted him there as a spy.

Such was, however, by no means the fact; and, in order to prove that it was not, it will be highly correct to accompany the venerable gentleman, who, after laughing very heartily at Bob's rapid movements, and wondering very naturally what it all meant, was admitted between the outer doors of the "European," when he sent up his name to Mrs. Gills, whom he had had the honor of knowing for a series of years.

Mrs. Gills, on the name being announced, blushed deeply as she repeated it again and again, marvelling who, in the name of all that was gracious, it could be, and bit her lips with due violence as she protested that the singular cognomen of the individual lived not in her memory; still she

thought somehow she had heard the name somewhere—but where? Eventually, by a miracle, she recollected that there was a sort of person of that name in the service of General Johnson, a very intimate friend of hers, from whom, she had no doubt on earth, this person had brought some strictly confidential communication. She therefore directed the servant to show the person into the parlor; and, after having explained most lucidly to the Countess how essential to the preservation of dignity it was to repudiate all low connections, descended from the drawing-room with all the severity of aspect and stateliness of deportment at her command.

On entering the room in which the venerable gentleman stood, marvelling greatly at the fact of his being shown into a parlor, Mrs. Gills reared her chin, and bowed with such surpassing grace, that in an instant he felt friendship freezing. He nevertheless approached, and was about to take her hand, which, however, she with a truly icy elegance waved towards a chair, and with an expression of sublimity desired him to be seated.

"Your manners is very cold, Mrs. Gills," observed the venerable gentleman, who could not but deem all this deeply mysterious. "Have I offended you in anything?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" replied the lady, tossing her head with a most superb air.

"Oh! I thought p'raps I had," rejoined the venerable gentleman, "as you seem to be werry much changed. I should n't a-called, on'y I appened to 'ear that Sophy was married."

"My daughter, sir, the Countess of Clarendale, is married," returned Mrs. Gills, with great dignity.

The venerable gentleman looked amazed. Could he believe it? Could he believe that the same individual Sophy, whom Mrs. Gills tried so extremely hard to plant upon him, was a Countess? He was about to take a comprehensive view of the matter, in order to ascertain whether he could really believe it or not; but Mrs. Gills interposed at the moment an observation, which rendered his imaginative faculties subservient to the influence of straight-forward facts.

"As circumstances is so much changed,"—this was the memorable observation—"and as you must in course be aware that there's now a propriety as is proper to be observed, may I inquire your object in honoring us with this visit?"

"Oh! I on'y merely thought I'd look in to give Sophy—I mean the Countess—joy."

"Sir," said the lady, apparently quite shocked at the vulgar idea, "I'd have you understand that my son-in-law, the noble Earl, ain't a mechanic."

"I did n't suppose he vos. There's werry few noble Hurls as is. But can't I see the Countess. I should like to see her."

"Impossible. It aint because I'm proud, no; but what would the noble Earl say? Why, he'd think it a disgrace to his 'scutcheon."

"It strikes me forcible," said the venerable gentleman, who felt rather piqued, "that half what you know about 'scutcheons, ain't much."

"Well, I'm sure! I'd have you to know I do n't tolerate no insolence, and so you need n't come it."

"Oh! werry well, mum. But I must say, as a hold friend, I did n't expect to be treated in this 'ere upish way."

"You may think yourself honored that I saw you at all. I know I did n't ought to do it; but I beg, sir, that in future we may n't be troubled by your calling any more."

"Oh! that you may take your oath on. But as I remember there's a little trifle atween us of seventeen and sixteen, p'raps it von't be inconvenient for you to settle without my summoning on you to the court of requests?"

"What do you mean to insinuate?" cried the lady,—"seventeen and sixteen, or seventeen hundred pound seventeen and sixteen; it's all one to me! I'll discharge the paltry sum, sir, immediate! what do you mean?"

Mrs. Gills, being highly indignant, was about to bounce out of the room for her purse, when the folding-doors opened, and the Countess, who had been listening in the adjoining room, appeared.

"Dear ma!" she exclaimed, "here's a purse; but do n't be angry with Mr. Joseph. You know he has always been kind to us, ma."

And she extended her hand to the venerable gentleman, who was about to receive it with the utmost respect, when Mrs. Gills promptly interposed her person, exclaiming,

"My precious! What would the noble Earl say? what would he think were he to see you shaking hands with a person in livery? Fie! my love, fie! I'm putrified to think that you have n't more respect for your dignity."

"Well, ma, I'm sure there's no harm in shaking hands."

"There is harm, my love! Gracious! what would the world say? What would be thought of you in high life? Why, you would n't be received in good society! Consider!"

"My lady," said the venerable gentleman—"for though it seems very rum, I am still glad to call you my lady—I vornt at all aware as you'd married a Hurl, or I shoed n't a come; no, I know my place better; but I s'pose they vos havin' a game vi'me rayther ven they giv me your address, and said they thought I ought to call. However, I'm glad to 'ear of your good fortune, and give you joy, and 'ope you'll always be 'appy; but I must say your mother aint treated me vell; cos under the circumstances, knowin' her so vell as I have done so long, and bein' always werry glad to do all I could to serve her ven she vos but a servant like myself, I do think that if haven't you'd become the Queen of Hingland, she ought n't to be so stuck up."

During the delivery of this eloquent speech, Mrs. Gills, with excessive *hautecur*, was counting out the seventeen and sixteen, and having done so, in due form tendered the amount. But the venerable gentleman disdained to receive it.

"I'll not touch it!" he exclaimed with magnanimity. "No; it ain't that as I care for; twenty times the sum don't make no hods to me!"

"But I insist!" cried the lady.

"So you may, mum; but I'd just as soon touch a dose of p'son."

"But you shall have it, sir!"

"Not a penny on it. No; I wish you a werry good day, mum. I do n't," he continued, addressing the Countess, "mean any disrespect to your ladyship. I voodn't offend you for the world; but it's a hold sayin' an' a true un about

the beggar on oosback." And hereupon, feeling much better in consequence of having made this observation, he quitted the house.

"The low-bred creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Gills, as the venerable gentleman departed.

"But you should n't go on so, ma," said the Countess. "People don't like it."

"Of what importance to us, child, what such people like, or what they do n't like? You must know what is due to your own dignity, my love, or you'll never be fit to be a Countess. I declare I'm in such a frustration, I do n't know how to contain myself. Oh, I only wish for his sake I'd been a man."

Before the nerves of this amiable lady had become tranquil, Stanley, having taken an impetuous sweep round the Park, returned with the full determination to enter the club, no matter who might be on the watch. Bob, however, allowed him to make a dead stop before he attempted again to alight, for he felt, and very naturally, that he had enough running for one day at least.

"You look like a scavenger," said Stanley, as Bob approached Marmion's head. "Where did you pick up that mud?"

"A pelting arter you, sir, when you made believe to stop here afore," replied Bob.

Stanley smiled as he entered the house, and Bob thought that his reply was particularly pointed and severe; and he winked confidentially at Marmion on the door being closed, with the view to intimating to that sagacious animal that that really was his unbiased opinion. "It strikes me I shut up his shop then," he observed. "There's nothing like getting the best of a master. Directly they find out they're wrong, they cuts their sticks with their tails atween their legs, dead beat."

On entering the principal play-room, Stanley ascertained from one of the attendants that the bank had been on the previous night well nigh broken. He was also informed that the persons who had won had signified their intention of playing that night, when, doubtless, the luck would be changed; and that it was deemed by the highest authorities politic to let a bank lose at first, in order not only to stimulate players, but to inspire due confidence by virtue of its stability being tested.

To this fellow's description of the extraordinary "run of luck" which had characterized the play, Stanley listened with the most marked attention. The prospect seemed cheerless. Two thousand five hundred pounds lost in one night. His high hopes were depressed. It was a "Bear" account with him; and yet, why should he despair? Had not the Earl himself told him before they commenced that they ought as a matter of course to lose at first? Why then should he feel disappointed? He tried to revive his hopes by looking upon their depression under the circumstances as the mere result of folly; and having learned that his partners in the speculation had appointed to meet at eight, for the purpose of replenishing the bank, he was about to take leave, when he was formally summoned by the Countess and her mamma.

On entering the drawing-room, he was received with unusual parade. Mrs. Gills was particularly fussy, and hoped that he was well, and rang for the cake and wine, and most eloquently labored to convey to him an idea of the delight she was sure she should derive from an early introduction to Mrs. Thorn. "Oh! do bring her with you some day," she continued, "and let us have a quiet cup of tea. It will be so delightful you can't think. I'm sure she's a dear nice lady: I am sure of it, judging from you."

Stanley smiled, and acknowledged the compliment profoundly, and said all that was necessary to convince Mrs. Gills, that he thought her extremely polite.

"And now, Mr. Thorn, I've a secret," she continued—"a secret which I don't want anybody to know on but you. I know I can trust you, and I'm sure you'll assist us. The fact is, my daughter, the Countess, and me, is a-thinking of getting up a party, for we finds it very lonely a-mumping here alone. Now, in course you know all about the other nobility, the Dukes, Lords, Wiscounts, Ambassadors, and such like; and, as we have never yet given a jollification, all we want is for you just to put us in the way of it."

"I should think," returned Stanley, "that the Earl would be the more proper person to apply to."

"Oh! but we want to do it unbeknown to him! We want to surprise him! to show him just what we can do. Oh, it will be so glorious! You and Mrs. Thorn must come and meet all the nobility. Oh! we shall have such a frolic!"

Stanley could not help laughing. He thought the conception excessively rich, and one that ought to be carried into immediate execution. Feeling, however, that he was not in a position to enter into the spirit of the thing himself, he advised them to apply to Captain Filcher, whom he described as being perfectly conversant with matters of that description, and who, he doubted not, would be but too happy to aid them.

"But does he know all about the invitation-cards, the etiquettes, and all that?" inquired Mrs. Gills anxiously.

"My firm impression is," replied Stanley, "that in a case of this peculiar character you cannot have the aid of a more useful man."

"Oh, well then, I'm sure I'll apply to him. I'm certain he won't refuse. But do you think he'll keep the thing a secret?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," said Stanley. Nor had he. He believed him to be the very man to carry out the idea to perfection; and having explained to them how strongly he felt that the Captain would be delighted to serve them in such a merry cause, he received their warmest thanks and departed.

CHAPTER XL.—Is one which Gentlemen will not condemn.

As the bank was impoverished every night, notwithstanding immense sums of money were lost by the majority of the players, Stanley soon began to view the speculation as a failure. He thought it strange, that with the chances in favor of the table, and experienced men for managers, the bank should so constantly lose; and that he did think it strange was not extraordinary, seeing that he was perfectly unconscious of the fact that the projectors of the scheme, through the instrumentality of confederates, were realising fortunes. He knew nothing of the villainous system pursued: he had no idea of knaves being deputed nightly by the two persons with whom the speculation originated, to



fleece the fair players, and to plunder the bank. He thought that, of course, all was square as far as they were concerned, and yet it struck him as being singular that their spirits should be raised after each night's loss. Instead, however, of thinking of confederacy, false dice, "despatching," and "securing," and thereby attributing all to the true cause, he imbibed the pernicious, soul-enslaving doctrine of Destiny, and madly ascribed all his losses to Fate.

This made him wretched, irascible, and occasionally, although perhaps involuntarily, brutal. He was satisfied with nothing: everything displeased him: trifles, at which before he would have smiled, now inspired him with rage; in his sleep he would constantly start and talk wildly, and when awake he would fitfully pace the room with pursed lips and overhanging brows.

This change poor Amelia perceived with alarm. To her gentle spirit it was a source of deep affliction: it filled her heart with sorrow, and her eyes with scalding tears. She wept bitterly, but in secret: before him she assumed a soft gaiety, and labored to cheer him; and when she perceived upon his brow a more than usual dark cloud, she in silence caressed him the more.

Days of misery passed; and whenever he returned she would watch his clouded countenance anxiously, in the fond hope of finding his spirit soothed, but in vain: still fearing it might vex him, she never breathed a syllable having reference to his depression, until, finding her caresses repulsed as an annoyance, she became apprehensive that she herself might be, although unconsciously, the cause.

At first the bare thought of this being possible dreadfully distressed her; but, on reflection, being unable to recollect any single act of hers at all likely to have excited his displeasure, she began to think that something which she had either said or done had been by him misconstrued, feeling convinced that if that were all, she should be able, by removing the misconception, to restore his tranquillity.

Having dwelt upon this for some time, to the exclusion of all other considerations, she resolved to embrace the earliest opportunity of alluding to the subject, and blamed herself for having permitted a mere misapprehension—for that she felt sure it was then—to continue in existence so long.

When this resolution was formed Stanley was absent from home: he had left to meet his partners by appointment, with the view of putting down the fourth and last five hundred each: and as he had made up his mind that the whole was irrevocably lost, he returned more sullen and peevish than ever.

As he entered, Amelia flew as usual to meet him, and when he had passively received her fond welcome, he sunk into a chair in the most listless style, and with a countenance enveloped in gloom.

"I have something, dear, to say to you," she observed, with a gaiety of expression which contrasted strongly with his dismal aspect—"something, my love, of importance. It is a question, and one that must be answered distinctly, too."

"A question?" cried Stanley, peevishly. "Well, what is it?"

"Nay, do not be cross, dear Stanley." And yet, perhaps, I must allow you to be so until you have answered my question, and I have replied." She then threw her arms round his neck, and while gazing earnestly in his face said, in tones of surpassing sweetness, "Have I displeased you?"

"Displeased me? Nonsense; no."

"Pray, Stanley, tell me. I fear that I have."

"I do tell you that I have not. Don't annoy me."

"Dear Stanley, do not be unkind! You have been for some time very sad, dear; my heart bleeds to see you. I cannot be happy if you are not so. Indeed, my dearest love, if I have in any way offended you—"

"I tell you again that you have not!"

"Then what is the cause of your sadness? Pray let me know all! I can bear it, my love; let it be what it may, I can bear it. Believe me, I can endure with more fortitude the knowledge of the very worst calamity that could befall us than ignorance of the cause of that affliction, which is unhappily so apparent. Do, dear, pray tell me all. Do not keep me longer in suspense. You kindly, fondly let me share your joys—am I not bound to share your sorrows? Believe me, dear Stanley, it will to me be an additional joy to know that your confidence in me is unbounded."

As a rebellious tear glistened in his eye, Stanley kissed her, and pressed her to his heart.

"Bless you!" she continued, as she wiped the tear away.

"But I must not see that: anything but that I can bear. But you will tell me, dear, will you not?"

"My good girl, what have I to tell you?"

"Do not allow me to be tortured by conjectures. They afflict me, Stanley, far more than a knowledge of the real cause can, let it be what it may."

"Amelia, rest satisfied with this, that that which vexes me is not of any permanent importance."

"I thank Heaven for that! And yet if it be not, why do you allow it to torment you thus? Come, be cheerful, dear Stanley; it will be such a delight to me to see you smile again; but I cannot be content with this assurance. If I had," she continued archly, "sufficient influence over you, I would insist upon knowing more; but as I have not, I must of course in the tone of a suppliant beg of you to tell me all about it. Come, dear, as a favor? I may be able to assist you. Besides, have I not a right to know? Upon my word, I am any thing but sure that I have not. It strikes me that there should be no secrets between us. I may be wrong; but I incline, nevertheless, to the belief that a wife absolutely ought to know all that pertains to her husband."

"But even assuming that she ought, would it be wise, would it be kind on the part of a man to suffer his wife to be annoyed by the knowledge of every difficulty he has to encounter?"

"He frequently, I apprehend, annoys her far more by withholding that knowledge. When we see you depressed—and that we can see, my love, in an instant, however much you may endeavor to conceal it—the conjectures which arise in most cases create far more pain than would be induced by an actual knowledge of the facts. When you good creatures keep us thus in darkness, that we may not be afflicted by the troubles you endure, you little think that the kind, generous object you have in view is not thereby attained. We are troubled by seeing that you are

troubled; the very fact of your spirits being depressed, depresses ours; and although we endeavor to cheer you when dull, the gaiety we assume is but assumed, dear Stanley, and the assumption of itself costs many a latent pang. But, come, let me prevail upon you. What is the matter? It is true my reputation for ingenuity is not yet established, but a thousand things might be suggested even by me. Stanley, is there any thing papa can do for you? If there be, let me know, there's a dear! Nothing could delight him more than to have it in his power to render you assistance. It would give him, believe me, the purest joy a man can experience. Tell me, dear—do pray tell me if he can in any way aid you. You know not how he would rejoice in the opportunity; indeed you do not; but be sure that he would serve you with all his soul. Let me name it to him, dear. What is it? Do tell me."

"Amelia," said Stanley, regarding her intently, "let us change the subject. Let it be sufficient for you to know, that I have felt perhaps far more annoyed than I ought to have felt. The affair will soon be over, and you will then find me as cheerful as ever; but if you do not wish to annoy me, and I cannot think you do, you will not in any way allude to it again."

Amelia's lips were thus sealed, and the subject therefore dropped.

#### CHAPTER XLII. . . The Countess of Clarendale's Soirée Musicale.

Having explained to Captain Filcher precisely what she wanted, Mrs. Gills had the heartfelt felicity to find that he prepared to meet her views to a hair. He was in fact, as Stanley had intimated, the very man to carry her conception fully out. He was in raptures with it. Nothing could have delighted him more; and so heartily did he enter into the spirit of the thing, and so promptly did he settle the preliminaries, feeling well convinced that before many days had expired the club would be completely broken up, and the glorious opportunity thereby lost, that he got cards engraved expressly for the occasion with the Earl's arms thereon emblazoned, and all his plans laid down to absolute perfection, in a space of time almost incredible in point of shortness.

It became, however, essential to the due execution of these plans that the Earl should be temporarily absent; and it happened most conveniently that, having put down his share of the bank, which was doomed to be the last, and just as the Captain had arranged to get him down to Newmarket, he announced his intention of going to Brighton for a day or two, ostensibly in order to pay a long-promised visit.

For Brighton he therefore started, and no sooner had he left, than the gallant Captain issued the cards. He sent them to all the Ministers, to all the peers and peeresses in town, to all the ambassadors, to all the members of the House of Commons without distinction, to all the Judges and chief members of the Bar and their ladies, to the principal literary men of the day, to the Lord Mayor and the whole Court of Aldermen; in short, he proceeded in such an exemplary spirit, that no person of distinction in town could complain of being slighted.

It was to be a *soirée musicale*; and as such was the case, he patronized the two most fashionable bands, and engaged not only the chief Italian singers, but all the native talent available. His views in that, as indeed in all other respects, were extremely comprehensive; in a word, he was firmly determined to do the whole thing on a scale of magnificence not to be surpassed.

"Now, my dear madam," said he, having settled this necessary part of the business to the entire satisfaction of Mrs. Gills, "Pray what do you intend to give them?"

"Oh! they shall have such a capital hot supper," replied the lady, "and just as much wine, rum, brandy, and gin, as they like to lay into. There shall be no stint of nothing. And then we'll have some punch; the punch alley Roman, I hear is the nicest; they shall have some of that. And I'll tell you what jints I mean to have. First, for instance, there shall be a tremendous biled round of beef at the top, and another sirline at the bottom; a large plum-pudding in the middle, two saddles of mutton near that, a line of pork, a fillet of veal and ham, a turkey and sausages, lots of mince pies, a goose and apple sarce, carrots, turnips, taters, sparrows, and every other delicacy in season; and if they can't manage to make a decent supper off that, why, it will be a strange thing to me."

"It will be strange," observed the Captain. "I should say that they have not had such a supper lately."

"Is there anything else besides that you think we ought to have? Because if there is, you know, Captain we'll have it."

"No; I am really unable to suggest anything else. Your arrangements appear to be excellent. You must have enough porter."

"Oh! they shall have lots of that. But what time do you think they'll be here?"

"Why, I should say that they'll begin to arrive about nine."

"That will do nicely. Oh! won't the Earl be surprised! But you'll excuse me, I know, for I've got a world of business in hand; but if you should think of anything more in the meantime, please tell me."

The Captain promised faithfully to do so, and Mrs. Gills went about her business.

In less than an hour after that, however, certain of the noble Earl's family called, and on being informed that he was then out of town, the Marchioness, being resolved to have her matter explained, sent her card at once up to the Countess.

On receiving this card, the Countess almost fainted. "Oh, ma!" she cried tremulously, "I never can go down; I should drop."

"Rubbish, my precious!" exclaimed her mamma. "Why, what have you to fear? She won't eat you. Besides, you're every bit as good as her."

"Oh! I saw her get out of her carriage. The very look of her was enough. She's such a lady!—oh!"

"Well, my love, and ain't you a lady? And can't you get out of your carriage? I'll go down myself and see her."

"Do, ma, pray do."

"Oh! if she thinks to come any of her stuck-up fine ways over me, she'll find I can give her as good as she sends. I ain't to be frightened—do n't think it."

Whereupon she adjusted her comprehensive cap, which was richly embellished with roses and lilies, and having completely satisfied herself that she could look fiercely if occasion should demand a look of fierceness, she tossed her head proudly, and descended.

"The Countess of Clarendale," observed the Marchioness, who was certainly a most majestic woman, "is the lady whom I am anxious to see."

"The Countess," returned Mrs. Gills, who tried very laudably to look as tall as possible. "The Countess is rather poorly; but I am her mother!"

This announcement had the effect of almost stunning the Marchioness, who drew back a trifle, and looked at Mrs. Gills with the most intense earnestness of which she was capable; while two of her sons, by whom she was accompanied, seemed ready to burst into a roar, they enjoyed the thing so highly.

"It is really very strange," said the Marchioness, on recovering herself somewhat, "that I should not have even heard of my son's marriage until this morning."

"Well, it is odd he did n't let you know."

"At what church were they married?"

"Oh! it was done here, by special licence!"

"Indeed! Can I not have the pleasure of seeing the Countess?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go and fetch her; but she's such a timid thing, you do n't know."

"Well, this is a start!" exclaimed one of the sons, as Mrs. Gills quitted the room.

"He's not married!" cried the other. "He's not such a fool."

"I only hope to Heaven that he is not!" exclaimed the Marchioness. "But you hear what she says!"

"Oh, I don't care what she says. Depend upon it they are not married. But I long to see what sort of a creature she is. If she be anything like her mamma, she's a beauty!"

While they were thus engaged, Mrs. Gills was endeavoring to prevail upon her precious to "come down, and make no bones at all about the matter;" but the Countess was still extremely tremulous.

"Oh! ma," she cried, "I'm fit to faint."

"The ideor!" exclaimed Mrs. Gills. "As if you expected she'd gobble you up! I never see such a thing! Pluck up your spirits, and bemean yourself like a Countess as you are."

"Oh! but I feel so frightened, ma."

"What are you got to be frightened on? I'm shocked at you. Why ain't I frightened? A mere common paltry servant would have more spirit. You do n't look as if you belonged to the nobility at all!"

"But I can't help it, ma."

"Exorbitant!—do n't tell me! You should have a little more aristocracy about you! Come, come my precious; come, take them there knots out of your hankecher, and come down without any more affected ways."

"I can't, ma: no, indeed, I can't."

"You provoke me! I shall never make anything on you. What, is she any more than you are? She's only a lady of title like yourself! I never heered tell of such a thing! I'm ashamed of you, reely."

And having delivered herself to this effect, she again with due boldness descended alone.

"My daughter, the Countess, says as you must excuse her," she observed as she hastily re-entered the room. "She do n't feel at all the thing this morning. At any time you like to come she'd be happy."

Well! The Marchioness could do no more. She could not insist upon seeing her, certainly, although she much wished to arrive at the truth; and therefore feeling it to be useless to press the point then, she rose, and without any unnecessary ceremony, left the house, intimating that she was not by any means satisfied, and that she felt herself bound to see into the matter further.

As the *soirée* had been fixed to come off on the morrow, the Captain wrote to the Earl by that night's post, to inform him that his presence in town at a certain hour was absolutely indispensable; and, as he made it appear that this special command had been prompted by something connected with the speculation, that noble person duly arrived, and found his partners pretending—in order that there might be a sufficient excuse for the summons—to be deeply engaged in a discussion having reference to the propriety of continuing the scheme.

In this really animated discussion the noble Earl entered with spirit, with a view of proving the advantages which would as a matter of necessity spring from the very fact of putting down ten thousand pounds more; as it was then but eight o'clock, the discussion was kept up with warmth until nine, at which hour the company began to arrive.

The professional people came first, and were received by the Countess and her mamma with unexampled condescension; but as the rattling of carriages continued, the Earl suddenly inquired if they knew what it meant?

"Oh! yes," replied the Captain. "The Countess gives a *soirée musicale*!"

"A *soirée devit*!" exclaimed the noble Earl: and starting up in a rage, he rushed from the room amidst loud peals of laughter.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, on reaching the brilliantly illuminated *salon*, in which the Countess and Mrs. Gills—dressed in all conceivable colors, and further embellished, in order to look sweetly pretty, with a greater variety of artificial flowers than ever adorned the active person of a sweep on May-day—were entertaining the professional people with characteristic dignity and grace—"what, I ask, is the meaning of it all?"

"My noble lord," replied the Countess, "we are only going to have a little party!"

"A little party! Are you mad?"

"But it's the Countess's own party!" interrupted Mrs. Gills.

"I'll have no parties!" thundered forth the Earl.

"Why did you not let me know of it, madam?"

"We thought it would be an agreeable surprise!"

"Tom!" cried the Earl, calling loudly to the porter. "Do you hear? Lock that door! Open it to no one! Not another soul shall enter to-night. What persons are these?" he added, turning to the Countess with a look which made her tremble.

"They are the singers, my lord."

"Dismiss them! I'll not have them here: they're not wanted."

Whereupon he returned to his associates, who were all extremely merry, and demanded of them why they had not informed him of the issue of the cards for the *soirée musicale*?

"We thought it by far too good a joke," was the reply. "A joke!" exclaimed the Earl. "It may be a joke to you, gentlemen; but look at the position in which it places me! Tom!" he added, calling again to the porter, as the knocking at the door became tremendous. "Never mind their knocking! If you let another person in I'll strangle you. Are those people gone?"

"No, my lord."

"Turn them out! Why do they remain?"

The reason soon appeared. They had resolved not to leave the house without being paid; and no sooner was the Earl informed of this, than he rushed fiercely up to them again, with a forcible ejection in view.

"I'll hear nothing of your demands," said he, "to-night. I insist upon your leaving instantly. If you remain another moment you will draw upon yourselves consequences which may not be pleasing."

Several of the professional gentlemen here endeavored to reason with him on the subject, but he would not hear a word, and exhibited such excessive violence that they eventually deemed it expedient to depart.

He saw them out, while Tom kept on guard, and then closed the door on them himself. But the knocking still continued, for the street was full of carriages, and the whole neighborhood seemed to be in a state of commotion.

"Wrench off that knocker," he cried, "and then write upon the door."

"What, my lord?"

"Gone to the devil!—to let!—anything!—run away!—no matter what!"

Tom mixed up some whitening with great expedition, and while the enraged Earl himself kept guard, he wrenched off the knocker, and marked upon the door in legible characters, "TO LET. GONE AWAY."

"Now," said the Earl, "let them thunder if they can. Snap that bell-wire—snap it at once! I charge you, Tom, not to let another soul in to-night." And having given this charge with violent emphasis, he quitted the house, leaving the Countess and her mamma sobbing over each other like children, while the Captain and his band were enjoying themselves highly, and making a *soirée musicale* of it, occasionally looking out upon the long row of carriages which continued to arrive and to depart with their loads until past one o'clock in the morning.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Dolly Varden's pretty little head was yet bewildered by various recollections of the party, and her bright eyes were yet dazzled by a crowd of images, dancing before them like motes in the sunbeams, among which the effigy of one partner in particular did especially figure, the same being a young coachmaker (a master in his own right) who had given her to understand, when he handed her into the chair at parting, that it was his fixed resolve to neglect his business from that time, and die slowly for the love of her—Dolly's head, and eyes, and thoughts, and seven senses, were all in a state of flutter and confusion for which the party was accountable, although it was now three days old, when, as she was sitting listlessly at breakfast, reading all manner of fortunes (that is to say, of married and flourishing fortunes) in the grounds of her teacup, a step was heard in the workshop, and Mr. Edward Chester was descried through the glass door, standing among the rusty locks and keys, like love among the roses—for which apt comparison the historian may by no means take any credit to himself, the same being the invention, in a sentimental mood, of the chaste and modest Miggs, who, beholding him from the doorsteps she was then cleaning, did, in her maiden meditation, give utterance to the simile.

The locksmith, who happened at the moment to have his eyes thrown upward and his head backward, in an intense communion with Toby, did not see his visitor, until Mrs. Varden, more watchful than the rest, had desired Sim Tappertit to open the glass door and give him admission—from which untoward circumstance the good lady argued (for she could deduce a most precious moral from the most trifling event) that to take a draught of small ale in the morning was to observe a pernicious, irreligious, and Pagan custom, the relish whereof should be left to swine, and Satan, or at least to Popish persons, and should be shunned by the righteous as a work of sin and evil. She would no doubt have pursued her admonition much farther, and would have founded on it a long list of precious precepts of inestimable value, but that the young gentleman standing by in a somewhat uncomfortable and discomfited manner while she read her spouse this lecture, occasioned her to bring it to a permanent conclusion.

"I'm sure you'll excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Varden, rising and curtseying. "Varden is so very thoughtless, and needs so much reminding—Sim, bring a chair here."

Mr. Tappertit obeyed, with a flourish implying that he did so, under protest.

"And you can go, Sim," said the locksmith.

Mr. Tappertit obeyed again, still under protest; and betaking himself to the workshop, began seriously to fear that he might find it necessary to poison his master, before his time was out.

In the meantime, Edward returned suitable replies to Mrs. Varden's courtesies, and that lady brightened up very much; so that when he accepted a dish of tea from the fair hands of Dolly, she was perfectly agreeable.

"I am sure if there's anything we can do—Varden, or I, or Dolly either—to serve you, sir, at any time, you have only to say it, and it shall be done," said Mrs. V.

"I am obliged to you, I am sure," returned Edward. "You encourage me to say that I have come here now to beg your good offices."

Mrs. Varden was delighted beyond measure.

"It occurred to me that probably your fair daughter might be going to the Warren, either to-day or to-morrow," said Edward, glancing at Dolly; "and if so, and you will allow her to take charge of this letter, Ma'am, you will oblige me more than I can tell you. The truth is, that while I am very anxious it should reach its destination, I have particular reasons for not trusting it to any other conveyance; so that without your help, I am wholly at a loss."

"She was not going that way, sir, either to-day or to-morrow, nor indeed all next week," the lady graciously rejoined, "but we shall be very glad to put ourselves out of the way on your account, and if you wish it, you may depend on its going to-day. You might suppose," said Mrs. Varden, frowning at her husband, "from Varden's sitting there so glum and silent, that he objected to this arrangement; but you must not mind that, sir, if you please. It's his way at home. Out of doors he can be cheerful and talkative enough."

Now, the fact was, that the unfortunate locksmith, blessing his stars to find his helpmate in such good humor, had been sitting with a beaming face, hearing this discourse with a joy past all expression. Wherefore this sudden attack quite took him by surprise.

"My dear Martha—" he said.

"Oh yes, I dare say," interrupted Mrs. Varden, with a smile of mingled scorn and pleasantry. "Very dear; We all know that."

"No, but my good soul," said Gabriel, "you are quite mistaken. You are, indeed. I was delighted to find you so kind and ready. I waited, my dear, anxiously, I assure you, to hear what you would say."

"You waited anxiously," repeated Mrs. V. "Yes! Thank you, Varden. You waited, as you always do, that I might bear the blame, if any came of it. But I am used to it," said the lady, with a kind of solemn titter, "and hat's my comfort!"

"I give you my word, Martha—" said Gabriel.

"Let me give you my word, my dear," interposed his wife with a christian smile, "that such discussions as these between married people, are much better left alone. Therefore, if you please, Varden, we'll drop the subject. I have no wish to pursue it. I could—I might say a great deal. But I would rather not. Pray don't say any more."

"I don't want to say any more," rejoined the goaded locksmith.

"Well then, do n't," said Mrs. Varden.

"Nor did I begin it, Martha," added the locksmith, good humoredly, "I must say that."

"You did not begin it, Varden!" exclaimed his wife, opening her eyes wide and looking round upon the company, as though she would say, you hear this man! "You did not begin it, Varden! But you shall not say I was out of temper. No, you did not begin it, oh dear no, not you, my dear!"

"Well, well," said the locksmith. "That's settled then."

"Oh yes," rejoined his wife, "quite. If you like to say Dolly began it, my dear, I shall not contradict you. I know my duty. I need know it, I am sure. I am often obliged to bear it in mind, when my inclination perhaps would be for the moment to forget it. Thank you, Varden." And so, with a mighty show of humility and forgiveness, she folded her hands, and looked round again, with a smile which plainly said "If you desire to see the first and foremost among female martyrs, here she is, in view!"

This little incident, illustrative though it was of Mrs. Varden's extraordinary sweetness and amiability, had so strong a tendency to check the conversation and to disconcert all parties but that excellent lady, that only a few monosyllables were uttered until Edward withdrew; which he presently did, thanking the lady of the house a great many times for her condescension, and whispering in Dolly's ear that he would call on the morrow, in case there should happen to be an answer to the note—which, indeed, she knew without his telling, as Barnaby and his friend Grip had dropped in on the previous night to prepare her for the visit which was then terminating.

Gabriel, who had attended Edward to the door, came back with his hands in his pockets; and, after fidgeting about the room in a very uneasy manner, and casting a great many sidelong looks at Mrs. Varden (who with the calmest countenance in the world was five fathoms deep in the Protestant Manual), inquired of Dolly how she meant to go. Dolly supposed by the stage-coach, and looked at her lady mother, who finding herself silently appealed to, dived down at least another fathom into the Manual, and became unconscious of all earthly things.

"Martha—" said the locksmith.

"I hear you, Varden," said his wife, without rising to the surface.

"I am sorry, my dear, you have such an objection to the Maypole and old John, for otherways as it's a very fine morning, and Saturday's not a busy day with us, we might have all three gone to Chigwell in the chaise, and had quite a happy day of it."

Mrs. Varden immediately closed the Manual, and bursting into tears, requested to be led up stairs.

"What is the matter now, Martha?" inquired the locksmith.

To which Martha rejoined "Oh! do n't speak to me," and protested in agony, that if anybody had told her so, she would n't have believed it.

"But Martha," said Gabriel, putting himself in the way as she was moving off with the aid of Dolly's shoulder, "would n't have believed what? Tell me what's wrong now. Do tell me. Upon my soul I don't know. Do you know, child? Damme!" cried the locksmith, plucking at his wig in a kind of frenzy, "nobody does know, I verily believe, but Miggs!"

"Miggs," said Mrs. Varden faintly, and with symptoms of approaching incoherence, "is attached to me, and that is sufficient to draw down hatred upon her in this house. She is a comfort to me, whatever she may be to others."

"She's no comfort to me," cried Gabriel, made bold by despair. "She's the misery of my life. She's all the plagues of Egypt in one."

"She's considered so, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Varden. "I was prepared for that; it's natural; its of a

piece with the rest. When you taunt me as you do to my face, how can I wonder that you taunt her behind her back!" And here the incoherence coming on very strong, Mrs. Varden wept, and laughed, and sobbed, and shivered, and hiccupped, and choked; and said she knew it was very foolish but she could n't help it; and that when she was dead and gone, perhaps they would be sorry for it—which really under the circumstances did not appear quite so probable as she seemed to think—with a great deal more to the same effect. In a word, she passed with great decency through all the ceremonies incidental to such occasions; and being supported up-stairs, was deposited in a highly spasmodic state on her own bed, where Miss Miggs shortly afterwards flung herself upon the body.

The philosophy of all this was, that Mrs. Varden wanted to go to Chigwell; that she did not want to make any concession or explanation; that she would only go on being implored and entreated so to do; and that she would accept no other terms. Accordingly, after a vast amount of moaning and crying up-stairs, and much damping of foreheads, and vinegaring of temples, and hartshorning of noses, and so forth; and after most pathetic adjurations from Miggs, assisted by warm brandy-and-water not over-weak, and divers other cordials, also of a stimulating quality, administered at first in tea-spoonsful and afterwards in increasing doses, and of which Miss Miggs herself partook as a preventive measure (for fainting is infectious;) after all these remedies, and many more too numerous to mention, but not to take, had been applied; and many verbal consolations, moral, religious, and miscellaneous, had been superadded thereto; the locksmith humbled himself, and the end was gained.

"If it's only for the sake of peace and quietness, father," said Dolly, urging him to go up-stairs.

"Oh, Doll, Doll," said her good-natured father. "If you ever have a husband of your own—"

Dolly glanced at the glass.

"—Well, when you have," said the locksmith, "never faint, my darling. More domestic unhappiness has come of easy fainting, Doll, than from all the greater passions put together. Remember that, my dear, if you would be really happy, which you never can be, if your husband is n't. And a word in your ear, my precious. Never have a Miggs about you!"

With this advice he kissed his blooming daughter on the cheek, and slowly repaired to Mrs. Varden's room; where that lady, lying all pale and languid on her couch, was refreshing herself with a sight of her last new bonnet, which Miggs, as a means of calming her scattered spirits, displayed to the best advantage at her bedside.

"Here's master, mim," said Miggs. "Oh, what a happiness it is when man and wife come round again! Oh, gracious, to think that him and her should ever have a word together!" In the energy of these sentiments, which were uttered as an apostrophe to the Heavens in general, Miss Miggs perched the bonnet on the top of her own head, and folding her hands, turned on her tears.

"I can't help it," cried Miggs. "I could n't, if I was to be drowned in 'em. She has such a forgiving spirit! She'll forget all that has passed, and go along with you, sir—Oh, if it was to the world's end, she'd go along with you."

Mrs. Varden with a faint smile gently reproved her attendant for this enthusiasm, and reminded her at the same time that she was too far unwell to venture out that day.

"Oh no, you're not, mim, indeed you're not," said Miggs; "I repeat to master; master knows you're not, mim. The hair, and motion of the shay, will do you good, mim, and you must not give way, you must rally. She must keep up must n't she, sir, for all our sakes? I was a telling her that, just now. She must remember us, even if she forgets herself. Master will persuade you, mim, I'm sure. There's Miss Dolly's a going, you know, and master, and you, and all so happy and so comfortable. Oh!" cried Miggs, turning on the tears again, previous to quitting the room in great emotion, "I never see such a blessed one as she is for the forgiveness of her spirit, I never, never, never did. Nor more did master neither; no, nor no one—never!"

For five minutes or thereabouts, Mrs. Varden remained mildly opposed to all her husband's prayers that she would oblige him by taking a day's pleasure, but relenting at length, she suffered herself to be persuaded, and granting him her free forgiveness (the merit whereof, she meekly said, rested with the Manual and not with her,) desired that Miggs might come and help her dress. The handmaid attended promptly, and it is but justice to their joint exertions to record that, when the good lady came down stairs in course of time, completely decked out for their journey, she really looked as if nothing had happened, and appeared in the very best health imaginable.

As to Dolly, there she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-colored mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood, a little straw hat trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side—just enough in short to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised. And not to speak of the manner in which these cherry-colored decorations brightened her eyes, or vied with her lips, or shed a new bloom on her face, she wore such a cruel little muff, and such a heart-rending pair of shoes, and was so surrounded and hemmed in, as it were, by aggravations, that when Mr. Tappertit, holding the horse's head, saw her come out of the house alone, that such impulses came over him to decoy her into the chaise and drive off like mad, that he would unquestionably have done it, but for certain uneasy doubts besetting him as to the shortest way to Gretna Green; whether it was up the street or down, or up the right-hand turning or the left; and whether, supposing all the turnpikes to be carried by storm, the blacksmith in the end would marry them on credit; which by reason of his clerical office appeared, even to his excited imagination, so unlikely, that he hesitated. And while he stood hesitating, and looking post-chaises and six at Dolly, out came his master and his mistress, and the constant Miggs, and the opportunity was gone for ever. For now the chaise creaked upon its springs, and Mrs. Varden was inside; and now it creaked again, and more than ever, and the locksmith was inside; and now it bounded once, as if its heart beat lightly, and Dolly was inside; and now it was gone and its place was empty, and he and that dreary Miggs were standing in the street together.



The hearty locksmith was in as good humor as if nothing had occurred for the last twelve months to put him out of his way. Dolly was all smiles and graces, and Mrs. Varden was agreeable beyond all precedent. As they jogged through the streets talking of this thing and of that, who should be descried upon the pavement but that very coach-maker, looking so genteel that nobody would have believed he had every thing to do with a coach but riding in it, and bowing like any nobleman. To be sure Dolly was confused when she bowed again, and to be sure the cherry-colored ribbons trembled a little when she met his mournful eye, which seemed to say, "I have kept my word, I have begun, the business is going to the devil, and you're the cause of it." There he stood, rooted to the ground: as Dolly said, like a statue; and as Mrs. Varden said, like a pump; till they turned the corner: and when her father thought it was like his impudence, and her mother wondered what he meant by it, Dolly blushed again till her very hood was pale.

But on they went, not less the merrily for this, and there was the locksmith in the incautious fulness of his heart "pulling up" at all manner of places, and evincing a most intimate acquaintance with all the taverns on the road, and all the landlords and all the landladies, with whom, indeed, the little horse was on equally friendly terms, for he kept on stopping of his own accord. Never were people so glad to see other people as these landlords and landladies were to behold Mr. and Mrs. Varden and Miss Varden, and would not they get out, said one; and they really must walk up stairs; said another, and she would take it ill and be quite certain they were proud if they would not have a little taste of something, said a third; and so on, that it really was quite a Progress rather than a ride, and one continued scene of hospitality from beginning to end. It was pleasant enough to be held in such esteem, not to mention the refreshments; so Mrs. Varden said nothing at the time, and what all affability and delight—but such a body of evidence as she collected against the unfortunate locksmith that day, to be used thereafter as occasion might require, never got together for matrimonial purposes.

In course of time—and in a course of a pretty long time too, for these agreeable interruptions delayed them not a little,—they arrived upon the skirts of the Forest, and riding pleasantly on among the trees, came at last to the Maypole, where the locksmith's cheerful "Yoho!" speedily brought to the porch old John, and after him young Joe, both of whom were so transfixed at sight of the ladies, that for a moment they were perfectly unable to give them any welcome, and could do nothing but stare.

It was only for a moment, however, that Joe forgot himself, for speedily reviving he thrust his drowsy father aside—to Mr. Willit's mighty and inexpressible indignation—and darting out, stood ready to help them to alight. It was necessary for Dolly to get out first. Joe had her in his arms;—yes, though for a space of time no longer than you could count one in, Joe had her in his arms. Here was a glimpse of happiness!

It would be difficult to describe what a flat and commonplace affair the helping Mrs. Varden out afterwards was, but Joe did it, and did it too, with the best grace in the world. Then old Joe, who entertaining a dull and foggy sort of idea that Mrs. Varden wasn't fond of him, had been in some doubt whether she might not have come for purposes of assault and battery, took courage, hoped she was well, and offered to conduct her into the house. This tender being amicably received, they marched in together; Joe and Dolly followed, arm-in-arm, (happiness again!) and Varden brought up the rear.

Old John would have it that they must sit in the bar, and nobody objecting, into the bar they went. All bars are snug places, but the Maypole's was the very snugest, coziest, and completest bar, that ever the wit of man devised. Such amazing bottles in old oaken pigeon-holes; such gleaming tankards dangling from pegs at about the same inclination as thirsty men would hold them to their lips; such sturdy little Dutch kegs ranged in rows on shelves; so many lemons hanging on separate nets, and forming the fragrant grove already mentioned in this chronicle, suggestive, with goodly loaves of snowy sugar stewed away hard by, of punch, idealised beyond all mortal knowledge; such closets, such presses, such drawers full of pipes, such places for putting things away in hollow window-seats, all crammed to the throats with eatables, drinkables, or savory condiments; lastly, and to crown all, as typical of the immense resources of the establishment, and its defiance to all visitors to cut and come again, a stupendous cheese!

It is a poor heart that never rejoices—it must have been the poorest, weakest, and most watery heart that ever beat, which would not have warmed towards the Maypole bar. Mrs. Varden's did directly. She could have no more reproached John Willit among those household gods, the kegs and bottles, lemons, pipes, and cheese, than she could have stabbed him with his own bright carving-knife. The order for dinner too—it might have soothed a savage. "A bit of fish," said John to the cook, "and some lamb chops (breaded, with plenty of ketchup), and a good salad, and a roast spring chicken, with a dish of sausages and mashed potatoes, or something of that sort." Something of that sort! The resources of these inns! To talk carelessly about dishes, which in themselves were a first-rate holiday kind of dinner, suitable to one's wedding day, or something of that sort: meaning, if you can't get a spring chicken, any other trifle in the way of poultry will do—such as a Peacock, perhaps! The kitchen too, with its great broad cavernous chimney; the kitchen, where nothing in the way of cookery seemed impossible; where you could believe in anything to eat, they chose to tell you of. Mrs. Varden returned from the contemplation of those wonders to the bar again, with a head quite dizzy and bewildered. She was obliged to go to sleep. Waking was pain, in the midst of such immensity.

Dolly in the meanwhile, whose gay heart and head ran upon other matters, passed out at the garden door, and glancing back now and then (but of course not wondering whether Joe saw her), tripped away by a path across the fields with which she was well acquainted, to discharge her mission at the Warren; and this deponent hath been informed and verily believes, that you might have seen many less pleasant objects than the cherry-coloured mantle and ribbons, as they went fluttering along the green meadows in the bright light of the day, like giddy things as they were.

## CHAPTER XX.

The proud consciousness of her trust, and the great importance she derived from it, might have advertised it to all the house if she had had to run the gauntlet of its inhabitants; but as Dolly had played in every dull room and passage many and many a time, when a child, and had ever since been the humble friend of Miss Haredale, whose foster-sister she was, and she was as free of the building as the young lady herself. So using no greater precaution than holding her breath and walking on tiptoe as she passed the library door, she went straight to Emma's room as a privileged visitor.

It was the liveliest room in the building. The chamber was sombre like the rest for the matter of that, but the presence of youth and beauty would make a prison cheerful (saving alas! that confinement withers them), and lend some charms of their own to the gloomiest scene. Birds, flowers, books, drawing, music, and a hundred such graceful tokens of feminine loves and cares, filled it with more of life and human sympathy than the whole house besides seemed to be made to hold. There was heart in the room; and who that was a heart, ever fails to recognize the silent presence of another!

Dolly had one undoubtedly, and it was not a tough one either, though there was a little mist of coquettishness about it, such as sometimes surrounds that sun of life in its morning, and slightly dims its lustre. Thus, when Emma rose to greet her, and kissing her affectionately on the cheek, told her, in her quiet way, that she had been very unhappy, the tears stood in Dolly's eyes, and she felt more sorry than she could tell; but next moment she happened to raise them to the glass, and really there was something there so exceedingly agreeable, that as she sighed, she smiled, and felt surprisingly consoled.

"I have heard about it Miss," said Dolly, "and it's very sad indeed, but when things are at the worst they are sure to mend."

"But are you sure they are at the worst?" asked Emma with a smile.

"Why, I do not see how they can very well be more unpromising than they are; I really do not," said Dolly, "And I bring something to begin with."

"Not from Edward?"

Dolly nodded and smiled, and feeling in her pockets, (there were pockets in those days) with an affection of not being able to find what she wanted, which greatly enhanced her importance, at length produced the letter. As Emma hastily broke the seal and became absorbed in its contents, Dolly's eyes, by one of those strange accidents for which there is no accounting, wandered to the glass again. She could not help wondering whether the coachmaker suffered very much, and quite pitied the poor man.

It was a long letter—a very long letter, written close on all four sides of the sheet of paper, and crossed afterwards; but it was not a consolatory letter, for as Emma read it she stopped from time to time to put her handkerchief to her eyes. To be sure Dolly marvelled greatly to see her in so much distress, for to her thinking a love affair ought to be one of the best jokes, and the slyest, merriest kind of thing in life. But she set it down in her own mind that all this came from Miss Haredale's being so constant, and that if she would only take on with some other young gentleman—just in the most innocent way possible, to keep her first lover up to the mark—she would find herself inexpressibly comforted.

"I am sure that's what I should do if it was me," thought Dolly. "To make one's sweethearts miserable is well enough and quite right, but to be made miserable one's self is a little too much!"

However it would not do to say so, and therefore she sat looking on in silence. She needed a pretty considerable stretch of patience, for when the long letter had been read once all through it was read again, and when it had been read twice all through it was read again. During this tedious process, Dolly beguiled the time in the most improving manner that occurred to her, by curling her hair on her fingers, with the aid of the looking-glass, before mentioned, and giving it some killing twists.

Every thing has an end. Even young ladies in love cannot read their letters for ever. In course of time the packet was folded up, and it only remained to write the answer.

But as this promised to be a work of time likewise, Emma said she would put it off until after dinner, and that Dolly must dine with her. As Dolly had made up her mind to do so beforehand, she required very little pressing; and when they had settled this point, they went to walk in the garden.

They strolled up and down the terrace walks, talking incessantly—at least, Dolly never left off once—and making that quarter of the sad and mournful house quite gay. Not that they talked loudly or laughed much, but they were both so very handsome, and it was such a breezy day, and their light dresses and dark curls appeared so free and joyous in their abandonment, and Emma was so fair, and Dolly so rosy, and Emma so delicately shaped, and Dolly so plump, and—in short, there are no flowers for any garden like such flowers, let horticulturists say what they may, and both house and garden seemed to know it, and to brighten up sensibly.

After this, came the dinner and the letter writing, and some more talking, in the course of which Miss Haredale took occasion to charge upon Dolly certain flirtish and inconstant propensities, which accusations Dolly seemed to think very complimentary indeed, and to be mightily amused with. Finding her quite incorrigible in this respect, Emma suffered her to depart; but not before she had confided to her that important and never-sufficiently-to-be-taken-care-of answer, and endowed her, moreover, with a pretty little bracelet as a keepsake. Having clasped it on her arm, and again advised her half in jest and half in earnest to amend her roguish ways, for she knew she was fond of Joe at heart (which Dolly stoutly denied, with a great many haughty protestations that she hoped she could do better than that indeed! and so forth,) she bade her farewell; and after calling her back to give her more supplementary messages for Edward, than any body with tenfold the gravity of Dolly Varden could be reasonably expected to remember, at length dismissed her.

Dolly bade her good by, and tripping lightly down the stairs arrived at the dreaded library door, and was about to pass it again on tiptoe, when it opened, and behold! there

stood Mr. Haredale. Now, Dolly from her childhood associated with this gentleman the idea of something grim and ghastly, and being at the moment conscience-stricken besides, the sight of him threw her into such a flurry that she could neither acknowledge his presence or run away, so she gave a great start, and then with downcast eyes stood still and trembled.

"Come here, girl," said Mr. Haredale, taking her by the hand. "I want to speak to you."

"If you please sir, I'm in a hurry," faltered Dolly, "and—and you have frightened me by coming so suddenly upon me sir—I would rather go sir, if you'll be so good as to let me."

"Immediately," said Mr. Haredale, who had by this time led her into the room and closed the door. "You shall go directly. You have just left Emma?"

"Yes sir, just this minute.—Father's waiting for me, if you'll please to have the goodness—"

"I know I know," said Haredale. Answer me a question. What did you bring here to-day?"

"Bring here, sir?" faltered Dolly.

Dolly hesitated for a little while, and somewhat emboldened by his manner, said at last, "Well then sir. It was a letter."

"From Mr. Edward Chester, of course. And you are the bearer of the answer?"

Dolly hesitated again, and not being able to decide upon any other course of action, burst into tears.

"You alarm yourself without cause," said Mr. Haredale. "Why are you so foolish? Surely you can answer me. You know that I have but to put the question to Emma and learn the truth directly. Have you the answer with you?"

Dolly had what is popularly called a spirit of her own, and being now fairly at bay, made the best of it.

"Yes sir," she rejoined, trembling and frightened as she was "Yes sir, I have. You may kill me if you please sir, but I won't give it up. I'm very sorry,—but I won't. There sir."

"I commend your firmness, and your plain-speaking," said Mr. Haredale. "Rest assured that I have as little desire to take your letter as your life. You are a very discreet messenger, and a good girl."

Not feeling quite certain, as she afterwards said, whether he might not be "coming over her" with these compliments, Dolly kept as far from him as she could, cried again, and resolved to defend her pocket (for the letter was there) to the last extremity.

"I have some design," said Mr. Haredale after a short silence, during which a smile, as he regarded her, had struggled through the gloom and melancholy that was natural to his face, "of providing a companion for my niece; for her life is a very lonely one. Would you like the office? You are the oldest friend she has, and the best entitled to it."

"I don't know sir," answered Dolly, not sure but he was bantering her; "I can't say. I don't know what they might want at home, I couldn't give an opinion sir."

"If your friends had no objection, would you have any?" said Mr. Haredale. "Come. There's a plain question; and easy to answer."

"None at all that I know of sir," replied Dolly. "I should be very glad to be near Miss Emma of course, and always am."

"That's well," said Mr. Haredale. "That is all I had to say. You are anxious to go. Don't let me detain you."

Dolly didn't let him, nor did she wait for him to try, for the words had no sooner passed his lips than she was out of the room, out of the house, and in the fields again.

The first thing to be done, of course, when she came to herself and considered what a flurry she had been in, was to cry afresh; and the next thing, when she reflected how well she had got over it, was to laugh heartily. The tears once banished gave place to the smiles, and last Dolly laughed so much that she was fain to lean against a tree, and give vent to her exaltation. When she could laugh no longer, and was quite tired, she put her head-dress to rights, dried her eyes, looked back very merrily and triumphantly at the Warren chimneys, which were just visible, and resumed her walk.

The twilight had come on, and it was quickly growing dusk, but the path was so familiar to her from frequent traversing that she hardly thought of this, and certainly felt no uneasiness at being left alone. Moreover there was the bracelet to admire; and when she had given it a good rub, and held it out at arm's length, it sparkled and glittered so beautifully on her wrist, that to look at it in every point of view and with every possible turn of the arm, was quite an absorbing business. There was the letter, too, and it looked so mysterious and knowing, when she took it out of her pocket, and it held, as she knew, so much inside, that to turn it over and over, and think about it, and wonder how it began, and how it ended, and what it said all through, was another matter of constant occupation. Between the bracelet and the letter, there was quite enough to do without thinking of anything else; and admiring each by turns, Dolly went on gaily.

As she passed through a wicket gate to where the path was narrow, and lay between two hedges garnished here and there with trees, she heard a rustling close at hand, which brought her to a sudden stop. She listened. All was very quiet, and she went on again—not absolutely frightened, but a little quicker than before perhaps, and possibly not quite so much at her ease, for a check of that kind is startling.

She had no sooner moved on again, than she was conscious of the same sound, which was like that of a person trampling stealthily among bushes and brushwood. Looking towards the spot whence it appeared to come, she almost fancied she could make out a crouching figure. She stopped again. All was quiet as before. On she went—decidedly faster now—and tried to sing softly to herself. It must be the wind.

But how came the wind to blow only when she walked, and cease when she stood still? She stopped involuntarily as she made the reflection, and the rustling noise stopped likewise. She was really frightened now, and was yet hesitating what to do, when the bushes crackled and snapped, and a man came plunging through them, close before her.

## CHAPTER XXI.

It was for the moment an inexpressible relief to Dolly, to recognise in the person who forced himself into the path so abruptly, and now stood directly in her way, Hugh of

the Maypole, whose name she uttered in a tone of delighted surprise that came from her heart.

"Was it you?" she said, "how glad I am to see you! and how could you terrify me so?"

In answer to which, he said nothing at all, but stood quite still, looking at her.

"Did you come to meet me?" asked Dolly.

Hugh nodded, and muttered something to the effect that he had been waiting for her, and had expected her sooner.

"I thought it likely they would send," said Dolly, greatly reassured by this.

"Nobody sent me," was his sullen answer. "I came of my own accord."

The rough bearing of this fellow, and his wild uncouth appearance, had often filled the girl with vague apprehension even when other people were by, and had occasioned her to shrink from him involuntarily. The having him for an unbidden companion in so solitary a place, with the darkness fast gathering about them, renewed and even increased the alarm she had felt at first.

If his manner had been merely dogged and passively fierce, as usual, she would have had no greater dislike to his company than she always felt—perhaps, indeed, would have been rather glad to have had him at hand. But there was something of coarse bold admiration in his look, which terrified her very much. She glanced timidly towards him, uncertain whether to go forward or retreat, and he stood gazing at her like a handsome satyr; and so they remained for some short time without stirring or breaking silence. At length Dolly took courage, shot past him, and hurried on.

"Why do you spend so much breath in avoiding me?" said Hugh, accommodating his pace to hers, and keeping close at her side.

"I wish to get back as quickly as I can, and you walk too near me," answered Dolly.

"Too near?" said Hugh, stooping over her so that she could feel his breath upon her forehead. "Why too near? You're always proud to me, mistress."

"I am proud to no one. You mistake me," answered Dolly. "Fall back, if you please, or go on."

"Nay mistress," he rejoined, endeavoring to draw her arm through his. "I'll walk with you."

She released herself, and clenching her little hand, struck him with right good will. At this Maypole Hugh burst into a roar of laughter, and passing his arm about her waist, held her in his strong grasp as easily as if she had been a bird.

"Ha ha ha! Well done mistress! Strike again. You shall beat my face, and tear my hair, and pluck my beard up by the roots, and welcome, for the sake of your bright eyes. Strike again mistress. Do. Ha ha ha! I like it."

"Let me go," she cried, endeavoring with both her hands to push him off. "Let me go this moment."

"You had as good be kinder to me, Sweetlips," said Hugh. "You had, indeed. Come. Tell me now. Why are you always so proud? I don't quarrel with you for it. I love you when you're proud. Ha ha ha! You can't hide your beauty from a poor fellow; that's a comfort!"

She gave him no answer, but as he had not yet checked her progress, continued to press forward as rapidly as she could. At length, between the hurry she had made, her terror, and the tightness of his embrace, her strength failed her, and she could go no further.

"Hugh," cried the panting girl, "good Hugh; if you will leave me I will give you anything—everything I have—and never tell one word of this to any living creature."

"You had best not," he answered. "Harkye, little dove, you had best not. All about here know me, and what I dare do if I have a mind. If ever you are going to tell, stop when the words are on your lips, and think of the mischief you'll bring, if you do, upon some innocent heads that you would not wish to hurt a hair of. Bring trouble on me, and I'll bring trouble and something more on them in return. I care no more for them than for so many dogs; not so much—why should I? I'd sooner kill a man than a dog any day. I've never been sorry for a man's death in all my life, and have for a dog's."

There was something so thoroughly savage in the manner of these expressions, and the looks and gestures by which they were accompanied, that her great fear of him gave her new strength, and enabled her by a sudden effort to extricate herself and run fleetly from him. But Hugh was as nimble, strong, and swift of foot, as any man in broad England, and it was but a fruitless expediture of energy, for he had her in his encircling arms again before she had gone a hundred yards.

"Softly, darling—gently—would you fly from rough Hugh, that loves you as well as any drawing-room gallant?"

"I would," she answered, struggling to free herself again.

"I will. Help!"

"A fine for crying out," said Hugh. "Ha, ha, ha! A fine, pretty one, from your lips. I pay myself! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Help! Help!" As she shrieked with the utmost violence she could exert, a shout was heard in answer, and another, and another.

"Thank Heaven!" cried the girl in an ecstasy. "Joe, dear Joe, this way. Help!"

Her assailant paused, and stood irresolute for a moment, but the shouts drawing nearer and coming quick upon them, forced him to a speedy decision. He released her, whispering with a menacing look, "Tell him; and see what follows!" and leaping the hedge, was gone in an instant. Dolly darted off, and fairly ran into Joe Willet's open arms.

"What is the matter? are you hurt? what was it? who was it? where is he? what was he like?" with a great many encouraging expressions and assurances of safety, were the first words Joe poured forth. But poor little Dolly was so breathless and terrified, that for some time she was quite unable to answer him, and hung upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break.

Joe had not the smallest objection to have her hanging on his shoulder; no, not the least, though it crushed the cherry-colored ribbons sadly, and put the smart little hat out of all shape. But he could not bear to see her cry; it went to his very heart. He tried to console her, bent over her—some say kissed her, but that's a fable. At any rate he said all the kind and tender things he could think of, and Dolly let him go on and did not interrupt him once, and it was a good ten minutes before she was able to raise her head and thank him.

"What was it that frightened you?" said Joe.

A man whose person was unknown to her had followed her, she answered; he began by begging, and went on to threats of robbery, which he was on the point of carrying into execution, and would have executed, but for Joe's timely aid. The hesitation and confusion with which she said this, Joe attributed to the fright she had sustained, and no suspicion of the truth occurred to him for a moment.

"Stop when the words are on your lips." A hundred times that night, and very often afterward, when the disclosure was rising to her tongue, Dolly thought of that, and repressed it. A deeply rooted dread of the man; the conviction that his ferocious nature, once roused, would stop at nothing; and the strong assurance that if she impeached him, the full measure of his wrath and vengeance would be wreaked on Joe, who had preserved her; these were considerations she had not the courage to overcome, and inducements for secrecy too powerful for her to surmount.

Joe, for his part, was a great deal too happy to inquire very curiously into the matter; and Dolly being yet too tremulous to walk without assistance, they went forward very slowly, and in his mind very pleasantly, when Dolly stopped suddenly and with a half scream exclaimed,

"The letter!"

"What letter?" cried Joe.

"That I was carrying—I had it in my hand. My bracelet too," she said, clasping her wrist. "I have lost them both."

"Do you mean just now?" said Joe.

"Either I dropped them then, or they were taken from me," answered Dolly, vainly searching her pocket and rustling her dress. "They are gone, both gone. What an unhappy girl I am!" With these words poor Dolly, who to do her justice was quite as sorry for the loss of the letter as for her bracelet, fell a crying again, and bemoaned her fate most movingly.

Joe tried to comfort her with the assurance that directly he had housed her safely in the Maypole, he would return to the spot with a lantern (for it was now quite dark) and make strict search for the missing articles, which there was great probability of his finding, as it was not likely that anybody had passed that way since, and she was not conscious of their having been forcibly taken from her. Dolly thanked him very heartily for his offer, though with no great hope of his quest being successful; and so, with many lamentations on her side, and many hopeful words on his, and much weakness on the part of Dolly and much tender supporting on the part of Joe, they reached the Maypole bar at last, where the locksmith and his wife and old John were yet keeping high festival.

Mr. Willet received the intelligence of Dolly's trouble with that surprising presence of mind and readiness of speech for which he was so eminently distinguished above all other men. Mrs. Varden expressed her sympathy for her daughter's distress by scolding her roundly for being so late; and the honest locksmith divided himself between condoling with and kissing Dolly, and shaking hands heartily with Joe, whom he could not sufficiently praise or thank.

In reference to this latter point, old John was far from agreeing with his friend; for besides that he by no means approved of an adventurous spirit in the abstract, it occurred to him that if his son and heir had been seriously damaged in a scuffle, the consequences would assuredly have been expensive and inconvenient, and might perhaps have proved detrimental to the Maypole business. Wherefore, and because he looked with no favorable eye upon young girls, but rather considered that they and the whole female sex were a kind of nonsensical mistake on the part of Nature, he took occasion to retire and shake his head in private at the boiler; inspired by which silent oracle, he was moved to give Joe various stealthy nudges with his elbow, as a parental reproof and gentle admonition to mind his own business and not make a fool of himself.

Joe, however, took down the lantern and lighted it; and arming himself with a stout stick, asked whether Hugh was in the stable.

"He's lying asleep before the kitchen fire, sir," said Mr. Willet. "What do you want with him?"

"I want him to come with me to look after this bracelet and letter," answered Joe. "Halloa there! Hugh!"

Dolly turned as pale as death, and felt as if she must faint forthwith. After a few moments, Hugh came staggering in, stretching himself and yawning according to custom, and presenting the appearance of having been roused from a sound nap.

"Here, sleepy-head," said Joe, giving him the lantern. "Carry this, and bring the dog, and that small cudgel of yours. And woe betide the fellow if we come upon him."

"What fellow?" growled Hugh, rubbing his eyes and shaking himself.

"What fellow!" returned Joe, who was in a state of great valor and bustle; "a fellow you ought to know of, and be more alive about. It's well for the like of you, lazy giant that you are, to be snoring your time away in chimney-corners, when honest men's daughters can't cross even our quiet meadows at nightfall without being set upon by footpads, and frightened out of their precious lives."

"They never rob me," cried Hugh with a laugh. "I have got nothing to lose. But I'd as lief knock them at head as any other man. How many are there?"

"Only one," said Dolly, for everybody looked at her.

"And what was he like, mistress?" said Hugh with a glance at young Willet, so slight and momentary that the scowl it conveyed was lost on all but her. "About my height?"

"Not—not so tall," Dolly replied, scarce knowing what she said.

"His dress," said Hugh, looking at her keenly, "like—like any of ours now? I know all the people hereabouts, and may be could give a guess at the man, if I had anything to guide me."

Dolly faltered and turned paler yet; then answered that he was wrapped in a loose coat and had his face hidden by a handkerchief, and that she could give no other description of him.

"You wouldn't know him if you saw him then, belike?" said Hugh with a malicious grin.

"I should not," answered Dolly, bursting into tears again. "I don't wish to see him. I can't bear to think of him. I can't talk about him any more. Don't go to look for these things, Mr. Joe, pray don't. I entreat you not to go with that man."

"Not to go with me!" cried Hugh. "I'm enough for

them all. They're all afraid of me. Why, bless you, mistress, I've the tenderest heart alive. I love all the ladies, ma'am," said Hugh, turning to the locksmith's wife.

Mrs. Varden opined that if he did, he ought to be ashamed of himself; such sentiments being more consistent (so she argued) with a benighted Mussulman or wild Islander than with a staunch Protestant. Arguing from this imperfect state of his morals, Mrs. Varden further opined that he had never studied the Manual. Hugh admitting that he never had, and moreover that he couldn't read, Mrs. Varden declared with much severity, that he ought to be even more ashamed of himself than before, and strongly recommended him to save up his pocket money for the purchase of one, and further to teach himself the contents with all convenient diligence. She was still pursuing this train of discourse, when Hugh, somewhat unceremoniously and irreverently, followed his young master out, and left her to edify the rest of the company. This she proceeded to do, and finding that Mr. Willet's eyes were fixed upon her with an appearance of deep attention, gradually addressed the whole of her discourse to him, whom she entertained with a moral and theological lecture of considerable length, in the conviction that great workings were taking place in his spirit. The simple truth was, however, that Mr. Willet, although his eyes were wide open and he saw a woman before him whose head by long and steady looking at seemed to grow bigger and bigger until it filled the whole bar, was to all other intents and purposes fast asleep; and so sat leaning back in his chair with his hands in his pockets until his son's return caused him to wake up with a deep sigh, and a faint impression that he had been dreaming about pickled pork and greens—a vision of his slumbers which was no doubt referable to the circumstance of Mrs. Varden's having frequently pronounced the word "Grace" with much emphasis; which word, entering the portals of Mr. Willet's brain as they stood ajar, and coupling itself with the words "before meat," which were there ranging about, did in time suggest a particular kind of meat together with that description of vegetable which is usually its companion.

The search was wholly unsuccessful. Joe had groped along the path a dozen times, and among the grass, and in the dry ditch, and in the hedge, but all in vain. Dolly, who was quite inconsolable for her loss, wrote a note to Miss Haredale, giving her the same account of it that she had given at the Maypole, which Joe undertook to deliver as soon as the family were stirring next day. That done, they sat down to tea in the bar, where there was an uncommon display of buttered toast, and—in order that they might not grow faint for want of sustenance, and might have a decent halting-place or half-way house between dinner and supper—a few savory trifles in the shape of great rashers of broiled ham, which being well-cured, done to a turn, and smoking hot, sent forth a tempting and delicious fragrance.

Mrs. Varden was seldom very Protestant at meals, unless it happened that they were under-done, or over-done, or indeed that anything occurred to put her out of humor. Her spirits rose considerably on beholding these goodly preparations, and from the nothingness of good works she passed to the somethingness of ham and toast with great cheerfulness. Nay, under the influence of these wholesome stimulants, she sharply reproved her daughter for being low and despondent, (which she considered an unacceptable frame of mind,) and remarked, as she held her own plate for a fresh supply, that it would be well for Dolly, who pined over the loss of a toy and a sheet of paper, if she would reflect upon the voluntary sacrifices of the missionaries in foreign parts who lived chiefly on salads.

The proceedings of such a day occasion various fluctuations in the human thermometer, and especially in instruments so sensitively and delicately constructed as Mrs. Varden. Thus, at dinner Mrs. V. stood at summer heat; genial, smiling, and delightful. After dinner, in the sunshine of the wine, she went up at least half a dozen degrees, and was perfectly enchanting. As its effect subsided, she fell rapidly, went to sleep for an hour or so at temperate, and awoke at something below freezing. Now she was at summer heat again, in the shade; and when tea was over, and old John, producing a bottle of cordial from one of the oaken cases, insisted on her sipping two glasses thereof in slow succession, she stood steadily at ninety for one hour and a quarter. Profiting by experience, the locksmith took advantage of this genial weather to smoke his pipe in the porch, and in consequence of this prudent management, he was fully prepared, when the glass went down again, to start homewards directly.

The horse was accordingly put in, and the chaise brought round to the door. Joe, who would on no account be dissuaded from escorting them until they had passed the most dreary and solitary part of the road, led up the gray mare at the same time; and having helped Dolly into her seat, (more happiness!) sprang gaily into the saddle. Then, after many good nights, and many admonitions to wrap up, and glancing of lights, and handing in of cloaks and shawls, the chaise rolled away, and Joe trotted beside it—on Dolly's side, no doubt, and pretty close to the wheel, too.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

It was a fine bright night, and for all her lowness of spirits Dolly kept looking up at the stars in a manner so bewitching (and she knew it!) that Joe was clean out of his senses, and plainly showed that if ever a man were—not to say over head and ears, but over the Monument and the top of Saint Paul's in love, that man was himself. The road was a very good one—not at all a jolting road, or an uneven one—and yet Dolly held the side of the chaise with one little hand, all the way. If there had been an executioner behind him with an uplifted axe ready to chop his head off if he touched that hand, Joe couldn't have helped doing it. From putting his own hand upon it as if by chance, and taking it away again after a minute or so, he got to riding along without taking it off at all; as if he, the escort, were bound to do that as an important part of his duty, and had come out for the purpose. The most curious circumstance about this little incident was, that Dolly didn't seem to know of it. She looked so innocent and unconscious when she turned her eyes on Joe, that it was quite provoking.

She talked, though—talked about her fright, and about Joe's coming up to rescue her, and about her gratitude, and about her fear that she might not have thanked him enough, and about their always being friends from that time forth—and about all that sort of thing. And when Joe said, no



friends he hoped, Dolly was quite surprised, and said not enemies she hoped; and when Joe, said, couldn't they be something much better than either, Dolly all of a sudden found out a star which was brighter than all the other stars, and begged to call his attention to the same, and was ten thousand times more innocent and unconscious than ever.

In this manner they traveled along, talking very little above a whisper, and wishing the road could be stretched out to some dozen times its natural length—at least that was Joe's desire—when, as they were getting clear of the forest, and emerging on the more frequented road, they heard behind them the sound of a horse's feet at a round trot, which growing rapidly louder as it drew nearer, elicited a scream from Mrs. Varden, and the cry "a friend!" from the rider, who now came panting up, and checked his horse beside them.

"This man again!" cried Dolly, shuddering.

"Hugh!" said Joe, "what errand are you upon?"

"I come to ride back with you," he answered, glancing covertly at the locksmith's daughter. "He sent me."

"My father!" said poor Joe; adding under his breath, with a very unflattering apostrophe, "Will he never think me man enough to take care of myself!"

"Ay!" returned Hugh to the first part of the inquiry.—

"The roads are not safe just now, he says, and you'd better have a companion."

"Ride on, then," said Joe. "I'm not going to turn yet."

Hugh complied, and they went on again. It was his whim or humor to ride immediately before the chaise, and from this position he constantly turned his head, and looked back. Dolly felt that he looked at her, but she averted her eyes and feared to raise them once, so great was the dread with which he had inspired her.

This interruption, and the consequent wakefulness of Mrs. Varden, who had been nodding in her sleep up to this point, except for a minute or two at a time, when she roused herself to scold the locksmith for audaciously taking hold of her to prevent her nodding herself out of the chaise, put a restraint upon the whispered conversation, and made it difficult of resumption. Indeed, before they had gone another mile, Gabriel stopped at his wife's desire, and that good lady protested that she would not hear of Joe's going a step further on any account whatever. It was in vain for Joe to protest on the other hand that he was by no means tired, and would turn back presently, and would see them safely past such and such a point, and so forth. Mrs. Varden was obstinate, and being so, was not to be overcome by mortal agency.

"Good night—if I must say it," said Joe, sorrowfully.

"Good night," said Dolly. She would have added, "Take care of that man, and pray don't trust him," but he had turned his horse's head, and was standing close to them. She had therefore nothing for it but to suffer Joe to give her hand a gentle squeeze, and when the chaise had gone on for some distance, to look back and wave it, as he still lingered on the spot where they had parted, with the tall figure of Hugh beside him.

What she thought about, going home, and whether the coachmaker held as favorable a place in her meditations as he had occupied in the morning, is unknown. They reached home at last—at last, for it was a long way, made none the shorter by Mrs. Varden's grumbling. Miggs hearing the sound of wheels was at the door immediately.

"Here they are, Simmun! Here they are!" cried Miggs, clapping her hands, and issuing forth to help her mistress to alight. "Bring a chair, Simmun. Now, an't you the better for it, min? Don't you feel more yourself than you would have done if you'd have stopped at home? Oh, gracious! how cold you are! Goodness me, sir, she's a perfect heap of ice."

"I can't not help it, my good girl. You had better take her in to the fire," said the locksmith.

"Master sounds unfeeling, mim," said Miggs, in a tone of commiseration, "but such is not his intentions, I'm sure. After what he has seen of you this day, I never will believe but that he has a deal more affection in his heart than to speak unkind. Come in and sit yourself down by the fire; there's a good dear—do."

Mrs. Varden complied. The locksmith followed with his hands in his pockets, and Mr. Tappertit trundled off with the chaise to a neighboring stable.

"Martha, my dear," said the locksmith, when they reached the parlor, "if you'll look to Dolly yourself, or let somebody else do it, perhaps it will be only kind and reasonable. She has been frightened, you know, and is not at all well to-night."

In fact, Dolly had thrown herself upon the sofa, quite regardless of all the little finery of which she had been so proud in the morning, and with her face buried in her hands, was crying very much.

At first sight of this phenomenon (for Dolly was by no means accustomed to displays of this sort, rather learning from her mother's example to avoid them as much as possible,) Mrs. Varden expressed her belief that never was any woman so beset as she; that her life was a continued scene of trial; that whenever she was disposed to be well and cheerful, so sure were the people around her to throw, by some means or other, a damp upon her spirits; and that, as she had enjoyed herself that day, and Heaven knew it was very seldom she did enjoy herself, so she was now to pay the penalty. To all such propositions Miggs assented freely. Poor Dolly, however, grew none the better for these restoratives but rather worse, indeed; and seeing that she was really ill, both Mrs. Varden and Miggs were moved to compassion, and tended her in earnest.

But even then, their very kindness shaped itself into their usual course of policy, and though Dolly was in a swoon, it was rendered clear to the meanest capacity, that Mrs. Varden was the sufferer. Thus, when Dolly began to get a little better, and passed into that stage in which matrons hold that remonstrance and argument may be successfully applied, her mother represented to her, with tears in her eyes, that if she had been flurried and worried that day, she must remember that it was the common lot of humanity, and in especial of womankind, who through the whole of their existence must expect no less, and were bound to make up their minds to meek endurance and patient resignation. Mrs. Varden entreated her to remember that one of these days she would, in all probability, have to do violence to her feelings so far as to be married; and that mar-

riage, as she might see every day of her life, (and truly she did,) was a state requiring great fortitude and forbearance. She represented to her in lively colors, that if she (Mrs. V.) had not, in steering her course through this vale of tears, been supported by a strong principle of duty which alone upheld and prevented her from drooping, she must have been in her grave many years ago; in which case she desired to know what would have become of that errant spirit, (meaning the locksmith,) of whose eye she was the very apple, and in whose path she was, as it were, a shining light and a guiding star?

Miss Miggs also put in her word to the same effect. She said that indeed and indeed Miss Dolly might take pattern by her blessed mother, who, always had said, and always would say, though she were to be hanged, drawn and quartered for it the next minute, was the mildest, forgivingest, spirit, longest-sufferingest female as ever she could have believed; the mere narration of whose excellencies had worked such a wholesome change in the mind of her sister-in-law, that, whereas, before, she and her husband lived like cat and dog, and were in the habit of exchanging brass candlesticks, pot-lids, flat-irons, and other such strong resentments, they were now the happiest and affectionatest couple upon earth; as could be proved on any day on application at Golden Lion Court, number twenty-seven, second bell-handle on the right-hand post. After glancing at herself as a comparatively worthless vessel, but still as one of some desert, she besought her to bear in mind that her aforesaid dear and only mother was of a weakly constitution and excitable temperament, who had constantly to sustain afflictions in domestic life, compared with which thieves and robbers were as nothing, and yet never sunk down or gave way to despair or wrath, but, in prize-fighting phraseology, always came up to time with a cheerful countenance, and went into win as if nothing had happened. When Miggs had finished her solo, her mistress struck in again, and the two together performed a duet to the same purpose; the burden being that Mrs. Varden was persecuted perfection, and Mr. Varden, as the representative of mankind in that apartment, a creature of vicious and brutal habits, utterly insensible to the blessings he enjoyed. Of so refined a character, indeed, was their talent of assault under the mask of sympathy, that when Dolly, recovering, embraced her father tenderly, as in vindication of his goodness, Mrs. Varden expressed her solemn hope that this would be a lesson to him for the remainder of his life, and that he would do some little justice to a woman's nature ever afterwards—in which aspiration Miss Miggs, by divers sniffs and coughs, more significant than the longest oration, expressed her entire concurrence.

But the great joy of Miggs's heart was, that she not only picked up a full account of what had happened, but had the exquisite delight of conveying to Mr. Tappertit for his jealousy and torture. For that gentleman, on account of Dolly's indisposition, had been requested to take his supper in the workshop, and it was conveyed thither by Miss Miggs's own fair hands.

"Oh, Simmun!" said the young lady, "such goings on to-day! Oh, gracious me, Simmun!"

"Mr. Tappertit, who was not in the best humor, and who disliked Miss Miggs more when she laid her hand on her heart and panted for breath than at any other time, as her deficiency of outline was most apparent under such circumstances, eyed her over in his loftiest style, and deigned to express no curiosity whatever.

"I never heard the like, nor nobody else," pursued Miggs. "The idea of interfering with her. What people can see in her to make it worth their while to do so, that's the joke—he, he, he!"

Finding there was a lady in the case, Mr. Tappertit haughtily requested his fair friend to be more explicit, and demanded to know what she meant by "her."

"Why, that Dolly," said Miggs, with an extremely sharp emphasis on the name. "But, oh upon my word and honor, young Joseph Willet is a brave one; and he do deserve her, that he do."

"Woman!" said Mr. Tappertit, jumping off the counter on which he seated; "beware!"

"My stars, Simmun!" cried Miggs, in affected astonishment. "You frighten me to death! What's the matter?"

"There are strings," said Mr. Tappertit, flourishing his bread-and-cheese knife in the air, "in the human heart that had better not be vibrated. That's what's the matter."

"Oh, very well—if you're in a huff," cried Miggs, turning away.

"Huff or no huff," said Mr. Tappertit, detaining her by the wrist. "What do you mean, Jezebel? What were you going to say? Answer me!"

Notwithstanding this uncivil exhortation, Miggs gladly did as he was required; and told him how their young mistress, being alone in the meadows after dark, had been attacked by three or four tall men, who would have certainly borne her away and perhaps murdered her, but for the timely arrival of Joseph Willet, who with his own single hand put them all to flight, and rescued her; to the lasting admiration of his fellow-creatures generally, and to the eternal love and gratitude of Dolly Varden.

"Very good," said Mr. Tappertit, fetching a long breath when the tale was told, and rubbing his hair up till it stood stiff and straight on end all over his head. His days are numbered."

"Oh, Simmun!"

"I tell you," said the 'prentice, "his days are numbered. Leave me. Get along with you."

Miggs departed at his bidding, but less because of his bidding than because she desired to chackle in secret. When she had given vent to her satisfaction, she returned to the parlor; where the locksmith, stimulated by quietness and Toby, had become talkative, and was disposed to take a cheerful review of the occurrences of the day. But Mrs. Varden, whose practical religion (as is not uncommon) was usually of the retrospective order, cut him short by declaiming on the sinfulness of such junketings, and holding that it was high time to go to bed. To bed therefore she withdrew, with an aspect as grim and gloomy as that of the Maypole's own state couch; and to bed the rest of the establishment soon after repaired.

—The story of a man in New Hampshire having had an addition to his family, of five members at a birth is pronounced a hoax.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Hope" will do, and "Love and Jealously" suit us. More from the same graceful hand will be received with pleasure.

BARNABY RUDGE.—In order to make room for the whole of the two parts of this popular work, received at a late hour by the Caledonia, we are compelled to omit a piece of Music, prepared for this number, as well as our usual variety of news, &c. We beg our readers to be patient with us for a season, as we shall be able to give them a larger quantity of reading, and a choicer variety, after our enlargement on the 1st of July.

## ENLARGEMENT OF THE NEW WORLD.

We have the satisfaction to announce to the numerous readers of our paper, that, in consequence of the great success which has attended the New World from the first day of its publication to this, and on account of the recent accessions to our list of subscribers, we have determined to enlarge its dimensions, from the first of July next, BEING THE PERIOD OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW QUARTO VOLUME.

The Quarto Volume of the New World, to commence on the first of July, will be considerably increased in size, and will contain four printed columns on each page, instead of three as heretofore. Thus each number will hereafter consist of sixteen elegantly printed pages—SIXTY-FOUR COLUMNS—one half more "matter" than the ALBION, literary journal, which is sold at Six Dollars a year, and as much as the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, sporting journal, which is sold at Ten Dollars a year, and three times as much as the New YORK MIRROR, a journal of taste, which is sold at Five Dollars a year. The Terms of the Quarto New World will not be altered, but continue to be Three Dollars for one year, or Five Dollars for two years.

The Folio Edition will contain nine columns on each page, instead of eight.

## THE EVENING SIGNAL, DAILY NEWSPAPER, AND THE EVERGREEN, MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The majority of the subscribers to the New World in the country, are probably unaware that we have, heretofore, published daily, a newspaper, entitled the EVENING SIGNAL. The editorial articles of the New World, as well as all the news, intelligence, correspondence, and short miscellanies have first appeared in the Signal—which has enjoyed, and still continues to enjoy, in the city of New-York, a handsome circulation.

But we have not failed to experience considerable difficulty from the connection of the Signal and New World. Articles, prepared for the former, have been obliged to be remodelled to be suited to the latter—and, in the press of editorial business, they have frequently been suffered to wear, in the latter, a mongrel aspect which was displeasing.

The time requisite for the due preparation of a daily paper would be so great that the New World could not fail to suffer in consequence. The question then arose, shall we not devote our energies singly and wholly to the New World? Upon this, after due meditation, we at length determined. All other considerations must yield to the good of the "New World." If we can devote ourselves exclusively to that, it cannot fail to be greatly improved. In the city it will be much more highly prized: the "matter" will all wear the charm of novelty and originality. In the country, our subscribers will soon discover a more exclusive spirit and a superior care, and they cannot fail to be gratified with the thought that they are reading articles which have never been published or seen before, and are as new to them as to all others. Accordingly—although the Evening Signal is doing well, and extending its circulation—we have concluded to forego its publication after the present week. We have disposed of its list of subscribers to the New-York Tribune, a daily paper of similar character edited by Horace Greeley, Esq., long and favorably known to the New-York public. There will not, however, be the remotest alliance between his paper and the New World; and the New World will contain not one line, except what was expressly and especially prepared for its columns.

THE EVERGREEN, a monthly magazine, containing sometimes the choicest articles of the New World, as well as the continued stories, Old Saint Paul's and George Saint Julian, will not be published by us after the June number. Its subscribers will be supplied during the remainder of the present year with ROBERTS'S SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In transferring the list of subscriptions to Mr. Roberts, of Boston, we have felt that we were doing no disfavor, since his periodical is a much handsomer one than the Evergreen, and publishes nearly the same continued stories.

The arrangements thus announced have not been made in any manner except from choice, and a settled conviction that the New World would receive great advantages from commanding the exclusive services of both Publisher and Editor.

## ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The steam-ship Caledonia arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning, in fourteen days and a half from Liverpool. The following letter from our London correspondent gives all the intelligence of importance :

## From our Foreign Correspondent.

LONDON, May 1, 1841.

The President steamer is still missing, and nearly all hope of her safety is now extinguished. It is possible, certainly, that she may yet be afloat, but there is but little reasonable probability that she could be so, and yet be out till this time—50 days—unseen and unheard of. Her fate will perhaps remain a melancholy mystery.

Capt. Roberts, as in duty bound, did his best during the late trip to inspire confidence in this unfortunate vessel, and I have no doubt he believed all he said. Poor fellow!—We can but hope against hope, that the catastrophe has not been so fearful as there is now too much reason to suppose. The dates from Bermuda are to the 1st of April, when the President had been out 20 days; from the Azores much later; and the only thread of a chance left is that she might have missed Bermuda and reached Antigua, or some West India island, or is yet at sea disabled. Her fate is yet the topic of interest and anxiety here. I do not know personally any of the passengers. Lord William Lenox, son of the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Power, the comedian, and Rev. G. C. Cookman, late chaplain to the Senate, are, as you know, among them.

The British Queen arrived on the 28th, with the distressing news of the death of President Harrison. Mr. Stevenson has invited Americans in London to his house to-day, in reference to this unexpected event.

It is a little singular that the *President* steamer should have reached New York the same day that our late President arrived at Washington to assume his office—and now they are both among things that have been.

**POLITICAL.**—Two occurrences this week have occasioned some little excitement: First, the defeat of Ministers on the Irish-Registration-of-Voters-Bill, (based on the £5 franchise,) by a vote of 300 to 289. This result was of course considered a sufficient reason for the resignation of the Melbourne Ministry, which has now held office six years or more. They are, however, decidedly tenacious in their attachment to the loaves and fishes—and while the Tories were in high glee with their supposed chance of getting the helm once more, the wily little Lord John suddenly astonished them last evening by a notice of his intention of a motion for *considering the duties on Corn*—another words, declaring the *Abolition of the Corn Laws* a Cabinet question. This bold movement was loudly cheered by the liberals, and will doubtless be warmly responded to by the people. The Tories were not a little vexed at what they termed, justly, perhaps, a last resort of Ministers in behalf of their places.

Mr. Baring also brought in his "Budget," estimating the expenses of the year at 50 millions, and the revenue at £18,000,000, leaving a deficiency of £1,800,000, which he said no half-way measures would meet. He therefore proposed to raise the wind on Timber, Sugar and Corn, thus:

I. To raise the duty on Canada lumber from 10s. to 20s. and reduce that on Baltic timber from 5s. to 50s. still leaving a protective duty of 300 per cent., by which he would gain £600,000.

II. To leave the duty on Colonial sugars as it is, 24s. per cwt—but reduce the duty on foreign sugars from 63s. to 36s.—estimated gain to revenue £900,000.

III. The balance to be expected by a change in the Corn Laws to a moderate fixed duty. This budget is said to have been got up after the late defeat and for political purposes. The bullion in the Bank of England on the 27th, was £4,638,000, being more than at any time for two years. Consols closed to-day at 90 1/8. The Budget produced a favorable effect at the Stock-Exchange.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**—A fire at the Great Western Depot at Bristol, on the 28th, destroyed £100,000 worth of timber.—St. George's Hotel, Albemarle street, London, was burnt last night.—Sir George Arthur is to be rewarded for his "eminent services in Canada," by a Baronetcy.—A shocking tragedy was acted at Liverpool this week: a Mr. Jenner, (lately a respectable Cotton-broker, but now in reduced circumstances,) in a fit of despondency or insanity, shot his wife and one of his sons.—The Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Carr, died this week.—Sir John Hervey has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland.—The Lord Chancellor has announced that he shall bring in a bill to abolish the privilege of Peers in cases of felony.

The London "Season" is now in its prime—the Queen having "opened it in person" by a drawing-room and a couple of levees—thereby requiring the appearance in town of all liege subjects of Queen Fashion and herself. The weather for a fortnight has been delightful—clear and soft as July—indeed I verily believe the sun was to be seen 12 consecutive hours—which is a phenomenon in these parts.

All sorts of exhibitions and amusements are in vogue—such as four or five galleries of pictures—the British Institution with a rich collection of choice works of modern artists, loaned by the owners for the season—two galleries of paintings in water colors, very pretty and attractive—the royal Academy—and Dioramas, Panoramas, Kineoramas, without number, indicated by "walking sandwiches," or hand-bills, hung fore and aft—divers men, who go to and fro in the earth diffusing useful knowledge of the sublime, beautiful and ridiculous—so that he who runs may read—and he who reads may be persuaded to spend a shilling in witnessing "the most wonderful curiosity in all London."

## FRANCE.

The fortifications of Paris are to be proceeded with *loute suite*—10,000 men being employed at once, at all points. The Budget shows a deficiency of 170,000,000 of francs for 1840—242,000,000 for 1841—114,000,000 for 1842; besides 534,000,000 required for extraordinary works.

Great preparations were making for the public baptism of the Count of Paris at Notre Dame on the 2d of May, when the Royal family, foreign ministers, &c. were to be present. The fêtes, illuminations, &c. were to continue till the 4th. A grand ball is to be given at the Louvre, for which 7,500 tickets have been issued.

There is nothing new from the Continent—except a

change in the Turkish Ministry, which I suppose will not have much effect upon the world at large.

## PASSENGERS.

In the steamship Caledonia, from Liverpool—FOR HALIFAX—Mr & Mrs Hensley a family of 5 servants, 18 in all; Mr & Mrs Robertson, 3 children and female servant; Mr O Lane, Captain King, Mr Daniel Starr, Mr Stephen Shute, Mr John Swaine, Mr Richard Avery, Mr G Singer, Lieutenant Davis, R N, Mr I D Gibb, H P Hardie, Mr G Reading, Mr G L Lockwood, Capt Boughton.  
FOR BOSTON.—Mr Brown, Mrs Brown, Miss M Laren, Mrs Gillibrand, Mrs Palmer, Miss Palmer, Mr C S Berie, Jonas Phillips, M Vely, M Dehon, Edward H Palmer, Fred T Palmer, Lieut Grattan, Joseph Gaillard, M Toehr, M Gellibrand, M Bigelow, James B Gordon, Geo Clark, F W Cobden, Arch. Kerr, Henry Rogers, E Susan, Joo Bidle, Geo Daw, Mr Douglass, Wm W Rose, Robt. Jackson, Mr Cunningham, B Glyde, H E Palmer and servant, Mr Peck, Mr Iseves, Hon Mr Petre, Mr Kneeshaw, Mr Duranty, Mr Warton, Capt Ainslee, Mr Ogilvie, Mr Harris, E G Wakefield, Mr Wakefield.  
FROM HALIFAX TO BOSTON.—Mr Townsend, Mr B Weir, T Teben, Mr Craft, Mr Donovan, Mr Grattan.

## From our own Correspondents.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1841.

Yesterday was very solemnly observed, according to the recommendation of the President, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer, by the different religious denominations of our city. All business was suspended in the Public Offices, and by the citizens without distinction of party, and the quiet of the Sabbath prevailed in the streets and markets. The ceremonies at St. John's Church, in which the departed President worshipped, were peculiarly imposing. The church was hung with black drapery throughout, and the pew in which Gen. Harrison used to sit was shrouded with crape. No one has ever entered it since his death; and on this occasion it remained empty, though the body of the church, aisles and galleries were crowded to overflowing. The vacant seat spoke touchingly to the heart of the spectators, of him who was reposing in the narrow tomb, and of those whom he loved, now desolate and sorrowing for his loss, at a distance from the scenes of their late splendor and joy. **PRESIDENT TYLER** and his family were present, besides the Heads of Departments, Generals Scott, Jesup, Macomb, and other distinguished officers, Military, Naval, and Civil, and many eminent citizens. The Episcopal Bishop of Maryland preached a most beautiful and classical sermon appropriate to the occasion. In the afternoon the Volunteer Military Companies of the District marched in a body to the Unitarian Church, bearing their banners in mourning; but without arms or music, where a most eloquent discourse was delivered to them by the Rev. Mr. Bullfinch. In the evening the religious services usual on the Sabbath were solemnized in the different churches. The day and the ordinances have made a powerful impression on the religious community. May the prayers of a united people be answered by renewed blessings on our beloved country!

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1841.

We have all around us here indications that a session of Congress is approaching. The dull and dingy hotels have put on something like a fresher look. The boarding-houses, which, with few exceptions, are exceedingly shabby, seem to be a little renovated; and all is ready for the crowd of M. C's and visitors who are expected soon to make their appearance. The journals in the interior bring us, by every mail, intelligence that the Hon. Mr. Suck-a-onk has left home for the seat of Government; and two or three members drop in almost every day by the steamboats from the South, or the cars from the North.

The Twenty-Seventh Congress meets this day fortnight. The session will probably be more exciting, important and interesting, in every respect, than any that has been held since the last war.

The President is busily engaged on his Message, in which he will present a comprehensive view of the affairs of each Executive Department, leaving to his Secretaries the task of giving the details. The heads of Departments are industriously pushing investigations, both for their own satisfaction, and in order to be ready for the calls of Congress.

**TOMB OF GEN. HARRISON.**—By the following paragraph, copied from the *Shelby*, (Ky.) News of the 5th ult., it will be seen that those with whom the decision of the question properly rests, have decided that the remains of Harrison, are to find their permanent resting place on the bank of the Ohio river, at North Bend.

We learn from Col. Todd, that on his way to his residence in this county last week, he, in performance of a sacred duty, called upon the venerable Widow of our lamented deceased President. Whilst there, he was invited by that lady to a consultation with herself and her only remaining son, as to the ultimate depository of the remains of her distinguished beloved husband,—the Great and Good President. It was determined, at this consultation, to remove the remains immediately to North Bend, to be deposited upon a beautiful and elevated natural mound where the monument may be seen several miles up and down the Ohio river. \* \* \* There the traveller of distant ages, will be refreshed by a visit to the tomb of the Warrior, who was never defeated, of the Patriot who died poor; and of the Statesman, who from the proud height of President, "fell, like a star struck from its sphere, covered with glory and renown."

**NEW-YORK CANAL TOLLS.**—There was received for tolls on all the canals in the State, during the last week in April ..... \$91,244 37  
And the first week in May ..... 98,472 99

Total..... \$159,717 36  
There was received during the same period in 1840..... 137,152 23

Excess in favor of 1841..... \$22,565 13

How gloriously the Canals are vindicating the cause of Improvement and policy of the Administration! In despite of the efforts of the Destructives, they are filling our cities with abundance and fortifying our Treasury with revenue. With three days less of navigation up to the close of the first week in May than we had in 1840, the Canals have given us \$22,565 13 more tolls! We may look, therefore, for more than \$2,000,000 as the result of the present season of Canal Navigation.—[*Alb. Eve. Jour.*]

**THE CASE OF MCLEOD.**—The case of Alexander McLeod has been before the Supreme Court, which is now sitting in this city, for several days past, and at the time of our going to press had not been terminated.

Mr. Joshua A. Spencer and Mr. Bradley appeared as counsel for the prisoner, and the Attorney General (Mr. Willis Hall) and Mr. Woods, attorney for Niagara county, appeared on behalf of the people.

We have not space to enter upon various points raised by the counsel, which were discussed at much length and with great ability; it will be sufficient to give the opinion of the Court, which will probably be delivered in time for our next paper.

**MITCHELL THE FORGER.**—The ex-honorable Charles F. Mitchell arrived in this city on Monday evening, in custody of officer Bowyer of the police, and is now lodged in safe keeping. Gov. Seward, having been applied to for the purpose, made a respectful requisition upon the Canadian authorities for the delivery of the forger, which was promptly complied with. Mr. Bowyer left Montreal on Saturday, having Mitchell in irons, and accompanied by Capt. Cormeau, of the Montreal police. Capt. C. accompanied them to the American waters, where he formally surrendered the prisoner.

**THE STEAMER PRESIDENT.**—To the disappointment (though probably not to the surprise) of all who are anxious about the fate of this vessel, the Caledonia brings no intelligence of her arrival; and this fact may be regarded as nearly decisive. On the day that the Caledonia sailed the President had been out fifty-six days; of course, her safety is a thing almost out of the question.

## APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Com. WM. M. CRANE, to be a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners.

## POST-MASTERS.

Charles Martin, of Chillicothe, Ohio.  
Caleb Foote, at Salem, Massachusetts.  
Henry B. Stacy, at Burlington, Vermont.  
William Collins, at Steubenville, Ohio.  
James H. Turner, at New London, Conn.  
John Wall, at Winchester, Virginia.

**SLAVERS CAPTURED.**—A letter received here yesterday from H. Cartell, Esq., U. S. Consul at St. Helena, dated March 26th, 1841, states that five Portuguese slaves had just been brought in at St. Helena, having been captured on the West Coast of Africa by the British naval force on that station, with upwards of one thousand slaves on board. The slaves had been landed at St. Helena, and remained of course subject to the orders of the British Government.—[*New Bedford Mercury.*]

**FROM FLORIDA.**—Authentic information has been received that about two hundred Indians have been shipped from Tampa Bay for Arkansas, of whom fifty are warriors, making the total number during the year about four hundred and twenty, of whom one hundred and twenty-one are warriors.

**NOMINATIONS.**—James G. Birney and Thomas Morris, late U. S. Senator from Ohio, have been nominated by the Abolitionists as candidates for President and Vice President.

**MARYLAND ELECTION.**—The election in Maryland has resulted in the election of 6 Whigs and two Van Buren men. This is the first time the Whigs have had a majority in the congressional delegation.

**TENNESSEE ELECTION.**—The relative strength of parties in the Congressional delegation from this state will not be changed by the result of the recent election.

**LIBERAL DONATION.**—Edmund Wallis, deceased, of Richmond, Va., left to the Female Orphan Asylum of that city, the sum of \$15,000.

☞ The Assembly of this State has agreed to adjourn on the 26th inst. It is thought the Senate will concur in the resolution.

☞ The bill to divide the county of Genesee and erect the county of Wyoming has passed the Senate. It has already passed the House.

**DEATH OF ANOTHER MEMBER OF CONGRESS.**—Mr. Charles Ogle, well known as a member of Congress from Bedford district, Pa., died at his residence in Somerset, Pa. on the 10th, of consumption.

☞ Patrick H. Pope, formerly member of Congress from Kentucky, died at Louisville on the 5th inst., aged 32.

☞ The amount of tolls received on all the canals of Pennsylvania during the last week in April was \$91,244 37; during the first week in May \$98,472 99: Total \$189,717 36. This is an excess of \$22,566 13 over the receipts for the same period in 1840.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—The 18th and 19th days of this month are designated for the election of members of Congress in Mississippi.

## Married,

At Rome o, Mich'gan, Hon. Azariah Prentiss and Harriet A. Dyar, of Boston.  
At Boston, Rev. T. C. Jameson, pastor of the Third Baptist Church in Providence, and Miss Lucinda L., daughter of Geo. A. Otis, Esq.  
At Keene, N. H., on the 12th instant, Charles V. Bemis, M. D., and Elizabeth F., daughter of William Henry, Esq.  
At Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 12th instant, by Rev. Mr. Burr, Hon. N. G. Pendleton, of Cincinnati, and Miss Ann James, daughter of Thos. James, Esq., of Chillicothe.  
At Washington, D. C., by Rev. E. C. McGuire, Dr. Edwin Conway, U. S. Navy, and Miss Fanny Scott Gregory.  
At St. Augustine, May 6, Lieut. Lawrence P. Graham, U. S. Army, and Julia Hutchinson, of New-York.

## Died.

At New-Orleans, on the 26th ult., George P. Walton, son of Gen. E. P. Walton, of Montpelier, Vt., and junior publisher of the Vermont Watchman, aged 25.  
At Providence, on the 15th instant, Elizabeth H., wife of Thomas M. Burgess, aged 30.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

EXTRA EDITION.

OFFICE 30 ANN STREET.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME II....No. 21.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 514.

## Popular Novels.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,  
THE IRISH DRAGOON.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

This "extra" number of the Quarto edition of the New World is issued and presented to all of our subscribers, for the purpose of publishing the first chapters of the second volume of "Charles O'Malley." Subsequent chapters will appear in our regular editions of the New World, both Folio and Quarto, not as they come out from month to month in the Dublin University Magazine, but *considerably in advance* of the receipt of that Magazine in this country. Arrangements have been made with Curry & Co. of Dublin, publishers, so that they will forward to us advance proof-sheets of every new number. We shall thus be enabled to anticipate all other publications of this admirable series of humorous papers in this country. It is hoped that our subscribers will discover in this a new proof of our desire to contribute to their gratification.

No apology is due for thus commencing a publication, as it were, in the middle of a story. The previous numbers have been issued and universally read in a volume published by Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia—from whom and from all booksellers, it may be obtained for a moderate sum by those into whose hands the present "extra" number may fall. Moreover, there is little or no continuity in the series—no consequential interest; one number does not depend upon that by which it is preceded, but each may be read separately with scarcely any less pleasure than if it were taken up in continuation. The first volume consists, for the most part, of distinct stories and adventures, related by the characters introduced into the work. These have been already largely republished in newspapers throughout the United States, and have excited a universal wish to peruse all the rest which may appear.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to record—for such as have not met with the preceding volume and may not wish to delay a perusal of the present—that Charles O'Malley, the hero, is a young scion of an ancient though decayed family in Ireland. He enlisted in a regiment of Dragoons in the army of Great Britain, went over to the Continent, and was engaged in several of the famous battles fought under Sir Arthur Wellesley, the present Duke of Wellington. A recountal of his adventures and those of his companions in arms forms the staple of the work. A brief mention of the personages, who have been introduced and who may figure hereafter will be quite sufficient for the intelligent reader.

Michael Free, or "Mike," as he is called, is the body servant of Charles O'Malley, "a fellow of excellent wit," full of Irish blunders, Irish wit, Irish humors and Irish exaggerations. He always accompanies his master and clings to him with the tenacity of a retainer of the merry feudal times.

Godfrey O'Malley is our hero's uncle and guardian. Sir Harry Blake is a famous bull-maker and a jovial, good-hearted Irishman of consequence: Member of Parliament before the Union. Frank Webber is a wild, mad-cap college companion of O'Malley's, famous for his exploits. Captain Fred Power is a noble-hearted, reckless officer, who was the first to persuade our hero to join the army. Sparks is an unfortunate, white-haired, ungainly-looking, awkward fellow—another officer, who was perpetually involving himself in "scrapes." Sir George Dashwood is a General officer, in high repute, and of a noble, chivalric disposition, the father of the heroine. Major Monsoon is an old bon-vivant, who has been all over the world, and whose character "looks red in the face," as if it had been pretty deeply tinged with the wearer's peculiarities. Major O'Shaughnessy is "a riotous, good-natured, noisy, loud-swearing, punch-drinking western; full of stories of impossible fox-hunts and unimaginable duels, which all were acted either by himself or by some member of his family." Dr. Maurice Quill, an Irish surgeon, is one of the richest

portraits drawn in the book—but, as he is brought to the reader's acquaintance at the close of volume one, he will explain himself.

Lucy Dashwood is the heroine—beautiful of course and high-spirited—a sort of Diana Vernon—in love with O'Malley, but managing to conceal it in the unaccountable manner always practised by heroines. *La Senhora* is a lovely Portuguese girl—a happy creature, full of light-heartedness, and much more worthy, in our estimation, to be fallen in love with than Miss Lucy Dashwood; though O'Malley, like all other heroes, persists in making himself miserable about the first object of his affections.

We have said enough and perhaps more than enough to assist the comprehension of the reader. The truth is there is no plot to Charles O'Malley—take it up any where and it is capital reading. The author might well have replied in answer to the question, "What story are you relating?"

"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

We quote from the first volume a jovial song—which, as completely as anything that could be said and all that has been narrated, lets the reader into a complete knowledge of the character of a bold

## IRISH DRAGOON.

O love is the soul of an Irish Dragoon

In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—

From the tip of his spur to his bright sabertache.

With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,

His gay laughing look, and his light speaking eye,

He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,

He springs in his saddle and *chassés* the French—

With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

His spirits are high, and he little knows care,

Whether sipping his claret, or charging a square—

With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

As ready to sing or to skirmish he's found,

To take off his wine or to take up his ground;

When the bugle may call him how little he fears,

To charge forth in column, and beat the Mounseers—

With his jingling spurs and his bright sabertache.

When the battle is over, he gayly rides back

To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—

With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

Oh! then you may see him in full glory crown'd,

As he sits with his friends on the hardly won ground,

And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,

As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live—

With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,  
THE IRISH DRAGOON.

## CHAPTER I....The Doctor's Tale.

"It is now some fifteen years since—if it was n't for O'Shaughnessy's wrinkles, I could not believe it five—we were quartered in Loughrea. There were, besides our regiment, the fiftieth and the seventy-third, and a troop or two of horse artillery, and the whole town was literally a barrack, and, as you may suppose, the pleasantest place imaginable. All the young ladies, and indeed all those that had got their brevet some years before, came flocking into the town, not knowing but the devil might persuade a raw ensign, or so to marry some of them.

"Such dinner parties—such routes and balls—never were heard of west of Athlone. The gayeties were incessant; and if good feeding, plenty of claret, short whist, country dances, and kissing, could have done the thing, there would n't have been a bachelor with a red coat for six miles around.

"You know the west, O'Malley; so I need n't tell you what the Galway girls are like: fine, hearty, free-and-easy, talking, laughing devils; but as deep and as 'cute as a master in chancery—ready for any fun or merriment; but always keeping a sly lookout for a proposal or a tender acknowledgment, which—what between the heat of a ball-room, whisky negus, white satin shoes, and a quarrel with your guardian—it's ten to one you fall into before you're a week in the same town with them.

"As for the men, I do n't admire them so much: pleasant and cheerful enough, when they're handicapping the coat off your back, and your new tilbury for a spavined

"I cannot permit the reader to fall into the same blunder with regard to the worthy 'Maurice,' as my friend Charles O'Malley has done. It is only fair to state that the doctor in the following tale was hoaxed the 'dragon.' A braver and a better fellow than Quill never existed—equally beloved by his brother officers, as delighted in for his convivial talents. His favorite amusement was to invent some story or adventure, in which, mixing up his own name with that of some friend or companion, the veracity of the whole was never questioned. Of this nature was the pedigree he devised in the last chapter to impose upon O'Malley, who believed implicitly all he told him.

HARRY LORREQUER.

poney and a cotton umbrella; but regular devils if you come to cross them the least in life: nothing but ten paces—three shots a piece—to begin and end with something like Roger de Coverley, when every one has a pull at his neighbor. I'm not saying they're not agreeable, well-informed, and mild in their habits; but they lean overmuch to corduroys and coroners' inquests for one's taste farther south. However, they're a fine people, take them all in all; and, if they were not interfered with, and their national customs invaded, with road-making, petty sessions, grand jury laws, and a stry commission now and then, they are capable of great things, and would astonish the world.

"But, as I was saying, we were ordered to Loughrea, after being fifteen months in detachments about Birr, Tullamore, Kibeggan, and all that country: the change was indeed a delightful one; and we soon found ourselves the centre of the most marked and determined civilities. I told you they were wise people in the west; this was their calculation: the line—ours was the Roscommon militia—are here to-day, there to-morrow; they may be flirting in Tralee this week, and fighting on the Tagus the next; not that there was any fighting there in those times, but then there was always Nova Scotia and St. John's, and a hundred other places that a Galway young lady knew nothing about, except that people never came back from them. Now, what good, what use was there in falling in love with them? mere transitory and passing pleasure that was. But as for us: there we were; if not in Kilkenny, we were in Cork. Safe cut and come again; no getting away under pretence of foreign service; no excuse for not marrying by any cruel pictures of the colonies, where they make spatchcocks of the officers' wives, and scrape their infant families to death with a small tooth comb. In a word, my dear O'Malley, we were at a high premium; and even O'Shaughnessy, with his red head and the legs you see, had his admirers—there now, do n't be angry, Dan—the men, at least, were mighty partial to you.

"Loughrea, if it was a pleasant, was a very expensive place. White gloves and car hire—there was n't a chaise in the town—short whist, too, (God forgive me if I wrong them, but I wonder were they honest?) cost money; and as our popularity rose, our purses fell, till at length when the one was at a flood, the other was something like low water.

"Now, the Roscommon was a beautiful corps—no petty jealousies, no little squabbling among the officers, no small spleen between the major's wife and the paymaster's sister—all was amiable, kind, brotherly, and affectionate. To proceed: I need only mention one fine trait of them; no man ever refused to endorse a brother officer's bill. To think of asking the amount, or even the date, would be taken personally; and thus we went on mutually aiding and assisting each other—the colonel drawing on me, I on the major, the senior captain on the surgeon, and so on—a regular cross-fire of "promise to pay," all stamped and regular.

"Not but that the system had its inconveniences; for sometimes an obstinate tailor or bootmaker would make a row for his money, and then we'd be obliged to get up a little quarrel between the drawer and acceptor of the bill; they could n't speak for some days; and a mutual friend to both would tell the creditor that the slightest imprudence on his part, would lead to bloodshed; and the Lord help him!—if there was a duel—he'd be proved the whole cause of it." This and twenty other plans were employed, and, finally, the matter would be left to arbitration among our brother officers; and, I need not say, they behaved like trumps. But, notwithstanding all this, we were frequently hard pressed for cash; as the colonel said, "It's a mighty expensive corps." Our dress was costly, not that it had much lace and gold on it, but that, what between falling on the road at night, shindies at mess, and other devilment, a coat lasted no time. Wine, too, was heavy on us; for, though we often changed our wine merchant, and rarely paid him, there was an awful consumption at the mess!

"Now, what I have mentioned may prepare you for the fact, that, before we were eight weeks in garrison, Shaugh and myself, upon an accurate calculation of our conjoint finances, discovered that, except some vague promises of discounting here and there through the town, and seven and fourpence in specie, we were innocent of any pecuniary treasures. This was embarrassing; we had both embarked in several small schemes of pleasurable amusement; had a couple of hunters each, a tandem, and a running account—I think it *galloped*—at every shop in the town.

"Let me pause for a moment here, O'Malley, while I moralize a little in a strain I hope may benefit you. Have you ever considered—of course you have not, you're too young and unreflecting—how beautifully every climate and every soil possesses some one antidote or another to its own noxious influences. The tropics have their succulent and juicy fruits, cooling and refreshing: the northern latitudes have their beasts with fur and warm skin to keep out the frost-bites, and so it is in Ireland; nowhere on the face of the habitable globe does a man contract such habits of small debt, and nowhere, I'll be sworn, can he so easily get out of any scrape concerning them. They have their

tigers in the east, their antelopes in the south, their white bears in Norway, their buffaloes in America; but we have an animal in Ireland that beats them all hollow—a country attorney!

"Now, let me introduce you to Mr. Matthew Donevan. Mat, as he was familiarly called by his numerous acquaintances, was a short, florid, rosy little gentleman of some four or five-and-forty, with a well curled wig of the fairest imaginable auburn, the gentle wave of the front locks, which played in infantine loveliness upon his little bullet forehead, contrasting strongly enough with a cunning leer of his eye, and a certain *non prius* laugh, that, however it might please a client, rarely brought pleasurable feelings to his opponent in a cause.

"Mat was a character in his way: deep, double, and tricky in everything that concerned his profession, he affected the gay fellow; liked a jolly dinner at Brown's hotel; would go twenty miles to see a steeple chase and a coursing match; bet with any one, when the odds were strong in his favor, with an easy indifference about money that made him seem, when winning, rather the victim of good luck than any thing else. As he kept a rather pleasant bachelor's house, and liked the military much, we soon became acquainted. Upon him, therefore, for reasons I can't explain, both our hopes reposed; and Shaugh and myself at once agreed that, if Mat could not assist us in our distress, the case was a bad one.

"A pretty little epistle was accordingly concocted, inviting the worthy attorney to a small dinner at five o'clock the next day, intimating that we were to be perfectly alone, and had a little business to discuss. True to the hour, Mat was there; and, as if instantly guessing that ours was no regular party of pleasure, his look, dress, and manner were all in keeping with the occasion—quiet, subdued, and searching.

"When the claret had been superseded by the whisky, and the confidential hours were approaching, by an adroit allusion to some heavy wager then pending, we brought our finances upon the tapis. The thing was done beautifully; an easy *adagio* movement—no violent transition; but hang me if old Mat did not catch the matter at once.

"Oh! it's there ye are, captain," said he, with his peculiar grin; "two and sixpence in the pound, and no assets."

"The last is nearer the mark, my old boy," said Shaugh, blurring out the whole truth at once. The wily attorney finished his tumbler slowly, as if giving himself time for reflection, and then, smacking his lips in a preparatory manner, took a quick survey of the room with his piercing green eye.

"A very sweet mare of yours that little mouse-colored one is, with the dip in the back, and she has a trifling curb—may be it's a spavin indeed—in the near hind leg. You gave five-and-twenty for her, now, I'll be bound!"

"Sixty guineas, as sure as my name's Dan," said Shaugh, not at all pleased at the value put upon his hackney; "and, as to spavin or curb, I'll wager double the sum she has neither the slightest trace of one or the other."

"I'll not take the bet," said Mat, dryly; "money's scarce in these parts."

"This hit silenced us both; and our friend continued:

"Then there's the bay horse, a great, strapping, leggy beast he is for a tilbury; and the hunters, worth nothing here; they don't know this country: them's neat pistols; and the tilbury is not bad—"

"Confound you!" said I, losing all patience, "we did not ask you here to appraise our movables; we want to raise the wind without that."

"I see—I perceive," said Mat, taking a pinch of snuff very leisurely as he spoke: "I see. Well, that is difficult: very difficult, just now. I've mortgaged every acre of ground in the two counties near us, and a sixpence more is not to be had that way. Are you lucky at the races?"

"Never win a sixpence."

"What can you do at whist?"

"Revoke, and get cursed by my partner: devil more."

"That's mighty bad; for, otherwise, we might arrange something for you. Well, I only see one thing for it; you must marry: a wife with some money will get you out of your present difficulties, and we'll manage that easily enough."

"Come, Dan," said I, for Shaugh was dropping asleep, "cheer up, old fellow. Donevan has found the way to pull us through our misfortunes. A girl with forty thousand pounds, the best cock-shooting in Ireland; an old family, a capital cellar, all wait ye: rouse up there!"

"I'm convenient," said Shaugh, with a look intended to be knowing, but really very tipsy.

"I did not say much for her personal attractions, captain," said Mat; "nor, indeed, did I specify the exact sum; but Mrs. Rogers Dooley, of Clonakilty, might be a princess—"

"And so she shall be, Mat; the O'Shaughnessys were kings of Ennis in the time of Nero; and I'm only waiting for a trifle of money to revive the title. What's her name?"

"Mrs. Rogers Dooley."

"Here's her health, and long life to her;

And may the devil cut the toes  
Of all her foes,  
That we may know them by their limping."

"This benevolent wish uttered, Dan fell flat upon the hearth-rug, and was soon sound asleep. I must hasten on; so need only say, that before we parted that night, Mat and myself had finished the half-gallon bottle of Loughrea whisky, and concluded a treaty for the hand and fortune of Mrs. Rogers Dooley; he being guaranteed a very handsome per centage on the property, and lady being reserved—for choice between Dan and myself, which, however, I was determined should fall upon my more fortunate friend.

"The first object which presented itself to my aching senses the following morning, was a very spacious card of invitation from Mr. Jonas Malone, requesting me to favor him with the seductions of my society the next evening to a ball. At the bottom of which, in Mr. Donevan's hand, I read:

"Do not fail; you know who is to be there. I've not been idle since I saw you. Would the captain take twenty-five for the mare?"

"So far so good, thought I, as, entering O'Shaughnessy's quarters, I discovered him endeavoring to spell out his card,

which, however, had no postscript. We soon agreed that Mat should have his price; so, sending a polite answer to the invitation, we despatched a still more civil note to the attorney, and begged of him, as a weak mark of esteem, to accept the mouse-colored mare as a present.

"Here O'Shaughnessy sighed deeply, and even seemed affected by the souvenir.

"Come, Dan, we did it all for the best." O! O'Mealey, he was a cunning fellow; but no matter. We went to the ball, and, to be sure, it was a great sight. Two hundred and fifty souls, where there was not good room for the odd fifty: such laughing, such squeezing, such pressing of hands and waists in the staircase! and then such a row and a riot at the top—four fiddles, a key bugle, and a bagpipe, playing, 'Haste to the wedding,' amid the crash of refreshment trays, the tramp of feet, and the sounds of merriment on all sides!"

"It's only in Ireland, after all, people have fun: old and young, merry and morose, the gay and cross-grained, are crammed into a lively country dance; and, ill-matched, ill-suited, go jiggling away together to the blast of a bad band, till their heads, half turned by the noise, the heat, the novelty, and the hubbub, they all get as tipsy as if they were really deep in liquor.

"Then there is that particularly free-and-easy tone in every one about; here go a couple capering daintily out of the ball-room to take a fresh air on the stairs, where every step has its own separate flirtation party; there a riotous old gentleman, with a boarding-school girl for his partner, has plunged smack into a party at loo, upsetting cards and counters, and drawing down curses innumerable. Here are a merry knot round the refreshments, and well they may be; for the negus is strong punch, and the biscuit is tipsy cake—and all this with a running fire of good stories, jokes, and witticisms, on all sides, in the laughter for which even the droll-looking servants join as heartily as the rest.

"We were not long in finding out Mrs. Rogers, who sat in the middle of a very high sofa, with her feet just touching the floor. She was short, fat, wore her hair in a crop, had a species of shining yellow skin, and a turned up nose, all of which were by no means prepossessing. Shaugh and myself were too hard-up to be particular, and so we invited her to dance alternately for two consecutive hours, plying her assiduously with negus during the lulls in the music.

"Supper was at last announced, and enabled us to recruit for new efforts; and so, after an awful consumption of fowl, pigeon-pie, ham, and brandy cherries, Mrs. Rogers brightened up considerably, and professed her willingness to join the dancers. As for us, partly from exhaustion, partly to stimulate our energies and in some degree to drown reflection, we drank deep, and when we reached the drawing-room, not only the agreeable guests themselves, but even the furniture, the venerable chairs, and the stiff old sofa seemed performing 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' How we conducted ourselves till five in the morning, let our cramps confess; for we were both bed-ridden for ten days after; however, at last, Mrs. Rogers gave in; and, reclining gracefully upon a window-seat, pronounced it a most elegant party, and asked me to look for her shawl. While I perambulated the staircase with her bonnet on my head, and more wearing apparel than would stock a magazine, Shaugh was roaring himself hoarse in the street, calling Mrs. Roger's coach.

"Sure, captain," said the lady, with a tender leer, 'it's only a chair.'

"And here it is," said I, surveying a very portly looking old sedan, newly painted and varnished, that blocked up half the hall.

"You'll catch cold, my angel," said Shaugh in a whisper, for he was coming it very strong by this; "get into the chair. Maurice, can't you find those fellows?" said he to me; for the chairmen had gone down stairs, and were making very merry among the servants.

"She's fast now," said I, shutting the door to. "Let us do the gallant thing, and carry her home ourselves." Shaugh thought this a great notion; and, in a minute, we mounted the poles, and sallied forth, amid a great chorus of laughing from all the footmen, maids, and tea-boys that filled the passage."

"The big house, with the bow windows and the pillars captain!" said a fellow, as we issued upon our journey.

"I know it," said I. "Turn to the left as you pass the square."

"Is not she heavy?" said Shaugh, as he meandered across narrow streets with a sidelong motion, that must have suggested to our fair inside passenger some notions of a sea voyage. In truth, I must confess, her progress was rather a devious one; now zigzagging from side to side, now getting into a sharp trot, and then suddenly pulling up at a dead stop, or running the machine chuck against a wall, to enable us to stand still and gain breath.

"Which way now?" cried he, as we swung round the angle of a street, and entered the large market place; 'I'm getting terribly tired.'

"Never give in, Dan? think of Clonakilty, and the old lady herself, and here I gave the chair a hoist that evidently astonished our fair friend; for a very imploring cry issued forth immediately after.

"To the right, quick step, forward—charge!" cried I; and we set off at a brisk trot down a steep and narrow lane.

"Here it is now: the light in the window; cheer up!"

"As I said this, we came short up to a fine portly looking doorway, with great stone pillars and cornice.

"Make yourself at home, Maurice," said he; "bring her in; and so saying we pushed forward for the door was open—and passed boldly into a great flagged hall, silent and cold, and dark as the night itself.

"Are you sure we're right?" said he.

"All right," said I, "go ahead."

"And so we did till we came in sight of a small candle that burned dimly at a distance from us.

"Make for the light," said I; but just as I said so Shaugh slipped and fell flat on the flagway; the noise of his fall sent up a hundred echoes in the silent building, and terrified us both dreadfully; and, after a minute's pause, by one consent, we turned and made for the door, falling almost at every step, and frightened out of our senses, we came tumbling together into the porch, and out in the street, and never drew breath until we reached the barracks. Meanwhile, let me return to Mrs. Rogers. The dear old

lady, who had passed an awful time since she left the ball, had just rallied out of a fainting fit when we took to our heels; so, after screaming and crying her best, she at last managed to open the top of the chair, and, by dint of great exertions, succeeded in forcing the door and at length freed herself from bondage. She was leisurely groping her way round it in the dark, when her lamentations being heard without, woke up the old sexton of the chapel—for it was there we placed her—who, entering cautiously with a light, no sooner caught a glimpse of the great black sedan and the figure beside it, than he also took to his heels, and ran like a madman to the priest's house.

"Come, your reverence, come, for the love of mercy; sure didn't I see him myself! O wirra, wirra!"

"What is it, ye ould fool?" said M'Kennay.

"It's Father Con Doran, your reverence, that was buried last week, and there he is up now, coffin and all! saying a midnight mass as lively as ever."

"Poor Mrs. Rogers, God help her! It was a trying sight for her, when the priest and the two coadjutors, and three little boys and the sexton, all came in to lay her spirit; and the shock she received that night, they say, she never got over."

"Need I say, my dear O'Mealey, that our acquaintance with Mrs. Rogers was closed. The dear woman had a hard struggle for it afterward; her character was assailed by all the elderly ladies in Loughrea, for going off in our company, and her blue satin piped with scarlet, utterly ruined by a deluge of holy water bestowed on her by the pious sexton. It was in vain that she originated twenty different reports to mystify the world—and even ten pounds spent in masses for the eternal repose of Father Con Doran only increased the laughter this unfortunate affair gave rise to. As for us, we exchanged into the Line, and foreign service took us out of the road of duns, debts, and devilment, and we soon reformed, and eschewed such low company."

The day was breaking ere we separated, and, amid the rich and fragrant vapors that exhaled from the earth, the faint traces of sunlight dimly sealing, told of the morning. My two friends set out for Torrijos, and I pushed boldly forward in the direction of the Alberche.

It was a strange thing that, although but two days before, the roads we were then travelling had been the line of retreat of the whole French army, not a vestige of their *matériel* had been left behind. In vain we searched each thicket by the way side for some straggling soldier, some wounded or wearied man: nothing of the kind was to be seen. Except the deeply rutted road, torn by the heavy wheels of the artillery, and the white ashes of a wood fire, nothing marked their progress.

Our journey was a lonely one. Not a man was to be met with: the houses stood untenanted, the doors lay open; no smoke wreathed from their deserted hearths: the peasantry had taken to the mountains, and, although the plains were yellow with the ripe harvest, and the peach hung temptingly upon the trees, all was deserted and forsaken. I had often seen the blackened walls and broken rafters, the traces of the wild revenge and reckless pillage of a retiring army: the ruined castle, and the desecrated altar, are sad things to look upon; but, somehow, a far heavier depression sunk into my heart, as my eye ranged over the wide valleys and broad hills, all redolent of comfort, of beauty, and of happiness, and yet not one man to say this is my home, these are my household gods. The birds carolled gayly in each leafy thicket, the bright stream sung merrily as it rippled through the rocks, the tall corn gently stirred by the breeze seemed to swell the concert of sweet sounds; but no human voice awoke the echoes there. It was as if the earth was speaking in thankfulness to its Maker; while man, ungrateful and unworthy man, pursuing his ruthless path of devastation and destruction, had left no being to say, 'I thank thee for all these.'

The day was closing as we drew near the Alberche, and came in sight of the watch fires of the enemy. Far as the eye could reach, their column extended; but in the dim twilight nothing could be seen with accuracy. Yet from the position their artillery occupied, and the unceasing din of baggage wagons, and heavy carriages towards the rear, I came to the conclusion that a still further retreat was meditated: a picket of light cavalry was posted upon the river's bank, and seemed to watch with vigilance the approaches to the stream.

Our bivouac was a dense copse of pine trees, exactly opposite to the French advanced posts, and there we passed the night—fortunately a calm and star-light one,—for we dared not light fires, fearful of attracting attention.

During the long hours, I lay patiently watching the movements of the enemy till the dark shadows hid all from my sight, and even then, as my ears caught the challenge of a sentry, or the foot-steps of some officer in his round, my thoughts were riveted upon them, and a hundred vague fancies as to the future were based upon no stronger foundation than the click of a firelock or the low-muttered song of a patrol.

Towards morning I slept, and when day broke, my first glance was towards the river side; but the French were gone—noiselessly—rapidly. Like one man, that vast army had departed; and a dense column of dust towards the horizon alone marked the long line of march where the martial legions were retreating.

My mission was thus ended; and, hastily partaking of the humble breakfast my friend Mike provided for me, I once more set out, and took the road towards head quarters.

#### CHAPTER II.—The Skirmish.

For several months after the battle of Talavera my life presented nothing which I feel worth recording. Our good fortune seemed to have deserted us when our hopes were highest; for from the day of that splendid victory, we began our retrograde movement upon Portugal. Pressed hard by overwhelming masses of the enemy, we saw the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida fall successively into their hands. The Spaniards were defeated wherever they ventured upon a battle; and our own troops, thinned by sickness and desertion, presented but a shadow of that brilliant army which only a few months previous had followed the retiring French beyond the frontiers of Portugal.

However willing I now am—and who is not?—to recognize the genius and foresight of that great man, who then



held the destinies of the Peninsula within his hands, I confess, at the time I speak of, I could ill comprehend and still less feel contented with the successive retreats our forces made, and while the words Torres Vedras brought nothing to my mind but the last resting place before embarkation, the sad fortunes of Corunna were now before me, and it was with a gloomy and desponding spirit I followed the routine of my daily duty.

During these weary months, if my life was devoid of stirring interest or adventure, it was not profitless. Constantly employed at the outposts, I became thoroughly inured to all the roughing of a soldier's life, and learned in the best of schools that tacit obedience which alone can form the subordinate, or ultimately fit its possessor for command himself.

Humble and unobtrusive as such a career must ever be, it was not without its occasional rewards. From General Crawford I more than once obtained most kind mention in his despatches, and felt that I was not unknown or unnoticed by Sir Arthur Wellesley himself. At that time, these testimonies, slight and passing as they were, contributed to the pride and glory of my existence; and, even—shall I confess it?—when some gray hairs are mingling with the brown, and when my old dragoon swagger is taming down into a kind of half-pay shamble, I feel my heart warm at the recollection of them.

Be it so: I care not who smiles at the avowal. I know of little better worth remembering as we grow old than what pleased us while we were young. With the memory of the kind words once spoken, come back the still kinder looks of those who spoke them; and, better than all, that early feeling of budding manhood, when there was neither fear nor distrust. Alas! these are the things, and not weak eyes and tottering limbs, which form the burden of old age. Oh! if we could only go on believing, go on trusting, go on hoping to the last, who would shed tears for the by-gone feats of his youthful days, and when the spirit that evoked them lived young and vivid as before?

But to my story. While Ciudad Rodrigo still held out against the besieging French, its battered walls and breached ramparts sadly foretelling the fate inevitably impending, we were ordered, together with the sixteenth light dragoons, to proceed to Gallegos, to reinforce Crawford's division, then forming a corps of observation upon Massena's movements.

The position he occupied was a most commanding one—the crown of a long mountain ridge, studded with pine copse, and cork trees, presenting every facility for light infantry movements; and here and there gently sloping toward the plain, offering a field for cavalry manoeuvres. Beneath, in the vast plain, were encamped the dark legions of France, their heavy siege artillery planted against the fortress, while clouds of their cavalry caracolled proudly before us, as if in taunting sarcasm at our inactivity.

Every artifice which his natural cunning could suggest, every taunt a Frenchman's vocabulary contains, had been used by Massena to induce Sir Arthur Wellesley to come to the assistance of the beleaguered fortress; but in vain. In vain he relaxed the energy of the siege, and affected carelessness. In vain he asserted in his proclamation that the English were either afraid, or else traitors to their allies. The mind of him he thus assailed was neither accessible to menace nor to sarcasm. Patiently abiding his time, he watched the progress of events, and provided for that future which was to crown his country's arms with success, and himself with undying glory.

Of a different metal was the general formed, under whose arms we were now placed. Hot, passionate, and impetuous, relying upon bold and headlong heroism, rather than upon cool judgment and well-matured plans, Crawford felt in war all the asperity and bitterness of personal conflict. Ill brooking the insulting tone of the wily Frenchman, he thirsted for any occasion of a battle; and his proud spirit chafed against the colder counsels of his superior.

On the very morning we joined, the pickets brought in the intelligence that the French patrols were nightly in the habit of visiting the villages at the outposts, and committing every species of cruel indignity upon the wretched inhabitants. Fired at this daring insult, our General resolved to cut them off, and formed two ambuscades for the purpose.

Six squadrons of the fourteenth were despatched to Villa del Puero, three of the sixteenth to Baguette, while some companies of the ninety-fifth, and the cazadores, supported by artillery, were ordered to hold themselves in reserve; for the enemy were in force at no great distance from us.

The morning was just breaking as an aid-de-camp galloped up with the intelligence that the French had been seen near the Villa del Puero; a body of infantry and some cavalry having crossed the plain, and disappeared in that direction. While our Colonel was forming us, with the intention of getting between them and their main body, the tramp of horses was heard in the wood behind, and in a few moments two officers rode up. The foremost, who was a short stoutly-built man of about forty, with a bronzed face, and an eye of piercing black, shouted out as we wheeled into column:

"Halt, there! why, where the devil are you going? that's your ground." So, saying, and pointing toward the village with his hand, he would not listen to our Colonel's explanation that several stone fences and enclosures would interfere with cavalry movements, but added—

"Forward, I say; proceed."

Unfortunately, the nature of the ground separated our squadron, as the Colonel anticipated; and, although we came on at a topping pace, the French had time to form in square upon a hill, to await us; and when we charged they stood firmly, and, firing with a low and steady aim, several of our troopers fell. As we wheeled round we found ourselves exactly in front of their cavalry, coming out of Baguette; so, dashing straight at them, we revenged ourselves for our first repulse, by capturing twenty-nine prisoners, and wounding several others.

The French infantry were, however, still unbroken; and Col. Talbot rose up with five squadrons of the fourteenth; but the charge, pressed home with all its gallantry, failed also, and the Colonel fell mortally wounded, and fourteen of his troopers around him. Twice we rode round the square seeking for a weak point, but in vain; the gallant Frenchman who commanded, Captain Guache, stood fear-

lessly amid his brave followers; and we could hear him as he called out from time to time—

"C'est ça, mes enfans! bien fait, mes braves!"

And at length they made good their retreat, while we returned to the camp, leaving thirty-two troopers and our brave Colonel dead upon the field in this disastrous affair.

The repulse we had met with, so contrary to all our hopes and expectations, made that a most gloomy day to all of us. The brave fellows we had left behind us, the taunting cheers of the French infantry, the unbroken ranks against which we rode time after time in vain, never left our minds; and a sense of shame of what might be thought of us at head quarters, rendered the reflection still more painful.

Our bivouac, notwithstanding all our efforts, was a sad one; and, when the moon rose, some drops of heavy rain falling at intervals, in the still, untroubled air, threatened a night of storm; gradually the sky grew darker and darker, the clouds hung nearer to the earth, and a dense thick mass of dark mist shrouded every object; the heavy canonade of the siege was stilled, nothing betrayed that a vast army was encamped near us, their bivouac fires were even imperceptible, and the only sound we heard was the great bell of Ciudad Rodrigo as it struck the hour, and seemed in the mournful cadence of its chime like the knell of the doomed citadel.

The patrol which I commanded to visit on its rounds the most advanced post of our position. This was a small farm house which, standing upon a little rising ledge of ground, was separated from the French lines by a little stream tributary to the Aguda: a party of the fourteenth were picketed here, and beneath them, in the valley, scarce five hundred yards distant, was the detachment of cuirassiers which formed the French outpost. As we neared our picket, the deep voice of the sentry challenged us, and, while all else was silent as the grave, we could hear from the opposite side of the merry chorus of the French *chanson a boire*, with its clattering accompaniment of glasses, as some gay companions were making merry together.

Within the little hut which contained our fellows, the scene was a different one: the three officers who commanded, sat moodily over a wretched fire of wet wood, a solitary candle dimly lighted the dismantled room, where a table but ill supplied with cheer stood unmind and uncared for.

"Well, O'Malley, cried Baker, as I came in; 'what is the night about, and what's Crawford for next?'"

"We hear," cried another, "that he means to give battle to-morrow, but surely Sir Arthur's orders are positive enough. Gordon himself told me that he was forbid to fight beyond the Coa, but to retreat at the first advance of the enemy."

"I'm afraid," replied I, "that retreating is his last thought just now. Ammunition has just been served out, and I know the horse artillery have orders to be in readiness by daybreak."

"All right," said Hampden, with a half-bitter tone. "Nothing like going through with it. If he is to be brought to a court martial for disobedience, he'll take good care we shan't be there to see it."

"Why, the French are fifty thousand strong," said Baker.

"Look there, what does that mean now? That's a signal from the town." As he spoke, a rocket of great brilliancy shot up into the sky, and, bursting, at length fell in millions of red lustrous sparks on every side, showing forth the tall fortress and the encamped army around it, with all the clearness of noonday. It was a most splendid sight; and, though the next moment all was dark as before, we gazed still fixedly into the gloomy distance; straining our eyes to observe what was hid from our view for ever.

"That must be a signal," repeated Baker.

"Begad! if Crawford sees it, he'll interpret it as a reason for fighting. I trust he's asleep by this time," said Hampden. "By the bye, O'Malley, did you see the fellows at work in the trenches? How beautifully clear it was towards the southward!"

"Yes, I remarked that! and what surprised me was the openness of their position in that direction. Towards the San Benito mole, I could not see a man."

"Ah! they'll not attack on that side—but if we really are—"

"Stay, Hampden," said I, interrupting; a thought has just struck me. At sunset I saw through my telescope the French engineers marking with their white tape the line of a new intrenchment in that quarter. Would it not be a glorious thing to move the tape, and bring the fellows under the fire of San Benito?"

"By Jove, O'Malley, that is a thought worth a troop to you!"

"Far more like to forward his promotion in the next world than in this," said Baker, smiling.

"By no means," added I: "I marked the ground this evening, and have it perfectly in my mind. If we were to follow the bend of the river, I'll be bound to come right upon the spot: by nearing the fortress we'll escape the sentries; and all this portion is open to us."

The project thus loosely thrown out was now discussed in all its bearings. Whatever difficulties it presented were combated so much to our own satisfaction, that at last its very facility dampened our ardor. Meanwhile the night wore on, and the storm of rain so long impending began to descend in very torrents: hissing along the parched ground, it rose in a mist, while over head the heavy thunder rolled in long unbroken peals, the crazy door threatened to give way at each moment, and the whole building trembled to its foundation.

"Pass the brandy down here, Hampden, and thank your stars you're where you are. Eh, O'Malley? You'll defer your trip to San Benito for finer weather."

"Why, in good earnest," said Hampden, "I'd rather begin my engineering at a more favorable season; but if O'Malley's for it—"

"And O'Malley is for it," said I, suddenly.

"Then faith I'm not the man to balk his fancy; and as Crawford is so bent upon fighting to-morrow, it do n't make much difference. Is it a bargain?"

"It is; here's my hand on it."

"Come, come, boys; I'll none of this: we've been prettily cut up this morning already. You shall not go upon this foolish excursion."

"Confound it, old fellow; it's all very well for you to talk, with the majority before you, next step; but here we are, if peace come to-morrow, scarcely better than we left England. No, no, if O'Malley's ready—and I see he is so before me—what have you got there?"

"Oh! I see; that's our tape line; capital fun, by George; the worst of it is, they'll make us Colonels of engineers."

"Now then, what's your plan—on foot or mounted?"

"Mounted, and for this reason: the country is all open; if we are to have a run for it, our thoroughbreds ought to distance them; and, as we must expect to pass some of their sentries, our only chance is on horseback."

"My mind is relieved of a great load," said Hampden; "I was trembling in my skin, lest you should make it a walking party. I'll do any thing you like in the saddle, from robbing the mail to cutting out a frigate; but I never was much of a footpad."

"Well, Mike," said I, as I returned to the room with my trusty follower, "are the cattle to be depended on?"

"If we had a snaffle in Malachi Daly's mouth," (my brown horse,) "I'd be afraid of nothing, sir; but, if it comes to fencing, with that cruel bit—but sure, you've a light hand, and let him have his head, if it's wall."

"By Jove, he thinks it a fox-chase!" said Hampden.

"Is n't it the same, sir?" said Mike, with a seriousness that made the whole party smile.

"Well, I hope we shall not be earthed any way," said I. "Now the next thing is, who has a lantern?—ah! the very thing; nothing better. Look to your pistols, Hampden; and, Mike, here's a glass of grog for you; we'll want you. And now, one bumper for good luck. Eh, Baker, won't you pledge us?"

"And spare a little for me," said Hampden. "How it does rain. If one didn't expect to be waterproofed before morning, they really would n't go out in such weather."

While I busied myself in arranging my few preparations, Hampden proceeded gravely to inform Mike that we were going to the assistance of the besieged fortress, which could not possibly go on without us.

"Tare and ages," said Mike, "that's mighty quare; and the blue rocket was a letter of invitation."

"Exactly," said Hampden; "and you see there's no ceremony between us. We'll just drop in, in the evening, in a friendly way."

"Well, then, upon my conscience, I'd wait, if I was you, till the family was n't in confusion. They have enough on their hands just now."

"So you'll not be persuaded," said Baker. "Well, I frankly tell you, that come what will of it, as your senior officer, I'll report you to-morrow. I'll not risk myself for any such hair-brained expeditions."

"A mighty pleasant look-out for me," said Mike; "if I'm not shot to-night, still I may be flogged in the morning."

This speech once more threw us into a hearty fit of laughter, amid which we took leave of our friends, and set forth upon our way.

#### CHAPTER III.—The Lines of Ciudad Rodrigo.

The small twinkling lights which shone from the ramparts of Ciudad Rodrigo were our only guide, as we issued forth upon our perilous expedition. The storm raged, if possible, even more violently than before; and gusts of wind swept along the ground with the force of a hurricane; so that, at first, our horses could scarcely face the tempest. Our path lay along the little stream for a considerable way: after which, fording the rivulet, we entered upon the open plain; taking care to avoid the French outposts in the extreme left, which was marked by a bivouac fire, burning under the heavy down-pour of rain, and looking larger through the dim atmosphere around it.

I rode foremost, followed closely by Hampden and Mike: not a word was spoken after we crossed the stream. Our plan was, if challenged by a patrol, to reply in French and press on: so small a party could never suggest the idea of attack; and we hoped in this manner to escape.

The violence of the storm was such, that many of our precautions as to silence were quite unnecessary; and we had advanced to a considerable extent into the plain before any appearance of the encampment struck us. At length, on mounting a little rising ground, we perceived several fires stretching far away to the northward; while, still to our left, there blazed one larger and brighter than the others. We now found that we had not outflanked their position as we intended, and learning from the situation of the fires, that we were still only at the outposts, we pressed sharply forward, directing our course by the twin stars that shone from the fortress.

"How heavy the ground is here!" whispered Hampden, as our horses sunk above the fetlocks; "we had better stretch away to the right, the rise of the hill will favor us."

"Hark!" said I: "did you not hear something? pull up; silence now; yes, there they come. It's a patrol, I hear their tramp." As I spoke, the measured tread of infantry was heard above the storm, and soon after a lantern was seen coming along the causeway near us. The column passed within a few yards of where we stood. I could even recognise the black covering of the skakos as the light fell on them. "Let us follow them," whispered I; and the next moment we fell in upon their track, holding our cattle well in hand and ready to start at a moment.

"Qui est là?" a sentry demanded.

"La deuxième division," cried a hoarse voice.

"Halt! là! le consigne?"

"Wagham!" repeated the same voice as before, while his party resumed their march, and the next moment the patrol was again upon his post, silent and motionless as before.

"En avant, Messieurs!" said I aloud, as soon as the infantry had proceeded some distance; "en avant!"—"Qui est là?" demanded the sentry, as we came along at a sharp trot.

"L'état-major, Wagham," responded I, pressing on without drawing rein; and in a moment we had regained our former position behind the infantry. We had scarcely time to congratulate ourselves upon the success of our scheme, when a tremendous clattering noise in front, mingled with the galloping of horses and the cracking of whips, announced the approach of the artillery as they came along by a narrow road which bisected our path; and, as they passed between us and the column, we could

hear the muttered sentences of the drivers, cursing the unreasonable time for an attack, and swearing at their cattle in no measured tones.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Hampden; "the battery is about to be directed against the San Benito, which must be far away to the left. I heard one of the troop saying that they were to open their fire at daybreak."

"All right, now," said I; "look there."

From the hill we now stood upon, a range of lanterns was distinctly visible, stretching away for nearly half a mile.

"There are the trenches: they must be at work, too; see how the lights are moving from place to place! Straight now: forward!"

So saying, I pressed my horse boldly on. We had not proceeded many minutes, when the sounds of galloping were heard coming along behind us.

"To the right, in the hollow," cried I: "be still."

Scarcely had we moved off when several horsemen galloped up, and, drawing their reins to breathe their horses up the hill, we could hear their voices as they conversed together.

In the few broken words we could catch, we guessed that the attack upon San Benito was only a feint to induce Crawford to hold his position, while the French, marching upon his flank and front, were to attack him with overwhelming masses and crush him.

"You hear what's in store for us, O'Malley," whispered Hampden. "I think we could not possibly do better than hasten back with the intelligence."

"We must not forget what we came for, first," said I; and the next moment we were following the horsemen, who, from their helmets, seemed horse artillery officers.

The pace our guides rode at showed us that they knew their ground. We passed several sentries, muttering something at each time, and seeming as if only anxious to keep up with our party.

"They've halted," said I. "Now to the left there: gently here, for we must be in the midst of their lines. Ha! I knew we were right: see there!"

Before us, now, at a few hundred yards, we could perceive a number of men engaged upon the field. Lights were moving from place to place rapidly, while immediately in front, a strong picket of cavalry were halted.

"By Jove, there's sharp work of it to-night," whispered Hampden; "they do intend to surprise us to-morrow."

"Gently now, to the left," said I; as cautiously skirting the little hill, I kept my eye firmly fixed upon the watchfire.

The storm, which for some time had abated considerably, was now nearly quelled, and the moon again peeped forth amid masses of black and watery clouds.

"What good fortune for us!" thought I, at this moment, as I surveyed the plain before me.

"I say, O'Malley, what are those fellows at yonder, where the blue light is burning?"

"Ah! the very people we want; these are the sappers. Now for it! that's our ground: we'll soon come upon their track, now."

We pressed rapidly forward, passing an infantry party, as we went. The blue light was scarcely a hundred yards off: we could even hear the shouting of the officers to their men in the trenches, when suddenly my horse came down upon his head, and rolling over, crushed me to the earth.

"Not hurt, my boy," cried I, in a subdued tone, as Hampden jumped down beside me.

It was the angle of a trench I had fallen into; and though both my horse and myself felt stunned for the moment, we rallied the next minute.

"Here is the very spot," said I: "now, Mike, catch the bridles and follow us closely."

Guiding ourselves along the edge of the trench, we crept stealthily forward: the only watch-fire near was where the engineer party was halted, and our object was to get outside of this.

"My turn this time," said Hampden, as he tripped suddenly, and fell head foremost upon the grass.

As I assisted him to rise, something caught my ankle, and, on stooping, I found it was a cord pegged fast into the ground and lying only a few inches above it.

"Now, steady! see here; this is their working line; pass your hand along it there, and let us follow it out."

While Hampden accordingly crept along on one side, I tracked the cord upon the other; here I found it terminating upon a small mound, where probably some battery was to be erected. I accordingly gathered it carefully up, and was returning toward my friend, when what was my horror to hear Mike's voice, conversing, as it seemed to me, with some one in French.

I stood fixed to the spot, my very heart beating almost in my mouth as I listened.

"*Qui êtes vous, donc, mon ami?*" inquired a hoarse, deep voice, a few yards off.

"*Bon cheval, bon beast, sacre nom de Dieu!*" A hearty burst of laughter prevented my hearing the conclusion of Mike's French.

I now crept forward upon my hands and knees, till I could catch the dark outline of the horses, one hand fixed upon my pistol trigger, and my sword drawn in the other. Meanwhile the dialogue continued.

"*Vous êtes d'Alsace; n'est-ce pas?*" asked the Frenchman, kindly, supposing that Mike's French savored of Strasbourg.

"Oh, blessed Virgin! av' I might shoot him," was the muttered reply.

Before I had time to see the effect of the last speech, I pressed forward with a bold spring, and felled the Frenchman to the earth; my hand had scarcely pressed upon his mouth, when Hampden was beside me. Snatching up the pistol I let fall, he held it to the man's chest, and commanded him to be silent. To unfasten his girdle, and bind the Frenchman's hands behind him was the work of a moment; and, as the sharp click of the pistol-cock seemed to calm his efforts to escape, we soon succeeded in fastening a handkerchief tight across his mouth, and, the next minute, he was placed behind Mike's saddle, firmly attached to this worthy individual by his sword belt.

"Now, a clear run home for it, and a fair start," said Hampden, as he sprang into the saddle.

"Now, then, for it," I replied; as, turning my horse's head toward our lines, I dashed madly forward.

The moon was again obscured, but still the dark outline of the hill which formed our encampment was discernible on the horizon. Riding side by side on we hurried; now splashing through the deep and wet marshes, now plunging through small streams. Our horses were high in mettle, and we spared them not; by taking a wide *détour* we had outflanked the French pickets, and were almost out of all risk, when suddenly, on coming to the verge of a rather steep hill, we perceived beneath us a strong cavalry picket standing around a watch-fire: their horses were ready saddled, the men accoutred, and quite prepared for the field. While we conversed together in whispers as to the course to follow, our deliberations were very rapidly cut short. The French prisoner, who hitherto had given neither trouble nor resistance, had managed to free his mouth from the encumbrance of the handkerchief; and, as we stood quietly discussing our plans, with one tremendous effort he endeavored to hurl himself and Mike from the saddle, shouting out as he did so,—

"*A moi, camarades: sautez moi!*"

Hampden's pistol leaped from the holster as he spoke, and, levelling it with a deadly aim, he pulled the trigger; but I threw up his arm, and the ball passed high above his head. To have killed the Frenchman would have been to lose my faithful follower, who struggled manfully with his adversary, and, at length, by throwing himself flatly forward upon the mane of his horse, completely disabled him. Meanwhile, the picket had sprung to their saddles, and looked wildly about on every side.

Not a moment was to be lost; so, turning our horses' heads towards the plain, away we went. One loud cheer announced to us that we had been seen, and the next instant the clash of the pursuing cavalry was heard behind us. It was now entirely a question of speed, and little need we have feared, had Mike's horse not been doubly weighted. However, as we still had considerably the start, and the gray dawn of day enabled us to see the ground, the odds were in our favor. "Never let your horse's head go," was my often repeated direction to Mike, as he spurred with all the desperation of madness. Already the low meadow land was in sight which flanked the stream we had crossed in the morning; but, unfortunately, the heavy rains had swollen it now to a considerable depth, and the muddy current, choked with branches of trees and great stones, was hurrying down like a torrent. "Take the river: never flinch it," was my cry to my companions, as I turned my head and saw a French dragoon, followed by two others, gaining rapidly upon us. As I spoke, Mike dashed in followed by Hampden, and the same moment the sharp ring of a carbine whizzed past me. To take off the pursuit from the others, I now wheeled my horse suddenly round, as if I feared to take the stream, and dashed along by the river's bank.

Beneath me, in the foaming current, the two horsemen labored; now stemming the rush of water, now reeling almost beneath. A sharp cry burst from Mike as I looked; and I saw the poor fellow bend nearly to his saddle. I could see no more, for the chase was now hot upon myself; behind me rode a French dragoon, his carbine pressed tightly to his side, ready to fire as he pressed on in pursuit. I had but one chance; so, drawing my pistol, I wheeled suddenly in my saddle, and fired straight at him. The Frenchman fell while a regular volley from his party rung around me; one ball striking my horse, and another lodging in the pannel of my saddle. The noble animal reeled nearly to the earth, but, as if rallying for a last effort, sprang forward with renewed energy, and plunged boldly into the river.

For a moment, so sudden was my leap, my pursuers lost sight of me; but the bank being somewhat steep, the efforts of my horse to climb, again discovered me, and, before I reached the field, two pistol balls took effect upon me; one slightly grazed my side, but my bridle arm was broken by the other, and my hand fell motionless to my side. A cheer of defiance was, however, my reply, as I turned round in my saddle, and the next moment I was far beyond the range of their fire.

Not a man durst follow; and the last sight I had of them was the dismounted group who stood around their dead comrade; before me rode Hampden and Mike, still at top speed, and never turning their heads backward. I hastened after them; but my poor wounded horse, nearly hamstringed by the shot, became dead lame; and it was past daybreak ere I reached the first outposts of our lines.

#### CHAPTER IV....The Doctor.

"And his wound? Is it a serious one?" said a round, full voice, as the doctor left my room, at the conclusion of his visit.

"No, sir; a fractured bone is the worst of it; the bullet grazed, but did not cut the artery; and as—"

"Well, how soon will he be about again?"

"In a few weeks, if no fever sets in."

"There is no objection to my seeing him?—a few minutes only—I shall be cautious." So saying, and, as it seemed to me, without waiting for a reply, the door was opened by an aid-de-camp, who, announcing General Crawford, closed it again and withdrew.

The first glance I threw upon the General, enabled me to recognise the officer who on the previous morning had rode up to the picket and given us the orders to charge. I essayed to rise a little as he came forward, but he motioned me with his hand to lie still, while, placing a chair close by my bed, he sat down.

"Very sorry for your mishap, sir; but glad it is no worse. Moreton says that nothing of consequence is injured; there, you must not speak, except I ask you. Hampden has told me every thing necessary; at least, as far as he knew. Is it your opinion, also, that any movement is in contemplation? and from what circumstance?"

I immediately explained, and, as briefly as I was able, the reasons for suspecting such, with which he seemed quite satisfied. I detailed the various changes in the positions of the troops that were taking place during the night, the march of the artillery, and the strong bodies of cavalry that were posted in reserve along the river.

"Very well, sir; they'll not move; your prisoner, sir, quarter-master of an infantry battalion, says not, also. Yours was a bold stroke, but could not possibly have been of service, and the best thing I can do for you is not to mention it; a court-martial is but a poor recompense for a gunshot wound. Meanwhile, when this blows over, I'll appoint

you on my personal staff. There, not a word, I beg; and now good-bye."

So saying, and waving me an adieu, with his hand, the gallant veteran withdrew before I could express my gratitude for his kindness.

I had little time for reflecting over my past adventure. Such numbers of my brother officers poured in upon me. All the doctor's cautions respecting quietness and rest were disregarded, and a perfect levee sat the entire morning in my bedroom. I was delighted to learn that Mike's wound, though painful at the moment, was of no consequence, and indeed, Hampden, who escaped both steel and shot, was the worst off among us; his plunge in the river having brought on an ague he had labored under years before.

"The illustrious Maurice has been twice here this morning, but they would not admit him. Your Scotch physician is afraid of his Irish *confère*, and they had a rare set-to, about Galen and Hippocrates, outside," said Baker.

"By-the-bye," said another, "did you see how Sparks looked when Quill joined us? Egad, I never saw a fellow in such a fright; he reddened up, then grew pale, turned his back, and slunk away at the very first moment."

"Yes, I remember it. We must find out the reason; for Maurice, depend upon it, has been hoaxing the poor fellow."

"Well, O'Malley," growled out the senior major, "you certainly did give Hampden a benefit. He'd not trust himself in such company again, and begad, he says, the man is as bad as the master. That fellow of yours never let go his prisoner till he reached the Quarter General, and they were both bathed in blood by that time."

"Poor Mike, we must do something for him."

"Oh! he's as happy as a king. Maurice has been in to see him, and they've had a long chat about Ireland, and all the national pastimes of whiskey drinking and smashing skulls: my very temples ache at the recollection."

"Is Mister O'Mealey at home?" said a very rich Cork accent, as the well known and most droll features of Dr. Maurice Quill appeared at the door.

"Come in, Maurice, said the major; "and for Heaven's sake behave properly. The poor fellow must not have a row about his bedside."

"A row, a row! Upon my conscience, it is little you know about a row, and there's worse things going than a row."

"Which leg is it?"

"It's an arm, Doctor, I'm happy to say."

"Not your punch hand, I hope. No; all's right. A neat fellow you have for a servant, that Mickey Free. I was asking him about a townsman of his own—one Tim Delany—the very cut of himself; the best servant I ever had. I never could make out what became of him. Old Hobson of the ninety-fifth gave him to me, saying, 'There, he's for you, Maurice, and a bigger thief and a greater blackguard there's not in the sixtieth.'"

"Strong word," said I.

"And true," said he, "he'd steal your molar tooth while you were laughing at him."

"Let me have him, and try my hand on him, any way. I've got no one just now. Anything is better than nothing."

"Well, I took Tim, and sending for him to my room, I locked the door, and, sitting down gravely before him, explained, in a few words, that I was quite aware of his little propensities."

"Now," said I, "if you like to behave well, I'll think you as honest as the chief justice; but, if I catch you stealing, if it be only the value of a brass snuff-box, I'll have you flogged before the regiment, as sure as my name's Maurice."

"O! I wish you had heard the volley of protestations that fell from him, fast as hail. He was a calumniated man; the world conspired to wrong him; he was never a thief nor a rogue in his life; he had a weakness, he confessed, for the ladies, but, except that, he hoped he might die so thin, that he could shave himself with his shin bone, if he ever so much as took a pinch of salt that wasn't his own."

"However this might be, nothing could be better than the way Tim and I got on together. Every thing was in its place—nothing missing—and, in fact, for upwards of a year, I went on wondering when he was to show out in his true colors; for hitherto he had been a phoenix."

"At last,—we were quartered in Limerick at the time,—every morning used to bring accounts of all manner of petty thefts in the barracks; one fellow had lost his belt, another his shoes, a third had three-and-sixpence in his pocket when he went to bed, and woke without a farthing, and so on: every body, save myself, was mulet of something. At length some rumors of Tim's former propensities got abroad; suspicion was excited. My friend Delany was rigidly watched, and some very dubious circumstances attached to the way he spent his evenings."

"My brother officers called upon me about the matter, and, although nothing had transpired like proof, I sent for Tim, and opened my mind on the subject."

"You may talk of the look of conscious innocence, but I defy you to conceive any thing finer than the stare of offended honor Tim gave me as I begun."

"They say it's me, doctor," said he, "do they? And you—you believe them. You allow them to revile me that way? Well, well the world is come to a pretty pass, anyhow. Now, let me ask your honor a few questions?"

"How many shirts had yourself when I entered your service? two, and one was more like a fishing-net! And how many have ye now? eighteen; ay, eighteen bran new cambric ones; devil a hole in one of them! How many pair of stockings had you? three and an odd one: you have two dozen this minute. How many pocket handkerchiefs? one—devil a more! You could only blow your nose two days in the week, and now you may every hour of the twenty-four!—and, as to the trifling articles of small value, snuff-boxes, gloves, boot-jacks, night-caps, and—"

"Stop, Tim, that's enough—"

"No, sir, it is not," said Tim, drawing himself up to his full height; "you have wounded my feelings in a way I can't forget: it is impossible we can have that mutual respect our position demands: farewell, farewell, doctor, and forever!"

"Before I could say another word, the fellow had left the room, and closed the door after him; and, from that hour to this, I never set eyes on him."

In this vein did the worthy doctor run on, till some more discreet friend suggested that, however well intentioned the



vain, I did not seem to be fully equal to it; my flushed cheek and anxious eye betraying that the fever of my wound had commenced; they left me, therefore, once more alone, and to my solitary musings over the vicissitudes of my fortune.

#### CHAPTER V....The Coa.

Within a week from the occurrence of the event just mentioned, Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered, and Crawford assumed another position beneath the walls of Almeida; the Spanish contingent having left us, we were reinforced by the arrival of two battalions, renewed orders being sent not to risk a battle; but, if the French should advance, to retire beyond the Coa.

On the evening of the 21st of July, a strong body of French cavalry advanced into the plain, supported by some heavy guns; upon which Crawford retired upon the Coa, intending, as we supposed, to place that river between himself and the enemy. Three days, however, passed over without any movement upon either side, and we still continued, with a force of scarcely four thousand infantry and a thousand dragoons, to stand opposite to an army of nearly fifty thousand men; such was our position as the night of the 24th set in. I was sitting alone in my quarters; Mike, whose wound had been severer than at first was supposed, had been sent to Almeida, and I was musing in solitude upon the events of the campaign, when the noise and bustle without excited my attention; the roll of artillery wagons, the clash of musketry, and the distant sounds of marching, all proved that the troops were effecting some new movement, and I burned with anxiety to learn what it was. My brother officers, however, came not as usual to my quarters; and, although I waited with impatience while the hours rolled by, no one appeared.

Long, low, moaning gusts of wind swept along the earth, carrying the leaves as they tore them from the trees, and mingling their sad sounds with the noises of the retreating troops; for I could perceive that gradually the sounds grew more and more remote, and only now and then could I trace their position, as the roll of a distant drum swelled upon the breeze, or the more skilful cry of a pibroch broke upon my ear: a heavy downpour of rain followed soon after, and in its unceasing plash drowned all other sounds.

As the little building shook beneath the peals of loud thunder, the lightning flashed in broad sheets upon the rapid river, which, swollen and foaming, dashed impetuously beside my window. By the uncertain but vivid glare of the flashes I endeavored to ascertain where our force was posted; but in vain. Never did I witness such a night of storm: the deep booming of the thunder seeming never for a moment to cease, while the rush of the torrent grew gradually louder, till at length it swelled into one deep and sullen roar, like that of distant artillery.

Weak and nervous as I felt from the effects of my wound, feverish and exhausted by days of suffering and sleepless nights, I paced my room with tottering but impatient steps. The sense of my sad and imprisoned state impressed me deeply; and while, from time to time, I replenished my fire, and hoped to hear some friendly step upon the stair, my heart grew gradually heavier, and every gloomy and depressing thought suggested itself to my imagination. My most constant impression was, that the troops were retiring beyond the Coa, and that forgotten in the haste and confusion of a night march, I had been left behind to fall a prisoner to the enemy.

The sounds of the troops retiring gradually farther and farther favored the idea, in which I was still more strengthened on finding that the peasants who inhabited the little hut had departed, leaving me utterly alone. From the moment I ascertained this fact, my impatience knew no bounds, and, in proportion as I began to feel some exertion necessary on my part, so much more did my nervousness increase my debility, that at last I sank exhausted upon my bed, while a cold perspiration broke out upon my temples.

I have mentioned that the Coa was immediately beneath the house; I must also add, that the little building occupied the angle of a steep but narrow gorge, which descended from the plain to the bridge across the stream. This, as far as I knew, was the only means we possessed of passing the river; so that, when the last retiring sounds of the troops were heard by me, I began to suspect that Crawford, in compliance with his orders, was making a backward movement, leaving the bridge open to the French, to draw them on to his line of march, while he should cross over at some more distant point.

As the night grew later, the storm seemed to increase: the waves of the foaming river dashed against the frail walls of the hut, while its roof, rent by the blast, fell in fragments upon the stream, and all threatened a speedy and perfect ruin.

How I longed for morning! The doubt and uncertainty I suffered nearly drove me distracted. Of all the casualties my career as a soldier opened, none had such terrors for me as imprisonment: the very thought of the long years of inaction and inglorious idleness, was worse than any death. My wounds and the state of fever I was in, increased the morbid dread upon me, and had the French captured me at the time, I know not that madness of which I was not capable. Day broke at last, but slowly and sullenly; the gray clouds hurried past upon the storm, pouring down the torrents as they went, and the desolation and dreariness on all sides was scarcely preferable to the darkness and gloom of night. My eyes were turned ever towards the plain, across which the winter wind bore the plashing rain in vast sheets of water: the thunder crashed louder and louder; but except the sounds of the storm, none others met my ear. Not a man, not a human figure could I see, as I strained my sight towards the distant horizon.

The morning crept over me, but the storm abated not, and the same unchanged aspect of dreary desolation prevailed without. At times I thought I could hear amidst the noises of the tempest something like the roll of distant artillery; but the thunder swelled in sullen roar above all, and left me uncertain as before.

At last, in a momentary pause of the storm, a tremendous peal of heavy guns caught my ear, followed by the long rattling of small arms. My heart bounded with ecstasy. The thought of the battle-field, with all its changing fortunes, was better, a thousand times better, than the despairing sense of desertion I labored under. I listened now

with eagerness, but the rain bore down again in torrents, and the crumbling walls and falling timbers left no other sounds to be heard. Far as my eye could reach, nothing could still be seen save the dreary monotony of the vast plain, undulating slightly here and there, but unmarked by a sign of man.

Far away towards the horizon, I had remarked for some time past that the clouds resting upon the earth grew blacker and blacker, spreading out to either side in vast masses, and not broken or wafted along like the rest. As I watched the phenomenon with an anxious eye, I perceived the dense mass suddenly appear, as it were, rent asunder, while a volume of liquid flame rushed wildly out, throwing a lurid glare on every side. One terrific clap, louder than any thunder, shook the air at this moment, while the very earth trembled beneath the shock.

As I hesitated what it might be, the heavy din of great guns again was heard, and from the midst of the black smoke rode forth a dark mass, which I soon recognized as the horse artillery at full gallop. They were directing their course towards the bridge.

As they mounted the little rising ground, they wheeled and unlimbered with the speed of lightning, just as a strong column of cavalry showed above the ridge. One tremendous discharge again shook the field, and ere the smoke cleared away, they were again far in retreat.

So much was my attention occupied with this movement, that I had not perceived the long line of infantry that came from the extreme left, and were now advancing also towards the bridge at a brisk quick step: scattered bodies of cavalry came up from different parts, while from the little valley every now and then a rifleman would mount the rising ground, turning to fire as he retreated. All this boded a rapid and disorderly retreat, and, although as yet I could see nothing of the pursuing enemy, I knew too well the relative forces of each to have a doubt for the result.

At last, the head of a French column appeared above the mist, and I could plainly distinguish the gestures of the officers as they hurried their men onwards. Meanwhile a loud hurra attracted my attention, and I turned my eyes towards the road which led to the river. Here a small body of the 95th had hurriedly assembled; and, formed, again, were standing to cover the retreat of the broken infantry as they passed on eagerly to the bridge: in a second after the French cuirassiers appeared. Little anticipating resistance from a flying and disordered mass, they rode headlong forward, and although the firm attitude and steady bearing of the Highlanders might have appalled them, they rode heedlessly down upon the square, sabring the very men in the front rank. Till now not a trigger had been pulled, when suddenly the word "fire" was given, and a withering volley of balls sent the cavalry column in shivers. One hearty cheer broke from the infantry in the rear, and I could hear "gallant ninety-fifth" shouted on every side along the plain.

The whole vast space before me was now one animated battle ground. Our own troops retiring in haste before the overwhelming forces of the French, occupied every little vantage ground with their guns and light infantry; charges of cavalry coursing hither and thither, while, as the French pressed forward, the retreating columns again formed into squares to permit stragglers to come up. The rattle of small arms, the heavy peal of artillery, the earthquake crash of cavalry, rose on every side, while the cheers which alternately told of the vacillating fortune of the fight, rose amidst the wild pibroch of the Highlanders.

A tremendous noise now took place on the floor beneath me; and looking down, I perceived that a sergeant and party of the sappers had taken possession of the little hut, and were busily engaged piercing the walls for musketry; and before many minutes had elapsed, a company of the rifles were thrown into the building, which, from its commanding position above the road, enfiladed the whole line of march. The officer in command briefly informed me that we had been attacked that morning by the French in force, and "devilishly well thrashed;" that we were now in retreat beyond the Coa, where we ought to have been three days previously, and desired me to cross the bridge and get myself out of the way as soon as I possibly could.

A twenty-four pounder from the French lines struck the angle of the house as he spoke, scattering the mortar and broken bricks about us on all sides. This was warning sufficient for me, wounded and disabled as I was; so, taking the few things I could save in my haste, I hurried from the hut, and, descending the path, now slippery by the heavy rain, I took my way across the bridge and established myself on a little rising knoll of ground beyond, from which a clear view could be obtained of the whole field.

I had not been many minutes in my present position ere the pass which led down to the bridge became thronged with troops, wagons, ammunition carts, and hospital stores, pressing thickly forward amid shouting and uproar: the hills on either side of the way were crowded with troops, who formed as they came up, the artillery taking up their position on every rising ground. The firing had already begun, and the heavy booming of the large guns was heard at intervals amid the rattling crash of musketry: except the narrow road before me, and the high bank of the stream, I could see nothing; but the tumult and din, which grew momentarily louder, told that the tide of battle waged nearer and nearer. Still the retreat continued; and at length the heavy artillery came thundering across the narrow bridge, followed by stragglers of all arms, and wounded, hurrying to the rear; the sharpshooters and Highlanders held the heights above the stream, thus covering the retreating columns; but I could plainly perceive that their fire was gradually slackening, and that the guns which flanked their position were withdrawn, and every thing bespoke a speedy retreat. A tremendous discharge of musketry at this moment, accompanied by a deafening cheer, announced the advance of the French, and soon the head of the Highland brigade was seen descending towards the bridge, followed by the rifles, and the 95th and 14th Light Dragoons, were now formed in column of attack, and the infantry deployed into line; and, in an instant after, high above the din and crash of battle, I heard the word "charge!"

The rising crest of the hill hid them from my sight, but my heart bounded with ecstasy as I listened to the clanging sound of the cavalry advance. Meanwhile, the infantry pressed on, and, forming upon the bank, took up a strong position in front of the bridge: the heavy guns were also

unlimbered: riflemen scattered through the low copse wood, and every precaution taken to defend the pass to the last: for a moment all my attention was riveted to the movements upon our own side of stream, when suddenly the cavalry bugle sounded the recall, and the same moment the staff came galloping across the bridge. One officer I could perceive, covered with orders and trappings; his head was bare, and his horse, splashed with blood and foam, moved lamely and with difficulty; he turned in the middle of the bridge, as if irresolute whether to retreat farther: one glance at him showed me the bronzed, manly features of our leader. Whatever his resolve, the matter was soon decided for him; for the cavalry came galloping swiftly down the slope, and in an instant the bridge was blocked up by the retreating forces; while the French as suddenly appearing above the height, opened a plunging fire upon their defenceless enemies; their cheer of triumph was answered by our fellows from the opposite bank, and a heavy cannonade thundered along the rocky valley, sending up a hundred echoes as it went.

The scene now became one of overwhelming interest; the French, posting their guns upon the height, replied to our fire, while their column, breaking into skirmishers, descended the banks to the river edge, and poured in one sheet of galling musketry. The road to the bridge, swept by our artillery, presented not a single file, and, although a movement among the French announced the threat of an attack, the deadly service of the artillery seemed to pronounce it hopeless.

A strong cavalry force stood inactively spectators of the combat on the French side, among whom I saw remarked some bustle and preparation, and, as I looked, an officer rode boldly to the river edge, and, spurring his horse forward, plunged into the stream. The swollen and angry torrent, increased by the late rains, boiled like harm, and foamed around him as he advanced, when suddenly his horse appeared to have lost its footing, and the rapid current, circling around him, bore him along with it. He labored madly, but in vain, to retrace his steps; the rolling torrent rose above his saddle, and all that his gallant steed could do was barely sufficient to keep afloat: both man and horse were carried down between the contending armies. I could see him wave his hand to his comrades as if in adieu: one deafening cheer of admiration arose from the French lines, and the next moment he was seen to fall from his seat, and his body, shattered with balls floated, mournfully upon the stream.

This little incident, to which both armies were witnesses, seemed to have called forth all the fiercer passions of the contending forces; a loud yell of taunting triumph rose from the Highlanders, responded to by a cry of vengeance from the French, and the same moment the head of a column was seen descending the narrow causeway to the bridge; while an officer, with a whole blaze of decorations and crosses, sprung from his horse and took the lead. The little drummer, a child of scarcely ten years old, tripped gayly on, beating his little *pas de charge*, seeming rather like the play of infancy than the summons to death and carnage, as the heavy guns of the French opened a volume of fire and flame to cover the attacking column; for a moment all was hid from our eyes; the moment after the grape shot swept along the narrow causeway, and the hedge, which, till a second before was crowded with the life and courage of a noble column, was now one heap of dead and dying; the gallant fellow who led them on, fell among the first rank, and the little child, as if kneeling, was struck dead beside the parapet; his fair hair floated across his cold features, and seemed in its motion to lend a look of life, when the heart's throb had ceased for ever. The artillery again re-opened upon us, and, when the smoke had cleared away, we discovered that the French had advanced to the middle of the bridge, and carried off the body of their general. Twice they essayed to cross, and twice the death-dealing fire of our guns covered the narrow bridge with slain, while, by the wild pibroch of the forty-second swelling madly into notes of exultation and triumph, the Highlanders could scarcely be prevented from advancing hand to hand with the foe. Gradually the French slackened their fire, their great guns were one by one withdrawn from the heights, and a dropping, irregular musketry at intervals sustained the fight, which, ere sunset, ceased altogether; and thus terminated the battle of the Coa.

#### CHAPTER VI....The Night-march.

Scarcely had the night fallen, when our retreat commenced. Tired and weary as our brave fellows felt, but little repose was allowed them; their bivouac fires were blazing brightly, and they had just thrown themselves in groups around them, when the word to fall in was passed from troop to troop, and from battalion to battalion, no trumpet, no bugle called them to their ranks. It was necessary that all should be done noiselessly and speedily, while, therefore, the wounded were marched to the front, and the heavy artillery with them, a brigade of light four pounders, and two squadrons of cavalry held the heights above the bridge, and the infantry, forming into three columns, began their march.

My wound, forgotten in the heat and excitement of the conflict, was now becoming excessively painful, and I gladly availed myself of a place in a wagon, where, stretched upon some fresh straw, with no other covering save the starry sky, I soon fell sound asleep, and neither the heavy jolting of the rough conveyance, nor the deep and rutty road were able to disturb my slumbers. Still, through my sleep, I heard the sounds around me, the heavy tramp of infantry, the clash of the moving squadrons, and the dull roll of artillery; and ever and anon the half-stifled cry of pain, mingling with the reckless carol of some drinking song, all fitted through my dreams, lending to my thoughts of home and friends a memory of glorious war.

All the vicissitudes of a soldier's life passed then in review before me, elicited in some measure by the things about. The pomp and grandeur, the misery and meanness, the triumph, the defeat, the moment of victory and the hour of death were there, and in that vivid dream I lived a life long.

I awoke at length, the cold and chilling air which follows midnight, blew around me, and my wounded arm felt as though it were frozen. I tried to cover myself beneath the straw, but in vain, and as my limbs trembled, and my teeth chattered, I thought again of home, where at that mo-

ment the poorest menial of my uncle's house was better lodged than I, and strange to say, something of pride mingled with the thought, and in my lonely heart a feeling of elation cheered me.

These reflections were interrupted by the sound of a voice near me which I at once knew to be O'Shaughnessy's; he was on foot, and speaking evidently in some excitement.

"I tell you Maurice, some confounded blunder there must be; sure he was left in that cottage near the bridge, and no one ever saw him after."

"The French took it from the rifles before we crossed the river. By Jove, I'll wager my chance of promotion against a pint of sherry, he'll turn up somewhere in the morning; those Galway chaps have as many lives as a cat."

"See now, Maurice, I would n't for a full colonelcy any thing would happen to him—I like the boy."

"So do I myself; but I tell you there's no danger of him: did you ask Sparks any thing?"

"Ask Sparks, God help you! Sparks would go off in a fit at the sight of me. No, no—poor creature, it's little use it would be my speaking to him."

"Why so, Doctor," cried I from my straw couch.

"May I never, if it's not him. Charley, my son, I'm glad you're safe. Faith, I thought you were on your way to Verdun by this time."

"Sure, I told you he'd find his way here—but O'Mealey, dear—you're mighty could—a rigour, as old M'Lauchlan would call it."

"E'en sae, Maister Quill," said a broad Scotch accent behind him; "and I canna see any objection to giein' things their right names."

"The top of the morning to you," said Quill, familiarly patting him on the back, "how goes it old brimstone?"

The conversation might not have taken a very amicable turn, had M'Lauchlan heard the latter part of his speech; but as happily he was engaged unpacking a small canteen which he had placed in the wagon, it passed unnoticed.

"Ye'll nae dislike a toothfu' of something warm, Major," said he, presenting a glass to O'Shaughnessy, "and if ye'll permit me, Mr. O'Mealey to help you—"

"A thousand thanks, Doctor; but I fear a broken arm."

"There's naething in the whiskey to prevent the proper formation of callus."

"By the rock of Cashel it never made any one callus," said O'Shaughnessy, mistaking the import of the phrase.

"Ye are nae drinking frae the flask," said the doctor, turning in some agitation toward Quill.

"Devil a bit, my darling. I've a little horn conviancy here, that holds half a pint, nice measure."

I do not imagine that our worthy friend participated in Quill's admiration of the "conviancy," for he added, in a dry tone:

"Ye may as weel tak your liquor frae a glass like a Christian, as stick your nose in a coo's horn."

"By my conscience, you're no small judge of spirits, wherever you learned it," said the major, "it's like Islay malt."

"I was aye reckoned a good ane," said the doctor, "and my mither's brither, Caimbogie, had na his like in the north country. You maybe heered tell what he aince said to the Duchess of Argyle, when she sent for him to taste her claret."

"Never heard of it," quoth Quill; let's have it, by all means. I'd like to hear what the Duchess said to him."

"It was wa what the Duchess said to him, but what he said to the Duchess, ye ken. The way of it was this. My uncle, Caimbogie, was aye up at the castle, for, besides his knowledge of liquor, there was nae his match for deer-stalking, or spearing a salmon, in these parts. He was a great rough carle, it's true, but aye ye'd rather crack wi' than fight wi'."

"Weel, ae day they had a great dinner at the Duke's, and there were plenty o' great southern lords and braw leddies in velvets and satin; and vara muckle surprised they were at my uncle, when he came in wi' his tartan kilt, in full Highland dress, as the head of a clan ought to do. Caimbogie, however, pe'd nae attention to them, but he eat his dinner and drank his wine, and talked away about fallow and red deer, and at last the Duchess, for she was aye fond o' him, addressed him frae the head o' the table—"

"'Caimbogie,' quoth she, 'I'd like to hae your opinion about that wine. It's some the Duke has just received, and we should like to hear what you think of it.'"

"'It's nae sae bad, my leddy,' said my uncle! for ye see he was a man of few words, and never flattered onybody."

"'Then you don't approve much of it?' said the Duchess."

"'I've drank better, and I've drank waur,' quo' he."

"'I'm sorry you don't like it, Caimbogie,' said the Duchess, 'for it can never be popular now, we have such a dependence upon your taste.'"

"'I canna say ower muckle for my taste, my leddy, but ae thing I will say—I've a most damnable AMELL.'"

"I hear that never since the auld walls stood, was there ever the like o' the laughing that followed: the puir Duke himself was carried away and nearly had a fit, and a' the grand lords and leddies a' most died of it. But see here, the carle has nae left a drop o' whiskey in the flask."

"The last glass I drained to your respectable uncle's health," said Quill, with a most professional gravity: "now, Charley, make a little room for me in the straw."

The doctor soon mounted beside me, and, giving me a share of his ample cloak, considerably ameliorated my situation.

"So you knew, Sparks, Doctor," said I, with a strong curiosity to hear something of his early acquaintance.

"That I did: I knew him when he was an ensign in the 10th foot; and, to say the truth, he is not much changed since that time;—the same lively look of a sick codfish about his grey eyes; the same disorderly wave of his yellow hair; the same sad whining voice, and that confounded apothecary's laugh."

"Come, come, Doctor, Sparks is a good fellow at heart: I won't have him abused. I never knew he had been in the infantry; I should think it must have been another of the same name."

"Not at all; there's only one like him in the service,

and that's himself. Confound it, man, I'd know his skin upon a bush; he was only three weeks in the 10th, and, indeed, your humble servant has the whole merit of his leaving it so soon."

"Do let me hear how that happened?"

"Simply thus—the jolly 10th were some four years ago the pleasantest corps in the army: from the Lieutenant-Colonel down to the last joined sub. all were out and outers—real gay fellows. The mess was, in fact, like a pleasant club, and if you did not suit it, the best thing you could do was to sell out or exchange into a slower regiment; and, indeed, this very wholesome truth was not very long in reaching your ears some way or other, and a man that could remain after being given this hint, was likely to go afterward without one."

Just as Dr. Quill reached this part of his story, an orderly dragoon galloped furiously past, and the next moment an aid de-camp rode by, calling, as he passed us—

"Close up there—close up! Get forward, my lads—get forward!"

It was evident, from the stir and bustle about, that some movement was being made; and soon after a dropping, irregular fire from the rear, showed that our cavalry were engaged with the enemy: the affair was scarcely of five minutes' duration, and our march resumed all its former regularity immediately after.

I now turned to the doctor to resume his story, but he was gone; at what moment he left I could not say, but O'Shaughnessy was also absent; nor did I again meet them for a considerable time after.

Towards daybreak we halted at Bonares, when my wound demanding rest and attention, I was billeted in the village, and consigned to all the miseries of a sick-bed.

#### CHAPTER VII....The Journey.

With that disastrous day my campaigning was destined, for some time at least, to conclude. My wound, which grew from hour to hour more threatening, at length began to menace the loss of the arm, and by the recommendation of the regimental surgeons, I was ordered back to Lisbon.

Mike, by this time perfectly restored, prepared every thing for my departure, and, on the third day after the battle of the Coa, I began my journey with downcast spirits and depressed heart. The poor fellow was, however, a kind and affectionate nurse, and, unlike many others, his cares were not limited to the mere bodily wants of his patient: he sustained, as well as he was able, my drooping resolution, rallied my spirits, and cheered my courage. With the very little Portuguese he possessed, he contrived to make every imaginable species of bargain: always managed a good billet; kept every one in good humor, and rarely left his quarters in the morning without a most affecting leave-taking, and reiterated promises to renew his visit.

Our journeys were usually short ones, and already two days had elapsed, when towards nightfall we entered the little hamlet of Jaffra. During the entire of that day, the pain of my wounded limb had been excruciating; the fatigue of the road and the heat had brought back violent inflammation, and, when at last the little village came in sight, my reason was fast yielding to the torturing agonies of my wound; but the transports with which I greeted my resting-place were soon destined to a change: for, as we drew near, not a light was to be seen, not a sound to be heard, not even a dog barked, as the heavy mule cart rattled over the uneven road. No trace of any living thing was there: the little hamlet lay sleeping in the pale moonlight, its streets deserted, and its homes tenantless; our own footsteps alone echoed along the dreary causeway; here and there, as we advanced farther, we found some relics of broken furniture and house gear; most of the doors lay open, but nothing remained within save bare walls; the embers still smoked in many places, upon the hearths, and showed us that the flight of the inhabitants had been recent. Yet every thing convinced us that the French had not been there; there was no trace of the reckless violence and wanton cruelty which marked their footsteps everywhere.

All proved that the desertion had been voluntary: perhaps in compliance with an order of our commander-in-chief, who frequently desired any intended line of march of the enemy to be left thus a desert. As we sauntered slowly on from street to street, half hoping that some one human being yet remained behind, and casting our eyes from side to side in search of quarters for the night, Mike suddenly came running up, saying,

"I have it, sir—I've found it out—there's people living down that small street there—I saw a light this minute as I passed."

I turned immediately, and, accompanied by the mule driver, followed Mike across a little open square into a small and narrow street, at the end of which a light was seen faintly twinkling: we hurried on, and in a few minutes reached a high wall of solid masonry, from a niche of which we now discovered, to our utter disappointment, the light proceeded. It was a small lamp placed before a little waxen image of the Virgin, and was probably the last act of piety of some poor villager, ere he left his home and hearth forever: there it burned brightly and tranquilly, throwing its mellow ray upon the cold deserted stones.

Whatever impatience I might have given way to in a moment of chagrin, was soon repressed, as I saw my two followers, uncovering their heads in silent reverence, kneel down before the little shrine. There was something at once touching and solemn in this simultaneous feeling of homage from the hearts of those removed in country, language, and in blood: they bent meekly down; their heads bowed upon their bosoms, while with muttering voices each offered up his prayer. All sense of their disappointment, all memory of their forlorn state, seemed to have yielded to more powerful and absorbing thoughts as they opened their hearts in prayer.

My eyes were still fixed upon them, when suddenly Mike, whose devotion seemed of the briefest, sprang to his legs, and with a spirit of levity, but little in accordance with his late proceedings, commenced a series of kicking, rap ing, and knocking at a small oak postern, sufficient to have aroused a whole convent from their cells, "House there!—good people within!"—bang, bang, bang: but the echoes alone responded to his call, and the sounds died away at

length in the distant streets, leaving all as silent and dreary as before.

Our Portuguese friend, who by this time had finished his orisons, now began a vigorous attack upon the small door, and, with the assistance of Mike, armed with a fragment of granite about the size of a man's head, at length separated the frame from the hinges, and sent the whole mass prostrate before us.

The moon was just rising as we entered the little park, where gravelled walks, neatly kept and well trimmed, bespoke recent care and attention; following a handsome alley of lime trees, we reached a little *jet d'eau*, whose sparkling fountain shone like diamonds in the moon beams; and, escaping from the edge of a vast shell, ran murmuring amid mossy stones and water lilies, that, however naturally they seemed thrown around, bespoke also the hand of taste in their position. On turning from the spot, we came directly in front of an old but handsome *château*, before which stretched a terrace of considerable extent. Its balustraded parapet, lined with orange trees, now in full blossom, scented the still air with their delicious odor; marble statues peeped here and there amid the foliage, while a *rich acacia*, loaded with flowers, covered the walls of the building, and hung in vast masses of variegated blossoms across the tall windows.

As leaning on Mike's arm, I slowly ascended the steps of the terrace, I was more than ever struck with the silence and deathlike stillness around; except the gentle plash of the fountain, all was at rest; the very plants seemed to sleep in yellow moonlight, and not a trace of any living thing was there.

The massive door lay open as we entered the spacious hall, flagged with marble, and surrounded with armorial bearings. We advanced farther, and came to a broad and handsome stair, which led us to a long gallery, from which a suite of rooms opened, looking towards the front part of the building. Wherever we went, the furniture appeared perfectly untouched; nothing was removed; the very chairs were grouped around the windows and the tables; books, as if suddenly dropped from their readers' hands, were scattered upon the sofas and the ottomans; and, in one small apartment, whose blue satin walls and damask drapery bespoke a boudoir, a rich mantilla of black velvet and a silk glove were thrown upon a chair. It was clear the desertion had been most recent; and every thing denoted that no time had been given to the fugitives to prepare for flight. What a sad picture of war was there! to think of those whose home, endeared to them by all the refinements of cultivated life, and all the associations of years of happiness, sent out upon the wide world,—wanderers, and houseless; while their hearth, sacred by every tie that binds us to our kindred, was to be desecrated by the ruthless and savage hands of a ruffian soldiery. I thought of them: perhaps at that very hour their thoughts were clinging round the old walls; remembering each well beloved spot, while they took their lonely path through mountain and through valley: and felt ashamed and abashed at my own intrusion there. While thus my reveries ran on, I had not perceived that Mike, whose views were very practical upon all occasion, had lighted a most cheerful fire upon the hearth, and, disposing a large sofa before it, had carefully closed the curtains, and was in fact making himself and his master as much at home as though he had spent his life there.

"Isn't it a beautiful place, Mither Charles? and this little room, doesn't it remind you of the blue bed-room in O'Malley Castle, barrin the elegant view out upon the Shannon, and the mountain Scariff?"

Nothing short of Mike's patriotism could forgive such a comparison; but, however, I did not contradict him, as he ran on:

"Faith, I knew there was luck in store for us this evening; and ye see the handful of prayers I threw away outside wasn't lost. José's making the beasts comfortable in the stable, and I'm thinking we'll none of us complain of our quarters. But you're not eating your supper; and the beautiful hare pie that I stole this morning, won't you taste it?—well, a glass of Malaga—not a glass of Malaga? O, mother of Moses! what's this for?"

Unfortunately, the fever, produced by the long and toilsome journey, had gained considerably on me, and, except copious libations of cold water, I could touch nothing; my arm, too, was much more painful than before. Mike soon perceived that rest and quietness were most important to me at the moment, and, having with difficulty been prevailed upon to swallow a few hurried mouthfuls, the poor fellow, having disposed cushions around me in every imaginable form for comfort, and having placed my wounded limb in its easiest position, extinguished the lamp, and sat silently down beside the hearth, without speaking another word.

Fatigue and exhaustion, more powerful than pain, soon produced their effects upon me, and I fell asleep, but it was no refreshing slumber which visited my heavy eyelids; the slow fever of suffering had been hour by hour increasing, and my dreams presented nothing but scenes of agony and torture. Now I thought that, unhorsed and wounded, I was trampled beneath the clanging hoofs of charging cavalry; now I felt the sharp steel piercing my flesh, and heard the loud cry of a victorious enemy; then methought I was stretched upon a litter, covered with gore and mangled by grape shot. I thought I saw my brother officers approach and look sadly upon me, while one, whose face I could not remember, muttered, "I should not have known him." The dreadful hospital of Talavera, and all its scenes of agony, came up before me, and I thought I lay waiting my turn for amputation: this last impression, more horrible to me than all the rest, made me spring from my couch, and I awoke; the cold drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, my mouth was parched and open, and my temples throbbed so that I could count their beatings; for some seconds I could not throw off the frightful illusion I labored under, and it was only by degrees I recovered consciousness and remembered where I was. Before me, and on one side of the wood-fire sat Mike, who, apparently deep in thought, gazed fixedly at the blaze: the start I gave on awakening had not attracted his attention, and I could see as the flickering glare fell upon his features, that he was pale and ghastly, while his eyes were riveted upon the fire; his lips moved rapidly, as if in prayer, and his locked hands were pressed firmly upon his bosom; his voice, at



first inaudible, I could gradually distinguish, and at length heard the following muttered sentences:

"O, mother of mercy! so far from his home and his people, and so young, to die in a strange land: there it is again." Here he appeared listening to some sounds from without. "Oh, wirra, wirra, I know it well!—the winding sheet, the winding sheet! there it is, my own eyes saw it!" The tears coursed fast upon his pale cheeks, and his voice grew almost inaudible; as, rocking to and fro, for some time he seemed in a very stupor of grief, when at last, in a faint, subdued tone, he broke into one of those sad and plaintive airs of his country, which only need the moment of depression to make them wring the very heart in agony.

His song was that to which Moore has appended the beautiful words, "Come rest on this bosom;" but the burden of his sad melody ran thus:—

"The day was declining,  
The dark night drew near,  
And the old lord grew sadder,  
And paler with fear.  
Come listen, my daughter,  
Come nearer—O! near,  
It's the wind or the water  
That sighs in my ear.

"Not the wind nor the water  
Now stirr'd the night air,  
But a warning far sadder—  
The banshee was there,  
Now rising, now swelling,  
On the night wind it bore  
One cadence, still telling,  
I want thee, Rossmore!

"And then fast came his breath,  
And more fix'd grew his eye;  
And the shadow of death  
Told his hour was nigh.  
Ere the dawn of that morning  
The struggle was o'er,  
For when thrice came the warning—  
A corpse was Rossmore!"

The plaintive air to which these words were sung fell heavily upon my heart, and it needed but the low and nervous condition I was in to make me feel their application to myself. But so it is, the very superstition your reason rejects and your sense spurns, has, from old association, from habit, and from mere nationality, too, a hold upon your hopes and fears that demands more firmness and courage than a sick-bed possesses to combat with success, and I now listened with an eager ear to mark if the banshee cried, rather than sought to fortify myself by any recurrence to my own convictions. Meanwhile Mike's attitude became one of listening attention: not a finger moved; he scarce seemed even to breathe: the state of suspense I suffered from was maddening, and, at last, unable to bear it longer, I was about to speak, when suddenly, from the floor beneath us, one long-sustained note swelled upon the air and died away again, and immediately after, to the cheerful sounds of a guitar, we heard the husky voice of our Portuguese guide, indulging himself in a love ditty.

Ashamed of myself, for my fears, I kept silent; but Mike, who felt only one sensation,—that of unmixt satisfaction at his mistake,—rubbed his hands pleasantly, filled up his glass, drank it, and refilled; while, with an accent of re-assured courage, he briefly remarked:—

"Well, Mr. José, if that be singing, upon my conscience, I wonder what crying is like!"

I could not forbear a laugh at the criticism, and, in a moment, the poor fellow, who, up to that moment, believed me sleeping, was beside me. I saw from his manner that he dreaded lest I had been listening to his melancholy song, and had overheard any of his gloomy forebodings, and, as he cheered my spirits, and spoke encouragingly, I could remark, that he made more than usual endeavors to appear light-hearted and at ease. Determined, however, not to let him escape so easily, I questioned him about his belief in ghosts and spirits; at which he endeavored, as he ever did when the subject was an unpleasant one, to avoid the discussion; but rather perceiving that I indulged in no irreverent disrespect of these matters, he grew gradually more open, treating the affair with that strange mixture of credulity and mockery, which formed his estimate of most things. Now seeming to suppose that any palpable rejection of them might entail sad consequences in future; now half ashamed to go the whole length in his credulity.

"And so, Mike, you never saw a ghost yourself?—that you acknowledge?"

"No, sir, I never saw a real ghost; but sure there's many a thing I never saw; but Mrs. Moore, the house-keeper, sees two. And your grandfather, that's gone,—the Lord be good to him,—used to walk once a year in Lurra Abbey; and sure you know the story about Tim Clinchy, that was seen every Saturday night coming out of the cellar with a candle and a mug of wine, and a pipe in his mouth, till Mr. Barry laid him. It cost his honor, your uncle, ten pounds in masses to make him easy; not to speak of a new lock and two bolts on the cellar door."

"I have heard all about that; but, as you never yourself saw any of these things—"

"But sure my father did, and that's the same any day. My father seen the greatest ghost that ever was seen in the county Cork, and spent the evening with him, that's more."

"Spent the evening with him!—what do you mean?"

"Just that, devil a more nor less. If your honor wasn't so weak, and the story was n't a trying one, I'd like to tell it to you."

"Out with it, by all means, Mike; I am not disposed to sleep; and now that we are upon these matters, my curiosity is strongly excited by your worthy father's experience."

Thus encouraged, having trimmed the fire, and re-seated himself beside the blaze, Mike began; but, as a ghost is no every-day personage in our history, I must give him a chapter to himself.

#### CHAPTER VIII....The Ghost.

"Well, I believe your honor heard me tell long ago, how my father left the army, and the way, that he took to another line of life, that was more to his liking. And so it

was, he was happy as the day was long; he drove a hearse for Mr. Callaghan, of Cork, for many years; and a pleasant place it was; for, ye see, my father was a 'cute man, and knew something of the world; and, though he was a drill devil, and could sing a funny song when he was among the boys, no sooner had he the big black cloak on him, and the weepers, and he seated on the high box, with the six long-tailed blacks before him, you'd really think it was his own mother that was inside, he looked so melancholy and miserable. The sexton and grave-digger was nothing to my father; and he had a look about his eye—to be sure there was a reason for it—that you'd think he was up all night crying; though it's little indulgence he took that way."

"Well, of all Mr. Callaghan's men, there was none so great a favorite as my father: the neighbors were all fond of him."

"A kind crayture, every inch of him," the women would say. "Did ye see his face at Mrs. Delany's funeral?"

"True for you," another would remark; "he mistook the road with grief, and stopped at a shebeen house instead of Kilmurry church."

"I need say no more, only one thing, that it was principally among the farmers and the country people my father was liked so much. The great people, and the quality—I ax you pardon: but sure isn't it true, Mister Charles, they don't fret so much after their fathers and brothers, and they care little who's driving them, whether it was a decent, respectable man like my father, or a chap with a grin on him like a rat-trap? And so it happened, that my father used to travel half the county; going here and there wherever there was trade stirring; and, faix, a man did n't think himself rightly buried if my father was n't there: for ye see he knew all about it; he could tell to a quart of spirits what would be wanting for a wake; he knew all the good criers for miles round; and I've heard it was a beautiful sight to see him standing on a hill, arranging the procession as they walked into the churchyard, and giving the word like a captain."

"Come on, the stiff—now the friends of the stiff—now de peoplace."

"That's what he used to say; and, troth, he was always repeating it when he was a little gone in drink—for that's the time his spirits would rise—and he'd think he was burying half Munster."

"And sure it was a real pleasure and a pride to be buried in them times; for ay it was only a small farmer with a potato garden, my father would come down with the black cloak on him, and three yards of crape behind his hat, and set all the children crying and yelling for half a mile around; and then the way he'd walk before them with a spade on his shoulder, and, sticking it down in the ground, clap his hat on the top of it, to make it look like a chief mourner. It was a beautiful sight!"

"But, Mike, if you indulge much longer in this flattering recollection of your father, I'm afraid we shall lose sight of the ghost entirely."

"No fear in life, your honor, I'm coming to him now; well, it was this way it happened. In the winter of the great frost, about forty-two or forty-three years ago, the old priest of Tulloughmurray took ill and died: he was sixty years priest of the parish, and mightily beloved by all the people; and good reason for it; a pleasanter man, and a more social crayture never lived; 't was himself was the life of the whole country side. A wedding nor a christening wasn't lucky av he wasn't there, sitting at the top of the table, with, maybe, his arm round the bride herself, or the baby on his lap; a smoking jug of punch before him, and as much kindness in his eye as would make the fortunes of twenty hypocrites, if they had it among them. And then he was so good to the poor; the Priory was always full of old men and old women, sitting around the big fire in the kitchen, that the cook could hardly get near it. There they were eating their meals and burning their shins, till they were speckled like a trout's back, and grumbling all the time; but Father Dwyer liked them, and he would have them."

"Where have they to go," he'd say, 'av it wasn't to me? give Molly Kinshela a lock of that bacon. Tim, it's a cowl'd morning. Will ye have a taste of the 'dew?'"

"Ah! that's the way he'd spake to them: but sure goodness is no warrant for living, any more than devilment; and so he got cowl'd in his feet at a station, and he rode home in the heavy snow without his big coat—for he gave it away to a blind man on the road—in three days he was dead."

"I see you're getting impatient; so I'll not stop to say what grief was in the parish when it was known: but troth there never was seen the like before; not a crayture would lift a spade for two days; and there was more whiskey sold in that time than at the whole Ulster fair. Well, on the third day the funeral set out; and never was the equal of it in them parts; first, there was my father: he came special from Cork, with the six horses all in new black, and plumes like little poplar trees; then came Father Dwyer, followed by the two coadjutors in beautiful surplices, walking bare-headed, with the little boys of the Priory-school, two and two."

"Well, Mike, I'm sure it was very fine; but for heaven's sake spare me all these descriptions, and get on to the ghost."

"Faith your honor's in a great hurry for the ghost; maybe you wo n't like him when ye have him; but I'll go faster, if you please. Well, Father Dwyer, ye see, was born at Aghan-lish, of an old family, and he left it in his will that he was to be buried in the family vault; and as Aghan-lish was eighteen miles up the mountains, it was getting late when they drew near. By that time the great procession was all broke up and gone home. The coadjutors stopped to dine at the 'Blue Bellows,' at the cross-roads; the little boys took to pelting snow-balls; there was a fight or two on the way, besides, and, in fact, except an old deaf fellow that my father took to mind the horses, he was quite alone. Not that he minded that same; for when the crowd was gone, my father began to sing a droll song, and tould the deaf chap that it was a lamentation. At last they came in sight of Aghan-lish. It was a lonesome, melancholy looking place, with nothing near it except two or three ould fir trees, and a small slated house with one window, where the sexton lived; and even that same was shut up, and a padlock on the door. Well, my father was not

over much pleased at the look of matters; but, as he was never hard put to, what to do, he managed to get the coffin into the vestry; and then when he unharnessed the horses, he sent the deaf fellow with them down to the village to tell the priest that the corpse was there, and to come up early in the morning and perform mass. The next thing to do was to make himself comfortable for the night; and then he made a roaring fire on the old hearth—for there was plenty of bog fir there—closed the windows with the black cloaks, and wrapping two around himself, he sat down to cook a little supper he brought with him in case of need."

"Well, you may think it was melancholy enough to pass the night up there alone with a corpse, in an old ruined church, in the middle of the mountains, the wind howling about on every side, and the snow drift beating against the walls; but as the fire burned brightly, and the little plate of rashers and eggs smoked temptingly before him, my father mixed a jug of the strongest punch, and sat down as happy as a king. As long as he was eating away, he had no time to be thinking of any thing else; but, when all was done, and he looked about him, he began to feel very low and melancholy in his heart. There was the great black coffin on three chairs in the corner; and then the mourning cloaks that he had stuck up against the windows moved backward and forward like living things; and, outside, the wild cry of the plover as he flew past, and the night owl sitting in a nook of the old church. 'I wish it was morning, anyhow,' said my father; 'for this is a lonesome place to be in; and, faix, he'll be a cunning fellow that catches me passing the night this way again.' Now there was one thing distressed him most of all: my father used always to make fun of the ghosts and sperits the neighbors would tell of, pretending there was no such thing; and now the thought came to him, 'Maybe they'll revenge themselves on me to-night when they have me up here alone;' and with that he made another jug stronger than the first, and tried to remember a few prayers in case of need: but somehow his mind was not too clear, and he said afterwards he was always mixing up ould songs and toasts with the prayers, and when he thought he had just got hold of a beautiful psalm, it would turn out to be 'Tatter Jack Walsh,' or 'Limping James,' or something like that. The storm, meanwhile, was rising every moment, and parts of the old abbey were falling, as the wind shook the ruin, and my father's sperits, notwithstanding the punch, were lower than ever."

"I made it too weak," said he, as he set to work on a new jorum; and troth this time that was not the fault of it, for the first sup nearly choked him."

"Ah!" said he now, 'I knew what it was; this is like the thing; and, Mr. Free, you are beginning to feel easy and comfortable: pass the jug: your very good health and song. I'm a little hoarse, it's true, but if the company will excuse—'

"And then he began knocking on the table with his knuckles as if there was a room full of people asking him to sing. In short, my father was drunk as a fiddler; the last brew finished him; and he began roaring away all kinds of droll songs, and telling all manner of stories, as if he was at a great party."

"While he was capering this way about the room, he knocked down his hat, and with it a pack of cards he put into it before leaving home, for he was mighty fond of a game."

"Will ye take a hand, Mr. Free?" said he, as he gathered them up and sat down beside the fire."

"I'm convenient," said he, and began dealing out as if there was a partner forenust him."

"When my father used to get this far in the story, he became very confused. He says, that once or twice he mistook the liquor, and took a pull at the bottle of potteen instead of the punch; and the last thing he remembers was asking poor Father Dwyer if he would draw near the fire, and not be laying there near the door."

"With that he slipped down on the ground and fell fast asleep. How long he lay that way he could never tell. When he awoke and looked up, his hair nearly stood on an end with fright. What do you think he seen fornest him, sitting at the other side of the fire, but Father Dwyer himself: there he was—devil a lie in it—wrayed up in one of the mourning cloaks, trying to warm his hands at the fire."

"*Salve hoc nomine patri!*" said my father, crossing himself; 'av it's your ghost, God presarve me!'"

"Good evening t'ye, Mr. Free," said the ghost; 'and av I might be bould, what's in the jug?'—for you see my father had it under his arm fast, and never let it go when he was asleep."

"*Pater noster qui es in—*potteen, sir," said my father, for the ghost did n't look pleased at his talking Latin."

"You might have the politeness to ax if one had a mouth on him," then says the ghost."

"Sure, I did n't think the like of you would taste sperits."

"Try me," said the ghost; and with that he filled out a glass, and tossed it off like a Christian."

"Beamish!" says the ghost, smacking his lips."

"The same," says my father; 'and sure what's happened you has not spoilt your taste?'"

"If you'd mix a little hot," says the ghost, 'I'm thinking it would be better; the night is mighty sear.'"

"Any thing that your reverence pleases," says my father, as he began to blow up a good fire to boil the water."

"And what news is stirring?" says the ghost."

"Devil a word, your reverence: your own funeral was the only thing doing last week; times is bad; except the measles, there's nothing in our parts."

"And we're quite dead hereabouts too," says the ghost."

"There's some of us so, any how," says my father, with a sly look. "Taste that, your reverence."

"Pleasant and refreshing," says the ghost; 'and now, Mr. Free, what do you say to a little spoil five, or beggar my neighbor?'"

"What will we play for?" says my father; for a thought just struck him—'maybe it's some trick of the devil to catch my soul.'"

"A pint of Beamish," says the ghost."

"Done," says my father; 'cut for deal; the ace of clubs; you have it.'"

"Now the whole time the ghost was dealing the cards, my father never took his eyes off of him, for he was n't

quite asy in his mind at all; but when he saw him turn up the trump, and take a strong drink afterward, he got more at ease, and began the game.

"How long they played it was never rightly known; but one thing is sure, they drank a cruel deal of spirits; three quart bottles my father brought with him were all finished, and by that time his brain was so confused with the liquor, and all he lost—for somehow he never won a game—that he was getting very quarrelsome.

"You have your own luck to it," says he, at last.

"True for you; and, besides, we play a great deal where I come from."

"I've heard so," says my father. "I lead the knave, sir—spades! bad 'cess to it, lost again."

"Now it was really very distressing; for by this time, though they only began for a pint of Beamish, my father went on betting till he lost the hearse and all the six horses, mourning cloaks, plumes, and every thing.

"Are you tired Mr. Free? maybe you'd like to stop?"

"Stop! faith, it's a nice time to stop; of course not."

"Well, what will ye play for now?"

"The way he said these words brought a trembling all over my father, and his blood curdled in his heart. 'Och, murther!' says he to himself, 'it's my sowl he is wanting all the time.'

"I've mighty little left," says my father, looking at him keenly, while he kept shuffling the cards quick as lightning. "Mighty little; no matter, we'll give you plenty of time to pay; and if you can't do it, it shall never trouble you as long as you live."

"Oh, you murdering devil!" says my father, flying at him with a spade that he had behind his chair, "I've found you out."

"With one blow he knocked him down; and now a terrible fight begun, for the ghost was very strong too; but my father's blood was up, and he'd have faced the devil himself then. They rolled over each other several times, the broken bottles cutting them to pieces, and the chairs and tables crashing under them. At last the ghost took the bottle that lay on the hearth, and levelled my father to the ground with one blow; down he fell, and the bottle and the whiskey were both dashed into the fire; that was the end of it, for the ghost disappeared that moment in a blue flame that nearly set fire to my father as he lay on the floor.

"Och! it was a cruel sight to see him next morning, with his cheek cut open, and his hands all bloody, lying there by himself; all the broken glass, and the cards all round him; the coffin too was knocked down off the chair; maybe the ghost had trouble getting into it. However that was, the funeral was put off for a day; for my father could n't speak, and, as for the sexton, it was a queer thing, but when they came to call him in the morning, he had two black eyes, and a gash over his ear, and he never knew how he got them. It was easy enough to know the ghost did it; but my father kept the secret, and never told it to any man, woman, or child in them parts."

#### CHAPTER IX....Lisbon.

I have little power to trace the events which occupied the succeeding three weeks of my history. The lingering fever which attended my wound detained me during that time at the chateau; and when at last I did reach Lisbon, the winter was already beginning, and it was upon a cold, raw evening that I once more took possession of my old quarters at the Quay de Soderi.

My eagerness and anxiety to learn something of the campaign was ever uppermost, and no sooner had I reached my destination, than I despatched Mike to the Quartermaster's office, so pick up some news, and hear which of my friends and brother officers were then at Lisbon. I was sitting in a state of nervous impatience, watching for his return, when at length I heard footsteps approaching my room, and the next moment, Mike's voice, saying, "The could room, sir, where he was before." The door suddenly opened, and my friend Power stood before me.

"Charley, my boy"—"Fred, my fine fellow," was all either could say for some minutes. Upon my part, the recollection of his bold and manly bearing in my behalf, choked all utterance; while upon his, my haggard cheek and worn look produced an effect so sudden and unexpected that he became speechless.

In a few minutes, however, we both rallied, and opened our store of mutual remembrances since we parted. My career I found he was perfectly acquainted with, and his consisted of nothing but one unceasing round of gayety and pleasure. Lisbon had been delightful during the summer; parties to Cintra, excursions through the surrounding country, were of daily occurrence; and, as my friend was a favorite every where, his life was one of continued amusement.

"Do you know, Charley, had it been any other man than yourself, I should not have spared him; for I have fallen head over heels in love with your little dark-eyed Portuguese."

"Ah! Donna Inez, you mean."

"Yes, it is her I mean, and you need not affect such an air of uncommon nonchalance. She's the loveliest girl in Lisbon, and with fortune to pay off all the mortgages in Connemara."

"O! faith, I admire her amazingly; but, as I never flattered myself upon any preference—"

"Come, come, Charley, no concealment, my old fellow; every one knows the thing's settled. Your old friend, Sir George Dashwood, told me yesterday."

"Yesterday! Why is he here; at Lisbon?"

"To be sure he is; didn't I tell you that before? Confound it, what a head I have! Why, man, he's come out as deputy adjutant-general; but for him I should not have got renewed leave."

"And Miss Dashwood, is she here?"

"Yes, she came with him. By Jove, how handsome she is; quite a different style of thing from our dark friend; but, to my thinking, even handsomer. Hammersley seems of my opinion, too."

"How! is Hammersley at Lisbon?"

"On the staff here. But, confound it, what makes you so red? you have no ill feeling towards him now. I know he speaks most warmly of you; no later than last night, at Sir George's—"

What Power was about to add I know not, for I sprang from my chair, with a sudden start, and walked to the window, to conceal my agitation from him,

"And so," said I, "at length regaining my composure in some measure, 'Sir George also spoke of my name in connection with the senhora!'"

"To be sure he did. All Lisbon does. Why, what can you mean? But I see, my dear boy; you know you are not of the strongest; and we've been talking far too long. Come, now, Charley, I'll say good-night. I'll be with you at breakfast to-morrow, and tell you all the gossip; meanwhile, promise me to get quietly to bed, and so, good night."

Such was the conflicting state of feeling I suffered from, that I made no effort to detain Power. I longed to be once more alone, to think—calmly, if I could—over the position I stood in, and to resolve upon my plans for the future.

My love for Lucy Dashwood had been long rather a devotion than a hope. My earliest dawn of manly ambition was associated with the first hour I met her. She it was who first touched my boyish heart, and suggested a sense of chivalrous ardor within me; and, even though lost to me forever, I could still regard her as the mainspring of my actions, and dwell upon my passion as the thing that hallowed every enterprise of my life.

In a word, my love, however little it might reach her heart, was every thing to mine. It was the worship of the devotee to his protecting saint. It was the faith that made me rise above misfortune and mishap, and led me onward; and in this way I could have borne any thing, every thing, rather than the imputation of fickleness.

Lucy might not—nay, I felt she did not—love me. It was possible that some other was preferred before me; but to doubt my own affection, to suspect my own truth, was to destroy all the charm of my existence, and to extinguish within me forever the enthusiasm that made me a hero to my own heart.

It may seem but poor philosophy; but, alas! how many of our happiest, how many of our brightest thoughts here, are but delusions like this! The dayspring of youth gilds the tops of the distant mountains before us, and many a weary day through life, when clouds and storms are thickening around us, we live upon the mere memory of the past. Some fast-flitting prospect of a bright future, some passing glimpses of a sunlit valley, tinge all our after years.

It is true that he will suffer fewer disappointments, he will incur fewer of the mishaps of the world, who indulges in no fancies such as these; but equally true is it that he will taste none of that exuberant happiness which is that man's portion who weaves out a story of his life, and who, in connecting the promise of early years with the performance of later, will seek to fulfil a fate and destiny.

Weaving such fancies, I fell sound asleep, nor woke before the stir and bustle of the great city aroused me. Power, I found, had been twice at my quarters that morning, but, fearing to disturb me, had merely left a few lines to say that, as he should be engaged on service during the day, we could not meet before the evening. There were certain preliminaries requisite regarding my leave which demanded my appearing before a board of medical officers, and I immediately set about dressing, resolving that, as soon as they were completed, I should, if permitted, retire to one of the small cottages on the opposite bank of the Tagus, there to remain until my restored health allowed me to rejoin my regiment.

I dreaded meeting the Dashwoods. I anticipated with a heavy heart how effectually one passing interview would destroy all my day-dreams of happiness, and I preferred any thing to the sad conviction of hopelessness such a meeting must lead to.

While I thus balanced with myself how to proceed, a gentle step came to the door, and, as it slowly opened, a servant in a dark livery entered.

"Mr. O'Malley, Sir?"

"Yes," said I, wondering to whom my arrival could be thus early known.

"Sir George Dashwood requests you will step over to him as soon as you go out," continued the man; "he is so engaged that he can not leave home, but is most desirous to see you."

"It is not far from here?"

"No, sir; scarcely five minutes' walk."

"Well, then, if you will show me the way, I'll follow you. I cast one passing glance at myself to see that all was right about my costume, and sallied forth.

In the middle of the Black Horse Square, at the door of a large stone-fronted building, a group of military men were assembled, chatting and laughing away together; some reading the lately-arrived English papers; others were lounging upon the stone parapet, carelessly puffing their cigars. None of the facts were known to me; so, threading my way through the crowd, I reached the steps. Just as I did so, a half-muttered whisper met my ear—

"Who did you say?"

"O'Malley, the young Irishman, who behaved so gallantly at the Douro."

The blood rushed hotly to my cheek; my heart bounded with exultation; my step, infirm and tottering but a moment before, became fixed and steady, and I felt a thrill of proud enthusiasm playing through my veins. How little did the speaker of these few and random words know what courage he had given to a drooping heart, what renewed energy to a breaking spirit. The voice of praise, too, coming from those to whom we had thought ourselves unknown, has a magic about it that must be felt to be understood. So it happened, that in a few seconds a revolution had taken place in all my thoughts and feelings, and I, who had left my quarters dispirited and depressed, now walked confidently and proudly forward.

"Mr. O'Malley, sir," said the servant to the officer in waiting, as we entered the ante-chamber.

"Ah! Mr. O'Malley," said the aid-de-camp, in the blandest accent, "I hope you're better. Sir George is most anxious to see you; he is at present engaged with the staff."

A bell rang at the moment, and cut short the sentence; he flew to the door of the inner room, and returning in an instant, said—

"Will you follow me? This way, if you please."

The room was crowded with general officers and aids-de-camp, so that for a second or two I could not distinguish the parties; but no sooner was my name announced, than Sir George Dashwood, forcing his way through, rushed forward to meet me.

"O'Malley, my brave fellow, delighted to shake your

hand again. How much grown you are: twice the man I knew you; and the arm too, is it getting on well?"

Scarcely giving me a moment to reply, and still holding my hand tightly in his grasp, he introduced me on every side.

"My young Irish friend, Sir Edward, the man of the Douro. My Lord, allow me to present Lieutenant O'Malley, of the 14th."

"A very dashing thing that of yours, sir, at Ciudad Rodrigo."

"A very senseless one, I fear, my lord."

"No, no, I do n't agree with you at all; even when no great results follow, the morale of an army benefits by acts of daring."

A [rushing fire of kind and civil speeches poured in on me from all quarters, and amid all that crowd of bronzed and war-worn veterans, I felt myself the lion of the moment. Crawford, it appeared, had spoken most handsomely of my name, and I was thus made known to many of those whose reputations were then extending over Europe.

In this happy trance of excited pleasure I passed the morning. All the military chit-chat of the day around me, treated as an equal by the greatest and the most distinguished, I heard all the confidential opinions upon the campaign and its leaders; and in that most entrancing of all flatteries—the easy tone of companionship of our elders and betters—forgot all my griefs, and half believed that I was destined for great things.

Fearing at length that I had prolonged my visit too far, I approached Sir George to take my leave, when drawing my arm within his, he retired toward one of the windows.

"A word, O'Malley, before you go. I've arranged a little plan for you: mind, I shall insist upon obedience. They'll make some difficulty about your remaining here, so that I have appointed you one of our extra aide-de-camp: that will free you from all trouble, and I shall not be very exacting in my demands upon you. You must, however, commence your duties to-day, and, as we dine at seven precisely, I shall expect you. I am aware of your wish to stay in Lisbon, my boy, and, if all I hear be true, congratulate you sincerely; but more of this another time, and so, good bye." So saying, he shook my hand once more, warmly, and, without well feeling how or why, I found myself in the street.

The last words Sir George had spoken threw a gloom over all my thoughts. I saw at once that the report Power had alluded to had gained currency at Lisbon. Sir George believed it; doubtless, Lucy too; and, forgetting in an instant all the emulative ardor that so lately stirred my heart, I took my path beside the river, and sauntered slowly along, lost in my reflections.

I had walked for above an hour, before paying any attention to the path I followed. Mechanically, as it were, retreating from the noise and tumult of the city, I wandered toward the country. My thoughts fixed but upon one theme, I had neither ears nor eyes for aught around me; the great difficulty of my present position now appearing to me in this light—my attachment to Lucy Dashwood, unrequited and unreturned as I felt it, did not permit of my rebutting any report which might have reached her concerning Donna Inez. I had no right, no claim to suppose her sufficiently interested about me to listen to such an explanation, had I even the opportunity to make it. One thing was thus clear to me—all my hopes had ended in that quarter; and, as this conclusion sunk into my mind, a species of dogged resolution to brave my fortune crept upon me, which only waited the first moment of my meeting her to overthrow and destroy forever.

Meanwhile I walked on—now rapidly, as some momentary rush of passionate excitement, now slowly, as some depressing and gloomy notion succeeded—when suddenly my path was arrested by a long file of bullock cars which blocked up the way. Some chance squabble had arisen among the drivers, and, to avoid the crowd and collision, I turned into a gate-way which opened beside me, and soon found myself in a lawn handsomely planted, and adorned with flowering shrubs and ornamental trees.

In the half-dreamy state my musings had brought me to, I struggled to recollect why the aspect of the place did not seem altogether new. My thoughts were, however, far away—now blending some memory of my distant home with scenes of battle and bloodshed, or resting upon my first interview with her whose chance word, carelessly and lightly spoken, had written the story of my life. From this reverie I was rudely awakened by a rustling noise in the trees behind me, and, before I could turn my head, the two forepaws of a large stag-hound were planted upon my shoulders, while the open mouth and panting tongue were close beside my face. My day-dream was dispelled quick as lightning: it was Juan himself, the favorite dog of the senhora, who gave me this rude welcome, and who now, by a thousand wild gestures and bounding caresses, seemed to do the honors of his house. There was something so like home in these joyful greetings, that I yielded myself at once his prisoner, and followed, or rather was accompanied by him toward the villa.

Of course, sooner or later, I should have called upon my kind friends; then why not now, when chance had already brought me so near. Besides, if I held my resolution, which I meant to do, of retiring to some quiet and sequestered cottage till my health was restored, the opportunity might not readily present itself again. This line of argument perfectly satisfied my reason, while a strong feeling of something like curiosity piqued me to proceed, and, before many minutes elapsed, I reached the house. The door, as usual, lay wide open, and the ample hall, furnished like a sitting-room, had its customary litter of books, music and flowers scattered upon the tables. My friend Juan, however, suffered me not to linger here, but, rushing furiously at a door before me, began a vigorous attack for admittance.

As I knew this to be the drawing-room, I opened the door and walked in, but no one was to be seen. A half-open book lay upon an ottoman, and a fan, which I recognized as an old acquaintance, was beside it, but the owner was absent.

I sat down, resolved to wait patiently for her coming, without any announcement of my being there. I was not sorry, indeed, to have some moments to collect my thoughts and restore my erring faculties to something like order.

As I looked about the room, it seemed as if I had been



there but yesterday: the folding-doors lay open to the garden, just as I had seen them last; and, save that the flowers seemed fewer, and those which remained of a darker and more sombre tint, all seemed unchanged. There lay the guitar, to whose thrilling cords my heart had bounded; there the drawing over which I had bent in admiring pleasure, suggesting some tints of light or shadow, as the fairy fingers traced them; every chair was known to me, and I greeted them as things I cared for.

While thus I scanned each object around me, I was struck by a little china vase, which, unlike its other brethren, contained a bouquet of dead and faded flowers. The blood rushed to my cheek; I started up; it was one I had myself presented to her the day before we parted. It was in that same vase I placed it; the very table, too, stood in the same position beside that narrow window. What a rush of thoughts came pouring on me! and, O! shall I confess it? how deeply did such a mute testimony of remembrance speak to my heart, at the moment that I felt myself unloved and uncared for by another! I walked hurriedly up and down; a maze of conflicting resolves combating in my mind, while one thought ever recurred—"Would that I had not come there;" and yet, after all, it may mean nothing—some piece of passing coquetry, which she will be the very first to laugh at. I remember how she spoke of poor Howard; what folly to take it otherwise; "Be it so, then," said I, half aloud; and now for my part of the game; and with this I took from my helmet the light blue scarf she had given me the morning we parted, and, throwing it over my shoulder, prepared to perform my part in what I had fully persuaded myself to be a comedy. The time, however, passed on, and she came not; a thousand high-flown Spanish phrases had time to be conned over again and again by me, and I had abundant leisure to enact my coming part; but still the curtain did not rise as the day was wearing. I resolved at least to write a few lines, expressive of my regret at not meeting her, and promising myself an early opportunity of paying my respects under more fortunate circumstances. I sat down accordingly, and, drawing the paper toward me, began, in a mixture of French and Portuguese, as it happened, to indite my billet.

"Senhora Inez"—no—"ma chère Mademoiselle Inez"—confound it, that's too intimate; well, here goes—"Monsieur O'Malley presents his respects"—that will never do; and then, after twenty other abortive attempts, I began thoughtlessly sketching heads upon the paper, and scribbling with wonderful facility in fifty different ways—"Ma charmante amie—ma plus chère Inez" &c., and in this most useful and profitable occupation did I pass another half-hour.

How long I should have persisted in such an employment it is difficult to say, had not an incident intervened, which suddenly, but most effectually put an end to it. As the circumstance is, however, one which, however little striking in itself, had the greatest and most lasting influence upon my future career, I shall, perhaps, be excused in devoting another chapter to its recital.

#### CHAPTER X....A Pleasant Predicament

As I sat vainly endeavoring to fix upon some suitable and appropriate epithet, by which to commence my note, my back was turned toward the door of the garden, and so occupied was I in my meditations that, even had any one entered at the time, in all probability I should not have perceived it. At length, however, I was aroused from my study by a burst of laughter, whose girlish joyousness was not quite new to me. I knew it well; it was the senhora herself, and the next moment I heard her voice.

"I tell you I'm quite certain I saw his face in the mirror as I passed. O! how delightful—and you'll be charmed with him; so, mind, you must not steal him from me; I shall never forgive you if you do; and look, only look, he has got the blue scarf I gave him when he marched to the Douro."

While I perceived that I myself was seen, I could see nothing of the speaker, and, wishing to hear something further, appeared more than ever occupied in the writing before me.

What her companion replied, I could not, however, catch, but only guess at its import, by the senhora's answer.

"Fi donc!—I really am very fond of him; but, never fear, I shall be as stately as a queen. You shall see how meekly he will kiss my hand, and with what unbending reserve I'll receive him."

"Indeed," thought I, "mayhap, I'll mar your plot a little; but let us listen."

Again her friend spoke, but too low to be heard.

"It is provoking," continued Inez; "I never can remember names, and his was something too absurd; but, never mind, I shall make him a grandee of Portugal. Well, but come along, I long to present him to you."

Here a gentle struggle seemed to ensue; for I heard the senhora coaxingly entreat her, while her companion steadily resisted.

"I know very well you think I shall be so silly, and perhaps wrong; eh, is it not so? but you are quite mistaken. You'll be surprised at my cold and dignified manner. I shall draw myself proudly up, thus, and, courtseying deeply, say, 'Monsieur, J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer.'"

A laugh twice as mirthful as before, interrupted her account of herself, while I could hear the tones of her friend, evidently in expostulation.

"Well, then, to be sure, you are provoking, but you really promise to follow me. Be it so; then give me that moss rose. How you have flattered me: now for it."

So saying, I heard her foot upon the gravel, and the next instant upon the marble step of the door. There is something in expectation that sets the heart beating, and mine throbbed against my side. I waited, however, till she entered, before lifting my head, and then, springing suddenly up, with one bound clasped her in my arms, and pressing my lips upon her roseate cheek, said—

"Ma charmante amie!" To disengage herself from me, and to spring suddenly back, was her first effort; to burst into an immoderate fit of laughing, her second; her cheek was, however, covered with a deep blush, and I already repeated that my malice had gone so far.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said I, in affected innocence, "if I have so far forgotten myself as to assume a habit of my own country to a stranger."

A half-angry toss of the head was her only reply, and, turning toward the garden, she called to her friend,

"Come here, dearest, and instruct my ignorance upon your national custom; but first let me present to you—I never knew his name—the Chevalier de—What is it?"

The glass door opened as she spoke; a tall and graceful figure entered, and, turning suddenly round, showed me the features of Lucy Dashwood. We both stood opposite each other, each mute with amazement. My feelings let me not attempt to convey; shame, for the first moment stronger than aught else, sent the blood rushing to my face and temples, and the next I was cold and pale as death. As for her, I cannot guess at what passed in her mind. She courtseied deeply to me, and with a half-smile of scarce recognition passed by me, and walked toward a window.

"Comment vous êtes, aimable!" said the lively Portuguese, who comprehended little of this dumb show; "here have I been flattering myself what friends you'd be the very moment you met, and now you'll not even look at each other."

What was to be done? The situation was every instant growing more and more embarrassing; nothing but downright effrontery could get through with it now; and never did a man's heart more fail him than did mine at this juncture. I made the effort, however, and stammered out certain unmeaning common-places. Inez replied, and I felt myself conversing with the headlong recklessness of one marching to a scaffold, a coward's fear at his heart, while he essayed to seem careless and indifferent.

Anxious to reach what I esteemed safe ground, I gladly adverted to the campaign; and, at last, hurried on by the impulse to cover my embarrassment, was describing some skirmish with a French outpost. Without intending, I had succeeded in exciting the senhora's interest, and she listened with sparkling eye and parted lips to the description of a sweeping charge in which a square was broken, and several prisoners carried off. Warming with the eager avidity of her attention, I grew myself more excited, when just when my narrative had reached its climax, Miss Dashwood walked gently toward the bell, rang it, and ordered her carriage; the tone of perfect nonchalance of the whole proceeding struck me dumb. I faltered, stammered, hesitated and was silent. Donna Inez turned from one to the other of us with a look of unfeigned astonishment, and I heard her mutter to herself something like a reflection upon "national eccentricities." Happily, however, her attention was now exclusively turned toward her friend, and, while assisting her to shawl, and extorting innumerable promises of an early visit, I got a momentary reprieve; the carriage drew up also, and, as the gravel flew right and left beneath the horses' feet, the very noise and bustle relieved me.

"Adios!" then said Inez, as she kissed her for the last time, while she motioned to me to escort her to her carriage. I advanced—stopped—made another step forward, and again grew irresolute; but Miss Dashwood speedily terminated the difficulty; for, making me a formal courtesy, she declined my scarce proffered attention, and left the room.

As she did so, I perceived that, on passing the table, her eyes fell upon the paper I had been scribbling over so long, and I thought that for an instant an expression of ineffable scorn seemed to pass across her features, save which—and perhaps even in this I was mistaken—her manner was perfectly calm, easy, and indifferent.

Scarce had the carriage rolled from the door, when the senhora, throwing herself upon a chair, clasped her hands in childish ecstasy, while she fell into a fit of laughing that I thought would never have an end. "Such a scene," cried she, "I would not have lost it for the world: what cordiality! what *empressment* to form acquaintance! I shall never forget it, Monsieur le Chevalier; your national customs seem to run sadly in extremes. One would have thought you deadly enemies, and, poor me! after a thousand delightful plans about you both."

As she ran on thus, scarce able to control her mirth at each sentence, I walked the room with impatient strides, now resolving to hasten after the carriage, stop it, explain in a few words how all had happened, and then fly from her forever; then the remembrance of her cold, impassive look crossed me, and I thought that one bold leap into the Tagus might be the shortest and easiest solution to all my miseries; perfect abasement, thorough self-contempt had broken all my courage, and I could have cried like a child. What I said, or how I comported myself after, I know not; but my first consciousness came to me, as I felt myself running at the top of my speed far upon the road toward Lisbon.

#### CHAPTER XI....The Dinner.

It may easily be imagined that I had little inclination to keep my promise of dining that day with Sir George Dashwood. However, there was nothing else for it: the die was cast; my prospects, as regarded Lucy, were ruined forever. We were not, we never could be any thing to each other; and as for me, the sooner I braved my altered fortunes the better; and, after all, why should I call them altered; she evidently never had cared for me; and, even supposing that my fervent declaration of attachment had interested her, the apparent duplicity and falseness of my late conduct could only fall the more heavily upon me.

I endeavored to philosophize myself into calmness and indifference. One by one I exhausted every argument for my defence, which, however ingeniously put forward, brought no comfort to my own conscience. I pleaded the unerring devotion of my heart; the uprightness of my motives; and when called on for the proofs, alas! except the blue scarf I wore in memory of another, and my absurd conduct at the villa, I had none. From the current gossip of Lisbon, down to my own disgraceful folly, all was against me.

Honesty of intention, rectitude of purpose, may be, doubtless they are, admirable supports to a rightly constituted mind; but even then they must come supported by such claims to probability as make the injured man feel he has not lost the sympathy of all his fellows. Now, I had none of these, had even my temperament, broken by sickness, and harassed by unlucky conjectures, permitted my appreciating them.

I endeavored to call my wounded pride to my aid, and thought over the glance of haughty disdain she gave me as she passed on to her carriage; but even this turned against me, and a humiliating sense of my own degraded posi-

tion sunk deeply into my heart. "This impression at least," thought I, "must be effaced. I cannot permit her to believe—"

"His excellency is waiting dinner, sir," said a lacquey, introducing a finely powdered head gently within the door. I looked at my watch; it was eight o'clock; so, snatching my sabre and shocked at my delay, I hastily followed the servant down stairs, and thus at once cut short my deliberations.

The man must be but little observant, or deeply sunk in his own reveries, who, arriving half an hour too late for dinner, fails to detect in the faces of the assembled and expecting guests, a very palpable expression of discontent and displeasure. It is truly a moment of awkwardness, and one in which few are found to manage with success; the blushing, hesitating, blundering apology of the absent man, is scarcely better than the ill-affected surprise of the more practised offender. The bashfulness of one is as distasteful as the cool impertinence of the other: both are so thoroughly out of place, for we are thinking of neither; our thoughts are wandering to cold soups and rechauffés patés, and we neither care for, nor estimate the cause, but satisfy our spleen by cursing the offender.

Happily for me, I was clad in triple insensibility to such feelings, and with an air of most perfect unconstraint and composure, walked into a drawing-room where about twenty persons were busily discussing what peculiar amiability in my character could compensate for my present conduct.

"At last, O'Malley, at last!" said Sir George. "Why, my dear boy, how very late you are!"

I muttered something about a long walk; distance from Lisbon, &c.

"Ah, that was it. I was right, you see!" said an old lady in a spangled turban, as she whispered something to her friend beside her, who appeared excessively shocked at the information conveyed. While a fat, round-faced little general, after eyeing me steadily through his glass, expressed a *sub voce* wish that I was upon his staff. I felt my cheek reddening at the moment, and stared around me like one whose trials were becoming downright insufferable, when, happily, dinner was announced, and terminated my embarrassment.

As the party filed past, I perceived that Miss Dashwood was not amongst them, and with a heart relieved for the moment by the circumstance, and inventing a hundred conjectures to account for it, I followed, with the aids-de-camp and the staff, to the dinner-room.

The temperament is very Irish, I believe, which renders a man so elastic, that from the extreme of depression to the very climax of high spirits, there is but one spring. To this I myself plead guilty, and thus scarcely was I freed from the embarrassment which a meeting with Lucy Dashwood must have caused, when my heart bounded with lightness.

When the ladies withdrew, the events of the campaign became the subject of conversation, and upon these, very much to my astonishment, I found myself consulted as an authority. The Douro, from some fortunate circumstance, had given me a reputation I never dreamed of, and I heard my opinions quoted upon topics of which my standing as an officer, and my rank in the service could not imply a very extended observation. Power was absent on duty; and, happily for my supremacy, the company consisted entirely of generals in the commissariat, or new arrivals from England, all of whom knew still less than myself.

What will not iced champagne and flattery do? Singly, they are strong impulses; combined, their power is irresistible. I now heard for the first time that our great leader had been elevated to the peerage, by the title of Lord Wellington; and I sincerely believe, however now I may smile at the confession, that at the moment I felt more elation at the circumstance than he did. The glorious sensation of being in any way, no matter how remotely, linked with the career of those whose path is a high one, and whose destinies are cast for great events, thrilled through me; and in all the warmth of my admiration and pride for our great captain, a secret pleasure stirred within me as I whispered to myself,—"and I, too, am a soldier!"

I fear me, that very little adulation is sufficient to turn the head of a young man of eighteen; and if I yielded to the "pleasant incense," let my apology be, that I was not used to it; and, lastly, let me avow, if I did get tipsy—I liked the liquor. And why not? It is the only tippie I know of that leaves no headache the next morning, to punish you for the glories of the past night. It may, like all other strong potations, it is true, induce you to make a fool of yourself when under its influence; but, like the nitrous oxide gas, its effects are passing, and as the pleasure is an ecstasy for the time, and your constitution none the worse when it is over, I really see no harm in it.

Then, the benefits are manifest; for while he who gives becomes never the poorer for his benevolence, the receiver is made rich indeed. It matters little that some dear kind friend is ready with his bitter draught, to remedy what he is pleased to call its unwholesome sweetness; you betake yourself with only the more pleasure to the "blessed elixir," whose fascinations neither the poverty of your pocket, nor the penury of your brain can withstand, and by the magic of whose spell you are great and gifted. *Vive la bagatelle!* sayeth the Frenchman. Long live flattery, say I, come from what quarter it will: the only wealth of the poor man,—the only reward of the unknown one; the arm that supports us in failure,—the hand that crowns us in success; the comforter in our affliction,—the gay companion in our hours of pleasure; the lullaby of the infant,—the staff of old age; the secret treasure we lock up in our own hearts, and which ever grows greater as we count it over. Let me not be told that the coin is fictitious, and the gold not genuine; its clink is as musical to the ear as though it bore the last impression of the mint, and I'm not the man to cast an aspersions upon its value.

This little digression, however seemingly out of place, may serve to illustrate what it might be difficult to convey in other words,—namely, that if Charles O'Malley became in his own estimation a very considerable personage that day at dinner, the fault lay not entirely with himself, but with his friends, who told him he was such. In fact, my good reader, I was the lion of the party; the man who saved Laborde; who charged through a brigade of guns; who performed feats which newspapers quoted, though he never heard of them himself. At no time is a man so sug-

cessful in society as when his reputation chaperones him, and it needs but little conversational eloquence to talk well, if you have but a willing and ready auditory. Of mine, I could certainly not complain; and as, drinking deeply, I poured forth a whole tide of campaigning recital, I saw the old colonels of recruiting districts exchanging looks of wonder and admiration with officers of the ordnance, while Sir George himself, evidently pleased at my *debut*, went back to an early period of our acquaintance, and related the rescue of his daughter in Galway.

In an instant the whole current of my thoughts was changed. My first meeting with Lucy, my boyhood's dream of ambition, my plighted faith, my thought of our last parting in Dublin, when in a moment of excited madness I told my tale of love. I remember her downcast look, as, her cheek now flushing, now growing pale, she trembled while I spoke. I thought of her, as, in the crash of battle, her image flashed across my brain, and made me feel a rush of chivalrous enthusiasm to win her heart by "doughty deeds."

I forgot all around and about me. My head reeled, the wine, the excitement, my long previous illness, all pressed upon me; and as my temples throbbed loudly and painfully, a chaotic rush of discordant, ill-connected ideas flitted across my mind. There seemed some stir and confusion in the room, but why or wherefore I could not think, nor could I recall my scattered senses, till Sir George Dashwood's voice roused me once again to consciousness.

"We are going to have some coffee, O'Malley. Miss Dashwood expects us in the drawing-room. You have not seen her yet?"

I know not my reply; but he continued,—

"She has some letters for you, I think."

I muttered something, and suffered him to pass on; no sooner had he done so, however, than I turned towards the door and rushed into the street. The cold night air suddenly recalled me to myself, and I stood for a moment endeavoring to collect myself; as I did so, a servant stopped, and, saluting me, presented me with a letter. For a second a cold chill came over me: I knew not what fear beset me. The letter I at last remembered must be that one alluded to by Sir George, so I took it in silence and walked on.

#### CHAPTER XII....The Letter.

As I hurried to my quarters, I made a hundred guesses from whom the letter could have come; a kind of presentiment told me that it bore, in some measure, upon the present crisis of my life, and I burned with anxiety to read it.

No sooner had I reached the light, than all my hopes on this head vanished; the envelope bore the well-known name of my old College chum, Frank Webber, and none could, at the moment, have more completely dispelled all chance of interesting me. I threw it from me with disappointment, and sat moodily down to brood over my fate.

At length, however, and almost without knowing it, I drew the lamp towards me and broke the seal. The reader being already acquainted with my amiable friend, there is less discretion in communicating the contents, which ran thus.

"Trinity College, Dublin, No. 2, Oct. 5, 1810.

"MY DEAR O'MALLEY:—Nothing short of your death and burial, with or without military honors, can possibly excuse your very disgraceful neglect of your old friends here.—Nesbitt has never heard of you, neither has Smith. Outley swears never to have seen your handwriting, save on the back of a protested bill. You have totally forgotten me, and the Dean informs me that you have never condescended a single line to him; which latter inquiry on my part nearly cost me a rustication.

"A hundred conjectures to account for your silence—a new feature in you since you were here—are afloat. Some assert that your soldiering has turned your head, and that you are above corresponding with civilians. Your friends, however, who know you better, and value your worth, think otherwise; and having seen a paragraph about one something O'Malley being tried by court-martial for stealing a goose, and mistreating the woman that owned it, ascribe your not writing to other motives. Do, in any case, relieve our minds; say, is it yourself, or only a relative that's mentioned?

"Herbert came over from London with a long story about your doing wonderful things—capturing cannon and general officers by scores, but devil a word of it is extant; and if you have really committed these acts, they have 'misused the king's press' damnable: for, neither in the *Times* nor the *Post* are you heard of. Answer this point; and say also if you have got promotion; for what precise sign you are algebraically expressed by at this writing, may do Fitzgerald for a fellowship question. As for us we are juggling along, *semper eadem*—that is, worse and worse.—Dear Cecil Cavendish, our gifted friend, slight of limb and soft of voice, has been rusticated for immersing four bricklayers in that green receptacle of stagnant water and duckweed, yclept the 'Haha.' Roper, equally unlucky, has taken to reading for honors, and obtained a medal, I fancy: at least his friends shy him, and it must be something of that kind. Belson—poor Belson (fortunately for him he was born in the nineteenth, not the sixteenth century, or he'd be most likely ornamenting a pile of fagots)—ventured upon some stray excursions into the Hebrew verbe—the Professor himself never having transgressed beyond the declensions; and the consequence is, he is in disgrace among the seniors. And as for me, a heavy charge hangs over my devoted head even while I write. The senior lecturer, it appears, has been for some time past instituting some very singular researches into the original state of our goodly college at its founding. Plans and specifications, showing its extent and magnificence, have been continually before the board for the last month; and in such repute have been a smashed door-sill or an old arch, that freshmen have now abandoned conic sections for crowbars, and instead of the Principia, have taken up the pickaxe. You know, my dear fellow, with what enthusiasm I enter into any scheme for the aggrandizement of our Alma Mater, so I need not tell you how ardently I adventured into the career now opened to me. My time was completely devoted to the matter: neither means nor health did I spare, and in my search for antiquarian lore, I have actually undermined the old wall of the fellows' garden, and am each morning in expectation of hearing that the big bell near the commons hall has descended from its lofty and most noisy eminence, and is snugly reposing in the mud. Meanwhile, accident

put me in possession of a most singular and remarkable discovery. Our chambers—I call them ours, for old association sake—are, you may remember, in the old square.—Well, I have been fortunate enough, within the very precincts of my own dwelling, to contribute a very wonderful fact to the history of the university—alone—unassisted—unaided—I labored at my discovery. Few can estimate the pleasure I felt—the fame and reputation I anticipated. I drew up a little memoir for the board, most respectfully and civilly worded, having for title the following:—

#### ACCOUNT

Of a remarkable Subterranean Passage, lately discovered in the Old Building of Trinity College, Dublin, With Remarks upon its Extent, Antiquity, and Probable Use.

By F. WEBBER, Senior Freshman.

"My dear O'Malley, I'll not dwell upon the pride I felt in my new character of antiquarian. It is enough to state, that my very remarkable tract was well considered and received, and a commission appointed to investigate the discovery, consisting of the vice-provost, the senior lecturer, old Woodhouse, the sub-dean, and a few more.

"On Tuesday last they came accordingly, in full academic costume. I, being habited most accurately in the like manner, and conducting them with all form into my bed-room, where a large screen concealed from view the entrance to the tunnel alluded to. Assuming a very John Kembleish attitude, I struck this down with one hand, pointing with the other to the wall, as I exclaimed, 'There! look there!'

"I need only quote Barrett's exclamation to enlighten you upon my discovery, as, drawing in his breath with a strong effort, he burst out:

"May the devil admire me, but it's a rat-hole."

"I fear, Charley, he's right; and, what's more, that the board will think so, for this moment a very warm discussion is going on among that amiable and learned body, whether I shall any longer remain an ornament to the university. In fact, the terror with which they fled from my chambers, overturning each other in the passage, seemed to imply that they thought me mad; and I do believe my voice, look, and attitude would not have disgraced a blue cotton dressing-gown and a cell in 'Swift's.' Be this as it may, few men have done more for college than I have.—The sun never stood still for Joshua with more resolution than I have rested in my career of freshman; and if I have contributed little to the fame, I have done much for the funds of the university; and when they come to compute the various sums I have paid in, for fines, penalties, and what they call properly 'impositions,' if they do not place a portrait of me in the examination-hall, between Archbishop Usher and Flood, then do I say there is no gratitude in mankind; not to mention the impulse I have given to the various artisans whose business it is to repair lamps, windows, chimneys, iron railings, and watchmen, all of which I have devoted myself to, with an enthusiasm for political economy well known, and registered in the College-street police-office.

"After all, Charley, I miss you greatly. Your second in a ballad is not to be replaced; besides, Carlisle bridge has got low; medical students and young attorneys affect minstrelsy, and actually frequent the haunts sacred to our muse.

"Dublin is, upon the whole, I think, worse; though one scarcely ever gets tired laughing at the small celebrities—"

Master Frank gets here indiscreet, so I shall skip.

"And so the Dashwoods are going too; this will make mine a pitiable condition, for I really did begin to feel tender in that quarter. You may have heard she refused me; this, however, is not correct, though I have little doubt it might have been—had I asked her.

"Hammersly has, you know, got his *congé*. I wonder how the poor fellow took it, when Power gave him back his letters and his picture. How you are to be treated remains to be seen; in any case you certainly stand first favorite."

I laid down the letter at this passage, unable to read further. Here, then, was the solution of the whole chaos of mystery; here's the full explanation of what had puzzled my aching brain for many a night long. These were the first letters I had myself delivered into Hammersly's hands; this the picture he had trodden to dust beneath his heel the morning of our meeting. I now felt the reason of his taunting allusion to my "success," his cutting sarcasm, his intemperate passion. A flood of light poured at once across all the dark passages of my history—and Lucy, too—dare I think of her? A rapid thought shot through my brain. What, if she had really cared for me! What, if for me she had rejected another's love! What, if, trusting to my faith, my pledged and sworn faith, she had given me her heart! O, the bitter agony of that thought! to think that all my hopes were shipwrecked, with the very land in sight.

I sprang to my feet with some sudden impulse, but as I did so, the blood rushed madly to my face and temples, which beat violently; a parched and swollen feeling came about my throat; I endeavored to open my collar, and undo my stock, but my disabled arm prevented me. I tried to call my servant, but my utterance was thick, and my words would not come; a frightful suspicion crossed me that my reason was tottering. I made towards the door, but as I did so, the objects around me became confused and mingled, my limbs trembled, and I fell heavily upon the floor; a pang of dreadful pain shot through me as I fell—my arm was rebroken; after this, I knew no more; all the accumulated excitement of the evening bore down with one fell swoop upon my brain:—ere day broke I was delirious.

I had a vague and indistinct remembrance of hurried and anxious faces around my bed, of whispered words, and sorrowful looks; but my own thoughts careered over the bold hills of the far west, as I trod them in my boyhood, free and high of heart, or recurred to the din and crash of the battle-field, with the mad bounding of my war-horse, and the loud clang of the trumpet; perhaps the acute pain of my swollen and suffering arm, gave the character to my mental aberration; for I have more than once observed among the wounded in battle, that even when torn and mangled by grape from a howitzer, their ravings have partaken of a high

feature of enthusiasm, shouts of triumph, and exclamations of pleasure; even songs have I heard—but never once the low mutterings of despair, and the scarce stifled cry of sorrow and affliction.

Such were the few gleams of consciousness which visited me, and even to such as these I became soon insensible.

Few like to chronicle, fewer still to read, the sad history of a sick-bed. Of mine, I know but little. The throbbing pulses of the erring brain, the wild fancies of lunacy, take no note of time. There is no past nor future—a dreadful present, full of its hurried and confused impressions, is all that the mind beholds; and even when some gleams of returning reason flash upon the mad confusion of the brain, they came like sunbeams through a cloud, dimmed, darkened, and perverted.

It is the restless activity of the mind in fever, that constitutes its most painful anguish; the fast-fitting thoughts, that rush ever onwards, crowding sensation on sensation, an endless train of exciting images, without purpose or repose; or even worse, the straining effort to pursue some vague and shadowy conception, which evades us ever as we follow, but which mingles with all around and about us—haunting us at midnight as in the noonday.

Of this nature was a vision which came constantly before me, till at length, by its very recurrence, it had assumed a kind of real and palpable existence; and, as I watched it, my heart thrilled with the high ardor of enthusiasm and delight, or sank into the dark abyss of sorrow and despair. The dawning of morning, the daylight sinking, brought no other image to my aching sight, and of this alone, of all the impressions of the period, has my mind retained any consciousness.

Methought I stood within an old and venerable cathedral, where the dim, yellow light fell with a rich but solemn glow upon the fretted capitals, or the grotesque tracings of the oaken carvings, lighting up the faded gildings of the stately monuments, and tinting the varied hues of time-worn banners. The mellow notes of a deep organ filled the air, and seemed to attune the sense to all the awe and reverence of the place, where the very foot-fall, magnified by its many echoes, seemed half a profanation. I stood before an altar; beside me, a young and lovely girl, whose bright brown tresses waved in loose masses upon a neck of snowy whiteness; her hand, cold and pale, rested within my own; we knelt together, not in prayer, but a feeling of deep reverence stole over my heart, as she repeated some few half-uttered words after me; I knew that she was mine. O! the ecstasy of that moment, as, springing to my feet, I darted forward to press her to my heart, when suddenly an arm was interposed between us, while a low but solemn voice rung in my ears, "Sist not, for thou art false and traitorous; thy vow, a perjury; and thy heart, a lie!" Slowly and silently the fair form of my loved Lucy, for it was her, receded from my sight. One look, one last look of sorrow—it was scarce reproach—fell upon me, and I sunk back upon the cold pavement, broken-hearted and forsaken.

This dream came with daybreak, and with the calm repose of evening; the still hours of the waking night brought no other image to my eyes, and when its sad influence had spread a gloom and desolation over my wounded heart, a secret hope crept over me, that again the bright moment of happiness would return, and once more beside that ancient altar I'd kneel beside my bride and call her mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the rest, my memory retains but little; the kind looks which came around my bedside brought but a brief pleasure, for in their affectionate beaming I could read the gloomy *prestige* of my fate. The hurried but cautious step, the whispered sentences, the averted gaze of those who sorrowed for me, sunk far deeper into my heart than my friends then thought of. Little do they think, who minister to the sick or dying, how each passing word, each fitting glance, is noted, and how the pale and stilly figure, which lies all but lifeless before them, counts over the hours he has to live by the smiles or tears around him.

Hours, days, weeks, rolled over, and still my fate hung in the balance; and while, in the wild enthusiasm of my erring faculties, I wandered far in spirit from my bed of suffering and pain, some well remembered voice beside me would strike upon my ear, bringing me back, as if by magic, to all the realities of life, and investing my almost unconscious state with all the hopes and fears about me.

One by one, at length, these fancies fled from me, and to the delirium of fever succeeded the sad and helpless consciousness of illness, far, far more depressing; for as the conviction of sense came back, the sorrowful aspect of a dreary future came with them.

#### CHAPTER XIII....The Villa.

The gentle twilight of an autumnal evening, calm, serene, and mellow, was falling, as I opened my eyes to consciousness of life and being, and looked around me. I lay in a large and handsomely furnished apartment, in which the hand of taste was as evident in all the decorations, as the unsparing employment of wealth; the silk draperies of my bed, the inlaid tables, the ormolu ornaments which glittered upon the chimney-piece, were one by one, so many puzzles to my erring senses. I opened and shut my eyes again and again, and essayed by every means in my power to ascertain if they were not the visionary creations of a fevered mind. I stretched out my hands to feel the objects; and even while holding the freshly-plucked flowers in my grasp I could scarce persuade myself that they were real. A thrill of pain at this instant recalled me to other thoughts, and I turned my eyes upon my wounded arm, which, swollen and stiffened, lay motionless beside me. Gradually, my memory came back, and to my weak faculties some passages of my former life were presented, not collectively it is true, nor in any order, but scattered, isolated scenes. While such thoughts flew past, my ever-rising question to myself was, "Where am I now?" The vague feeling which illness leaves upon the mind, whispered to me of kind looks and soft voices; and I had a dreamy consciousness about me of being watched, and cared for, but wherefore, or by whom I knew not.

From a partly open door which led into a garden, a mild and balmy air fanned my temples, and soothed my heated brow; and as the light curtain waved to and fro with the



breeze, the odor of the rose and the orange tree filled the apartment.

There is something in the feeling of weakness which succeeds to long illness of the most delicious and refined enjoyment. The spirit emerging as it were from the thralldom of its grosser prison, rises high and triumphant above the meaner thoughts and more petty ambitions of daily life. Purer feelings, more ennobling hopes succeed; and gleams of our childhood, mingling with our premises for the future, make up an ideal existence, in which the low passions and cares of ordinary life enter not or are forgotten. "T is then we learn to hold converse with ourselves; 't is then we ask how has our manhood performed the promises of its youth? or, have our ripened prospects borne out the pledges of our boyhood? "T is then, in the calm justice of our lonely hearts we learn how our failures are but another name for our faults, and that what we looked on as the vicissitudes of fortune, are but the fruits of our own vices. Alas, how short-lived are such intervals. Like the fitful sunshine in the wintry sky, they throw one bright and joyous tint over the dark landscape; for a moment the valley and the mountain-top are bathed in a ruddy glow; the leafless tree and the dark moss seem to feel a touch of spring; but the next instant it is past—the lowering clouds and dark shadows intervene, and the cold blast, the moaning wind, and the dreary waste are once more before us.

I endeavored to recall the latest events of my career, but in vain; the real and the visionary were inextricably mingled; and the scenes of my campaigns were blended with hopes, and fears, and doubts, which had no existence save in my dreams. My curiosity to know where I was, grew now my strongest feeling, and I raised myself with one arm, to look around me. In the room all was still and silent, but nothing seemed to intimate what I sought for. As I looked, however, the wind blew back the curtain which half concealed the sash door, and disclosed to me the figure of a man, seated at a table; his back was toward me; but his broad sombrero hat and brown mantle bespoke his nation; the light blue curl of smoke which wreathed gently upward, and the ample display of long-necked, straw-wrapped flasks, also attested that he was enjoying himself with a true peninsular gusto, having probably partaken of a long siesta.

It was a perfect picture in its way of the indolent luxury of the South; the rich and perfumed flowers, half closing to the night air, but sighing forth a perfumed "buenas noches," as they betook themselves to rest; the slender shadows of the tall shrubs, stretching motionless across the walks; the very attitude of the figure himself was in keeping, as supported by easy chairs, he lounged at full length, raising his head ever and anon, as if to watch the wreath of eddying smoke as it rose upward from his cigar, and melted away in the distance.

"Yes," thought I, as I looked for some time, "such is the very type of his nation. Surrounded by every luxury of climate, blessed with all that earth can offer of its best and fairest, and yet only using such gifts as mere sensual gratifications." Starting with this theme, I wove a whole story for the unknown personage, whom, in my wandering fancy I began by creating a grandee of Portugal, invested with rank, honors, and riches, but who, effeminated by the habits and usages of his country, had become the mere idle voluptuary, living a life of easy and inglorious indolence. My further musings were interrupted at this moment, for the individual to whom I had been so complimentary in my reverie, slowly arose from his recumbent position, flung his loose mantle carelessly across his left shoulder, and, pushing open the sash door, entered my chamber. Directing his steps to a large mirror, he stood for some minutes contemplating himself with what, from his attitude, I judged to be no small satisfaction. Though his back was still toward me, and the dim twilight of the room too uncertain to see much, yet I could perceive that he was evidently admiring himself in the glass. Of this fact I had soon the most complete proof; for as I looked, he slowly raised his broad-leaved Spanish hat with an air of most imposing pretension, and bowed reverently to himself.

"Come va, vostra Senhoria," said he.

The whole gesture and style of this proceeding struck me as so ridiculous, that in spite of all my efforts, I could scarcely repress a laugh. He turned quickly round and approached the bed. The deep shadow of the sombrero darkened the upper part of his features, but I could distinguish a pair of fierce-looking moustaches beneath, which curled upward toward his eyes, while a stiff-point beard stuck straight from his chin. Fearing lest my rude interruption had been overheard, I was framing some polite speech in Portuguese, when he opened the dialogue by asking in that language, how I did.

I replied, and was about to ask some questions relative to where, and in whose protection I then was, when my grave-looking friend, giving a pirouette upon one leg, sent his hat flying into the air, and cried out in a voice that not even my memory could fail to recognise—

"By the rock of Cashel, he's cured! he's cured!—the fever's over! Oh, Master Charles dear! oh, Master darling! and you ain't mad, after all."

"Mad! no faith; but I shrewdly suspect you must be." "Oh, devil a taste! but spake to me, honey—spake to me, acushla."

"Where am I? whose house is this? What do you mean by this disguise—that beard?"

"Whist, I'll tell you all, av you have patience; but are you cured?—tell me that first: sure they was going to cut the arm off you, 'till you got out of bed, and with your pistols sent them flying, one out of the window, and the other down stairs; and I bade the little chap with the saw myself till he could n't know himself in the glass."

While Mike ran on at this rate, I never took my eyes from him, and all my poor faculties were equal to was to convince myself that the whole scene was not some vision of a wandering intellect. Gradually, however, the well-known features recalled me to myself, and, as my doubts gave way at length, I laughed long and heartily at the masquerade absurdity of his appearance.

Mike, meanwhile, whose face expressed no small mistrust at the sincerity of my mirth, having uncloaked himself, proceeded to lay aside his beard and moustaches, saying, as he did so—

"There now, darling; there now master dear; de n't

be grinning that way; I'll not be a Portugee any more, av you'll be quiet and listen to reason."

"But, Mike, where am I? Answer me that one question."

"You're at home, dear; where else would you be?"

"At home," said I, with a start, as my eye ranged over the various articles of luxury and elegance around, so unlike the more unpretending features of my uncle's house; "at home!"

"Ay, just so; sure isn't it the same thing. It's euld Don Emanuel that owns it; and won't it be your own when you're married to the lovely creature herself?"

I started up, and placing my hand upon my throbbing temple, asked myself if I were really awake; or if some flight of fancy had not carried me away beyond the bounds of reason and sense. "Go on, go on," said I, at length, in a hollow voice, anxious to gather from his words something like a clue to this mystery. "How did this happen?"

"Av ye mean how you come here, faith it was just this way:—after you got the fever, and beat the doctors, devil a one could go near you but myself and the major."

"The major—Major Monsoon?"

"No, Major Power himself. Well he told your friends up here how it was going very hard with you, and that you were like to die; and the same evening they sent down a beautiful litter, as like a hearse as two peas, for you, and brought you up here in state; devil a thing was wanting but a few people to raise a cry to make as fine a funeral as ever I seen; and sure I set up a whillilew myself in the Black Horse square, and the devils only laughed at me."

"Well, you see, they put you into a beautiful elegant bed, and the young lady herself sat down beside you, betune times fanning you with a big fan, and then drying her eyes, for she was weeping like a waterfall. Don Miguel," says she to me,—for, ye see, I put your cloak on by mistake when I was leaving the quarters,—"Don Miguel, questa hidalgo é vuestro amigo?"

"My most particular friend," says I, God spare him many years to be so."

"Then take up your quarters here," said she, "and don't leave him; we'll do every thing in our power to make you comfortable."

"I'm not particular," says I; the run of the house—"

"Then this is the Villa Nove?" said I with a faint sigh.

"The same," replied Mike; "and a sweet place it is for eating and drinking—for wine in buckets full, av ye axed for it,—for dancing and singing every evening, with as pretty cratures as ever I set my eyes upon. Upon my conscience, it's as good as Galway; and good manners it is they have. What's more, none of your liberties nor familiarities with strangers, but it's Don Miguel, devil a less.—"Don Miguel, av it's pleasing to you to take a drop of Xeres before your meat,—or would you have a shaugh of a pipe or cigar when you're done; that's the way of it."

"And Sir George Dashwood," said I, "has he been here? has he inquired for me?"

"Every day, either himself or one of the staff comes galloping up at luncheon time to ask after you; and then they have a bit of tender discourse with the senhora herself. Oh! devil a bit of need ye fear them, she's true blue; and it isn't the major's fault upon my conscience it isn't; for he does be coming the blarney over her in beautiful style."

"Does Miss Dashwood ever visit here?" said I, with a voice faltering and uncertain enough to have awakened suspicions in a more practised observer.

"Never once; and that's what I call unnatural behaviour after you saving her life; and if she wasn't—"

"Be silent, I say."

"Well—well, there; I won't say any more; and sure it's time for me to be putting on my beard again. I'm going to the casino with Catrina, and sure it's with real ladies I might be going an if it wasn't for Major Power, that told them I wasn't an officer; but it is all right again. I gave them a great history of the Frees from the time of Cuilla na Toole, that was one of the family, and a cousin of Moses, I believe; and they behave well to one that comes from an ould stock."

"Don Miguel! Don Miguel," said a voice from the garden.

"I'm coming my angel; I'm coming, my turtle dove," said Mike, arranging his moustaches and beard with amazing dexterity. "Ah, but it would do your heart good av you take a peep at us about twelve o'clock, dancing, 'dirty James' for a belero, and just see Miss Catrina, the lady's maid, doing, cover the buckle, as neat as nature. There now, there's the lemonade near your hand, and I'll leave you the lamp, and you may go asleep as soon as you please, for Miss Inez won't come in to-night to play the guitar, for the doctor said it might do you harm now."

So saying, and before I could summon presence of mind to ask another question, Don Miguel wrapped himself in the broad folds of his Spanish cloak, and strode from the room with the air of an hidalgo.

I slept but little that night; the full tide of memory rushing in upon me, brought back the hour of my return to Lisbon and the wreck of all my hopes, which, from the narrative of my servant, I now perceived to be complete. I dare not venture upon recording how many plans suggested themselves to my troubled spirit, and were in return rejected. To meet Lucy Dashwood—to make a full and candid declaration—to acknowledge that flirtation alone with Donna Inez—a mere passing, boyish flirtation—had given the colouring to my innocent passion, and that in heart and soul I was hers and hers only. This was my first resolve, but alas! if I had not courage to sustain a common interview, to meet her in the careless crowd of a drawing-room, what could I do under circumstances like these; besides, the matter would be cut very short by her coolly declaring that she had neither right nor inclination to listen to such a declaration. The recollection of her look as she passed me to her carriage came flashing across my brain and decided this point. No, no! I'll not encounter that; however appearances for the moment had been against me, she should not have treated me thus coldly and disdainfully. It was quite clear she had never cared for me; wounded pride had been her only feeling; and so as I reasoned, I ended by satisfying myself that in that quarter all was at an end for ever.

Now then for dilemma number two, I thought—the senhora. My first impulse was one of any thing but gratitude to her, by whose kind, tender care my hours of pain and suffering had been soothed and alleviated. But for her, and I should have been spared all my present embarrassment—all my shipwrecked fortunes; but for her I should now be the aid-de-camp residing in Sir George Dashwood's own house, meeting with Lucy every hour of the day, dining beside her, riding out with her, pressing my suit by every means and with every advantage of my position; but for her and her dark eyes—and, by-the-by, what eyes they are, how full of brilliancy, yet how teeming with an expression of soft and melting sweetness; and her mouth too, how perfectly chiselled those full lips—how different from the cold unbending firmness of Miss Dashwood's—not but I have seen Lucy smile too, and what a sweet smile—how it lighted up her fair cheek, and made her blue eyes darken and deepen till they looked like heaven's own vault. Yes, there is more poetry in a blue eye. But still Inez is a very lovely girl, and her foot never was surpassed; she is a coquette, too, about that foot and ankle—I rather like a woman to be so. What a sensation she would make in England—how she would be the rage; and then I thought of home and Galway, and the astonishment of some, the admiration of others, as I presented her as my wife; the congratulations of my friends, the wonder of the men, the tempered envy of the women. Methought I saw my uncle, as he pressed her in his arms say, "Yes, Charley, this is a prize worth campaigning for."

The stray sounds of a guitar which came from the garden broke in upon my musings at this moment. It seemed as if a finger was straying heedlessly across the strings. I started up, and to my surprise perceived it was Inez. Before I had time to collect myself, a gentle tap at the window aroused me; it opened softly, and while from an unseen hand a bouquet of fresh flowers was thrown upon my bed; before I could collect myself to speak, the sash closed again and I was alone.

#### CHAPTER XIV....The Visit.

MIKE's performance at the masquerade had doubtless been of the most distinguished character, and demanded a compensating period of repose, for he did not make his appearance the entire morning. Toward noon, however, the door from the garden gently opened, and I heard a step upon the stone terrace, and something which sounded to my ears like the clank of a sabre. I lifted my head, and saw Fred Power beside me.

I shall spare my readers the recital of my friend, which however, more full and explanatory of past events, contained in reality little more than Mickey Free had already told me. In fine, he informed me, that our army by a succession of retreating movements, had deserted the northern provinces, and now occupied the entrenched lines of Torres Vedras. That Massena, with a powerful force, was still in march; re-enforcements daily pouring in upon him—and every expectation pointing to the probability that he would attempt to storm our position.

"The wise heads," remarked Power, "talk of our speedy embarkation—the sanguine and the hot-headed rave of a great victory, and the retreat of Massena; but I was up at head quarters last week with despatches, and saw Lord Wellington myself."

"Well, what did you make out? did he drop any hint of his own views?"

"Faith, I can't say he did; he asked me some questions about the troops just landed—he spoke a little of the commissary department—damned the blankets—said that green forage was bad food for the artillery horses—sent me an English paper to read about the O. P. riots, and said the harriers would throw off about six o'clock, and that he hoped to see me at dinner."

I could not restrain a laugh at Power's catalogue of his lordships topics. "So," said I, "he at least does not take any gloomy views of our situation."

"Who can tell what he thinks; he's ready to fight, if fighting will do any thing—and to retreat if that be better. But that he'll sleep an hour less, or drink a glass of claret more—come what will of it—I'll believe from no man living."

"We've lost one gallant thing in my case, Charley," resumed Power. "Busaco was, I'm told, a glorious day, and our people were in the heat of it. So that if we do not leave the Peninsula now—that will be a confounded chagrin. Not for you, my poor fellow, for you could not stir; but I was so cursed foolish to take the staff appointment—thus one folly ever entails another."

There was a tone of bitterness in which these words were uttered, that left no doubt upon my mind—some *arrière pensée* remained lurking behind them. My eyes met his—he bit his lip, and coloring deeply, rose from the chair, and walked toward the window.

The chance allusion of my man Mike flashed upon me at the moment, and I dared not trust myself to break silence. I now thought I could trace in my friend's manner less of that gay and careless buoyancy which ever marked him. There was a tone, it seemed, of more grave and sombre character, and even when he jested, the smile his features bore was not his usual frank and happy one, and speedily gave way to an expression I had never before remarked. Our silence, which had now lasted for some minutes, was becoming embarrassing—that strange consciousness, that to a certain extent we were reading each others thoughts, made us both cautious of breaking it; and when at length, turning abruptly round, he asked, "When I hoped to be up, and about again?" I felt my heart relieved from I knew not well what load of doubt and difficulty that oppressed it. We chatted on for some little time longer, the news of Lisbon, and the daily gossip furnishing our topics.

"Plenty of gayety, Charley; dinners and balls to no end; so get well, my boy, and make the most of it."

"Yes," I replied, "I'll do my best; but be assured the first use I'll make of health will be to join the regiment. I am heartily ashamed of myself for all I have lost already—though not altogether my fault."

"And will you really join at once?" said Power, with a look of eager anxiety I could not possibly account for.

"Of course, I will—what have I—what can I have to detain me here?"

What reply he was about to make at this moment I know not—but the door opened, and Mike announced Sir George Dashwood.

"Gently, my worthy man, not so loud if you please," said the mild voice of the general, as he stepped noiselessly across the room, evidently shocked at the indiscreet tone of my follower. "Ah, Power, you here! and our poor friend, how is he?"

"Able to answer for himself at last, Sir George," said I, grasping his proffered hand.

"My poor lad, you've had a long bout of it; but you've saved your arm, and that's well worth the lost time. Well! I've come to bring you good news; there's been a very sharp cavalry affair, and our fellows have been the conquerors."

"There again, Power; listen to that: we are losing every thing!"

"Not so; not so, my boy," said Sir George, smiling blandly but archly. "There are conquests to be won here as well as there; and, in your present state, I rather think you fitted for such as these." Power's brow grew clouded, he essayed a smile, but it failed; and he rose and hurried toward the window.

As for me, my confusion must have led to a very erroneous impression of my real feelings; and I perceived Sir George anxious to turn the channel of the conversation.

"You see but little of your host, O'Malley," he resumed; "he is ever from home; but I believe nothing could be kinder than his arrangements for you. You are aware that he kidnapped you from us! I had sent Forbes over to bring you to us, your room was prepared, every thing in readiness, when he met your man Mike, setting forth upon a mule, who told him you had just taken your departure for the villa. We both had our claim upon you, and, I believe, pretty much on the same score. By the-by, you have not seen Lucy since your arrival. I never knew it till yesterday, when I asked if she did not find you altered."

I blundered out some absurd reply—blushed, corrected myself, and got confused; which Sir George, attributing doubtless to my weak state rose soon after, and, taking Power along with him, remarked, as he left the room, "we are too much for him yet—I see that: so we'll leave him quiet some time longer." Thanking him in my heart for his true appreciation of my state, I sunk back upon my pillow to think over all I had heard and seen.

"Well, Mister Charles," said Mike, as he came forward with a smile, "I suppose you heard the news? The 14th beat the French down at Merca there, and took seventy prisoners; but, sure, it's little good it'll do after all."

"And why not, Mike?"

"Musha, isn't Boney coming himself? He's bringing all the Russians down with him, and going to destroy us entirely."

"Not at all, man; you mistake. He's nothing to do with Russia, and has quite enough on his hands at this moment."

"God grant it was truth you were talking! but you see I read it myself in the papers, or Sergeant Hagarty did, which is the same thing—that he's coming with the Cossacks."

"With who? with what?"

"With the Cossacks."

"What the devil do you mean? Who are they?"

"O, Tower of Ivory! did you never hear of the Cossacks, with the red beards and the red breeches, and long poles with pike-heads on them, that does all the devilment on horseback—spiking and spitting the people like larks?"

"The Cossacks, is it you mean? The Cossacks?"

"Ay, just so, the Cossacks. They're from Clare Island and thereabouts; and there's more of them in Meath. They're my mother's people, and was always real devils for fighting."

I burst out into an immoderate fit of laughing at Mike's etymology, which thus converted Hetman Platoff into a Galway man.

"Oh, murder, isn't it cruel to hear you laugh that way? There now, alanna! be aisy, and I'll tell you more news. We've the house to ourselves to-day. The old gentleman's down at Bethlem, and the daughter's in Lisbon, making great preparation for a grand ball they're to give when you're quite well."

"I hope I shall be with the army in a few days, Mike; and certainly if I'm able to move about, I'll not remain longer at Lisbon."

"Arrah, don't say so, now! When was you ever so comfortable? Upon my conscience, it's more like Paradise than any thing else. If ye see the dinner we sit down to every day; and as for drink—if it wasn't that I sleep on a ground floor, I'd seldom see a blanket."

"Well, certainly, Mike, I agree with you, these are hard things to tear ourselves away from."

"Are n't they now, sir? and then Miss Catherine, I'm teaching her Irish!"

"Teaching her Irish! for Heaven's sake, what use can she make of Irish?"

"Ah, the creature, she does n't know better; and, as she was always bothering me to learn her English, I promised one day to do it; but ye see, somehow I never was very proficient in strange tongues; so I thought to myself, Irish will do as well. So, you perceive, we're taking a course of Irish literature, as Mr. Lynch says in Athlone; and, upon my conscience, she's an apt scholar."

"Good morning to you, Katey," says Mr. Power to her the other day, as he passed through the hall. "Good morning, my dear, I hear you speak English perfectly now!"

"*Aonia mon dioul*," says she, making a courtesy.

"Be the powers, I thought he'd die with the laughing."

"Well, my dear, I hope you don't mean it—do you know what you're saying?"

"Honor bright, major!" says I; "honor bright!" and I gave him a wink at the same time.

"Oh, that's it!" said he, "is it?" and so he went off holding his hands to his sides with the bare laughing; and your honor knows it was n't a blessing she wished him, for all that."

#### CHAPTER XV.—The Confession.

What a strange position this of mine, thought I, a few mornings after the events detailed in the last chapter. How very fascinating in some respects—how full of all the charm of romance, and how confoundingly difficult to see one's way through!

To understand my cogitation right, *figurez vous*, my dear reader, a large and splendidly furnished drawing-room, from one end of which an orangery in full blossom opens;

from the other side is seen a delicious little boudoir, where books, bronzes, pictures, and statues, in all the artistic disorder of a lady's sanctum, are bathed in a deep purple light from a stained glass window of the thirteenth century.

At a small table beside the wood fire, whose mellow light is flitting with the sunbeams upon the carpet, stands an antique silver breakfast service, which none but the hand of Benvenuto could have chiselled; beside it sits a girl, young and beautiful—her dark eyes, beaming beneath their long lashes, are fixed with an expression of watchful interest upon a pale and sickly youth who, lounging upon a sofa opposite, is carelessly turning over the leaves of a new journal, or gazing steadfastly on the fretted gothic of the ceiling, while his thoughts are travelling many a mile away. The lady being the Senhora Inez; the nonchalant invalid, your unworthy acquaintance, Charles O'Malley.

What a very strange position, to be sure.

"Then you are not equal to this ball to-night?" said she, after a pause of some minutes.

I turned as she spoke; her words had struck audibly upon my ear—but, lost in my reverie, I could but repeat my own fixed thought—how strange to be so situated!

"You are really very tiresome, signor, I assure you, you are. I have been giving you a most elegant description of the Casino fete, and the beautiful costume of our Lisbon belles, but I can get nothing from you but this muttered something, which may be very shocking, for aught I know. I'm sure your friend, Major Power, would be much more attentive to me, that is," added she, archly, "if Miss Dashwood were not present."

"What—why—you don't mean that there is any thing there—that Power is paying attention to—"

"*Madre divina*, how that seems to interest you, and how red you are; if it were not that you never met her before, and that your acquaintance did not seem to make rapid progress, then I should say that you are in love with her yourself."

I had to laugh at this, but felt my face blushing more and more. "And so," said I, affecting a careless and indifferent tone, "the gay Fred. Power is smitten at last."

"Was it so very difficult a thing to accomplish?" said she, slyly.

"He seems to say so, at least. And the lady, how does she appear to receive his attentions?"

"Oh, I should say with evident pleasure and satisfaction, as all girls do the advances of men they don't care for, nor intend to care for."

"Indeed," said I, slowly, "indeed, *senhora*," looking into her eyes as I spoke, as if to read if the lesson were destined for my benefit.

"There, don't stare so! every one knows that."

"So you don't think, then, that Lucy—I mean Miss Dashwood—why are you laughing so?"

"How can I help it? your calling her Lucy is so good, I wish she heard it; she's the very proudest girl I ever knew."

"But to come back; you really think she does not care for him?"

"No more than for you; and I may be pardoned for the simile, having seen your meeting. But let me give you the news of our own *fête*. Saturday is the day fixed; and you must be quite well—I insist upon it. Miss Dashwood has promised to come—no small concession; for, after all, she has never once been here since the day you frightened her. I can't help laughing at my blunder—the two people I had promised myself should fall desperately in love with each, and who will scarcely meet."

"But I trusted," said I pettishly, "that you were not disposed to resign your own interest in me?"

"Neither was I," said she, with an easy smile, "except that I have so many admirers. I might even spare to my friends; though after all, I should be sorry to lose you—I like you."

"Yes," said I, half bitterly, "as girls do those they never intend to care for; is it not so?"

"Perhaps yes, and perhaps—but is it going to rain? How provoking! and I have ordered my horse. Well, Signor Carlos, I leave you to your delightful newspaper, and all the magnificent descriptions of battles, and sieges, and skirmishes for which you seem doomed to pine without ceasing. There, don't kiss my hand twice, that's not right."

"Well, let me begin again—"

"I shall not breakfast with you any more: but tell me, am I to order a costume for you in Lisbon; or will you arrange all that yourself? You must come to the *fête* you know."

"If you would be so very kind"

"I will then be so very kind; and, once more, *adieu*!" So saying, and with a slight motion of her hand, she smiled a good-by, and left me.

What a lovely girl! thought I, as I rose and walked to the window, muttering to myself Othello's line, and

"When I love thee not, chaos is come again."

In fact, it was the perfect expression of my feeling—the only solution to all the difficulties surrounding me being to fall desperately, irretrievably in love with the *senhora*, which, all things considered, was not a very desperate resource for a gentleman in trouble. As I thought over the hopelessness of one attachment, I turned calmly to consider all the favorable points of the other. She was truly beautiful, attractive in every sense; her manner most fascinating, and her disposition, so far as I could pronounce, perfectly amiable. I felt already something more than interest about her; how very easy would be the transition to stronger feeling. There was an *eclat*, too, about being her accepted lover that had its charm. She was the belle *par excellence* of Lisbon; and then a sense of pique crossed my mind as I reflected what would Lucy say of him whom she had slighted and insulted, when he became the husband of the beautiful and millionaire *Senhora Inez*.

As my meditations had reached thus far, the door opened stealthily, and Catherine appeared, her finger upon her lips, and her gesture indicating caution. She carried on her arm a mass of drapery covered by a large mantle, which, throwing off as she entered, she displayed before me a rich blue domino with silver embroidery. It was large and loose in its folds, so as thoroughly to conceal the figure of any wearer. This she held up before me for an instant without speaking, when at length, seeing my curiosity fully excited, she said,—

"This is the *senhora's* domino. I should be ruined if she knew I showed it; but I promised—that is, I told—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," relieving her embarrassment about the source of her civilities; "go on."

"Well, there are several others like it, but with this small difference, instead of a carnation, which all the others have embroidered upon the cuff, I have made it a rose: you perceive. La *Senhora* knows nothing of this: none save yourself know it. I'm sure I may trust you with the secret."

"Fear not in the least, Catherine; you have rendered me a great service. Let me look at it once more: ah, there's no difficulty in detecting it. And you are certain she is unaware of it?"

"Perfectly so; she has several other costumes, but in this one I know she intends some surprise; so be upon your guard."

With these words, carefully once more concealing the rich dress beneath the mantle, she withdrew; while I strolled forth to wonder what mystery might lie beneath this scheme, and speculate how far I myself was included in the plot she spoke of.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the few days which succeeded I passed my time much alone. The *senhora* was but seldom at home; and I remarked that Power rarely came to see me. A strange feeling of half-coolness had latterly grown between us, and, instead of the open confidence we formerly indulged in when together, we appeared now rather to chat over things of mere every-day interest than our own immediate plans and prospects. There was a kind of pre-occupation, too, in his manner that struck me: his mind seemed ever straying from the topics he talked of to something remote; and altogether he was no longer the frank and reckless dragoon I had ever known him. What could be the meaning of this change? Had he found out by any accident that I was to blame in my conduct towards Lucy—had any erroneous impression of my interview with her reached his ears? This was the most improbable; besides, there was nothing in that to draw down his censure or condemnation, however represented; and was it that he was himself in love with her—that, devoted heart and soul to Lucy, he regarded me as a successful rival, preferred before him! Oh! how could I have so long blinded myself to the fact! This was the true solution of the whole difficulty. I had more than once suspected this to be so; now all the circumstances of proof poured in upon me. I called to mind his agitated manner the night of my arrival in Lisbon, his thousand questions concerning the reason of my furlough; and then, lately, the look of unfeigned pleasure with which he heard me resolved to join my regiment the moment I was sufficiently recovered. I also remembered how assiduously he pressed his intimacy with the *senhora*, Lucy's dearest friend here; his continual visits at the villa; those long walks in the garden, where his very look betokened some confidential mission of the heart. Yes, there was no doubt of it; he loved Lucy Dashwood! Alas! there seemed to be no end to the complication of my misfortunes; one by one I appeared fated to lose whatever had a hold upon my affections, and to stand alone unloved and uncared for in the world. My thoughts turned toward the *senhora*, but I could not deceive myself into any hope there. My own feelings were untouched, and hers I felt to be equally so. Young as I was, there was no mistaking the easy smile of coquetry, the merry laugh of flattered vanity, for a deeper and holier feeling. And then I did not wish it otherwise. One only had taught me to feel how ennobling, how elevating, in all its impulses can be a deep-rooted passion for a young and beautiful girl! from her eyes alone had I caught the inspiration—that made me throb for glory and distinction. I could not transfer the allegiance of my heart, since it had taught that very heart to beat high and proudly. Lucy, lost to me for ever as she must be, was still more than any other woman ever could be. All the past clung to her memory, all the prestige of the future must point to it also.

And Power: why had he not trusted, why had he not confided in me? Was this like my old and tried friend? Alas! I was forgetting that in his eye I was the favored rival, and not the despised, rejected suitor.

It is past now, thought I, as I rose and walked into the garden; the dream that made life a fairy tale is dispelled; the cold reality of the world is before me, and my path lies a lonely and solitary one. My first resolution was to see Power, and relieve his mind of any uneasiness as regarded my pretensions; they existed no longer. As for me I was no obstacle to his happiness; it was then but fair and honorable that I should tell him so; this done, I should leave Lisbon at once: the cavalry had for the most part been ordered to the rear, still there was always something going forward at the outposts.

The idea of active service, the excitement of a campaigning life cheered me, and I advanced along the dark alley of the garden with a lighter and a freer heart. My resolves were not destined to meet delay: as I turned the angle of a walk Power was before me; he was leaning against a tree, his hands crossed upon his bosom, his head bowed forward, and his whole air and attitude betokening deep reflection.

He started as I came up, and seemed almost to change color.

"Well, Charley," said he, after a moment pause, "you look better this morning; how goes the arm?"

"The arm is ready for service again, and its owner most anxious for it. Do you know, Fred, I'm thoroughly weary of this life?"

"They're little better, however, at the lines; the French are in position, but never adventure a movement, and except some few affairs at the pickets, there is really nothing to do."

"No matter, remaining here can never serve one's interests, and besides, I have accomplished what I came for—"

I was about to add "the restoration of my health," when he suddenly interrupted me, eyeing me fixedly as he spoke.

"Indeed! indeed! is that so?"

"Yes," said I, half puzzled at the tone and manner of the speech; "I can join now when I please; meanwhile, Fred, I have been thinking of you. Yes, don't be surprised, at the very moment we met you were in my thoughts."

I took his arm as I said this, and led him down the alley.

"We are too old, and I trust, too true friends, Fred, to



have secrets from each other, and yet we have been playing this silly game for some weeks past; now, my dear fellow, I have yours, and 'tis only fair justice you should have mine, and faith I feel you'd have discovered it long since. Had your thoughts been as free as I have known them to be. Fred, you are in love; there, don't wince, man, I know it; but hear me out. You believe me to be sad also; nay, more, you think that my chances of success are better, stronger than your own; learn then, that I have none, absolutely none. Don't interrupt me now, for this avowal cuts me deeply; my own heart alone knows what I suffer as I record my wrecked fortunes, but I repeat it, my hopes are at an end for ever; but, Fred my boy, I cannot lose my friend too. If I have been the obstacle to your path I am so no more. Ask me not why; it is enough that I speak in all truth and sincerity. Ere three days I shall leave this, and with all the hopes that once beamed upon my fortunes, and all the happiness, nay, not all, my boy, for I feel some thrill at my heart yet as I think that I have been true to you."

I know not what more I spoke, nor how he replied to me. I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I saw his delighted smile; the words of grateful acknowledgments his lips uttered, conveyed but an imperfect meaning to my ear, and I remembered no more.

The courage which sustained me for the moment sunk gradually as I meditated over my avowal, and I could scarcely help accusing Power of a breach of friendship for exacting a confession which, in reality, I had volunteered to give him. How Lucy herself would think of my conduct was ever occurring to my thoughts, and I felt, as I ruminated upon the conjectures it might give rise to, how much more likely a favorable opinion might now be formed of me, than when such an estimation could have crowned me with delight. Yes, thought I, she will at least learn to know him, who loved her with truth and with devoted affection; and, when the blight of all his hopes is accomplished, the fair fame of his fidelity will be proved. The march, the bivouac, the battle-field, are now all to me; and the campaign alone presents a prospect which may fill up the aching void that disappointed and ruined hopes have left behind them.

How I longed for the loud call of the trumpet, the clash of the steel, the tramp of the war-horse, though the proud distinction of a soldier's life were less to me in the distance than the mad and whirlwind passion of a charge, and the loud din of the rolling artillery.

It was only some hours after, as I sat alone in my chamber, that all the circumstances of our meeting came back clearly to my memory, and I could not help muttering to myself, "It is indeed a hard lot, that to cheer the heart of my friend I must bear witness to the despair that sheds darkness on my own."

#### CHAPTER XVI....My Charger.

Although I felt my heart relieved of a heavy load by the confession I had made to Power, yet still I shrank from meeting him for some days after; a kind of fear lest he should in any way recur to our conversation continually beset me, and I felt that the courage which bore me up for my first effort would desert me on the next occasion.

My determination to join my regiment was now made up, and I sent forward a resignation of my appointment to Sir George Dashwood's staff, which I had never been in health to fulfil, and commenced with energy all my preparations for a speedy departure.

The reply to my rather formal letter was a most kind note written by himself. He regretted the unhappy case which had so long separated us, and though wishing, as he expressed it, to have me near him, perfectly approved of my resolution.

"Active service alone, my dear boy, can ever place you in the position you ought to occupy, and I rejoice the more at your decision in this matter, as I feared the truth of certain reports here, which attribute to you other plans than those which a campaign suggests. My mind is now easy on this score, and I pray you forgive me if my congratulations are *mal à propos*."

After some hints for my future management, and a promise of some letters to his friends at head-quarters, he concludes:

"As this climate does not seem to suit my daughter, I have applied for a change, and am in daily hope of obtaining it. Before going, however, I must beg your acceptance of the charger which my groom will deliver to your servant with this. I was so struck with his figure and action, that I purchased him before leaving England without well knowing why or wherefore. Pray let him see some service under your auspices, which he was most unlikely to do under mine. He has plenty of bone to be a weight-carrier, and they tell me also that he has speed enough for anything."

Mike's voice in the lawn beneath interrupted my reading farther, and on looking out I perceived him and Sir George Dashwood's servant standing beside a large and striking-looking horse, which they were both examining with all the critical accuracy of adepts.

"Arrah, is n't he a darling, a real beauty every inch of him?"

"That 'ere splint don't signify nothing; he aren't the worse of it," said the English groom.

"Of course it does n't," replied Mike. "What a forehead! and the legs, clean as a whip."

"There 's the best of him, though," interrupted the other, patting the strong hind-quarters with his hand.

"There 's the stuff to push him along through heavy ground and carry him over timber."

"Or a stone wall," said Mike, thinking of Galway.

My own impatience to survey my present had now brought me into the enclosure, and before many minutes were over I had him saddled, and was carolling around the lawn with a spirit and energy I had not felt for months long. Some small fences lay before me, and over these he carried me with all the ease and freedom of a trained hunter. My courage mounted with the excitement, and I looked eagerly around for some more bold and dashing leap.

"You may take him over the avenue gate," said the English groom, divining with a jockey's readiness what I looked for; "he 'll do it, never fear him."

Strange as my equipment was, an undress jacket flying loosely open, and a bare head, away I went. The gate which the groom spoke of was a strongly barred one of oak

timber, nearly five feet high—its difficulty as a leap only consisted in the winding approach to it, and the fact that it opened upon a hard road beyond it.

In a second or two a kind of half fear came across me. My long illness had unnerved me, and my limbs felt weak and yielding; but as I pressed into the center, that secret sympathy between the horse and his rider shot suddenly through me, I pressed my spurs to his flanks and dashed him at it.

Unaccustomed to such treatment, the noble animal bounded madly forward; with two tremendous plunges, he sprang wildly into the air, and shaking his long mane with passion, stretched out at the gallop.

My own blood boiled now as tempestuously as his; and with a shout of reckless triumph I rose him at the gate. Just at the instant two figures appeared before it—the corpse had concealed their approach hitherto—but they stood now as if transfixed: the wild attitude of the horse, the not less wild cry of his rider, had deprived them for the time of all energy, and overcome by the sudden danger, they seemed rooted to the ground. What I said, spoke, begged, or imprecated, heaven knows—not I; but they stirred not! One moment more, and they must lie trampled beneath my horse's hoofs. He was already on his haunches for the bound; when wheeling half aside, I faced him at the wall—it was at least a foot higher, and of solid stone masonry—and as I did so, I felt that I was periling my life to save theirs. One vigorous dash of the spur I gave him as I lifted him to the leap. He bounded beneath it quick as lightning—still with a spring like a rocket he rose into the air, cleared the wall, and stood trembling and frightened on the road outside.

"Safe, by Jupiter! and splendidly done, too," cried a voice near me, that I immediately recognized as Sir George Dashwood's.

"Lucy, my love, look up; Lucy, my dear, there's no danger now. She has fainted. O'Malley, fetch some water—fast. Poor fellow, your own nerves seem shaken—why you 've let your horse go; come here, for heaven's sake; support her for an instant; I 'll fetch some water."

It appeared to me like a dream. I leaned against the pillar of the gate; the cold and death-like features of Lucy Dashwood lay motionless upon my arm; her hand falling heavily upon my shoulder, touched my cheek; the tramp of my horse, as he galloped onward, was the only sound that broke the silence, as I stood there, gazing steadfastly upon the pale brow and paler cheek, down which a solitary tear was slowly stealing. I know not how the minutes passed—my memory took no note of time—but at length a gentle tremor thrilled her frame, a slight, scarce perceptible blush colored her fair face, her lips slightly parted, and heaving a deep sigh, she looked around her, and gradually her eyes turned and met mine. Oh, the bliss unutterable of that moment! It was no longer the look of cold scorn she had given me last—the expression was one of soft and speaking gratitude; she seemed to read my very heart, and know its truth. There was a tone of deep and compassionate interest in the glance; and forgetting all—everything that had passed—all save my unaltered, unalterable love, I kneeled beside her, and, in words burning as my own heart burned, poured out my tale of mingled sorrow and affection, with all the eloquence of passion. I vindicated my unshaken faith, reconciling the conflicting evidences with the proofs I proffered of my attachment. If my moments were measured, I spent them not idly. I called to witness how every action of my soldier's life emanated from her—how her few and chance words had decided the character of my fate, if aught of fame or honor were my portion, to her I owed it. As hurried onwards by my ardent hopes, I forgot Power and all about him, a step on the gravel walk came rapidly nearer, and I had but time to assume my former attitude beside Lucy, as her father came up.

"Well, Charles, is she better? Oh, I see she is—here we have the whole household at our heels"—so saying, he pointed to a string of servants pressing eagerly forward with every species of restoratives that Portuguese ingenuity has invented."

The next moment we were joined by the senhora, who, pale with fear, seemed scarcely less in need of assistance than her friend.

Amid questions innumerable—explanations sought for on all sides—mistakes, and misconceptions as to the whole occurrence—we took our way towards the villa, Lucy walking between Sir George and Donna Inez, while I followed, leaning upon Power's arm.

"They've caught him again, O'Malley," said the General, turning half round to me; "he seemed too much frightened as any of us."

"It is time, Sir George, I should think of thanking you. I never was so mounted in my life—"

"A splendid charger, by Jove," said Power; "but, Charley my lad, no more feats of this nature, if you love me: no girl's heart will stand such continual assaults as your winning horsemanship submits it to."

I was about making some half angry reply, when he continued, "There, do n't look sulky, I have news for you. Quill has just arrived. I met him at Lisbon; he has got leave of absence for a few days, and is coming to our masquerade here this evening."

"This evening!" said I, in amazement; "why is it so soon?"

"Of course it is. Have you not got all your trappings ready? The Dashwoods came out here on purpose to spend the day—but come, I'll drive you into town. My library is ready, and we'll both look out for our costumes." So saying, he led me along towards the house, when, after a rapid change of my toilet, we set out for Lisbon.

#### CHAPTER XVII....Maurice.

It seemed a conceded matter between Power and myself that we should never recur to the conversation we held in the garden; and so, although we dined *tête à tête* that day, neither of us ventured by any allusion the most distant, to advert to what it was equally evident, was uppermost in the minds of both.

All our endeavors, therefore, to seem easy and unconcerned, were in vain; a restless anxiety to seem interested about things and persons we were totally indifferent to, pervaded all our essays at conversation. By degrees, we grew weary of the parts we were acting, and each relapsed into a moody silence, thinking over his plans and projects, and totally forgetting the existence of the other.

The decanter was passed across the table without speaking, a half nod intimated the bottle was standing, and except an occasional malediction upon an intractable cigar, nothing was heard.

Such was the agreeable occupation we were engaged in, when, towards nine o'clock, the door opened, and the great Maurice himself stood before us.

"Pleasant fellows, upon my conscience, and jovial over their liquor; confound your smoking; that may do very well in a bivouac. Let us have something warmer!"

Quill's interruption was a most welcome one to both parties, and we rejoiced with a sincere pleasure at his coming.

"What shall it be, Maurice? Port or sherry mulled, and an anchovy?"

"Or what say you to a bowl of bishop?" said I.

"Hurra for the church, Charley, let us have the bishop; and, not to disparage Fred's taste, we'll be eating the anchovy while the liquor's concocting."

"Well, Maurice, and now for the news. How are matters at Torres Vedras? Any thing like movement in that quarter?"

"Nothing very remarkable. Massena made a reconnaissance some days since, and one of our batteries threw a shower of grape among the staff, which spoiled the procession, and sent them back in very disorderly time. Then we've had a few skirmishes to the front with no great results—a few court-martials—bad grub and plenty of grumbling."

"Why, what would they have? It's a great thing to hold the French army in check, within a few marches of Lisbon."

"Charley, my man, who cares two-pence for the French army, or Lisbon, or the Portuguese, or the junta, or any thing about it; every man is pondering over his own affairs. One fellow wants to get home again, and be sent upon some recruiting station. Another wishes to get a step or two in promotion, to come to Torres Vedras, where even the *grand armée* can't. Then some of us are in love, and some more of us are in debt. There is neither glory nor profit to be had: but here's the bishop, smoking and steaming with an odour of nectar."

"And our fellows, have you seen them lately?"

"I dined with yours on Tuesday—was it Tuesday? Yes; I dined with them. By-the-by, Sparks was taken prisoner that morning."

"Sparks taken prisoner! poor fellow. I am sincerely sorry. How did it happen, Maurice?"

"Very simply. Sparks had a forage patrol toward Yieda, and set out early in the morning with his party. It seemed that they succeeded perfectly, and were returning to the lines; when poor Sparks, always susceptible where the sex are concerned, saw, or thought he saw, a lattice gently open as he rode from the village, and a very taper finger make a signal to him. Dropping a little behind the rest, he waited till his men had debauched upon the road, when, riding quietly up, he coughed a couple of times to attract the fair unknown—a handkerchief waved in reply, from the lattice which was speedily closed, and our valiant cornet accordingly dismounted and entered the house."

"The remainder of the adventure is soon told; for, in a few seconds after, two men mounted on one horse were seen galloping at top speed towards the French lines. The foremost being a French officer of the fourth cuirassiers—the gentleman with his face to the tail, our friend Sparks; the lovely unknown being a *vieille moustache* of Loisson's corps, who had been in a skirmish some days before, and lay waiting an opportunity of rejoining his party. One of our prisoners knew this fellow well; he had been promoted from the ranks, and was a Hercules for feats of strength: so that, after all, Sparks could not help himself."

"Well, I'm really sorry, but, as you say, Sparks' tender nature is always the ruin of him."

"Of him! ay and of you—and of Power—and of myself—of all of us. Isn't it the sweet creatures that make fools of us from Father Adam down to Maurice Quill; neither sparing age nor rank in the service—half-pay, nor the veteran battalion it's all one. Pass the jug there, O'Shaughnessy—"

"Ah, by-the-by, how 's the major?"

"Charmingly: only a little bit in a scrape just now. Sir Arthur—Lord Wellington I mean—had him up for his fellows being caught pillaging, and gave him a devil of a rowing a few days ago."

"Very disorderly corps yours, Major O'Shaughnessy," said the General; "more men up for punishment than any regiment in the service."

"Shaugh muttered something, but his voice was lost in a loud cock-a-doodle-doo, that some bold chanticler set up at the moment."

"If the officers do their duty, Major O'Shaughnessy, these acts of insubordination cannot occur."

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo, was the reply. Some of the staff found it hard not to laugh; but the General went on."

"If, therefore, the practice does not cease, I 'll draft the men into West India regiments."

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo."

"And if any articles pillaged from the inhabitants are detected in the quarters, or about the person of the troops—"

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo," screamed louder here than ever.

"Damn that cock. Where is it?"

"There was a general look around on all sides, which seemed in vain; when a tremendous repetition of the cry resounded from O'Shaughnessy's coat pocket: thus detecting the valiant Major himself in the very practice of his corps. There was no standing this: every one burst out into a peal of laughing; and Lord Wellington himself could not resist, but turned away muttering to himself as he went—'Damn'd robbers—every man of them,' while a final war note from the Major's pocket closed the interview."

"Confound you, Maurice; you 've always some villainous narrative or other. You never crossed a street for shelter without making something out of it."

"True this time, as sure as my name 's Maurice; but the bowl is empty?"

"Never mind, here comes its successor. How long can you stay amongst us?"

"A few days at most. Just took a run off to see the sights; I was all over Lisbon this morning: saw the Inquisition and the cells, and the place where they tried the fe l

lows—the kind of grand jury room, with the great picture of Adam and Eve at the end of it. What a beautiful creature she is! hair down to her waist, and such eyes! 'Ah, ye darling!' said I to myself, small blame to him for what he did. Would n't I ate every crab in the garden, if ye asked me!"

"I must certainly go see her, Maurice. Is she very Portuguese in her style?"

"Devil a bit of it. She might be a Limerick woman, with elegant brown hair, and blue eyes, and a skin like snow."

"Come, come, they've pretty girls in Lisbon too, doctor."

"Yes, faith," said Power, "that they have."

"Nothing like Ireland, boys; not a bit of it; they're the girls for my money; and where's the man can resist them? From St. Patrick, that had to go live in the Wicklow mountains—"

"St. Kevin, you mean, doctor."

"Sure it's all the same, they were twins. I made a little song about them one evening last week—the women I mean."

"Let's have it, Maurice; let's have it, old fellow. What's the measure?"

"Short measure: four little verses, devil a more."

"But the time, I mean?"

"Whenever you like to sing it—here it is:"

#### THE GIRLS OF THE WEST.

Air—"Tiddy ye Gander."  
With feeling—but not too slow.

I.  
You may talk, if you please,  
Of the brown Portuguese,  
But, wherever you roam, wherever you roam,  
You nothing will meet,  
Half so lovely or sweet,  
As the girls at home, the girls at home.

II.  
Their eyes are not sloes,  
Nor so long is their nose,  
But, between me and you, between me and you,  
They are just as alarming,  
And ten times more charming,  
With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

III.  
They do n't ogle a man,  
O'er the top of their fan,  
Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's in a flame,  
But though bashful and shy,  
They've a look in their eye,  
That just comes to the same, just comes to the same.

IV.  
No mantillas they sport,  
But a petticoat short,  
Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,  
And a leg; but, O murdher!  
I dare not go further,  
So here's to the West; so here's to the West.

"Now that really is a sweet little thing. Moore's, is n't it?"

"Not a bit of it; my own muse, every word of it."

"And the music?" said I.

"My own, too. Too much spice in that bowl; that's an invariable error in your deivers of drink, to suppose that the tittle you start with, can please your palate to the last; they forget that as we advance either in years or lush, our tastes simplify."

"*Nous ravons aux premieres amours.* Is n't that it?"  
"No, not exactly, for we go even farther; for if you mark the progression of a sensible man's fluids, you'll find what an emblem of life it presents to you. What is his invariable glass of chablis that he throws down with his oysters, but the budding expectancy of boyhood—the appetizing sense of pleasure to come; then follows the sherry, with soup, that warming glow, which strength and vigor, in all their consciousness impart, as a glimpse of life is opening before him. Then youth succeeds—buoyant, wild, tempestuous youth—foaming and sparkling, like the bright champagne, whose stormy surface subsides into a myriad of bright stars."

"*Œil de Perdeux.*"

"Not a bit of it; woman's own eye; brilliant, sparkling, life-giving—"

"Devil take the fellow, he's getting poetical."

"Ah, Fred! if that could only last; but one must come to the burgundies with his maturer years. Your first glass of hermitage is the algebraic sign for five and thirty—the glorious burst is over; the pace is still good to be sure, but the great enthusiasm is past. You can afford to look forward—but, confound it, you've a long way to look back also."

"I say, Charley, our friend has contrived to finish the bishop during his disquisition; the bowl's quite empty."

"You do n't say so, Fred. To be sure, how a man does forget himself in abstract speculations; but let us have a little more, I've not concluded my homily."

"Not a glass, Maurice; it's already past nine; we are pledged to the masquerade, and before we've dressed and got there, it will be late enough."

"But I'm not disguised yet, my boy, nor half."

"Well, they must take you *au naturel*, as they do your countrymen the potatoes."

"Yes, doctor, Fred's right; we had better start."

"Well, I can't help it; I've recorded my opposition to the motion, but I must submit; and now that I'm on my legs, explain to me what's that very dull looking old lamp up there."

"That's the moon, man; the full moon."

"Well, I've no objection; I'm full too; so come along, lads."

#### CHATER XVIII.—The Masquerade.

To form one's impression of a masked ball from the attempts at this mode of entertainment in our country, is but to conceive a most imperfect and erroneous notion. With us the first *coup d'œil* is every thing; the nuns, the shepherdesses, the Turks, sailors, eastern princes, watchmen, moonshoes, mile-stones, devils, and quakers, are all very well in their way, as they pass in review before us, but when we come to mix in the crowd, we discover that ex-

cept the turban and the cowl, the crook and the broad-brim, no further disguise is attempted or thought of. The nun, forgetting her vow and her vestments, is flirting with the devil; the watchman, a very fastidious elegant, is ogling the fishwoman through his glass, while the quaker is performing a *pas-sed* Alberti might be proud of, in a quadrille of riotous Turks and half-tipsy Hindoos; in fact, the whole wit of the scene consists in absurd associations; apart from this, the actors have rarely any claims upon your attention; for even supposing a person to clever enough to sustain his character, whatever it be, you must also supply the other personages of the drama; or, in stage phrase, he'll have nothing to play up to. What would be Bardolf without Pistol? what Sir Lucius O'Trigger without Acres? It is the relief which throws out the disparities and contradictions of life which affords us most amusement; hence it is, that one swallow can no more make a summer than one well-sustained character can give life to a masquerade. Without such sympathies, such points of contact, all the leading features of the individual, making him act and be acted upon are lost; the characters being mere parallel lines, which, however near they approach, never bisect or cross each other.

This is not the case abroad: the domino, which serves for mere concealment, is almost the only dress assumed, and the real disguise is therefore thrown from necessity upon the talents, whatever they be, of the wearer. It is no longer a question of a beard or a spangled mantle, a Polish dress or a pasteboard nose; the mutation of voice, the assumption of a different manner, walk, gesture, and mode of expression, are all necessary, and no small tact is required to effect this successfully.

I may be pardoned this little digression, as it serves to explain in some measure how I felt on entering the splendidly lit up salons of the villa, crowded with hundreds of figures in all the varied costumes of a carnival. The sounds of laughter, mingled with the crash of the music, the hurrying hither and thither of servants with refreshments, the crowds gathered around fortune-tellers, whose predictions threw the parties at each moment into shouts of merriment; the eager following of some disappointed domino, interrogating every one to find out a lost mask. For some time I stood an astonished spectator at the kind of secret intelligence which seemed to pervade the whole assemblage, when suddenly a mask, who for some time had been standing beside me, whispered in French,—

"If you pass your time in this manner, you must not feel surprised if your place be occupied."

I turned hastily round, but she was gone. She, I say, for the voice was clearly a woman's; her pink domino could be no guide, for hundreds of the same color passed me every instant; the meaning of the allusion I had little doubt of. I turned to speak to Power, but he was gone, and for the first moment in my life the bitterness of rivalry crossed my mind. It was true I had resigned all pretensions in his favor; my last meeting with Lucy had been merely to justify my own character against an impression that weighed heavily on me; still I thought he might have waited—another day and I should be far away, neither to witness or grieve over his success.

"You still hesitate," whispered some one near me.

I wheeled round suddenly but could not detect the speaker, and was again relapsing into my own musings, when the same voice repeated,

"The white domino with the blue cape. Adieu."

Without waiting to reflect upon the singularity of the occurrence, I now hurried along through the dense crowd, searching on every side for the domino.

"Is n't that O'Malley?" said an Englishman to his friend.

"Yes," replied the other, "the very man we want. O'Malley, find a partner; we have been searching *a vis-à-vis* this ten minutes." The speaker was an officer I had met at Sir George Dashwood's.

"How did you discover me?" said I suddenly.

"Not a very difficult thing, if you carry your mask in your hand that way," was the answer.

And I now perceived, that in the distraction of my thoughts I had been carrying my mask in this manner since coming into the room.

"There now, what say you to the blue domino. I saw her foot, and a girl with such an instep must be a waltzer."

I looked round, a confused effort at memory passing across my mind; my eyes fell at the instant upon the embroidered sleeve of the domino, where a rosebud worked in silver at once reminded me of Catrina's secret. Ah, thought I, La Senhora herself. She was leaning upon the arm of a tall and portly figure in black; who this was I knew not, nor sought to discover, but at once advancing towards Donna Inez asked her to waltz.

Without replying to me she turned towards her companion, who seemed as it were to press her acceptance of my offer; she hesitated, however, for an instant, and curtsying deeply, declined it. Well, thought I, she at least has not recognised me.

"And yet, senhora," said I, half jestingly, "I have seen you join a bolero before now."

"You evidently mistake me," was the reply, but in a voice so well feigned as almost to convince me she was right.

"Nay, more," said I, "under your own fair auspices did I myself first adventure one."

"Still in error, believe me; I am not known to you."

"And yet I have a talisman to refresh your memory should you dare me further."

At this instant my hand was grasped warmly by a passing mask. I turned round rapidly, and Power whispered in my ear—

"Yours for ever, Charley; you've made my fortune."

As he hurried on I could perceive that he supported a lady on his arm, and that she wore a loose white domino with a deep blue cape. In a second all thought of Inez was forgotten, and anxious only to conceal my emotion, I turned away and mingled in the crowd. Lost to all around me, I wandered carelessly, heedlessly on, neither noticing the glittering throng around, nor feeling a thought in common with the gay and joyous spirits that flitted by. The night wore on, my melancholy and depression growing ever deeper, yet so spell-bound was I that I could not leave the place. A secret sense that it was the last time we were to meet had gained entire possession of me, and I longed to speak a few words ere we parted for ever.

I was leaning at a window which looked out upon the court-yard, when suddenly the tramp of horses attracted my attention, and I saw by the light moonlight a group of mounted men whose long cloaks and tall helmets announced dragoons, standing around the porch. At the same moment the door of the salon opened, an officer in undress, splashed and travel-stained, entered. Making his way rapidly through the crowd, he followed the servant, who introduced him towards the supper-room. Thither the dense mass now pressed to learn the meaning of the singular apparition. While my own curiosity, not less excited, led me toward the door; as I crossed the hall, however, my progress was interrupted by a group of persons, among whom I saw an aid-de-camp of Lord Wellington's staff, narrating as it were, some piece of newly arrived intelligence. I had no time for further inquiry, when a door opened near me, and Sir George Dashwood, accompanied by several general officers, came forth; the officer I had first seen enter the ball-room along with them. Every one was by this time unmasked, and eagerly looking to hear what had occurred.

"Then, Dashwood, you'll send an orderly at once to Lisbon?" said an old general officer beside me.

"This instant, my Lord. I'll despatch an aid-de-camp. The troops shall be in marching order before noon. Oh, here's the man I want! O'Malley, come here. Mount your horse and dash into town: send for Brotherton and M'Gregor to quarters, and announce the news as quickly as possible."

"But what am I to announce, Sir George?"

"That the French are in retreat. Massena in retreat, my lad."

A tremendous cheer at this instant burst from the hundreds in the salon, who now heard the glorious tidings. Another cheer and another followed—ten thousand voices arose amid the crash of the band, as it broke into a patriotic war chant. Such a scene of enthusiasm and excitement I never witnessed. Some wept with joy. Others threw themselves into their friends' arms.

"They're all mad, every mother's son of them," said Maurice Quill, as he elbowed his way through the mass; "and here's an old vestal won't leave my arm. She has already embraced me three times, and we've finished a flask of Malaga between us."

"Come, O'Malley, are you ready for the road?"

My horse was by this time standing saddled at the font. I sprang at once to the saddle, and, without waiting for a second order, set out for Lisbon. Ten minutes had scarce elapsed—the very shouts of the delighted city were still ringing in my ears, when I was once again back at the villa. As I mounted the steps into the hall, a carriage drew up; it was Sir George Dashwood's; he came forward—his daughter leaning on his arm.

"Why, O'Malley, I thought you had gone."

"I have returned, Sir George. Colonel Brotherton is in waiting, and the staff also. I have received orders to set out for Benejos, where the 14th are stationed, and have merely delayed to say adieu."

"Adieu, my dear boy, and God bless you," said the warm-hearted old man, as he pressed my hand between both his. "Lucy, here's your old friend about to leave; come and say good-by."

Miss Dashwood had stopped behind to adjust her shawl. I flew to her assistance. "Adieu, Miss Dashwood, and for ever," said I, in a broken voice, as I took her hand in mine. "This is not your domino," said I, eagerly, as a blue silk one peeped from beneath her mantle; "and the sleeve, too—did you wear this?" She blushed slightly, and assented.

"I changed with the senhora, who wore mine all the evening."

"And Power, then, was not your partner?"

"I should think not—for I never danced?"

"Lucy, my love, are you ready? Come, be quick."

"Good-by, Mr. O'Malley, and *au revoir n'est pas?*"

I drew her glove from her hand, as she spoke, and pressing my lips upon her fingers, placed her within the carriage. "Adieu, and *au revoir*," said I; the carriage turned away, and a white glove was all that remained to me of Lucy Dashwood.

The carriage had turned the angle of the road, and its retiring sounds were growing gradually fainter, ere I recovered myself sufficiently to know where I stood. One absorbing thought alone possessed me. Lucy was not lost to me for ever; Power was not my rival in that quarter—that was enough for me. I needed no more to nerve my arm, and steel my heart. As I reflected thus, the long loud blast of a trumpet broke upon the silence of the night, and admonished me to depart. I hurried to my room to make my few preparations for the road, but Mike had already anticipated every thing here, and all was in readiness.

But one thing now remained—to make my adieu to the senhora. With this intent I descended a narrow winding stair which led from my dressing-room, and opened by a little terrace upon the flower-garden beside her apartments.

As I crossed the graveled alley, I could not but think of the last time I had been there. It was on the eve of my departure for the Douro. I recalled the few and fleeting moments of our leave-taking, and a thought flashed upon me,—what, if she cared for me! What, if, half in coquetry, half in reality, her heart was mixed up in those passages which daily association give rise to?

I could not altogether acquit myself of all desire to make her believe me her admirer; nay more, with the indolent abandon of my country, I had fallen into a thousand little schemes to cheat the long hours away, which having no other object than the happiness of the moment, might yet color all her life with sorrow.

Let no one rashly pronounce me a coxcomb, vain and pretentious, for all this. In my inmost heart I had no feeling of selfishness mingled with the consideration. It was from no sense of my own merits, no calculation of my own chances of success, that I thought thus. Fortunately, at eighteen, one's heart is uncontaminated with such an alloy of vanity. The first emotions of youth are pure and holy things, tempering our fiercer passions, and calming the rude effervescence of our boyish spirits; and when we strive to please, and hope to win affection, we insensibly fashion ourselves to nobler and higher thoughts, catching from the source of our devotion a portion of that charm that idealizes daily life, and makes our path in it a glorious and a bright one.



Who would not exchange all the triumphs of his later days, the proudest moments of successful ambition, the richest trophies of hard won daring, for the short and vivid flash that first shot through his heart and told him he was loved. It is the opening consciousness of life, the first sense of power that makes of the mere boy a man; a man in all his daring and his pride, and hence it is that in early life we feel ever prone to indulge those fancied attachments which elevate and raise us in our own esteem. Such was the frame of my mind as I entered the little boudoir, where once before I had ventured on a similar errand.

As I closed the sash-door behind me, the grey dawn of breaking day scarcely permitted my seeing any thing around me, and I felt my way toward the door of an adjoining room, where I supposed it was likely I should find the senhora. As I proceeded thus with cautious step and beating heart, I thought I heard a sound near me. I stopped and listened, and was about again to move on, when a half-stifled sob fell upon my ear. Slowly and silently guiding my steps toward the sound, I reached a sofa, when my eyes growing by degrees more accustomed to the faint light, I could detect a figure which, at a glance, I recognised as Donna Inez. A cashmere shawl was loosely thrown round her, and her face was buried in her hands. As she lay, to all seeming, still and insensible before me, her beautiful hair fell heavily upon her back and across her arm, and her whole attitude denoted the very abandonment to grief. A short convulsive shudder which slightly shook her frame alone gave evidence of life, except when a sob, barely audible in the death-like silence, escaped her.

I knelt silently down beside her, and gently withdrawing her hand placed it within mine. A dreadful feeling of self-condemnation shot through me as I felt the gentle pressure of her taper fingers, which rested without a struggle in my grasp. My tears fell hot and fast upon that pale hand, as I bent in sadness over it, unable to utter a word; a rush of conflicting thoughts passed through my brain, and I knew not what to do. I now had no doubt upon my mind that she loved me, and that her present affliction was caused by approaching departure.

"Dearest Inez," I stammered out at length, as I pressed her hands to my lips, "dearest Inez,"—a faint sob and a slight pressure of her hand was the only reply. "I have come to say good-by," continued I, gaining a little courage, as I spoke, "a long good-by, in all likelihood. You have heard that we are ordered away: there, do not sob, dearest, and believe me, I had wished ere we parted, to have spoken to you calmly and openly; but alas! I cannot: I scarcely know what I say."

"You will not forget me?"—said she in a low voice, that sunk into my very heart. "You will not forget me?" as she spoke, her hand dropped heavily upon my shoulder, and her rich luxuriant hair fell upon my cheek. What a devil of a thing is proximity to a downy cheek and a black eyelash, more especially when they belong to one, whom you are disposed to believe not indifferent to you. What I did at this precise moment there is no necessity for recording, even had not an adage interdicted such confessions, nor can I now remember what I said; but I can well recollect how, gradually warming with my subject, I entered into a kind of half declaration of attachment, intended most honestly to be a mere *exposé* of my own unworthiness to win her favor; and my resolution to leave Lisbon and its neighborhood for ever.

Let not any one blame me rashly if he has not experienced the difficulty of my position. The impetus of love-making is like the ardor of a fox-hunt. You care little that the six bar gate before you is the boundary of another gentleman's preserves, or the fence of his pleasure ground. You go slap along at a smashing pace, with your head up, and your hand low, clearing all before you. The opposing difficulties to your progress giving half the zest, because all the danger to your career. So it is with love; the gambling spirit urges one ever onward, and the chance of failure is a reason for pursuit, where no other argument exists. "And you do love me?" said the senhora, with a soft low whisper that most unaccountably suggested anything but comfort to me.

"Love you, Inez? By this kiss—I'm in an infernal scrape!" said I, muttering this last half sentence to myself.

"And you'll never be jealous again?"

"Never, by all that's lovely—your own sweet lips. That's the very last thing to reproach me with."

"And you'll promise not to mind that foolish boy? For, after all, you know, it was a mere flirtation—if even that."

"I'll never think of him again," said I, while my brain was burning to make out her meaning. "But, dearest, there goes the trumpet call!"

"And as for Pedro Mascarenhas, I never liked him."

"Are you quite sure, Inez?"

"I swear it—so no more of him. Gonzalez Cordenza—I've broke with him long since. So that you see, dearest Frederic—"

"Frederic," said I, starting almost to my feet with amazement, while she continued, "I'm your own, all your own."

"Oh, the coquette, the heartless jilt," groaned I, half aloud—"and O'Malley, Inez, poor Charley,—what of him?"

"Poor thing—I can't help him—but he's such a puppy, the lesson may do him good."

"But perhaps he loved you, Inez?"

"To be sure he did: I wished him to do so—I can't bear not to be loved—but, Frederic, tell me, may I trust you—will you keep faithful to me?"

"Sweetest Inez, by this last kiss I swear that such as I kneel before you now, you'll ever find me?"

A foot upon the gravel walk without, now called me to my feet—I sprang toward the door, and before Inez had lifted her head from the sofa, I had reached the garden. A figure muffled up in a cavalry cloak, passed near me, but without noticing me, and the next moment I had cleared the paling and was hurrying toward the stable where I had ordered Mike to be in waiting.

The faint streak of dull pink which announces the coming day, stretched beneath the dark clouds of the night, and the chill air of the morning was already stirring in the leaves.

As I passed along by a low beech hedge which skirted the avenue, I was struck by the sound of voices near me. I stopped to listen, and soon detected in one of the speak-

ers my friend, Micky Free, of the other I was not long in ignorance.

"Love you, is it—bathershin? It's worship you—adore you, my darling—that's the word—there, acushla, don't cry—dry your eyes—oh, murther, it's a cruel thing to tear oneself away from the best of living, with the run of the house in drink and kissing. Bad luck to it for campaigning, any way, I never liked it!"

Catrina's reply—for it was her—I could not gather; but Mike resumed—

"Ay, just so, sore bones and wet grass, accadenté, and half rations. Oh, that I ever saw the day, when I took to it. Listen to me now, honey; here it is, on my knees I am before you, and thro' it's not more nor three, maybe four, young women I'd say the like to; had scam to me if I would n't marry you out of the face this blessed morning just as soon as I'd look at ye. Arrah, there now, don't be screeching and bawling; what'll the neighbors think of us, and my own heart's destroyed with grief entirely."

Poor Catrina's voice returned an inaudible answer, and not wishing any longer to play the eaves-dropper, I continued my path toward the stable. The distant noises from the city announced a state of movement and preparation, and more than one orderly passed the road near me at a gallop. As I turned into the wide court yard, Mike, breathless and flurried with running, overtook me.

"Are the horses ready, Mike?" said I; "we must start this instant."

"They've just finished a peck of oats a piece, and faix that same may be a stranger to them this day six months."

"And the baggage, too?"

"On the cars, with the staff and the light brigade. It was down there I was new to see all was right."

"Oh, I'm quite aware; and now bring out the cattle. I hope Catrina received your little consolations well. That seems a very sad affair."

"Murder, real murder, devil a less. It's no matter where you go, from Clonmel to Chaney, it's all one; they've a way of getting round you. Upon my soul it's like the pigs they are."

"Like pigs, Mike? That appears a strange compliment you've selected to pay them."

"Ay, just like the pigs, no less. Maybe you never heard what happened to myself up at Morroaho?"

"Look to that girth there. Well, go on."

"I was coming along one morning, just as day was beginning to break, when I sees a slip of a pig trotting before me, with nobody near him; but as the road was lonely, and myself rather down in heart, I thought, misha! but ye're fine company anyhow, av a body could only keep you with him. But, ye see, a pig—saving your presence—is a baste not easily flattered, so I did n't waste time and blarney upon him, but I took off my belt and put it round its neck as neat as need be; but as the devil's luck would have it, I did n't go half an hour when a horse came galloping up behind me. I turned round, and, by the blessed light, it was Sir Dinny himself was in it!"

"Sir Dinny Pack?"

"Yes, bad luck to his hook nose. 'What are you doing there, my fine fellow?' says he. 'What's that you have dragging there behind you?'"

"A boneen, sir," says I; "is n't he a fine crature?—av he was n't so troublesome."

"Troublesome, troublesome—what do you mean?"

"Just so," says I; "is n't he persecuting the life of me the whole morning, following me about everywhere I go? Contrary bastes they always was."

"I advise you to try and part company, my friend, notwithstanding," says he; "an' maybe it's the same end you'll be coming to, and not long either." And faix, I took his advice; and ye see, Mister Charles, it's just as I was saying, they're like the women, the least thing in life is enough to bring them after us, av ye only put the 'comether' upon them."

"And now adieu to the Villa Nuova," said I, as I rode slowly down the avenue, turning ever and anon in my saddle to look back on each well-known spot.

A heavy sigh from Mike responded to my words.

"A long, a last farewell," said I, waving my hand toward the trelliced walls now half hidden by the trees, and as I spoke, that heaviness of the heart came over me that seems inseparable from leave-taking. The hour of parting seems like a warning to us, that all our enjoyments and pleasures are here destined to a short and merely fleeting existence; and, as each scene of life passes away never to return, we are made to feel that youth and hope are passing with them; and that, although the fair world be as bright, and its pleasures as rich in abundance, our capacity of enjoyment is daily, hourly diminishing, and while all around us smiles in beauty and happiness, that we, alas, are not what we were.

Such was the tenor of my thoughts as I reached the road, when they were suddenly interrupted by my man Mike, whose meditations were following a somewhat similar channel, though at last inclining to different conclusions. He coughed a couple of times, as if to attract my attention, and then, as it were half thinking aloud, he muttered—

"I wonder if we treated the young ladies well, any how, Mister Charles, for faix I've my doubts on it."

THINGS WHICH DON'T OFTEN HAPPEN.—The Boston Transcript thinks events like the following are of rare occurrence:—"Despising a well dressed roguery—honoring merit and virtue in rags—dispensing with luxuries in order to be charitable—paying tailors in advance—patronising real skill and merit instead of quackery—suffering a man in misfortune to go by without helping him along with a kick—reading the standard and classic poets when the country weekly papers furnish a regular supply of 'original poetry'—milkmen neglecting to increase their stock in trade by the addition of water—lawyers and doctors refusing to receive fees on account of the poverty of their clients or patients."

FATHER AND SON.—In the Senate of this state are two gentlemen of the name of Plumb, who hold the relation to one another of father and son. We do not recollect to have heard of a similar circumstance in any other legislative body.—[Hartford Courant.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

## ENLARGEMENT OF THE NEW WORLD.

We have the satisfaction to announce to the numerous readers of our paper, that, in consequence of the great success which has attended the *NEW WORLD* from the first day of its publication to this, and on account of the recent accessions to our list of subscribers, we have determined to enlarge its dimensions, from the first of July next, BEING THE PERIOD OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW QUARTO VOLUME.

The Quarto Volume of the *New World*, to commence on the first of July, will be considerably increased in size, and will contain four printed columns on each page, instead of three as heretofore. Thus each number will hereafter consist of sixteen elegantly printed pages—SIXTY-FOUR COLUMNS—one half more "matter" than the *ALBION*, literary journal, which is sold at Six Dollars a year, and as much as the *SPIRIT OF THE TIMES*, sporting journal, which is sold at Ten Dollars a year, and three times as much as the *NEW YORK MIRROR*, a journal of taste, which is sold at Five Dollars a year. The Terms of the Quarto *New World* will not be altered, but continue to be Three Dollars for one year, or Five Dollars for two years.

The Folio Edition will contain nine columns on each page, instead of eight.

## THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

[The following eloquent remarks, uttered in a tone of truthful indignation, are extracted from a lecture, pronounced during the last season before one of our literary societies by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq., author of "A Winter in the West," and "Greyslaer." They are a just rebuke to that innovating, proud and tyrannical spirit, which wrongs and oppresses while it professes to improve and enlighten.]

Commerce, I fear, and not the indignant soul of national honor—the grasping spirit of Commerce must be held responsible for that audacious insult to humanity which the most powerful and enlightened nation in the world is at this moment perpetrating in China! The language is strong but believe it to be justifiable! Justifiable not the less because the civilized world, as it stands agape with eager curiosity to behold the dismemberment of the Celestial Empire, seems wholly unmindful that the annals of nations do not present a more gross and flagrant instance of the invasion of human rights!

Philosophers indeed—and I grieve to have heard of such among the ripest statesmen of our own land,—philosophers may, in contemplation of the conquest of China, seek to reconcile humanity to the outrage, by preaching to us the regenerating effect of the march of mind among a decayed and benighted people. That march of mind! The murderous wheels of her own Juggernaut were merciful to its crushing footsteps in Southern and Central India. Yet philosophy or "enlightened philanthropy," rather, (so called,) can see a blessed dispensation for Asia, for the human race at large, in its onward progress through the sister realms of the fated earth!

But when was moral sophistry wanting in the world to apologise for the brilliant exercise of Power, however debauched and misapplied?

If the territories of rude tribes are to be ravished from them, it tells us that savage man occupies too much room with his wild hunting grounds; (an argument, by the way, that in crowded Europe would cut up the park of every nobleman into two acre lots!) if the ports and cities of a remote and inoffensive people are to be seized, and the people themselves to be trampled upon, it tells us that they are a dwindled and dotard race—laggards behind the age, who need the whip and the spur to quicken their sluggish pace—a stultified race which knows not how to use the advantages which God has given them—advantages of which they were in possession a thousand years before the birth of modern European civilization. The *wild Indian* has no rights because he belongs to a new people. He is a mere child of nature, who has not yet come to a majority, and therefore can claim no estate in the earth which God gave to us all. The *tame Indian*, as the Chinaman may well be called, should have his claims to the enjoyment of our common patrimony set aside because he is in his driving dotage, and needs younger and bricker spirits to look after his affairs.

A high morality—a most expansive benevolence this!

It is true that this worn-out and effeminate race still manage by frugality and industry to support the most redundant population within their confines. But what are the homely virtues of frugality and industry compared with the blessings which the steam-engine will confer upon them? Absurd people! they might with its wonderful mechanical aid get along with half the exercise of these self-denying virtues!

Shall we not also give them that still mightier engine of our social system, that searching and all-controlling machine called "public opinion!" Shall we not give them this in exchange for the antiquated Patriarchal system which is

said so intimately to regulate their households and influence their lives? Foolish people! Do they not know that the onward progress of our Anglo-Saxon race always bears the antidote where it scatters a bane? Will not the march of mind that forces the drunken drug upon them bring also our temperance societies along with it?

It is true, that in this instance the march of mind is the march of an invading army. But that *Christian* army—fresh from its last year's slaughter in Afghanistan—hot with the present taste of blood in Syria—will it not tell them that "*Wars are over in this enlightened age?*"

Alas! that the disciples of the gentle and just-minded Confucius should so little comprehend the benovolent errand of those who call themselves after a still gentler, a far holier teacher! What though the bayonet of the soldier must, in their unhappy case, precede the ferule of "the school-master!" What though the trampled homes of their affections must, for a season, be converted into the barracks of a fierce and brutal soldiery!—will not "the schools and academies," that will succeed in turn, compensate for the lost endearments of wife, children, and friends?

I would not be interpreted, while holding up this wretched cant to the scorn of thinking men—I would not be interpreted in anything I have said about the so-called march of mind, as undervaluing those glorious triumphs in mechanical science by which the real progress of our race, in one department of mind, may be traced with so much certainty. But, beneficial as its fruits have been in some instances, I confess myself to have little faith and less sympathy in that meddling, society-mongering, power-usurping spirit which is now abroad in the world under the taking name of "the march of the human intellect"—a spirit that would substitute a sort of universal moral mechanism for the personal exercises of the virtues of the heart; the outward pressure of combinations of men for the inward training of the individual man; legions of self-constituted schoolmasters for the fireside lessons of HOME.

Like every other species of fanaticism that has ever vexed the world, it doubtless is well-meaning in its views. But while I regard those views as founded upon a most shallow philosophy—the philosophy of the head and not of the heart—a system of ethics in which every principle of conduct refers first to expediency and last to God—I am appalled at its extension under the vicious shapes in which I see it coiling around society. I shrink with doubt and suspicion from its prying, inquisitorial practices at home. I recoil with fear and alarm from its meddling proselytism abroad; and, when that ardor of proselytism harries it so far as to excuse the tyrannical and armed invasion of an innocent people, which has not yet been subjected to any of its Procrustean operations,—I see only in these standard-bearers in the march of human improvement, the enemies of humanity itself. I revolt from their dogmas with indignation and disgust.

#### From our Foreign Correspondent.

LONDON, May 1, 1841.

LITERARY.—I send you Campbell's life of Petrarch, which is published to-day, and appears, from a rapid glance to be extremely interesting. The Memoirs and Journals of the late L. E. L. with several of her unpublished writings, edited by Laman Blanchard, will be out in a few days. You will probably receive an early copy per next steamer. With this you will have "The Fawn of Spring Vale," and other new tales by Carleton, author of the Traits and stories of the Irish Peasantry—also the first number of George Cruikshank's "*Omniibus*"—which is running a great business here—8,000 faces the first week. You will find a great deal of fun in this. "Summer Morning," a charming new poem by Thomas Miller, the Basket-Maker, author of "Rural Sketches," &c. is also enclosed. These seem to be the most attractive among the novelties.

Mr. Silk Buckingham has done three goodly octavos, (price two guineas) of his American Researches, dedicated to Prince Albert, who "condescended to observe," to Mr. B., "that the feelings of good-will toward the American people under which the work was undertaken could not fail, at the present moment, of producing a desirable effect."

Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," has had an immense run here. Mr. Moxon told me that he had sold seven thousand, and that the Lords of the Admiralty had ordered 100 copies for the use of the Navy. Bulwer, Lord Brougham, and others had praised it in warm terms. It was reprinted also by a cheap man in Fleet street, who told me that he sold 5000 copies in a fortnight, at 1s. per copy.

The work of Dr. Grant, the American missionary to Persia, on the Nestorian Christians, and their identity with the lost tribes—etc., is to be published next week by Mr. Murray; who is also bringing out Dr. Robinson's important work on the Geography of Palestine. One of these days they will begin to think here that the benighted Americans can do something in literary operations, "as well as others."

Of the recent publications, the following may be mentioned:—Borrow's account of the Gypsies of Spain; (very curious;) Corse de Leon, a new novel by James; De Clifford, or the Constant Man, by Ward; The Love Match, by Mrs. Maberley; The Philosophy of Mystery, by W. C.

Dendy; The Religion, Agriculture, etc., of the ancient Egyptians, by Sir I. G. Wilkinson; a new edition of Dean Swift's works, in two large volumes, edited by Roscoe, and containing some new pieces; The Election, a Poem—"very original and spirited"; A History of Duelling, by Dr. Millingen; Titmarsh's Comic Tales, with Yellow-Plush Correspondence, etc., collected, 2 volumes; A History of the Fine Arts in Britain, by W. S. Taylor; The Literature of Italy, by L. Mariotti; A Selection of the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, in one large volume; Discoveries in Ancient Lycia—a Second Journey to Asia Minor, by Charles Fellows, Esq., etc., etc.

Mr. Catlin's work on the Indians is to be published about the first of June in two large volumes, with 400 plates. He has autograph signatures of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, Queen Dowager, and several of the nobility, in his subscription-book.

The National Intelligencer states that the "National Institution for the Promotion of Science" is rapidly "going ahead." At the last meeting, letters were read from various parts of the world, promising collections, books, and communications, and announcing such as were already on the way.

It is well known that Mr. Secretary WEBSTER, upon his accession to the Department of State, allowed the Institution to use the spacious unoccupied apartment and rooms in the basement story of the new Patent Office, where the collection already in the possession of the Institution is now being arranged; and Mr. Secretary BADGER has entrusted to the care of the Institution the extensive and interesting collection of specimens in all branches of Natural History, lately received from the Exploring Squadron, in the preparing and arranging of which accomplished naturalists are now engaged. Animated by an equal zeal for whatever will advance the history and science of his country, Mr. BELL, Secretary at War, has entrusted to the Institution the whole interesting collection of Indian Portraits, which has heretofore hung on the walls of the War Office passage. We understand, also, that with the Portraits will be sent a fine collection of Indian curiosities.

MIDSHIPMEN'S APPOINTMENTS.—It is stated in the *Madisonian*, that during the seven and a half months between July 17, 1840, and March 3, 1841, inclusive, the number of midshipmen appointed was SEVENTY-FIVE. Of these, twenty were appointed between July, 1840, and January following; fifty-five were appointed during January and February, and the first day of March, 1841; and of these, eighteen were appointed during the three last days of the late reign, and fourteen of this number on the 3d of March.

DEATH OF MASTER HUGHES.—Master Hughes, the young musician from Wales, who with two younger brothers has travelled considerably over this country on a professional tour, was drowned in the Hudson river last week. Being up at Newburg they were induced to go upon the river, in a sail boat, to see the fishermen raise their nets. By some mismanagement the boat was upset, and the eldest of the boys, Joseph T. Hughes, aged 14, was carried away by the current and drowned. The others of the party, six in number, were saved.

ST. DOMINGO.—A French Naval officer gives the following sad account of the condition of the formerly rich and flourishing island of Hayti:

"We embarked on board the *Nereide*, on the 24th December. On the 25th we were at fort Royal, to receive orders from the Admiral who despatched us on the 29th to St. Domingo, where we were to take on board the five millions of francs which the Consul General had informed us were ready. We have been three days at anchor in this famous republic, and all that I can say to you of the misery of the people, will scarce suffice to give you any idea of it.

I have been every where, and every where have seen nothing but degradation and corruption. Men in rags compose the army, and exhibit a most ludicrous military masquerade. Cavalry on foot, manoeuvre like horses, at the word of command, *trot, gallop, &c.* Both officers and soldiers are without shoes: one has spurs tied by a cord to his naked feet, another has made himself spurs with a piece of iron drove into a wooded sole tied to his foot, and one whole company which I inspected minutely, had not a single musket which would go off. The officers, in rags, ask charity.

Slothfulness, poverty in its most hideous form—and in the negro it is most hideous, alone meet your eye at the town of Port au Prince. The fields are overrun by brambles, logwood trees, and the rapacious lichens, which obstruct the roads and destroy the old plantations. With the exceptions of a few gardens which are here and there cultivated by the negroes—gardens far inferior to those of our worst slaves—there is no cultivation whatever.

The only product of the island is coffee, and that every year diminishes so materially, that the time is not far distant when it will produce none at all. No more is planted, and the old coffee plantations are not even taken care of. The owners gather the crops from their own field, in the midst of briars and weeds—no laborers being to be had the one not being willing to work for the other."

☞ The steamship *Britannia* sailed from Boston on Sunday, with 77 passengers for Liverpool and 4 for Halifax—all she could take. Applications from 30 more were from necessity refused.

SOUTH AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—A paper was lately read before the Royal Geographical Society in London, by Lord John Russell, containing an itinerary of a journey of Lieut. Caddy and Mr. Watson, from Belize to the celebrated ruins of Palatay in Guatemala. The account says:

"Notwithstanding their grandeur and immense extent, they were not known to travellers until the latter part of the last century, when it required the aid of 100 Indians to cut down the trees by which they were surrounded, so profuse was the vegetation. The remains were evidently of Egypto-Indian architecture, and in them was seen the true Saracenic arch, which has not hitherto been met with out of the country of the Saracens. The travellers were 48 days in the ruins, making sketches, and returning to Belize through a country rich in every variety of natural produce, and with which an extensive and advantageous commerce with Great Britain might be carried on."

WESTERN RAILROAD.—60,000 hogs are now annually brought to Brighton, from the neighborhood of Albany and Troy. It is calculated that the number will be increased from two to four fold, by the completion of the Western Railroad, and the facility it will furnish to bring them.

30,000 head of cattle are slaughtered at and near Albany and Troy. Most of these will come over the Western Railroad. In driving cattle 100 or 200 mile you reduce, by the fatigue of the animal, the quality from meat to No. 1, besides losing in weight. This is avoided by the Railroad. The animal can get to Brighton then in the most perfect order, without loss of weight, or quality, or flavor.—[Boston Transcript.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—The third volume of the *Quarto* edition of the *New World* will commence the first week in July. It is now the time for new subscribers to send in their names. Let it be remembered that \$5 a year in advance will procure two copies for a year or one copy for two years; and that six dollars sent in advance will procure the same number of copies together with a beautiful copy of SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

## The New World.

A New Enlarged Quarto Volume.

COMMENCING THE FIRST WEEK IN JULY.

The Third Volume of the *Quarto* form of the *NEW WORLD* will commence on the 3d of July, when it will be much enlarged, and four columns given on each page, instead of three, making sixty-four columns of choice reading, without any increase in the price. New Volumes will always begin on the 1st of July and 1st of January, making two in each year, of 416 pages each, to which a handsome title page, and a copious index will be given.

The *NEW WORLD* is a Journal of Popular Literature, Criticism, Science and the Arts. It is supplied with articles by the first living writers of the United States and Great Britain. The first number was issued in June, 1840, and its circulation has steadily increased to this day, till it counts more readers than any other newspaper of its kind in the world. This is owing to the fact of its having given to the public, for so long a time, and always in advance of any other print, the most popular works of the most approved authors.

A novel and striking feature of the *New World* is, that it has given besides the great literary productions of the day, the discourses of eminent divines. In future these discourses will be presented even more frequently than heretofore; but not too often to interfere with other interesting articles.

In addition to all these new and popular works, these eloquent discourses, this comprehensive journal has given the best poems and periodical papers which have appeared in the English and American Magazines. What has been done is an earnest of what will be done.

The *New World* is divided into various departments, viz:—Original Articles; First American Editions; Periodical Literature; The Scrap Book; The Literary World; The Musical World; The Dramatic World; The Political World; The World of Science and Art; Patchwork; Latest Intelligence.

We cannot forbear to add in conclusion, that the *New World* studiously avoids all party politics; and is conducted on principles of the strictest morality. No profane or improper jest, no vulgar allusion, no irreligious sentiment, is allowed to soil its pages. Reverence of God and respect to man govern it always. The rule of the Editor is never to publish a line which he would hesitate to read aloud in the hearing of virtuous and intelligent females. Thus the *New World* is made an unexceptionable Family Newspaper, and is earnestly recommended to the regard of every friend of a pure literature, as well as of correct morals and the public good.

#### Terms of Subscription.

Three Dollars a year—Two copies one year, or one copy two years, for Five Dollars—payment always in advance. All remittances must be in current funds, and either post-paid or free.

☞ TO CLUBS.—For \$20 current New-York funds, free of postage, nine copies will be sent one year.

#### A Splendid Offer.

Each subscriber who shall remit \$6 in New York or Eastern funds, for two years in advance, will be presented with an elegantly bound copy of

#### Sears's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible.

Also a copy of the same work will be given to any individual who will procure two new subscribers for one year, and remit \$6 therefor.

Any person procuring *five* new subscribers, and remitting \$15 in current New-York funds, shall receive the *New World* one year, and also a copy of the Bible.

Clubs of ten persons, associating together, and remitting FIFTY DOLLARS, shall receive the *NEW WORLD* two years each, and each also a copy of the Pictorial Bible.

☞ Postmasters are requested to act as Agents, to whom 25 per cent will be allowed on each subscription at \$3, if the balance is remitted in current funds. Specimen copies sent to all who wish to examine the work, if the request be made free of expense.

☞ All those papers with whom we exchange, will please copy the above two or three times, and send a copy marked. Those who may have copied the Prospectus as published last week are requested to correct as above.

New-York, May 22, 1841.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

QUARTO EDITION.

OFFICE 30 ANN STREET.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME II....No. 22.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 52.

## Original Poetry.

## LOVE AND JEALOUSY,

AN ALLEGORY.

YOUNG Love sat once in a sycamore tree  
That stood by a cottage door;  
The saucy boy with his arrows played,  
And counted them o'er and o'er.  
"Oh! Love," he cried, "is lord of all,  
The lowly and the proud;  
Love reigns supreme in the lonely vale,  
And he reigns in the gaudy crowd!"

The urchin laughed a merry laugh,  
As he sat in the sycamore tree— [world,  
"Oh, there's nought," he cried, "in the wide, wide  
There is nought but yields to me!  
Come hither, come hither, all you who sway  
The destinies of man,  
Two subjects of mine dwell in this cot,  
Come win them, he who can!"

He spoke; and straight before his eyes  
A hideous form appeared—  
"T was Poverty, gaunt, and clothed in rags—  
And the cottage door she neared.  
She lifted the latch and she entered in,  
And awhile did her dark brows lower;  
But Love still sat in the sycamore tree,  
And Poverty had no power.

And then came Wealth, in gorgeous robes  
And priceless gems arrayed,  
And he soon chased Poverty far away,  
With his pomp and vain parade.  
He strewed temptation in the path,  
And he thought to gain the field;  
But Love still sat in the sycamore tree,  
And Wealth was forced to yield.

And then came a form with a lofty brow,  
And an eye of kindling flame—  
Great power has he in the hearts of men,  
And Ambition is his name.  
He whispered tales of fame and power,  
And promised mighty things;  
But Love laughed loud in the sycamore tree,  
And merrily trimmed his wings.

Then form on form came hurrying in,  
And strove that pair to win:  
Some only reached the cottage door,  
Some boldly entered in.  
And every art and every wile  
Was tried by all in turn;  
But Love still sat in the sycamore tree,  
And laughed them all to scorn.

At last, came one whose venomous breath  
Like a blight on Love did fall;  
Ah! wo betide the luckless heart  
That once becomes his thrall!  
He looked on Love with a withering glance  
Of his lustreless, cold, green eye;  
And Love dropped down from the sycamore tree,  
And heaved a deep, deep sigh.

"Begone! begone!" then Jealousy cried,  
"Thy place is here no more;  
For the Love that Jealousy once has chased,  
Can nought again restore!"  
Love gathered his arrows and flew away,  
By dear experience taught,  
That he who boasts may find ere long  
What peril his words have brought. J. M.

## MY LIFE IS A FAIRY'S GAY DREAM.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,  
And thou art the genii, whose wand  
Tints all things around with the beam,  
The bloom of Titania's bright land.

A wish to my lips never sprung,  
A hope in mine eyes never shone,  
But, ere it was breathed by my tongue,  
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have ever been mine,  
Thy sorrows, too often thine own,  
The sun that on me still would shine,  
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,  
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,  
For once—but I know thou wilt chide—  
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

## EVENING.

I love to walk abroad at even,  
And gaze up in the starry blue,  
Where shine the twinkling lamps of heaven,  
Unaccounted by a mortal's view.

Or stand beside some flowing river,  
And listen to its music sweet,  
While on its tide the moon-beams quiver,  
Quick dancing with their tiny feet.

Or in the forest hear the sighing  
The night-wind makes in every tree—  
Or echo from the hills replying  
To bells that tinkle on the lea.

Or sit me by some spray-clad fountain,  
And watch the mists all thick and dun,  
That roll along the distant mountain  
Unbroken by the morning sun.

Or stand upon the rocks of ocean,  
And listen to the swelling roar  
Of starlit waves, with ceaseless motion,  
Fast breaking on the pebbly shore.

To me 'tis sweet to walk at even,  
And with a swelling heart to view  
The beauties of the earth and heaven,  
Of gazed upon, yet ever new.

Clinton, N. Y. May 20, 1841.

R. H. B.

## HOPE.

Gentle lady, cease thy sorrow,  
Grief from Hope should solace borrow;  
What were life if Hope were lost?  
A helmless ship by tempests tost.  
Gentle lady, cease thy sorrow,  
Hope may bring a bright to-morrow.

Sorrow robs the heart of pleasure,  
Hope restores it without measure;  
Sorrow dims the sparkling eye,  
Hope the tear-drop hastes to dry—  
Gentle lady, cease thy sorrow,  
Hope may bring a bright to-morrow. J. M.

## A DEATH BED.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Her suff'ring ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illum'd the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's Morning-gate,  
And walked in Paradise!

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

(Continued.)

Let me now turn to a man of a very different description—Mr. Aubrey. He had now spent nearly a year in the real study of the law; during which time I have not the least hesitation in saying that he had made—notwithstanding all his dreadful drawbacks—at least five times the progress that is generally made by even the most successful of those who devote themselves to the legal profession. He had, moreover, during the same period, produced five or six very brilliant political dissertations, and several contributions to historical literature; and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that such exertions as these, and such anxieties as were his, had told visibly on him. He was very thin; his cheek had lost its color; his eye was oppressed; his spirits had lost their buoyancy, except in the few intervals which he was permitted, by his harassing labors, of domestic enjoyment. He still bore up against his troubles with an unyielding resolution; feeling that Providence had called upon him to do his uttermost, and await the result with patience and faith. Nothing had occurred during this long interval to brighten his prospects—to diminish his crushing load of liability by a hair's weight. But his well-disciplined mind now stood him in noble stead, and enabled him to realize a daily consciousness of advancement in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself.

You may imagine the alarm occasioned him, on his return from the Temple on the evening of the day on which Gammon had paid his remarkable visit to Miss Aubrey, which I have been describing, by the sight of the troubled countenances of his wife and sister. Mrs. Aubrey had returned home within about half an hour after Gammon's leaving Vivian Street, and to her Miss Aubrey instantly communicated the extraordinary proposal which he had made to her, all, in fact, that had passed between them—

with the exception of the astounding information concerning their probable restoration to Yatton. The two ladies had, indeed, determined on concealing the whole matter from Mr. Aubrey—at all events for the present; but their perceptible agitation increasing as he questioned them concerning the cause of it, rendered concealment impossible, and they told him frankly the singular and most embarrassing incident which had happened in his absence. Blank amazement was succeeded by vivid indignation in Mr. Aubrey as soon as he had heard what had passed; and for several hours he was excessively agitated. In vain they tried to soothe him; in vain did Kate throw her arms fondly round him, and implore him, for all their sakes, to take no notice to Mr. Gammon of what had happened; in vain did she protest that she would give him instant intelligence of any future attempt by Mr. Gammon to renew his offer; in vain did they both remind him, with great emotion, of the fearful power over all of them which was in Mr. Gammon's hands. He was peremptory and inflexible, and, moreover, frank and explicit; and told them, on quitting home the next morning, that, though they might rely on his discretion and temper, he had resolved to communicate that day, either personally or by letter with Mr. Gammon; not only peremptorily forbidding any renewal of his proposals, but also requesting him to discontinue his visits in Vivian street.

"Oh, Charles! Charles! be punctually home by six!" exclaimed they, as he embraced them both at parting, and added, bursting afresh into tears, "do consider the agony—the dreadful suspense we shall be in all day!"

"I will return by six, to a minute! Do not fear for me!" he replied, with a smile—which, however, instantly disappeared, as soon as he had quitted their presence.

Old Mr. Quirk was the next morning, about ten o'clock, over head and ears in business of all kinds—and sadly missed the clear-headed and energetic Gammon; so, fearing that that gentleman's indisposition must still continue, inasmuch as there were no symptoms of his coming to the office as usual, he took off his spectacles, locked his room-door, in order to prevent any one by any possibility looking on any of the numerous letters and papers lying on his table; and set off to make a call upon Mr. Gammon—whose countenance, flushed and harassed, strongly corroborated what he said on the subject of his indisposition. Still, he said, he could attend to any business which Mr. Quirk was prepared then to mention; whereupon Mr. Quirk took from his pocket a piece of paper, put on his glasses, and put questions to him from a number of memoranda which he had made for the purpose. Gammon's answers were brief, and pointed, and explicit, on all matters mentioned—as might have been expected from one of his great ability and energy—but his muddle-headed companion could not carry away a single clear idea of what had been so clearly told him; and without allowing the fact, of which he felt, however, a painful consciousness, simply determined to do nothing that he could possibly avoid doing, till Mr. Gammon made his re-appearance at the office, and reduced the little chaos there into something like form and order.

Before he quitted Mr. Gammon, that gentleman quietly and easily led conversation toward the subject of the various outstanding debts due to the firm.

"Ah, drat it!" quoth the old gentleman, briskly—"the heaviest you know, is—eh?—Suppose, however," he added, apprehensively, and scratching his head, "I must not have that—I mean that fellow Aubrey's account—without coming to words."

"Why—stay! stay," said Mr. Gammon, with a gravely thoughtful air—"I do not see that, either, Mr. Quirk. Forbearance has its limits. It may be abused, Mr. Quirk."

"Ecce! I should think so!" quoth Mr. Quirk, eagerly, "and I know who's abused *somebody's* forbearance—eh, Gammon?"

"I understand you, my dear sir," replied Gammon, with a sigh—"I fear I must plead no longer for him—I have gone already, perhaps, much further than my duty to the firm warranted."

"It's a heavy balance, Gammon—a very heavy balance, £1446 14s. 6d., to be outstanding so long—he agreed to pay interest on 't—did n't he, eh?—But really something ought to be done in it; and—come, Gammon! as you've had your time so long, now comes mine!—Turn him over to me."

"I should be very sorry to distress him, poor devil!"

"Distress him? Our bill must be paid. D—n him! why don't he pay his debts? I pay mine; you pay yours; he must pay his."

"Certainly. By the way," said Gammon, suddenly, "if you were to take bold and decided steps, his friends would undoubtedly step forward and relieve him."

"Ay! ay! What think you of three days—give him three days to turn about in? There he's living all the while in a d—d fine house at the West End, like a gentleman—looks down, I'll be sworn, on us poor attorneys, already, beggar as he is, because he's coming to the bar. Now mind, Gammon, no nonsense! I won't stand your coming in again as you did before—if I write—honor between thieves, eh?"

"I pledge my honor to you, my dear sir, that I will interfere no more; but the law must take its course."

"That 's it!" said Mr. Quirk, rubbing his hands gleefully; "I'll tip him a tickler before he's a day older than shall wake him up—ah, ha!"

"You will do me one favor, Mr. Quirk, I am sure," said Mr. Gammon, with that civil but peremptory manner of his which invariably commanded Quirk's assent to his suggestions—"you will insert a disclaimer in the letter of its emanating from me—or being with my consent."

"Oh lud, yes! yes! anything."

"Nay—rather *against* my wish, you know, eh? just for appearance's sake—as I have always appeared so infernally civil to the man, till now."

"Will you draw it up yourself? And then, so as the other matter 's all right—no flinching—stick in as much palaver, Gammon!—ah ha!—as you like!" replied Quirk; who, as the proposal involved only a greater measure of discourtesy on his part, without any sacrifice of his interest, regarded it with perfect indifference. He took his leave of Gammon in far higher spirits than those which he had carried with him. It having been thus determined on by the partners, that within a day or two's time, Mr. Aubrey should be required to pay the whole balance, under penalty of an arrest—Gammon, on being left alone, folded his arms as he sat beside his breakfast table—and meditated on the probable results of this his first hostile move against Mr. Aubrey. "I wonder whether she 's told him," thought he, with a slight palpitation—which was somewhat increased by a pretty sharp knock at his outer door. The color suddenly deserted his cheek as he started from his seat, scattering on the floor nearly a dozen unopened letters which had been lying at his elbow on the table; and he stood still for a moment to subdue a little of his agitation, so as to enable him to present himself with some show of calmness before the visitor whom he felt perfectly certain that he should see on opening the door. He was right. The next minute beheld him ushering into his room, with a surprising degree of self-possession, Mr. Aubrey, whose countenance showed embarrassment and agitation.

"I have called upon you, Mr. Gammon," commenced Aubrey, taking the seat to which Mr. Gammon, with great courtesy, motioned him, and then resumed his own, "in consequence of your visit yesterday in Vivian street—of your surprising interview with my sister—your most unexpected, extraordinary proposal to her."

Mr. Gammon listened respectfully, with an air of earnest attention, evidently not intending to make any reply.

"It cannot surprise you, sir, that I should have been made acquainted with it immediately on my return home yesterday evening. It was undoubtedly my sister's duty to do so; but she did it, I am bound to acknowledge to you, sir, with great reluctance, as a matter of exquisitely painful delicacy. Sir, she has told me all that passed between you."

"I cannot presume, Mr. Aubrey, to find fault with anything Miss Aubrey may have thought proper to do; she cannot do wrong," replied Gammon, calmly, though Mr. Aubrey's last words had occasioned him lively anxiety as to the extent of Miss Aubrey's communications to her brother. He observed Mr. Aubrey's eyes fixed upon him steadfastly, and saw that he was laboring under much excitement. "If I have done anything calculated to inflict the slightest pain upon a lady for whom I have so profound"—he saw the color mounting into Mr. Aubrey's cheek, and a sterner expression appearing in his eye—"a respect, or upon you, or any of your family, I am distressed beyond measure."

"I perfectly appreciate, Mr. Gammon, the position in which we stand with regard to each other. Though I am fearfully changed in respect of fortune, I am not a whit changed—we are none of us changed," he continued proudly, "in respect of personal feelings and character."

He paused: Gammon spoke not. Presently Mr. Aubrey resumed—"I am, as we are all, very deeply sensible of the obligation which you have conferred upon us. We all feel that we are, to a great extent, placed at your mercy."

"Pray—I beg, Mr. Aubrey, that you will not speak in a strain which really hurts my feelings," interrupted Gammon, earnestly; "and which nothing on my part has justified, nor can justify."

"Sir, I meant nothing in the least calculated to wound your feelings, but merely to express my own; and let me, Mr. Gammon, without the least reserve or circumlocution, inform you that both my sister and I have felt the most vivid displeasure—dissatisfaction—at your conduct of yesterday; and I have deemed it expedient to lose no time in informing you that your proposals are utterly out of the question, and can never be entertained, under any circumstances, for one moment."

Had Aubrey been, instead of the mere pauper he really was, and in the presence of one whom he knew to be able to cast him instantly into prison, at that moment in the position he had formerly occupied, of wealth and greatness, he could not have spoken with an air of more dignified determination, and even *hauteur*, which Gammon perceived and fully appreciated.

"I am undoubtedly aware, sir, of the disparity between Miss Aubrey and myself in point of position," said he, coldly.

"I have said nothing of the kind that I am aware of, nor would I, on any account, say anything offensive to you, Mr. Gammon; but it is my duty to speak explicitly and decisively. I therefore now beg you to understand that your overtures must not, in any shape, or at any time, be renewed; and this I must insist upon without assigning or suggesting any reason whatever."

Gammon listened attentively and silently.

"I presume, Mr. Gammon, that I cannot be misunderstood?" added Mr. Aubrey, with a very perceptibly increased peremptoriness of manner.

"It would be difficult to misunderstand what you say, sir," replied Gammon; in whose dark bosom Mr. Aubrey's words had, as it were, stung and roused the serpent pride—which might have been seen with crest erect, and glaring eyes. But Mr. Gammon's external manner was calm and subdued.

"It gives me pain to be forced to add, Mr. Gammon," continued Mr. Aubrey, "that after what has taken place, we all of us feel—that it will be better for you to discontinue your visits at my house. I am sure your own delicacy will appreciate the necessity which exists for such a suggestion on my part?"

"I perfectly understand you, Mr. Aubrey," replied Gam-

mon, in the same grave and guarded manner which he had preserved throughout their interview. "I shall offer no apology, sir, for conduct which I do not feel to require one. I conceive that I had a perfect right to make, with all due deference and respect, the offer which it appears has given you so much offence; for reasons, it may be, which justify you, but which I cannot speculate upon, nor do I wish to do so. It is impossible ever to see Miss Aubrey without becoming sensible of her loveliness, both of person and character. I have paid them homage: for the rest, the issue is simply—unfortunate. While I may not feel disposed, even if inclined, to disregard your strict and solemn injunctions, I take leave to say, that my feelings towards Miss Aubrey, cannot alter; and if in no other way they can be gratified, there is yet *one* which"—here he looked greatly moved, and changed color—"yet remains open for me, to exhibit my regard for her in a tenfold anxiety to preserve her—to preserve all of you, Mr. Aubrey, from the approach of difficulty and danger. That much Miss Aubrey may have also told to you, of what passed between us yesterday." He paused—from emotion apparently; but he was only considering intently whether he should endeavor to ascertain whether Mr. Aubrey had been put by his sister in possession of his—Gammon's—last communication to her; and then, however that might be, whether he should himself break the matter to Mr. Aubrey. But he decided both questions in the negative, and proceeded, with a little excitement of manner—"There are dangers menacing you, I grieve to say, Mr. Aubrey, of the most serious description, which I may possibly be unable to avert from you! I fear I am losing that hold upon others which has enabled me hitherto to save you from rapacity and oppression! I regret to say I can answer for others no longer; but all that man can do, still will I do. I have been most bitterly—most fearfully disappointed; but you shall ever find me a man of my word—of as high and rigid honor, perhaps even, Mr. Aubrey, as yourself"—he paused, and he felt that he had made an impression on his silent auditor—"and I hereby pledge myself, in the presence of God, that so far as in me lies, there shall not a hair of any of your heads be touched." Again he paused. "I wish, Mr. Aubrey, you knew the pressure which has been for some time upon me—nay, even this very morning"—he cast a melancholy and reluctant eye towards the letters which he had gathered up, and which he had placed beside him on the breakfast table—"I have received a letter; I know the hand-writing; I almost dread to open it." Mr. Aubrey changed color.

"I am at a loss to know to what, in particular, you are alluding, Mr. Gammon?" he interrupted, anxiously.

"I will not at present say more on the subject; I devoutly hope my negotiations may be successful, and that the affair may not for many months, or even years, be forced upon your attention! Still, were I to do so one effect, at least, it would have—to satisfy you of my honorable and disinterested motives in the offer which I presumed to make Miss Aubrey."

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a melancholy air, and sighing deeply, "I can only place my trust in Providence—and I do. I have suffered much already; and if it be the will of Heaven that I suffer more, I hope I have not suffered already—in vain!"

"Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, gazing at him with a brightening eye, "my very soul owns the sublime presence of VIRTUE, in your person! It is exalting—it is ennobling—merely to be permitted to witness so heroic an example of constancy as you exhibit!" He paused, and for some moments there was silence. "You do not distrust me, Mr. Aubrey?" said Gammon at length, with a confident air.

"No, Mr. Gammon!" replied Mr. Aubrey, eyeing him steadfastly. "I am not aware that I ever had any reason for doing so."

Shortly afterward he took his departure; and as he bent his steps slowly, and with thoughtful air towards the Temple, he saw one or two things, on his own part, during his interview with Gammon to regret—his sternness and pride; but nothing on the part of Gammon that had not been admirable. Could Mr. Aubrey, however, but have seen the satanic smile which settled upon Mr. Gammon's features, as soon as, after cordially shaking his hand, he had calmly shut the door upon Mr. Aubrey, it might have occasioned some few misgivings as to that gentleman's sincerity. Mr. Gammon resumed his seat, and meditated upon their recent interview. Almost the first glance which he had caught of Mr. Aubrey's countenance, and the very first tones of his voice which he had caught, had inspired Gammon with a deadly animosity towards poor Aubrey, whose pride Gammon resolved to trample upon and crush into the dust. He was acquainted with the state of Aubrey's little finances, almost to a pound; for Aubrey had, under the circumstances, felt it even a duty to be frank with him upon that subject. He turned over in his mind, with great anxiety, the matter of the two promissory notes for five thousand pounds each, which he held in his hands, and which would be the best mode of setting into motion, but with the hands of another, those two dreadful instruments of torture and oppression—which, judiciously applied, might have the effect of humbling the pride and breaking the determination of Aubrey and of his sister. Long he considered the subject, in every point of view; and at length—"Ay, that will do!" said he to himself aloud; sighed, smiled, and gently tapped his fingers upon his ample forehead. Shortly afterward, having ordered his laundress to take away the breakfast things, he took the pen, ink, and paper, and sketched off the following draft of a letter, to be copied by Mr. Quirk, and signed in the name of the firm, and sent, Gammon finally determined, early in the ensuing week:—

Saffron Hill, 9th July, 18—.

"DEAR SIR—Owing to a most serious and unexpected pecuniary outlay which we are called upon to make, we feel ourselves compelled to avail ourselves of whatever resources lie within our reach. Having been disappointed in several quarters, we are obliged to remind you of the heavy balance we have against you of L.1446, 14s. 6d. You must be aware of the length of time during which it has been standing; and trust you will forgive us if we now apprise you that it is absolutely impossible for us to allow of any more delay. Unless, therefore, the whole of the above balance, or at least L.1000 of it, be paid within three days of the date hereof, we regret to inform you we have finally made up our minds to let the law take its usual

course. We feel the less hesitation in saying thus much, because we are persuaded that, with a little caution you might long ago have liquidated this heavy balance, or the greater part thereof." (Mr. Gammon wrote as nearly in the peculiar style of Mr. Quirk as he could.)

"In writing thus, Messrs. Quirk and Snap feel it only due to their partner, Mr. Gammon, to add that he is no party to this application. Messrs. Q. and S. have felt, however, in making it, that the interests of the firm have already suffered long enough, through their deference to the personal wishes and feelings of *one* of the members of the firm; and but for whom, their heavy balance would have been called for long ago, and no doubt, in due course discharged.

"We regret being unable to vary or depart from the determination above expressed; and most sincerely hope your resources are of that nature that we shall be spared the unpleasantness of letting the law take its usual course."

"And we remain,

"Dear sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"QUIRK, GAMMON, & SNAP.

"Charles Aubrey, Esq., Vivian Street."

Exactly on the seventh day from that on which Mr. Gammon had made his ill-omened advances toward Miss Aubrey, did the above dreadful and heartless letter reach its destination—being delivered to Mr. Aubrey's hands while he was intently perusing a very heavy set of papers, which, at his request, Mr. Weasel had allowed him to take home. The painful scene which ensued I shall spare the reader—only mentioning that poor Miss Aubrey became almost frantic, treating herself as the sole occasion of this disaster. That very morning, at breakfast, had he been talking of selling out, of their precious remnant in the funds, the sum of £105, to enable him to become a pupil with Mr. Crystal—at the suggestion of the Attorney-General.

What was to be done in this fearful emergency, none of them knew—except consenting to an immediate sale of all their plate, books, and furniture. Their affliction, indeed, knew no bounds. Even Mr. Aubrey, though for a long time he bore up heroically, was at length overcome by the agonies of the dear beings whose ruin was involved in his own.

Had not Gammon been prompt in his vengeance? So thought they all.

What *was* to be done? A word will suffice to explain Mr. Aubrey's position fully. It will be recollected, that about a twelvemonth before, he had been left in possession of a balance of L.1063, after paying the sum of L.4000 to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Messrs. Runningtons, and Mr. Parkinson, in the way which has been already mentioned. Since then, by his incessant exertions, he had realised the sum of L.150 by his contributions to literary journals; and, by means of a severe and systematic economy, this sum together with about L.200 taken from his store of L.1063, had sufficed to cover their whole year's expenditure. 'Twas impossible to carry economy further than they did, without, poor souls, positive injury to their health, and stinting the little children, as Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey often said to each other, when alone, with tears and sighs of anguish.

Alas! misfortune followed him like a bloodhound, let him turn his steps whithersoever he might! Naturally anxious to make the most of his little store of L.1063, so long as any considerable portion of it could be spared from their immediate personal necessities, he looked about in all directions for some safe and profitable investment, which might produce him a little more income than could be derived from the funds. He cautiously avoided having the slightest connection with any of the innumerable jointstock speculations then afloat, and of which he saw distinctly the mischievous and ruinous tendency; and this moreover in spite of the artful occasional representations of Mr. Gammon. Having consulted his banker, and also a member of the House of Commons—one of the city members—a man of immense wealth, and great mercantile experience and sagacity, and with whom he had been intimate, while in the House—confirmed by their approval, and also that of Mr. Weasel and Messrs. Runnington, all of whom poor Aubrey anxiously consulted concerning the disposal of this his little ALL.

About six weeks after the period of his settlement with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, he invested L.500, in the purchase of a particular foreign stock. Safe and promising as it appeared, however at the very moment when it was in the highest repute with capitalists of all descriptions both at home and abroad—from scarce any assignable reason, but for one of the many unaccountable instances of fluctuation to which property of that kind is proverbially liable, Aubrey had hardly held his scrip for a month, when—alas! to his dismay, he found it falling—falling—falling—down, down, down, it went till his scrip was so much waste paper! His loss was irretrievable. This wealthy member whom he had consulted, lost nearly one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and was driven to the very verge of ruin. Mr. Weasel even, caution personified, in dealing with the little accumulation of his hard earnings, lost upwards of a thousand pounds; and Mr. Runnington, about double that sum. It required a great stretch of fortitude on the part of Mr. Aubrey to sustain this severe and sudden blow with anything like equanimity. You should have seen and heard Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey on that occasion, in order fully to appreciate the rich and melting tenderness of woman's sympathy.

This left him only a sum of about L.350 in the funds, and in his banker's hands a little balance of some fifty or sixty pounds to meet his current expenses. The above sum, at the time when Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's letter reached him, had been necessarily diminished to about L.290; this was all the money he had in the world, to save himself, and those dependant on him, from absolute destitution. Yet he was now peremptorily called upon, within three days' time, to pay the sum of L.1446, 14s. 6d.

He hurried off, early the next morning, in consternation, to Messrs. Runningtons. Mr. Runnington with a heavy heart and a gloomy countenance, set off instantly, alone, to the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. He saw Mr. Gammon, who told him, with a well dissembled air of disgust, to go in to Mr. Quirk, or Mr. Snap. He did so, and found them inexorable. Mr. Quirk doggedly told Mr. Runnington that he had been out of pocket long enough, and would not be fooled by one of his own partners any



longer. Mr. Runnington quitted them fairly at his wife's end; and on his return, told Mr. Aubrey, whom he had left at his office, that he had done, and could do, "nothing with the vultures of Saffron Hill." Mr. Runnington felt that his unhappy client, Mr. Aubrey, was far too critically situated with respect to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, to admit of his threatening, on Mr. Aubrey's behalf, to refer their exorbitant and monstrous bill to taxation. He knew not, in fact, what suggestion to offer—what scheme to devise—to extricate Mr. Aubrey from his present dreadful dilemma. As for applying for pecuniary assistance from his friends, Mr. Aubrey's soul revolted at the bare thought.—What—borrow! Overwhelmed as he already was, it would be grossly unprincipled. Was not one alive of his generous friends at that moment under a liability on his behalf of more than ten thousand pounds? No: with gloomy composure he felt that, at last, *his hour was come*; that a prison wall must soon intervene between him—poor broken-hearted soul!—and the dear, beloved beings from whom, as yet he had never been once separated—no! not for one moment deprived of blessed intercourse and communion with them, his wife—Kate—his unconscious little children—

Kate, however, got desperate; and, unknown to her brother, though with the full privy of his weeping wife, wrote off a long—a heart-rending letter to good old Lady Stratton, whose god-daughter she was, telling her everything. Kate was up half the night writing that letter, and it was blistered with her tears. She took it very early in the morning, herself to the post office, and she and Mrs. Aubrey awaited the issue with the most trembling and fearful solicitude.

I have hardly heart to recount the events which followed upon poor Kate's adventure; but they form a striking exemplification of the mysterious manner in which frequently Providence, for its own awful and wise purposes, sees fit to accumulate troubles and sorrows upon the virtuous.

Old Lady Stratton had been for some months in very feeble health, and the receipt of Kate's letter occasioned her infinite distress. It will be remembered that she had long before effected a policy of insurance upon her life for £15,000, always intending to bequeath it as a little portion to poor Kate. She had many months—in fact, nearly a year and half before—given the necessary instructions to her solicitor, good Mr. Parkinson, of Griston, for making her will, so as to carry into effect her kind intentions towards Kate; bequeathing also legacies of £500 apiece to each of Mr. Aubrey's little children. How it came to pass, however, I scarcely knew—except by referring it to that sad superstitious weakness which makes people often procrastinate the execution of so all-important an instrument as a will; but, at the time when Kate's letter arrived, her ladyship's will had not been executed, but still lay, merely in draft, at Mr. Parkinson's office. Feeling greatly indisposed, however, shortly after she had received Miss Aubrey's letter, she sent off an express to Mr. Parkinson to attend her with her will; and, a few minutes afterward her attendants found it necessary to send off another express for her physician Dr. Goddard. Before drawing a check for the sum of £700 or £800, on which she intended instantly to place at Mr. Aubrey's disposal, she awaited Mr. Parkinson's return, that he—who managed all her affairs—might inform her of the exact balance then at her banker's. He was absent from Griston when the express arrived, but he was followed, and about seven o'clock that evening entered Lady Stratton's residence carrying with him the draft of her will, ready prepared for execution. His chief clerk also accompanied him, lest, by any possibility, a witness should be wanting. The countenances of the domestics warned him that there was not one moment to be lost; and he hastened at once into Lady Stratton's bed-chamber. There she lay the venerable old lady, partially propped up by pillows—her long white hair partially visible from under her cap. A hasty whisper from Dr. Goddard apprised him of the very critical situation of Lady Stratton. Writing materials stood ready prepared in the room against Mr. Parkinson's arrival. She recognized him, on his passing the foot of the bed, and in a feeble voice whispered—"My will!—my will!"

[Oh, hasten! delay not an instant, Mr. Parkinson! If you did but know what depends on your movements—could you but at this moment—oh me!—could you but catch a glimpse of the scene this instant passing in Vivian street!—Give her the pen, Mr. Parkinson—guide her hand—place it upon the paper.]

But it was too late. Before the pen could be placed within her fingers, those fingers had become incapable of holding it—for Lady Stratton at that moment experienced the paralytic seizure which Dr. Goddard had been dreading for three or four hours before. 'T was useless; pen, ink, and paper were removed. She lingered till about nine o'clock the next morning, when, in the presence of Mr. Parkinson, who had not quitted the room for one instant, death released the venerable sufferer. She had thus died *intestate*; and all her personal property—Lady Stratton had none other—became the property of her ladyship's next of kin. Had this event happened but two years before, that next of kin would have been—Mr. Aubrey; but now—will the reader have patience to read it!—that next of kin was—TITTLERAT TITMOUSE! Alas! there could be no question about the matter; and it was the knowledge of that contingency that had distracted Mr. Parkinson from the moment that he received his last ineffectual summons to the bedside of Lady Stratton. Yes, Mr. Titmouse had now become entitled to all the goods, chattels, credits, and effects which were of the late Lady Stratton; and before she had been laid in Yaton churchyard, not far from her beloved friend who had preceded by a few months only—Mrs. Aubrey—Mr. Parkinson received a letter from Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, as the solicitors of Mr. Titmouse, giving him formal notice of the title of their client, and requesting Mr. Parkinson to lose no time in making an inventory of the effects of her ladyship, to whom Mr. Titmouse intended to administer immediately. Mr. Gammon himself went down, and arrived the day after the funeral. Guess his excitement on discovering the windfall which came to his client, Mr. Titmouse, in the policy for £15,000, the existence of which they had, of course, never dreamed of!

But there was another discovery, which occasioned him not a little excitement, as his flushed cheek and suspended

breath testified—alas! poor Aubrey's bond for £2000, with interest at five per cent!—an instrument which poor Lady Stratton, having always intended to destroy, latterly imagined that she had actually done so. It had, however, got accidentally mingled with other papers, which had found their way, in the ordinary course, to Mr. Parkinson, and who was himself ignorant of its existence, since it lay folded in a letter addressed to Lady Stratton, till it turned up while he was sorting the papers, in obedience to the instructions of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. He turned pale and red by turns—did Mr. Parkinson—as he held the accursed document in his fingers, and—his sense of duty prevailed. Of course the obligee of the bond, and, as such, entitled to the principal money secured by it, together with all arrears of interest which might be due upon it, was, Mr. TITTLERAT TITMOUSE.

Surely it is hard to imagine a more dismal and wanton freak of fortune than this—as far, at least, as concerned poor Kate Aubrey.

"FLY! FLY!—For God's sake fly! Lose not one moment of the precious respite which, by incredible efforts, I have contrived to secure you—a respite of but a few hours—and wrung from heartlessness and rapacity. In justice, much injured man! to yourself—to all you hold dear upon earth—to the precious interests entrusted to your keeping, and involved in your destiny—again I say *Fly!* Quit the country, if it be but for never so short a time, till you or your friends shall have succeeded in arranging your disordered affairs. Regard this hasty and perhaps incoherent note, in what light you please—but I tell you it comes, in *sacred confidence*, from a firm and inalienable friend, whose present desperate exertions in your behalf you will one day perhaps to appreciate. Once more, I conjure you to fly!—*I see the rack preparing for you!*—Will you stay to be tortured!—and, in the presence of the incomparable beings?—my feelings overpower me! Indeed, Mr. Aubrey, if you disregard this note, through weak fears as to the writer's sincerity, or a far weaker and a wild notion of Quixotic honor and heroism—remember, in the moment of being overwhelmed, *this note*—and then, do justice to its writer.—Your faithful, unhappy, *disinterested* friend, O. G."

"P. S.—For God's sake, burn, or otherwise destroy this note, as soon as you shall have read it."

Such was the letter which found its way into Mr. Aubrey's hands, just as the time which had been fixed by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, for payment of their bill, was expiring, and which occasioned him, as may be easily imagined, dreadful disquietude. It had found him in a state of the deepest depression—but yet vigorously striving to preserve, in the presence of his wife and sister, a semblance of composure and cheerfulness. More to pacify them than to satisfy himself, he had walked about town during the two preceding days till ready to drop with exhaustion, in fruitless quest of those who might be disposed to advance him a thousand pounds on his own personal security, and on terms he scarce cared how exorbitant, to free him, at all events for a while, from his present exigency. All had been, however, in vain—indeed, he had no hopes from the first. And what was then to be done? His soul seemed dying away within him. At times he almost lost all consciousness of his situation, and what was passing around him. It appeared to be the will of Heaven that his misfortunes should press him down, as it were, by inches into the dust, and crush him. Those there were, he well knew, who needed but to be apprized of his circumstances, to step forward and generously relieve him from his difficulties. But where was all that to end? What real good could it serve? Awfully involved as he was already—one, alone, of his friends being at that moment under a liability which must be discharged within three months, of nearly *eleven thousand pounds*—was he to place others in a similar situation? What earthly prospect had he of ever repaying them? Lamentable as was his position, his soul recoiled from the bare thought. But then came before his anguished eye, his wife—his sister—his children; and he flung himself, in an ecstasy, on his knees, remaining long prostrate—and, for a while, the *heaven that was over his head seemed to be brass, and the earth that was under him, iron*. His heart might be wrung, however, and his spirit heavy and darkened; but no extent or depth of could cause him to forget those principles of honor and integrity by which all his life had been regulated. He resolved, therefore, to submit to the impending stroke with calmness, as to inevitable ruin, and would not hear of any further applications to his friends, which indeed, he felt would be only encouragement to those who held him in thralldom to renew their exactions, when they found each succeeding pressure successful. Poor Kate had told him, as soon as her letter had been put into the post, of her application to Lady Stratton, and told him with trembling apprehensions as to the consequences; but did she think her fond broken-hearted brother could chide her? He looked at her for a moment, with quivering lip and eyes blinded with tears—and then wrung her hand, simply expressing a hope, that, since the step had been taken, it might be, in some measure at least, successful.

Mr. Gammon's letter, as I have already intimated, filled Mr. Aubrey with inexpressible alarm. Again and again he read it over with increasing agitation, and at the same time uncertain as to its true character and import—as to the real motive and object of its writer. Was he guilty of the duplicity which Mrs. Aubrey and Kate so vehemently imputed to him? Was he actuated by revenge? Or was he, as represented by Mr. Quirk's letter, overpowered by his partners, and still sincere in his wishes to shield Mr. Aubrey from their rapacity? Or was Mr. Gammon suggesting *flight* only as a snare? Was he to be seduced into an act warranting them in proceeding to instant extremities against him? What could be the other matters so darkly alluded to in the letter? Were they the two promissory notes of five thousand pounds each, which he had deposited with Mr. Gammon, who at length was peremptorily required by Mr. Titmouse to surrender them up, and permit them to be put in suit? They were payable on demand—he shuddered! Might it be, that Titmouse was desperately in want of money, and had therefore overpowered the scruples of Gammon, and disregarded the sacred pledge with which he assured Titmouse the notes had been given? Mr. Aubrey rejoiced that Mr. Gammon's letter had been placed in his hands by the servant when alone in his study, wither he had gone to write a note to Mr. Runnington;

and resolved not to apprise Mrs. Aubrey and Kate of its arrival. The *fourth* day after the receipt of Messrs. Quirk and Snap's letter had now elapsed. Mr. Aubrey did not venture to quit the house, all of them being as may be well imagined, in a state of pitiable distress, and agitation, and suspense. Thus also passed the *fifth* day—still the blow descended not; was the arm extended to inflict it held back still by Mr. Gammon continuing thus the "*incredible efforts*" spoken of in his note? The *sixth* morning dawned on the wretched family. They all rose at a somewhat earlier hour than usual. They could scarce touch the spare and simple breakfast spread before them, nor enjoy—nay they could hardly bear—the prattle and gambols of the lively little ones, Charles and Agnes, whom at length they dispatched back again to the nursery; for they were, in the highest possible state of excitement and anxiety, awaiting the arrival of the postman—this being the first morning on which they could, in the ordinary course, receive a letter from Lady Stratton in answer to that of Kate. 'Twas now a little past ten. The breakfast things had been removed, and on hearing the agitating though long expected *rat-tat* of the postman a few doors down the street, Mrs. Aubrey and Kate started to the window. Their hearts beat violently when their eye caught sight of him, with his arm full of letters, knocking at the door opposite. How long they were in answering his summons, and in paying the postage! Then he stood for nearly a minute laughing with a servant in the adjoining area—intolerable was all this to the agitated beings who were thus panting for his arrival—then he glanced at his letters, and crossed the street, making for their door.

"Heaven! He has a letter!" cried Miss Aubrey, gleefully—"I sha'n't wait for Fanny!" and, flying to the front door, plucked it open the instant after the postman had knocked. He touched his hat on seeing the beautiful but agitated lady, who stretched forth her hand, exclaiming, "Fanny will pay you"—but in an instant her cheek was blanched, and she nearly fell to the floor, at sight of the black border, and the black seal, and the strange handwriting. For a moment or two she seemed to have lost the power of speech or motion; but presently beat her trembling steps into the parlor. "Oh! Charles—Agnes—I feel as if I were going to die—look"—she faltered, sinking in to the nearest chair, while Mr. Aubrey, with much agitation, took the ominous-looking letter which she extended toward him. 'Twas from Mr. Parkinson; and lo! the news of Lady Stratton's death, and the lamentable circumstances attending it; that she died *intestate*—and that Mr. Titmouse had, as next of kin, become entitled to all she had left behind her. All this disastrous intelligence was conveyed in a few hurried lines. "My God!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, on having glanced over them. His color fled, and he pressed his hand against his forehead. "She is dead!" said he in a low tone, at the same time giving Kate the letter, and hastening to Mrs. Aubrey, who seemed nearly fainting. Each had uttered a faint scream on hearing his words. Mrs. Aubrey swooned in his arms—and Kate sat like a statue, without even glancing at the fatal letter which she held in her hand, but gazing in a sort of stupor at her brother. She was unable to rise to Mrs. Aubrey's assistance—of whose state, indeed, she appeared, from her vacant eye, to be hardly aware. At length a slight sigh announced the returning consciousness of Mrs. Aubrey; and at the same time Miss Aubrey, with a manifestly desperate effort, regained her consciousness, and with a cheek white as the letter she was looking at, read it over.

"This is very—very—dreadful—Heaven is forsaking us!" at length she murmured, gazing wofully at her brother and sister.

"Say not so—but rather God's will be done," faltered Mr. Aubrey, his voice and his countenance evincing the depth of his affliction. "God help us!" he added in a tone, which at length, thrilling through the overcharged heart of his sister, caused her to weep bitterly; and if ever there was a mournful scene, it was that which ensued, ere this doomed family, slowly recovering from the first stunning effects of the shock which they had just received, had become aware of the full extent of their misery. They had ever felt toward Lady Stratton, who, as has been already said, had been poor Kate's godmother—as toward a parent; and their affection had been doubled after the death of Mrs. Aubrey. Now she was gone; she who would have stood for at least a little while between them and ruin, was gone! And by an inscrutable and awful Providence, that which she had secretly destined to them—and which would have effectually shielded them from the cruelty and rapacity of their enemies—had been diverted from them, into the coffers of the most selfish and worthless of mankind—who seemed, indeed, as if he had been called into existence only to effect their ruin; even, as it were, the *messenger of Satan to buffet them!* At length, however, the first natural transports of their grief having subsided, their stricken hearts returned to their allegiance toward Heaven; and Mr. Aubrey, whose noble constancy at once strengthened and encouraged his partners in affliction with many just and pious reflections, reminded them that they were in the hands of God, who intended all earthly suffering—however harsh and apparently undeserved its infliction—to contribute infallibly to the ultimate benefit of his children. And he reminded them, on that melancholy occasion, of the example afforded by one whose sufferings had transcended theirs—the patriarch Job: on whom were suddenly—and to him apparently without any reason or motive, except the infliction of suffering—accumulated almost every species of evil that can befall humanity. The sudden and total loss of his substance, and of all his servants, he appears to have borne with fortitude. At length, however, was announced to him the loss of all his sons and daughters.

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped,

And said, naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

Out of respect to the memory of their dear, venerable, departed friend, they drew down all the blinds of their little house, thereby spreading around them a gloom similar to that within. A sad, a mournful little group they looked! This last sorrow seemed for a while to divert their thoughts from the peril which momentarily menaced them. They talked with frequent emotion, and with many tears, of their

late friend—recalling fondly innumerable little traits of her gentle and benignant character. Toward the close of the day, their souls were subdued into resignation to the will of the allwise Disposer of events: they had, in some measure, realized the consolations of an enlightened and scriptural piety.

They met the next morning, at breakfast, with a melancholy composure. The blinds being drawn down, prevented the bright sunshine out of doors from entering into the little room where their frugal breakfast was spread, and where prevailed a gloom more in unison with their saddened feelings. To all who sat round the table, except little Charles, the repast was slight indeed: he had shortly before begun to breakfast down stairs, instead of in the nursery; and, merry little being!—all unconscious of the destination to which, in all human probability, he was destined—and of the misery which oppressed and was crushing his parents—he was rattling away cheerfully, as if nothing could disturb or interrupt the light-heartedness of childhood. They all started on hearing the unexpected knock of the general postman. He had brought them a letter from Dr. Tatham; who, it seemed, was aware of the letter which had been the day before dispatched to them by Mr. Parkinson. The little doctor's letter was exceedingly touching and beautiful; and it was a good while before they could complete its perusal, owing to the emotion which it occasioned them. 'T was indeed full of tender sympathy—of instructive incentive to resignation to the will of God.

"Is not that indeed the language of a devout and venerable minister of God?" said Mr. Aubrey—"whose figure is daily brightening with the glory reflected from the heaven which he is so rapidly approaching? In the order of nature, a few short years must see him, also, removed from us."

"Then we shall indeed be desolate!" said Miss Aubrey, shedding tears.

"Heaven is speaking to us through one of its ministers in this letter! Let us listen in reverent humility!" They remained silent for some moments, Mr. Aubrey re-perusing the long and double written letter of which he had been speaking. Presently he heard a knock at the street door—an ordinary single knock—such as was by no means unusual at that period of the morning; yet he scarce knew why—it disconcerted him. He kept, however, his eye upon the letter, while he heard Fanny opening the door—then a word or two whispered—after which the parlor door was hastily opened, and Fanny stood there, pale as death, and unable, evidently from fright, to speak—a heavy step was heard in the passage—and then there stood behind the terror-stricken girl a tall stout man in a drab great-coat, with a slouched hat, and a thick walking-stick in his hand—looking over her shoulder into the parlor, whose dismayed occupants soon shared the panic of poor Fanny.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said he, civilly advancing into the room, and removing his hat—"is your name Charles Aubrey?"

"It is, sir," said Mr. Aubrey, rising from his chair—by which time a second man was standing at the door.

"You're my prisoner, sir," said the man, stepping close up to the wretched Aubrey, and touching him on the shoulder, at the same time holding out a thin slip of paper—the warrant by virtue of which he was then acting. The moment that he advanced toward Mr. Aubrey a dreadful shriek burst from Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, who sprung forward, and threw their arms wildly round him. He implored them to restrain their feelings—though evidently greatly agitated himself.

"Will you let me look at your warrant?" said he, mildly, to the man who had arrested him, and remained standing close beside him. Mr. Aubrey, glancing over the warrant, saw that he was arrested for fourteen hundred pounds and upward, at the suit of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap.

"You see, sir, it's only my duty to do this here," said the officer respectfully, evidently touched by the agony of the two beautiful women who still clung wildly round one about to be torn ruthlessly from their arms—"do n't take on so, ladies; there's no great harm done yet."

"For mercy's sake, Agnes! Kate! as you love me!—Be calm! You afflict me beyond measure," said Mr. Aubrey, who, though he had grown very pale, yet preserved under the circumstances a remarkable degree of self-possession. 'T was, however, a scene which he had been endeavoring to realize to himself, and prepare for daily, if not hourly, for the last week.

"Oh mercy! mercy!—for God's sake have mercy on him! on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey and Kate.

"Oh, good men! kind men! have mercy!" cried Kate, desperately; "what are you going to do with him?"

"No harm, miss, you may depend on't—only he must go with us, seeing we're obligated to take him."

"For Heaven's sake, do n't—do n't, for mercy's sake!" cried Kate, turning her agonized face toward the man, her hair partially dishevelled, and her arms still clasping her brother with frantic energy. Mrs. Aubrey had swooned, and lay insensible in her husband's arms, supported by his knee; while Fanny, herself half distracted, was striving to restore her by rubbing her cold hands.

"Lord, ladies! do n't, do n't take on in this way; you're only a-hurting of yourselves, and you do n't do the gentleman any good, you know; 'cause, in course, he's all the sorer for going," said the second man, who had by this time entered the room, and stood looking on concernedly. But Miss Aubrey repeated her inquiries with wild and frantic impetuosity, for some time not aware that Mrs. Aubrey lay insensible beside her.

"Jemmy, run and fetch the lady a glass of water from the kitchen—she's gone clean dead—run, my man!" said the officer to his follower, who immediately obeyed him, and presently returned with a glass of water; by which time, both Kate, and her brother, and Fanny, were endeavoring, with great agitation, to restore Mrs. Aubrey, whose prolonged swoon alarmed them, and in whose sufferings the sense of their own seemed for a while absorbed. The two men stood by, grasping their huge walking-sticks and their hats, in silence. At length Mrs. Aubrey showed symptoms of recovery, uttering a long, deep sigh.

"I say, Master," at length whispered the follower, "this here seems a bad business, don't it?"

"Jemmy, Jemmy! you a'n't got half the pluck of a bum! There's nothing in all this when one's used to it, as I am."

"P'raps the gemman don't rightly owe the money, after all?"

"Don't he, eh? And they've sworn he does?—No chaffing. The sooner (I'm thinking) we have him off from all this here blubbering, the better."

"Bless'd if I ever I see'd two such beautiful women afore. I don't half like it; I wish we'd nabbed him in the street—and"—he lowered his whisper—"if there's much o' this here sort o' work to be done, I've had enough of being a bum already, an' I'll go back to my business again, bad as it is."

"My good men!" said Kate, approaching them, and speaking with forced calmness—pushing aside her disordered hair from her pale cheeks, "Can't you leave him here—only a day longer?"

"Can't, miss; it's quite impossible; it's not to be done for no money short of debt and costs," said the officer respectfully, but rather doggedly, as if he were getting tired of the scene. "One would think that we were a-goin' to murder the gemman! Once for all, if so be he will only go as a gemman should, to my little place in Chancery Lane—(my name's Grab, miss, at your service, and there a'n't a better conducted lock-up nor mine in London, I assure you, nor where debtors is more comfortably looked arter)—he's no need to be there above a day or two—it may be less—and of course his friends will come and bail him out: so don't be a-going on so when it's no manner o' use!"

"Charles! My love!" murmured Mrs. Aubrey, faintly—"they surely will not separate us? Oh! let us go together—I don't care where we go to, so long as I am with you."

"Do not ask it, my darling! my heart's love!" replied Mr. Aubrey, tenderly, as he supported her in his arms, and against his knee—and a tear fell from his eye upon her cheek—"I shall be exposed to but little inconvenience, I am certain. There can be no violence or insult offered me so long as I am submissive; and I shall soon, please God, be back."

"Oh, Charles!" I shall die; I shall never survive seeing you carried away!"—she was becoming increasingly vehement.

"Agnes, Agnes!" said her husband, reprovingly, "the mother must not desert her children; my heart will ache every moment that I am absent, if I think that my dear little ones have not a mother's protection."

"Kate will take care of them, love!" said Mrs. Aubrey, faintly; and her husband tenderly kissed her forehead. While this hurried colloquy between the wretched couple was proceeding, Kate was talking in low but impassioned tones to the two officers, who listened to her respectfully, but shook their heads.

"No, miss; it can't be; it can't indeed."

"But you shall have every thing—I have still a good many handsome dresses; jewels, all—all. Surely they will fetch something; and then there's a plate, and books, and furniture—you can't think Mr. Aubrey is going basely to run away."

"If, as how, miss, (you see,) it was only ourselves that you had to do with—but Lord love you, miss! we're only officers, and has our duty to do, and must do it!—why, we'd go a little out of our way for to oblige a lady; but the people you must go to is the gemma whose names is here," pointing to the warrant; "they're the people as the money's owing to—Quirk, Gammon!"

"Do n't name them! They are fiends! They are villains! They are robbing, then, ruining, my wretched brother!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with dreadful vehemence.

"Kate, Kate!" cried Mr. Aubrey, kindly but peremptorily—"in mercy to me, be silent! Restrain your feelings, or really I must hasten my departure."

"Oh, Charles!" faltered Miss Aubrey, sinking down on a chair exhausted, and burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Now, sir, if you please," commenced Grab, turning to Mr. Aubrey, "we must be thinking of going, seeing I expect I've another job on hand to-day; would you prefer coaching or walking it? Excuse me, sir, I've seen many such things as this; and I know it's only a haggawating of your feelings to be stopping here—the longer the worse! What must be, had better be done at once, and got over with. I've been a-telling this here young lady a many times, that it's no use fretting—and that in course you'll be soon back again, when you've done what's needful; so had n't my man here better go and get a coach?"

"It is so, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, with a profound sigh—and endeavored for some time, by all the means in his power, to soothe and pacify his wretched companions.

"Can I speak a word with you alone, before I go?" he presently inquired of the officer.

"In course, sir," replied Grab; and, promising to return in a minute or two's time, Mr. Aubrey quitted the room with Grab close at his heels; and presently they were both standing in his little study.

"Betwixt ourselves, sir," quoth Grab, in a confidential tone, "you've rather keen hands to deal with;" here he laid his finger along his nose, and winked his eye—"and you'll lose no time in turning yourself about. You understand, sir?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a sigh. "Who gave you your instructions in this matter?"

"Mr. Snap—the junior partner—it was him that brought this here warrant to me."

"Are you sure? Was it not Mr. Gammon?"

"No, sir; Snap—Snap; that little cockatoo of a chap. Mr. Gammon called at my office half an hour afterward, to be sure."

"I thought so," interrupted Mr. Aubrey quickly, his face flushing, and feeling relieved from a vast pressure.

"Ay," continued Grab, phlegmatically, "he'll see you don't come to much harm in this matter."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, surprisedly.

"Lord! I could tell by his way. He called to say that since they had resolved to go agin you, he hoped we'd show you every attention, and deal easy by you."

"Indeed!"

"Ay—indeed! And I think he said it was a cruel business—nay, I'm sure he did; and that, as for him, he washed his hands on't!" Mr. Aubrey seemed confounded.

"I do n't somehow think him and his partners are on the best of terms together—but that's no business o' mine, you know, sir! And now, sir, excuse me, but we must be jogging."

"But, my friend, is there really no way," enquired Mr. Aubrey with manifest perturbation, "by which I can delay accompanying you for a few hours?"

"Oh can't sir—unpossible!"

"You can remain in possession here—I will be in your custody—I have a little plate, books, and furniture, which would surely stand sufficient security."

"It's no use, sir; go you must—and that without much longer shilly-shallying. It's no use!"

Aubrey seemed for a moment overpowered by his emotions.

"I fear, myself, that there is no alternative," said he; "but it will almost break the hearts of those ladies—one of whom is my wife!" His voice faltered.

"You take my advice, sir! Let my man start off for a coach—you have a shirt or two put up, and an amusing book—or a bit of a cribbage-board, or a pack of cards, if they're at hand—and give 'em the slip: I assure you it's much the best way; and when you're once out of the house, they'll come to, and make up their minds to it—never fear 'em."

"Send, then, for a coach—delay, I see, is worse than useless," said he, hastily, hearing steps approaching the study door, which was thrust open, and Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey entered, unable any longer to endure his absence—and as if fearful lest, in mercy to them, he should be contriving to leave them secretly. Grab, having dispatched his follower for a coach, at Mr. Aubrey's earnest request to be left alone for a few minutes, withdrew—but first cast a keen scrutinizing eye at the window—the chimney—and then, having closed the door, stood outside, in a position which commanded both door and window.

"Now, my own Agnes! my sweet Kate!" commenced Aubrey, in a low earnest tone, having bolted the door to secure themselves from interruption during the few precious moments which remained to them before the arrival of the coach—"I must within a very few minutes, leave you! Remember—remember, loves!—I am unfortunate, but I am not disgraced—I look on this as a dispensation of Providence—a wise and good Providence;—let us all learn submission—resignation! Whether or not we are really the victims of treachery and hypocrisy, I am unable at present to tell; but let us learn to bear this last crowning indignity with the fortitude of Christians!—relying on it, that God will overrule the most trying and disastrous events for our good!—Kneel down! Let us bow before the throne of Heaven, and supplicate its blessing and support, in this our greatest extremity!" He said this calmly, but his face was deadly pale, and his voice faltered—while they clung round him and heaved convulsive sobs, as they half unconsciously sunk on their knees with him. Then they rose—and certainly a gracious Providence had not listened in vain to the earnest, heartfelt cries that were uttered by those persecuted and heart-broken beings: for they felt a sense of composure stealing over their troubled bosoms—as if they had seen for a moment a bright light glancing through the gloom of their sorrows. Yet poor nature was wrung—wrung indeed! Mr. Aubrey proceeded to make some little preparations for his departure—putting a five-pound note into his pocket—and leaving but little more behind him; and the servant being summoned into the room, was dispatched to put up a change of linen for him. He then implored and conjured them, as they loved him, to struggle against their feelings;—and to rely upon his pledge to send them, within ten hours at the farthest, intelligence of his movements—assuring them of his confident belief, that in less than twenty-four hours he should have returned to them. While he was speaking in this strain, Mrs. Aubrey suddenly quitted the room, and after a moment's absence returned, her pallid, agitated countenance overspread with a wild smile of delight, as she exclaimed breathlessly—"There, love! Dearest Charles! He says there is no harm in the world in going with you in the coach—and, indeed, we may have rooms to ourselves!"

"My sweet Agnes."

"I will—I will go with you, Charles! Nothing shall prevent me—even if I leave you at the door of the place you are going to!"

It was in vain for Mr. Aubrey to protest—as he did, both earnestly and vehemently;—her impassioned importunities were irresistible, and she rushed breathlessly up stairs to prepare her dress to accompany him on his brief but melancholy journey. Within a very few minutes she returned, just as the sound of the coach wheels approaching the door was heard. Mr. Aubrey and Kate perceived the dangerous excitement under which she was laboring, and dreaded its effects: yet what could be done? He could not prolong his stay—and it would be infinitely more dangerous to leave her behind, now that she had set her heart upon accompanying him, than to permit her to go with them. She carried down little Agnes in her arms—and had been almost suffocating her and little Charles, who walked after her, with kisses and convulsive embraces. Both of the children were crying bitterly; and as soon as Mrs. Aubrey had reached the parlor door, and heard the coach-steps letting down, she fell into violent hysterics.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said Grab, as he stood close beside Mr. Aubrey, who was supporting Mrs. Aubrey—"it would n't be amiss if I was to say you should come along with me at once, while this poor lady's insensible—and then?"

"Oh! for God's sake—for God's sake! Remember your promise!" cried Aubrey, and in a voice which nearly reached the officer's heart: as it was he simply shrugged his shoulders, and awaited the issue with no little impatience, but in silence. 'T was in the midst of this heart-rending scene, which ensued during the next half hour, that Kate displayed the strength of character which so remarkably distinguished her; and completely mastering her own agitated feelings, she essentially contributed toward Mrs. Aubrey's restoration to a state which would admit of her at length setting off. The children had been removed—Mr. Aubrey having bid them an agonizing adieu; for he knew not what accident or contrivance might occur to prevent his return to them—and after embracing his weeping sister, he supported Mrs. Aubrey, Grab closely following them, into the coach. All three having got in, "Jem," as he was called, shut up the door, and jumping up on the coach-box, they drove away.

Poor Mrs. Aubrey, on taking her seat, drew from before her agitated yet beautiful countenance the long dark veil



which she had drawn down while passing from the house into the coach, and gazed at Mr. Aubrey with such an expression of mingled tenderness and agony, as was almost sufficient to have broken the stony heart of Grab. She also held her husband's hand convulsively grasped within her own—as though fearful of their being even yet violently separated from each other.

As they went along, in answer to Aubrey's anxious enquiries concerning the nature of the scenes which awaited him, Mr. Grab told him that his—Grab's—lock-up was in Chancery-Lane, and would be found as comfortable a place as need be. He informed his prisoner, further, that he might have his choice—whether to occupy a private room with a bed-room opening into it—or go into the public room, where would be also some dozen other debtors—and in which case, of course, Mrs. Aubrey must return home alone. Mr. Aubrey enquired what would be the expense of the private room, and was horrified on hearing—two guineas and a half a-day, paid in advance!—exclusive of board and attendance, which doubtless would be charged for on a commensurate scale. The prisoner and his wife gazed at each other in silence, and felt sick at heart.

"The smallest room—at the very top of the house—would suffice for both a sitting-room and bed-room," said Aubrey—"and we do not care a straw for furniture!"

"The room I told you of, or the public room, is all I've to offer you," replied Grab, somewhat doggedly—"and you need n't cry out before you're hurt; for it may be your friends will bail you out before the night—before much harm's done!" Sick at heart, his wretched companions continued silent for the remainder of the journey, till the coach drew up opposite the door of the house of which they had been speaking. It was about halfway up Chancery-Lane, on the right hand side as you entered from the Strand. "T was a small, narrow, dingy-looking house, at the corner of a miserable court. The solitary window, level with the door, was strongly secured within by thick perpendicular iron bars. The outer door, at the top of a flight of about a dozen well-worn steps, stood open, leaving exposed to view an inner door, at about a couple of yards' distance from the outer one; and on this inner door was a brass plate bearing the terrifying name—

## GRAB.

The upper part of the door was of glass, and secured from within, like the window, by strong iron bars. Aubrey's soul sunk within him as his eye took in these various points of the dismal building he was thus compelled to enter. The follower, immediately on the coach drawing up, jumped down, and running up the steps of the house, knocked at the inner door, and hurrying back, opened the coach-door and let down the steps.

"Now, Jarvey—what's the damage?" enquired Grab, before any of them got out.

"Six shillings your honor."

"You must tip, sir," quoth Grab to Mr. Aubrey—who thereupon counted out all the silver he had, except one solitary sixpence, and they descended, followed up the steps of the house closely by Grab. Their hearts failed them, as they heard the sound of heavy jingling keys from within opening the door; and the next moment they stood within a short, narrow and dark passage—the sallow, ill-looking man who had opened the door, instantly closing, barring, and locking it upon them.

"This here's the public room," quoth Grab, with the confident air of a man who feels in his own house: and, half opening a door on his left, they caught a glimpse of a number of men—some smoking; others sitting with their feet on the table, reading the newspapers; others playing at cards; and almost all of them drinking, and either laughing, talking, or singing.

"Now, sir—does this here suit your fancy?" enquired Grab, rather sharply. Mr. Aubrey felt his wife leaning heavily on his arm. "Mercy! I shall faint! I feel choked!" she whispered.

"Show us instantly up stairs, to your private room—ceest what it may," said Mr. Aubrey hastily.

"It's only fair to tell you, sir, you pay in advance—and for the whole day, though you should be out again in a quarter of an hour's time—it's the rule of the house."

"Show us up stairs, sir, without delay," said Mr. Aubrey peremptorily.

"Jemmy—show 'em up!" exclaimed Grab, briskly—on which Jem went forward, followed by Mr. Aubrey, almost entirely supporting Mrs. Aubrey—who appeared very faint—up to the narrow and angular staircase. This led them into a tolerably well-furnished room; and Mrs. Aubrey, on entering it, sunk exhausted on the sofa. Here, again, the two windows were strongly secured with iron bars, which gave a peculiarly miserable appearance to the room. The unhappy couple gazed around them for a moment, in silence.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Grab, entering the room—"but must trouble you for *two, twelve, six*; always pay in advance, as I told you a-coming."

Aubrey, involuntarily shuddering, took out his pocket-book—Mrs. Aubrey bursting into tears—and handed to Grab the only money he had—his five-pound note, requesting change.

"The lady would, perhaps, like a glass of negus?" inquired Grab.

"Certainly—bring up immediately a glass of cold sherry and water," replied Mr. Aubrey.

"That will be just *two, five, six* to bring back—shall have it directly, sir—change and all. Here's your bed-room, sir," he added—opening a small door opposite the window—and then withdrew by that through which they had entered. When he had withdrawn, leaving them alone, Aubrey folded his arms tenderly around his wife, and kissed her cold pale cheek, and then helped her to remove her bonnet, which, with its heavy black veil, evidently oppressed her. Her rich dark hair fell disordered over her tippet; and with her flushed cheek, and restless eye, would have given the beholder a vivid picture of beauty and virtue in distress.

"Do promise me, Charles!" said she, looking fondly at him, "that I may go with you wherever they will allow you to take me."

"I trust, Agnes, that I shall be at large again before long. This is really a comfortable room," he added, evading her question.

"If only Kate and the children were here," she replied,

tremulously. "Poor things! I wonder what they are doing just now! Kate will break her heart, poor girl, if we do n't return soon!"

"Never fear, Agnes! But let us look what kind of a bed-room they have given us. I hope we shall have no occasion, however, to occupy it. Come, let us see!"

"T was very small and close, to be sure, and had but one narrow window, secured, like all the others, by strong iron bars. It overlooked a little flagged yard, about fourteen feet square, surrounded on all sides by high walls, portions of adjoining houses. It was here that the prisoners "took the air," and their escape was effectually prevented by close and strong bars of iron passing from side to side, at about ten feet distance from the ground. They looked down, and beheld two or three men sitting and standing beneath, who looked more like animals caged in a menagerie than mere human beings. "T was to Aubrey a sickening sight, and he turned from the window, and they both re-entered the front room as Grab returned with the sherry and water, and the change, which he told down on the table. He then asked what they would like to have for dinner—cutlets, steaks, or chops—as he wished to know before Mrs. Grab went out "to order the house dinner." They seemed, however, to loathe the idea of eating, not a little to the annoyance of their truly hospitable host. Aubrey, earnestly begging him to send off a message instantly, with his card, to Mr. Runnington.

"A couple of shillings for the man, sir," said Grab; and, having received it, withdrew, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey to themselves for nearly an hour and a half; at the end of which period, their hearts leaped for joy to see Mr. Runnington enter the room, with a countenance full of concern and sympathy.

"Well, but you shall not be much longer in this hateful hole, at any rate," said he, after some half-hour's anxious conversation with them; and ringing the bell, directed the man to send Grab up stairs, and to fetch pen, ink, and paper. In a few minutes Grab appeared. "You've no objection, I suppose, Grab, to discharge Mr. Aubrey on my undertaking?"

"In course not, sir," replied Grab, readily; but he was a good deal disappointed at so abrupt a close to his exactious. Mr. Runnington sat down and began to write. "You had better send off to the office, and see if there's anything else there," he added, (meaning that Grab should search, as he was bound to do, for any other writs against Mr. Aubrey which might be lodged with the sheriff, before discharging his prisoner out of custody.)

"You do n't apprehend anything there, do you?" enquired Mr. Runnington, rather seriously, without taking his eye from the paper on which he was writing.

"Heaven only knows! But I think not," replied Aubrey.

The following was the undertaking given by Mr. Runnington, and which operated as an instant release of his oppressed and truly persecuted client:

"Aubrey *ats*. Quirk and others.

"We hereby undertake to procure the execution of a good and sufficient bail-bond herein, for the above-named defendant, in due time.

RUNNINGTON & Co.,  
Defendant's Attorneys.

"To Mr. Grab,  
"Officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex."

With this document lying before them, and awaiting the messenger's return from the sheriff's office, Mr. Runnington and Mr. Aubrey conversed together anxiously on the subject of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's bill. Mr. Aubrey was sufficiently acquainted with the general course of practice to be aware, that beyond requiring him to put in bail to the action, (special bail, as it is called,) no effective step could be taken against him for several months to come; i. e. till Michaelmas term in the ensuing November,\* however eager and active the plaintiffs might be: so that he had an interval of at least four months, in which, as the phrase is, "to turn himself about," and endeavor to discover some mode of extricating himself from his present serious dilemma. After reminding Mr. Aubrey that neither a peer of the realm, nor a member of parliament, nor an attorney, could become bail for him, Mr. Runnington requested the names of two or three confidential friends to whom he might apply to become security for Mr. Aubrey; and as he should be at any time able to exonerate them from liability, by surrendering his person to his creditors, he felt no hesitation in applying to them to perform for him this act of kindness. "By the way," said Mr. Runnington, in the course of their conversation, and with apparent carelessness, "could I say a word or two to you on a little matter of business? And will Mrs. Aubrey excuse us for a moment?" turning toward her. She bowed, and they withdrew for a moment into the adjoining bed-room.

"Put this into your pocket," said Mr. Runnington, taking out the day's newspaper; "and when you have an opportunity, read the account of what took place yesterday in the Court of King's Bench. It startled me not a little, I can tell you; and the reason of my not having been at the office when your messenger arrived was, that I had not returned from Vivian Street, whither, and to the Temple, I had gone in search of you. For heaven's sake don't alarm Mrs. Aubrey, or Miss Aubrey; but, if any thing occurs to you, do not lose one moment in putting yourself into communication with us. If possible, I will call at Vivian Street this evening." With this they returned to the sitting-room, nothing in their appearance calculated to alarm Mrs. Aubrey, or even attract her attention.

Shortly afterward Grab entered the room.

"All right, sir!" said he to Mr. Runnington; and added, turning to Mr. Aubrey, "you're no longer in my custody, sir; and I hope you'll never be again."

"Oh, Charles! thank God!—Let us not stay another moment!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey, joyously starting up, and putting on her bonnet. "Oh, let us get once more into the open street!—the sweet fresh air!—Kate will go wild with joy to see us again!—Oh, dear Mr. Runnington! how can we sufficiently thank you?" she added, turning towards him enthusiastically. Within a few minutes' time they had quitted that dismal scene; they were again apparently free. On first stepping into the bright cheering sunlight, and bustling noisy street, it had a sort of freshness—of novelty—to them. Now they were free to go whithersoever they

\* The unprofessional reader is informed that this is now very far otherwise; legal proceedings have been recently prodigiously accelerated.

chose!—Oh, blessed LIBERTY!—let an Englishman lose thee for but an hour, to become aware of thy value!—It seemed to the Aubreys, as if ten times the real interval had elapsed between their entering and quitting the scene of his incarceration. With what exhilarated spirits they hastened homeward! as if a millstone were no longer suspended from their necks. But Mr. Aubrey suddenly bethought himself of the newspaper given him by Mr. Runnington; and it cost him, indeed, a great effort to assume a cheerfulness so foreign to his feelings.

While, however, they are thus walking homeward, intending, in the event of Mrs. Aubrey becoming fatigued, to take a shilling drive on their way, let me, in order to enable the reader to appreciate the paragraph to which Mr. Runnington had called Aubrey's attention, turn for a while from the virtuous and afflicted couple, to trace the leading movements of that master spirit of evil, Mr. Gammon; for which purpose, it will be necessary to take up the history from the evening of the day in which Mr. Aubrey had called at Mr. Gammon's chambers, to forbid him visiting any longer at Vivian Street. By that time, Mr. Gammon had thoroughly thought out his plan of operations. What had passed between him and Miss Aubrey and her brother, had satisfied him that the time for calling into action all his forces had arrived; and the exact end he proposed to himself, was to plunge Mr. Aubrey at once into apparently inextricable and hopeless difficulty—into total ruin—so as to render them all more accessible to Mr. Gammon's advances, and to force Miss Aubrey into entertaining his addresses, as the sole means of effecting her brother's liberation. For this purpose, it would be necessary to make him debtor to so large an amount as would preclude the interference of even the most liberally-disposed of his friends. They might very probably go as far as fifteen hundred pounds on his behalf, who could not be brought to think of nearly twelve thousand pounds—it being borne in mind, that one alone of Mr. Aubrey's friends, Lord de la Zouch, was already liable, on his behalf, to some eleven thousand pounds, which would become payable on the ensuing 24th of January. But the mask was not yet to be thrown off: Gammon resolved to appear the firm friend of Mr. Aubrey to the last; deprecating vehemently, and striving to avert from him, the very proceedings which he was all the while, with secret skill and vigor, urging on against him. He determined, therefore, to recall Titmouse's attention to the two promissory notes for £5,000 each; to pretend reluctance to allow them to be put in suit, and yet give him clearly to understand that he might do so, without giving mortal offence to Gammon.

At the moment of the reader's being re-introduced to Mr. Gammon, that gentleman was sitting, about nine o'clock in the evening, at his chambers, beside a table, on which were placed a lustrous lamp, a number of papers, and coffee. In one hand he held the rough draft of his rent-charge, which had that day been sent to him by Mr. Frankpledge, and he was occasionally making pencil memoranda on the margin as he went along. He would sometimes pause in his task, as if his thoughts wandered to other subjects; his countenance looked harassed, his ample brow seemed laden with anxiety. Certainly, great as was his energy, clear as was his head, and accustomed as he was to the dispatch of business of even the most difficult and varied description, all his powers were at that moment taxed to their very uttermost stretch, as a hasty glance round the room will satisfy the reader. On the sofa lay several piles of loose papers. First, there were the drafts, briefs—and voluminous they were—which he was now preparing, or rather settling, in the following actions for bribery penalties, coming on for trial at the ensuing Yorkshire Assizes:

"WIGLEY v. GAMMON, (S. J.)"

"Same v. MUDDLETON, (S. J.)"

"Same v. BLOODUCK, (S. J.)"

"Same v. WOODLOUSE, (S. J.)"

All these serious actions were being pushed forward with great vigor, at the instance of Lord de la Zouch, who had, moreover, directed them all to be made special jury causes.

Secondly, a monstrous mass of papers, also lying on the sofa, contained the heterogeneous elements, out of which it required a head as clear as Gammon's to draw up a brief for the defence in a very complicated case of *conspiracy*—"*The KING v. MIDDLETON, SNAKE, and OTHERS*,"—and which was coming on for trial at the ensuing King's Bench sittings for London; it having been removed, on account of its great difficulty and importance, by *certiorari* from the Old Bailey. It ought to have been by this time prepared; yet Mr. Gammon had scarcely even looked at the papers, though the credit of their office was at stake, as the case had attracted a large share of public attention.

Thirdly, there were scattered about complete masses of papers connected with the various joint-stock companies in which Mr. Gammon was concerned, either openly or secretly—either professionally or as a share-holder; the management of many of them requiring infinite vigilance and tact. These matters, however, and many others which had accumulated upon him, till the bare thoughts of them oppressed and distracted him, he had altogether neglected, occupied as he was by the absorbing pursuit of Miss Aubrey, and the consummation of his schemes and purposes respecting Titmouse and the Yatton property. As if all this had not been sufficient, there was yet another of a totally different description. Gammon was writing a series of very popular and powerful attacks in the *Sunday Flash*, upon a certain Tory ex-Minister—in fact, endeavors to write him down—and this with the privacy, and even occasional assistance, of one whom Gammon intended, in due time, to make great use of, as soon as his lordship should have sufficiently committed himself; viz. my Lord Blossom and Box. Now, Gammon had for three weeks running disappointed the numerous readers of the *Sunday Flash*, during which period, also, he had been almost baited to death upon the subject, by old Quirk, the chief proprietor of the paper; and that very evening, the odious viper, its editor, had been there badgering him till he had given a positive pledge to prepare an article against the ensuing Saturday. All these things put together, were enough for one strong-headed man to bear up against, and Gammon felt very nearly overwhelmed; and the reader will think it very excusable in Mr. Gammon, that he felt such difficulty in commanding his thoughts even to the interesting task of settling the draft of his own rent-charge on the Yatton pro-

erty. He was not quite satisfied with the way in which Frankpledge had tinkered up the "consideration" shadowed forth in Gammon's instructions, and was just sketching off one compounded of a "certain sum of five thousand pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain, by the aforesaid Oily Gammon, at or before the execution of these presents, paid to the said Tittlebat Titmouse, and the receipt whereof the said Titmouse acknowledged, and from the same and every part thereof, released and discharged the said Oily Gammon, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns" (!!!) And "of the great skill, and exertion, and sacrifices of the said Oily Gammon, for and on behalf of the said Tittlebat Titmouse, in the recovery of the Yattson property," &c. &c.

I say he had just finished off this little matter, and was varying one or two of the expressions, when a sharp knock at his door announced the arrival of the intelligent grantor of the aforesaid annuity, Mr. Titmouse himself, whose stylish cab was at that moment standing opposite to the entrance to the Thieves' Inn, in Holburn, having brought him direct from the House of Commons, whither, however, he was to return by eleven o'clock, till which time he had paired off, in order to enable him to come and consult Mr. Gammon on one or two important matters. Poor Titmouse had conceived, since his memorable interview with Gammon formerly related, a violent hatred of Mr. Gammon; but which was almost absorbed in his dread of that gentleman, who had such unlimited power over him. The sudden and serious diminution of his income by Gammon's rent charge, almost turned his head upside down, and occasioned a pother in his little bosom which was all the greater for his being unable to admit any sympathising friend into his confidence. He had become fidgety and irritable to a high degree; his countenance and demeanor troubled and depressed; from all which, the more intimate among his brother senators naturally inferred that he had lost large sums at play, or was harassed by his election expenses; or had quarreled with his mistress, or been found out by his wife; or been kicked, and dared not call out the aggressor; or that some other such accident as frequently happens to young gentlemen of fashion, had befallen him. Now, to be candid with the reader, Titmouse certainly was getting into rather deep water. Formidable creditors were beginning to look somewhat sternly after him from various quarters; his upholsterer was becoming troublesome; his wine-merchant insisted on at least four hundred pounds on account; Messrs. Jewel and Nicknack were surprised at having received no payment for sundry expensive articles of Jewelry and virtu. His coach-maker, his tailor, a host of household creditors, were getting very restless. He had a running account of some £600 or £800 at the *Gliddington*, in respect of his parliamentary and other dinners at that fashionable establishment. His yacht was a dreadful drain upon him; he had been unfortunate in his sporting speculations. In short, if Gammon had his anxieties, so had Titmouse. He felt himself getting terribly out at elbows; so much so, that he could no longer give that calm and undivided attention to his parliamentary duties which his enlightened constituents had a right to expect at his hands; and, in short, the sole occasion of his calling on Gammon, was to see if that gentleman could devise some mode of once more replenishing his empty coffers—a further mortgage on the Yattson property being the exact mode of doing so which he was about to propose to Gammon. It required some tact, however, as he felt, to broach that subject, in the present position of affairs; so he avowed that he had called to see if Mr. Gammon's deeds were ready for signing—as he, Titmouse, was anxious to get it off his mind. Time was very precious with Mr. Gammon: he therefore lost not a moment in plucking aside the thin disguise of Titmouse, and discovering the real object of his visit. Mr. Gammon looked very serious indeed, on hearing the account of Titmouse's prodigal expenditure, and remonstrated with him earnestly, and even authoritatively; but it instantly occurred to him—could there possibly be a better opportunity for broaching the subject of the two promissory notes?

"My dear Titmouse," said he, with great kindness of manner, "notwithstanding all I have felt it my duty to say, I do sincerely wish it were in my power to serve you in this emergency. But we really must spare old Yattson for a little; you've sadly burthened her already. We shall be killing the goose to get at the golden egg, if we do n't mind what we're about!"

"——! But what the devil's to be done, Mr. Gammon? For, 'pon my soul, I'm most particular hard up, and something must be done."

"We must bethink ourselves of our other resources, my dear sir—let us see"—he paused, with his hand resting on his forehead for a few moments—"Oh! by the way—certainly," he added suddenly—"but no! it's a thousand pities; but my word is pledged."

"Eh? what? does any thing strike you, Gammon?—'Pon my life, what is it?" inquired Titmouse, pricking up his ears.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied Gammon, musingly, adding, as if he did not intend Titmouse to hear him, "to be sure it would put ten thousand—nay, with the interest, nearly eleven"—

"The devil it would! What would! My stars, Mr. Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse, eagerly—"Do let us know what it is!"

"Why, I was certainly thinking, at the moment," replied Gammon, with a sigh, "of that poor devil Aubrey's two notes for £5,000 a-piece and interest."

Titmouse's face suddenly fell. "Oh, Lord! is that all? Hang the fellow! he's a beggar—squeezed dry—nothing more to be got out of him!" he exclaimed, with mingled chagrin and contempt. "A'n't worth powder and shot! Blood from a stone—won't have any thing worth taking this ten years to come!"

"Poor fellow!" quoth Gammon.

"'Pon my soul, Gammon, it's me you may say that of, I rather think!"

"Why," said Gammon, glancing rather keenly at Titmouse, "my first and greatest duty on earth, my dear Titmouse, is to you—to look after, to secure your interests; and candor compels me to say, that, whatever may be my feelings toward that unfortunate person, still, I think, you've only to squeeze him pretty hard, and blood would come from other people. Eh! you understand?"

"By Jove!—Indeed!—No! But would it really? How?

—Squeeze away, then, and be ——! Please bring an action against the fellow the first thing in the morning! Put him in jail, and he'll get the money, I'll warrant him! Dem the fellow! why don't he pay his debts? It's devilish hard on me, a'n't it? Did n't I forgive him forty thousand pounds? By the way, I'd forgot there's the other ten thousand that Lord de la Zouch is surety for—when do we touch that?"

"Oh! we've taken a bond for that, which will not fall due before—let me see—the 24th of next January."

"'Pon my soul, what a cursed bore! But can't one do any thing with it before then?"

"What! Sue on it before it's due!"

"No—egad! I mean, raise the wind on it. Surely Lord de la Zouch's name is ——"

"Whew!" thought Gammon, "that stroke certainly had never occurred to me! Ay, he's right, the little fool! Old Fang will advance £8,000 or £9,000, or more, even. I'll see to it, by Jove!" Then he said aloud, "It may be possible, certainly, my dear Titmouse, but I see very great obstacles in the way."

"Some cursed law point—eh?"

"Yes; but I assure you I will turn my best attention to it," he added; and proceeded to bring back Titmouse to the point at which he had started off. "And speaking of poor Aubrey—it's certainly true that you have been, I may say, extravagantly liberal to him—forbearing beyond example; and I can't think that any one can be expected, when he knows a wave of his hand will put some eleven thousand pounds into his pocket, to stand by idle for ever! It is not in human nature!"

"No; 'pon my life it is n't," quoth Titmouse, with a puzzled air, quite unable to make out whether Gammon intended to favor or discourage the notion of immediately proceeding against Aubrey; which Gammon observing, he proceeded—"At all events, I should say, that if you consider that your own necessities!"

"Demme! I should think so!" interposed Titmouse.

"Required it—and, as you very properly observed, you are the best judge; certainly!"—he paused: surely Titmouse now saw his drift!

"Yes—'pon my soul!" exclaimed Titmouse.

"Why, in that case, it is only due to myself to say I can be no party to it: I have had to bear enough already that was due to others; and since I have solemnly pledged my word of honor to Mr——"

"What the devil do you mean, Gammon? Cuss me, if I can make you out a bit!" interrupted Titmouse snappishly.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Titmouse! Once for all, I say, if you want the money, you must at once sue on the bill notes; and my opinion is, you'll get the money—only, I must not appear in it, you know! But if you choose to employ some other solicitor—there's that Mr. Spitfire, for instance—to compel me to give up the notes!"

"Oh, Lord! Honor! No, no!—So bless me Heaven! I did n't mean anything of the kind," cried Titmouse alarmedly, fearful of offending Gammon, who could scarcely conceal his impatience and disgust at the stupidity of Titmouse.

"I cannot make you understand me, Titmouse! What I mean is, it is my duty not to let my feelings interfere with your interests. I now, therefore, advise you immediately to put yourself into the hands—as far as this little business is concerned—of some other solicitor, say Mr. Spitfire, in Scorpion Court; and whatever he tells you to do—do without hesitation. You will probably tell him that, if he demands the two notes on your behalf, I may, for form's sake, resist; but I know I shall be ordered to give them up! Well—I can't help it!"

"Honor now, Gammon! May I do as I like?" enquired Titmouse.

"Honor!"

"And you won't be angry? Not a bit! eh?"

"On my sacred word of honor!" replied Gammon solemnly, placing his hand on his breast.

"Then fire away, Flannagan!" cried Titmouse joyfully, snapping his fingers. "By Jove, here goes! Here's for a jolly squeeze! Ah, ha! Ten thousand drops of blood!—by Jove, he'll bleed to death! But, by the way, what will Mr. Quirk say?"

"Curse Mr. Quirk!" cried Gammon, impatiently; "you know the course you are to pursue—you are your own master, surely! What has Mr. Quirk to do with you, when I allow you to act in this way?"

"To be sure! Well! here's a go! Was n't it a lucky thought of mine to come here to night? But do n't you forget the other ten thousand—the two makes twenty thousand, by Jove! I'm set up again—ah, ha! And as soon as ever the House is up, if I do n't cut away in my span-new yacht, with a lot of jolly chaps, to the East Indies, or some other place that'll take us a good six weeks, or so, to go and come back in. Hello! Is that eleven o'clock striking?" he enquired with a start, taking out his watch; "It is, by Jove! and my pair's up; they'll be dividing—I'm off! Goodnight!"

"You remember where Mr. Spitfire lives? In Scorpion Court, Strand. I must say, he's one of the most respectable men in the profession; and so quick!"

"Ah—I remember! I'll be with him the moment after breakfast!" replied Titmouse: Gammon shook him by the hand—feeling, when he had shut both his doors, as if he had been playing with an ape. "Oh, thou indefinable and undiscoverable principle regulating human affairs!" thought he, falling into a reverie, a bitter scowl settling on his strongly marked features; "of what nature soever thou art, and if any such there really be, what conceivable purpose can'st thou have had in view in placing this execrable idiot and me, in our relative positions?" He pursued this line of reflection for some time, till he had got into a far more melancholy and misanthropical humor than he had ever before fallen into—till, recollecting himself, and with a deep sigh, he rang for a fresh supply of coffee from his drowsy landress; and then exerted himself vigorously till nearly five o'clock in the morning, at which hour he got, exhausted, into bed.

During the ensuing day, sure enough, he received a letter signed "Simon Spitfire," and dated from "Scorpion Court," informing him that its respectable writer "was instructed to apply to him, on the part of Mr. Titmouse, for the immediate delivery up of two promissory notes for £5,000 each, given by one Charles Aubrey to the aforesaid Titmouse," and "begging Mr. Gammon's immediate attention thereto." Gammon immediately copied out and sent a letter

ter which he had prepared before-hand—taking very high ground indeed, but slipping in an encouraging admission of the strict legal right of Mr. Spitfire's client. "I was, in short, a lovely letter—showing its writer to be one of the most fastidiously high-minded men living; but producing not the least favorable effect upon the mind of Mr. Spitfire, who instantly forwarded a formal and peremptory demand of the two documents in question. Gammon wrote a second letter, alluding to an unguarded admission made in his former letter, which he most devoutly hoped would not be used against him; and in terms of touching and energetic eloquence, re-asserted that, though the letter of the law might be against him, he conceived that, in point of honor, and, indeed, of justice, he was warranted in adhering to the solemn promise he had made to a gentleman for whom he entertained the most profound respect; and, in short, he flatly refused to give up the instruments demanded. Inconceivable was the exultation of Mr. Spitfire, on finding himself getting so much the better of so astute a person as Mr. Gammon; he took an opportunity of showing to every one who came to the office, how Mr. Gammon had laid himself open to the superior tactics of Mr. Spitfire. He then wrote a fine flourishing letter to wind up the correspondence, and stick into an affidavit, in the course of which he apprised Mr. Gammon that the Court of King's Bench would be immediately applied to for a rule calling upon him forthwith to deliver up the documents in question. On this, Mr. Gammon drew up an imposing and admirable affidavit, setting forth all the correspondence; and, as soon as he had been served with the rule nisi, he instructed the Attorney-General, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Crystal, to "show cause" against it; knowing, of course, as well as counsel, with whom he did not think it necessary to hold a consultation, (for fear they should press him to give up the notes without showing cause,) that there was no earthly chance of successfully resisting the rule. When he took his seat under the Attorney-General, just before that learned person rose to show cause against the rule, he touched Mr. Gammon on the shoulder, and very warmly complimented him on the highly honorable and friendly feeling which he had manifested toward the unfortunate Mr. Aubrey; but he feared that the case, as far as the legal means went, was too plain for argument; but he had looked with unusual care over the affidavits on which the rule had been obtained, and at the form of the rule itself—and rejoiced to say he felt confident that he should be able to discharge the rule, with costs:—at which Mr. Gammon turned suddenly pale—with joyous surprise, as the Attorney-General imagined; he not knowing Gammon so well as we do. The reader is now in a position to appreciate the following report of what took place—and (*inter nos*) which said report had been drawn up for the *Morning Groul*, by Mr. Gammon himself.

#### "COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Yesterday.

(*In Banco*.)

*Ex parte TITMOUSE.*

"This was a rule, obtained by Mr. SUTTLE on a previous day of the term, calling upon Mr. Gammon, of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, to show cause why he should not forthwith deliver up to Mr. Titmouse, M. P. for Yattson, two promissory notes, each for the payment, on demand to that gentleman, of £5,000, with interest, by Charles Aubrey. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, MR. STERLING, and MR. CRYSTAL, now appeared to show cause—and took a preliminary objection to the form of the rule. After a very long discussion, the Court decided that the rule might be moulded so as to meet the facts of the case, and directed cause to be shown on the merits.

"From the affidavits filed in answer to the rule, it appeared that shortly after the termination of the late important case of *Doe dem. Titmouse v. Aubrey*, (in which, it will be recollected, the lessor succeeded in establishing his right to a very large estate in Yorkshire,) Mr. Gammon had been very active in endeavoring to effect an amicable arrangement concerning the *mesne profits*; and after great exertions, had persuaded his client, Mr. Titmouse, to enter into an arrangement highly advantageous to Mr. Aubrey—who was to be released, (as we understood,) from no less a sum than Sixty Thousand Pounds, due in respect of the *mesne profits*, on giving the two promissory notes, which were the subject of the present application. It further appeared, that on obtaining Mr. Aubrey's signature to these promissory notes, Mr. Gammon had explicitly and repeatedly assured him that he need be under no apprehension of being called on for payment for several years; but that the notes should remain in the hands of Mr. Gammon, and should not be put in suit till after a twelvemonth's notice had been given to Mr. Aubrey. It did not distinctly appear whether Mr. Titmouse was ever made aware of this understanding between Mr. Gammon and Mr. Aubrey—at all events, nothing had ever passed in writing upon the subject. Mr. Gammon, on the contrary, frankly admitted it to be possible that Mr. Titmouse might have been under the impression, while surrendering so great a claim against Mr. Aubrey, that the sum secured by the two promissory notes was to have been before this time liquidated. There was no affidavit made on the subject by Mr. Aubrey. It also appeared that Mr. Titmouse had not hitherto received any portion of the large amount, £20,000, yet due in respect of the *mesne profits*. The affidavits read by the Attorney-General set forth a correspondence which had taken place between Mr. Titmouse's solicitor and Mr. Gammon, in which the latter insisted, in the most strenuous terms, upon the *honorable engagement* under which he conceived himself to be to Mr. Aubrey, and solemnly declared his belief that Mr. Aubrey was under a similar impression; at the same time, there were expressions in Mr. Gammon's letters, from which it was plain that he admitted the right, in point of strict law, of Mr. Titmouse to the documents in question. It also appeared from the affidavits of Mr. Titmouse, and was not denied by those of Mr. Gammon, that the former had repeatedly urged the latter to deliver up the notes, or commence proceedings against Mr. Aubrey—but that Mr. Gammon had, on all such occasions previous to the present one, succeeded in dissuading him from his purpose. It had, moreover, been alleged on behalf of Mr. Titmouse, that Mr. Gammon was acting in collusion with Mr. Aubrey, to defeat the just claim of Mr. Titmouse; but this the Attorney-General indignantly disclaimed on the part of Mr. Gammon, whose conduct throughout showed the nicest sense of honor, and the ut-



most possible anxiety to interfere between an unfortunate gentleman and utter ruin. But,

"The Court, without calling on Mr. SUBTLE, (with whom were Mr. Gosse and Mr. Mud,) said the rule must clearly be made absolute. The legal right of Mr. Titmouse to the notes was admitted by Mr. Gammon's own affidavit; and there was no pretence for holding, that as against Mr. Titmouse, Mr. Gammon, who was only one of that gentleman's attorneys, had any right to withhold the documents in question. No authority from Mr. Titmouse to Mr. Gammon to make the alleged representations to Mr. Aubrey, had been shown, and consequently that gentleman could in no way be bound by them. He was not even shown to have been aware of them. It was not pretended that Mr. Gammon, or any of his partners, had any *lien* on the notes, which must be therefore given up to Mr. Titmouse. With respect to the imputation against Mr. Gammon, of being in collusion with Mr. Aubrey, Lord Widdington added, that from what his lordship himself knew of Mr. Aubrey, it was impossible for a moment to imagine him capable of any thing inconsistent with the strictest honor; and that Mr. Gammon's conduct showed that, though mistaken as to the extent of his power over the notes entrusted to him, he had acted from the purest motives, and evinced an honorable anxiety to serve the interests of one whom he believed to be unfortunate. The rule was then made absolute; but on Mr. Subtle applying for the costs, the remainder of the day was occupied in an elaborate discussion upon the question—which, however, was eventually referred to the Master."

Nor was this all. The intelligent editor of the *Morning Groul*, happening to cast his eye over the above, while lying in proofs, made it the subject of an eloquent leading article, in which were contained many just and striking reflections on the frequent inconsistency between law and justice, of which the present, he said, was a glaring instance. It was truly lamentable to find truth, and honor, generosity, and justice, all sacrificed to the wretched technicalities, the petty quirks and quibbles, of the law—which required a radical reform. Indeed, the whole system of our jurisprudence called for the most searching revision, which, he hoped, would ere long take place. Then followed some powerful animadversions upon the conduct of Lord Widdington in giving effect to such pettifogging subterfuges as had that day served plainly to defeat the ends of justice; and the article concluded by calling upon his lordship to resign his seat on the bench, and make way for a more liberal and enlightened successor, who would decide every case that came before him, according to the dictates of natural equity and common sense, without being trammelled by such considerations as at present fettered and impeded the due administration of justice. It did so happen, that this same incompetent Lord Widdington had called down upon himself and his court the foregoing philippic, by having imposed a smart fine upon the publisher of the *Morning Groul*, and superadded a twelvemonth's imprisonment, for a very gross and infamous libel upon an amiable and dignified ecclesiastic; and this, too, his lordship had done, after overruling an almost interminable series of frivolous and vexatious technical objections to the proceedings, urged by the defendant's counsel, in conformity with his urgent instruction to take every possible advantage.

At the earliest moment at which Mr. Aubrey could, without suspicion, extricate himself from the embraces of his overjoyed wife, sister, and children, on his return to Vivian street, he withdrew to his study, in order to despatch some letters, but principally, as the reader may easily imagine, to peruse the paper given him by Mr. Runnington with such ominous significance. His eye soon caught the words, "*Ex parte Titmouse*,"—and he read through the above report of the proceedings with exceeding agitation. He read it over twice or thrice, and felt really sick at heart.

"Oh, unfortunate Gammon!" he exclaimed, at length, aloud, laying down the paper, and sinking into his chair. "Surely I am the weakest, or you the subtlest of mankind!" He turned over in his thoughts every thing that he could recollect of Gammon's conduct from the first moment that they had met. He felt completely baffled and bewildered—and again perused the report of the proceedings in the King's Bench—and would have again relapsed into thought, but his eye happened to alight on two or three notes lying on his table, where they had been placed by Fanny, having come in his absence. He opened the first listlessly, not knowing the hand-writing; but, on unfolding it, he started violently on recognising the hand-writing of Gammon within; and with mingled wonder and fear, read as follows:

"TRAVELER'S INN.

"Dear Sir: God only knows when or where these hasty lines will find you. I am forced to address them to Vivian street, being in total ignorance of your intended movements. If you have not taken my advice, and withdrawn from the kingdom, I know not what grievous indignity may not have befallen you. You may have been torn from your family, and now incarcerated in prison, the victim of a most cruel and inveterate rapacity. My conscience bears me witness that I can say—I can do—no more on your behalf. I am grossly misrepresented—I am insulted, by having base and sinister motives attributed to me, for my conduct toward you—for my anxious and repeated interference in your behalf. In the *Morning Groul* of to-day you will probably see—if you have not already seen—the report of some proceedings against me, yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench. It may apprise you of the last desperate stand I have made in your behalf. It is with bitter regret—it is with a feeling of deep indignation that I tell you I am unable to fulfil my solemn, my deliberate, my repeated promise to you concerning the two promissory notes which you deposited with me, in implicit reliance on my honor. Alas! you must prepare for the worst! Mr. Titmouse and his new adviser can have, of course, but one object in requiring the surrender of the two promissory notes, which I have already been compelled to give up, under peril of an attachment for contempt of court. I have strained, God knows! every nerve on your behalf; have all but fatally quarreled with Mr. Titmouse, and with my partners; and I stand in some measure compromised, by the recent proceedings, before the profession and the public—and all in vain! Yet, once more—if you are not blinded and infatuated beyond all example or belief—I implore you, in the name of Heaven—by every consideration that should influence a man of honor and of feeling—fly!—lose not a second after reading

these lines, (which I entreat you to destroy when read,) or that second may involve your ruin—and the ruin of all connected with you! Believe me, your distressed—your unalterable friend,  
O. G."

Mr. Aubrey laid down this letter; and sinking back again into his chair, yielded for some moments to an impulse very nearly akin to despair. "Oh God!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand against his aching forehead—to what hast thou destined us, thy wretched creatures!—I am forbidden to believe—I cannot—I will not believe—that thou hast made us only to torment us; yet, alas! my spirit is at last drooping under these accumulating evils!—Oh God! Oh God! I am blind! Give me sight to discover thy will concerning me!—Oh, give me not up to despair! Break not the bruised reed! Quench not the smoking flax!—What is to become of me? Is this man thy messenger of evil to me? Is he the subtle and vindictive fiend I fear him to be? What can be his object—his motive—for resorting to such tortuous and complicated scheming against us as must be his, if he be playing thy hypocrite—Or is he really what he represents himself? And am I guilty of groundless distrust—of gross ingratitude?—What shall I think, what can I do? Oh, my God, preserve my senses to me—my understanding! My brain seems reeling! My perceptions are becoming disturbed!—Perhaps this very night, the frightful scene of the morning may be acted over again! again my bleeding heart be torn from those it loves—to whom thou hast united it! A deep sigh, or rather groan, burst from him; and leaning over the table, he buried his face in his hands, and remained for some time in that posture.

"What am I to do?" he presently inquired, rising, and walking to and fro. "Fly—he says! Were I weak and unprincipled enough to do so, should I not, in all human probability, fall into the deepest pit he has dug for me? But be that as it may—fly I will not! Never! Never! Those dear—those precious beings in yonder"—his heart thrilled within him—"may weep for me, but shall never blush for me!"

"Why—how horrid is my position! Ten—ten thousand pounds and upwards, must either I pay, or Lord de la Zouch for me, within a few months; here is a second ten thousand pounds, with nearly five hundred pounds of interest; I am to-day arrested for nearly fifteen hundred pounds; and this man Titmouse holds my bond for two thousand pounds more, and interest! Is it, then, thy will, O God! that I am to sink beneath thy troubles? Am I to perish from thy sight? To be crushed beneath thy displeasure?—Or, merciful!—wilt Thou save me, when there is none other to help?"

Calmness seemed stealing insensibly over his troubled spirit; his agitated feelings sank gradually into an indescribable and wonderful repose; in that dismal moment of extreme suffering, his soul became blessedly sensible of its relationship to God;—that he was not the miserable victim of chance—as the busy spirit of darkness incessantly whispered in his ear—but in the hands of the Father of the spirits of all flesh, who listened, in his behalf, to the pleading of One touched with the feeling of our infirmities—who was in all points tempted, even as we are. His fainting soul felt sustained as by the grace for which it had sought; the oil and balm of a sound scriptural consolation were poured into his wounds. Before his quickened eye arose many bright figures of those who had overcome the fiercest assaults of the Evil One, resisting even unto death: he felt for a moment compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses to the mercy and goodness of God. Oh, in that moment, how wonderfully little seemed the sorrows which had before appeared so great! He felt, in a manner, at once humbled and exalted. Invisible support clung to his confident soul—as it were the arm of Him who will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. He sank silently upon his knees; and with clasped hands, and his face raised toward heaven, with profound contrition of spirit, yet with firm faith, besought the mercy which God has promised to those who thus will ask for it. Thus occupied, he did not perceive the door gently opened, and by Mrs. Aubrey—who, closing it hastily after her, flung her arm round his neck, sinking down beside him, and in a low, fond voice, exclaimed—"Oh, my own love! My own Charles! My poor, oppressed, persecuted, heart-broken husband! Pray for me—me also!" He gently returned her embrace, looking at her unutterable things; and after they had remained thus for a few moments, they arose. He gazed at her with unspeakable tenderness, and a countenance full of serenity and resignation. He gently soothed her agitated feelings, and succeeded in communicating to her a measure of the composure which he experienced himself. Before they had quitted that little room, he had even apprised her, faithfully, of the peril which momentarily menaced them—and again the cold waters gushed over her soul. At length, however, she had recovered her self-possession sufficiently to return to the room she had quitted, and instantly blanched Miss Aubrey's cheek by communicating the new terrors which threatened them.

Just as they were finishing dinner—a mere mockery, however, of a meal—a double knock at the door occasioned them all not a little agitation; but, as the event proved, needlessly, since it announced the arrival of only their kind experienced friend, Mr. Runnington—who evidently felt infinitely relieved at finding that Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey had been made acquainted by Mr. Aubrey with the additional source of apprehension afforded by the report of the King's Bench proceedings. Mr. Runnington felt assured that within twenty-four hours' time proceedings would be taken against Mr. Aubrey; whom, however, he reminded that as in the former, so in the anticipated case, the extent of his immediate anxiety would be the finding bail for so very serious an amount: but that difficulty surmounted, he would be safe from personal annoyance and apprehension till the ensuing November.

Mr. Aubrey then proceeded to inform Mr. Runnington of the death of old Lady Stratton, and the grievous events connected with it, amidst the tears and sobs of Mrs. Aubrey and Kate. Though he said but little, his countenance showed how truly shocked he was at the intelligence. "Never in my experience," at length he observed, "a thirty-six years' experience in the profession, have I heard of, or met with, such a case of complicated misfortune as yours! 'But is is,' as the old proverb has it, 'a long lane

that has no turning.' We must trust, my dear sir, to the chapter of accidents."

"Oh, Mr. Runnington!" interrupted Aubrey, with animation, "there is no such thing. It is the order of Providence."

They then entered into a long conversation; in the course of which—"If our fears—our worst fears—be confirmed," observed Runnington, "and they venture to put in suit these two notes—then they will have thrown down the gauntlet. I'll take it up—and there's no knowing what may turn up, when we come to close quarters. First and foremost, I'll tax every farthing of the alleged 'balance' of their monstrous bill—ay, I'll stake my reputation on it, that I leave them not a shilling; but, on the contrary, prove that you have already greatly overpaid them."

"Alas! have I not, however, pledged myself to Mr. Gammon not to do so?" interrupted Aubrey.

"Pshaw!—Forgive me, but this is absurd. Indeed, Mr. Aubrey, it is really out-heroding Herod! All is fair against adversaries such as these! Besides, if you must be scrupulous and fastidious—and I honor you for it—there's another way of putting it, which I fancy settles the matter. By Mr. Titmouse putting these bills in suit, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's promise to you is not performed—it is broken; and so there is an end of yours, which is dependent upon the promise of theirs."

"That is only on the supposition that they are playing me false—whereas the proceedings yesterday in court, especially when coupled with Mr. Gammon's letters to me"

"All hollow! hollow!" replied Mr. Runnington, shaking his head. "False and hypocritical! Who could trust to Gammon? This fellow Titmouse, whom they are doubtless fleecing daily, is in all probability desperately driven; and they have allowed him to get hold of these two bills after a sham resistance on the part of Gammon, in order to call forward your friends to the rescue—that's their game, depend upon it!" Mr. Aubrey fired at the bare thought. "Yet I must own I am at a loss to discover what motive or object Mr. Gammon can have for going so far out of his way to secure your good opinion, or for wrapping himself in so impenetrable a disguise. He is a very, very deep devil, that Gammon; and, depend upon it, has some sinister purpose to effect, which you will by and by discover!" Mr. Aubrey then, for the first time, acquainted Mr. Runnington with Gammon's recent proposals to Miss Aubrey, at which Mr. Runnington seemed for some moments struck dumb with astonishment.

"I presume," at length said he, turning with a brief and sad smile toward Miss Aubrey, whose reddening cheek betokened the interest she felt in the conversation—"I presume, Miss Aubrey, there is no chance of our seeing you pass into—Mrs. Gammon?"

"I should rather think not, Mr. Runnington," she replied, with sufficient loftiness of manner; "and I am quite at a loss to conceive what could possibly have put such a thing into his head."

"Certainly, Mr. Runnington," said Aubrey, "I can undertake to say that my sister never gave him any encouragement."

"Encouragement?—Horrid man!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with great vivacity. "I could never bear him—you know it, Charles—so do you Agnes!" Mr. Runnington made no further observation on the subject, though his thoughts were very busy: he was satisfied that he was beginning to discover a clue of Gammon's conduct—for that that gentleman was acting with profound duplicity, Mr. Runnington entertained no doubt whatever; and he resolved to watch his every motion connected with Mr. Aubrey, closely.

"What will be the earliest period," inquired Mr. Aubrey, "at which Mr. Titmouse, if so disposed, can put in suit my bond given to the late Lady Stratton?"

"As soon as he has obtained the grant of letters of administration, which cannot take place till the end of fourteen days from her ladyship's death; that being one difference, as you are aware, between the powers of an executor and an administrator." Mr. Aubrey sighed, and made no reply; while Mr. Runnington looked at him for some moments in silence, as if doubting whether to mention something which had occurred to him. At length—"Of course, Mr. Aubrey," he commenced, "one does not like to raise groundless hopes or fears; but, do you know, I am by no means free from doubts as to the reality of Lady Stratton's intestacy—whether the draft of her proposed will, brought to her by Mr. Parkinson, could not be admitted to probate. Very—very nice questions, as you must be aware, often arise out of cases like these! Since seeing you this morning, I have written off to Mr. Parkinson for full and private information on the point; and if I get a satisfactory answer, with your consent I will certainly lodge a caveat against the grant of titles of administration. That would indeed checkmate them! But I have very slight hopes indeed of receiving such an answer as one could wish," added Mr. Runnington, fearful of exciting fruitless expectations. Shortly afterwards Miss Aubrey, who had appeared for some little time laboring under considerable excitement, addressing her brother, said, with evident embarrassment: "Charles, I am very anxious to mention something that has occurred to me of a very singular nature—if you think I am at liberty to do so; and I shall first ask you and Mr. Runnington, whether, under the circumstances, you consider me entitled to disclose what I allude to."

"Kate, Kate!—what is this? What do you mean? You quite alarm me!" inquired her brother, with an amazed air.

"Suppose Mr. Gammon, on the occasion of his calling upon me, which has been recently mentioned, volunteered a statement of a very, very extraordinary description—one that has ever since quite haunted me, day and night. Mind, Charles—I say that, in the first instance, he volunteered it, only expressing an earnest wish that I should mention it to no one; on which I said I should make no promise, but act as I might think proper; and after my saying this, he made the communication I allude to. Should I be at liberty," continued Miss Aubrey, eagerly and anxiously, "now to disclose what he told me? I am dying to do it, if I may, honorably."

"My dear Kate, I really fear you are wandering—that you are overcome with the sufferings you have gone through to-day," said her brother tenderly, and with infinite concern.

"Indeed, Charles, I am not," she answered, with great earnestness.

"Then I am of opinion that you may most certainly mention any thing so communicated to you—I have no doubt, Kate."

"Nor I, Miss Aubrey," added Mr. Runnington eagerly; "nay, I go further—with a man like him, I think it is your duty to disclose any thing he may have said to you."

"Miss Aubrey paused for a few moments, and then mentioned the singular circumstance with which the reader is already acquainted; namely, Mr. Gammon's distinct and solemn assurance to her, that he possessed the power of restoring her brother to the possession of Yatton; and that, too, by legal and honorable means; and that, if she would but promise to receive him as her suitor, he would pledge himself to replace them all at Yatton before claiming the performance of his promise."

Mr. Aubrey, Mrs. Aubrey, and Mr. Runnington, all listened to this strange story in silence, and gazed in astonishment at Miss Aubrey.

"Forgive me, dear madam," said Mr. Runnington at length, exchanging an incredulous glance with her brother, "if I—I—express a doubt whether you are not laboring under a complete misconception."

"'Tis impossible, Kate!" added her brother; but he knew, at the same time, his sister's strong sense; and all doubt vanished from his mind and that of Mr. Runnington on her calmly and distinctly repeating what she had just said—giving even the very expressions made use of by Mr. Gammon, and which, she said, they might easily believe had made a very deep impression on her mind.

"It's inconceivable!" exclaimed her brother, after a long pause.

"It's an audacious and cruel falsehood, in my opinion," said Mr. Runnington; and all again were silent. Then he hastily ran his eye over the main points in the late proceedings by which Mr. Aubrey had been ejected from Yatton. "Either," he continued, after a pause, "he is a gross liar, or is laboring under insanity—or there has been shocking, atrocious villany practised against you. If he is in his senses, and he speaking the truth—gracious Heaven! he must have brought forward a series of perjured witnesses at the trial."

"Did he drop any hint, Kate, as to the means by which he could bring about such a result?" inquired her brother after a long pause, during which he too had been, like Mr. Runnington, reflecting on the course of proof by which the case of Titmouse had been supported.

"No—not the remotest; of that I am certain. I observed that particularly; though shortly afterward, I was so overcome by what he had said, and also by the manner in which he said it, that I fainted. Mr. Gammon must have carried me to the sofa; for when I came to myself I was lying there—though, when I felt myself losing my consciousness, I was standing near the window, which I had risen to open."

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard in my life, I protest!" exclaimed Mr. Runnington, thoughtfully; while Mr. Aubrey rose from his chair, and walked a few steps to and fro, obviously laboring under much excitement.

"Kate, Kate!" said he rather vehemently, "you should have told me this the instant you next saw me!"

For Heaven's sake, be calm, dearest Charles!" cried Mrs. Aubrey, herself not a little agitated by the extraordinary intelligence just communicated by Kate, for the first time, even to her. Poor Miss Aubrey, on seeing the way in which her communication had been received, heartily regretted having mentioned the matter.

"This will require very great consideration, Mr. Aubrey, to know how to deal with it, and with Gammon," said Runnington. "I am inclined to think, at present, that he would hardly have ventured upon so outrageous a piece of folly, as making such a representation as this, had there been no foundation for it in fact; and yet, I am quite astonished that a man so acute, so signally self-possessed, should have so committed himself—he must have been under some great excitement at the moment."

"He certainly was, or at least seemed, a good deal agitated while he was with me," quoth Kate, coloring a little.

"That is highly probable, Miss Aubrey," replied Mr. Runnington, with a faint smile. "It must have appeared to him as one of the most likely occurrences, that Miss Aubrey should mention to you, Mr. Aubrey, so extraordinary a circumstance! It is very, very difficult to imagine Mr. Gammon thrown off his guard, on any occasion."

Then ensued an anxious and prolonged conversation on the subject, in which many conjectures were made, but without leading to any satisfactory issue; quite a new light seemed now thrown upon all his past acts, and the whole tenor of his conduct. They read over his last two notes with new and deep interest, on the supposition that, while writing them he was conscious of possessing the power which he had represented. All was mystery. Then was discussed the question, as to the propriety of either Mr. Runnington or Mr. Aubrey applying to Mr. Gammon on the subject—a step which was, however, postponed for future and more mature consideration. Another thing suggested itself to Mr. Aubrey, but he kept it to himself: should he at once apprise Mr. Gammon of the fact that Kate was in a manner unquestionably engaged to Mr. Delamere, and so, at once and for ever, extinguish all hope on the part of Mr. Gammon?

The evening, however, was now advancing, and Mr. Runnington pressed upon Mr. Aubrey the object he had chiefly had in view in calling. It was to prevail on Mrs. Aubrey and himself to accompany him that evening to his country house, which lay in the direction of Richmond, at about six miles distance from town, and where, for a brief interval, they might enjoy a respite from the frightful suspense and danger to which they were at present exposed in Vivian street. Mrs. Aubrey and Kate most earnestly seconded the kind importunities of Mr. Runnington; and after considerable hesitation Mr. Aubrey consented. It was accordingly arranged, that, Mr. Runnington's carriage not being in town, he should return within an hour with a glass coach; and that, during the ensuing day, Mrs. Runnington should drive to town for the purpose of bringing back with her Miss Aubrey, and little Charles and Agnes. This having been determined upon, Mr. Runnington quitted them, promising to return within an hour, when he hoped to find them ready to start, and equipped for a several days so-

jour. As soon as he had left the house, Mr. Aubrey's scruples began to revive: it appeared to him, that though it might be for a short time only, still it was, in effect, an absconding from his creditors: and there is no knowing but that his fastidious scruples, his delicate sense of rectitude, might have led him after all to send off Mrs. Aubrey alone, when, poor soul! he was spared the trial by an incident which occurred about half an hour after Mr. Runnington's departure. Mrs. Aubrey was sitting in the parlor in a travelling dress, fondling little Agnes, and talking earnestly to Kate about the management of the two children, and other matters; while Mr. Aubrey, also ready to start, was in the study selecting a book or two to take with him, when a heavy single knock at the door, unaccompanied by the sound of coach-wheels, nearly paralysed all three of them. Suffice it to say, that within a few minutes' time the wretched and almost heart-broken Aubrey was a second time in custody, and at the suit of Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., M. P., for the principal sum of ten thousand pounds, and interest for twelve months, at the rate of five pounds *per centum per annum*. The agonizing scene which ensued I shall leave entirely to the reader's imagination—observing only, that the two minions of the law into whose hands Aubrey had now fallen, seemed totally indifferent to the anguish they witnessed. Their chief was a well-known sheriff's officer—one VICE; short, fat, bloated; deeply pitted with the small-pox; close-cut black hair, almost as coarse as that of a hog; while the expression of his features was at once callous and insolent. Aubrey perceived at a glance that he had no consideration or mercy to expect at the hands of such a man as this; and the fellow very much resembled his master.

"You're my prisoner, sir," said Vice, walking up to Aubrey, and with an air of matter-of-fact brutality taking hold of his collar with one hand, while in the other he held his warrant. "If you like to clap a great coat on, as it's getting late, you may; but the sooner you're off out of the way of all this here noise, the better—I should say."

"For God's sake wait for a few minutes—I have a friend coming," said Aubrey, his wife clinging to his arm.

"D—d if I wait a moment, that's flat!" quoth Vice, glancing at the two boxes in the passage, and guessing from them, and the travelling dress of Mrs. Aubrey, that he had arrived just in the very nick of time to prevent an escape.

"For the love of Heaven, stay only five minutes!" cried Kate, passionately wringing her hands—but she might as well have addressed a blacksmith's anvil as either of the men who were now masters of her doomed brother's person.

"'Tis useless, Kate—'tis in vain, my love!" said he, with a melancholy air; and turning to Vice, who, with his companion, stood at only a few inches' distance from him—"perhaps you will allow me to write down the address of the place you are taking me?" he enquired, somewhat sternly.

"Write away then, and make haste: for, write or no write, you're off!"

Mr. Aubrey hastily wrote down in pencil, for Mr. Runnington, "VICE—Squeezum Court, Cary Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields;" and then, having hastily drawn on his great coat—without taking with him even a change of linen—(for Vice would seem to have got the idea of a rescue into his head, and who, besides, was anxious to run not, the least risk with a *ten thousand pounds' debtor*)—tore himself from the frenzied embrace of his wife and sister, and quitted the house. Vice had refused even to let his man go in quest of a hackney-coach, or to wait while Fanny ran for one; and the moment they had got into the street, the cries of Mrs. Aubrey and Kate yet ringing in Mr. Aubrey's ears, Vice put his arm with rough familiarity into that of Mr. Aubrey, directing his follower to do the same; and in this style they hurried Mr. Aubrey along the whole of the distance between Vivian Street and Squeezum Court; he uttering not one single word—but his heart almost bursting. Vice had received his instructions from Mr. Spitfire, who was a very dashing practitioner, and, perfectly well knowing the value of every day toward the close of term, had got his affidavit of debt prepared and ready sworn, and every thing in readiness, even before the rule had been made absolute against Mr. Gammon. As the two captors and their prize—a gentleman between two ruffians—passed at a smart pace along the streets, they attracted considerable attention; now and then, even a little crowd would follow them for half the length of the street. Once Mr. Aubrey caught the words—"Poor fellow! Forgery no doubt—he's a dead man in a month!"

Vice's look-up was, though similar in its general appearance, yet of a much inferior description to that of Grab. It was smaller and meaner. They reached it a little after eight o'clock.

"Are you for the parlor, or the common room?" enquired Vice, as soon as they had entered the house.

"Which you please," replied Aubrey, quickly and gloomily.

"Pr'aps you'd better show the gemman up-stairs," said the follower, hesitatingly, to his master.

"You pay extra up-stairs," quoth Vice; "which shall it be?"

"I have no money, sir, to spare—I know your extortion-ating!"

"Oh, come along then!" replied Vice, insolently; and in a minute or two Mr. Aubrey found himself in a tolerably large, but low room, at the back of the house, lit by three or four candles. There were some ten or twelve persons in it, who were smoking, drinking, reading the newspapers, playing at cards, dice, pitch-farthing, and so forth. All seemed in good spirits, and suspended for a moment their various occupations to scrutinize the new-comer—on whom the door was in a twinkling closed and locked.

"Now, sir, just in time to cut in," said a thin pale man, stepping briskly up to him from a table at which he and two others had just begun to play a rubber. "Now, sir," he continued, in a confident tone, working the edges of the cards rapidly through his fingers with the air of an adept, and then proffering the pack to Mr. Aubrey.

"I do not play," replied Aubrey in a low tone.

"Better take a card—drive dull care away: you'll be devilish dull here without play of some sort."

"I do not play, sir—I certainly shall not," repeated Mr. Aubrey, somewhat peremptorily.

"Only half-crown points—can't hurt you," he continued,

with a flippant air; and Mr. Aubrey walked from him with an air of disgust toward another part of the room.

"You're a liar!" said one of two men playing at drafts, to the other, a dispute having arisen about the game as Mr. Aubrey passed them.

"You're a cheat!" was the answer, on which the man so addressed suddenly and violently flung a half-empty tumbler of brandy and water at the other; it took effect on the forehead of his companion, who fell stunned from his chair, on which there was a general rush toward the spot. In the midst of this sickening scene the door was opened by Vice—

"Hollo—what's the matter?" said he, locking the door after him, and coming up to the group round the fallen and miserable man who had been struck.

"Who did it?" cried he, fiercely, on catching sight of the prostrate man.

"I did," answered the perpetrator of the outrage, "he called me a cheat."

"You did!" quoth Vice, suddenly grasping him by the collar, as with the hand of a giant, and forcing him, despite his struggling, down to the floor, when he put one knee on his breast, and then shook him till he began to get black in the face.

"D—n it, Vice, do n't murder him," cried one of the bystanders—all of whom seemed disposed to interfere; but at this point, the man who had been struck, and had been lying for some minutes motionless, suddenly began to dash about his arms and legs convulsively—for he had fallen into a fit of epilepsy. The attention of all present was now absorbed by this one dreadful figure; and the man whom Vice had quitted, rose flushed and breathless from the floor, and looked with a face of horror upon the victim of his ungovernable passions.

"I must get a doctor," quoth Vice, "presently," approaching the door; and in passing Mr. Aubrey, who sat down looking exceedingly agitated—"Oh—here you are!" said he; "come along with me."

"I hope this poor man will be properly attended to."

"That's my look-out, not your's," replied Vice, rudely—"come you along with me!" and, unlocking the door, he motioned Mr. Aubrey, and, after sending off a man for a surgeon, led Mr. Aubrey into a kind of office—where he was instantly clasped by the hands by Mr. Runnington, who had been there some five minutes. He looked like an angel in the eyes of Mr. Aubrey, who returned his cordial pressure with convulsive energy, but in silence, for his shocked and overcharged feelings forbade him utterance. Mr. Runnington looked both annoyed and distressed—for Vice had refused to discharge his prisoner on Mr. Runnington's undertaking, telling him the sum was a trifle too large for running any risk; and, in short, he peremptorily refused to do it without a written authority from the under-sheriff; and added, he knew it was useless for Mr. Runnington to make the application—for they had only a few months before been "let in" for eight hundred pounds in that same way—so that Mr. Runnington had better, said Vice, be looking after a good bail-bond. In a word, Vice was inexorable; and a hint of the possibility of Mr. Aubrey's flight to the continent, dropped by Mr. Spitfire to the under-sheriff, had caused that functionary to advise Vice "to look sharp after his bird."

"At all events, let Mr. Aubrey be shown into your parlor, Vice," said Mr. Runnington, "and I will settle with you when I return. I am just going to the office, to see what I can do with Mr. Ridley."

"It's no manner of use; and besides, it's ten to one you don't catch him—he's gone to Clapham by this time," said Vice, looking up at the dusky Dutch clock over the fireplace. But Mr. Runnington was not to be so easily discouraged, and started off on his friendly errand; on which Vice led Mr. Aubrey up-stairs into his "parlor," telling him, as they went up-stairs, that there were only two other "gentlemen" there, and so "them three could make it comfortable to one another, if they liked." Vice added, that as he had only one double-bedded room at liberty, they must agree among themselves which should sleep on the sofa—or perhaps take it by turns.

On entering the parlor two figures were visible; one that of a tall, pale, emaciated, gentlemanly person of about forty, who lay on the sofa, languidly smoking a cigar, more, apparently, to assuage pain than for the purpose of mere indulgence. The other was a portly gray-haired man, apparently about fifty, and also of gentlemanly appearance. He was standing with his back to the fire-place—one hand thrust into his waist-coat, and the other holding a tumbler, which he raised to his lips as Vice entered, and having drained it, requested him to replenish it. "T was the third tumbler of strong brandy and water that evening that he had just dispatched; and his restless and animated eye and voluble utterance, testified to the influence of what he had been drinking. On Vice's retiring, this gentleman began to address Mr. Aubrey in a rapid and somewhat incoherent strain—telling him of the accident which had that morning befallen him; for that Vice had laid his rough hand upon him just as he was embarking in an Indianman, off Blackwall, to bid farewell to this "cursed country" for ever. This man had been a great merchant in the city, and for a series of years universally respected. He had married a fashionable wife; and their ambition and absurd extravagance, combined with losses unquestionably originating in a want of confidence on the part of his mercantile connections, occasioned solely by his ostentation, irregularities, and inattention to business, drove him to gambling speculations. Unfortunately there, he took to courses of downright dishonesty; availing himself of his character as trustee, executor, and otherwise, to draw out of the funds from time to time, very large sums of money, to the utter ruin of some twenty or thirty unfortunate families, whose deceased relatives had quitted life with implicit confidence in his integrity. The guilty splendor thus secured him lasted for some few years, when an accident set him suddenly wrong—a beautiful girl, for whom he was sole trustee, and every farthing of whose fortune he had appropriated to his own purposes, applied to him for the immediate settlement of her property. The next morning he had stopped payment; Mincing lane was in a ferment—astonishment prevailed at the Exchange. Who could have thought it! said everybody. He was nowhere to be seen or heard of—but at length intelligence of his movements having been obtained by one of his numerous distracted victims, led to his apprehension in the way



that has been already mentioned. Of all this Mr. Aubrey, of course, could know nothing; but nevertheless, he was somewhat struck with the man's countenance and manner; but with what awful interest would Mr. Aubrey have regarded him, had he known that the miserable being before him had determined upon self-destruction—and that within ten days' time he would actually accomplish his frightful purpose! For he was found in bed, a ghastly object, with his head almost severed from his body.

In the other—a ruined *roué*—Mr. Aubrey was infinitely shocked at presently recognizing the features of one whom he had slightly known at Oxford. This was a member of an ancient and honorable family, and born to a princely fortune, which he had totally dissipated in every conceivable mode of extravagance and profligacy, both at home and abroad, and with it had also ruined his constitution. He had taken honors at Oxford, and was expected to have been very eminent in Parliament. But at college his tendency to profligacy rapidly developed itself. He became notorious for his debaucheries, and made ostentation of his infidelity. He had returned from France only a few days before, in an advanced stage of consumption; and having been pounced upon by one of his numerous infuriate creditors, hither he had been brought the evening before—and would be the next morning lodged in the Fleet, as he could procure no bail; and there he might, possibly, live till he could apply to take the benefit of the insolvent act! He at length recognized Mr. Aubrey; and raising himself up on the sofa, extended his wasted hand to Mr. Aubrey, who shook it kindly—much shocked at his appearance. What a marvellous difference between the characters of these two men!

After about half-an-hour's absence, Mr. Runnington returned, much dispirited. Mr. Ridley was not to be found; and, consequently, Mr. Aubrey must remain in his wretched quarters all night, and till probably an advanced period of the ensuing day—till, in short, Mr. Runnington had obtained responsible sureties for his putting in bail to the action. Having whispered a few words to Mr. Aubrey in the adjoining room, and slipped a five pound note into his hand, Mr. Runnington took his leave, pledging himself to lose not one moment in procuring his release; and charged with innumerable fond expressions to Mrs. Aubrey, to Kate, and to his children—to whom Mr. Runnington promised to go that night. "This is almost the bitterest moment of my life," faltered poor Aubrey; "it is very hard to bear!" and he wrung Mr. Runnington's hand—that gentleman being almost as much affected as his truly unfortunate client; who, however, on being left by Mr. Runnington, felt grateful indeed to the Almighty for so powerful and invaluable a friend.

Neither Mr. Aubrey nor Mr. Somerville—that was the name of his early acquaintance—quitted the sitting-room during the whole of the night; but as their companion retired early to the adjoining room, and immediately fell into heavy sleep, they at length entered into conversation together—conversation of a melancholy, but deeply interesting, and, I may even add, instructive character. Mr. Aubrey's notes of it are by me; but I will not risk fatiguing the indulgent reader's attention. When the chill gray morning broke, it found the two prisoners still in earnest conversation; but shortly afterward nature yielded, and they both fell asleep—Mr. Aubrey, with an humble and fervent inward prayer, commending those dear beings who were absent to the protection of Heaven, and imploring it also for himself.

Immediately on quitting Mr. Aubrey, Mr. Runnington, according to his promise, went direct to Vivian street, and the scene which he had endeavored to prepare for encountering, on their finding him return unaccompanied by Mr. Aubrey, was indeed most overpowering to his feelings, and heart-rending. Alas! how confidently had they reckoned upon an issue similar to that which had so happily occurred in the morning. 'T was the first time—the very first time—since their troubles that Mr. Aubrey and Mrs. Aubrey had been separated for one single night. And he was now the inmate of a prison! Mrs. Aubrey and Kate sat up the livelong night—a memorable and miserable night to them—counting hour after hour, whose flight was announced by the neighboring church clock. Their eyes were swollen with weeping, and their throbbing temples ached, as, at the first glimpse of dull daybreak, they drew aside the parlor curtain and threw open the window. They were, indeed, with some of old, *weary of watching*.

How little they thought—how little had Mr. Runnington been aware—that Mr. Gammon had been in the neighborhood from an early hour in the evening till a late hour of the night! Mr. Runnington had twice passed him without observation; and Gammon having witnessed, from a little distance, the cruel indignity which had been inflicted upon Aubrey, by dragging him like a felon along the streets, walked to and fro in the adjoining streets till long after Mr. Runnington's final departure, unable to muster resolution enough to call at the house, though he had once or twice paused opposite the door. His heart failed him, however, altogether; and, finally abandoning his intention, he returned to his chamber, disappointed and harassed.

About mid-day, thanks to the energetic friendship of Mr. Runnington, and the promptitude of those whose names had been given to him by Mr. Aubrey, he made his appearance in Vivian street. He saw Mrs. Aubrey and Kate as he passed, sitting at the window, anxiously on the look-out. They also saw him—sprang to the door—and opening it while he was in the act of knocking, they were instantly locked in each other's embrace. He looked pale and harassed, certainly; but, 'twas he—the beloved husband and brother—Providence had permitted them once more to meet! All their recent pangs were for a moment forgotten and drowned in the overflowing joy of such a re-union. He was already sufficiently subdued; but when he heard the footsteps of his children pattering rapidly down stairs—and heard their little voices continually, and in eager accents exclaiming, "Papa!—my papa!—where is papa?"—and when they ran up to him, and he felt their little arms round his neck—then he was overpowered—his lip quivered convulsively, and he could not refrain from bursting into tears. Oh, 't was home, poor oppressed soul!—after all—to which Providence had permitted him to return, and where he saw himself suddenly surrounded by those precious objects of his undivided and unutterable love! Indeed, there he was thankful; his heart—all their hearts—overflowed with grat-

itude. Toward the evening, they received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Neville, who were infinitely shocked on hearing of the events of the last few days, and of which they had not had the slightest intimation, living, as they did, at so great a distance, and not having seen their friends the Aubreys for several weeks. Poor souls! they also had their troubles—"t was wonderful how they contrived to exist upon the paltry pittance obtained by his ministerial duties; but they came ever with cheerfulness—unaffected and refreshing cheerfulness; they never uttered a murmur at the thorny desert which life seemed destined to prove to them, but had always a comfortable word for their weary fellow pilgrims. What a happy evening they passed together! Poor Neville was in high spirits; for an article of his, full of profound research and delicate criticism, which had cost him a great deal of labor to prepare, had at length been accepted by the editor of a classical and ecclesiastical Review, who had forwarded to him a check for ten guineas. Mr. Aubrey could scarce refrain from tears, when the simple-minded and generous Neville pressed upon him the acceptance of, at least the half of these, the unexpected proceeds of his severe toil. While they were thus sitting together, in eager and delightful conversation, there came a knock to the door, which, as may be easily believed, a little disturbed them all; but it proved to be a gentleman who asked for Miss Aubrey; and on her requesting him to come forward, who should it be, but the "gentleman" of my Lord de la Zouch; and while the color mounted into her cheek, and her heart fluttered, he placed in her hands a packet, which had just arrived from the Continent.

They all insisted on having it opened then and there; and in a few minutes' time, behold their eager admiring eyes were feasted by the sight of a most superb diamond necklace—and at the bottom of the case was a small card—which Kate, blushing violently, thrust into her bosom, in spite of all Mrs. Aubrey's efforts. There was a long letter addressed to Mr. Aubrey from Lord de la Zouch, who, with Lady de la Zouch, had been for some weeks at Paris—and one from her ladyship to Kate; and, from its bulky appearance, 't was evident either that Lady de la Zouch must have written her a prodigious long letter, or enclosed one to her from some one else. They saw Kate's uneasiness about this letter, and considerably forbore to rally her upon it. Poor girl!—she burst into tears when she looked at the glittering trinket which had been presented to her—and reflected that its cost would probably be more than would suffice to support her brother and his family for a couple of years. Her heart yearned toward them, and she longed to convert her splendid present into a form that should minister to their necessities. While touching upon this part of my history—which I always approach with diffident reluctance, as matter too delicate to be handled before the public—I must nevertheless pause for a moment, and apprise the reader of one or two little circumstances, before returning to the main course of the narrative.

Mr. Delamere was at that moment at Rome, in the course of making the usual tour of Europe, and was not expected to return to England for some months—perhaps for a year. But before quitting England he had laid close siege to Kate Aubrey; and had, indeed, obtained from her a promise, that if ever she became any one's wife, it should be his. That their engagement was sanctioned most cordially by Lord and Lady de la Zouch—two persons of as generous and noble a spirit as breathed in the world—must have been long ago abundantly manifest to the reader; and they did not the less appreciate the value of the prize secured by their son, because of the proud and delicate sense Miss Aubrey manifested of the peculiarly trying position in which she stood with relation to them. Kate's own notion upon the subject was somewhat indefinite, she having resolved not to listen to any proposal for a union with Delamere, until her unfortunate brother's affairs had assumed a more cheering and satisfactory aspect; and that might not be for some years to come. If she replied to the letter from Delamere, enclosed by Lady de la Zouch—and reply she must, to acknowledge this brilliant present—it would be the first letter she had ever written to him, which will account, in a measure, for her embarrassment. And though all of them kept up a correspondence with Lord and Lady de la Zouch—from obvious considerations of honorable delicacy and pride, they never gave the slightest intimation of the dreadful pressure they were beginning daily to experience. Lord de la Zouch remained under the impression that Mr. Aubrey was struggling, it might be slowly, but still successfully, with his difficulty; and had made up his mind, when called upon, to pay the amount of the bond into which he had entered in Aubrey's behalf, almost as a matter of course. As Aubrey desired evidently to maintain a reserve upon the subject of his private affairs, Lord de la Zouch, whatever might be his fears and suspicions, forbore to press his inquiries. How little, therefore, were either Lord and Lady de la Zouch, or their son, aware of the position in which their packets would find the Aubreys!

Within a few days, Mr. Runnington, by duly completing special bail in the two actions of *Quirk and others v. Aubrey*, and *Titmouse v. Aubrey*, had relieved Mr. Aubrey from all grounds of immediate personal apprehension for several months to come—for at least half a year; and on quitting Vivian Street, one evening, after announcing this satisfactory result of his labors, he slipped into Mr. Aubrey's hand, as he took leave of him at the door, a letter, which he desired Mr. Aubrey to read, and if he thought it worth while, to answer—at his leisure. Guess the emotions of lively gratitude, of deep respect, with which he perused the following:—

"MY DEAR SIR—You have once or twice, lately, been so kind as to express yourself obliged by the little professional services which I have recently rendered you in the ordinary course of practice. Permit me, in my turn, then, to ask a great favor of you; and, knowing your refined and exquisite sensibility, I make the request with some little apprehension, lest I should in any way wound it. I earnestly beg that you will accept a trifling loan of three hundred pounds, to be repaid as soon as you may be enabled to do so with perfect convenience to yourself. If, unhappily for yourself, that time should never arrive, believe me, you will not occasion me the slightest imaginable inconvenience; for a long and successful practice has made me long since independent of my profession, and of the world, as will, I am confident, be the case with you, should Provi-

dence spare your life. I happen to have been aware that, but for recent occurrences, it was your intention, about this time, to have commenced a second year's study, with either Mr. Crystal, or Mr. Mansfield the conveyancer. You will now, I trust, carry your intention into effect, without delay. I should venture to suggest, that at this period of the year, when the gentlemen of the common-law bar quit town for the circuit, (as will be the case within a few weeks with Mr. Crystal,) it would hardly answer your purpose to enter the chambers of a gentleman in that department; but that, as conveyancers remain in town, you will find it answer your purpose immediately to enter the chambers of Mr. Mansfield, and re-occupy your mind with those invigorating and invaluable studies in which you have already made, as I hear, so great a progress; and which will serve to divert your thoughts from those wretched objects on which otherwise they will be too apt to dwell.

"You will find that I have this day paid in to your credit, at your bankers, the sum of £300. And believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Ever your most sincere and faithful friend,

C. RUNNINGTON."

"P. S.—Do not give yourself one moment's concern about the expense of the recent proceedings, which is, I assure you, very trifling."

I say that Mr. Aubrey read this letter with heartfelt gratitude, and permitted no morbid fastidiousness to interfere with his determination to avail himself of the generous and opportune assistance of Mr. Runnington; and he resolved, moreover, to profit by his very judicious suggestions as to the course of his study, and to commence, as soon as possible, his attendance at the chambers of Mr. Mansfield. Thus, suddenly relieved, for a considerable and a definite interval, from the tremendous pressure to which he had been latterly subject, he, and indeed all of them, experienced great buoyancy and exhilaration of spirits. Could, however, their sense of tranquility and security be otherwise than shortlived? What sort of a prospect was that before them? Terrifying and hopeless, indeed. As daily melted away the precious interval between the present time and the dreadful month of November—midst whose gloomy haze was visible to his shuddering eyes the dismal porch of a prison, where he must be either immured for his life, or its greater portion, or avail himself of the bitter ignominious immunity afforded by the insolvent laws—the hearts of all of them sunk to their former depth of oppression. Still, he resolved to work while it was day; and he addressed himself to his studies with redoubled energy, and of course made proportionate advances. But all this suffering—amid all this exertion, mental and physical—began to leave visible traces in his worn and emaciated appearance; and I grieve to add, that the same cause not a little impaired the beauty and injured the spirits of the devoted and incomparable women whom Heaven had given to him like angels for his companions.

Such being the footing upon which matters stood between Mr. Delamere and Kate Aubrey, what chance had Mr. Gammon of obtaining the bright object upon which he had set his dark and baleful eye, and to secure which he was racking his brain, and devising such intricate schemes of deliberate and cruel villainy? As well might Gammon have sighed after the planet Venus—sweet star of eve!—as sought to get Kate Aubrey into his arms. Yet full before his mind's eye stood ever her image—though one would have thought that there was sufficient in his own circumstances to occupy every spare thought and feeling. Suppose the action of penalties went against him, and he should be at once fixed with a liability for some five thousand pounds, including debt and costs? And more than that sum he had recently lost in a speculation in foreign stock, besides standing in a very precarious position with respect to certain of the many speculations in which he had launched both himself and others. Under these circumstances, it became hourly of greater importance to him to secure the annuity of £2,000 pounds on the Yatten property, which he had with such difficulty extorted from Titmouse. He resolved, moreover, to try the experiment of raising money on the bond of Lord de la Zouch; and it also occurred to him as possible, that even if he should fail in the main object which he had proposed to himself, in his artful and oppressive proceedings against Aubrey, yet they might be the means of bringing forward friends to extricate him from his difficulties, by discharging the sums for which he was liable. It was, therefore, not till he had set into train the various matters which have been laid before the reader in the present portion of this history, that he set off on a hurried visit to Yorkshire, in order to ascertain the state of Lady Stratton's affairs; to make arrangements for collecting the evidence against the impending trials for bribery; and carry into effect some preliminary measure for augmenting the whole of the Yatten rent-roll, by nearly £2,000 a-year. His first interview with Mr. Parkinson apprised him distinctly of the exceedingly precarious nature of the alleged intestacy of Lady Stratton. Good Mr. Parkinson was no match for Mr. Gammon, but would have been much more nearly so if he could have done but one thing—*held his tongue*: but he was a good-natured, easy-tempered chatterer, and Gammon always extracted from him, in a few moments, whatever he knew upon any subject. 'T was thus that he succeeded in obtaining conclusive evidence of the intestacy; for Gammon discovered that the unexecuted draft of the intended will had never been seen by Lady Stratton, or read over to her; but had been drawn up by Mr. Parkinson himself, a day or two after receiving her ladyship's instructions;—that those instructions, moreover, had been merely oral.

"It is one of the most melancholy cases I ever met with!" exclaimed Gammon, with a sigh; "I suppose the reverses of the Aubrey family frequently formed a subject of her ladyship's conversation?"

"Oh, she has talked with me for hours together—and even very shortly before her last illness."

"It is, methinks, enough to raise the poor old lady from her grave, to find her property diverted thus to one who does not want it, and who was a total stranger!"

"Ay, it is indeed!"

"I am a little surprised, to tell you the truth, that under the circumstances, her ladyship should not have thought of at least sharing the policy between Miss Aubrey and Mr."

"I do assure you that that is the very thing I have heard her several times talking about, lately!"

"That will do, thought his wily companion; "thank God, she's clearly *intestate* then, for Parkinson's draft does not contain her *last* will and testament—that will do—thank you, my honest friend!" This was what was passing through Gammon's mind, while a sympathizing expression was upon his face, and he shook his head, and deplored the untoward event which had happened, in very pathetic terms indeed. On quitting Mr. Parkinson, Gammon thus pursued the train of his thoughts:

"What if I should allow this paper to be admitted to probate? Let me see—it will give Miss Aubrey some fifteen thousand pounds:—or one might take out administration in favor of Titmouse, and then suggest to her that I had the means of nullifying the proceedings, and carrying into effect Lady Stratton's intentions—the letter may be repeated at any time.—Stay, however. It is by no means impossible, that when Parkinson comes to communicate with Aubrey, or that deep old fellow Runnington, they may think of lodging a caveat against our letter of administration; but they'll fail—for Parkinson must speak conclusively on that point. So, perhaps, the better way will be, to take out administration in the usual way, and see what they will do. Then, there's Aubrey's bond—poor devil!—is it not unfortunate for him? But that shall be reserved; let us see the effect of the others first."

When Mr. Gammon returned to Yatton from the late Lady Stratton's residence, he found several letters awaiting his arrival. One was from Mr. Quirk—poor muddle-headed old soul!—all went wrong with him, the moment that he missed Gammon from beside him. He wrote letters every day, that were a faithful type of the confusion that always prevailed in his thoughts; for though he was "up to" the ordinary criminal business of the office, in which he had had some forty years' experience, their general business had latterly become so extended, and to Quirk, complicated, that his head, as it were, spun round from morning to night, and all he could do was to put himself, and every body about him, into a bustle and fever. So, he told Gammon, in this his last letter, that every thing was going wrong, and would do so till "good friend Gammon returned;" and, moreover, the old gentleman complained that Snap was getting very careless and irregular in his attendance—and, in fact, he—Quirk—had something very particular to say to Gammon, when they met, about the aforesaid Snap—about this the reader shall hear in due time. Then came a letter from the Earl of Dreddlington, marked "*Private and confidential*," containing a most important communication, to the effect that his lordship had that day granted an audience to a scientific gentleman of great eminence, and particularly well skilled in geology; and he had satisfied the Earl of a fact which the aforesaid scientific gentleman told his lordship he had discovered after a very close geological survey of the superficial strata of the Isle of Dogs—viz. that at a very little depth from the surface there ran, in parallel strata, very rich beds of copper and lead alternately, such as could not fail of making a quick and enormous return. His lordship, therefore, suggested the immediate formation of a company to purchase the Isle of Dogs, and work the mines. His lordship "begged to be favored with" Mr. Gammon's views on this subject, by return of post. In a postscript, his lordship informed Gammon that he had just parted with all his Golden Egg shares, at a considerable profit; and that the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company's shares were rising daily, on account of the increasing probability of a universal war. Gammon did not think it worth while to send any answer to the letter of his senior partner, but wrote off a very polite and confidential letter to the Earl, begging his lordship would do him the honor of taking no steps in the matter till Mr. Gammon could have the honor of waiting upon his lordship in town. This letter over, Gammon wrote off a letter to the secretary of the VULVURE INSURANCE COMPANY, giving them notice of the death of Lady Stratton, who was insured to the amount of £15,000, which, her ladyship having died intestate, the writer's client, Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., M. P. for Yatton, had become entitled to as only next of kin: That Mr. Titmouse intended to administer forthwith, and formal evidence would be furnished to the company, in due time, of the completion of Mr. Titmouse's legal title to the policy.

But here the skittish, frolicsome, and malicious jade, Fortune, after petting and fondling Titmouse, and overwhelming him with her favors, suddenly turned round and hit him a severe slap in the face, without the least provocation on his part, or rhyme or reason on hers. And it happened on this wise. DAPPER SMUG, Esq., the secretary, wrote by return of post, saying, that he had laid Mr. Gammon's letter before the directors; and as soon as he should have learned their pleasure on the subject, he would write to Mr. Gammon again. And so he did—to request that gentleman to communicate with Messrs. Screw & Company, the Company's solicitors. This Mr. Gammon did, and in due time received a letter to the astounding purport and effect following—that is to say, that they had carefully considered the case, and regretted sincerely that they could not feel it their duty to recommend the directors to pay the policy. The directors had a duty, sometimes a very painful one, to perform to the public; and, in short, it was plain they intended to resist the claim altogether. Gammon wrote in astonishment to know the grounds of their refusal; and at length discovered that they considered themselves in possession of decisive evidence to show that the policy was vitiated through the concealment of a material fact on the part of the Lady Stratton—possibly unintentionally—viz. that she was subject to the GOVT. Gammon made anxious inquiries of the servants, and of Dr. Goddard, and of others, who expressed infinite astonishment, declaring that she had never once exhibited the slightest symptoms of the complaint. Messrs. Screw, however, were politely inflexible—they declared that they had the positive testimony of several witnesses, one of them an eminent physician, to the fact that, during the very week in which the policy had been executed, she had experienced an attack of gout, which had confined her to the sofa for three days. [The fact was, that her ladyship had about that time been confined to the sofa, but merely from her heel having been galled a little by a tight shoe.] They, moreover, sent to Mr. Gammon the full name of the officer in whose name the company sued—the aforesaid Dapper Smug; and requested Mr. Gammon to send process to them in the usual way. Gammon, on inquiry, learned the character of the Company, and almost gnashed his teeth in rage and despair; so at it they

went—TITMOUSE (*Adm'r.*) v. SMUG; a declaration as long as my arm; pleas to match it; then a commission to examine witnesses abroad, principally a Dr. Podagra, who had settled in China; then a bill of discovery filed in behalf of the Company; a cross bill filed by Mr. Titmouse against the Company. Here, in short, was in truth, "a mighty pretty quarrel." The stake was adequate; the Company rich; Mr. Titmouse eager; Gammon infuriate; and there was not the least chance of the thing being decided at all for three or four years to come, and poor Titmouse was thus not only kept out of a comfortable round sum of money, but obliged to carry on all the while an expensive and harassing litigation. He was not for insuring with a Company that looks so sharply after the interests of its shareholders. But as far as Titmouse and Gammon were concerned, it seemed a *dead-lock*, and at a somewhat critical conjuncture too.

From the Picayune.

## DUST TO DUST.

Dust to dust! the tolling bell  
Peals the mournful "Fare thee well!"  
Dust to dust! the solemn drum  
Warns again of doom to come.  
Dust to dust! the good and brave,  
Great and lowly, lord and slave,  
Wrinkled age with silver hair,  
Youth and strength and beauty fair,  
Both the venal and the just  
Own the doom of Dust to dust!

Pass the solemn pageant by!  
Who shall be the next to die?  
Who shall read his neighbor's face,  
And the mystic dooming trace?  
He of firmest heart and limb,  
Death may soonest call for him,  
While the victim, lingering ill,  
Breathes the air of heaven still.  
While there's life there's hope and trust,  
Till the hour of Dust to Dust!

Honored ashes, noble clay  
Mingles with the dust to-day.  
Drooping round the sable urn,  
See a mighty nation mourn.  
Glorious in Memory's breath,  
Now the soldier sleeps in death.  
In the earth he loved to plough,  
Lowly dwells the farmer now.  
Lifted to a nation's trust,  
Falls the Ruler, Dust to Dust!

Dust to dust! The story's told,  
O'er the dust the stone is rolled,  
And where darts the spirit then,  
That must fill the thoughts of men.  
Dust to dust! what power may save  
Mortal dust from earthly grave?  
Dust to dust! the chant of Doom  
While we hasten to the tomb.  
Man is feeble, God is just!  
Requiescat! Dust to Dust!

PHAZMA

For The New World.

## SLEEP IS MATTER.

An infinite number of speculative geniuses have been employed, time out of mind, in determining whether this world of ours were matter, or only an ideal phantom, as "baseless as the fabric of a vision." Multitudes have inclined to the latter opinion; and the arguments by which they have endeavored to establish it are at once ingenious and unsatisfactory. They assert that the evidence of our senses is illusive, and neither does nor can demonstrate the certainty of our own existence, much less that of extraneous appearances around us. We feel, say they, the same conviction, for the time being, that the scenery exhibited to us in our dreams is real, which we do when beholding it in our waking moments. There is the same brightness of images, the same clearness of sound, and the same busy activity of thought in the one case as in the other. We believed, at first, that the vision was real; we believed afterwards that it was not so—and yet there was the same foundation for either belief, viz. the evidence of our senses. Indeed, we can have no other evidence, ultimately, of any thing; and though it may be said the evidence of what we perceive when awake is constantly found to contradict that of our dreaming perceptions, still it may be demanded in reply, What does the objection prove? It only proves that we perceive different things under different circumstances, and not by any means that either perception is false. If, therefore, we now count our dreams as empty illusions, so should we under other circumstances, and for this same reason, too, consider our former every-day occurrences as nothing but chimerical reveries, the "semblance of things unknown," the "airy shadows of a shade."

Such is the outline of the sceptic creed—a creed founded on hypothesis and supported by conjecture, a mass of idle speculation, commencing in doubt and terminating in uncertainty. I cannot yield my assent to doctrines so romantic, especially when supported by a train of reasoning evidently no better than sophistry, and carrying with it paradox and guess-work, which the plainest understanding cannot help but condemn. I cannot follow that wild path, but choose rather, though it be with deferential trembling, to walk in the steps of great Sir Isaac Newton while I endeavor to prove a proposition belonging to the true philosophy—one which has hitherto been too little illustrated, but which shall be shown to be correct by the most satisfactory demonstration.

*I propose to prove that Sleep is Matter.*

Now, matter, according to the L. L. D.s who understand such things—and they are "honorable men"—matter is an extended, solid, inactive and moveable substance, heavy withal, and susceptible of infinite divisibility.

We are to prove, then, first, that sleep is extended. By our observation we know that people and other animals do occasionally fall asleep in America, and from the credible testimony of foreigners we learn that the same accident likewise befalls the inhabitants of other countries. Bears, for instance, lie torpid in their dens for months together,

and flies and swallows waste half their time in slumber, and that, too, in various portions of the earth. The wandering Arab of the desert, the son of frozen Lapland, and the indolent and lonely being who takes up his abode in the confines of Austral Asia, are equally addicted to the custom of sleeping. Now, as these countries are so widely remote, and sleep pervades them all at once, it inevitably follows that sleep is extended, at least in space; nor is it less extended in time; for, that the phenomenon occurs in our own times no one will pretend to deny, and that it occurred anciently we have written testimony: "Etiam bonus Homerus aliquando dormi tat"—that is, "Good old Homer occasionally takes a nap." Long, then, has sleep continued in time; widely has it been diffused over space. It is extended, therefore, and by consequence possesses one of the properties of matter.

Sleep is also "solid"—this is the second argument. "It is from resistance to the touch," says Dr. Enfield, "that we acquire the idea and infer the property of 'solidity.'"

Now, who does not know not only that we meet with resistance, but that we are compelled to shake a person who is fast asleep before we can effectually bring him to his senses? The said slumber, therefore, must be solid, because it resists the touch.

Again, when we talk of the soundness of timber, do we not mean its solidity? For if it is sound, it is undecayed, and if undecayed then solid. Just so we speak of sleep and call it sound obviously because it is undecayed and, therefore, solid. A very common expression is "sound sleep," by which we mean solid sleep. So far it is found nothing different from matter.

The next point to be established concerning sleep is that it is "inactive." Rest, or a state of inactivity, is the result and natural consequence of sleep, that is, sleep produces inactivity. But everything produces after its kind, therefore sleep is in itself inactive, or else it could not produce inactivity. Perhaps it may be objected that people sometimes walk in their sleep. Yes, but the objection does not reach the point—does not touch the case: for somnambulism, or walking in sleep, is not the effect of sleep itself, but of a dreaming, which is quite another thing.

The less we are disturbed by dreams, the sounder is our sleep; and then we hear nothing about walking. It may be said, however, that snoring is not the effect of dreams. It is not an action either; it is "vox et præterea nihil."

The fourth argument, that sleep is matter, is, that it is "moveable." The light of the sun cannot illuminate more than half the earth at once—where it shines is day—opposite to this is the shade of the earth. As the globe revolves, the shadow passes successively over the surface, producing night. If, then, this shadow travels round the globe, it must carry the night with it. But wherever night is, there is sleep; consequently, sleep must be carried round the earth, by its diurnal revolutions. Wherefore sleep is moveable; which was to be proved.

That sleep is portable, is also proved by observation. We have seen children in that state, carried from place to place, without waking. Whence the proposition is manifest.

In the fifth place, sleep is "heavy." This is made to appear from the fact that when people find themselves extremely drowsy, they also find it necessary to nod. Now what else can account for this nutation of the head, when oppressed with insupportable drowsiness? It stands on the same shoulders, is supported by the same muscles, and yet, when overloaded with sleep, it will incline—droop—nod: like the pale poppy, when the evening dews have filled its cups. Sleep must certainly be "heavy."

Nextly and lastly, we are to prove that sleep is "infinitely divisible." Were one animal to enjoy all the sleep there is, he would be a sluggish creature, I woen; but, instead of that, the fact is, that sleep is apportioned among the many: by which means we all get a comfortable share of it, and these shares are separate from each other: for, otherwise, we could not pass between two dogs, that lay asleep on the floor, without falling asleep ourselves, which is contrary to experience. Hence it is plain that sleep is divided into separate portions, and is, therefore, divisible. But because the number of animals, which we may suppose asleep at one and the same time, is indefinitely great: or, in other words, infinite, each having his separate portion of sleep, it necessarily follows, that the number of these portions must be infinite also. And, being separate, they are divided. Therefore, sleep is divided into an infinite number of separate shares, or portions. That is, sleep is infinitely divisible, according to the proposition.

This divisibility applies only to space. Let us see whether it be not equally true with respect to duration. One may sleep eight hours, or half an hour, or three minutes; nay, he may sleep only a single wink, or even half that, which is done by shutting one eye. And here let me remark, that sleep has been split up into naps ever since Adam, and these being indefinitely short, and succeeding each other at very short intervals throughout this lapse of ages, must of course be infinitely divided. Hence, with respect to time, also, sleep is infinitely divisible.

We have now demonstrated that sleep possesses extension, solidity, inaction; that it can be moved, is heavy, and is capable of infinite divisibility. Wherefore, since it possesses all the properties of matter, the conclusion is irresistible that sleep is matter. Lest after all, however, there should be some one unconvinced—still hesitating—still doubtful whether sleep is in fact a material substance, let him set up without sleep, for three or four nights in succession, and I will undertake to say he will no longer think it immaterial.

THE SILK GOWN.—"To be or not to be" is the question which is now agitating the Wesleyan body throughout this country, on the subject of wearing clerical gowns in the pulpits of the society, by its itinerant ministers Mr. Welsh, in a pamphlet which he has published, states, that the system, if adopted by all the itinerant preachers, will cost the society £7,000. The Rev. S. D. Waddy, a popular Wesleyan preacher, having had a silk gown presented to him by some ladies in his congregation, has appeared therein in public, but his so doing has not met with the approval of the office-bearers of the Society in Hull. The Rev. Mr. Bunting, at Manchester, also appeared in one on the same day as Mr. Waddy, which circumstance being strongly disapproved, Mr. Bunting has withdrawn himself until the Conference, when the matter will come on for discussion.—[English paper.]



## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

## CHARLES O'MALLEY.

An EXTRA containing the previous parts of the second volume of this story, is for sale at the office and by all the agents of the NEW WORLD.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—The third volume of the Quarto edition of the New World will commence the first week in July. It is now the time for new subscribers to send in their names. Let it be remembered that \$5 a year in advance will procure two copies for a year or one copy for two years; and that six dollars sent in advance will procure the same number of copies together with a beautiful copy of SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

## ENLARGEMENT OF THE NEW WORLD.

We have the satisfaction to announce to the numerous readers of our paper, that, in consequence of the great success which has attended the NEW WORLD from the first day of its publication to this, and on account of the recent accessions to our list of subscribers, we have determined to enlarge its dimensions, from the first of July next, BEING THE PERIOD OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW QUARTO VOLUME.

The Quarto Volume of the New World, to commence on the first of July, will be considerably increased in size, and will contain four printed columns on each page, instead of three as heretofore. Thus each number will hereafter consist of sixteen elegantly printed pages—SIXTY-FOUR COLUMNS—one half more "matter" than the ALBION, literary journal, which is sold at Six Dollars a year, and as much as the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, sporting journal, which is sold at Ten Dollars a year, and three times as much as the NEW YORK MIRROR, a journal of taste, which is sold at Five Dollars a year. The Terms of the Quarto New World will not be altered, but continue to be Three Dollars for one year, or Five Dollars for two years.

The Folio Edition will contain nine columns on each page, instead of eight.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Since our last issue, we have published an extra number of the New World, in both editions, which has been, or now is sent to all of you gratuitously. That number contains previous parts of Charles O'Malley, the most popular and interesting series of papers, if we except Ten Thousand a Year, which is now issuing from the press. Barnaby Rudge, though a wonderful story, and in no manner unworthy of the genius of Boz, is not looked for with so general and lively an interest as either of its rivals. We earnestly advise you to commence the perusal of Charles O'Malley with the extra number. Do not throw it aside, because there has been a previous volume. We assure you that the connection of the different parts is so slight that you will experience just as much pleasure in the perusal of what has been and will be, in advance of any other newspaper, published in the New World, as if you had pondered every preceding line. Try it; but do not, we pray you, throw the chapters aside without dipping into them to ascertain their quality. After a good taste, our word for it, you will go on with a surprising appetite. There is a zest in every sketch, which renders it independent of the condiments of simple romance.

Hereafter TEN THOUSAND A YEAR will not be published every week, for the plain reason that none is left to publish. We have now "caught up" with Blackwood's Magazine, in which the novel appears every month: in this number you have all that was printed in Blackwood for May, and now must, of necessity, wait for the arrival of the June number before our readers can receive any further information concerning the erratic proceedings of the illustrious Tittlebat Titmouse, M. P., the deep-laid plots of the astute Gammon, or the meek endurance of the pious Aubrey. Is there one of our subscribers so happy as not to have read Ten Thousand a Year? We say so happy, because he, who has not read it, has a pleasure in reserve, the magnitude of which he should measure only by his love and appreciation of the humorous and the pathetic, the sentimental and the strong.

There are some, who object to reading a story from week to week or month to month; because they say they cannot endure repeated pauses in the interest—that they are by these tantalized and distressed; they "prefer to wait till it is all done, and then go back and read the whole together." This is unwise, and such persons deprive themselves of a gratification of which they are ignorant, until they have habituated themselves to keeping alive their memory of the incidents and characters of a story. To us there is the same pleasure in the occasional perusal of Ten Thousand a Year, Charles O'Malley, Barnaby Rudge, Guy Fawkes, and Stanley Thorn, that there is in receiving letters and news from different sets and circles of our friends, among whom certain interesting events are continually transpiring. We should as soon think of refusing to hear how these friends were getting on in life, and of deferring all

knowledge of their concerns till the whole tale of their history could be told—as of declining these admirable stories, because they are still in a state of progression.

As a finale to these remarks, we beg leave to inquire of our subscribers whether they have consulted their receipts and, having ascertained the time of the expiring of their subscriptions, renewed them for another year? This inquiry should perhaps come from the Publisher, and lies more strictly within his province than ours; but, as you are on rather more familiar terms with the Editor, and cherish, as he trusts, a kindly understanding with him, we considered that you would rather be spoken to by us on so delicate a subject. Now, do not on any consideration whatsoever, let us think of parting company; but, order the New World for one year longer at all events. We have glorious, good matter in reserve—original, from the pens of favorite American authors—selected, from the most popular writers of Great Britain. Our English correspondent, an American gentleman residing in London, a man of fine talents and well acquainted with the leading literati and the publishers abroad, stands ready to forward to us all that is new and valuable, and to purchase, without regard to expense, early copies and proof-sheets of the best works in the press.

From our having relinquished our daily paper and resolved to devote ourselves exclusively to the care of the New World, we shall be able to improve it greatly in its editorial department, and in its general arrangement. But of this we leave our kind subscribers to judge; heartily trusting that they will continue to accompany us on the journey, so auspiciously and pleasantly begun.

THE CHARITY OF CHRIST AND THE CHARITY OF THE LAW.—It is well-nigh impossible, while examining the precedents established by the practice of the common-law in England, and while consulting the statute-books of many States in this enlightened and religious republic, to believe that the former were the judicial decisions, and the latter the legislative enactments, of Christian men. Many of them are opposed diametrically to the spirit of Christ: they violate with bold effrontery the plainest maxims of his code; they are wicked and oppressive; they afflict and crucify the innocent, and suffer the guilty to go free. Be it our duty to expose these laws; be it our duty, from time to time, to denounce them to the world, to denounce also those by whom, in opposition to the will of mankind, they are unblushingly maintained!

We now refer to the subject of IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT—not to argue upon it, not to show the reasons of its iniquity, not to relate instances of barbarity, or to insist that it ought to be abolished. All this have we done in times past—and more than this, by God's help, will we do in future. But now we are drawn to this moving theme by the contemplation of a picture, painted in saddest colours, and full of an expressive sorrow which wrings the heart. Friend of humanity, whosoever thou art! read the story of the Aubreys, in Ten Thousand A-Year—read, "till thine eyes are fountains of tears," a narrative of wrong and contumely, that will cause thee to exclaim, with the indignant Cowper—

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
It does not feel for man. The natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed like the flax  
Which falls asunder at the touch of fire."

The case of Aubrey is not fictitious; no man, who has contemplated the operations of the law of imprisonment for debt, can hesitate to acknowledge its reality, its truthfulness, its exact copy of life. What a scene is that in which the victim is first borne away from the humble sphere of his affections! How vivid the description! How startling the words! We almost hear them, as we read, "piercing the night's dull ear," and pleading

"Like angels, trumpet-tongued  
Against the deep damnation of his taking off."

A subsequent scene—in which the same circumstances occur with exasperated force, and which was acted at the instigation of a villain still more atrocious than the cold-blooded scoundrels by whom the debtor was first engaoled—is left almost wholly to the imagination of the reader—and feeble must be its power if, catching the genius of the author, it cannot deepen the gloom and enhance the anguish. Can anything be more terrible than the Satanic indifference of the bailiff, who, accustomed to such calamity, laughs at its effects? Yes—yes! the sin of the ruthless creditor, who, seizing the dagger which the LAW places in his hand, plunges it to the hilt in the heart of his bondman.

THE LAW!—"Rare law! most equitable law!"—the LAW, framed by legislators who called themselves Christian, persisted in by legislators who get down on their knees sometimes and pray to be forgiven, lifting up to Heaven hands dyed in innocent blood! Is this exaggeration? Is heart-breaking no murder? Is not ruin synonymous with destruction? Where so great a boon as liberty? take that and life is worthless; take that, and Death becomes the only emancipator. We know the answer that will meet us here; we are told that the poor debtor, who will swear that he has not a fragment of property remaining, can be released. Truly, this is comforting. All that your debtor has to do is to take oath before God that his wife and chil-

dren are beggars—that they have not a morsel to eat and that nothing is left for them but water to drink and air to breathe, and some scanty raiment with which to cover their nakedness. And it were well, if this were all. The debtor has a stout heart, strong hands, eyes to see, ears to hear, "and mind to apprehend;" he can work, work, work, from the early morning far into the night-season. But of what avail is this—we ask bitterly, of what avail will be his labor? Has not his creditor a right to all his subsequent earnings? Has not his creditor the power to put him in jail a second time, a third time, a fourth time, as many times as he pleases? Must he not "swear out" again—again, providing not for his own household and being worse than an infidel, avow that his family are reduced to beggary?

But, "the end of these things is at hand." Popular indignation is kindled, and the lovers of justice and mercy should omit no occasion to fan the sacred flame. Already in our own State have the people forced their representatives to say "No man shall be imprisoned for debt." Let the fiat be repeated from limit to limit of the Republic. Let the watchword be, LIBERTY TO THE UNFORTUNATE—liberty of person; and, by and by, in Heaven's good time, may follow, in spite of the tyranny and ignorance of legislators, liberty of action and FREEDOM FROM DEBT.

THE CURRENCY.—Complaints concerning the wretched and almost hopeless condition of the currency of this country, were never louder or more frequent than at present. It is well-nigh impossible to transmit money from the South and West to the North—so serious is the loss on exchanges. A National Bank, or a General Institution of some kind must be established, or the country will continue to experience the same dreadful convulsions, by which it has been tortured for four years past.

Before the next number of this journal shall be printed, the specially-summoned Congress will have assembled at Washington, and we shall all have read the Message of President Tyler. The returns of elections, printed in another column, will show to our readers that the Administration majority in the two Houses will be much larger than was anticipated, even by the most sanguine of the Whigs. We receive this as a forcible declaration of the people of those States, in which the elections have been held, that they are not only in favor of, but determined to have, a monied establishment under the General Government, by whose controlling power there can be a fixed system of exchange between the remote cities of the country. There is no doubt but that President Tyler will urge those measures, which are advocated by the opponents of the Sub Treasury, as peculiarly their own; he will receive the support of a large majority in the National Legislature, and thus something efficient may be brought to pass awhile sooner than we have dared to anticipate. One point seems to be generally agreed upon: something must be done, something decided: whatever that something is to be, let us know it, and speedily. We are wearied of this perpetual transition, this unrest, this toppling over to-day of what was erected yesterday.

Our country resembles a man in paralysis. A course of treatment has been adopted which, having given no measure of relief to the patient, must be relinquished for another. The physicians are shortly to meet in consultation, and our trust is, that whatever they may prescribe may be speedily administered, so that the cure, if it be possible, may take place before the fits become more frequent and more dangerous.

THE BOSTON ATLAS.—This paper, which has, from the period of its passing into the proprietary and editorial charge of the lamented Richard Haughton, been conducted with singular skill, ability and enterprise, is now in the hands of William Hayden and Thomas M. Brewer, Esquires, by whom it was purchased from Mr. James Haughton, the executor and legatee of the late owner. Of the character and talents of Mr. Hayden, we can speak from personal acquaintance in terms of sincere respect. He has, for several years past, filled with honor to himself and satisfactorily for his fellow-citizens, an important office in the municipal government. Meanwhile his interest in the political welfare of his state and country has been unremitting, and the daily press is indebted to him for many an able disquisition and many a happy paragraph. He is, moreover, a poet, and a wit of no mean order, with a heart full of jovial good-will and "moved with the concord of sweet sounds." He has furnished for many "celebrations" in his native city, spirited odes and humorous songs. Though a staunch Whig, he has always enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the distinguished members of the opposite party.

Mr. Brewer is, we are told, a younger man than Mr. Hayden; of his capacities we could not but form a favorable estimate, from the fact of his having been invested by Mr. Haughton with the whole care of the Atlas. He is, as we learn from "mouths of wisest censure," and infer from the efficiency with which the Atlas has of late been conducted—a gentleman of available talents and large attainments. Under such management, we feel assured that the Boston Atlas will continue to assert and to maintain the high political rank which it has so honorably won.

**OUR POST OFFICE.**—Mr. Gordon, the newly-appointed Postmaster of Boston, was duly installed in the premises on Monday morning. He has long been known to many of our citizens, as a business man of great activity, and if he serves the public as Postmaster, with as much zeal as he has served the Whig party for the last few years, there will be no cause of complaint.

Mr. Greene, the late incumbent, has been a most faithful and accommodating officer, and his regrets for the loss of office must be, in some degree, consoled by the testimony which the press uniformly bears to his worth. Whatever necessities there might exist for the change, we are sure they would not arise from any want of ability or faithfulness in him. We never heard a complaint against him, except from one individual. His administration has been impartial, and his demeanor, as a public officer, courteous and polite to all, of whatever political creed. We know not what his plans of life for the future may be; but, as we doubt not they will be honorable to himself and useful to others, we sincerely hope they may be successful to the extent of his own wishes. He has a more liberal heart than some who handle more gold, and we hope he may never feel the want of means to gratify his generous dispositions.—[Boston Courier.

Valuable indeed is praise so justly bestowed. Mr. Nathaniel Greene is a man far above the influences of party clamor and political strife. He breathes "a nobler ether, a sublimer air." His whole affections have been given, during late years, to literary pursuits. He has made himself master of the chief languages, and translated books from the German and Italian with singular fidelity and elegance. To him the true spirit of life comes only "in the still air of delightful studies." All his leisure hours are spent in his library—and it is a touching fact, that all he expects to "lay up" from the emoluments of eight years' service in the Post Office are his books. Before his appointment as Postmaster, by General Jackson, he had become involved in certain pecuniary engagements. In the faithful discharge of these he has paid all the money he could save beyond what was requisite for careful and economical living.

Mr. Greene is turned out of the Post Office to make room for an honorable and deserving Whig. Yet no man ever more faithfully and satisfactorily discharged the duties incumbent upon him. He never interfered in elections; he never was an active partizan: he was only a silent and staunch friend of Democracy and of the principles which controlled the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren.

We join our heartfelt wishes to those of the Editor of the Boston Courier that success may attend him in whatever business he may choose to pursue.

**ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.**—The fourteenth Annual Fair of the American Institute will be held in this city in the early part of October next. Accommodations will be provided for every kind of agricultural and horticultural productions, for machines and implements, steam power, &c. Suitable places will be assigned for exhibiting cattle, horses, and other farming stock; also, for the exhibition of American manufactures of all kinds. The State Legislature, with a view to promote the interests of Agriculture and Household Manufactures have granted the Institute the sum of \$950 per annum for five years, thus enabling it to reward industry more liberally than heretofore. The Institution requests all the multiplied interests of industry and art to make their contributions of the best specimens, that the most perfect miniature view may be presented of the skill, the genius, and the ample resources of our country at the coming anniversary.

☞ The District Attorney of the United States for the State of New York has served our Attorneys, Messrs. Deming and Rafferty, with a declaration considerably longer than the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, full of the usual legal absurdities and nonsense, in consequence of our having refused to pay to the Postmaster of New York the sum of forty dollars, being the amount of fines imposed upon us for sending eight Prospectuses of the New World inclosed in papers to St. Louis Missouri. We maintain that our so doing was no violation of the Post Office Laws; and we are determined to abide a legal decision, being willing to endure the vexation and expense of a suit for the sake of having the question decided.

It is a notorious fact—a fact that has been stated a thousand times in the newspapers—that Prospectuses of the Extra Globe have been sent to all parts of the United States. And yet, we will venture to assert, that paper has never been fined. It seems to us that all the officers of this Government avail themselves of every means in their power to fleece the people.

**ESPY IS COMING—LOOK OUT FOR MORE RAIN!**—It is with feelings akin to grief that finds relief only in tears—tears being the heart's rain—that we make known to our gentle readers in the state of New-York and the adjacent country that Mr. Espy is in this vicinity. He is, or was, or has been lecturing at Albany—next we shall hear of him lecturing in New-York. Why doesn't he make an Almanac and his fortune at the same time, and suffer us to have a little dry weather? It has been pouring and pouring almost continually since his return from his European tour—during which the Eastern hemisphere was visited with perpetual deluges. We propose a meeting of the principal citizens at the Croton Water-works, to remonstrate against

Mr. Espy's proceedings, and to pass a resolution thus—namely, to wit, viz:

*Resolved*, That the rain has been increasing, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

**THE N. O. PICAYUNE** informs us that the New York Mirror "still maintains the favorite corner it has won in popular estimation and under the polished conduction of George P. Morris &c." "Conduction" is a vile noun-substantive; but we are glad to learn, though from a distance, that the Mirror continues to flourish and devoutly hope that it may live a thousand years and that its shadow may never be less.

**HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.**—It is stated in a foreign paper that M. Fourcault, a French Physician has recently made some important discoveries and experiments, which go to show that an important means of preserving or of restoring health is, a due attention to the access of air to every part of the external surface of the body. He succeeded in producing at pleasure in animals, before healthy, suppressions of perspiration, conjections of the blood, the derangement of the internal organs, affections of the heart and the foundation of aggregation of matter in the lungs, analogous to the tubercles in pulmonary consumption, and even death itself as the consequence.

The means by which he arrived at these results, was the simple prevention of the access of air to the skin, which by checking the functions of perspiration, caused the matters usually carried off through their agency to be thrown back upon the internal organ.

## The Literary World.

### TO PUBLISHERS.

In the haste and turmoil, the "hurly-burly" and "bustle-bustle" of editing a daily newspaper, instances may have occurred in which we have neglected to notice with such particularity as they deserved, the works, original and republished, which have been forwarded to us by our mindful friends, the publishers. But now since "the still beginning, never-ending task is over" and "the hurly-burly's done," we shall be enabled to expatiate more largely in the pleasant fields of literature and to tell our readers of those productions which refresh and invigorate the mind, which are calculated

"To raise the morals and to mend the heart."

Let all new books, therefore, be sent without delay to the Editor of the New World and they shall without delay be spoken of with an unprejudiced criticism.

It is no exaggeration to say—numbering five readers for each paper sent from this office (and many have fifty readers)—that the New World is scanned by one hundred thousand persons. It is no small advantage to a book that its mere name should be announced to so numerous a body of intelligent people; and we hope that this fact will be generally appreciated.

All announcements of works in the press will be immediately inserted and without charge, when sent to us by publishers, who regularly forward their new books.

**A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE**, in a series of letters, addressed to every American Youth by Hugh A. Pue. Philadelphia Published by the author.

The present to us of this diminutive treatise was accompanied by a note from the author, which politely requested us to speak of it (the treatise, not the note—an example, by the way, of the obscurity sometimes attending the use of pronouns, which should be avoided by "every American youth" as it deserved.) This we should have done without the author's request and, possibly, without his permission. Your book will not do, Mr. Hugh A. Pue. There is a grammatical error in the very first sentence of the preface which commences "If it was invariably true," and which should commence "If it were invariably true." It behoves grammarians as well as divines not to be guilty of these precise sins which they condemn in others. When they blunder, they should blunder rhetorically. Mr. Pue, you should be ashamed of yourself. Proh Pudor.

As an evidence of the sublime style of Mr. Hugh A. Pue, we must quote a single paragraph. Positively—however much pressed for room—we cannot deny ourselves this gratification. It is perfectly superb; there is a sort of—so to speak—war-horse magnificence about it, which, trampling on the imagination of the reader, kicks up the dust of admiration and envelopes us in a cloudy obfuscation of indiscernible effulgence. It is excellently adapted to the comprehension of "every American youth," and must inspire him with such a passion for grammar that he will rush into it, as Fanny Kemble would say, "like mad."

But, *instruction*, instead of carrying the listener up to some dizzy height, upon which, owing to the strangeness of the element, and the intoxication occasioned by the rapid ascension, he is unable to keep his feet, and is therefore precipitated headlong to the level from which he rose, gradually draws him up an *endless inclined plane*; from which he can fairly see the country through which he passes; and thereby obtain the information necessary to all *travellers through life*! Instead of leading its votary through the air, in a phantom's trail, to pluck the colors from the rainbow, and therewith gild the flowery artificials of his fancy, in-

struction gently guides him through amaranthine bowers, where he can revel in their bosoms, and decorate his brow with *branches from the tree of knowledge*! Instead of being the meteor which gleams across our vision, as across the firmament, astounding by its grandeur, then fading forever from our view, *INSTRUCTION* is the *fixed star*, which beams with *never dying brightness*, on the admiring, aspiring beholder. And like a *solar orb*, its great possession is its durability. It does not become dimmed by time; nor *less admired by intimate acquaintance with*; nor destitute of interest, *by being pondered over*. Reflection is its *nurse*; examination is its *daily nourishment*. It will last long, long after every atom of eloquence has been obliterated from the memory.

**TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.**—The Newburyport Herald states that the Harpers gave Mr. Dana only \$200 for the copyright of this work. They have sold, it says, already 30,000 copies, on which they have made \$5000, and expect to realize \$5000 more from it.—[National Intel.

If the Newburyport Herald states that, it states what is totally unfounded in fact. Whatever the Harpers gave Mr. Dana for "Two Years Before the Mast," it was as much as he asked for it—and we think that was \$250. But no matter: the price given for this book has been made a subject for newspaper paragraphs written in a sort of indignant spirit, as if the Harpers were to blame for not giving more for a thing than they could get it for. If a small dealer in domestic goods, belonging to Newburyport, goes to Boston and makes a purchase from A. & A. Lawrence, or James K. Mills & Co. on very favorable terms, and, afterwards, the kind of goods he bought, from being unexpectedly of a superior fabric, from scarcity or other reason, grows in great demand, we rather think that he would pocket the profits and not send one penny of them to the wholesale merchants; and we guess, moreover, that nobody would go into a fit of virtuous anger, because he bought them as cheaply as he did. Now, for the life of us, we cannot see any difference between a purchaser of books and a purchaser of goods. The former has just as clear a right to get an article at a low price as the latter. So much for "the principle of the thing"—now for the particular case.

If we were to take half what is said about the matter of this book of Mr. Dana's for truth, we should suppose that the Messrs. Harper—than whom more honorable, more conscientious or more liberal men never breathed—had taken advantage of the author's youth and inexperience and cajoled him out of his manuscripts for a sum very inferior to their value. Now the agreement was made by persons every way competent—who were very well satisfied. Nothing is more difficult than for an author to get his first work published: if he be successful, his future productions can be disposed of easily enough. If the Harpers had had sufficient prescience by which to ascertain the exact sale of Mr. Dana's book, they would cheerfully have given more for it. As it was, their offer was a generous one, and the only wonder is that publishers, so distinguished and so busy with standard publications, would publish a *first work* on any terms. We are well assured that the author himself has not joined in the senseless clamor that has been made. His success has been deservedly great.

Instead of 30,000 copies of the book, less than 10,000 have been sold. Instead of having made \$5000 from the sale, the Harpers have not made \$500; the book being sold so cheaply that the profit on each volume is very small. Such are the facts of this case. To hear people talk, one would suppose that the Harpers, who publish hundreds of thousands of books every year, expected to retire from business on the strength of a small duodecimo, which is sold for two shillings and sixpence!

**THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY**; illustrated in the History of Gaul and France. By Alexander Dumas. Translated by An American. New-York: J. & H. G. Langley.

We are glad of an opportunity to call the attention of our readers to this work in an English dress—a work, the most original in design, and at least among the most able in execution, of all contemporary productions.

In giving some account of its details, and in expressing our opinion of its merits, we beg leave at the outset to say that we have read it, from beginning to end, and found its perusal a far more entertaining recreation than the reading of ordinary novels; for the incidents are *facts*, and the philosophical reflections both profound and brilliant. It is emphatically the work of a man; of a practised writer; of a comprehensive mind; of a commanding intellect; one who groups his incidents as a painter does his figures, and presents at a glance their relative importance and the influence they exert upon each other in the grand landscape of history.

Indeed, it is a matter of surprise to us that any writer could within the brief compass of three hundred duodecimo pages convey to his readers the essential facts of Gallic and French history down to the accession of Philip de Valois; and it is still more surprising that he could invest this abridged record with an interest altogether fascinating; yet both of these things are realized in "The Progress of Democracy."

The work, as the title sets forth, combines two characteristics, historical and political; and these are not presented in separate departments, but wrought together so ingeniously that the reader becomes a republican and a de-



more rat before he knows it; for the historical facts bear so directly upon the political theory, and so perfectly support it in all its points, that the truth of one seems to be as incontestable as the truth of the other; and, however much one might be disposed to cavil and to argue the question, he would be very much puzzled, unless he has more shrewdness than we have, to know where to begin his dissent and his controversy.

The style of the historical narrative is necessarily concise; yet it is so enlivened by pertinent anecdote as never to flag for an instant; and when, at intervals, the author reviews his facts in a comprehensive summary, the brilliant language and imagery of DUMAS reminds us that he, and not the mere chronologist, is the master-spirit of the drama. Perhaps the most striking instance of this transition in style is to be found at the close of the Second Part of the work, where the author considers the alleged dismemberment of the empire of Charlemagne.

As a book of reference, this work is especially valuable; for it shows at a glance the dates of prominent events, not in France merely, but in Europe; and, besides, it gives the original orthography of the names of distinguished individuals with all the gradations of change that they have undergone down to the present incongruous nomenclature. Among the notes, we find one of those ingenious and elaborate *Latin acrostics* written by the monks of a past age, in which each line is made to begin and end with the same letter.

This work is an additional triumph for its distinguished author. He was already the most successful French dramatist of the age; and his "Impressions of Travel" have overborne all competition in that department of writing. His novels, too, though limited in number, are certainly not surpassed in excellence by any of his contemporaries. But as a historian and political economist, the world had scarcely thought of looking to DUMAS: nevertheless, though the field was new to him, and though his occupation of it was unexpected to the public, he has taken permanent possession of it and won, in its area, an unfading laurel.

Of the manner of the translation it is not requisite to say more than that it conveys to the American reader the full meaning and spirit of the original, and is recommended by a style, singularly pure and elegant.

The volume is tastefully brought out, and is worthy of a prominent shelf in each well-chosen library.

**MECHANIC'S OWN BOOK.**—Mr. A. V. Blake of New York has published a work called *The Artist's Guide, and Mechanic's Own Book*, embracing a large variety of principles, useful explanations, receipts, &c., applicable to the various employments of men, by JAMES PILKINGTON, 490 pages 12 mo. The mechanical execution of the volume is neat, and as far as we can perceive, accurate. It is well designed for usefulness not only to mechanics, but will be found instructive and useful to families.

**POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Broadway, has just published two volumes of the complete Poetical works of Sir Walter Scott. These will be immediately followed by the first volume of his *Life* by Lockhart. The Poems will be completed in twelve numbers, and the *Life* in eight; price twenty-five cents a volume.

Part 1, of volume 2d, of the *Flora of North America*, by Drs. Torrey and Gray, has just been published.

A "Southern Quarterly Review" is about to be started at New Orleans by Messrs. D. K. Whittaker and James Ritchie.

THE DOUBLE, DOUBLE NOTION, is postponed till the 10th of June, when it will be positively published. Price 25 cents single, five copies for \$1, or \$18 per hundred, in advance. Orders sent to this Office from our agents or others will be forwarded to Boston.

LITERARY.—Harper & Brothers announce as in press the following, among other new works:

"INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, and YUCATAN. By John L. Stephens, Esq., Author of 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.' With a Map and 80 Engravings." 2 vols. 8vo.

"AMERICA;—Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive. By James S. Buckingham, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. Embellished with seventy Engravings on Wood, and a portrait of the Author on Steel."

"The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. Milman." 8vo.

"MISS SEDGWICK'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE." 2 vols. 12mo.

"MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. From the Accounts of recent Dutch Residents in Japan, and from the German Work of Von Siebold." 18mo.

"RUINS OF ANCIENT CITIES; with general and particular Accounts of their Rise, Fall, and Present Condition. By Charles Bucke." 2 vols. 18mo.

"THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler. By Sir David Brewster." 18mo.

"Sermons, &c. By the late Rev. John Sumnerfield." 8vo.

"AN HISTORICAL and Descriptive Account of Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands." 18mo.

Also, a Second Edition of "Anthon's Classical Dictionary."

## World of Art.

### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The criticisms lately published in the Express, "prepared by an educated and intelligent foreigner," have no doubt been very gratifying to the natives, particularly to those of them whose labors have contributed to furnish subjects for such general annihilation.

It has been wisely observed that it requires more intelligence and sagacity to discover beauties than defects. Should this observation be applied to the "intelligent foreigner," it would certainly place him in the same predicament, as to merit, in which he represents the Academy. It may be, however, that our critic has wholly mistaken the design of the Academy, and if so he ought to be furnished with the requisite information; or rather he should have taken the pains to obtain this information before he commenced his very unique attack; this however could hardly be expected from a foreigner.

The National Academy of Design does not pretend to be an exhibition of perfect specimens of painting or sculpture: it does not even pretend to have a choice selection from American artists. The nature of the institution renders the admission of even bad pictures sometimes unavoidable; unavoidable in consequence of the influence of friends and patrons. In fine, the Academy was instituted for the encouragement of artists, particularly young artists, and the tone and manner of criticisms which it naturally invites are such as patrons of learning bestow upon youthful aspirants after literary fame, whose undeveloped genius gives tokens of future greatness. To try a sophomore by the measure of Newton's attainments, and pronounce him an ignoramus, a dolt, a fool, a blockhead, an idiot, were not less unjust, unwise and ridiculous than to set up a model of perfection, by which to search out the defects of pictures in an Academy of paintings. We do not intend these remarks to imply that the Academy of Design is made up of schoolboy materials; but to assert that it makes no pretensions to complete or even comparative attainments in the arts which it is designed to promote; and that the absence of such pretensions ought to disarm even cold censure. If the institution had boasted of its attainments, or set itself up to compete with the art and genius of Europe, it might then have been in tolerable taste and decorum for a "foreigner learned and intelligent" to open his inkhorn and pour out the contents thereof unblushingly. Any "foreigner" might then be pardoned even though he had no mercy on himself, for who that is an American has not learned to succumb to the indomitable arrogance of European quackery? How much more then must they stand abashed when a "foreign gentleman," educated and intelligent, takes up the quill to write down their presumption!

We are not an artist and have no special interest in the academy of design, except as we are American, and feel an interest in whatever contributes to our national improvement. This fact, however, is sufficient to arouse us to a sense of the wrongs inflicted through the Express newspaper, upon an institution which contributes so much, despite its defects, to the pleasure of our citizens and to the encouragement of the fine arts. We do not intend to question the veracity of that paper in stating that the criticisms alluded to are from the pen of "an educated and intelligent foreigner;" yet we must be allowed to put in a demurrer, at least to the adjectives setting forth his qualifications as a critic. Why a foreigner should busy himself in this matter, in such a style and manner, for the instruction of American citizens, is certainly unaccountable upon any principle consistent with common courtesy or good breeding. That "an educated and intelligent foreigner" should thus employ his talents, would seem rather a contradiction between pretensions and achievements. That he has travelled through Europe and had an opportunity to examine the best pictures of the best artists in the old world, cannot be reasonably doubted, since his criticisms, in many instances, upon the comparative merits of the paintings in the Academy of Design, prove emphatically

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam, (Rome?) Exceeds a dunce who's always kept at home.

Not being an artist, and of course unacquainted with the technical language proper to be used in criticising paintings, we cannot fully appreciate many of the terms employed by this "educated and intelligent foreigner." One would be led to suppose, however, that the painter's vocabulary must be rather small and extremely frigid, judging from the terms and phrases made use of. "Hard," "too hard," "stiff," "cold," "rigid," &c., are terms which are appreciable when they apply to icebergs and granite; but we cannot perceive their force when applied to a portrait. But granting that these are proper words to be used in criticising a portrait, their appropriateness can only be ascertained by a knowledge of the original.

Is a portrait "stiff" or "cold," or "hard," or "rigid," or "pale," or "deathlike?" so perhaps is the original; and American artists are famous for making a true copy; so much so that they have been sent for from England and France to take likenesses of the nobility of those very countries in which an "educated and enlightened foreigner" acquired his critical skill. "Middling," "scholar-piece," "insignificant," "elaborate," "poor," "soft," "good," "bad," and a few others, constitute the remainder of the terms employed. There is certainly great merit in being able to despatch a critique in half a dozen words—effective words—without the employment of useless verbiage. Such a manner is valuable too, particularly to the artist under the falchion and for whose especial encouragement the death-blow is given! For instance: No. 69, "Scholar piece." No. 73, "Poor, stiff." No. 74, "Stiff and bad." No. 88, "Not worth the place." No. 89, "Hard, cold." No. 92, "Insignificant, stiff, and bad." No. 83, "A poor picture." No. 115, "Stiff and bad." No. 121, "At most, the work of a sign-painter." No. 126, "Hard, stiff and bad," &c. &c. Great economy of words, and elaborate thinking certainly, and very salutary to the poor wretches who have spent weeks and months in producing a specimen of their genius, to wither and disappear under the cabalistic words, "hard, cold, cold stiff, stiff cold, hard cold!" Perhaps the gentlemen had been listening to the coal carriers, or he may have suffered from icebergs on his passage to this country, or he may have had a cold in the head, affecting his vision, as "jaundice" is very often in the eye of the beholder and not in the object which he looks upon.

It would exceed the proper bounds of a notice to follow "an intelligent and educated foreigner" throughout the catalogue and notice all his remarks. Our object is to show, by a selection of a few pictures which he has pronounced "good" or "bad," "cold" or "rigid," "soft" or "hard," that he has applied these terms at random, totally misjudged the merits or demerits of the paintings, or else (if he is really educated and intelligent) acted in the matter from motives of secret and unaccountable malice. It may be proper to state that most of the pictures which he has deigned to praise are really good specimens. To fall upon Inman, Ingham, or Cole, as fit only for sign painters, as he has done upon a few of the best portrait painters in the United States, (and they are the best in the world,) would defeat any motive of spleen, envy, malice or revenge, that might possibly seek gratification in the critic's breast. It were wise, then, to bestow a little praise betimes, as a sort of necessary foil in the inglorious play of general denunciation.

It may also be proper to premise that the "educated and intelligent foreigner" is all the while looking after style. There is some certain style of painting which he has set up as the beau-ideal of perfection, and every thing must square with this or pass through the Procrustean ordeal. Now American artists seek to paint after nature, and if nature is stiff and cold, and rigid or hard, why if they cannot boast of a beautiful, soft picture, they ought at least to have the merit of making a true copy. If the originals of all the portraits in the Academy should present themselves, each by the side of his or her respective portrait, the imitation would tell a story very different from that which an "educated and intelligent foreigner" has published.

Nos. 158 and 159, which our critic is pleased to condemn as "very bad," "dreadful faces," "a sign painter would make it better," &c. are much more true to nature, and look more like human beings than No. 157, which is lauded excessively by this Dutch critic. He was a better critic than one "educated and intelligent foreigner," who a year or two since said of the portraits in the Academy, that many of them were "painted with malicious fidelity."

No. 70, by the painter of No. 157, appears as though the boy had been beset by leeches and completely exsanguinated. No. 157 is little better. The mastoid muscle is very badly inserted, making a right angle with the line of shadow on the right side of the bust. The style of this artist is artificial in the highest degree, and should be avoided by all who would take nature as their model.

Look at the snuff-brown inanities of a German miniature painter, which the intelligent critic calls master pieces; and the drawing on parchment which he proclaims a chef d'œuvre. Not one of the heads are correctly drawn, and the hands and drapery are bad in the extreme.

Our educated and intelligent German, finding, according to the prevailing tea-tray taste in his country, that No. 157 was indeed a charming picture, (what appears in the eyes of our critic to constitute its chief excellence, is its beautiful face—its beauty as a picture merely,) and having fallen in love with it, he next meets a sober dame, just as we find ladies of this lower world sitting in their parlors. But alas! "Bad picture, the face very bad, the position wrong, the tout ensemble stiff!" Indeed! How much better it would be for artists to paint petrified angels, nymphs and fairies! Sign painters are good enough to paint ladies!

No. 159 is condemned without mercy. Our critic has no relish for the realities of sober life. He is all for "style" and "managing," and pretty faces; every thing else is "bad," "hard," "stiff," "dreadful," or the work of a "sign-painter." Let visitors to the Academy compare this painting which he condemns, with No. 160, which he praises, and form their own opinion of the criticisms of an "educated and intelligent foreigner."

No. 155. "The cow in the foreground is incorrectly drawn." There is no cow in the foreground of this picture: there is a bull in the foreground of No. 156. Is that what the writer means?

No. 136. "Bad style—the eyes too rigid." This is the portrait of an Albino. Has the critic never seen an Albino? The eyes of an Albino look pretty rigid in the living subject.

No. 177 is "middling." Compare this with No. 111 or 233.

No. 179. "A good picture." Our critic has a great predilection for pictures having pretty faces. This is indeed a good picture, but so thorough a critic ought to have noticed that the position is very "stiff." The painting is no better than Nos. 175 and 183, which he says are too bad to be criticised, but the picture is handsomer, that's enough.

No. 194. "Portrait of a Boy by E. Mooney, in a bad style," and No. 209, "Group of children by A. B. Durand, badly done." Compare these portraits with fancy sketches Nos. 218, 224, and 225, upon which our critic bestows so much praise. He does not seem to consider the advantage which our artist has in a fancy piece, to make a pretty picture.

No. 216. Portrait of a gentleman, by J. P. Rossiter. A very fine head, the expression good and the style elegant. A style elegant! Here we have something of the same style as Nos. 157, 160 and 181. People may appear so in Germany but they do not in America.

Nos. 232 and 236 are praised by our critic. They are in style! It may be proper here to mention that most of the pictures lauded by an "educated and intelligent foreigner," have either been painted in Europe, or are imitations of European style. A style which our artists generally reject as being false to nature, and prejudicial to the art of imitation, which is the legitimate object of the artist. Some of these paintings are the work of very young artists who have been in Italy and other parts of Europe, and brought style over with them. Two at least of the paintings were painted by the pupil of an artist who, in the opinion of an "educated and enlightened foreigner," ought not presume to put paintings in the Academy. This young artist and his boss ought to change places certainly.

No. 94. Portrait of a gentleman, by J. W. Whitehorn. We cannot judge of it the place is too bad." The place is indeed bad; but our critic judges of 93, standing along side of it in the same line! This (No. 94) is one of the best paintings in the Academy. No. 73, by the same artist—criticised as "poor, stiff"—is also an excellent portrait—the whole painting is perfectly natural and easy, and executed in a masterly manner—and as our critic says of the artist who painted No. 157, "If we were in love nobody

else than this artist should paint our sweetheart," so if I wished a true likeness of a friend the painter of No. 73 is the artist that should paint for me. Compare No. 111, "poor stiff," (by Alexander) with the gaudy thing, No. 120, which takes the eye of an educated and intelligent foreigner!

"No. 133. A fine well drawn picture." Notice the left arm, dislocated at the elbow, and the right arm almost as thick at the wrist as any where else. This however is a good picture, but our artist, so learned and intelligent, nought not to have passed by these defects when, for less faults, he wholly condemns paintings by the score.

We shall notice only one more of an "educated and intelligent foreigner's" criticisms. "No. 59. Portrait of D. Stevens, (Dr. Stevens,) by H. Inman. Hard and cold." Little need be said here. Dr. Stevens is extensively known; and many thousands who visit the Academy will be ready at once to pronounce the criticism unjust. The Portrait is a true likeness of the Doctor, and every one of his friends and acquaintances will recognize it as such. Is it hard and cold? Bring the Doctor alongside, with scalpel in hand, and if he is not as hard and cold as the picture, then, Mr. "Foreigner," will be your time to censure.

It ought to be borne in mind by critics who visit the Academy of Design, that most if not all the paintings exhibited there were designed for private parlors. A painting that is colored so as to be properly adapted to the light in a parlor, cannot bear the powerful light which pours upon it from the sky lights of the Academy, and vice versa. The light varies considerably also, so that a picture which appears well at 10 o'clock A. M. will be seen to great disadvantage three hours afterwards.

We have already taken far too much notice of the unworthy object of these remarks, and should not have noticed them at all but for their outrageous and ungentlemanly character. Mr. Brooks, in his travels, has frequently alluded to the prejudices entertained by foreigners to anything American; why his columns should have been the medium of propagation for these very prejudices is indeed unaccountable.

## Dramatic World.

### THE NEW TRAGEDY.

Judge Conrad's tragedy of *AYLMERE* was produced by Mr. FORRESTER at the Park Theatre on Monday evening to a good house and with decided success.

We are disposed to pronounce this the best American tragedy that has yet appeared: it is likely, by its happy adaptation to the popular taste, to retain permanent possession of the stage; nor will it, in our judgment, like several others that have been written for Mr. FORRESTER, die with that distinguished tragedian. Indeed, it is one of the few plays which can be performed and made successful with no other support than that of a good stock company—and that is about as high praise as can be conceded to any tragedy in the language.

*Aylmere* is rather redundant in incident, or action. Each of its five acts contains enough *materiel* for an entire play, when diluted after the present fashion of book-making: and this fact, while it evinces the author's richness of invention, is, nevertheless, a fault. It confuses the audience and renders the progress of the story rather unintelligible, and in certain parts, tedious.

The language, too, is unequal, at times rising to brilliant poetry, but often descending to common-places; and, occasionally, the repetition of particular words, such as "chapel-house," "festering," "pale," "rotten," &c., seems to show that the author's poverty in language is proportioned to his richness in thought. Whenever a word occurs so frequently as to suggest to the audience the idea of repetition, the existence of a fault is indisputable.

There is, besides, to our apprehension, an inconsistency in the plot. The ostensible motive of *Aylmere* and his associates in raising the standard of rebellion, is the general wrong, the oppression of the people, collectively: yet the domestic griefs of *Aylmere* are brought forward so much more conspicuously than the common oppression, that we can hardly imagine him, at least, to be actuated by other motives than private revenge. The cause is indeed ample for this result: he might well "move heaven and earth" to accomplish his vengeance: but there is something contradictory between his avowed and his real motives in pursuing it.

In some respects, the play is rather too melodramatic for the dignity of tragedy. Certain things happen rather artificially. For instance, when Clifford is surprised by *Aylmere* in taking liberties with his wife, he, (Clifford) happens to be unarmed. Again, when *Aylmere* encounters Say in the forest, the latter is unarmed: and as *Aylmere*, having cast down his knife, to be even with him, is about to grasp him, a host of troops, till that moment not thought or heard of, opportunely rush in as if they rose out of the earth.

And now, having with entire candor pointed out these faults, we with equal candor acknowledge they are all we were able to discover after a careful attention to the first performance.

The merits of *Aylmere* are far more numerous and obvious. The cottage-scene, where *Aylmere* makes himself, his wife, and his child, known to his mother, is very beautifully executed by the author, and was most charmingly played by FORRESTER "and the rest." A following scene, where Clifford sets forth to Say the rights of the people, is also very excellent. Mr. MURDOCK played it with great truth and effect. The closing scene of the second act is highly dramatic and powerfully wrought—almost too much so, in fact, for the effect of what follows. But we forbear further specification as to the play itself, for we cannot recall the details with sufficient distinctness to render justice to the author. We say, therefore, in general, the interest and the action are, for the most part, capably sustained throughout the piece; and the conclusion is worthy of what preceded it. The subject is new and judiciously chosen; and we shall be extremely disappointed, in every sense of the word, if the unanimous verdict of the audience is not fully confirmed by all who may hereafter witness the representation of this tragedy.

Mr. FORRESTER's performance of *Aylmere* was as nearly faultless as anything he has ever undertaken. Mild, affectionate, tender, agonized, furious and exulting, when he

should be and as he should be—it was a triumphant demonstration of histrionic power, enthusiastically acknowledged by an admiring audience. The applause at the close of the second act continued nearly all the time the drop-curtain was down.

We do not think, however, that the audience, though admiring, were at all times discriminating; for some of FORRESTER's best points were wholly overlooked by them. We were particularly struck with several instances of his quiet, colloquial delivery of lines in a style worthy of the elder Kean, which seemed to pass with the audience as matters of course, (as Garrick's acting in Hamlet did to old Partridge,) and which therefore should have been—but were not—highly applauded. By the way, this overlooking of quiet points, is a matter on which we confess to extreme sensitiveness. Your critics will most gravely and magisterially denounce *rambling* in every form: yet they invariably applaud to the echo these very whirlwinds; and the moment a truly natural, simple, beautiful point is made in a quiet way, they will begin to yawn and ask what's o'clock. "A plague o' such fellows!"

Mr. FORRESTER deserves great credit for the liberal manner in which he brings forward this and other American plays; and we trust the public will not be slow in making an adequate return, as far as crowding to witness his performance may accomplish that result.

It is but justice to the several members of the Park company to say, that they acquitted themselves with great credit, and contributed materially to the success of the new tragedy.

## Political World.

### THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The Extra Session of the twenty-seventh Congress will commence on Monday the 31st instant. The following table shows the names of the members, arranged by states, together with the parties to which they belong. The names of the Administration, or Whig members, are in Roman letters, those of the Opposition, or Van Buren, in *Italics*. New members who succeed others of the same politics are marked with an asterisk [\*]; those who succeed members of different politics and are gains to the parties to which they belong, are designated by a dagger [†].

The U. S. SENATE consists, when full, of fifty-two members. In the present Senate there is one vacancy—in the delegation from Tennessee—which will not be filled in time for the Extra Session. The present members are as follows:

States.	Members.	Term expires.	Members.	Term ex.
Maine	.....	Reuel Williams	.....	1843.
New-Hampshire	.....	Franklin Pierce	.....	1843.
Vermont	.....	Samuel Prentiss	.....	1843.
Massachusetts	.....	Rufus Choate	.....	1843.
Rhode Island	.....	Nathan F. Dixon	.....	1843.
Connecticut	.....	Perry Smith	.....	1843.
New-York	.....	Silas Wright, Jr.	.....	1843.
New-Jersey	.....	Raml. L. Southard	.....	1843.
Pennsylvania	.....	James Buchanan	.....	1843.
Delaware	.....	Richard H. Bayard	.....	1843.
Maryland	.....	John L. Kerr	.....	1843.
Virginia	.....	Wm. C. Rives	.....	1843.
North Carolina	.....	Wm. A. Graham	.....	1843.
South Carolina	.....	Wm. C. Preston	.....	1843.
Georgia	.....	Alfred Ogburn	.....	1843.
Alabama	.....	Oleasant O. Clay	.....	1843.
Mississippi	.....	John Henderson	.....	1843.
Louisiana	.....	Alexander Meulien	.....	1843.
Tennessee	.....	A. O. P. Nicholson	.....	1843.
Kentucky	.....	Henry Clay	.....	1843.
Ohio	.....	William Allen	.....	1843.
Indiana	.....	Oliver H. Smith	.....	1843.
Illinois	.....	Richard M. Young	.....	1843.
Missouri	.....	Lewis F. Linn	.....	1843.
Arkansas	.....	Amos H. Sevier	.....	1843.
Michigan	.....	Augustus S. Porter	.....	1843.

[Total—39 Administration; 22 Opposition; 1 vacancy. At the close of the last Congress the Senate stood, 24 Whigs to 23 Van Buren.]

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Districts.	Members.	Districts.	Members.
I. Nathan Clifford,		V. Nath'l. S. Littlefield,	
II. Wm. P. Fessenden,		VI. Alfred Marshall,	
III. Benjamin Randall,		VII. Joshua A. Lowell,	
IV. David Bronson,		VIII. Eliza H. Allen,	
NEW-HAMPSHIRE.			
Chas. G. Atherton,		John. R. Reding,	
Edmund Burke,		Tristram Shaw,	
Ira A. Eastman,		[Chosen by General Ticket.]	
VERMONT.			
I. Hiland Hall,		III. Horace Everett,	
II. William Slade,		IV. Augustus Young,	
V. John Mattocks,			
MASSACHUSETTS.			
I. Robert C. Winthrop,		VII. George N. Briggs,	
II. Leverett Saltonstall,		VIII. Wm. B. Calhoun,	
III. Caleb Cushing,		IX. Wm. S. Hastings,	
IV. William Parmenter,		X. Nath'l B. Borden,	
V. Charles Hudson,		XI. Barker Burnell,	
VI. Osmyn Baker,		XII. John Quincy Adams,	
RHODE ISLAND.			
Joseph L. Tillinghast,		Robert B. Cranston,	
[By General Ticket.]			
CONNECTICUT.			
I. Joseph Trumbull,		IV. Thos. B. Osborne,	
II. Wm. W. Boardman,		V. Thomas Smith,	
III. Thos. W. Williams,		VI. J. H. Breckway,	
NEW-YORK.			
I. Charles A. Floyd,		XVII. David P. Brewster,	
II. Joseph Egbert,		John G. Floyd,	
III. James J. Roosevelt,		XVIII. Thos. C. Chittenden,	
Charles G. Ferris,		XIX. Samuel S. Brown,	
John McKeon,		XX. Samuel Gordon,	
Fernando Wood,		XXI. John C. Clark,	
Aaron Ward,		XXII. Sam'l. S. Partridge,	
V. Richard D. Davis,		Lewis Riggs,	
VI. James G. Clinton,		Victory Birdseye,	
VII. John Van Buren,		XXIII. Christopher Morgan,	
XXIV. Jacob Houck, Jr.,		XXV. John Maynard,	
Robert McClellan,		XXVI. John Greig,	
IX. Hiram P. Hunt,		XXVII. William M. Oliver,	
X. Daniel D. Barnard,		XXVIII. Timothy Childs,	
XI. Archibald L. Lian,		XXIX. Seth M. Gates,	
XII. Bernard Blair,		XXX. John Young,	
XIII. Thos. A. Tomlinson,		XXXI. Staley N. Clarke,	
XIV. H. Van Rensselaer,		XXXII. Millard Fillmore,	
XV. John Sanford,		XXXIII. Alfred Babcock,	
XVI. Andrew W. Doig,			

NEW-JERSEY.—[General Ticket.]  
†John B. Ayer, Jr., Joseph F. Randolph,  
†William Halsted, Charles C. Stratton,  
†J. P. B. Maxwell, Thomas J. Yorke.

PENNSYLVANIA.  
I. Charles Brown, XII. James Cooper,  
II. John Sergeant, XIII. Amos Guibine,  
George W. Toland, XIV. James Irvin,  
III. Chas. J. Ingersoll, XV. Ben A. Bidlack,  
IV. Jeremiah Brown, XVI. John Snyder,  
John Edwards, XVII. Davis Dimock, Jr.,  
Francis James, XVIII. (Vacancy—prob W.)  
V. Joseph Fornance, XIX. Albert G. Marchand,  
VI. Robert Ramsay, XX. (Vac —prob V. B.)  
VII. John Westbrook, XXI. Joseph Lawrence,  
VIII. Peter Neuhard, XXII. William W. Irwin,  
IX. George M. Keim, XXIII. William Jack,  
X. William Simonton, XXIV. Thomas Henry,  
XI. James Gerry, XXV. Arnold Plumer.

DELAWARE.  
†George B. Rodney.  
MARYLAND.  
I. Isaac D. Jones, †Alexander Randall,  
II. James A. Pearce, V. Wm. C. Johnson,  
III. Jas. W. Williams, VI. John T. Mason,  
IV. John P. Kennedy, VII. Aug. R. Sollers.

VIRGINIA.  
I. Francis Mallory, XI. John M. Botts,  
II. George B. Carey, XII. Thomas W. Gilmer,  
III. John W. Jones, XIII. Linn Banks,  
IV. Wm. O. Goode, XIV. Cuthbert Powell,  
V. Edm. W. Hubbard, XV. Rich'd W. Barton,  
VI. Walter Coles, XVI. Wm. A. Harris,  
VII. Wm. L. Coggin, XVII. Alex. H. H. Stuart,  
VIII. Henry A. Wise, XVIII. Geo. W. Hopkins,  
IX. R. M. T. Hunter, XIX. Geo. Summers,  
X. John Taliaferro, XX. Samuel L. Hoyt,  
XXI. Lewis Stenrod.

NORTH CAROLINA.  
I. Kenneth Rayner, VII. Edmund Deberry,  
II. J. R. J. Daniel, VIII. R. M. Saunders,  
III. Edward Stanly, IX. Aug. H. Shepherd,  
IV. W. H. Washington, X. Abram Rencher,  
V. James J. McKay, XI. G. C. Caldwell,  
VI. Arch. Arrington, XII. James Graham,  
XIII. Lewis Williams.

SOUTH CAROLINA.  
I. Isaac E. Holmes, V. James Rogers,  
II. William Butler, VI. Sampson H. Butler,  
III. Francis W. Pickens, VII. Robert B. Rhett,  
IV. Patrick G. Caldwell, VIII. Thomas D. Sumter,  
IX. John Campbell.

GEORGIA.—[By General Ticket.]  
Julius C. Alford, R. W. Habersham,  
William C. Dawson, Thomas B. King,  
†Thomas F. Foster, †J. A. Merriwether,  
†Roger L. Gamble, Eugenius A. Nisbet,  
Lott Warren.

ALABAMA.—(Probably.)  
Reuben Chapman, †Wm. W. Payne,  
George S. Houston, †Benj. G. Shields,  
Dixon H. Lewis, [Chosen by General Ticket.]

LOUISIANA.  
I. Edward D. White, II. John B. Dawson,  
III. John Moore.

OHIO.  
I. N. G. Pendleton, X. Samson Mason,  
II. John B. Weller, XI. Benj. S. Cowan,  
III. Patrick G. Goode, XII. Joshua Mathiot,  
IV. Jeremiah Morrow, XIII. James Matthews,  
V. William Dean, XIV. George Sweeney,  
VI. Calvary Morris, XV. S. J. Andrews,  
VII. William Russell, XVI. Joshua R. Giddings,  
VIII. Joseph Ridgway, XVII. John Hastings,  
IX. William Medill, XVIII. Ezra Dean,  
XIX. Samuel Stokely.

INDIANA.  
I. George H. Proffit, IV. James H. Cravens,  
II. Rich. W. Thompson, V. Andrew Kennedy,  
III. Joseph L. White, VI. David Wallace,  
VII. Henry S. Lane.

KENTUCKY.  
I. Linn Boyd, VII. John Pope,  
II. Philip Triplett, VIII. James C. Sprigg,  
III. J. R. Underwood, IX. John White,  
IV. Bryan V. Owsley, X. Thos. F. Marshall,  
V. John B. Thompson, XI. L. W. Andrews,  
VI. Willis Green, XII. Garret Davis,  
XIII. William O. Butler.

TENNESSEE.  
I. Thomas D. Arnold, VII. Robt L. Caruthers,  
II. Abraham McClellan, VIII. Meredith P. Gentry,  
III. Joseph L. Williams, IX. H. M. Watterson,  
IV. Thomas J. Campbell, X. Aaron V. Brown,  
V. Hopkins L. Turney, XI. Cave Johnson,  
VI. Wm. B. Campbell, XII. Milton Brown,  
XIII. C. H. Williams.

MISSOURI.—[By General Ticket.]  
John N. Miller, †John C. Edwards,  
ARKANSAS. †Jacob M. Howard,  
Edward Cross, MISSISSIPPI.  
3 Members—Elec. 2d Aug. 2 Members—Elec. 1st Nov.

Total—Administration, 140; Opposition, 95; Vacant, 7. Last Congress about 127 Van Buren; 115 Whig.

The election in Alabama taken on the 20th. There is no doubt of the election of the members named in the above table. Mississippi and Illinois have not yet elected their members. It is probable the former will send two Administration and the latter three Opposition members.

There are three seats contested, viz: one from Maine. Noyes, Ad. vs. Lowell, Opp.; one from Virginia, Smith, Opp. vs. Banks, Opp.; and one from Ohio, Duncan, Opp. vs. Pendleton, Ad.

ADJOURNED.—The Legislature of New-York adjourned on Wednesday the 26th inst. after a session of one hundred and forty-two days; having passed three hundred and fifty-two laws. For the six last days of the session the opposition had a majority in the House, owing to the absence, from sickness and other causes, of several Whig members,



## Latest Intelligence.

**STEAM-SHIP PRESIDENT—ANOTHER RUMOR.**—A letter received in this city, dated Montreal, May 22d, says that Captain Dunn, of a timber-ship, had arrived at Quebec, and states that he left England April 21st, and when three days out positively saw the President making for the Azores.

This report is highly improbable. The latest Quebec papers make no mention of the above rumor; and it is not likely the President would attempt to reach the Azores, when it would be easier to reach England.

**MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK.**—A dreadful casualty occurred on the 18th inst. in St. Lawrence bay. The brig Minstrel of Limerick, Ireland, with one hundred and forty-one passengers, emigrants intending to settle in Canada, struck on the Red Island reef, and almost instantly sunk. Upward of one hundred passengers embarked in the boats, but the vessel went down so suddenly that the painters of the boats could not be cast off, and the people who had embarked in them perished with their equally unfortunate companions on board the ship. Of 150 souls, four of the crew and four of the passengers alone remained to tell the sad tale. These embarked in the gig which was towing astern, and were saved by the rope, which attached it to the vessel, breaking when she went down.

**COLLISION AT SEA.**—The packet ship Susquehanna, from Liverpool to Philadelphia, came in collision with another vessel, on the 8th inst. while going at the rate of eight knots an hour. A vessel being observed immediately on the larboard bow, the helm was put up to avoid a collision, by which act the Susquehanna was brought immediately into contact with another vessel on the other bow. The second vessel was discovered too late to avoid a crash. The stranger vessel, after the first shock, slewed round, passed immediately by the side of the Susquehanna, and the captain states that he was unable to discover any person on board. He cannot say whether she went down or not. One of the hands says that he saw her masts fall. The Susquehanna was considerably injured.

**LAND SLIDE AT QUEBEC.**—A most distressing accident occurred at Quebec on the morning of the 17th inst. A large mass of Cape Diamond, with the wall from the Governor's garden to the base of the citadel, gave way, and buried under masses of stone and earth eight houses in Champlain street, opposite the Custom-house. Twenty-six persons have been dug out of the ruins, and six persons besides are missing.

**Henry W. Beeson, Opp. and Andrew Stewart, Adm.** are the candidates for Congress in the Fayette and Greene District, Pa. to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Hook. There is but but little doubt of the election of Mr. Beeson. The election took place on the 25th instant.

**Dr. Bethune and lady of Philadelphia** have sailed to the Mediterranean, with a view to the improvement of the Doctor's health.

**GREAT BANK ROBBERY.**—The Frederick, (Md.) County Bank, was entered on Saturday night last and robbed of \$185,976 50; of which \$10,059 38 was in gold, and \$134,967 in notes of the bank, and \$8,738 16 in notes and checks of other banks. A reward of \$10,000 is offered by the directors for the detection of the robber and the recovery of the money.

**FIRE AT RALEIGH, N. C.**—A serious fire occurred at Raleigh on the night of the 14th inst. A stable in which the fire originated, together with five houses, and the extensive boarding-house of the Misses Pulliam were consumed. The fire was prevented from extending by blowing up the house adjoining.

**The steamboat Brazil,** with a full cargo of lead was sunk in the Upper Mississippi on the 7th inst, by striking a ledge of rocks.

**SEIZURE OF AMERICAN FISHERMEN.**—Several fishing vessels belonging to Rockport, Mass. have been seized by the British Provincial authorities and confiscated, on the pretext that they were within three miles of the British coast. They were captured by virtue of the following sentence found in a treaty between the U. States and Great Britain:

"And the United States hereby renounce forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry or cure, any fish on or within three miles of any coasts, bays, creeks or harbors, &c."

**SCOTLAND.**—The Episcopal Church of Scotland mourns the recent loss of her Primus, the venerable Bishop Walker. Though at an advanced age he was of great value to the Church. He had long been in feeble health.

**The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church** is in session at Philadelphia. The Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D. D., of Baltimore, was elected Moderator, and the Rev. James C. Barnes of Ohio, Temporary Clerk.

**Mr. L. F. Tasistro,** tragedian, is lecturing at Richmond, Va. on the writings of Shakspeare.

**SWEETS FOR THE SWEET.**—Mr. J. F. McJilton, poet, is agent in Baltimore for Pease's Hoarhound Candy.

**The rate of passage between New-York and Boston,** by way of Norwich, is \$3, and not \$5, as had been stated. The boats on this line are admirably conducted, and it is rapidly becoming the favorite route.

**YALE COLLEGE.**—The whole expenses for the past year were \$30,000, and the receipts \$31,000.

**The Bunker Hill Monument** is to be completed before the next winter.

**THE PRESIDENT.**—The following is a list of the passengers in the ill-fated President. In the list heretofore published the names of "Mr. Howell and friend" are given. That friend was Mrs. Howell, who was married to Mr. H. a few hours before the President sailed.

P. C. Pfeiffer, of New-York; A. R. Warburg, New-York; Lieutenant F. Lenox, (second son of the Duke of Richmond,) and Mr. W. H. Courtenay, (son of Mr. P. Courtenay, M. P. for Bridgewater,) British army; Tyrone Power and servant, England; C. A. D. Meisegares, Philadelphia; S. Maile, New-York; C. S. Cadet, Buenos Ayres; T. Palmer, Baltimore; Dr. M. Lerner, Cuba; T. Blancher, Cuba; John Fraser, New-York; A. Van Lohe, jun. Amsterdam; A. L. Byrne, London; — Thorndike, New-York; W. W. Martin, England; E. B. Howell and Lady, New-York; Anson Livingston, New-York; Rev. G. G. Cookman, Washington City, (formerly Chaplain to the U. S. Senate); D. Duchar, Scotland; B. Morris and child; E. Berry, J. C. Roberts, New-York; J. Leo Wolfe, wife and child; Master Mohring; Robert Hamilton Dundas, British Navy. Total 28, and two children.

The officers, crew and servants numbered about 80 souls.

### WHIG GAINS AT LATE ELECTIONS.

In Virginia .....	2 Members.
In Indiana .....	3 do
In Maryland .....	3 do
In North Carolina .....	12 do
In Tennessee .....	1 do

Being a clear gain of 12 Members.

While in three other States, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Kentucky, the Whigs have held their own.—[Nat. Intelligencer.

**Gov. Porter of Pennsylvania** has ordered a special election for member of Congress in the Somerset District, to supply the place vacated by the death of Hon. Charles Ogle. Samuel Barclay, at present in the State Senate, will probably be nominated by the Whigs, and, if so, elected by a large majority.

**RASCALITIES.**—A man, named Fowler, was caught in the act of robbing the store of Messrs. Lane & Co. Boston, on the 21st inst. On the same night some villain or villains entered the stable of Lawrence Sinnott, and cut the throat of a valuable horse.

**A man** was lost overboard from the Caledonia on her late passage, and drowned. £50 were raised for his family by the passengers and crew.

**MURDER.**—Wm. Keaton, of Wilkinson county Ga. was shot with a pistol by one Samuel M. Pitman on the 4th inst. and died on the 10th. \$150 reward has been offered for Pitman.

**The stable of Mr. Fifield,** the keeper of the Franklin house in Newburyport, was destroyed by fire on the 21st instant, between 10 and 11 o'clock. Loss about \$800; no insurance.

**The St. Louis murderers** were brought into Court to answer the indictments on charge of having murdered Baker and Weaver. They both firmly plead not guilty and had old and experienced counsel assigned for their defence.

**Captain J. N. Sawyer** of schr. Hero, died on the passage from Havana to New-Orleans, on the 8th inst. of yellow fever. He belonged to Mystic, Conn.

**We learn from the Bangor Democrat** that the President of the Frankfort Bank has been arrested on a charge of swindling and bound over for trial. The substance of the charge against him is that he took the funds of the bank, purchased stock of various persons at fifty per cent., sold it at par, kept the profits, and paid the bank in wild land at \$2 50 per acre that was worthless.

**LOSSES AT SEA.**—The Marine Insurance offices of Philadelphia have lost, since the 1st of April last, nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

**The Richmond Compiler** complains of a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the beautiful capitol square of that city. It is that *Wild Onions* (a vegetable by the way, that we are not acquainted with) have taken almost entire possession of the square, and give forth a not very delightful odor when trespassed upon, to the great discomfort of those poets and others who love to recline in the cool shade.

**PRECOCIOUS VILLAINY.**—A young man 15 years of age, was arrested in Harrisburg, Pa. on the 14th inst. on the charge of endeavoring to induce some of his associates to join him in a plot to shoot the keeper of the State Treasury, rifle his pockets of the keys and then rob the Department.

**A man in New Orleans** has recently recovered \$2000 from the owners of the steamboat Gen. Brown, the value of some horses lost by the explosion of that boat at Helena, in the year 1838.

**ESCAPED.**—All the prisoners, five in number, who were confined in the jail at Amherst, N. H., broke out on Wednesday night of last week, and escaped.

**The Merchants' Bank of New Orleans,** owned by U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania, has been purchased by Mr. Yorke for the sum of \$570,000.

**Mr. David Scott,** elected by the Whigs of Genesee County to represent them in the Assembly, has gone over to the Opposition.

**THE BANKS OF THE UNION.**—The number of Banks in the United States is about 700—with 130 branches, and an aggregate capital of \$360,000,000.

**LIBERAL DONATION.**—Edmund Wallis, deceased, of Richmond, Va., left to the Female Orphan Asylum of that city, the sum of \$15,000.

## TO OUR AGENTS.

The EVERGREEN being discontinued after the June number, and its subscription list transferred to ROBERTS' SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, all orders for this work are requested to be forwarded to the Publisher, No. 5 State street, Boston, without delay, or to this Office.

## Married.

At Willow Creek, Ill., April 28, Philander Knappen, Esq., Editor of the Rockford Star, and Miss Eliza Simons, formerly of New York. At Richmond, May 2, David Oliphant, of this city, and Miss Harriet Turner, daughter of the late David J. Burr, Esq., of R. In Buffalo, May 11, Alfred P. Stone, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio, and Anna M., eldest daughter of Hon. Charles Townsend, of that city. At South Lansing, Tompkins co., May 12, Wm. Barton Clark, Esq., of Madison co., and Miss Sarah A., daughter of A. Miner, Esq., of the former place.

May 13, at St. Thomas's Church, by Rev. Mr. Pardee, Doct. Joseph Hilton and Miss Mary A. Skatts, both of this city.

May 16, by Rev. W. W. Wallace, of Sullivan-street Church, Mr. Thomas Stimus of Belleville, N. J., and Miss Ann Maria Miller, of this city.

May 17, by Rev. George Benedict, : James M. Jenkins and Miss Isabella Turner, all of this city.

May 19, Henry A. Kittredge and Mary, daughter of Jonathan Clark, Esq., of Tewksbury, Mass.

May 19, Mr. William Fuhr and Eliza Campbell.

On the evening of the 23d instant, by Rev. Dr. Covell, Mr. John C. Myers and Miss Rachel Ann Erickson, daughter of David Erickson, Esq., all of this city.

May 21, by Rev. Dr. Lyell, Mr. William B. Grant and Miss Rosanna Dunn.

May 23, by Rev. J. Lindsey, Mr. Timothy M. Curtis and Miss Mary A. Barber, youngest daughter of the late Abijah Barber, Esq.

May 25, by Rev. Mr. Cheever, Mr. Wm. W. Gilchrist and Adeline Ann, eldest daughter of Jacob D. Cox, Esq., all of this city.

May 22, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. Richard Elliot, of London, Eng., and Miss Mary Wyatt, of this city.

On the 25th inst., Mr. Gerard Stagg and Miss Juliet W., daughter of the late John Fleming, all of this city.

May 29, by Rev. Lot Jones, Moses Chamberlain, Jr., and Julia A. Wilmot, both of this city.

May 23, by Rev. M. Richardson, Mr. Edmund Davis and Miss Alma Deborah Wheeler, both of this city.

May 30, by Rev. Dr. Hawley, Mr. G. Demarest and Matilda, daughter of the late Doct. Nelson, all of this city.

May 30, by Rev. E. L. Schoonmaker, Mr. Samuel Seaman, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth A. Folsom, both of Harlem.

May 30, by Rev. W. W. Everts, Mr. James Mallon and Miss Margaret L., daughter of Mr. David Reid, all of this city.

May 18, by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, John B. Doran, Esq., and Miss Emma Kippax, all of this city.

May 18, by Rev. Dr. Hawks, Alexander J. Bogart and Agnes H. Stuart, both of this city.

May 20, by Rev. Mr. McAuley, Wm. T. Frost and Anna M., daughter of the late Jacob Frost, Esq.

May 20, by Rev. Henry Chase, John H. Heiss and Eleanor Carlock.

May 19, by Rev. Miles Standish, Mr. James Gray and Miss Hannah S. Viele, both of this city.

At Lansingburg, May 19, George W. Reid and Miss Cornelia A., daughter of Chauncey Ives, Esq.

At Brooklyn, May 22, Oliver H. P. Townsend, of this city, and Miss Phoebe Ann, youngest daughter of David Geor, of Montrose, Pa.

In Troy, May 20, William H. Cabet, of Massachusetts, and Amanda Traver, of this city.

At Jersey City, May 25, Cornelius Van Santvoord, Esq., and Miss Susan Romeys, daughter of John V. B. Varick, Esq., deceased.

At Yonkers, May 19, by Rev. Smith Pyne, Mr. Thomas Lockhart, Jr. of this city, and Miss Mary Jane, daughter of the late Anson Paddock, Esq., of the former place.

At Mendham, N. J., May 19, Isaac S. Davidson, of Millville N. J., and Rebecca Louisa Watkins, daughter of the late Joel West, of this city.

At Brooklyn, May 25, George Greenfield and Ann Agnes Montgomery, both formerly of Scotland.

## Died.

In this city, on the 26th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Burridge, wife of Thomas H. Burridge, aged 28.

May 25, Huldah, wife of Hiram W. Warner, Esq., in the 30th year of her age.

May 26, at his residence, the Battery Hotel, Mr. Charles Pettet, aged 42.

On the 22d instant, at his residence in Fourth street, Josiah Hunt, aged 81. The deceased was one of the first and firmest patriots of the Revolution. In the darkest period of our country's struggle for liberty he volunteered in her cause, and bravely served it through its glorious strife for independence. He was in the battles of White Plains, Long Island, Monmouth, Trenton, Brandywine and Yorktown. He died, as he had lived, beloved and respected by a numerous family, and by all who knew him.

May 25, Mr. Josephus Granger, aged 43.

May 25, Gertrude, daughter of the late Peter Kemble, and wife of J. K. Paulding, late Secretary of the Navy.

On the 25th instant, W. J. Watkins, of Norwalk, Ohio, aged 32.

On the 25 h instant, Mrs. McCoon, aged 75.

May 25, William, only son of Alexander Cuscaden, 38.

On the morning of the 25th instant, Mr. Patrick Lambert, in the one hundred and fourth year of his age.

May 25, after a short illness, Catharine Gallagher, wife of Felix Gallagher.

On the 25th instant, suddenly, Hannah, widow of the late Jonathan Carleton, aged 64.

On the 23d instant, Mr. Daniel Diech, aged 82.

May 23, in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. Frances H. Adriaunce.

May 20, Margaret Campbell, aged 72.

May 24, Maria Louisa, daughter of Frederick T. Parsons, of Goshen, N. Y.

May 24, of consumption, John Green, aged 51.

May 24, Charles W., youngest son of the late Wm. Myers, aged 29.

May 24, Mr. Cornelius Decker, aged 57.

May 23, of consumption, George Frederick, second son of the late B. L. Lorenberg, aged 23.

May 23, Julia A. wife of John P. Nelson, of New-Orleans, and daughter of Hon. Richard Keese of Keeseville, N. Y.

May 19, David Rogers, M. D., in the 69th year of his age.

May 20, Mr. Samuel P. Weanman, in the 35th year of his age.

May 19, Michael Shoredon, aged 27.

May 20, Mr. Robert Leonard, a Revolutionary soldier, in the 79th year of his age.

May 20, at his Residence in Waverley Place, Benjamin F. Gilbert, Esq., late of Troy, aged 40.

May 20, John McGroarty, in the 63d year of his age.

May 20, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, in the 73d year of her age.

May 21, Roxana, wife of Ephraim Rosekrans.

May 26, Sarah Jane, wife of Charles S. Poll, and daughter of Rev. N. Bigelow, aged 20.

May 21, Jane Williams, wife of Robert J. Walker, aged 24.

May 21, Frances, wife of John Leudes, aged 40.

May 21, after a long illness, John Doyle, Jr.

May 20, Sarah J. Ingraham, wife of John Ingraham, aged 28.

In New-Ipwich, N. H., 25th ult., Mr. Peter Wilder, aged 80, a soldier of the Revolution.

At Ponce, P. R., 29th ult., Antonia Medina, wife of D. A. Graves, formerly of this city.

At Newark, May 20, Miss Eliza Vanderpool Caldwell, aged 21.

At Hastings, Westchester co., Joseph Godfrey, in the 321 year of his age.

In Bethel, Ct., May 3, Thaddeus Starr, aged 83, a Revolutionary pensioner. On the 7th, Mrs. Martin Hickox, aged 90, sister of the above.

In Stafford, Ct., Stephen Orcutt, aged 84, a Revolutionary Pensioner.

At Marblehead, Mrs. Alicia H., wife of Capt. John Gilley, aged 41.

In the county of Louisa, Va., of old age, Mary Yancey, in the 99th year of her age. She had outlived all her children, eleven in number, and seen her descendants of the fourth generation.

## SHE KNOWS NOT I LOVE HER.

## A BALLAD.

THE WORDS BY PARK BENJAMIN—COMPOSED BY HENRY COOD WATSON.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

She knows not I love her — she

nev - er shall know, For the feel - ing so sub - tle and fine, That now lives in this heart, will van - ish like snow, When it

falls in a beak - er of wine. She dreams of an - oth - er—her thoughts are a - way, Or they rest but a mo - ment on

me; Like the beams of the moon that il - lu - mine the spray, But reach not the depths of the sea: Like the

beams of the moon, That reach not the depths of the sea.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

QUARTO EDITION.

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WHOLE NUMBER 53.

## First American Editions.

## SUMMER MORNING.

BY THOMAS MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "A DAY IN THE WOODS," "RURAL SKETCHES," "SCENERY OF THE COUNTRY," "ROYSTON GOWER," "FAIR RICHMOND," ETC.

MORNING again breaks through the mines of Heaven,  
And shakes her jewelled kirtle on the sky,  
Heavy with rosy gold. Aside she driven  
The vassal clouds, which bow as she draws nigh,  
And catch her scattered gems of orient die,  
The pearlèd ruby which her pathway strews;  
Argent and amber, now thrown useless by:  
The uncolored clouds wear what she doth refuse,  
For only once does Morn her sun-dyed garments use.

No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;  
The spider's web with silvery dew is hung  
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour:  
The hooked bramble just as it was strung,  
When on each leaf the Night her crystals flung,  
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude;  
Before the golden-beaked blackbird sung,  
Or ere the yellow-brooms, or gorses rude,  
Had bared their armed heads in lowly gratitude.

From Nature's old cathedral sweetly ring  
The wild-bird choir—burst of the woodland band,  
Green-hooded aunts, who 'mid the blossoms sing;  
Their leafy temple, gloomy, tall and grand,  
Pillared with oaks, and roofed with Heaven's own hand.  
Hark! how the anthem rolls through arches dun:—  
"Morning again is come to light the land;  
The great world's Comforter, the mighty Sun,  
Has yoked his golden steeds, the glorious race to run."

The dusky foragers, the noisy rooks,  
Have from their green high city-gates rushed out,  
To rummage furrowy fields and flowery nooks;  
On yonder branch now stands their glossy scout.  
As yet no busy insects buzz about,  
No fairy thunder o'er the air is rolled;  
The drooping buds their crimson lips still pout;  
Those stars of earth, the daisies white, unfold,  
And soon the buttercups will give back "gold for gold."

"Hark! hark! the lark" sings 'mid the silvery blue;  
Behold her flight, proud man! and lowly bow.  
She seems the first that does forgive and sue,  
As though the guilty stain which lurks below  
Had touched the flowers that drooped above her brow,  
When she all night slept by the daisies' side;  
And now she soars where purity doth flow,  
Where new-born light is with no sin allied,  
And pointing with her wings Heaven-ward our thoughts  
would guide.

In belted gold the bees with "merry march"  
Through flowery towns go sounding on their way:  
They pass the streaked woodbine's sun-stained arch,  
And onward glide through streets of sheeted May.  
Nor till they reach the summer-roses stay,  
Where maiden-buds are wrapt in dewy dreams,  
Browsy through breathing back the new-mown hay,  
That rolls its fragrance o'er the fringed streams,—  
Mirrors in which the Sun now decks his quivering beams

Uprise the lambs, fresh from their flowery slumber,  
(The daisies they pressed down rise from the sod;—)  
He guardeth them who every star doth number,  
Who called His Son a lamb,—the Lamb of God;  
And for His sake withdrew th' uplifted rod,  
Bidding each cloud turn to a silvery fleece,  
The imaged flock for which our Shepherd trod  
The paths of sorrow, that we might find peace:—  
Those emblems of his love will wave till time shall cease.

On the far sky leans the old ruined mill,  
Through its rent sails the broken sunbeams glow,  
Gilding the trees that belt the lower hill,  
And the old thorns which on its summit grow.  
Only the reedy marsh that sleeps below,  
With its dwarf bushes, is concealed from view;  
And now a struggling thorn its head doth show,  
Another half shakes off the smoky blue,  
Just where the dusty gold streams through the heavy dew:

And there the hidden river lingering dreams,  
You scarce can see the banks which round it lie;  
That withered trunk, a tree, or shepherd seems,  
Just as the light or fancy strikes the eye.  
Even the very sheep, which graze hard by,  
So blend their fleeces with the misty haze,  
They look like clouds shook from the unsunned sky,  
Ere morning o'er the eastern hills did blaze:—  
The vision fades as they move further on to graze.

A chequered light streams in between the leaves,  
Which on the greensward twinkle in the sun:  
The deep-voiced thrush his speckled bosom heaves,  
And like a silver stream his song doth run,  
Down the low vale, edged with fir trees dun.  
A little bird now hops beside the brook,  
"Peeking" about like an affrighted nun;  
And ever as she drinks doth upward look,  
Titters and drinks again, then seeks her cloistered nook.

What varied colours o'er the landscape play!  
The very clouds seem at their ease to lean,  
And the whole earth to keep glad holiday.  
The lowliest bush that by the waste is seen,  
Hath changed its dusky for a golden green  
In honor of this lovely Summer Morn:  
The rutted roads did never seem so clean,  
There is no dust upon the wayside thorn,  
For every bud looks as if newly born.

A cottage girl trips by with side-long look,  
Steadying the little basket on her head:  
And where a plank bridges the narrow brook  
She stops, to see her fair form shadowed;  
The stream reflects her cloak of russet red;  
Below she sees the trees and deep blue sky,  
The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,  
The very birds which o'er its brightness fly:—  
She parts her loose blown hair, then wondering passes by.

Now other forms move o'er the footpaths brown  
In twos and threes; for it is Market-day.  
Beyond those hills stretches a little town,  
And thitherward the rustics bend their way,  
Crossing the scene in blue, and red, and grey;  
Now by green hedge-rows, now by oak-trees old,  
As they by stile or thatched cottage stray.  
Peep through the rounded hand, and you'll behold  
Such gems as Morland drew, in frames of sunny gold.

A laden ass, a maid with wicker maun,  
A shepherd lad driving his lambs to sell,  
Gaudy-dressed girls move in the rosy dawn,  
Women whose cloaks become the landscape well,  
Farmers whose thoughts on crops and prizes dwell;  
An old man with his cow and calf draws near.  
Anon you hear the Village Carrier's bell;  
Then does his grey old tilted cart appear,  
Moving so slow, you think he never will get there.

They come from still green nooks, woods old and hoary,  
The silent work of many a summer night,  
Ere those tall trees attained their giant glory,  
Or their dark tops did tower that cloudy height:  
They come from spots which the grey hawthorn's light,  
Where stream-kissed willows make a silvery shiver.  
For years their steps have worn those footpaths bright  
Which wind along the fields and by the river,  
That makes a murmuring sound, a "ribble-bibble" ever.

A troop of soldiers pass with stately pace,—  
Their early music wakes the village street:  
Through yon white blinds peeps many a lovely face,  
Smiling—perchance unconsciously how sweet!  
One does the carpet press with blue-veined feet,  
Not thinking how her fair neck she exposes,  
But with white foot timing the drum's deep beat;  
And when again she on her pillow dozes,  
Dreams how she'll dance that tune "morn' Summer's  
richest roses.

So let her dream, even as beauty should!  
Let the white plumes athwart her slumbers sway!  
Why should I steep their swaling snow in blood,  
Or bid her think of battle's grim array?  
Truth will too soon her blinding star display,  
And like a fearful comet meet her eyes.  
And yet how peaceful they pass on their way!  
How grand the sight as up the hill they rise!—  
I will not think of cities reddening in the skies.

How sweet those rural sounds float by the hill!  
The grasshopper's shrill chirp rings o'er the ground,  
The jingling sheep-bells are but seldom still,  
The clapping gate closes with hollow bound,  
There's music in the church-clock's measured sound.  
The ring-dove's song, how breeze-like comes and goes,  
Now here, now there, it seems to wander round:  
The red cow's voice along the upland flows;  
His bass the brindled bull from the far meadow lows.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" ah! well I know thy note,  
Those summer-sounds the backward years do bring,  
Like Memory's locked-up barge once more afloat:  
They carry me away to life's glad spring,  
To home, with all its old boughs rustling.  
'Tis a sweet sound! but now I feel not glad;  
I miss the voices which were wont to sing,  
When on the hills I roamed, a happy lad.  
"Cuckoo!" it is the grave—not these—that makes me sad.

Tell me, ye sages, whence these feelings rise,—  
Sorrowful mornings on the darkened soul;  
Glimpses of broken, bright, and stormy skies,  
O'er which this earth—the heart—has no control?  
Why does the sea of thought thus backward roll?  
Memory's the breeze that through the cordage raves,  
And ever drives us on some home-ward shoal,  
As if she loved the melancholy waves  
That, murmuring, shore-ward break, over a reef of graves.

Hark how the merry bells ring o'er the vale,  
Now near, remote, or lost, just as it blows.  
The red cock sends his voice upon the gale,  
From the thatched grange his answering rival crows:  
The milkmaid o'er the dew-bathed meadow goes,  
Her tucked-up kirtle ever holding tight:  
And now her song rings through the green hedge-rows,  
Her milk-kit hoops glitter like silver bright:—  
I hear her lover singing somewhere out of sight.

Where soars that spire, our rude forefathers prayed;  
Thither they came, from many a thick-leaved dell  
Year after year, and o'er those footpaths strayed,  
When summoned by the sounding Sabbath-bell,—  
For in those walls they deemed that God did dwell.  
And still they sleep within that bell's deep sound.  
Yon Spire doth here of no distinction tell:  
O'er rich and poor, marble, and earthly mound,  
The Monument of all,—it marks one common ground.

See yonder smoke, before it curls to Heaven  
Mingles its blue among the elm-trees tall;  
Shrinking like one who fears to be forgiven,  
So on the earth a rain doth prostrate fall,  
And 'mid the bending green each sin recall.  
Now from their beds the cottage-children rise,  
Roused by some early playmate's noisy bawl;  
And on the door-step standing, rub their eyes,  
Stretching their little arms, and gaping at the skies.

The leaves "drop, drop," and dot the crisped stream  
So quick, each circle wears the first away;  
Far out the tufted bulrush seems to dream,  
And to the ripple nods its head away;  
The water-flugs with one another play,  
Bowling to every breeze that blows between,  
While purple dragon-flies their wings display:  
The restless swallow's arrowy flight is seen,  
Dimpling the sunny wave, then lost amid the green.

The boy who last night passed that darksome lane,  
Trembling at every sound, and pale with fear;  
Who shook when the long leaves talked to the rain,  
And tried to sing, his sinking heart to cheer;  
Hears now no brook wail ghost-like on his ear,  
No dead-man's groan in the black-beetle's wing:  
But where the deep dyed butterflies appear,  
And on the flowers like folded pea blooms swing,  
With napless hat in hand he after them doth spring.

In the far sky the distant landscape melts,  
Like piled clouds tinged with a darker hue;  
Even the wood which yon high upland belts  
Looks like a range of clouds, of deeper blue.  
One withered tree bursts only on the view,—  
A bald bare oak, which on the summit grows,  
(And looks as if from out the sky it grew:)  
That tree has borne a thousand wintry snows,  
And seen unnumbered mornings gild its gnarled boughs.

You weather-beaten gray old finger post  
Stands like Time's land-mark pointing to decay;  
The very roads it once marked out are lost:  
The common was encroached on every day  
By grasping men who bore an unjust sway,  
And rent the gift from Charity's dead hands.  
The post does still one broken arm display,  
Which now points out where the New Workhouse stands,  
As if it said "Poor man! those walls are all thy lands."

Where o'er yon woodland-stream dark branches bow,  
Patches of blue are let in from the sky,  
Throwing a chequered underlight below,  
Where the deep waters steeped in gloom roll by;  
Looking like Hope, who ever watcheth night,  
And throws her cheering ray o'er Life's long night,  
When wearied man would fain lie down and die.  
Past the broad meadow now it rolleth bright,  
Which like a mantle green seems edged with silver light.

All things, save Man, this Summer morn rejoice:  
Sweet smiles the sky, so fair a world to view;  
Unto the earth below the flowers give voice;  
Even the wayside-weed of homeliest hue  
Looks up erect amid the golden blue,  
And thus it speaketh to the thinking mind:—  
"O'erlook me not! I for a purpose grew,  
Though long mayest thou that purpose try to find,  
On us one sunshine falls! God only is not blind!"

England, my country!—land that gave me birth!  
Where those I love, living or dead, still dwell,

Most sacred spot—to me—of all the earth;  
England! "with all thy faults I love thee well."  
With what delight I hear thy Sabbath bell  
Fling to the sky its ancient English sound,  
As if to the wide world it dared to tell  
We own a God, who guards this envied ground,  
Bulwarked with martyrs' bones—where Fear was never  
found.

Here might a sinner humbly kneel and pray,  
With this bright sky, this lovely scene in view,  
And worship Him who guardeth us alway!—  
Who hung these lands with green, this sky with blue,  
Who spake, and from these plains huge cities grew;  
Who made thee, mighty England! what thou art,  
And asked but gratitude for all His due.  
The Giver, God! claims but the beggar's part,  
And only doth require "a humble, contrite heart."

## JANE SINCLAIR; OR THE FAWN OF SPRING-VALE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,  
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THE IRISH PEASANTRY," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

JANE SINCLAIR was the third and youngest daughter of a dissenting clergyman, in one of the most interesting counties in the north of Ireland. Her father was remarkable for that cheerful simplicity of character which is so frequently joined to a high order of intellect, and an affectionate warmth of heart. To a well tempered zeal in the cause of faith and morals, he added a practical habit of charity, both in word and deed, such as endeared him to all classes, but especially to those whose humble condition in life gave them the strongest claim upon his virtues, both as a man and a pastor. Difficult, indeed, would it be to find a minister of the Gospel, whose practice and precept corresponded with such beautiful fitness, nor one who, in the midst of his own domestic circle, threw such calm lustre around him as a husband and a father. A temperate grave but sweet, wit playful and innocent, and tenderness that kept his spirit benignant to error without any compromise of duty, were the links which bound all hearts to him. Seldom have I known a Christian clergyman who exhibited in his own life so much of the unaffected character of apostolic holiness, nor one of whom it might be said with so much truth, that "he walked in all the commandments of the Lord blameless."

His family, which consisted of his wife, one son, and three daughters, had, as might be expected, imbibed a deep sense of that religion, the serene beauty of which shone so steadily along their father's path of life. Mrs. Sinclair had been well educated, and in her husband's conversation and society found further opportunity of improving, not only her intellect, but her heart. Though respectfully descended, she could not claim relationship with what may be emphatically termed the *gentry* of the country; but she could with that class so prevalent in the north of Ireland, which ranks in birth only one grade beneath them. I say in birth; for in all the decencies of life, in the unostentatious bounties of benevolence, in moral purity, domestic harmony, and a conscientious observance of religion, both in the comeliness of its forms, and the cheerful freedom of its spirit, this class ranks immeasurably above every other which Irish society presents. They who compose it are not sufficiently wealthy to relax those pursuits of honorable industry which constitute them, as a people, the ornament of our nation; nor does their good sense and decent pride permit them to follow the dictates of a mean ambition, by struggling to reach that false elevation, which is as much beneath them in all the virtues that grace life, as it is above them in the dazzling dissipation which renders the violation or neglect of its best duties a matter of fashionable etiquette, or the shameful privilege of high birth. To this respectable and independent class did the immediate relations of Mrs. Sinclair belong, and as might be expected, she failed not to bring all its virtues to her husband's heart and household—there to soothe him by their influence, to draw fresh energy from their mutual intercourse, and to shape the habits of their family into that perception of self-respect and decent propriety, which, in domestic duty, dress, and general conduct, uniformly results from a fine sense of moral feeling, blended with high religious principle.

This, indeed, is the class whose example has diffused that spirit of keen intelligence and enterprise throughout the north which makes the name of an Ulster manufacturer or merchant a synonyme for integrity and honor. From it is derived the creditable love of independence which operates upon the manners of the people and the physical soil of the country so obviously, that the *natural* appearance of the one may be considered as an appropriate exponent of the *moral* condition of the other. Aided by the genius of a practical and impressive creed, whose simple grandeur gives elevation and dignity to its followers;—this class it is which, by affording employment, counsel and example to the lower classes, brings peace and comfort to those who inhabit the white cottages and warm farmsteads of the north, and lights up its cultivated landscapes, its broad champaigns, and peaceful vales, into an aspect so smiling, that even the very soil seems to proclaim and partake of the happiness of its inhabitants. Indeed, few spots in the north could afford the spectator a better opportunity of verifying our observations as to the mild beauty of the country, than the residence of the amiable clergyman whose unhappy child's fate has furnished us with the affecting circumstances we are about to lay before the reader.

Spring-vale House, Mr. Sinclair's residence, was situated on an eminence that commanded a full view of the sloping valley from which it had its name. Along this vale, winding toward the house in a northern direction, ran a beautiful tributary stream, accompanied for near two miles in its progress by a small but well constructed road, which indeed had rather the character of a green lane than a public way, being but very little of a thoroughfare. Nothing could surpass this delightful vale in the soft and serene character of its scenery. Its sides partially wooded, and cultivated with surpassing taste, were not so precipitous as to render habitation in its bosom inconvenient. They sloped up gradually and gracefully on each side, presenting to the eye a number of snow-white residences, each standing upon the brow of

some slight table or undulation, and surrounded by ground sufficiently spacious to allow of green lawns ornamented plantations and gardens, together with a due proportion of land for cultivation and pasture. From Mr. Sinclair's house the silver bends of this fine stream gave exquisite peeps to the spectator as they wound out of the wood which here and there clothed its banks, occasionally dipping into the water. On the left, attached to the glebe-house of the Protestant pastor of the parish, the eye rested upon a pond smooth as a mirror, except where an occasional swan, as it floated onward without any apparent effort, left here and there a slight quivering ripple behind it. Farther down, springing from between two clumps of trees, might be seen the span of a light and elegant arch, from under which the river gently wound away to the right; and beyond this, on the left, about a hundred yards from the bank, rose up the slender spire of the parish church, out of the bosom of the old beeches that overshadowed it, and threw a solemn gloom upon the peaceful graveyard at its side. About two hundred yards again to the right, in a little green shelving dell, beneath the house, stood Mr. Sinclair's modest white meeting-house, with a large ash tree hanging over each gable, and a row of poplars behind it. The valley at the opposite extremity opened upon a landscape bright and picturesque, dotted with those white residences which give that peculiar character of warmth and comfort for which the northern landscapes are so remarkable. Indeed, the eye could scarcely rest upon a richer expanse of country than lay stretched out before it, nor can we omit to notice the singularly unique and beautiful effect produced by the numerous bleach-grounds that shone at various degrees of distance, and contrasted so sweetly with the surface of a land deeply and delightfully verdant.

In the far distance rose the sharp outlines of a lofty mountain, whose green and sloping base melted into the "sun-silvered" expanse of the sea, on the smooth bosom of which the eye could snatch brilliant glimpses of the snow-white sails that sparkled at a distance as they fell under the beams of the noonday sun. The landscape was indeed beautiful in itself, but still rendered more so by the delicate aerial tints which lay on every object, and touched the whole into a mellower and more exquisite expression.

Such was the happy valley in which this peaceful family resided; each and all enjoying that tranquillity which sheds its calm contentment over the unassuming spirits of those who are ignorant of the crimes that flow from the selfishness and ambition of busy life. To them, the fresh breezes of morning, as they rustled through the living foliage, and stirred the modest flowers of their pleasant path, were fraught with an enjoyment which bound their hearts to every object around them, because to each of them these objects were the sources of habitual gratification. On them the dewy stillness of evening descended with tender serenity, as the valley shone in the radiance of the sinking sun; and by them was held that sweet and rapturous communion with nature, which, as it springs earliest in the affections, so does it linger about the heart when all the other loves and enmities are forgotten.

Every thing was beautiful in the history of unhappy Jane Sinclair's melancholy fate. The evening of the incident to which the fair girl's misery might eventually be traced was one of the most calm and balmy that could be witnessed even during the leafy month of June. With the exception of Mrs. Sinclair, the whole family had gone out to saunter leisurely by the river side; the father between his two eldest daughters, and Jane, then sixteen, sometimes chatting to her brother William, and sometimes fondling a white dove, which she had petted and trained with such success, that it was then amenable to almost every light injunction she laid upon it. It sat on her shoulder, which, indeed, was its usual seat, would peck her cheek, cower as if with a sense of happiness in her bosom, and put its bill to her lips, from which it was usually fed, either to demand some sweet reward for its obedience, or to express its attachment by a profusion of innocent caresses. The evening, as we said, was fine; not a cloud could be seen, except a pile of feathery masses that hung far up at the western gate of heaven; the stillness was profound; no breathing, even of the gentlest zephyr, could be felt; the river beside them, which was here pretty deep, seemed motionless; not a leaf on the trees stirred; the very aspens were still as if they had been marble; and the whole air was warm and fragrant. Although the sun wanted more than an hour of setting, yet from the bottom of the vale they could perceive the broad shafts of light which shot from his mild disk through the snowy clouds we have mentioned, like bars of lambent radiance, almost palpable to the touch. Yet, although this delightful silence was so profound, the heart could perceive, beneath its stillest depths, that voiceless harmony of progressing life, which, like the music of a dream, can reach the soul independently of the senses, and pour upon it a sublime sense of natural inspiration.

Something like this appears to have been felt by the group we have alluded to. Mr. Sinclair, after standing for a moment on the banks of the river, and raising his eyes to the solemn splendor of the declining sun, looked earnestly around him, and then out upon the glowing landscape that stretched beyond the valley, after which, with a spirit of high enthusiasm, he exclaimed, catching at the same time the fire and grandeur of the poet's noble conception—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!  
Almighty! thine this universal frame—  
Thus wondrous fair—thyself how wondrous then—  
To us invisible, or dimly seen—  
In these thy lowest works."

There was something singularly impressive in the burst of piety which the hour and the place drew from the venerable pastor, as indeed there was in the whole group, as they listened in the attitude of deep attention to his words. Mr. Sinclair was a tall, fine looking old man, whose white flowing locks fell down on each side of his neck. His figure appeared to fine advantage, as, standing a little in front of his children, he pointed with his raised arm to the setting sun; behind him stood his two eldest girls, the countenance of one turned with an expression of awe and admiration toward the west; that of the other fixed with mingled reverence and attention on her father. William stood near Jane, and looked out thoughtfully toward the sea, while Jane herself, light and young and beautiful, stood with a flushed face, in the act of giving a pat of gentle rebuke to the snow-white dove on her

bosom. At length they resumed their walk, and the conversation took a lighter turn. The girls left their father's side, and strolled in many directions through the meadow. Sometimes they pulled wild flowers, if marked by more than ordinary beauty, or gathered the wild mint and meadow-sweet to perfume their dairy, or culled the flowery woodbine to shed its delicate fragrance through their sleeping-rooms. In fact, all their habits and amusements were pastoral, and simple, and elegant. Jane accompanied them as they strolled about, but was principally engaged with her pet, which flew, in capricious but graceful circles over her head, and occasionally shot off into the air, sweeping in mimic flight behind a green knoll, or a clump of trees, completely out of her sight; after which it would again return, and folding its snowy pinions, drop affectionately upon her shoulder, or into her bosom. In this manner they proceeded for some time, when the dove again sped off across the river, the bank of which was wooded on the other side. Jane followed the little creature with a sparkling eye, and saw it wheeling to return, when immediately the report of a gun was heard from the trees directly beneath it, and the next moment it faltered in its flight, sank, and with feeble wing, struggled to reach the object of its affection. This, however, was beyond its strength. After sinking gradually toward the earth, it had power only to reach the middle of the river, into the deepest part of which it fell, and there lay fluttering upon the stream.

The report of the gun, and the fate of the pigeon, brought the personages of our little drama with hurrying steps to the edge of the river. One scream of surprise and distress proceeded from the lips of its fair young mistress, after which she wrung her hands, and wept and sobbed like one in absolute despair.

"Oh, dear William," she exclaimed, "can you not rescue it? Oh, save it—save it; if it sinks I shall never see it more. Oh, papa, who could be so heartless as to injure a creature so inoffensive!"

"I know not, my dear Jane; but cruel and heartless must the man be that could perpetrate a piece of such wanton mischief. I should rather think it some idle boy who knows not that it is tame."

"William, dear William, can you not save it?" she inquired again of her brother; "if it is doomed to die, let it die with me;" and the affectionate girl continued to weep bitterly.

"Indeed, my dear Jane, I never regretted my ignorance of swimming so much as I do this moment. The truth is, I cannot swim a stroke, otherwise I would save poor little Ariel for your sake."

"Do not take it so much to heart, my dear child," said her father; "grief, girl, ought not to be so violent for the death of a favorite bird."

"Oh, papa, who can look upon its struggles for life, and not feel deeply; remember it was mine, and think of its attachment to me."

There was, indeed, something very painful and affecting in the situation of the beautiful wounded dove. Even Mr. Sinclair himself, in perceiving its unavailing struggles, felt as much; nor were the other two girls unaffected any more than Jane herself. Their eyes became filled with tears, and Maria, the eldest, said, "It is better, Jane, to return home. Poor mute creature! the view of its sufferings is, indeed, very painful."

Just then a tall, slender youth, apparently about eighteen, came out from the trees on the other bank of the river, but on seeing Mr. Sinclair and his family, he paused and appeared to feel somewhat embarrassed. It was evident that he had seen the bird wounded, and followed the course of its flight, without suspecting that it was tame, or that there was any person near to claim it. The distress of the females, however, especially of its mistress, immediately satisfied him that it was theirs, and he was about to withdraw into the wood again, when the situation of poor Ariel caught his eye. He instantly took off his hat, flung it across the river, and plunging in, swam toward the dove, which was now nearly exhausted. A few strokes brought him to the spot, on reaching which, he caught the bird in one hand, held it above the water, and, with the other, swam down toward a slope in the bank a few yards below the spot where the party stood. Having gained the bank, he approached them, but was met half way by Jane, whose eyes, now sparkling through her tears, spoke her gratitude in language much more eloquent than any her tongue could utter.

The youth first examined the bird, with a view to ascertain where it had been wounded, and immediately placed it with much gentleness in the eager hands of its mistress. "It will not die, I should think, in consequence of the wound," he observed, "which, though pretty severe, has left the wing unbroken. The body, at all events, is safe. With care it may recover."

William then handed him his hat, and Mr. Sinclair having thanked him for an act of such humanity, insisted that he should go home with them, in order to procure a change of apparel. At first he declined this offer, but, after a little persuasion, he yielded with something of shyness and hesitation: accordingly, without loss of time, they all reached the house together.

Having been prevailed on to take a glass of cordial, he immediately withdrew to William's apartment, for the purpose of changing his dress. William, however, now observed that he got pale, and that in a few minutes afterward his teeth began to chatter, whilst he shivered excessively.

"You had better lose no time in putting these dry clothes on," said he; "I am rather inclined to think bathing does not agree with you, that is, if I am to judge by your present paleness and trembling."

"No," said the youth, "you are right; it is a pleasure which, for the last two years I have been forbidden. I feel very chilly, indeed, and you will excuse me for declining the use of your clothes. I must return home forthwith."

Young Sinclair, would not hear of this. After considerable pains he prevailed on him to change his dress, but no argument could induce him to stop for a moment longer than until this was effected.

The family, on his entering the drawing room to take his leave, were surprised at a determination so sudden and unexpected; but when Mr. Sinclair noticed his extreme paleness, he suspected that he had got ill, and that it might not be delicate to press him.

"Before you leave us," said the good clergyman, "will



you not permit us to know the name of the young gentleman to whom my daughter is indebted for the rescue of her dove?"

"We are as yet but strangers in the neighborhood," replied the youth; "my father's name is Osborne. We have not been more than three days in Mr. Williams's residence, which, together with the whole of the property annexed to it, my father has purchased."

"I am aware, I am aware: then you will be a permanent neighbor of ours," said Mr. Sinclair; "and believe me, my dear boy, we shall always be happy to see you at Springvale; nor shall we soon forget the generous act which first brought us acquainted."

Whilst this short dialogue lasted, two or three shy side-long glances passed between him and Jane. So extremely modest was the young man that, from an apprehension lest these glances might have been noticed, his pale face became lit up with a faint blush, in which state of confusion he took his leave.

## CHAPTER II.

Conversation was not resumed among the Sinclairs for some minutes after his departure, each, in fact, having been engaged in reflecting upon the surpassing beauty of his face, and the uncommon symmetry of his slender but elegant person. Their impression, indeed, was rather that of wonder than of mere admiration. His face shone with that rosy light of life's prime, which only glows on the human countenance during the brief period that intervenes between the years of the thoughtless boy and those of the confirmed man: and whilst his white brow beamed with intellect, it was easy to perceive that the fire of deep feeling and high-wrought enthusiasm broke out in timid flashes from his dark eye. His modesty, too, by tempering the full lustre of his beauty, gave to it a character of that graceful diffidence, which above all others makes the deepest impression upon a female heart.

"Well, I do think," said William Sinclair, "that young Osborne is decidedly the finest boy that I ever saw—and yet we have not seen him to advantage."

"I hope his health may not be injured by what has occurred," observed Agnes, the second daughter; "he appeared ill."

"That, Agnes, is more to the point," said Mr. Sinclair; "I fear the boy is by no means well; and I am apprehensive, from the deep carnation of his cheek, and his subsequent paleness, that he carries within him the seeds of early dissolution. He is too delicate, almost too ethereal for earth."

"If he becomes an angel," said William, smiling, "with a very slight change, he will put some of them out of countenance."

"William," said the father, "never, while you live, attempt to be witty at the expense of what is sacred or solemn."

"I beg your pardon, father—I was wrong—but I spoke heedlessly."

"I know you did, Billy; but in future avoid it. Well, Jane, how is your bird?"

"I think it is better, papa; but one can form no opinion so soon."

"Go, show it to your mamma—she is the best doctor among us—follow her advice, and no doubt she will add its cure to the other triumphs of her skill."

"Jane is fretting too much about it," observed Agnes; "why, Jane, you are just now as pale as young Osborne himself."

This observation turned the eyes of the family upon her; but scarcely had her sister uttered the words when the young creature's countenance became the color of crimson, so deeply, and with such evident confusion did she blush. Indeed she felt conscious of this, for she rose, with the wounded dove lying gently between her hands and bosom, and passed, without speaking, out of the room.

"Do not you think, papa," observed Miss Sinclair, "that there is a striking resemblance between young Osborne and Jane? I could not help remarking it."

"There decidedly is, Maria, now that you mention it," said William.

The father paused a little, as if to consider the matter, and then added with a smile—

"It is very singular, Mary; but indeed I think there is—both in the style of their features and their figure."

"Osborne is too handsome for a man," observed Agnes; "yet, after all, one can hardly say so, his face, though fine, is not feminine."

"Beauty, my children!—alas, what is it? Often—too often, a fearful, a fatal gift. It is born with us, and not of our own merit; yet we are vain enough to be proud of it. It is, at best, a flower that soon fades—a light that soon passes away. Oh! what is it when contrasted with those high principles whose beauty is immortal, which brighten by age, and know neither change nor decay. There is Jane—my poor child—she is indeed very beautiful and graceful, yet I often fear that her beauty, joined as it is to an overwrought sensibility, may, before her life closes, occasion much sorrow either to herself or others."

"She is all affection," said William.

"She is all love, all tenderness, all goodness; and may the grace of her Almighty Father keep her from the wail and woe which too often accompany the path of beauty in this life of vicissitude and trial."

A tear of affection for his beautiful child stood in the old man's eyes as he raised them to Heaven, and the loving hearts of his family burned with tenderness toward this their youngest and best beloved sister.

The sun had now gone down, and, after a short pause, the old man desired William to summon the other members of the household to prayers. The evening worship being concluded, the youngsters walked in the lawn before the door until darkness began to set in, after which they retired to their respective apartments for the night.

Sweet and light be your slumbers, O ye that are peaceful and good—sweet be your slumbers on this night so calm and beautiful; for, alas! there is one among you into whose innocent bosom has stolen that destroying spirit which will yet pale her fair cheek, and wring many a bitter tear from the eyes that love to look upon her. Her early sorrows have commenced this night, and for what mysterious purpose who can divine?—but, alas, alas, her fate is sealed—the fawn of Springvale is stricken, and even now carries in her young heart a wound that will never close.

Osborne's father, who had succeeded to an estate of one thousand per annum, was the eldest son of a gentleman

whose habits were badly calculated to improve the remnant of property which ancestral extravagance had left him.

Ere many years the fragment which came into his possession dwindled into a fraction of its former value, and he found himself with a wife and four children—two sons and two daughters—struggling on a pittance of two hundred a year. This, to a man possessing the feelings and education of a gentleman, amounted to something like retributive justice upon his prodigality. His conflict with poverty, however, (for to him it might be termed such,) was fortunately not of long duration. A younger brother who, finding he must fight his own battle in life, had embraced the profession of medicine, very seasonably died, and Osborne's father succeeded to a sum of twelve thousand pounds in the funds, and an income in landed property of seven hundred per annum. He now felt himself more independent than he had ever been, and with this advantage, that his bitter experience of a heartless world had completely cured him of all tendency to extravagance. And now he would have enjoyed as much happiness as is the usual lot of man, were it not that the shadow of death fell upon his house, and cast its cold blight upon his children. Ere three years had elapsed he saw his eldest daughter fade out of life, and in less than two more his eldest son was laid beside her in the same grave. Decline, the poetry of death, in its deadly beauty came upon them, and whilst it sung its song of life and hope to their hearts, treacherously withdrew them to darkness and the worm.

Osborne's feelings were those of thoughtlessness and extravagance; but he had never been either a libertine or a profligate, although the world forbore not when it found him humbled in his poverty, to bring such charges against him. In truth, he was full of kindness, and no parent ever loved his children with deeper or more devoted affection. The death of his noble son and beautiful girl brought down his spirit to the most mournful depths of affliction. Still he had two left, and, as it happened, the most beautiful, who more than equally possessed his affections. To them was gradually transferred that melancholy love which the heart of the sorrowing father had carried into the grave of the departed; and alas! it appeared as if he had come back to those who had lived loaded with the malady of the dead. The health of the surviving boy became delicate, and, by the advice of his physician, who pronounced the air in which they lived unfavorable, Osborne, on hearing that Mr. Williams, a distant relation, was about to dispose of his house and grounds, immediately became the purchaser. The situation, which had a southern aspect, was dry and healthy, the air pure and genial, and, according to the best medical opinions, highly beneficial to persons of a consumptive habit.

For two years before this—that is, since his brother's death—the health of young Osborne had been watched with all the tender vigilance of affection. A regimen in diet, study, and exercise, had been prescribed for him by his physician, the regulations of which he was by no means to transgress. In fact, his parents lived under a sleepless dread of losing him, which kept their hearts expanded with that inexpressible and burning love, which none but a parent so circumstanced can ever feel.

But, independently of his extraordinary personal advantages, all his dispositions were so gentle and affectionate, that it was not in human nature to entertain a harsh feeling toward him. Although modest and shrinking, he possessed a mind full of intellect and enthusiasm: his imagination, too, overflowed with creative power, and sought the dreamy solitudes of noon, that it might, far from the bustle of life, shadow forth those images of beauty which come thickly only upon those whose hearts are most susceptible of its forms. Many a time has he sat alone upon the brow of a rock or hill, watching the clouds of heaven, or gazing on the setting sun, or communing with the thousand aspects of nature in a thousand moods, his young spirit relaxed into that elysian reverie which, beyond all other kinds of intellectual enjoyment, is the most seductive to a youth of poetic temperament.

There were, indeed, in Osborne's case, too many of those light and scarcely perceptible tokens which might be traced, if not to a habit of decline, at least to a more than ordinary delicacy of constitution. The boy was consequently enjoined to avoid all violent exercise, to keep out of currents, while heated to drink nothing cold, and above all things never to indulge in the amusement of cold bathing.

Such were the circumstances under which Osborne first appeared to the reader, who may now understand the extent of his alarm on feeling himself so suddenly and seriously affected by his generosity in rescuing the wounded dove. His mere illness on this occasion was a matter of much less anxiety to himself than the alarm which he knew it would occasion his parents and his sister. On his reaching home he mentioned the incident which occurred, admitted that he had been rather warm on going into the water, and immediately went to bed. Medical aid was forthwith procured, and although the physician assured them that there appeared nothing serious in his immediate state, yet was his father's house a house of wail and sorrow.

The next day the Sinclairs, having heard in reply to their inquiries through the servant who had been sent home with his apparel, that he was ill, the worthy clergyman lost no time in paying his parents a visit on the occasion. In this he expressed his regret, and that also of his whole family, that any circumstance relating to them should be the means, even accidentally, of affecting the young gentleman's health. It was not, however, until he dwelt upon the occurrence in terms of approbation, and placed the boy's conduct in a generous light, that he was enabled to appreciate the depth and tenderness of their affection for him. The mother's tears flowed in silence on hearing this fresh proof of his amiable spirit, and the father, with a foreboding heart, related to Mr. Sinclair the substance of that which we have detailed to the reader, connected with the health of himself and his family.

Such was the incident which brought these two families acquainted, and ultimately ripened their intimacy into friendship.

Much sympathy was felt for young Osborne by the other members of Mr. Sinclair's household, especially as his modest and unobtrusive deportment, joined to his extraordinary beauty, had made so singularly favorable an impression upon them. Nor was the history of that insidious malady, which had already been so fatal to his

sister and brother, calculated to lessen the interest which his first appearance had excited. There was one young heart among them which sank, as if the weight of death had come over it, on hearing this melancholy account of him whose image was now for ever the star of her fate, whether for happiness or sorrow. From the moment their eyes had met in those few shrinking but flashing glances by which the spirit of love conveys its own secret, she felt the first painful transports of the new affection, and retired to solitude with the arrow that struck her so deeply yet quivering in her bosom.

The case of our fair girl differed widely from that of many young persons, in whose heart the passion of love larks unknown for a time, throwing its soft shadows of delight and melancholy over their peace, whilst they themselves feel unable in the beginning to develop those strange sensations which take away from their pillows the unbroken slumber of early life.

Jane, from the moment her eyes rested on Osborne, felt and was conscious of feeling the influence of a youth so transcendently fascinating. Her love broke not forth gradually like the trembling light that brightens into the purple flush of morning, neither was it fated to sink calm and untroubled like the crimson tints that die only when the veil of night wraps them in its shadow. Alas, no! it sprang from her heart in all the neontide strength of maturity—a full-grown passion, incapable of self-restraint, and conscious only of the wild and novel delight arising from its own indulgence. She could not despair, she could scarcely doubt; for on thinking of the blushing glances so rapidly stolen at herself, and of the dark brilliant eye from whence they came, she knew that the soul of him she loved spoke to her in a language that was mutually understood.

To others, at the present stage of her affection, she appeared more silent than usual, and evidently fond of solitude, a trait which they had not observed in her before. But these were slight symptoms of what she felt; for, alas, the day was soon to come that was to overshadow their hearts for ever—when never, never more were they and she, in the light of their own innocence, to sing like the morning stars together, or to lay their untroubled heads in the slumbers of the happy.

## CHAPTER III.

More than a month had now elapsed since the first appearance of Osborne as one of the *dramatis personæ* of our narrative. A slight fever, attended with less effect upon the lungs than his parents anticipated, had passed off, and he was once more able to go abroad and take exercise in the open air. The two families were now in the habit of visiting each other almost daily; and what tended more and more to draw closer the bonds of good feeling between them, was the fact of the Osbornes being members of the same creed, and attendants at Mr. Sinclair's place of worship. Jane, while Charles Osborne was yet ill, had felt a childish diminution of affection for her convalescent dove, while at the same time something whispered to her that it possessed a stronger interest in her heart than it had ever done before. This may seem a paradox to such of our readers as have never been in love; but it is not at all irreconcilable to the analogous and often conflicting states of feeling produced by that strange and mysterious passion. The innocent girl was wont, as frequently as she could without exciting notice, to steal away to the garden, or the fields, or the river side, accompanied by her mute companion, to which with pouting carresses she would address a series of rebukes for having been the means of occasioning the illness of him she loved.

"Alas, Ariel, little do you know, sweet bird, what anxiety you have caused your mistress—if he dies I shall never love you more! Yes, coo, and flatter—but I do not care for you; no, that kiss won't satisfy me until he is recovered—then I shall be friends with you, and you shall be my own Ariel again."

She would then pat it petulantly; and the beautiful creature would sink its head, and slightly expand its wings, as if conscious that there was a change of mood in her affection.

But again the innocent remorse of her girlish heart would flow forth in terms of tenderness and endearment; again would she pat and cherish it; and with the artless caprice of childhood exclaim—

"No, my own Ariel, the fault was not yours; come, I shall love you—and I will not be angry again; even if you were not good I would love you for his sake. You are now dearer to me a thousand times than you ever were; but alas! Ariel, I am sick, I am sick, and no longer happy. Where is my lightness of heart, and where, oh where is the joy I used to feel?"

Even this admission, which in the midst of solitude could reach no other human ear, would startle the bashful creature into alarm; and while her cheek became alternately pale and crimson at such an avowal thus uttered aloud, she would wipe away the tears that arose to her eyes whenever the depths of her affection were stirred by these pensive broodings which gave its sweetest charm to youthful love.

In thus seeking solitude, it is not to be imagined that our young heroine was drawn thither by a love of contemplating nature in those fresher aspects which present themselves in the stillness of her remote recesses. She sought not for their own sakes the shades of the grove, the murmuring cascade, nor the voice of the hidden rivulet that occasionally stole out from its leafy cover, and ran in music toward the ampler stream of the valley. No, no; over her heart and eye the spirit of their beauty passed idly and unfelt. All of external life that she had been wont to love and admire gave her pleasure no more. The natural arbors of woodbine, the fairy dells, and the wild flowers that peeped in unknown sweetness about the hedges, the fairy-firs, the blue-bells, the cowslips, with many others of her fragrant and graceful favorites, all, all charmed her, alas, no more. Nor at home, where every voice was tenderness, and every word affection, did there exist in her stricken heart that buoyant sense of enjoyment which had made her youth like the music of a brook, where every thing that broke the smoothness of its current only turned it into melody. The morning and evening prayer—the hymn of her sisters' voices—their simple spirit of tranquil devotion—and the touching solemnity of her father, worshipping God upon the altar of his own heart—all, all this, alas—alas, charmed her no more. Oh, no—no; many motives conspired to send her into solitude, that she might in the sanctity of unproving nature cherish her affection for the youth whose image was ever, ever before her. At home

such was the timid delicacy of her love, that she felt as if its indulgence even in the stillest depths of her own heart, was disturbed by the conversation of her kindred, and the familiar habits of domestic life. Her father's, her brother's, and her sister's voices, produced in her a feeling of latent shame, which, when she supposed for a moment that they could guess her attachment, filled her with anxiety and confusion. She experienced, beside, a sense of uneasiness on reflecting that she practised, for the first time in their presence, a dissimulation so much at variance with the opinion she knew they entertained of her habitual candor. It was, in fact, the first secret she had ever concealed from them; and now the suppression of it in her own bosom, made her feel as if she had withdrawn that confidence which was due to the love they bore her. This was what kept her so much in her own room, or sent her abroad to avoid all that had a tendency to repress the indulgence of an attachment that had left in her heart a capacity for no other enjoyment. But in solitude she was far from everything that could disturb those dreams in which the tranquillity of nature never failed to entrance her. There it was where the mysterious spirit that raises the soul above the impulses of animal life, mingled with her being, and poured upon her affection the elemental purity of that original love which in the beginning preceded human guilt.

It is indeed far from the contamination of society—in the stillness of solitude when the sentiment of love comes abroad before its passion, that the heart can be said to idealize the object of its devotion, and to forget that its indulgence can ever be associated with error. This is, truly, the angelic love of youth and innocence; and such was the nature of that which the beautiful girl felt.

The evening on which Jane and Charles Osborne met for the first time, unaccompanied by their friends, was one of those to which the power of neither pen nor pencil can do justice. The sun was slowly sinking among a pile of those soft crimson clouds, behind which fancy is so apt to picture to itself the regions of calm delight that are inhabited by the happy spirits of the blest; the sycamore and hawthorn were yet musical with the hum of bees, busy in securing their evening burthen for the hive. Myriads of winged insects were sporting in the sunbeams; the melancholy plaint of the ring-dove came out sweetly from the trees, mingled with the songs of other birds, and the still sweeter voice of some happy groups of children at play in the distance. The light of the hour, in its subdued but golden tone, fell with singular clearness upon all nature, giving to it that tranquil beauty which makes every thing the eye rests upon glide with quiet rapture into the heart. The moth butterflies were fluttering over the meadows, and from the low stretches of softer green rose the thickly-growing grass-stalks, having their slender ears bent with the mellow burthen of wild honey—that ambrosial feast for the lips of innocence and childhood. It was, indeed, an evening when love would bring forth its sweetest memories, and dream itself into those ecstasies of tenderness that flow from the mingled sensations of sadness and delight.

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to see on this earth a young creature, whose youth and beauty, and slender grace of person gave her more the appearance of some visionary spirit, too exquisitely ideal for human life. Yet was there still apparent in her, something that preserved, with singular power, the delightful reality that she was of humanity, and subject to all those softer influences that breathe their music so sweetly over the chords of the human heart. The delicate bloom of her cheek, shaded away as it was, until it melted into the light that sparkled from her complexion—the snowy forehead, the flashing eye, in which sat the very soul of love—the lips, blushing of sweets—her whole person breathing the warmth of youth and feeling, and so characteristic in the easiness of its motions of that graceful flexibility that has never been known to exist separated from the power of receiving varied and profound emotions—all this told the spectator, too truly, that the lovely being before him was not of another sphere, but one of the most delightful that ever appeared in this.

But hush!—here is a strain of music! Oh! who is it breathes forth that gush of touching melody which flows in such linked sweetness from the flute of an unseen performer? How soft, how gentle, but oh, how very mournful are the notes! Surely, they would seem to come from one whose heart has been brought low by the ruined hopes of an unrequited passion. But, fair girl, why this sympathy in one so young? Why is thy bright eye dewy with tears for the imaginary sorrows of another? And again—but hush!—why that flash of delight and terror?—that sudden suffusion of red over thy face and neck—and, even now, that paleness like death! Thy heart, thy heart!—why does it throb, and why do thy knees totter? Alas! it is even so; he, the Endymion of thy dreams, as beautiful as even thou thyself in thy purple dawn of womanhood—he from whom thou now shrinkest, yet whom thou darest not to meet, is approaching, and bears in his very beauty the charm that will darken thy destiny.

The appearance of Osborne, unaccompanied, taught this young creature to know the full extent of his influence over her. Delight, terror, and utter confusion of thought and feeling, seized upon her the moment he became visible. She wished herself at home, but had no power to go; she blushed, she trembled, and, in the tumult of the moment, lost all presence of mind and self-possession. He had come from behind a hedge, on the path-way along which she walked, and was consequently approaching her, so that it was evident they must meet. On seeing her he ceased to play, paused a moment, and, were it not that it might appear cold, and rather remarkable, he, too, would have retraced his steps homeward. In truth, both felt equally confused and equally agitated; for, although such an interview had been, some time previously, the dearest wish of their hearts, yet would they both almost have felt relieved, had they had an opportunity of their escaping it. Their first words were uttered in a low, hesitating voice, amid pauses occasioned by the necessity of collecting their scattered thoughts, and with countenances deeply blushing from a consciousness of what they felt. Osborne turned back, mechanically, and accompanied her in a walk. After this there was a silence for some time, for neither had courage to renew the conversation—At length Osborne, in a faltering voice, addressed her.

"Your dove," said he, "is quite recovered, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it is perfectly well again."

"It is an exceedingly beautiful bird, and remarkably docile."

"I have had little difficulty in training it," she returned, and then added very timidly, "it is also very affectionate." The youth's eyes sparkled, as if he were about to indulge in some observation suggested by her reply, but, fearing to give it expression, he paused again: in a few minutes, however he added—

"I think there is nothing that gives one so perfect an idea of purity and innocence as a snow-white dove, unless I except a young and beautiful girl, such as—"

He glanced at her as he spoke, and their eyes met, but in less than a moment they were withdrawn and placed upon the earth.

"And of meekness and holiness too," she observed after a little.

"True; but perhaps I ought to make another exception," he added, alluding to the term by which she herself was then generally known. As he spoke, his voice expressed considerable hesitation.

"Another exception," she answered inquiringly; "it would be difficult, I think, to find any other emblem of innocence so appropriate as a dove."

"Is not a *Faun* still more so?" he replied; "it is so gentle and meek, and its motions are so full of grace, and timidity and beauty. Indeed I do not wonder, when an individual of your sex resembles it in the qualities I have mentioned, that the name is sometimes applied to her."

The tell-tale cheek of the girl blushed a recognition of the compliment implied in the words, and, after a short silence, she said, in a tone that was any thing but indifferent, and with a view of changing the conversation—

"I hope you are quite recovered from your illness?"

"With the exception of a very slight cough, I am," he replied.

"I think," she observed, "that you look somewhat paler than you did."

"That paleness does not proceed from indisposition, but from a far different"—he paused again, and looked evidently abashed. In the course of a minute, however, he added, "yes, I know I am pale, not because I am unwell, for my health is nearly if not altogether restored, but because I am unhappy."

"Strange," said Jane, "to see one unhappy at your years."

"I think I know my own character and disposition well," he replied; "my temperament is naturally a melancholy one; the frame of my mind is like my body, very delicate, and capable of being affected by a thousand slight influences which pass over hearts of a stronger mould, without ever being felt. Life to me, I know, will be productive of much pain, and much enjoyment, while its tenure lasts, but that, indeed, will not be long. My sands are measured, for I feel a presentiment, a mournful and prophetic impression, that I am doomed to go down into an early grave."

The tone of passionate enthusiasm which pervaded these words, uttered as they were in a voice wherein pathos and melody were equally blended, appeared to be almost too much for a creature whose sympathy in all his moods and feelings was then so deep and congenial. She felt some difficulty in repressing her tears, and said, in voice which no effort could keep firm—

"You ought not to indulge in those gloomy forebodings; you should struggle against them, otherwise they will distress your mind, and injure your health."

"Oh, you do not know," he proceeded, his eyes sparkling with that light which is so often the beacon of death—"you do not know the fatal fascination by which a mind, set to the sorrows of a melancholy temperament, is charmed out of its strength. But no matter how dark may be my dreams—there is one light for ever, ever before me—one figure of grace and beauty—oh, how could I deny myself the contemplation of a vision that pours into my soul a portion of itself, and effaces every other object but an entrancing sense of its own presence. I cannot, I cannot—it bears me away into a happiness, that is full of sadness—where I indulge alone, without knowing why, in 'my feast of tears'—happy! happy! so I think, and so I feel; yet why is my heart sunk, and why are all my visions filled with death and the grave?"

"Oh, do not talk so frequently of death," replied the beautiful girl, "surely you need not fear it for a long while. This morbid tone of mind will pass away when you grow into better health and strength."

"Is not this hour calm?" said he, flashing his dark eyes full upon her; "see how beautiful the sun sinks in the west!—alas! so I should wish to die—as calm, and the meral lustre of my life as radiant."

"And so you shall," said Jane, in a voice full of that delightful spirit of consolation which, proceeding from such lips, breathes the most affecting power of sympathy, "so you shall, but like him, not until after the close of a long and well-spent life."

"That—that," said he, "was only a passing thought. Yes, the hour is calm, but even in such stillness, do you not observe that the aspen there to our left, this moment quivers to the breezes which we cannot feel, and by which not a leaf of any other tree about us is stirred—such I know myself to be, an aspen among men, stirred into joy or sorrow, whilst the hearts of others are at rest. Oh, how can my foretaste of life be either bright or cheerful, for when I am capable of being moved by the very breathings of passion, what must I not feel in the blast, and in the storm—even now, even now!"—The boy, here overcome by the force of his own melancholy enthusiasm, paused abruptly, and Jane, after several attempts to speak, at last said, in a voice scarcely audible—

"Is not hope always better than despair?"

Osborne instantly fixed his eyes upon her, and saw, that although hers were bent upon the earth, her face had become overspread with a deep blush. While he looked she raised them, but after a single glance, at once quick and timid, she withdrew them again, a still deeper blush mantling upon her cheek. He now felt a sudden thrill of rapture fall upon his heart, and rush almost like a suffocating sensation to his throat; his being became for a moment raised to an ecstasy too intense for the power of description to portray, and, were it not for the fear which ever accompanies the disclosure of first and youthful love, the tears of exulting delight would have streamed down his cheeks.

Both had reached a little fairy dell of vivid green con-

cealed by trees on every side, and in the middle of which rose a large Yew, around whose trunk had been built a seat of natural turf, whereon those who strolled about the grounds might rest, when heated or fatigued by exercise or the sun. Here the girl sat down.

A change had now come over both. The gloom of the boy's temperament was gone, and his spirit caught its mood from that of his companion. Each at the moment breathed the low, anxious, and tender timidity of love, in its purest character. The souls of both vibrated to each other, and felt depressed with that sweetest emotion which derives all its power from the consciousness that its participation is mutual. Osborne spoke low, and his voice trembled; the girl was silent but her bosom panted, and her frame shook from head to foot. At length Osborne spoke.

"I sometimes sit here alone, and amuse myself with my flute: but of late—of late—I can bear no music that is not melancholy."

"I, too, prefer mournful—mournful music," replied Jane. "That was a touching air you played just now."

Osborne put the flute to his lips, and commenced playing over again the air she had praised; but, on glancing at the fair girl, he perceived her eyes fixed upon him with a look of such deep and devoted passion as utterly overcame him. Her eyes, as before, were immediately withdrawn, but there dwelt again upon her burning cheek such a consciousness of her love as could not, for a moment, be mistaken. In fact she betrayed all the confused symptoms of one who felt that the state of her heart had been discovered. Osborne, ceased playing; for such was his agitation that he scarcely knew what he thought or did.

"I cannot go on," said he, in a voice which equally betrayed the state of his heart; "I cannot play;" and at the same time he seated himself beside her.

Jane rose as he spoke, and in a broken voice full of an expression like distress, said hastily—

"It is time I should go;—I am—I am too long out."

Osborne caught her hand, and in words that burned with the deep and melting contagion of his passion, said simply:

"Do not go;—oh do not yet go!"

She looked full upon him, and perceived that as he spoke his face became deadly pale, as if her words were to seal his happiness or misery.

"Oh do not leave me now," he pleaded; "do not go, and my life may yet be happy."

"I must," she replied, with great difficulty; "I cannot stay: I do not wish you to be unhappy; and whilst saying this, the tears that ran in silence down her cheeks proved too clearly how dear his happiness must ever be to her."

Osborne's arm glided round her waist, and she resumed her seat,—or rather tottered into it.

"You are in tears," he exclaimed. "Oh could it be true! Is it not, my beloved girl? It is—it is—love! Oh surely, surely it must—it must!"

She sobbed aloud once or twice: and, as he kissed her unresisting lips, he tenderly and passionately asked, "oh, my best beloved and dearest, say is it love?" She murmured out, "It is; it is; I love you."

Oh life! how dark and unfathomable are thy mysteries! And why is it that thou permittest the course of true love, like this, so seldom to run smooth, when so many who, uniting through the impulses of sordid passion, sink into a state of obtuse indifference, over which the lights and shadows that touch thee into thy finest perceptions of enjoyment pass in vain.

It is a singular fact, but no less true than singular, that since the world began there never was known any instance of an anxiety, on the part of youthful lovers, to prolong to an immoderate extent, the scene in which the first mutual avowal of their passion takes place. The excitement is too profound, and the waste of those delicate spirits, which are expended in such interviews, is much too great to permit the soul to bear such an excess of happiness long. Independently of this, there is associated with it an ultimate enjoyment, for which the lovers immediately fly to solitude; there, in the certainty of waking bliss, to think over and over again of all that has occurred between them, and to luxuriate in the conviction, that at length the heart has not another wish, but sinks into the solitary charm which expands it with such a sense of rapturous and exulting delight.

The interview between our lovers was, consequently, not long. The secret of their hearts being known, each felt anxious to retire, and to look with a miser's ecstasy upon the delicious hoard which the scene we have just described had created. Jane did not reach home until the evening devotions of the family were over, and this was the first time she had ever, to their knowledge, been absent from them before. Borne away by the force of what had just occurred, she was proceeding up to her own room, after reaching home, when Mr. Sinclair, who had remarked her absence, desired that she should be called into the drawing-room.

"It is the first neglect," he observed, "of a necessary duty, and it would be wrong in me to let it pass without at least pointing it out to the dear child as an error, and knowing from her own lips why it has happened."

Terror and alarm, like what might be supposed to arise from the detection of secret guilt, seized upon the young creature so violently, that she had hardly strength to enter the drawing-room without support: her face became the image of death, and her whole frame tottered and trembled visibly.

"Jane, my dear, why were you absent from prayers this evening?" inquired her father, with his usual mildness of manner.

This question, to one who had never yet been, in the slightest instance, guilty of falsehood, was indeed a terrible one; and especially to a girl so extremely timid as was this his best beloved daughter.

"Papa," she at last replied, "I was out walking;" but as she spoke, there was that in her voice and manner which betrayed an insincere reply.

"I know, my dear, you were; but although you have frequently been out walking, yet I do not remember that you ever stayed away from our evening worship before. Why is this?"

Her father's question was repeated in vain. She hung her head and returned no answer. She tried to speak, but from her parched lips not a word could proceed. She felt as if all the family that moment were conscious of the occurrence between her and her lover; and if the wish could



have relieved her, she would almost have wished to die, so much did she shrink abashed in their presence.

"Tell me, my daughter," proceeded her father, more seriously, "has your absence been occasioned by anything that you are ashamed or afraid to mention? From me, Jane, you ought to have no secrets: you are yet too young to think away from your father's heart and from your mother's also; speak candidly, my child—speak candidly—I expect it."

As he uttered the last words, the head of their beautiful beautiful flower sank upon her bosom, and in a moment she lay insensible upon the sofa on which she had been sitting.

This was a shock for which neither the father nor the family were prepared. William flew to her—all of them crowded about her, and scarcely had he raised that face so pale, but now so mournfully beautiful in its insensibility, when her mother and sisters burst into tears and wailings, for they feared at the moment that their beloved one must have been previously seized with sudden illness, and was then either taken, or about to be taken from their eyes for ever. By the coolness of her father, however, they were directed how to restore her, in which, after a lapse of not less than ten minutes, they succeeded.

When she recovered, her mother folded her in her arms, and her sisters embraced her with tenderness and tears. Her father then gently caught her hand in his, and said with much affection:

"Jane, my child, you are ill. Why not have told us so?" The beautiful girl knelt before him for a moment, but again rose up, and hiding her head in his bosom, exclaimed, weeping—

"Papa, bless me, oh, bless me, and forgive me."

"I do; I do," said the old man; and as he spoke, a few large tears trickled down his cheeks, and fell upon her golden locks.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It is a singular fact, but one which we know to be true, that not only the affection of parents, but that of brothers and sisters, goes down with greater tenderness to the youngest of the family, all other circumstances being equal. This is so universally felt and known, that it requires no further illustration from us. At home, Jane Sinclair was loved more devotedly in consequence of being the most innocent and beautiful of her father's children; in addition to this, however, she was cherished with that peculiar sensibility of attachment by which the human heart is always swayed toward its youngest and its last.

On witnessing her father's tenderness, she concealed her face in his bosom, and wept for some time in silence, and by a gentle pressure of her delicate arms, as they encircled his neck, intimated her sense of his affectionate indulgence toward her; and perhaps could it have been understood, a tacit acknowledgment of her own unworthiness on that occasion to receive it.

At length, she said, after an effort to suppress her tears, "Papa, I will go to bed."

"Do, my love; and, Jane, forget not to address the Throne of God before you sleep."

"I did not intend to neglect it, papa. Mamma, come with me." She then kissed her sisters and bade good night to William; after which she withdrew, accompanied by her mother, whilst the eyes of those who remained were fixed upon her with love, and pride, and admiration.

"Mamma," said she, when they reached the apartment, "allow me to sleep alone to-night."

"Jane, your mind appears to be depressed, darling," replied her mother. "Has any thing disturbed you, or are you really ill?"

"I am quite well, mamma, and not at all depressed; but do allow me to sleep in the closet bed."

"No, my dear, Agnes will sleep there, and you can sleep in your own as usual; the poor girl will wonder why you leave her, Jane; she will feel so lonely, too."

"But, mamma, it would gratify me very much, at least for this night. I never wished to sleep away from Agnes before; and I am certain she will excuse me when she knows I prefer it."

"Well, my love, of course I can have no objection; I only fear you are not so well as you imagine yourself. At all events, Jane, remember your father's advice to pray to God; and remember this, besides, that from me at least, you ought to have no secrets. Good night, dear, and may the Lord take care of you."

She then kissed her with an emotion of sorrow for which she could scarcely account, and passed down to the room wherein the other members of the family were assembled.

"I know not what is wrong with her," she observed, in reply to their inquiries; "she declares she is perfectly well, and that her mind is not at all depressed."

"In that I agree with her," said William; "her eye occasionally sparkled with something that resembled joy more than depression."

"She begged of me to let her sleep alone to-night," continued the mother, "so that you, Agnes, must lie in the closet bed."

"She must, certainly, be unwell, then," replied Agnes, "or she would hardly leave me. Indeed, I know that her spirits have not been so good of late as usual. For some weeks past she has been quite changed, and seldom spoke at all after going to bed. Neither did she sleep so well lately as she used to do."

"She is, indeed, a delicate flower," observed her father, "and a very slight blast, poor thing, will make her droop—droop perhaps into an early grave!"

"Do not speak so gloomily, my dear Henry," said her mother. "What is there in her particular case to justify any such apprehension?"

"Her health has been always good, too," observed Maria; "but the fact is, we love her so affectionately that many things disturb us about her which we would never feel if we loved her less."

"Mary," said her father, "you have in a few words expressed the true state of our feelings with respect to the dear child. We shall find her, I trust, in good health and spirits in the morning; and please the Divine Will, all will again be well—but what's the matter with you, Agnes?"

Mr. Sinclair had, a moment before, observed that an expression of thought, blended with sorrow, overshadowed the face of his second daughter. The girl, on hearing her father's inquiry, looked mournfully upon him, whilst the tears ran silently down her cheeks.

"I will go to her," said she, "and stay with her if she will let me. Oh, papa, why talk of an early grave for her? How could we lose her? I could not—and I cannot bear even to think of it."

She instantly rose and proceeded to Jane's room, but in a few minutes returned, saying, "I found her at prayers, papa."

"God bless her, God bless her! I knew she would not voluntarily neglect so sacred a duty. As she wishes to be alone, it is better not to disturb her; solitude and quiet will no doubt contribute to her composure, and it is probably for this purpose that she wishes to be left to herself."

After this the family soon retired to bed, with the exception of Mr. Sinclair himself, who, contrary to his practice, remained for a considerable time longer up than usual. It appeared, indeed, as if the shadow of some coming calamity had fallen upon their hearts, or that the affection they entertained for her was so mysteriously deep as to produce that prophetic sympathy which is often known to operate in a presentiment of sorrow that never fails to be followed by disaster. It is difficult to account for this singular succession of cause to effect, as they act upon our emotions, except probably by supposing that it is an unconscious development of those latent faculties which are decreed to expand into full growth in a future state of existence. Be this as it may, these loving relatives experienced upon that night a mood of mind such as they had never before known, even when the hand of death had taken a brother and sister from among them. It was not grief, but a wild kind of dread, slight, it is true, but distinct in its character, and not dissimilar to that fear which falls upon the spirits during one of those glooms that precede some dark and awful convulsion of nature. Her father remained up, as we have said, longer than the rest, and in the silence which succeeded their retirement for the night, his voice could be occasionally heard in deep and earnest supplication. It was evident that he had recourse to prayer; and by some of the expressions caught from time to time, they gathered that "his dear child," and "her peace of mind," were the object of the foreboding father's devotions.

Jane's distress, at concealing the cause of her absence from prayers, though acute at the moment of inquiry, was nevertheless more transient than one might suppose from the alarming effects it produced. Her mind was at the time in a state of tumult and excitement, such as she had never till then experienced, and the novel guilt of dissimulation, by superinducing her first impression of deliberate crime, opposed itself so powerfully to the exulting sense of her new-born happiness, that both produced a shock of conflicting emotions which a young mind, already so much exhausted, could not resist. She felt, therefore, that a strange darkness shrouded her intellect, in which all distinct traces of thought and all memory of the past were momentarily lost. Her frame, too, at the best but slender and much enfeebled by the preceding interview with Osborne, and her present embarrassment, could not bear up against this chaotic struggle between delight and pain. It was, no doubt, impossible for her relatives to comprehend all this, and hence their alarm. She was too pure and artless to be suspected of concealing the truth; and they consequently entertained not the slightest suspicion of that kind; but still their affections were aroused, and what might have terminated in an ordinary manner, ended in that unusual mood we have described.

With a scrupulous attention to her father's precepts, as well as from a principle of early and sincere piety, she strove on reaching her bed-room to compose her mind in prayer, and to beg the pardon of Heaven for her wilful suppression of the truth. This was a task, however, to which she was altogether unequal. In vain she uttered words expressive of her sorrow, and gave language to sentiments of deep repentance; there was but one idea, but one image in her mind, viz. her impassioned lover, and the certainty that she was the object of his affection. Again and again she attempted to pray, but still with the same success. It was to no purpose she resolved to banish him from her thoughts, until at least the solemn act of her evening worship should be concluded; for ere she had uttered half a sentence the image would return to mock her devotions. In this manner she continued for some time, striving to advance with a sincere heart in her address to heaven; again recommencing with a similar purpose, and as often losing herself in those visions that wrapped her spirit in their transports. At length she arose, and for a moment felt a deep awe fall upon her. The idea that she could not pray, seemed to her as a punishment annexed by God to her crime of having tampered with the love of truth, and disregarded her father's injunctions not to violate it. But this, also, soon passed away: she lay down, and at once surrendered her heart and thought and fancy to the power of that passion, which like the jealous tyrant of the East, seemed on this occasion resolved to bear no virtue near the heart in which it sat enthroned. Such, however, was not its character, as the reader will learn when he proceeds; true love being in our opinion rather the guardian of the other virtues than their foe.

#### CHAPTER V.

The next morning, when Jane awoke, the event of yesterday flashed on her memory with a thrill of pleasure that made her start up into a recumbent posture in the bed. Her heart bounded, her pulse beat high, and a sudden sensation of hysterical delight rushed to her throat with a transport that would have been painful, had she not passed out of a state of such panting ecstasy and become dissolved in tears. She wept, but how far did she believe the cause of her emotion to be removed from sorrow? She wept, yet alas! alas! never did tears of such delight flow from a source that drew a young heart onward to greater darkness and desolation. Weep on, fair girl, in thy happiness; for the day will come when thou wilt not be able to find one tear in thy misery!

Her appearance the next morning exhibited to the family no symptom whatever of illness. On the contrary, she never looked better, indeed seldom so well. Her complexion was clearer than usual, her spirits more animated, and the dancing light of her eye plainly intimated by its sparkling that her young heart was going on the way of its love rejoicing. Her family were agreeably surprised at this, especially when they reflected upon their anxiety concerning her on the preceding night. To her distress on that occasion they made not the slightest allusion; they felt it suffi-

cient that the beloved of their hearts was well, and that from the evident flow of her spirits there existed no rational grounds for any apprehension respecting her. After breakfast she sat sewing for some time with her sisters, but it was evident that her mind was not yet sufficiently calm to permit her as formerly to sustain a proper part in their conversation. Ever and anon they could observe by the singular light which sparkled in her eyes, as with a sudden rush of joy, that her mind was engaged on some other topic, and this at a moment when some appeal or interrogatory to herself rendered such abstracted enjoyment more obvious. Sensible, therefore, of her incompetency as yet to regulate her imagination so as to escape notice, she withdrew in about an hour to her own room, there once more to give a loose to its indulgence.

Our readers may perceive that the position of Jane Sinclair in her own family, was not very favorable to the formation of a firm character. The regulation of a mind so imaginative, and of feelings so lively and susceptible, required a hand of uncommon delicacy. Indeed her case was one of unusual difficulty. In the first place, her meekness and extreme sweetness of temper rendered it almost impossible in a family where her own qualities predominated, to find any deviation from duty which might be seized upon without harshness as a pretext for inculcating those precautionary principles that were calculated to strengthen the weak points which her character may have presented. Even those weak points, if at the time they could be so termed, were perceptible only in the exercise of her virtues, so that it was a matter of some risk, especially in the case of one so young, to reprove an excess on the right side, lest in doing so you checked the influence of the virtue that accompanied it. Such errors, if they can be called so, when occurring in the conduct of those whom we love, are likely to call forth any thing but censure. It is naturally supposed, and in general with too much truth, that time and experience will remove the excess, and leave the virtue not more than equal to the demands of life upon it. Her father, however, was, as the reader may have found, by no means ignorant of those traits in the constitution of her mind from which danger or happiness might ultimately be apprehended; neither did he look on them with indifference. In truth, they troubled him much, and on more than one occasion he scrupled not fully to express his fears of their result. It was he, the reader perceives, who, on the evening of her first interview with Osborne, gave so gloomy a tone to the feelings of the family, and impressed them at all events more deeply than they otherwise would have felt, with a vague presentiment of some unknown evil that was to befall her. She was, however, what is termed the pet of the family, the centre to which all their affections turned; and she herself felt conscious of this, there is little doubt that the extreme indulgence and almost blameable tenderness which they exercised toward her, did by imperceptible degrees disqualify her from undergoing with firmness those conflicts of the heart to which a susceptibility of the finer emotions rendered her peculiarly liable. Indeed among the various errors prevalent in domestic life, there is scarcely one that has occasioned more melancholy consequences than that of carrying indulgence toward a favorite child too far; and creating under the slightest instances of self-denial a sensitiveness or impatience, arising from a previous habit of being gratified in all the whims and caprices of childhood or youth. The fate of favorite children in life is almost proverbially unhappy; and we doubt not that if the various lunatic receptacles were examined, the maledy, in a majority of cases, might be traced to an excess of indulgence and want of proper discipline in early life. Had Mr. Sinclair insisted on knowing from his daughter's lips the cause of her absence from prayers, and given a high moral proof of the affection he bore her, it is probable that the consciousness on her part of his being cognizant of her passion, would have kept it so far within bounds as to submit to the control of reason instead of ultimately subverting it. This, however, he unhappily omitted to do, not because he was at all ignorant that a strict sense of duty, and a due regard for his daughter's welfare, demanded it; but because her distress, and the childlike simplicity with which she cast herself upon his bosom, touched his spirit, and drew forth all the affection of a parent who "loved not wisely but too well."

Love, however, will not be long without its object, nor can the soul be happy in the absence of its counterpart. For some time after the interview in which the passion of our young lovers was revealed, Jane found solitude to be the same solace to her love, that human sympathy is to affliction. The certainty that she was now beloved, caused her heart to lapse into those alternations of repose and enjoyment which above all other states of feeling nourish its affections. Nature wore in her eyes a new aspect, was clothed with such beauty, and breathed such a spirit of love and harmony, as she only perceived now for the first time. Her parents were kinder and better, she thought, than they had before been to her; and her sisters and brother seemed endued with warmer affections and brighter virtues than they had ever possessed. Every thing near her and about her partook in a more especial manner of this delightful change; the servants were won by sweetness so irresistible—the dogs were more kindly caressed, and Ariel, her own Ariel, was, if possible, more beloved.

[To be continued.]

For the New World.

### IMPROMPTU.

[Written on a visiting card, in the absence of the lady to whom it was addressed.]

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

MARY! thou art not here; yet all around  
Breathes of thy soft and gentle influence.  
The flowers, in sweet profusion that abound,  
The birds, books, pictures, charming soul and sense,  
All, speak of woman's tender love, and care,  
And whisper thy pure spirit lingers here;  
E'en as that charmed stone, which oft of yore  
Apollo's gifted lyre at noon-day bore,  
Gave sweetly forth the same melodious tone,  
And woke to music, when that lyre was gone!

\* The stone on which Apollo placed his lyre, when reposing from the noon-day heat, was anciently supposed ever after to emit a sweet sound in his absence.

## Recent Literature.

## GUY FAWKES.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH,

Book the Third.

## CHAPTER I....How Guy Fawkes was put to the Torture.

INTIMATION of the arrest of Guy Fawkes having been sent to the Tower, his arrival was anxiously expected by the warders and soldiers composing the garrison, a crowd of whom posted themselves at the entrance of Traitor's Gate, to obtain a sight of him. As the bark that conveyed the prisoner shot through London Bridge, and neared the fortress, notice of its approach was given to the lieutenant, who, scarcely less impatient, had stationed himself in a small circular chamber in one of the turrets of St. Thomas's or Traitor's Tower, overlooking the river. He hastily descended, and had scarcely reached the place of disembarkation when the boat passed beneath the gloomy archway; the immense wooden wicket closed behind it; and the officer in command springing ashore, was followed more deliberately by Fawkes, who mounted the slippery stairs with a firm footstep. As he gained the summit, the spectators pressed forward, but Sir William Waad, ordering them in an authoritative tone to stand back, fixed a stern and scrutinizing glance on the prisoner.

"Many vile traitors have ascended those steps," he said, "but none so false-hearted, none so blood-thirsty as you."

"None ever ascended them with less misgiving, or with less self-reproach," replied Fawkes.

"Miserable wretch! Do you glory in your villainy?" cried the lieutenant. "If anything could heighten my detestation of the pernicious creed you profess, it would be to witness its effects on such minds as yours. What a religion must that be, which can induce its followers to commit such monstrous actions, and delude them into the belief that they are pious and praiseworthy!"

"It is a religion, at least, that supports them at seasons when they most require it," rejoined Fawkes.

"Peace!" cried the lieutenant fiercely, "or I will have your viperous tongue torn out by the roots."

Turning to the officer, he demanded his warrant, and glancing at it, gave some directions to one of the warders, and then resumed his scrutiny of Fawkes, who appeared wholly unmoved, and steadily returned his gaze.

Meanwhile, several of the spectators, eager to prove their loyalty to the King, and abhorrence of the plot, loaded the prisoner with execrations, and finding these produced no effect, proceeded to personal outrage. Some spat upon his face and garments; some threw mud gathered from the slimy steps upon him; some pricked him with the points of their halberds; while others, if they had not been checked, would have resorted to greater violence. Only one bystander expressed the slightest commiseration for him. It was Ruth Ippgrave, who with her parents formed part of the assemblage.

A few kindly words pronounced by this girl moved the prisoner more than all the insults he had just experienced. He said nothing, but a slight and almost imperceptible quivering of the lip, told what was passing within. The jailer was extremely indignant at his daughter's conduct, fearing it might prejudice him in the eyes of the lieutenant.

"Get hence, girl," he cried, "and stir not from thy room for the rest of the day. I am sorry I allowed thee to come forth."

"You must look to her, Jasper Ippgrave," said Sir William Waad, sternly. "No man shall hold an office in the Tower who is a favorer of papacy. If you were a good Protestant, and a faithful servant of King James, your daughter could never have acted thus unbecomingly. Look to her I say,—and to yourself."

"I will, honorable sir," replied Jasper, in great confusion. "Take her home directly," he added in an undertone to his wife. "Lock her up till I return, and scourge her if thou wilt. She will ruin us by her indiscretion."

In obedience to this injunction, Dame Ippgrave seized her daughter's hand, and dragged her away. Ruth turned for a moment to take a last look at the prisoner, and saw that his gaze followed her, and was fraught with an expression of the deepest gratitude. By way of showing his disapproval of his daughter's conduct, the jailer now joined the bitterest of Guy Fawkes's assailants; and ere long the assemblage became infuriated to such an ungovernable pitch, that the lieutenant, who had allowed matters to proceed thus far in the hope of shaking the prisoner's constancy, finding his design fruitless, ordered him to be taken away. Escorted by a dozen soldiers with calivers on their shoulders, Guy Fawkes was led through the archway of the Bloody Tower, and across the green to the Beauchamp Tower. He was placed in the spacious chamber on the first floor of that fortification, now used as a mess-room by the Guards. Sir William Waad followed him, and seating himself at a table, referred to the warrant.

"You are here called John Johnson. Is that your name?" he demanded.

"If you find it thus written, you need make no further inquiry from me," replied Fawkes. "I am the person so described. That is sufficient for you."

"Not so," replied the lieutenant; "and if you persist in this stubborn demeanor, the severest measures will be adopted toward you. Your sole chance of avoiding the torture is making a full confession."

"I do not desire to avoid the torture," replied Fawkes. "It will wrest nothing from me."

"So all think till they have experienced it," replied the lieutenant; "but greater fortitude than yours has given way before our engines."

Fawkes smiled disdainfully, but made no answer.

The lieutenant then gave directions that he should be placed within a small cell adjoining the larger chamber, and that two of the guards should remain constantly beside him, to prevent him from doing himself any violence.

"You need have no fear," observed Fawkes. "I shall not destroy my chance of martyrdom."

At this juncture, a messenger arrived, bearing a despatch from the Earl of Salisbury. The lieutenant broke the seal, and after hurriedly perusing it, drew his sword, and desiring

the guard to station themselves outside the door approached Fawkes.

"Notwithstanding the enormity of your offence," he observed, "I find his Majesty will graciously spare your life, provided you will reveal the names of all your associates, and disclose every particular connected with the plot."

Guy Fawkes appeared lost in reflection, and the lieutenant, conceiving he had made an impression upon him, repeated the offer.

"How am I to be assured of this?" asked the prisoner.

"My promise must suffice," rejoined Waad.

"It will not suffice to me," returned Fawkes. "I must have a pardon signed by the King."

"You shall have it on one condition," replied Waad. "You are evidently troubled with few scruples. It is the Earl of Salisbury's conviction that the heads of many important Catholic families are connected with this plot. If they should prove to be so,—or, to be plain, if you will accuse certain persons whom I will specify, you shall have the pardon you require."

"Is this the purport of the Earl of Salisbury's despatch?" asked Guy Fawkes.

The lieutenant nodded.

"Let me look at it," continued Fawkes. "You may be practising upon me."

"Your own perfidious nature makes you suspicious of treachery in others," cried the lieutenant—"Will this satisfy you?"

And he held the letter toward Guy Fawkes, who instantly snatched it from his grasp.

"What ho!" he shouted, in a loud voice, "what ho!" and the guards instantly rushed into the room. "You shall learn why you were sent away. Sir William Waad offered me my life on the part of the Earl of Salisbury, provided I will accuse certain innocent parties—innocent, except that they are Catholics—of being leagued with me in my design. Read this letter, and see whether I speak not the truth."

And he threw it among them. But no one stirred, except a warder, who, picking it up, delivered it to the lieutenant.

"You will now understand whom you have to deal with," pursued Fawkes.

"I do," replied Waad; "but were you as unyielding as the walls of this prison, I would shake your obduracy."

"I pray you not to delay the experiment," said Fawkes.

"Have a little patience," retorted Waad. "I will not baulk your humor, depend upon it."

With this he departed, and repairing to his lodgings, wrote a hasty despatch to the Earl, detailing all that had passed, and requesting a warrant for the torture, as he was apprehensive if the prisoner expired under the severe application that would be necessary to force the truth from him, he might be called to account. Two hours afterward, the messenger returned with the warrant. It was in the handwriting of the King, and contained a list of interrogations to be put to the prisoner, concluding by directing him "to use the gentler torture first, *et sic per gradus ad incrementum*. And so God speed you in your good work!"

Thus armed, and fearless of the consequences, the lieutenant summoned Jasper Ippgrave.

"We have a very refractory prisoner to deal with," he said, as the jailer appeared. "But I have just received the royal authority to put him through all the degrees of torture if he continues obstinate. How shall we begin?"

"With the Scavenger's Daughter and the Little Ease, if it please you, honorable sir," replied Ippgrave. "If these fail, we can try the gauntlets and the rack; and lastly, the dungeon among the rats, and the hot stone."

"A good progression," said the lieutenant, smiling. "I will now repair to the torture chamber. Let the prisoner be brought there without delay. He is in the Beauchamp Tower."

Ippgrave bowed, and departed, while the lieutenant, calling to an attendant to bring a torch, proceeded along a narrow passage communicating with the Bell Tower. Opening a secret door within it, he descended a flight of stone steps, and traversing a number of intricate passages, at length stopped before a strong door, which he pushed aside and entered the chamber he had mentioned to Ippgrave. This dismal apartment has already been described. It was that in which Viviana's constancy was so fearfully approved. Two officials in the peculiar garb of the place—a sable livery—were occupied in polishing the various steel implements. Besides these, there was the surgeon, who was seated at a side table reading by the light of a brazen lamp. He instantly arose on seeing the lieutenant, and began with the other officials to make preparations for the prisoner's arrival. The two latter concealed their features by drawing a large black capoch, or hood, attached to their gowns, over them, and this disguise added materially to their lugubrious appearance. One of them took down a broad iron hoop, opening in the centre with a hinge, and held it in readiness. Their preparations were scarcely completed when heavy footsteps announced the approach of Fawkes and his attendants. Jasper Ippgrave ushered them into the chamber, and fastened the door behind them. All the subsequent proceedings were conducted with the utmost deliberation, and were therefore doubly impressive. No undue haste occurred, and the officials, who might have been mistaken for phantoms or evil spirits, spoke only in whispers. Guy Fawkes watched their movements with unaltered composure. At length, Jasper Ippgrave signified to the lieutenant that all was ready.

"The opportunity you desired of having your courage put to the test is now arrived," said the latter to the prisoner.

"What am I to do?" was the reply.

"Remove your doublet, and prostrate yourself," subjoined Ippgrave.

Guy Fawkes obeyed, and when in this posture began audibly to recite a prayer to the Virgin.

"Be silent," cried the Lieutenant, "or a gag shall be thrust into your mouth."

Kneeling upon the prisoner's shoulders, and passing the hoop under his legs, Ippgrave then succeeded, with the help of his assistants, who added their weight to his own, in fastening the hoop with an iron button. This done, they left the prisoner, with his limbs and body so tightly compressed together, that he was scarcely able to breathe. In this state he was allowed to remain for an hour and a half.

The surgeon then found on examination, that the blood had burst profusely from his mouth and nostrils, and in a slighter degree from the extremities of his hands and feet.

"He must be released," he observed in an undertone to the lieutenant. "Further continuance might be fatal."

Accordingly the hoop was removed, and it was at this moment that the prisoner underwent the severest trial. Despite his efforts to control himself, a sharp convulsion passed across his frame, and the restoration of impeded circulation and respiration occasioned him the most acute agony.

The surgeon bathed his temples with vinegar, and his limbs being chafed by the officials, he was placed on a bench.

"My warrant directs me to begin with the 'gentler tortures,' and to proceed by degrees to extremities," observed the lieutenant, significantly. "You have now had a taste of the milder sort, and may form some conjecture what the worst are like. Do you still continue contumacious?"

"I am in the same mind as before," replied Fawkes, in a hoarse but firm voice.

"Take him to the Little Ease, and let him pass the night there," said the lieutenant. "To-morrow, I will continue the investigation."

Fawkes was then led out by Ippgrave and the officials, and conveyed along a narrow passage, until arriving at a low door, in which there was an iron grating, it was opened, and disclosed a narrow cell about four feet high, one and a few inches wide, and two deep. Into this narrow receptacle, which seemed totally inadequate to contain a tall and strongly-built man like himself, the prisoner was with some difficulty thrust, and the door locked upon him.

In this miserable plight, with his head bent upon his breast—the cell being so contrived that its wretched inmate could neither sit, nor recline at full length within it—Guy Fawkes prayed long and fervently, and no longer troubled by the uneasy feelings which had for some time troubled him, he felt happier in his forlorn condition than he had been when anticipating the full success of his project.

"At least," he thought, "I shall now win myself a crown of martyrdom, and whatever my present sufferings may be, they will be speedily effaced by the happiness I shall enjoy hereafter."

Overcome, at length, by weariness and exhaustion, he fell into a sort of doze—it could scarcely be called sleep—and while in this state, fancied he was visited by Saint Winifred, who, approaching the door of the cell, touched it, and it instantly opened. She then placed her hand upon his limbs, and the pain he had hitherto felt in them subsided.

"Your troubles will soon be over," murmured the Saint, "and you will be at rest. Do not hesitate to confess. Your silence will neither serve your companions, nor yourself."

With these words the vision disappeared, and Guy Fawkes awoke. Whether it was the effect of imagination, or that his robust constitution had in reality shaken off the effects of the torture, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he felt his strength restored to him, and attributing his recovery entirely to the marvellous interposition of the Saint, he addressed a prayer of gratitude to her. While thus occupied, he heard—for it was so dark he could distinguish nothing—a sweet low voice at the grating of the cell, and imagining it was the same benign presence as before, paused and listened.

"Do you hear me?" asked the voice.

"I do," replied Fawkes. "Is it the blessed Winifred who again vouchsafes to address me?"

"Alas, no!" replied the voice, "it is one of mortal mould. I am Ruth Ippgrave, the jailer's daughter. You may remember that I expressed some sympathy in your behalf at your landing at Traitor's Gate to-day, for which I incurred my father's displeasure. But you will be quite sure I am a friend, when I tell you I assisted Viviana Radcliffe to escape."

"Ha!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, in a tone of great emotion.

"I was in some degree in her confidence," pursued Ruth; "and if I am not mistaken, you are the object of her warmest regard."

The prisoner could not repress a groan.

"You are Guy Fawkes," pursued Ruth. "Nay, you need have no fear of me. I have risked my life for Viviana, and would risk it for you."

"I will disguise nothing from you," replied Fawkes. "I am he you have named. As the husband of Viviana—for such I am—I feel the deepest gratitude to you for the service you rendered her. She bitterly reproached herself for having placed you in so much danger. How did you escape?"

"I was screened by my parents," replied Ruth. "It was given out by them that Viviana escaped through the window of her prison, and I was thus preserved from punishment. Where is she now?"

"In safety, I trust," replied Fawkes. "Alas! I shall never behold her again."

"Do not despair," returned Ruth. "I will try to effect your liberation; and though I have but slender hope of accomplishing it, still there is a chance."

"I do not desire it," returned Fawkes. "I am content to perish. All I lived for is at an end."

"This shall not deter me from trying to save you," replied Ruth; "and I still trust there is happiness in store for you with Viviana. Amid all your sufferings, rest certain there is one who will ever watch over you. I dare not remain here longer, for fear of a surprise. Farewell!"

She then departed, and it afforded Guy Fawkes some solace to ponder on the interview during the rest of the night.

On the following morning, Jasper Ippgrave appeared, and placed before him a loaf of the coarsest bread, and a jug of dirty water. His scanty meal ended, he left him, but returned in two hours afterward with a party of halberdiers, and desiring him to follow him, led the way to the torture-chamber. Sir William Waad was there when he arrived, and demanding in a stern tone whether he still continued obstinate, and receiving no answer, ordered him to be placed in the gauntlets. Upon this, he was suspended from a beam by his hands, and endured five hours of the most excruciating agony—his fingers being so crushed and lacerated that he could not move them.

He was then taken down, and still refusing to confess, was conveyed to a horrible pit, adjoining the river, called, from the loathsome animals infesting it, "the dungeon among the rats." It was about twenty feet wide and twelve deep,



and at high tide was generally more than two feet deep in water.

Into this dreadful chasm was Guy Fawkes lowered by his attendants, who, warning him of the probable fate that awaited him, left him in total darkness. At this time the pit was free from water; but he had not been there more than an hour, when a bubbling and hissing sound proclaimed that the tide was rising, while frequent splashes convinced him that the rats were at hand. Stooping down, he felt that the water was alive with them—that they were all around him—and would not, probably, delay their attack. Prepared as he was for the worst, he could not repress a shudder at the prospect of the horrible death with which he was menaced.

At this juncture, he was surprised by the appearance of a light, and perceived at the edge of the pit a female figure bearing a lantern. Not doubting it was his visitant of the former night, he called out to her, and was answered in the voice of Ruth Ippreve.

"I dare not remain here many minutes," she said, "because my father suspects me. But I could not let you perish thus. I will let down this lantern to you, and the light will keep away the rats. When the tide retires you can extinguish it."

So saying, she tore her kerchief into shreds, and tying the slips together, lowered the lantern to the prisoner, and without waiting to receive his thanks, hurried away.

Thus aided, Guy Fawkes defended himself as well as he could against his loathsome assailants. The light showed that the water was swarming with them—that they were creeping by hundreds up the sides of the pit, and preparing to make a general attack upon him.

At one time, Fawkes determined not to oppose them, but to let them work their will upon him; but the contact of the noxious animals made him change his resolution, and he instinctively drove them off. They were not, however, to be easily repulsed, and returned to the charge with greater fury than before. The desire of self-preservation now got the better of every other feeling, and the dread of being devoured alive giving new vigor to his crippled limbs, he rushed to the other side of the pit. His persecutors, however, followed him in myriads, springing upon him, and making their sharp teeth meet in his flesh in a thousand places.

In this way the contest continued for some time, Guy Fawkes speeding round the pit, and his assailants never for one moment relaxing in the pursuit, until he fell from exhaustion, and his lantern being extinguished, the whole host darted upon him.

Thinking all over, he could not repress a loud cry, and it was scarcely uttered, when lights appeared, and several gloomy figures bearing torches were seen at the edge of the pit. Among these he distinguished Sir William Waad, who offered instantly to release him if he would confess.

"I will rather perish," replied Fawkes, "and I will make no further effort to defend myself. I shall soon be out of the reach of your malice."

"This must not be," observed the lieutenant to Jasper Ippreve, who stood by. "The Earl of Salisbury will never forgive me if he perishes."

"Then not a moment must be lost, or those ravenous brutes will assuredly devour him," replied Ippreve. "They are so fierce that I scarcely like to venture among them."

A ladder was then let down into the pit, and the jailor and the two officials descended. They were just in time. Fawkes had ceased to struggle, and the rats were attacking him with such fury that his words would have been speedily verified, but for Ippreve's timely interposition.

On being taken out of the pit, he fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood; and when he came to himself, found he was stretched upon a couch in the torture-chamber, with the surgeon and Jasper Ippreve in attendance. Strong broths, and other restoratives, were then administered; and his strength being sufficiently restored to enable him to converse, the lieutenant again visited him, and questioning him as before, received a similar answer.

In the course of that day and the next, he underwent at intervals various kinds of torture, each more excruciating than the preceding, all of which he bore with unabated fortitude. Among other applications, the rack was employed with such rigor, that his joints started from their sockets, and his frame seemed torn asunder.

On the fourth day, he was removed to another and yet gloomier chamber, devoted to the same dreadful objects as the first. It had an arch stone ceiling, and at the further extremity yawned a deep recess. Within this there was a small furnace, in which fuel was placed ready to be kindled, and over the furnace lay a large black flag, at either end of which were stout leathern straps. After being subjected to the customary interrogatories of the lieutenant, Fawkes was stripped of his attire, and bound to the flag. The fire was then lighted, and the stone gradually heated. The writhing frame of the miserable man ere long showed the extremity of his sufferings, but as he did not even utter a groan, his tormentors were compelled to release him.

On this occasion, there were two personages present who had never attended any previous interrogation. They were wrapped in large cloaks, and stood aloof during the proceedings. Both were treated with the most ceremonious respect by Sir William Waad, who consulted them as to the extent to which he should continue the torture. When the prisoner was taken off the heated stone, one of those persons advanced toward him, and gazed curiously at him.

Fawkes, upon whose brow thick drops were standing, and who was sinking into the oblivion brought on by overwrought endurance, exclaimed, "It is the King," and fainted.

"The traitor knew your Majesty," said the lieutenant. "But you see it is in vain to attempt to extort anything from him."

"So it seems," replied James, "and I am greatly disappointed, for I was led to believe that I should hear a full confession of the conspiracy from his own lips. How say you, good master surgeon, will he endure further torture?"

"Not without danger of life, your Majesty, unless he has some days' repose," replied the surgeon, "even if he can endure it then."

"It will not be necessary to apply it further," replied Salisbury. "I am now in full possession of the names of all the principal conspirators, and when the prisoner finds

further concealment useless, he will change his tone. Tomorrow, the commissioners appointed by your Majesty for the examination of all those concerned in this dreadful project, will interrogate him in the lieutenant's lodgings, and I will answer with my life that the result will be satisfactory."

"Enough," said James. "It has been a painful spectacle, which we have just witnessed, and yet we would not have missed it. The wretch possesses undaunted resolution, and we can never be sufficiently grateful to the beneficent Providence that prevented him from working his ruthless purpose upon us. The day on which we were preserved from his Gunpowder Treason shall ever hereafter be kept sacred in our Church, and thanks shall be returned to Heaven for our wonderful deliverance."

"Your Majesty will act wisely," replied Salisbury. "The ordinance will impress the nation with a salutary horror of all Papists and traitors, for they are one and the same thing. Such a fearful example shall be made of those miscreants as shall, it is to be hoped, deter all others from following their cause. Not only shall they perish infamously, but their names shall for ever be held in execration."

"Be it so," rejoined James. "It is a good legal maxim—*Crescente malitia, crescere debuit et poena.*"

Upon this, he left the chamber, and traversing a number of subterranean passages with his attendants, crossed the draw-bridge near the Byward Tower to the wharf, where his barge was waiting for him, and returned in it to Whitehall.

At an early hour in the following day the commissioners appointed to the examination of the prisoner met together in a large room on the second floor of the lieutenant's lodgings, afterward denominated, from its use on this occasion, the Council Chamber. Affixed to the walls of this room may be seen at the present day a piece of marble sculpture, with an inscription commemorative of the event. The commissioners were nine in number, and included the Earls of Salisbury, Northampton, Nottingham, Suffolk, Worcester, Devon, Marr, and Dunbar, and Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice. With these were associated Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general, and Sir William Waad.

The apartment in which the examination took place is still a spacious one, but at the period in question it was much larger and loftier. The walls were panelled with dark lustrous oak, covered in some places with tapestry, and adorned in others with paintings. Over the chimney-piece hung a portrait of the late sovereign, Elizabeth. The commissioners were grouped round a large heavily carved oak table, and, after some deliberation together, it was agreed that the prisoner should be introduced.

Sir William Waad then motioned to Topcliffe, who was in attendance with half-a-dozen halberdiers, and a few moments afterward a panel was pushed aside, and Guy Fawkes was brought through it. He was supported by Topcliffe and Ippreve, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could drag himself along. So severe had been the sufferings to which he had been subjected, that they had done the work of time, and placed more than twenty years on his head. His features were thin and sharp, and of a ghastly whiteness, and his eyes hollow and bloodshot. A large cloak was thrown over him, which partially concealed his shattered frame and crippled limbs; but his bent shoulders, and the difficulty with which he moved, told how much he had undergone.

On seeing the presence in which he stood, a flush for a moment rose to his pallid cheek, his eye glowed with its wonted fire, and he tried to stand erect—but his limbs refused their office—and the effort was so painful, that he fell back into the arms of his attendants. He was thus borne forward by them, and supported during his examination. The Earl of Salisbury then addressed him, and enlarging on the magnitude and horrible nature of his treason, concluded by saying that the only reparation he could offer was to disclose not only all his own criminal intentions, but the names of his associates.

"I will hide nothing concerning myself," replied Fawkes; "but I shall be for ever silent respecting others."

The Earl then glanced at Sir Edward Coke, who proceeded to take down minutes of the examination.

"You have hitherto falsely represented yourself," said the Earl. "What is your real name?"

"Guy Fawkes," said the prisoner.

"And do you confess your guilt?" pursued the Earl.

"I admit that it was my intention to blow up the King and the whole of the lords spiritual and temporal assembled in the Parliament House with gunpowder," replied Fawkes.

"And you placed the combustibles in the vault where they were discovered?" demanded Salisbury.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"You are a Papist?" continued the Earl.

"I am a member of the Church of Rome," returned Fawkes.

"And you regard this monstrous design as righteous and laudable—as consistent with the religion you profess, and as likely to uphold it?" said the Earl.

"I did so," replied Fawkes. "But I am now convinced that Heaven did not approve it, and I lament that it was ever undertaken."

"Still you refuse to make the only reparation in your power—you refuse to disclose your associates?" said Salisbury.

"I cannot betray them," replied Fawkes.

"Traitor! it is needless," cried the Earl; "they are known to us—nay, they have betrayed themselves. They have risen in open and armed rebellion against the King; but a sufficient power has been sent against them; and if they are not ere this defeated and captured, many days will not elapse before they will be lodged in the Tower."

"If this is the case, you require no information from me," rejoined Fawkes. "But I pray you name them to me."

"I will do so," replied Salisbury; "and if I have omitted any, you can supply the deficiency. I will begin with Robert Catesby, the chief contriver of this hell-engendered plot—I will next proceed to the superior of the Jesuits, Father Garnet; next, to another Jesuit priest, Father Oldcorne; next, to Sir Everard Digby—then, to Thomas Winter and Robert Winter—then, to John Wright and Christopher Wright—then, to Ambrose Rookwood, Thomas Percy, and John Grant—and lastly, to Robert Keyes."

"Are these all?" demanded Fawkes.

"All we are acquainted with," said Salisbury.

"Then add to them the names of Francis Tresham, and of his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle," rejoined Fawkes. "I charge both with being privy to the plot."

"I have forgotten another name," said Salisbury, in some confusion, "that of Viviana Radcliffe, of Ordsall Hall. I have received certain information that she was wedded to you while you were resident at White Webbe, near Epping Forest, and was cognisant of the plot. If captured, she will share your fate."

Fawkes could not repress a groan.

Salisbury pursued his interrogations, but it was evident from the increasing feebleness of the prisoner, that he would sink under it if the examination was further protracted. He was therefore ordered to attach his signature to the minutes taken by Sir Edward Coke, and was placed in a chair for that purpose. A pen was then given him, but for some time his shattered fingers refused to grasp it. By a great effort, and with acute pain, he succeeded in tracing his Christian name thus:—

*Guy*

While endeavoring to write his surname, the pen fell from his hand, and he became insensible.

## CHAPTER II.—Showing the troubles of Viviana.

On coming to herself, Viviana inquired for Garnet, and being told that he was in the chamber alone, she repaired thither, and found him pacing to and fro, in the greatest perturbation.

"If you come to me for consolation, daughter," he said, "you come to one who cannot offer it. I am completely prostrated in spirit by the disastrous issue of our enterprise; and though I tried to prepare myself for what has taken place, I now find myself utterly unable to cope with it."

"If such is your condition, father," replied Viviana, "what must be that of my husband, upon whose devoted head all the weight of this dreadful calamity now falls? You are still at liberty—still able to save yourself—still able, at least, to resist unto the death, if you are so minded. But he is a captive in the Tower, exposed to every torment that human ingenuity can invent, and with nothing but the prospect of a lingering death before his eyes. What is your condition compared with his?"

"Happy—most happy daughter," replied Garnet, "and I have been selfish and unreasonable. I have given way to the weakness of humanity, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for enabling me to shake it off."

"You have indulged false hopes, father," said Viviana, "whereas I have indulged none, or rather all has come to pass as I desired. The dreadful crime with which I feared my husband's soul would have been loaded is now uncommitted, and I have a firm hope of his salvation. If I might counsel you, I would advise you to surrender yourself to justice, and by pouring out your blood on the scaffold, wash out your offence. Such will be my own course. I have been involuntarily led into connection with this plot; and though I have ever disapproved of it, since I have not revealed it, I am as gully as if I had been its contriver. I shall not shun my punishment. Fate has dealt hardly with me, and my path on earth has been strewn with thorns, and cast in grief and trouble. But I humbly trust that my portion hereafter will be with the blessed."

"I cannot doubt it, daughter," replied Garnet; "and though I do not view our design in the light that you do, but regard it as justifiable, if not necessary, yet with your feelings, I cannot sufficiently admire your conduct. Your devotion and self-sacrifice is wholly without a parallel. At the same time, I would try to dissuade you from surrendering yourself to our relentless enemies. Believe me, it will add the severest pang to your husband's torture to know that you are in their power. His nature is stern and unyielding, and persuaded as he is of the justice of his cause, he will die happy in that conviction, certain that his name, though despised by our heretical persecutors, will be held in reverence by all true professors of our faith. No, daughter, fly and conceal yourself till pursuit is relinquished, and pass the rest of your life in prayer for the repose of your husband's soul."

"I will pass it in endeavoring to bring him to repentance," replied Viviana. "The sole boon I shall ask from my judges will be permission to attempt this."

"It will be refused, daughter," replied Garnet, "and you will only destroy yourself, not aid him. Rest satisfied that the Great Power who judges the hearts of men, and implants certain impulses within them, for his own wise but inscrutable purposes, well knows that Guy Fawkes, however culpable his conduct may appear in your eyes, acted according to the dictates of his own conscience, and in the full confidence that the design would restore the true worship of God in this kingdom. The failure of the enterprise proves that he was mistaken—that we were all mistaken—and that Heaven was unfavorable to the means adopted—but it does not prove his insincerity."

"These arguments have no weight with me, father," replied Viviana; "I will leave nothing undone to save his soul, and whatever may be the result, I will surrender myself to justice."

"I shall not seek to move you from your purpose, daughter," replied Garnet, "and can only lament it. Before, however, you finally decide, let us pray together for direction from on high."

Thus exhorted, Viviana knelt down with the priest before a small silver image of the Virgin, which stood in a niche in the wall, and they both prayed long and earnestly. Garnet was the first to conclude his devotions, and as he gazed at the up-turned countenance and streaming eyes of his companion, his heart was filled with admiration and pity.

At this juncture the door opened, and Catesby and Sir Everard Digby entered. On hearing them, Viviana immediately arose.

"The urgency of our business must plead an excuse for the interruption, if any is needed," said Catesby; "but do not retire, madam. We have no secrets from you now. Sir Everard and I have fully completed our preparations," he added to Garnet. "Our men are all armed and mounted in the court, and are in high spirits for the enterprise. As the service, however, will be one of the greatest dan-

ger and difficulty, you had better seek a safe asylum, father, till the first decisive blow is struck."

"I would go with you, my son," rejoined Garnet, "if I did not think my presence might be a hindrance. I can only aid you with my prayers, and those can be more efficaciously uttered in some secure retreat, than during a rapid march, or dangerous encounter."

"You had better retire to Coughton with Lady Digby and Viviana," said Sir Everard. "I have provided a sufficient escort to guard you thither—and, as you are aware, there are many hiding-places in the house, where you can remain undiscovered in case of search."

"I place myself at your disposal," replied Garnet. "But Viviana is resolved to surrender herself."

"This must not be," returned Catesby. "Such an act at this juncture would be madness, and would materially injure our cause. Whatever your inclinations may prompt, you must consent to remain in safety, madam."

"I have acquiesced in your proceedings thus far," replied Viviana, "because I could not oppose them without injury to those dear to me. But I will take no further share in them. My mind is made up as to the course I shall pursue."

"Since you are bent upon your own destruction—for it is nothing less—it is the duty of your friends to save you," rejoined Catesby. "You shall not do what you propose, and when you are yourself again, and have recovered from the shock your feelings have sustained, you will thank me for my interference."

"You are right, Catesby," observed Sir Everard: "it would be worse than insanity to allow her to destroy herself thus."

"I am glad you are of this opinion," said Garnet. "I tried to reason her out of her design, but without avail."

"Catesby," cried Viviana, throwing herself at his feet, "by the love you once professed for me—by the friendship you entertained for him who unhesitatingly offered himself for you, and your cause, I implore you not to oppose me now."

"I shall best serve you, and most act in accordance with the wishes of my friend, by doing so," replied Catesby. "Therefore, you plead in vain."

"Alas!" cried Viviana, "My purposes were ever thwarted. You will have to answer for my life."

"I should, indeed, have it to answer for, if I permitted you to act as you desire," rejoined Catesby. "I repeat, you will thank me ere many days have passed."

"Sir Everard," exclaimed Viviana, appealing to the knight, "I entreat you to have pity upon me."

"I do sincerely sympathize with your distress," replied Digby, in a tone of the deepest commiseration; "but I am sure what Catesby advises is for the best. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to allow you to sacrifice yourself thus. Be governed by prudence."

"Oh, no—no!" cried Viviana, distractedly. "I will not be stayed. I command you not to detain me."

"Viviana," said Catesby, taking her arm, "this is no season for the display of silly weakness either on our part or yours. If you cannot control yourself, you must be controlled. Father Garnet, I entrust her to your care. Two of my troop shall attend you, together with your own servant, Nicholas Owen. You shall have stout horses, able to accomplish the journey with the greatest expedition, and I should wish you to convey her to her own mansion, Ordsall Hall, and to remain there with her till you hear tidings of us."

"It shall be as you direct, my son," said Garnet. "I am prepared to set out at once."

"This is well," replied Catesby.

"You will not do me this violence, sir," cried Viviana.

"I appeal against it, to you, Sir Everard."

"I cannot help you, Madam," replied the knight, "indeed, I cannot."

"Then heaven, I trust, will help me," cried Viviana, "for I am wholly abandoned of man."

"I beseech you, madam, put some constraint upon yourself," said Catesby. "If, after your arrival at Ordsall, you are still bent upon your rash and fatal design, Father Garnet shall not oppose its execution. But give yourself time for reflection."

"Since it may not be otherwise, I assent," replied Viviana. "If I must go, I will start at once."

"Wisely resolved," replied Sir Everard.

Viviana then retired, and soon afterward appeared equipped for her journey. The two attendants and Nicholas Owen were in the court-yard, and Catesby assisted her into the saddle.

"Do not lose sight of her," he said to Garnet, as the latter mounted.

"Rest assured I will not," replied the other.

And taking the direction of Coventry, the party rode off at a brisk pace.

Catesby then joined the other conspirators, while Sir Everard sent off Lady Digby and his household, attended by a strong escort to Coughton. This done, the whole party repaired to the courtyard, where they called over the muster-roll of their men, to ascertain that none were missing—examined their arms and ammunition—and finding all in order, sprang to their steeds, and putting themselves at the head of the band, rode toward Southam and Warwick.

## CUPID RESTORED TO SIGHT.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Said Sophy, one day, with an air of conceit,  
To the amorous suitor that sighed at her feet,  
"Oh! no; I'll not marry—what charm e'er can bind,  
"Since Cupid once wedded no longer is blind!"  
Delusion takes wing as the bridal torch dies,  
And Hymen, too surely, gives Love back his eyes,  
"Then, ere the moon wanes, who knows but he'll trace  
"Deformities strange in the once-worshipped face!"  
Believe it not, dearest," the fond swain replied,  
And smiled, as the lady still doubtfully sighed,  
"Ah! wherefore, the sight he regains, should you rue?  
"T is but given your virtues more clearly to view."

PRINTING BY WATER.—A Rochester paper is printed by water power, obtained from the Genesee, and the proprietor of the press is of opinion that it is the first and only one thus propelled in the world.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

### BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

TWILIGHT had given place to night some hours, and it was high noon in those quarters of the town in which "the world" condescended to dwell—the world being then, as now, of very limited dimensions and easily lodged—when Mr. Chester reclined upon a sofa in his dressing-room in the Temple, entertaining himself with a book.

He was dressing, as it seemed, by easy stages, and having performed half the journey was taking a long rest. Completely attired as to his legs and feet in the trimmest fashion of the day, he had yet the remainder of his toilet to perform. The coat was stretched, like a refined scarecrow, on its separate horse; the waistcoat was displayed to the best advantage; the various ornamental articles of dress were severally set out in most alluring order; and yet he lay dangleing his legs between the sofa and the ground, as intent upon his book as if there was nothing before him.

"Upon my honor," he said, at length raising his eyes to the ceiling with the air of a man who was reflecting seriously on what he had read; "upon my honor, the most masterly composition, the most delicate thoughts, the finest code of morality, and the most gentlemanly sentiments in the universe! Ah Ned, Ned, if you would but form your mind by such precepts, we should have but one common feeling on every subject that could possibly arise between us!"

This apostrophe was addressed, like the rest of his remarks, to empty air: for Edward was not present, and the father was quite alone.

"My Lord Chesterfield," he said, pressing his hand tenderly upon the book as he laid it down, "if I could but have profited by your genius soon enough to have formed my son on the model you have left to all wise fathers, both he and I would have been rich men. Shakspeare was undoubtedly very fine in his way: Milton good, though prosy; Lord Bacon deep, and decidedly knowing; but the writer who should be his country's pride, is my Lord Chesterfield."

He became thoughtful again, and the toothpick was in requisition.

"I thought I was tolerably accomplished as a man of the world," he continued, "I flattered myself that I was pretty well versed in all those little arts and graces which distinguish men of the world from bores and peasants, and separate their character from those intensely vulgar sentiments which are called the national character. Apart from any natural prepossession in my own favor, I believed I was. Still, in every page of this enlightened writer, I find some captivating hypocrisy which has never occurred to me before, or some superlative piece of selfishness to which I was utterly a stranger. I should quite blush for myself before this stupendous creature, if, remembering his precepts, one might blush at anything. An amazing man! a nobleman indeed! any King or Queen may make a Lord, but only the Devil himself—and the Graces—can make a Chesterfield."

Men who are thoroughly false and hollow, seldom try to hide those vices from themselves; and yet in the very act of avowing them, they lay claim to the virtues they feign most to despise. "For," say they, "this is honesty, this is truth. All mankind are like us, but they have not the candor to avow it." The more they affect to deny the existence of any sincerity in the world, the more they would be thought to possess it in its boldest shape; and this is an unconscious compliment to truth on the part of these philosophers, which will turn the laugh against them to the Day of Judgment.

Mr. Chester, having extolled his favorite author as above recited, took up the book again in the excess of his admiration and was composing himself for a further perusal of its sublime morality, when he was disturbed by a noise at the outer door; occasioned as it seemed by the endeavors of his servant to obstruct the entrance of some unwelcome visitor.

"A late hour for an importunate creditor," he said, raising his eyebrows with an indolent expression of wonder as if the noise were in the street, and one with which he had not the smallest personal concern. "Much after their accustomed time. The usual pretence I suppose. No doubt a heavy payment to make to-morrow. Poor fellow, he loses time, and time is money as the good proverb says—I never found it out though. Well. What now? You know I am not at home."

"A man, Sir," replied the servant, who was to the full as cool and negligent in his way as his master, "has brought home the riding-whip you lost the other day. I told him you were out, but he said he was to wait while I brought it in, and would not go till I did."

"He was quite right," returned his master, "and you're a blockhead, possessing no judgment or discretion whatever. Tell him to come in, and see that he rubs his shoes for exactly five minutes first."

The man laid the whip on the chair, and withdrew. The master, who had only heard his foot upon the ground and had not taken the trouble to turn round and look at him, shut his book, and pursued the train of ideas his entrance had disturbed.

"If time were money," he said, handing his snuff-box, "I would compound with my creditors, and give them—let me see—how much a day? There's my nap after dinner—an hour—they're extremely welcome to that, and to make the most of it. In the morning, between my breakfast and the paper, I could spare them another hour; in the evening before dinner, say another. Three hours a day. They might pay themselves in calls, with interest, in twelve months. I think I shall propose it to them. Ah, my centaur, are you there?"

"Here I am," replied Hugh, striding in, followed by a dog, as rough and sullen as himself; "and trouble enough I've had to get here. What do you ask me to come for, and keep me out when I do come?"

"My good fellow," returned the other, raising his head a little from the cushion and carelessly surveying him from top to toe, "I am delighted to see you, and to have, in your

being here, the very best proof that you are not kept out. How are you?"

"I'm well enough," said Hugh impatiently.

"You look a perfect marvel of health. Sit down."

"I'd rather stand," said Hugh.

"Please yourself, my good fellow," said Mr. Chester rising, slowly pulling off the loose robe he wore, and sitting down before the dressing-glass. "Please yourself by all means."

Having said this in the politest and blandest tone possible, he went on dressing, and took no further notice of his guest, who stood in the same spot as uncertain what to do next, eyeing him sulkily from time to time.

"Are you going to speak to me, master?" he said, after a long silence.

"My worthy creature," returned Mr. Chester, "you are a little ruffled and out of humor. I'll wait till you're quite yourself again. I am in no hurry."

This behavior had its intended effect. It humbled and abashed the man, and made him still more irresolute and uncertain. Hard words he could have returned, violence he would have repaid with interest; but this cool, complacent, contemptuous, self-possessed reception, caused him to feel his inferiority more completely than the most elaborate arguments. Everything contributed to this effect. His own rough speech, contrasted with the soft persuasive accents of the other; his rude bearing, and Mr. Chester's polished manner; the disorder and negligence of his ragged dress, and the elegant attire he saw before him; with all the unaccustomed luxuries and comforts of the room, and the silence that gave him leisure to observe these things, and feel how ill at ease they made him; all these influences, which have too often some effect on tutored minds and become of almost resistless power when brought to bear on such a mind as his, quelled Hugh completely. He moved by little and little nearer to Mr. Chester's chair, and glancing over his shoulder at the reflection of his face in the glass, as if seeking for some encouragement in its expression, said at length, with a rough attempt at reconciliation,

"Are you going to speak to me, master, or am I to go away?"

"Speak you," said Mr. Chester, "speak you, good fellow. I have spoken, have I not? I am waiting for you."

"Why, look'ee, sir," returned Hugh with increased embarrassment, "am I the man that you privately left your whip with before you rode away from the Maypole, and told to bring it back whenever he might want to see you on a certain subject?"

"No doubt the same, or you have a twin brother," said Mr. Chester, glancing at the reflection of his anxious face; "which is not probable, I should say."

"Then I have come, sir," said Hugh, "and I have brought it back, and something else along with it. A letter, sir, it is, that I took from the person who had charge of it." As he spoke, he laid upon the dressing-table, Dolly's last epistle. The very letter that had cost her so much trouble.

"Did you obtain this by force, my good fellow?" said Mr. Chester, casting his eye upon it without the least perceptible surprise or pleasure.

"Not quite," said Hugh. "Partly."

"Who was the messenger from whom you took it?"

"A woman. One Varden's daughter."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Chester, gaily. "What else did you take from her?"

"What else?"

"Yes," said the other, in a drawling manner, for he was fixing a very small patch of sticking-plaster on a very small pimple near the corner of his mouth. "What else?"

"Well—a kiss," replied Hugh, after some hesitation.

"And what else?"

"Nothing."

"I think," said Mr. Chester, in the same easy tone, and smiling twice or thrice to try if the patch adhered—"I think there was something else. I have heard a trifle of jewellery spoken of—a mere trifle—a thing of such little value, indeed, that you may have forgotten it. Do you remember anything of the kind—such as a bracelet now, for instance?"

Hugh, with a muttered oath, thrust his hand into his breast, and drawing the bracelet forth, wrapped in a scrap of bay, was about to lay it on the table likewise, when his patron stopped his hand and bade him put it up again.

"You took that for yourself, my excellent friend," he said, "and may keep it. I am neither thief nor a receiver. Do n't show it to me. You had better hide it again, and lose no time. Do n't let me see where you put it either," he added, turning away his head.

"You're not a receiver!" said Hugh, bluntly, despite the increasing awe in which he held him. "What do you call that, master?" striking the letter with his heavy hand.

"I call that quite another thing," said Mr. Chester coolly. "I shall prove it presently, as you will see. You are thirsty, I suppose?"

Hugh drew his sleeve across his lips, and gruffly answered yes.

"Step to that closet, and bring me a bottle you will see there, and a glass."

He obeyed. His patron followed him with his eyes, and when his back was turned, smiled as he had never done when he stood beside the mirror. On his return he filled the glass, and bade him drink. That dram despatched, he poured him out another, and another.

"How many can you bear?" he said, filling the glass again.

"As many as you like to give me. Pour on. Fill high. A bumper with a bead in the middle! Give me enough of this," he added, as he tossed it down his hairy throat, "and I'll do murder if you ask me!"

"As I do n't mean to ask you, and you might possibly do it without being invited if you went on much further," said Mr. Chester with great composure, "we will stop, if agreeable to you my good friend, at the next glass.—You were drinking before you came here."

"I always am when I can get it," cried Hugh boisterously, waving the empty glass above his head, and throwing himself into a rude dancing attitude. "I always am. Why not? Ha ha ha! What's so good to me as this? What ever has been? What else has kept away the cold on bitter nights, and driven hunger off in starving times? What else has given me the strength and courage of a man, when



men would have left me to die, a puny child! I should never have had a man's heart but for this. I should have died in a ditch. Where's he who when I was a weak and sickly wretch, with trembling legs and fading sight, bade me cheer up, as this did? I never knew him; not I. I drink to the drink, master, Ha ha ha!"

"You are exceedingly cheerful young man," said Mr. Chester, putting on his cravat with great deliberation, and slightly moving his head from side to side to settle his chin in its proper place. "Quite a boon companion."

"Do you see this hand, master," said Hugh, "and this arm?" baring the brawny limb to the elbow. "It was once mere skin and bone, and would have been drunk in some poor church-yard by this time, but for the drink."

"You may cover it," said Mr. Chester, "it's sufficiently real in your sleeve."

"I should never have been spirited up to take a kiss from the proud little beauty, master, but for the drink," cried Hugh. "Ha ha ha! It was a good one. As sweet as honey-suckle I warrant you. I thank the drink for it. I'll drink to the drink again, master. Fill me one more. Come. One more!"

"You are such a promising fellow," said his patron, putting on his waistcoat with great nicety, and taking no heed of his request, "that I must caution you against having too many impulses from the drink, and getting hung before your time. What's your age?"

"I do n't know."

"At any rate," said Mr. Chester, "you are young enough to escape what I may call a natural death for some years to come. How can you trust yourself in my hands on so short an acquaintance with a halter round your neck? What a confiding nature yours must be!"

Hugh fell back a pace or two and surveyed him with a look of mingled terror, indignation, and surprise. Regarding himself in the glass with the same complacency as before, and speaking as smoothly as if he were discussing some pleasant chit-chat of the town, his patron went on:

"Robbery on the king's highway, my young friend, is a very dangerous and ticklish occupation. It is pleasant, I have no doubt, while it lasts; but like many other pleasures in this transitory world, it seldom lasts long. And really if, in the ingenuousness of youth, you open your heart so readily on the subject, I am afraid your career will be an extremely short one."

"How 's this?" said Hugh, "What do you talk of, master? Who was it set me on?"

"Who?" said Mr. Chester, wheeling sharply round, and looking at him for the first time. "I did n't hear you. Who was it?"

Hugh faltered, and muttered something which was not audible.

"Who was it? I am curious to know," said Mr. Chester, with surpassing affability. "Some rustic beauty perhaps? But be cautious, my good friend. They are not always to be trusted. Do take my advice do, and be careful of yourself." With these words he turned to the glass again, and went on with his toilet.

Hugh would have answered him that he, the questioner himself, had set him on, but the words stuck in his throat. The consummate art with which his patron had led him to this point, and managed the whole conversation, perfectly baffled him. He did not doubt that if he had made the retort which was on his lips when Mr. Chester turned round and questioned him so keenly, he would straightway have given him into custody and had him dragged before a justice with the stolen property upon him; in which case it was certain he would have been hung as it was that he had been born. The ascendancy which it was the purpose of the man of the world to establish over this savage instrument, was gained from that time. Hugh's submission was complete. He dreaded him beyond description; and felt that accident and artifice had spun a web about him, which at a touch from such a master-hand as his, would bind him to the gallows.

With these thoughts passing through his mind, and yet wondering at the very same time how he who came there rioting in the confidence of this man (as he thought,) should be so soon and so thoroughly subdued, Hugh stood cowering before him, regarding him uneasily from time to time, while he finished dressing. When he had done so, he took up the letter, broke the seal, and throwing himself back in his chair, read it leisurely through.

"Very neatly worded upon my life! Quite a woman's letter, full of what people call tenderness, and disinterestedness, and heart, and all that sort of thing!"

As he spoke, he twisted it up, and glancing lazily round at Hugh as though he would say "You see this?" held it to the flame of the candle. When it was in a full blaze, he tossed it into the grate, and there it smouldered away.

"It was directed to my son," he said, turning to Hugh, "and you did quite right to bring it here. I opened it on my own responsibility, and you see what I have done with it. Take this, for your trouble."

Hugh stepped forward to receive the piece of money he held out to him. As he put it in his hand, he added:

"If you should happen to find anything else of this sort, or to pick up any kind of information you may think I would like to have, bring it here will you—my good fellow?"

This was said with a smile which implied—or Hugh thought it did—"fail to do so at your peril!" He answered that he would.

"And do n't," said his patron, with an air of the very kindest patronage, "do n't be at all downcast or uneasy respecting that little rashness we have been speaking of. Your neck is as safe in my hands, my good fellow, as though a baby's fingers clasped it, I assure you. Take another glass. You are quieter now."

Hugh accepted it from his hand, and looking stealthily at his smiling face, drank the contents in silence.

"Do n't you—ha ha!—do n't you drink to the drink any more?" said Mr. Chester, in his most winning manner.

"To you, sir," was the sullen answer, with something approaching to a bow. "I drink to you."

"Thank you. God bless you. By the bye, what is your name, my good soul? You are called Hugh, I know, of course—your other name?"

"I have no other name."

"A very strange fellow! Do you mean that you never knew one, or that you do n't choose to tell it? Which?"

"I'd tell it if I could," said Hugh, quickly. "I can't. I

have been always called Hugh; nothing more. I never knew, nor saw, nor thought about a father; and I was a boy of six—that 's not very old—when they hung my mother up at Tyburn for a couple of thousand men to stare at. They might have let her live. She was poor enough."

"How very sad!" exclaimed his patron with a condescending smile. "I have no doubt she was an exceedingly fine woman."

"You see that dog of mine?" said Hugh, abruptly.

"Faithful, I dare say?" rejoined his patron, looking at him through his glass; "and immensely clever? Virtuous and gifted animals, whether man or beast, always are so very hideous."

"Such a dog as that, and one of the same breed, was the only living thing except me that howled that day," said Hugh. "Out of the two thousand odd—there was a larger crowd for its being a woman—the dog and I alone had any pity. If he'd have been a man, he'd have been glad to be quit of her, for she had been forced to keep him lean and half-starved; but being a dog, and not having a man's sense, he was sorry."

It was dull of the brute, certainly," said Mr. Chester, "and very like a brute."

Hugh made no rejoinder, but whistling to his dog, who sprang up at the sound and came jumping and sporting about him, bade his sympathising friend good night.

"Good night," he returned. "Remember; you're safe with me—quite safe. So long as you deserve it, my good fellow, as I hope you always will, you have a friend in me, on whose silence you may rely. Now do be careful of yourself, pray do, and consider what jeopardy you might have stood in. Good night! bless you!"

Hugh truckled before the hidden meaning of these words as much as such a being could, and crept out of the door so submissively and subserviently—with an air, in short, so different from that with which he had entered—that his patron, on being left alone, smiled more than ever.

"And yet," he said, as he took a pinch of snuff, "I do not like their having hanged his mother. The fellow has a fine eye, and I am sure she was handsome. But very probably she was coarse—red-nosed perhaps, and clumsy feet. Aye. It was all for the best, no doubt."

With this comforting reflection, he put on his coat, took a farewell glance at the glass, and summoned his man, who promptly attended, followed by a chair and its two bearers.

"Foh!" said Mr. Chester. "The very atmosphere that centaur has breathed, seems tainted with the cart and ladder. Here, Peak, bring some scent and sprinkle the floor; and take away the chair he sat upon and air it; and dash a little of that mixture upon me. I am stifled!"

The man obeyed; and the room and its master being both purified, nothing remained for Mr. Chester but to demand his hat, to fold it jauntily under his arm, to take his seat in the chair and be carried off; humming a fashionable tune.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

How the accomplished gentleman spent the evening in the midst of a dazzling and brilliant circle; how he enchanted all those with whom he mingled by the grace of his deportment, the politeness of his manner, the vivacity of his conversation, and the sweetness of his voice; how it was observed in every corner, that Chester was a man of that happy disposition that nothing ruffled him, that he was one on whom the world's cares and errors sat as lightly as his dress, and in whose smiling face a calm and tranquil mind was constantly reflected; how honest men, who by instinct knew him better, bowed down before him nevertheless, deferred to his every word, and courted his favorable notice; how people, who really had good in them, went with the stream, and fawned and flattered, and approved, and despised themselves while they did so, and yet had not the courage to resist; how, in short, he was one of those who are received and cherished in society (as the phrase is) by scores who individually would shrink from and be repelled by the object of their lavish regard; are things of course which will suggest themselves. Matter so commonplace needs but a passing glance, and there an end.

The despisers of mankind—apart from the mere fools and mimics, of that creed—are of two sorts. They who believe their merit neglected and unappreciated, make up one class; they who receive adulation and flattery, knowing their own worthlessness, compose the other. Be sure that the coldest-hearted misanthropes are ever of this last order.

Mr. Chester sat up in bed next morning, sipping his coffee, and remembering with a kind of contemptuous satisfaction how he had shone last night, and how he had been caressed and courted, when his servant brought in a very small scrap of dirty paper, tightly sealed in two places, on the inside whereof was inscribed in pretty large text these words. "A friend. Desiring of a conference. Immediate. Private. Burn it when you've read it."

"Where in the name of the Gunpowder Plot did you pick up this?" said his master.

It was given him by a person then waiting at the door, the man replied.

"With a cloak and dagger?" said Mr. Chester.

With nothing more threatening about him, it appeared, than a leather apron and a dirty face. "Let him come in." In he came—Mr. Tappertit; with his hair still on end, and a great lock in his hand, which he put down on the floor in the middle of the chamber as if he were about to go through some performances in which it was a necessary agent.

"Sir," said Mr. Tappertit with a low bow, "I thank you for this condescension, and am glad to see you. Pardon the menial office in which I am engaged, sir, and extend your sympathies to one who, humble as his appearance is, has inn'ard workings far above his station."

Mr. Chester held the bed-curtain farther back, and looked at him with a vague impression that he was some maniac, who had not only broken open the door of his place of confinement, but had brought away the lock. Mr. Tappertit bowed again, and displayed his legs to the best advantage.

"You have heard, sir," said Mr. Tappertit, laying his hand upon his breast, "of G. Varden Locksmith and bell-hanger and repairs neatly executed in town and country, Clerkenwell, London?"

"What then?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I am his 'prentice, sir."

"What then?"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Tappertit. "Would you permit me

to shut the door sir, and will you further, sir, give me your honour bright, that what passes between us is in the strictest confidence?"

Mr. Chester laid himself calmly down in bed again, and turning a perfectly undisturbed face toward the strange apparition, which had by this time closed the door, begged him to speak out, and to be as rational as he could, without putting himself to any very great personal inconvenience.

"In the first place sir," said Mr. Tappertit, producing a small pocket-handkerchief, and shaking it out of the folds, "as I have not a card about me (for the envy of masters debases us below that level) allow me to offer the best substitute that circumstances will admit of. If you will take that in your own hand, sir, and cast your eye on the right-hand corner," said Mr. Tappertit, offering it with a graceful air. "you will meet with my credentials."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Chester, politely accepting it, and turning to some blood-red characters at one end.—"Four. Simon Tappertit. One." Is that the—

"Without the numbers, sir, that is my name," replied the prentice. "They are merely intended as directions to the washerwoman, and have no connection with myself or family. Your name, sir," said Mr. Tappertit, looking very hard at his nightcap, "is Chester, I suppose? You need n't pull it off, sir, thank you. I observe E. C. from here. We will take the rest for granted."

"Pray, Mr. Tappertit," said Mr. Chester, "has that complicated piece of ironmongery which you have done me the favour to bring with you, any immediate connexion with the business we are to discuss?"

"It has not, sir," rejoined the 'prentice. "It's going to be fitted on a ware-us door in Thames Street."

"Perhaps, as that is the case," said Mr. Chester, "and as it has a stronger flavour of oil than I usually refresh my bedroom with, you will oblige me so far as to put it outside the door?"

"By all means, sir," said Tappertit, suiting the action to the word.

"You'll excuse my mentioning it, I hope?"

"Don't apologise, sir, I beg. And now, if you please, to business."

During the whole of this dialogue, Mr. Chester had suffered nothing but his smile of unvarying serenity and politeness to appear upon his face. Sim Tappertit, who had far too good an opinion of himself to suspect that anybody could be playing upon him, thought within himself that this was something like the respect to which he was entitled, and drew a comparison from this courteous demeanor of a stranger, by no means favorable to the worthy locksmith.

"From what passes in our house," said Mr. Tappertit, "I am aware that your son keeps company with a young lady against your inclinations. Sir, your son has not used me well."

"Mr. Tappertit," said the other, "you grieve me beyond description."

"Thank you, sir," replied the 'prentice. "I'm glad to hear you say so. He's very proud, sir, is your son; very haughty."

"I am afraid he is haughty," said Mr. Chester. Do you know I was really afraid of that before; and you confirm me?"

"To recount the menial offices I've had to do for your son, sir," said Mr. Tappertit; "the chairs I've had to hand him, the coaches I've had to call for him, the numerous degrading duties, wholly unconnected with my indenters, that I've had to do for him, would fill a family Bible. Beside which, sir, he is but a young man himself, and I do not consider 'thank'ee Sim,' a proper form of address on those occasions."

"Mr. Tappertit, your wisdom is beyond your years. Pray go on."

"I thank you for your good opinion, sir," said Sim, much gratified, "and will endeavor so to do. Now sir, on this account (and perhaps for another reason or two which I need n't go into) I am on your side. And what I tell you is this—that as long as our people go backward and forward, to and fro, up and down, to that there jolly old Maypole, lettering and messaging, and fetching and carrying, you could n't help your son keeping company with that young lady by deputy—not if he was minded night and day by all the Horse Guards, and every man of 'em in the very fullest uniform."

Mr. Tappertit stopped to take breath after this, and then started fresh again.

"Now, sir, I am coming to the point. You will inquire of me, 'how is this to be prevented?' I'll tell you how. If an honest, civil, smiling gentleman like you—"

"Mr. Tappertit—really—"

"No, no, I'm serious," rejoined the 'prentice, "I am, upon my soul. If an honest, civil, smiling gentleman like you, was to talk but ten minutes to our old woman—that's Mrs. Varden—and flatter her up a bit, you'd gain her over for ever. Then there's this point got—that her daughter Dolly,—here a flush came over Mr. Tappertit's face—"would n't be allowed to be a go-between from that time forward; and till that point's got, there's nothing ever will prevent her. Mind that."

"Mr. Tappertit, your knowledge of human nature—"

"Wait a minute," said Sim, folding his arms with a dreadful calmness. "Now I come to the point. Sir, there is a villain at that Maypole, a monster in human shape, a vagabond of the deepest dye, that unless you get rid of, and have kidnapped and carried off at the very least—nothing less will do—will marry your son to that young woman, as certainly and surely as if he was the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. He will, sir, for the hatred and malice he bears to you; let alone the pleasure of doing a bad action, which to him is its own reward. If you knew how this chap, this Joseph Willet—that's his name—comes backward and forward to our house, libelling, and denouncing, and threatening you, and how I shudder when I hear him, you'd hate him worse than I do,—worse than I do, sir," said Mr. Tappertit wildly, putting his hair up straighter, and making a crunching noise with his teeth; "if such a thing is possible."

"A little private vengeance in this, Mr. Tappertit?"

"Private vengeance, sir, or public sentiment, or both combined—destroy him," said Mr. Tappertit. "Miggs says so too. Miggs and me both say so. We can't bear the plotting and undermining that takes place. Our souls

recoil from it. Barnaby Rudge and Mrs. Rudge are in it likewise; but the villain, Joseph Willet, is the ringleader. Their plottings and schemes are known to me and Miggs. If you want information of 'em, apply to us. Put Joseph Willet down, sir. Destroy him. Crush him. And be happy."

With these words, Mr. Tappertit, who seemed to expect no reply, and to hold it as a necessary consequence of his eloquence that his hearer should be utterly stunned, dumb-founded and overwhelmed, folded his arms so that the palm of each hand rested on the opposite shoulder, and disappeared after the manner of those mysterious warners of whom he had read in cheap story-books.

"That fellow," said Mr. Chester, relaxing his face when he was fairly gone, "is good practice. I have some command of my features, beyond all doubt. He fully confirms what I suspected, though; and blunt tools are sometimes found of use, where sharper instruments would fail. I fear I may be obliged to make great havoc among these worthy people. A troublesome necessity! I quite feel for them."

With that he fell into a quiet slumber:—subsided into such a gentle, pleasant sleep, that it was quite infantine.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Leaving the favored, and well-received, and flattered of the world; him of the world most worldly, who never compromised himself by an ungentlemanly action and was never guilty of a manly one; to lie smilingly asleep—for even sleep, working but little change in his dissembling face, became with him a piece of cold, conventional hypocrisy—we follow in the footsteps of two slow travellers on foot, making towards Chigwell.

Barnaby and his mother. Grip in their company, of course.

The widow, to whom each painful mile seemed longer than the last, toiled wearily along; while Barnaby, yielding to every inconstant impulse, flattered here and there, now leaving her far behind, now lingering far behind himself, now darting into some by-lane or path and leaving her to pursue her way alone, until he stealthily emerged again and came upon her with a wild shout of merriment, as his wayward and capricious nature prompted. Now he would call to her from the topmost branch of some high tree by the roadside; now, using his tall staff as a leaping-pole, come flying over ditch or hedge or five-barred gate; now run with surprising swiftness for a mile or more on the straight road, and halting, sport upon a patch of grass with Grip till she came up. These were his delights; and when his patient mother heard his merry voice, or looked into his flushed and healthy face, she would not have abated them by one sad word or murmur, though each had been to her a source of suffering in the same degree as it was to him of pleasure.

It is something to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild and in the face of nature; though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that Heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that, however lightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the Great Creator of mankind imparts it even to his despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in a darkened jail!

Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown; read in the Everlasting Book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—save when ye drown it—is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind who have not changed their nature; and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.

The widow's breast was full of care, was laden heavily with secret dread and sorrow; but her boy's gaiety of heart gladdened her, and beguiled the long journey. Sometimes he would bid her lean upon his arm, and would keep beside her steadily for a short distance; but it was more his nature to be rambling to and fro, and she better liked to see him free and happy, even than to have him near her, because she loved him better than herself.

She had quitted the place to which they were travelling, directly after the event which had changed her whole existence; and for two-and-twenty years had never had courage to revisit it. It was her native village. How many recollections crowded on her mind when it appeared in sight!

Two-and-twenty years. Her boy's whole life and history. The last time she looked back upon those roofs among the trees, she carried him in her arms, an infant. How often since that time had she sat beside him night and day, watching for the dawn of mind that never came; how had she feared, and doubted, and yet hoped, long after conviction forced itself upon her! The little stratagems she had devised to try him, the little tokens he had given in his childish way—not of dullness but of something infinitely worse, so ghastly and unchild-like in its cunning—came back as vividly as if but yesterday had intervened. The room in which they used to be; the spot in which his cradle stood; he, old and elfin-like in face, but ever dear to her, gazing at her with a wild and vacant eye, and crooning some uncouth song as she sat by and rocked him; every circumstance of his infancy came thronging back, and the most trivial, perhaps, the most distinctly.

His older childhood, too; the strange imaginings he had; his terror of certain senseless things—familiar objects he endowed with life; the slow and gradual breaking out of that one horror, in which, before his birth, his darkened intellect began; how, in the midst of all, she had found some hope and comfort in his being unlike another child, and had gone on almost believing in the slow development of his mind until he grew a man, and then his childhood was complete and lasting; one after another, all these old thoughts sprang up within her, strong after their long slumber and bitterer than ever.

She took his arm and they hurried through the village street. It was the same as it was wont to be in old times, yet different too, and wore another air. The change was in herself, not it; but she never thought of that, and wondered at its alteration, and where it lay, and what it was.

The people all knew Barnaby, and the children of the

place came flocking round him—as she remembered to have done with their fathers and mothers round some silly beggarman, when a child herself. None of them knew her; they passed each well-remembered house, and yard, and homestead; and striking into the fields, were soon alone again.

The Warren was the end of their journey. Mr. Haredale was walking in the garden, and seeing them as they passed the iron-grate, unlocked it, and bade them enter that way.

"At length you have mustered heart to visit the old place," he said to the widow. "I am glad you have."

"For the first time, and the last, sir," she replied.

"The first for many years, but not the last."

"The very last."

"You mean," said Mr. Haredale, regarding her with surprise, "that having made this effort, you are resolved not to persevere, and are determined to relapse? This is unworthy of you. I have often told you, you should return here. You would be happier here than elsewhere, I know. As to Barnaby, it's quite his home."

"And Grip's," said Barnaby, holding the basket open. The raven hopped gravely out, and perching on his shoulder and addressing himself to Mr. Haredale, cried—as a hint, perhaps, that some temperate refreshment would be agreeable—"Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea!"

"Hear me, Mary," said Mr. Haredale kindly, as he motioned her to walk with him toward the house. "Your life has been an example of patience and fortitude, except in this one particular, which has given me great pain. It is enough to know that you were cruelly involved in the calamity which deprived me of an only brother, and Emma of her father, without being obliged to suppose (as I sometimes am) that you associate us with the author of our joint misfortunes."

"Associate you with him, sir!" she cried.

"Indeed," said Mr. Haredale, "I think you do. I almost believe that because your husband was bound by so many ties to our relation, and died in his service and defence, you have come in some sort to connect us with his murder."

"Alas!" she answered. "You little know my heart, sir. You little know the truth!"

"It is natural you should do so; it is very probable you may, without being conscious of it," said Mr. Haredale, speaking more to himself than her. "We are a fallen house. Money, dispensed with a most lavish hand, would be a poor recompense for sufferings like yours; and thinly scattered by hands so pinched and tied as ours, it becomes a miserable mockery. I feel it so, God knows," he added, hastily. "Why should I wonder if she does?"

"You do me wrong, dear sir, indeed," she rejoined with great earnestness; "and yet when you come to hear what I desire your leave to say—"

"I shall find my doubts confirmed!" he said, observing that she faltered and became confused. "Well!"

He quickened his pace for a few steps, but fell back again to her side.

"And have you come all this way at last, solely to speak to me?"

She answered, "Yes."

"A curse," he muttered, "upon the wretched state of us proud beggars, from whom the poor and rich are equally at a distance; the one being forced to treat us with a show of cold respect; the other condescending to us in their every deed and word, and keeping more aloof, the nearer they approach us. Why, if it were pain to you, (as it must have been) to break for this slight purpose the chain of habit forged through two-and-twenty years, could you not let me know your wish, and beg to come to you?"

"There was not time, sir," she rejoined. "I took my resolution but last night, and taking it, felt that I must not lose a day—a day! an hour—in having speech with you."

They had by this time reached the house. Mr. Haredale paused for a moment, and looked at her as if surprised by the energy of her manner. Observing, however, that she took no heed to him, but glanced up, shuddering, at the old walls with which such horrors were connected in her mind, he led her by a private stair into his library, where Emma was seated at a window, reading.

The young lady, seeing who approached, hastily rose, and laid aside her book, and with many kind words, and not without tears, gave her a warm and earnest welcome. But the widow shrunk from her embrace as though she feared her, and sank down trembling on a chair.

"It is the return to this place after so long an absence," said Emma, gently. "Praying, dear uncle—or stay—Barnaby will run himself and ask for wine—"

"Not for the world," she cried. "It would have another taste—I could not touch it. I want but a minute's rest. Nothing but that."

Miss Haredale stood beside her chair, regarding her with silent pity. She remained for a little time quite still; then rose and turned to Mr. Haredale, who had sat down in his easy chair, and was contemplating her with fixed attention.

The tale connected with the mansion borne in mind, it seemed, as has been already said, the chosen theatre for such a deed as it had known. The room in which this group were now assembled—hard by the very chamber in which the act was done—dull, dark, and sombre; heavy with worm-eaten books; deadened and shut in by faded hangings, muffling every sound; shadowed mournfully by trees whose rustling boughs gave ever and anon a spectral knocking at the glass; wore, beyond all others in the house, a ghastly, gloomy air. Nor were the group assembled there, unfitting tenants of the spot. The widow, with her marked and startling face and downcast eyes; Mr. Haredale stern and despondent as ever; his niece beside him, like, yet most unlike, the picture of her father, which gazed reproachfully down upon them from the blackened wall; Barnaby, with his vacant look and restless eye; were all in keeping with the place, and actors in the legend. Nay, the very raven, who had hopped upon the table and with the air of some old necromancer appeared to be profoundly studying a great folio volume that lay open on a desk, was strictly in unison with the rest, and looked like the embodied spirit of evil biding his time of mischief.

"I scarcely know," said the widow, breaking silence, "how to begin. You will think my mind disordered."

"The whole tenor of your quiet and reproachless life since you were last here," returned Mr. Haredale, mildly, "shall bear witness for you. Why do you fear to awaken

such a suspicion? You do not speak to strangers. You have not to claim our interest or consideration for the first time. Be more yourself. Take heart. Any advice or assistance that I can give you, you know is yours of right, and freely yours."

"What if I came, sir," she rejoined, "I, who have but one other friend on earth, to reject your aid from this moment, and to say that henceforth I launch myself upon the world, alone and unassisted, to sink or swim as Heaven may decree!"

"You would have, if you came to me for such a purpose," said Mr. Haredale calmly, "some reason to assign for conduct so extraordinary, which—if one may entertain the possibility of anything so wild and strange—would have its weight of course."

"That, sir," she answered, "is the misery of my distress. I can give no reason whatever. My own bare word is all that I can offer. It is my duty my imperative and bounden duty. If I did not discharge it, I should be a base and guilty wretch. Having said that, my lips are sealed, and I can say no more."

As though she felt relieved at having said so much, and had nerved herself to the remainder of her task, she spoke from this time with a firmer voice and heightened courage.

"Heaven is my witness, as my own heart is—and yours, dear young lady, will speak for me, I know—that I have lived, since that time we all have bitter reason to remember, in unchanging devotion, and gratitude to this family. Heaven is my witness that go where I may, I shall preserve those feelings unimpaired. And it is my witness, too, that they alone impel me to the course I must take, and from which nothing now shall turn me, as I hope for mercy."

"These are strange riddles," said Mr. Haredale.

"In this world, sir," she replied, "they may, perhaps, never be explained. In another, the Truth will be discovered in its own good time. And may that time," she added in a low voice, "be far distant!"

"Let me be sure," said Mr. Haredale, "that I understand you, for I am doubtful of my own senses. Do you mean that you are resolved voluntarily to deprive yourself of those means of support you have received from us so long—that you are determined to resign the annuity we settled on you twenty years ago—to leave house, and home, and goods, and begin life anew—and this, for some secret reason or monstrous fancy which is incapable of explanation, which only now exists, and has been dormant all this time? In the name of God, under what delusion are you laboring?"

"As I am deeply thankful," she made answer, "for the kindness of those, alive and dead, who owned this house; and as I would not have its roof fall down and crush me, or its very walls drip blood, my name being spoken in their hearing; I never will again subsist upon their bounty, or let it help me to subsistence. You do not know," she added, suddenly, "to what uses it may be applied; into what hands it may pass. I do, and I renounce it."

"Surely," said Mr. Haredale, "its uses rest with you."

"They did. They rest with me no longer. It may be—it is—devoted to purposes that mock the dead in their graves. It never can prosper with me. It will bring some other heavy judgment on the head of my dear son, whose innocence will suffer for his mother's guilt."

"What words are these!" cried Mr. Haredale, regarding her with wonder. "Among what associates have you fallen? Into what guilt have you ever been betrayed?"

"I am guilty yet innocent; wrong, yet right; good in intention, though constrained to shield and aid the bad. Ask me no more questions, sir; but believe that I am rather to be pitied than condemned. I must leave my house tomorrow, for while I stay there, it is haunted. My future dwelling, if I am to live in peace, must be a secret. If my poor boy should ever stray this way, do not tempt him to disclose it or have him watched when he returns; for if we are hunted, we must fly again. And now this load is off my mind, I beseech you—and you, dear Miss Haredale, too—to trust me if you can, and think of me kindly as you used to do. If I die and cannot tell my secret even then (for that may come pass), it will sit the lighter on my breast in that hour for this day's work; and on that day, and every day until it comes, I will pray for and thank you both, and trouble you no more."

With that she would have left them, but they detained her, and with many soothing words and kind entreaties besought her to consider what she did, and above all to repose more freely upon them, and say what weighed so sorely on her mind. Finding her deaf to their persuasions, Mr. Haredale suggested as a last resource, that she should confide in Emma, of whom, as a young person and one of her own sex, she might stand in less dread than of himself. From this proposal, however, she recoiled with the same indescribable repugnance she had manifested when they met. The utmost that could be wrung from her was, a promise that she would receive Mr. Haredale at her own house next evening, and in the meantime re-consider her determination and their dissuasions—though any change on her part, as she told them, was quite hopeless. This condition made at last, they reluctantly suffered her to depart, since she would neither eat nor drink within the house; and she and Barnaby, and Grip, accordingly went out as they had come, by the private stair and garden gate; seeing and being seen by no one by the way.

It was remarkable in the raven that during the whole interview he had kept his eye on his book with exactly the air of a very sly human rascal, who, under the mask of pretending to read hard, was listening to everything. He still appeared to have the conversation very strongly in his mind, for although, when they were alone again, he issued orders for the instant preparation of innumerable kettles for purposes of tea, he was thoughtful, and rather seemed to do so from an abstract sense of duty, than with any regard to making himself agreeable, or being what is commonly called good company.

They were to return by the coach. As there was an interval of full two hours before it started, and they needed rest and some refreshment, Barnaby begged hard for a visit to the Maypole. But his mother, who had no wish to be recognized by any of those who had known her long ago, and who feared that Mr. Haredale might, on second thoughts, despatch some messenger to that place of entertainment in quest of her, proposed to wait in the churchyard instead. As it was easy for Barnaby to buy and carry



thither such humble viands as they required, he cheerfully assented, and in the churchyard they sat down to take their frugal dinner.

Here again, the raven was in a highly reflective state; walking up and down when he had dined, with an air of elderly complacency which was strongly suggestive of his having his hands under his coat-tails; and appearing to read the tombstones with a very critical taste. Sometimes, after a long inspection of an epitaph, he would strop his beak upon the grave to which it referred, and cry in his hoarse tones, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil!" but whether he addressed his observations to any supposed persons below, or merely threw them off as a general remark, is matter of uncertainty.

It was a quiet pretty spot, but a sad one for Barnaby's mother; for Mr. Reuben Haredeale lay there, and near the vault in which his ashes rested, was a stone to the memory of her own husband, with a brief inscription recording how and when he lost his life. She sat here, thoughtful and apart, until their time was out, and the distant horn told that the coach was coming.

Barnaby, who had been sleeping on the grass, sprung up quickly at the sound; and Grip, who appeared to understand it equally well, walked into his basket straightway, entreating society in general (as though he intended a kind of satire upon them in connection with churchyards) never to say die on any terms. They were soon on the coach-top and rolling along the road.

It went round by the Maypole and stopped by the door. Joe was from home, and Hugh came sluggishly out to hand up the parcel it called for. There was no fear of old John coming out. They could see him from the coach-roof fast asleep in his cosy bar. It was a part of John's character. He made a point of going to sleep at the coach's time. He despised gadding about; he looked upon coaches as things that ought to be indicted; as disturbers of the peace of mankind; as restless, bustling, busy, horn-blowing contrivances, quite beneath the dignity of men, and only suited to giddy girls that did nothing but chatter and go a-shopping. "We know nothing about coaches here, sir," John would say, if an unlucky stranger made inquiry touching the offensive vehicles; "we do n't book for 'em; we'd rather not; they're more trouble than they're worth, with their noise and rattle. If you like to wait for 'em you can; but we do n't know any thing about 'em; they may call and they may not—there's a carrier—he was looked upon as quite good enough when I was a boy."

She dropped her veil as Hugh climbed up, and while he hung behind, and talked to Barnaby in whispers. But neither he nor any other person spoke to her, or noticed her, or had any curiosity about her; and so, an alien, she visited and left the village where she had been born, and had lived a merry child, a comely girl, a happy wife—where she had known all her enjoyment of life, and had entered on its hardest sorrows.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"And you're not surprised to hear this, Varden?" said Mr. Haredeale. "Well! You and she have always been the best friends, and you should understand her if anybody does."

"I ask your pardon, sir," rejoined the locksmith. "I did n't say I understood her. I would n't have the presumption to say that of any woman. It's not so easily done. But I am not so much surprised, sir, as you expected me to be, certainly."

"May I ask why not, my good friend?"

"I have seen, sir," returned the locksmith with evident reluctance, "I have seen in connexion with her, something that has filled me with distrust and uneasiness. She has made bad friends; how, or when, I do n't know; but that her house is a refuge for one robber and cut-throat at least, I am certain. There, sir! Now it's out."

"Varden!"

"My own eyes, sir, are my witnesses, and for her sake I would be willingly half-blind, if I could but have the pleasure of mistrusting 'm. I have kept the secret till now, and it will go no further than yourself, I know; but I tell you that with my own eyes—broad awake—I saw, in the passage of her house one evening after dark, the highwayman who robbed and wounded Mr. Edward Chester, and on the same night threatened me."

"And you made no effort to detain him?" said Mr. Haredeale quickly.

"Sir," returned the locksmith, "she herself prevented me—held me, with all her strength, and hung about me until he had got clear off. And having gone so far, he related circumstantially all that had passed upon the night in question."

This dialogue was held in a low tone in the locksmith's parlor, into which honest Gabriel had shown his visitor on his arrival. Mr. Haredeale had called upon him to entreat his company to the widow's that he might have the assistance of his persuasion and influence; and out of this circumstance the conversation had arisen.

"I forbore," said Gabriel, "from repeating one word of this to anybody, as it could do her no good and might do her great harm. I thought and hoped, to say the truth, that she would come to me, and talk to me about it, and told me how it was; but though I have purposely put myself in her way more than once or twice, she never touched upon the subject—except by a look, more than could have been put into a great many words. It said among other matters 'Do n't ask me anything' so imploringly, that I did n't ask her anything. You'll think me an old fool I know, sir. If it's any relief to call me one, pray do."

"I am greatly disturbed by what you tell me," said Mr. Haredeale, after a silence. "What meaning do you attach to it?"

The locksmith shook his head doubtfully out of the window at the falling light.

"She cannot have married again," Mr. Haredeale.

"Not without our knowledge surely, sir."

"She may have done so, in the fear that it would lead, if known, to some objection or estrangement. Suppose she married incautiously—it is not improbable, for her existence has been a lonely and monotonous one for many years—and the man turned out a ruffian, she would be anxious to screen him, and yet would revolt from his crimes. This might be. It bears strongly on the whole drift of her discourse yesterday, and would quite explain

her conduct. Do you suppose Barnaby is privy to these circumstances?"

"Quite impossible to say, sir," returned the locksmith, shaking his head again: "and next to impossible to find out from him. If what you suppose is really the case, I tremble for the lad—a notable person, sir, to put to bad uses."

"It is not possible, Varden," said Mr. Haredeale, in a still lower tone of voice than he had spoken yet, "that we have been blinded and deceived by this woman from the beginning? It is not possible that this connexion was formed in her husband's lifetime, and led to his and my brother's—"

"Good God, sir," said Gabriel, interrupting him, "do n't entertain such dark thoughts for a moment. Five-and-twenty years ago, where was there a girl like her? A gay, handsome, laughing, bright-eyed damsel! Think what she was, sir. It makes my heart ache now, even now, though I'm an old man with a woman for a daughter, to think what she was, and what she is. We all change, but that's with Time; Time does his work honestly, and I do n't mind him. A fig for Time, sir. Use him well, and he's a hearty fellow, and scorns to have you at a disadvantage. But care and suffering (and those have changed her) are devils, sir—secret, undermining devils—who tread down the brightest flowers in Eden, and do more havoc in a month than Time does in a year. Picture to yourself for one minute what Mary was before they went to work with her fresh heart and face—do her that justice, and say whether such a thing is possible."

"You're a good fellow, Varden," said Mr. Haredeale. "and are quite right. I have brooded on that subject so long, that every breath of suspicion carries me back to it. You are quite right."

"It is n't, sir," cried the locksmith with brightened eyes, and sturdy, honest voice; "it is n't because I courted her before Rudge, and failed, that I say she was too good for him. She would have been as much too good for me. But she was too good for him; he wasn't free and frank enough for her. I don't reproach his memory with it, poor fellow; I only want to put her before you as she really was. For myself, I'll keep her old picture in my mind; and thinking of that, and what has altered her, I'll stand her friend and try to win her back to peace. And damme, sir," cried Gabriel, "with your pardon for the word, I'd do the same, if she had married fifty highwaymen in a twelvemonth; and think it in the Protestant Manual too, though Martha said it was n't, tooth and nail, till doomsday!"

If the dark little parlor had been filled with a dense fog, which, clearing away in an instant, left it all radiance and brightness, it could not have been more suddenly cheered than by this outbreak on the part of the locksmith. In a voice nearly as full and round as his own, Mr. Haredeale cried "Well said!" and bade him come away without more parley. The locksmith complied right willingly; and both getting into a hackney-coach which was waiting at the door, drove off straightway.

They alighted at the street corner, and dismissing their conveyance, walked to the house. To their first knock at the door there was no response. A second met with the like result. But in answer to the third, which was of a more vigorous kind, the parlor window sash was gently raised, and a musical voice cried:

"Haredeale, my dear fellow, I am extremely glad to see you. How very much you have improved in your appearance since our last meeting! I never saw you looking better. How do you do?"

Mr. Haredeale turned his eyes towards the casement whence the voice proceeded, though there was no need to do so, to recognize the speaker, and Mr. Chester waved his hand and smiled a courteous welcome.

"The door will be opened immediately," he said. "There is nobody but a very dilapidated female to perform such offices. You will excuse her infirmities? If she were in a more elevated station of society, she would be gouty. Being but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, she is rheumatic. My dear Haredeale, these are natural class distinctions, depend upon it."

Mr. Haredeale, whose face resumed its lowering and distrustful look the moment he heard the voice, inclined his head stiffly, and turned his back upon the speaker.

"Not opened yet!" said Mr. Chester. "Dear me! I hope the aged soul has not caught her foot in some unlucky cobweb by the way. She is there at last! Come in, I beg!"

Mr. Haredeale entered, followed by the locksmith. Turning with a look of great astonishment to the old woman who had opened the door, he inquired for Mrs. Rudge—for Barnaby. They were both gone, she replied, wagging her ancient head, for good. There was a gentleman in the parlor, who perhaps could tell them more. That was all she knew.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Haredeale, presenting himself before this new tenant, "where is the person whom I came here to see?"

"My dear friend," he returned, "I have not the least idea."

"Your trifling is ill-timed," retorted the other in a suppressed tone and voice, "and its subject ill-chosen. Reserve it for those who are your friends, and do not expend it on me. I lay no claim to the distinction, and have the self-denial to reject it."

"My dear, good sir," said Mr. Chester, "you are heated with walking. Sit down, I beg. Our friend is—"

"Is but a plain honest man," returned Mr. Haredeale, "and quite unworthy of your notice."

"Gabriel Varden by name, sir," said the locksmith bluntly.

"A worthy English yeoman!" said Mr. Chester. "A most worthy yeoman, of whom I have frequently heard my son Ned—darling fellow—speak, and have often wished to see. Varden, my good friend, I am glad to know you. You wonder now," he said, turning languidly to Mr. Haredeale, "to see me here. Now, I am sure you do."

Mr. Haredeale glanced at him—not fondly or admiringly—smiled, and held his peace.

"The mystery is solved in a moment," said Mr. Chester; "in a moment. Will you step aside with me one instant. You remember our little compact in reference to Ned, and your dear niece, Haredeale? You remember the list of as-

stants in their innocent intrigue? You remember these two people being among them? My dear fellow, congratulate yourself, and me. I have bought them off."

"You have done what?" said Mr. Haredeale.

"Bought them off," returned his smiling friend. "I have found it necessary to take some active steps toward setting this boy and girl attachment quite at rest, and have begun by removing these two agents. You are surprised? Who can withstand the influence of a little money! They wanted it, and have been bought off. We have nothing more to fear from them. They are gone."

"Gone!" echoed Mr. Haredeale. "Where?"

"My dear fellow—and you must permit me to say again, that you never looked so young; so positively boyish as you do to-night—the Lord knows where; I believe Columbus himself wouldn't find them. Between you and me they have their hidden reasons, but upon that point I have pledged myself to secrecy. She appointed to see you here to-night I know, but found it inconvenient, and could n't wait. Here is the key of the door. I am afraid you'll find it inconveniently large; but as the tenement is yours, your good-nature will excuse that, Haredeale, I am certain!"

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

## DEER-STALKING IN INDIA.

THE glare of a tropical sun-rise was brightening up a gloomy amphitheatre of hills on the skirts of that eternal forest which forms a barrier between the barren table land of the Deccan and the palm-fringed coast of Koman, when a dark figure was seen galloping along the path which led to the jungle. The noise of the horse's hoofs roused a party of natives, who were squatting in a circle round a fire in front of a ruined hut. One long whiff was inhaled by each of the group from the humble hookah that had been passing round the party, and every man starting up, arranged his turban, and salaamed to the earth as a tall gaunt European dismounted from a panting Arab. Exposure to the sun had bronzed his features nearly to the tint of their own complexions, and black mustaches gave a still more Asiatic character to the weather-beaten features of the exiled sportsman. Gaiters of deerskins, and belt of a tiger's hide, from which hung an Affghau knife, would have told the nature of his pursuits, if the dress of dark green had not already betrayed the deer-stalker. A hunting cap of green velvet, indented by repeated falls, completed his unbecoming, but characteristic costume. Without a word being spoken, a heavy double rifle was handed to him by a peon, and loaded with the utmost care, much to the edification of a band of half-naked beaters, armed with clubs and hatchets, who watched every motion with a grin of savage delight. Till the balls were hammered home, not a word was uttered; and then silence was first broken by one brief question in Hindustanee, addressed to the leader of the band—

"Any news of the wandering tiger?"

"The big thief would not come to eat your highness's bullets yesterday, but the star of your fate is great, and she will be in the toils of the hunter before night, God willing; Burmah and the other shikarees are now watching the path where she comes down every day."

"Very good; we must not disturb that part of the jungle; send the people to mark on the high ground any herds that may be returning from feed, and if I cannot track up a deer before I reach them, we can have a beat in the large ravines."

So saying, the deer-stalker strode down the hill, followed by one attendant, who quickly exchanged his white-cotton frock and gaudy turban for a head dress of leaves and a pair of short brown drawers, leaving the rest of his person naked. There was nothing at first sight remarkable in the lean, wiry figure of the Mussulman, who followed his master with a noiseless tread that hardly rustled the fallen leaves. But look at him again, and you can trace in the springy step and a restless eagle-eye that glanced keenly at every bush, one whose life had been spent among the beasts of the forest. He had been promoted to the rank of Jemmadax of Blice, (equivalent to a sergeant), for the courage he displayed by rushing in single-handed, and cutting down a wounded tiger which had seized one of the beaters at a hunting party; and he was now the favorite attendant of the eccentric sportsman who had witnessed and rewarded his gallantry.

The cold damp mist was rising like wreaths of smoke from every valley, and the bushes wet with the dews of night, showered down their sparkling drops as they brushed by. The jackal's long-protracted howl, as he sneaked like a felon to his den at the approach of day; the merry carol of the shrill-voiced jungle fowl, welcomed the rising sun; and the clear wild scream of the painted partridge from his roost before he alighted, rung in their varied notes through the jungle. The grating cry of the toucan, spreading his piebald wings before the breeze, mingled with the glad notes of the brilliant mina of the ghauts, while he sat smoothing his ruffled plumage for his first flight. Troops of monkeys alternately chattered, and raising that howl which Cole-ridge says he can compare only to the din of iron bars rattling up Fleet street; the wail of one hundred bagpipes playing at once, and the silly laughter of a crowd of drunken men. The jungle seemed to teem with life, and the whole was calculated to raise the spirits even of those whose ear was daily accustomed to listen to and discriminate the cry of every inhabitant of the forest. A sound far more welcome to his ears, the sharp bark of the axis deer, raised its voice with the others, and hearing it approach, both dropped, and knelt listening behind a tree, like figures carved from the rock, till the patter of feet approaching became distinctly audible. In another instant a spotted buck stood before them, clearing a path through the cover with his spreading antlers. The long rifle was slowly raised; for one second it rested motionless on the sinewy hand; the trigger was pressed, and a soft plash followed the sharp crack of the fatal tube.

"Within an inch of his elbow," muttered the Englishman.

"The Sahab has made him eat a good ball!" shouted the Mussulman; and both rushed to the spot where the buck, after springing into the air, staggered with the life-blood welling from his side into the thickest part of the bamboo-jungle. The trail was plain, and the Mussulman followed it up with the ardor of a bloodhound, till the traces from

single drops became splashes of frothy crimson, and the wounded deer was seen struggling to force his tottering frame through the interwoven cover. Again the grooved bore sent its deadly contents with fatal precision, and the buck dropped lifeless, hit between the ears. With the ferocity of a beast of prey throwing itself on its victim, the excited peon dashed at his game, eager to offer up his brief prayer, and bleed the deer, still kicking in his last agonies, ere life was quite extinct. He was just in time, and after breaking the deer, the two proceeded on their beat in silence, examining every spot where there were traces of game having harbored, either from the nibbled branches, or the broken bark against which the bucks had been rubbing their horns.

Some miles were traversed without meeting a recent trail. A jungle dog would occasionally trot across their path, giving an inquiring look, more of curiosity than fear, at the intruders; and small game of all sorts, from the peafowl to the quail, rose before them unheeded. The sun was now high enough to make objects visible on the dark background, where but a few minutes ago nothing could be distinguished amidst the maze of impenetrable jungle. On a bare peak about a mile distant, the eye of the Mussulman had been riveted for several minutes, and he now extended his lean black arm toward it, with a look that spoke more expressively than words. A spy-glass was unslung, and a minute survey taken in silence, during which a group of deer was clearly distinguished feeding upon the high summit. Their position rendered all attempts to approach them useless; they were watched for some time in hopes of their moving to a more favorable situation. At least an hour elapsed before any change in their situation afforded a chance of success; when a doe, wandering with her fawn on the plain below toward a favorite nullah, enticed them to join her. As the two men were unseen by any of the herd, a run was now made to intercept them before they could reach the cover. By the time they had gained a narrow neck of land commanding the pass, none of them were visible; but a panting dog returning from the ravine, sufficiently explained the reason. The sportsman therefore returned to one of the look-out men, posted on a rising ground which overlooked the whole jungle, to ascertain if the deer had passed. Their line was immediately telegraphed to one of the deep valleys where they were certain to lay up; and here a beat was arranged with that skill which a knowledge of the country and the habits of the animal, and the experience of years, in all that related to woodcraft, rendered almost certain of succeeding. The deer, after one attempt to break back, passed at a canter within seventy yards of the post where the unerring rifle-shot was concealed behind a fence of leaves. A noble buck which led the herd was selected, and the ball told with that dull sound so welcome to the sportsman's ear. The buck, struck behind the shoulder, staggered a few paces, and dropped in a small nullah, where he lay kicking till the knife of his pursuer ended his struggles.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1841.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—The third volume of the Quarto edition of the New World will commence the first week in July. It is now the time for new subscribers to send in their names. Let it be remembered that \$5 a year in advance will procure two copies for a year or one copy for two years; and that six dollars sent in advance will procure the same number of copies together with a beautiful copy of SEAR'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—This document which was delivered to Congress at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, reached New-York in the surprisingly short time of nine hours and thirty-three minutes.

We are disappointed in this message. Its brevity is its great merit; and really it is no inconsiderable one: its style too, in a literary point of view, is very respectable. But its political character is very equivocal. It is of the non-committal school. No one can tell whether the author is for or against a National Bank: what, in his opinion, is the proper way to liquidate the public debt of eleven millions: and even the war question is left in a fog. As for the Bankrupt Law—certainly one of the most important subjects before the people for years—it is not even referred to. The Treasury and the Post Office are in a different situation from what the late heads of those Departments have, severally, represented.

In short, the Message, if intended as a show-off for popular effect and to gain any sort of reputation or respect with the people, is in all respects a failure—more so than any message that we remember ever to have read.

The deep regrets which we felt, in common with our fellow-citizens of both parties, at the loss of President Harrison, have been keenly revived by this "one sin of omission," in the Message of President Tyler. The subject of a NATIONAL BANKRUPT LAW—a subject upon which a strong, pervading, enduring interest is felt, from one extreme of the country to the other—is passed over in silence. This is disrespectful, if not contemptuous toward the people of the United States, nine-tenths of whom have loudly demanded the passage of this law. Perhaps Mr. Tyler is as ignorant of this fact as he declares himself to be of the wishes of the people touching the establishment of a Bank of the U. S. He thinks that the people, in the late elections, very determinately expressed their disapprobation of the Sub-treasury scheme, but omitted to signify their wishes concerning the manner in which the financial affairs of the country should be conducted. How could they do so? It was impossible. But there was a point, about which the people were suffi-

ciently explicit—and if Mr. Tyler be ignorant of this fact, he had better set about informing himself as speedily as possible. At the late Presidential contest, thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands of votes were cast for the Harrison and Tyler electors, because it was stated again and again that the Whigs would insure to the country a National Bankrupt Law—would cause us to hear the joyous clang of chains—"joyous," to use the language of Mr. Webster, "because heard falling from the limbs of men."

There is no manner of doubt upon our minds that had Mr. Van Buren boldly declared himself in favor of this law, and urged on his party to effect its passage, he would have been, in spite of the financial troubles of the country, re-elected. This may seem a sweeping assertion; but let us look a little into the matter. Suppose that the bankrupts of this State had not voted for Harrison, (and that they did vote for him expressly on this question can be demonstrated,) where would have been his majority? Why, from this city alone a petition was last winter sent to Congress signed with the names of FOURTEEN THOUSAND voters. There are more than a hundred thousand bankrupts in this State. Suppose that these men had been forewarned that, in the very first message which would be transmitted by a Whig President to a Whig Congress, not the remotest allusion would be made to a National Bankrupt Law—would not six thousand of that number have refused to vote with the Whigs? Suppose, moreover, that Mr. Van Buren had avowed himself determined to effect the passage of such a law, would not six thousand others, from the great crowd of bankrupt voters, have sustained him, in spite of his Sub-Treasury? Where, then, where would have been the vote of New-York? Yes! the votes of the Bankrupts carried this State for the Whig candidates. Let this Extra Session refuse to listen to these petitions and "give the go by" to this law; and the fall elections will speak to the Whig leaders and the Whig President in tones that Mr. Tyler will be able to interpret without resorting to the Representatives of the People.

Maine, which went with the Whigs by a small majority, was carried by the Bankrupts; Michigan was carried by the Bankrupts; Pennsylvania was carried by the Bankrupts; Mississippi was carried "all hollow" by the Bankrupts. Had Mr. Van Buren favored the law; had it been passed and signed by him, he would have received the votes of all these States, as easily as the Whigs will lose them if they shut their ears to the demands of the people. The votes of these States, added to those which he received, would have given Mr. Van Buren one hundred and forty-nine votes in the Electoral College.

The importance of a National Bankrupt Law, as an instrument of political power, as an element of political feeling, has been strangely overlooked by both parties. But it has been a question of inappreciable interest to large classes of men in every section of the country; it has influenced their suffrages to a great extent, and it will soon control them. It must control them, if it be utterly impossible to get anything done by Congress for the good of the country, unless it be turned into a party question. But the attempt will be made with the most strenuous and determined energy. The scenes of the last winter and the winter previous will be acted over again. Petitions after petitions will be poured, like a deluge, upon both houses of Congress; and it is not an improbable thing that a majority of the names of all the voters in the United States will be signed to them—computing their number by that cast in the last Presidential election. It will then be seen whether the Representatives will have the effrontery to neglect this subject, to imitate the example of the President and treat it with contemptuous silence. If the repeated commands of the people, our unmistakeable will, is to be regarded in this way, we had better relinquish the democratic element of our Government and choose an aristocracy at once.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—It seems determined by certain political schemers to give us a succession of Military and Naval Heroes for President. We have hitherto taken the flower of the Army and now we are to be made glorious by a coronation from the Navy Department. The individual pitched upon with no tardy resolution, is Commodore Charles Stewart; and the "Old Ironsides Club" in Philadelphia, have written him a letter nominating him for the Presidency, and he has answered it accepting the nomination, because—poor man! he "conceives that it is not the part of patriotism to shun any duty which may be required by his fellow-citizens," and not because he "either seeks or desires it. Well now! that is complying, certainly, and, moreover, it presents an edifying spectacle to the view of mankind—it is a touch of the moral sublime! A second Cesar puts away a second crown offered to him by a second—no, not by a second Antony, but by the Old Ironsides Club. The parallel cannot be called exact, for Cesar in this instance accepts the crown, though with the most magnificent and dignified reluctance—a reluctance more positive if possible, than that of a coy young damsel, who, however much she is dying to get married, avows that she would not be otherwise than single on any earthly consideration.

We are delighted with the modesty of the Commodore; it is as great as his magnanimity, which is surpassed only by his courage. Now if modesty, magnanimity and courage be not deemed qualifications sufficient for a candidate for the Presidency, we should like to know what are? It has been learnedly and frequently observed that the first step toward knowledge is a saving conviction of our ignorance. Now, why not make the first approaches to glory in the same way? The Commodore does; for he independently asserts that he is "filled with the most profound sense of his own deficiencies;" and this cannot be all that he is filled with, for he lets out a profusion of statesman-like reflections that overwhelm the understanding, while they dazzle the imagination.

He entertains the recondite and very novel opinion that "In the Constitution of the United States, will be found every essential rule for the guidance of those who may be designated by the people to carry out its principles." He would have a strict construction of that instrument and thinks, "If this fundamental principle [what fundamental principle?] be deviated from, each part of the Constitution may be successfully invaded, until the intent of the framers will gradually disappear, and every original landmark be forever obscured in the dark and bewildering mazes of a latitudinous construction." Now there is a flourish of rhetoric here and a Johnsonian fullness of expression and rotundity of language that one would hardly expect from a bluff sailor, the like of whom, as is set down by those faithful chroniclers the novelists, generally indulge in phrases such as "shiver my timbers! damn my eyes!" and other elegant little speeches. Kingdom alive! what could be finer than "obscured in the dark and bewildering mazes of a latitudinous construction"? It is "scrumptious" in the extreme.

We might go on and shew many similar reasons, gleaned from the Commodore's epistle, why he ought to be nominated for the Presidency "right off" and no questions asked. But we do not like to do so, because, great as we acknowledge him to be, and as he has proved himself to be to the satisfaction of all future generations by the authorship of the just-quoted sentence, he is now our candidate. No! we scorn to go into the Navy when the Army contains a meteor of coruscating splendor and unobscured brilliancy—one who, to all the valor of a soldier, adds the accomplishments of a poet. Attention, America! we nominate for President of this free and enlightened Republic, LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

"The sun had gone down with his battle-stained eye."

THE WEATHER.—During the last week, the weather has been uncommonly fine, and the showers on Monday and Tuesday have brought on vegetation surprisingly. Every thing wears a new appearance. The plum and apple trees are in full bloom, and the prospect of an abundance of fruit, is more promising than for many years. Usually we have severe frosts after the season of blossoms; but the lateness of the present season will prove a blessing—although the mass of the people have considered it precisely the reverse—as the fear of frost is now past.

There has never been a better week for planting than the last, and we are happy to say that it has been improved. Most of the corn is in the ground, and so rapid has been the vegetation, we have seen some shooting out of the ground which had only been planted five days. We see no reason to distrust Him who has promised that "seed time and harvest shall not fail."—[Owego Advertiser.]

We copy the foregoing not only for the cheering information which it imparts, but on account of the healthful tone in which it is written. The pen of the editor must have been guided by a grateful heart. We are tired of the fault-finding, captious spirit that prevails in these latter days; not only do people grumble at what has happened, but they fume and fret about misfortunes which have no real existence, but which may possibly come to pass. They should remember the precept of the illustrious John Milton:

"Be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils."

How much better is that philosophy, which, reposing on the goodness of God, takes all things for good and looks with placid eye on the bright side of human life! Of late, how has the weather been turned into a topic of railing! And yet the ongoings of vegetation have been arrested till the reign of the frost was over; the blossoms of the fruit have been kept in the bough till they could burst out into soft airs and genial warmth: and Nature, like a careful mother, has nursed her offspring in her breast till they could grow lustily, without danger of stint or decay. For this, upon her lap, should the ready libations be poured; for this, from the souls of men nourished by her benefits, should ascend the acceptable incense of gratitude to Him, who bountifully bestows his gifts even on the undeserving.

We expect to see, during the present year, as in all past years, complaints about bad harvests and short crops; but we hope our readers will place no reliance on such statements, or, if they do, never refuse to be grateful—but, remembering how much reason they still have for content, give thanks to that kind Heaven which has so

"adorned this happy land  
And scattered blessings with a liberal hand."

How NICE.—The editors of some of the Cincinnati papers are feasting on strawberries and cream furnished by some of their friends. How considerate the people of Cincinnati are,



"THE FAWN OF SPRING-VALE."—It is with feelings of more than ordinary satisfaction that we call the reader's attention to the affecting and beautiful story, commenced in the present number of our paper. For beauty of style, and correctness and eloquence of expression, we hardly know where it is surpassed. Though entirely different from "The Sketch-Book," it approaches more nearly to its standard than any other we can call to mind. The author thus alludes to its "moral" in his preface:

"Of the 'Fawn of Spring-vale' I have simply to say, that the moral I trust is a wholesome one. I wrote the tale to warn sensitive and sentimental young ladies that the foolish indulgence of a first affection, and the nursing of it into the great business of their lives, is not only a piece of egregious folly, so far as they themselves are concerned, but also a source of calamity—and not unjustly so—to those parents and relatives who choose to make pets of them in such soft and sentimental nonsense. Many an early grave and mad-house is filled with young ladies who are gifted with 'exquisite sensibility.'"

MONS. ALEXANDER VATTÉMARE.—This philanthropist—for philanthropist he deserves to be called in the best sense of the word—is about to leave this country for his native France. He goes home after an absence of twenty months from his family. His time has been spent in the United States almost exclusively in an exercise of benevolent efforts for the Cause of Literature and Science. He has prosecuted with all his mind and more than all his strength—for his health has failed—his grand and noble design of establishing between all the nations of the earth, a system of exchanges of works of art and science, books, pictures, &c. He has sent many thousand volumes home and will in return cause to be presented to the public libraries and institutions of our country, works of foreign countries, equally numerous and valuable. It may be said, on the whole, that Mr. Vattémare has succeeded in his magnificent project.—He will leave on the 8th inst., in the packetship, *Duchesse D'Orléans*, for Havre. The good wishes of the American people will accompany him across the sea and dwell with him in France.

## The Literary World.

BIOGRAPHY AND POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, by Washington Irving. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 12mo. pp 359.

The thought has been so often expressed that true genius adorns whatsoever it touches, that it now wears all the triteness of a proverb. Its truth has never struck us more forcibly than in looking over this tribute to the memory of a marvellous child, who perished, not like Chatterton, in pride, but in all humility—trusting in Heaven, and looking to that bright clime where the rose never fades, the leaf never falls and the music never dies away. It requires no vivid fancy to depict this being—"too lovely and too early lost"—as an angel, made twin in seraphic beauty with the sister who had preceded her, and with whom she now wanders on embracing pinions through the clear empyrean of the celestial realm.

It is enough for the lover of literature that an author, so distinguished and so esteemed, should have undertaken this task; we sit down to the book with a confident feeling of being gratified—but gratification rises into delight when we find with what simple yet admirable skill the duty has been performed. Mr. Irving has arranged the little treasures, deposited in his keeping, with a taste not inferior to that which has marked his more prominent performances. The "remains," together with the memorials of the child's brief life, were committed to the editor by the mother of Margaret, who shows herself to have been a woman of good talents and a refined education. Her reminiscences are as pathetic as can be imagined; they seem to gush from the deep wells of her affection, and to flow out unrestrained. Of these Mr. Irving has availed himself with skill and consideration, and entwined them happily with his own beautiful narrative.

With the story of Lucretia Davidson, on whose name, to adopt Mr. Irving's expression, "the reading world has long set a cherishing value," our readers are familiar. Her biography has been written by President Morse of the American Society of Arts, and by Miss Sedgwick as a contribution to Mr. Sparks's excellent library of American biography. Southey, the poet, wrote an article in the *London Quarterly Review*, in which he quoted many of Lucretia's productions and told the wonderful psychological truths connected with the development of her premature genius and death. This article gave celebrity to its subject—and an American child of fifteen is better known in Great Britain, than many prolific characters who still live to astonish our Western World with feats of noble verse-making.

This book will undoubtedly receive as much attention from the reviewers as that of Lucretia; and, if we are not mistaken, be regarded with greater astonishment. The poems are sometimes marked by an originality of idea and a felicity of expression which would surprise and delight us in the productions of an established author—but, when we come to reflect that they are the emanations of the immature mind of a child, who "spoke in numbers" almost before her words could be distinctly articulated, we regard

them as inspired and the direct expression of thoughts sent from Heaven. We remember hearing it said during the life-time of Margaret that Lucretia had a sister still more remarkable than herself; we afterward encountered and read with charmed attention some verses ascribed to her by the newspapers—and now we are lost in wonder at the evidences of genius, which here meet our eyes like the breaking light of morning.

We will not attempt to repeat the incidents of little Margaret's life—it was, for the most part, bright and merry, though chequered by disease and saddened at its close by the consciousness of approaching death; let it suffice that we offer to the reader convincing proofs of what has been asserted and which may serve as inducements for his obtaining this charming volume. At the age of eight Margaret lived with her family at Plattsburgh, after having been upon excursions to Saratoga Springs and the city of New-York. It must have been an oasis in her life; for the excursions had "improved her health and given a fresh impulse to her mind."

She resumed her studies with great eagerness; her spirits rose with mental exercise; she soon was in one of her veins of intellectual excitement. She read, she wrote, she danced, she sang, and was for the time the happiest of the happy. In the freshness of early morning, and toward sunset, when the heat of the day was over, she would stroll on the banks of the Saranac, following its course to where it pours itself into the beautiful Bay of Cumberland in Lake Champlain. There the rich variety of scenery which bursts upon the eye; the islands, scattered, like so many gems, on the broad bosom of the lake; the green mountains of Vermont beyond, clothed in the atmospherical charms of our magnificent climate; all these would inspire a degree of poetic rapture in her mind, mingled with a sacred melancholy; for these were scenes which had often awakened the enthusiasm of her deceased sister Lucretia.

Not long after this she paid another visit to her friends and relatives in this city. Margaret had never been to the theatre but once—and it seemed to her fairy land. She determined, by way of providing entertainment for her young companions, to "get up" a play. Accordingly all the preparations were made and nothing remained but to write the tragedy! But we must not withhold a word of the following description:

Margaret was called upon to produce the play. "Oh!" she replied, "I have not written it yet."—"But how is this!—Do you make the dresses first, and then write the play to suit them?"—"Oh!" replied she gaily, "the writing of the play is the easiest part of the preparation; it will be ready before the dresses." And, in fact, in two days she produced her drama, "The Tragedy of Alethia." It was not very voluminous, to be sure, but it contained within it sufficient of high character and astounding and bloody incident to furnish out a drama of five times its size. A king and queen of England resolutely bent upon marrying their daughter, the Princess Alethia, to the Duke of Ormond. The princess most perversely and dolorously in love with a mysterious cavalier, who figures at her father's court under the name of Sir Percy Lennox, but who, in private truth, is the Spanish king, Rodrigo, thus obliged to maintain an incognito on account of certain hostilities between Spain and England. The odious nuptials of the princess with the Duke of Ormond proceed: she is led, a submissive victim, to the altar; is on the point of pledging her irrevocable word; when the priest throws off his sacred robe, discovers himself to be Rodrigo, and plunges a dagger into the bosom of the king. Alethia instantly plucks the dagger from her father's bosom, throws herself into Rodrigo's arms, and kills herself. Rodrigo flies to a cavern, renounces England, Spain, and his royal throne, and devotes himself to eternal remorse. The queen ends the play by a passionate apostrophe to the spirit of her daughter, and sinks dead on the floor.

The little drama lies before us, a curious specimen of the prompt talent of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights.

The parts were now distributed and soon learnt; Margaret drew out a play-bill, in theatrical style, containing a list of the dramatic personæ, and issued regular tickets of admission. The piece went off with universal applause; Margaret figuring, in a long train, as the princess, and killing herself in a style that would not have disgraced an experienced stage heroine.

Are not the following lines, written by this baby, when her heart was full of sorrow at being obliged to leave the shore of her native lake, "beautiful exceedingly." By what modern "poetess" have they, in their pure and simple depth of feeling, been excelled?

### MY NATIVE LAKE.

Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,  
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,  
Reflect each bending tree so light  
Upon thy bounding bosom bright.  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!  
The little isles that deck thy breast,  
And calmly on thy bosom rest,  
How often, in my childish glee,  
I've sported round them, bright and free!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!  
How oft I've watch'd the fresh'ning shower  
Bending the summer tree and flower,  
And felt my little heart beat high  
As the bright rainbow graced the sky.  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!  
And shall I never see thee more,  
My native lake, my much-loved shore?  
And must I bid a long adieu,  
My dear, my infant home, to you?

Shall I not see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain?

Seldom have we let fall the tears of sympathy over more true pathos than that which breathes in the stanzas, "On the death of my sister Anna Eliza;" "To my mother oppressed with sorrow;" "On the corpse of my little brother, Kent." The very title of the latter is heart-breaking—and how we grieve with the poor girl when she exclaims, with an agony as deep as that of the King of Israel when he mourned for Absalom—

"But thou art gone! and this cold clay  
Is all that now remains of thee!"

The lines entitled "Farewell to Ruremont" are a wonderful specimen of easy and graceful versification. But it is useless to repeat remarks like these. We should be glad to give many examples of how truly they might be said—but we cannot. Of the lines to her sister Lucretia, Mr. Irving justly says that "they breathe the heavenly aspirations of her young spirit in strains quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure but never any more truly divine in its inspiration." The maturity of the child's mind—her judgment ripened far, far beyond her years—can be as satisfactorily shown as her sweet and brilliant fancy. Take two examples. The criticism she makes upon Mrs. Hemans is as accurate as possible.

"I will endeavor to answer your question about Mrs. Hemans. I have read several lives of this distinguished poetess, by different authors, and in all of them find something new to admire in her character and venerate in her genius! She was a woman of deep feeling, lively fancy, and acute sensibilities—so acute, indeed, as to have formed her chief unhappiness through life. She mingles her own feelings with her poems so well, that in reading them you read her character. But there is one thing I have often remarked: the mind soon wearies in perusing many of her pieces at once. She expresses those sweet sentiments so often, and introduces the same stream of beautiful ideas so constantly, that they sometimes degenerate into monotony. I know of no higher treat than to read a few of her best productions, and comment upon and feel their beauties; but perusing her volume is to me like listening to a strain of sweet music repeated over and over again, until it becomes so familiar to the ear, that it loses the charm of variety."

How much more good sense—how much more of a philosophic mind—how much more of freedom from that prejudice which rejects what is new because it is incomprehensible—how much more of a prophetic spirit, is displayed in what this child writes about "Animal Magnetism" than in the opinions and verdicts often pronounced by the wise among grown men!

"You ask what I think of animal magnetism? My dear Hetty, I have not troubled my head about it. I hear of it from every quarter, and mentioned so often with contempt, that I have thought of it only as an absurdity. If I understand it rightly, the leading principle is the influence of one mind upon another; there is undoubtedly such an influence, to a reasonable degree, but as to throwing one into a magnetic sleep—presenting visions before their eyes of scenes passing afar off, it seems almost too ridiculous! Still it may all be true! A hundred years since, what would have been our feelings to see what is now here so common, a steam engine, breathing fire and smoke, gliding along with the rapidity of thought, and carrying at its black heels a train which a hundred men would fail to move? We know not but this apparent absurdity, this magnetism, may be a great and mysterious secret, which the course of time will reveal and adapt to important purposes."

This is extracted from a letter to one of her young friends—of whom, considering her necessarily secluded life, she had many warmly attached. Indeed who would not have loved the dear Margaret,

"The good, the gentle and the beautiful,  
The child of light and genius?"

Alas, that we must continue the quotation and exclaim,

"She is gone  
Like some bright exhalation which the dawn  
Robes in its golden hues!"

Sometimes her prose rises to a degree of beauty, scarcely less delightful than that which marks her verses. Read this from a letter to her excellent friend, Miss Sedgwick:

"Do, if possible, try the Ballston air once more. It has been useful to you once, it might be still more so now. You will find warm hearts to welcome you, and we will do all in our power to make your visit pleasant to you. The country does indeed look beautiful! The woods are teeming with wild flowers, and the air is full of melody. The soft, wild warbling of the birds is far more sweet to me than the most labored performances of art; they may weary by repetition, but what heart can resist the influence of a lovely day ushered in by the morning song of those sweet carollers! and even to sleep, as it were, by their melodious evening strain. How I wish you could be here to enjoy it with me."

Ample as are our columns, they do not afford "room and verge enough" to contain the many exquisite poems, which, for their intrinsic merit, and had they been written by a man of fifty instead of a girl who died at fifteen, would be worthy of extract. These few fragments in blank verse are quite perfect, and as read if chosen as the best in some great work.

"Consumption! child of wo, thy blighting breath  
Marks all that's fair and lovely for thine own,  
And, sweeping o'er the silver chords of life,  
Blends all their music in one death-like tone.

"What strange, what mystic things we are!  
With spirits longing to outlive the stars.  
\* \* \* \* \* but even in decay  
Hasting to meet our brethren in the dust.  
As one small dew-drop runs, another drops  
To sink unnoticed in the world of waves.

"O it is sad to feel that when a few short years  
Of life are past, we shall lie down, unpitied  
And unknown, amid a careless world;  
That youth and age and revelry and grief  
Above our heads shall pass, and we alone  
Shall sleep! alone shall be as we have been,  
No more. \* \* \* \* \*

It is with regret that we arrest our pen—commonly employed upon themes, how much less inspiring!—and conclude this notice with another recommendation to the reader to procure this work.

### From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday Evening, June 1st, 1841.

Since I had the pleasure of addressing your readers last, the CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN, from which so much has been so long expected, has begun. THE FIRST DAY'S SITTING is always attractive to the crowds that flock to the metropolis with the advent of Congress; but the peculiar interest which was felt in the election of new officers for the House, and the circumstances under which the two Houses were convened, called together, yesterday, a larger assemblage at the Capitol, than usual.

The choice of speaker was determined on, in caucus, on Saturday evening. One hundred and six Whig Members attended. The meeting determined very properly that the nomination of any gentleman should depend on his receiving a majority of the whole Administration votes in the House. After several ballots, JOHN WHITE of KENTUCKY, received seventy-two votes, and was declared duly nominated.

The choice of Clerk was not settled in the caucus—at least there was a misunderstanding in reference to it, on the part of a considerable number of friends of the Administration, including several of the most distinguished gentlemen in the House. It is certain that Mr. SMITH of MAINE, received only a minority of the whole number of Whig votes in the House: and many members regarded the result as no nomination. Notwithstanding this difficulty, Mr. MACLEOD withdrew from the contest (in compliance with the decision of a majority of the caucus in favor of Mr. Smith,) and declined to allow his name to be used, except on condition that there should be a new nomination. He would not consent to take the office, unless at the hands of the Whig majority in the House.

The Speaker's election was carried in the house, without any trouble on the first ballot. Mr. WHITE, on being conducted to the Chair, made a very happy speech, which will show to the country his disposition to discharge the duties of the office with impartiality; and his character is a good warrant that he will ever act with firmness and decision. Now that the excitement of the contest is over, there seems to be a very general concurrence in the opinion I formed at the last session, and was among the first to express publicly, that the selection will be a most fortunate one for the interests of the House.

Mr. SMITH, (the gentleman nominated in caucus for Clerk, though by a minority of the dominant party,) could not unite the Whigs—many of whom remembered his course a few weeks back, it is said, and could not forget it sufficiently to induce them to contribute to his elevation. Neither could Mr. Clarke gain the vote of the Whigs—for other reasons. The part of policy was, unquestionably, to have made a new nomination; and to have selected a gentleman who, it was known, could have concentrated on himself the whole Whig vote, as he was, at the least, the second choice of both divisions, and would have been acceptable to the whole Whig force. But the chance was lost, and Mr. Clarke was elected by a union of some thirty or forty Whigs with the whole opposition forces. Party men will see that was an unfortunate result, in a party point of view.

There has been debate in both Houses already, about the proper official title of the President. The question was raised on the motion for sending a committee to inform the President that Congress was in session. It was started by Mr. McKeon in the House, yesterday, and by Mr. Allen of Ohio in the Senate to-day. But it met with no favor in either branch. The position taken by Mr. Wise, in the House, is unquestionably according to the true construction of the Constitution. It is the office itself which devolves on the Vice President, not merely the duties and rights of the Presidential office. The House voted down Mr. McKeon's proposition (which, in effect, denied Mr. Tyler the title of President) without a division. In the Senate it obtained only eight votes, although Mr. Allen and Mr. Tappan of Ohio both spoke at some length upon it. Mr. Walker of Miss. (Oppos.) and Mr. Calhoun, both resisted it—and maintained that Mr. TYLER is in fact, and should be styled, "PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

It was supposed by some that a question would also arise as to the title of Mr. SOUTHWARD. It was virtually decided to-day, that he is only President *pro tem.*, and a Senator from New-Jersey—and not Vice President. For he voted as a Senator, in the usual course of calling the yeas and nays. Were he regarded as Vice President he would be entitled only to a casting vote; and New-Jersey would be called on to elect another Senator.

The two important questions as to the titles of the two first officers of the Government being settled—the Joint Committee of the two Houses, Messrs. Huntington and Archer, (Senators,) and Messrs. Sergeant and Dawson, (Representatives,) proceeded to the White House, and speedily returned, accompanied by Mr. Robert Tyler, now acting as the Private Secretary of the President. The Committee having announced that the President would transmit a Message to each House immediately, Mr. Robert Tyler was introduced successively to each House by the appropriate officer, and delivered the Message, of which copies were sent to you, by the Express that started at 12 o'clock.

The reading of this long-looked for paper was listened to with the deepest interest; and the friends of the Administration generally expressed great gratification at its spirit and the views and opinions of the President on the leading questions of the day.

It elicited no debate in the Senate, except that gentlemen on both sides expressed a desire to reduce the expenditure for printing; and only five thousand copies, in all, of the Message were ordered to be printed by that body. In

the House, there was a loose and rambling debate about economy and retrenchment, in which two or three noisy young men figured; but it came to nothing. Ten thousand copies of the Message and Documents were ordered to be printed; none without the Documents. Perfectly right, this; for the Message goes into every newspaper, but the Documents go into very few except the largest journals of the great cities; and yet the public interest demands that they should be widely circulated.

Another desultory discussion took place to-day, about the seats in the Hall of Representatives. Mr. Pickens desired that they should be numbered, and that the members should draw for them by lot. This occasioned a great waste of words, and a consumption of much time that might have been far more profitably employed. The best way would be to remove all the desks and chairs, and then there would not be half as much *travelling* as there is now. The members are furnished too luxuriously, by far.

The truth is, something must be done to stop the eternal babbling of certain honorable members. The audience were nauseated with it to-day. Every man ought to be kept strictly to the point; and should be put down in some manner or other, when he undertakes to talk about matters and things in general.

Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS signalized himself by a speech in favor of the Right of Petition to-day, on his motion to rescind the standing rule of the last House, on the subject of abolition petitions, memorials, &c. &c. It was able, of course—but too discursive for good taste.

There is little news stirring in this city. I write you a shorter letter than usual: so you may have room to publish what you like of the official documents that will be forthcoming at this season.

You may report to your gay readers, that there is a considerable number of fashionables here, in spite of the terrors of our June sun—which, to-day, are quite equal to those of July usually. The gardens of the Capitol and President's House, and other promenades are filled with groups in these balmy evenings, enjoying the air; and the moonlight strawberry parties have also begun; and aquatic excursions; and voyages to Piney Point, Old Point, for salt-water bathing, soft crabs, oysters, and for other comforts, will follow by and by. The Summer Session will be as pleasant a one as can be in this region.

## The Old World.

### FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND. ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

On Wednesday morning, the rapid steamer Acadia, Captain Miller, came in fine style into Boston harbor, from a pleasant passage of thirteen days and a half. Nothing is heard from the President by this arrival—except that, in one of the papers brought from Halifax, it is stated that a schooner from Newfoundland reported that a boat, belonging to Fortune Bay, had arrived there with the story that a vessel from France had reached that island, which had picked up the Captain and sixteen seamen of an American steamer—who said that 56 other persons were lost. This is wholly incredible; and no doubt remains on our minds that the President was lost wholly, and that all on board perished.

We give our correspondent's letter:

### From our own Correspondent.

LONDON, May 17th, 1841.

The new budget by this steamer will be extremely limited. I send you all such items as you will be interested in.

Two horrible and distressing disasters have occurred at sea. The ship Brooklyn sailed on the 10th from Liverpool for New-York, and when off Point Lynas, in the Channel, she ran down the brig Mary Scott, of 300 tons, inward bound from Valparaiso. The brig instantly sank, and the captain and four of the seamen were drowned. The mate and seven seamen escaped in the boat and were picked up.

The other was the loss of the ship Wm. Brown, bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia, with a crew of 17, and 65 steerage passengers. She struck an iceberg on the 19th of April, in lat. 43 N. and long. 49 W. and went down soon after. The captain and seven persons got off in the jolly boat, and the mate with thirty-three others in the long boat; but, as the mate represents, the boat could not live with so many in such a sea, and, by his order, *seventeen of these poor people were thrown overboard!* The scene must have been heart-rending. I send you the full particulars elsewhere. One hour after this massacre, (as it has been called,) they fell in with a vessel—the ship Crescent, of Portsmouth, N. H.—on board of which they were received and from which the mate and crew were sent to Havre in the Ville de Lyon. They were examined by the American Consul and are now in prison. The Crescent, also bound for Havre, had not arrived.

The fate of the President is yet a mystery. Some hope was excited by the fact that a large steamer had been seen on the 10th of April—lat. 12, long. 33—steering N. N. E. without steam; but Captain Keane, late commander of the President, insists that this could not be her—and thinks she may yet be heard from at the West Indies. The President cost £80,000. Eighty per cent premium has been paid for insurance upon a part of her cargo. The British Queen is withdrawn, and the company intend to sell her.

The debate on the Ministerial project has continued six days—or rather nights, for it reaches into the "small hours" of morning—and is not yet concluded.

The Sugar question is mixed up with that of Slavery—and there is a coalition of the leading Anti-Slavery men—(many of them holding West India plantations) with the Tory party in opposing the reduction of duties on Foreign Sugars—because they are "Slave-labor" Sugars—i. e. the poor people of England must pay a duty of 300 per cent. on their Sugar because the free blacks in the Colonies cannot or will not make it as cheap as it can be had elsewhere. The absurdity and one-sidedness of this *disinterested* philanthropy is well exposed by those journals who have sense enough to see through a millstone. The division will take place this week—and all are on the *qui-vive* to know whether Ministers will resign or dissolve Parliament, in case of the defeat, which is anticipated.

Elliot's settlement of the Chinese question gives no satisfaction at all. The chief object of the expedition was not effected—and not a word was said in the agreement respecting the opium trade.

Espartaco has been elected sole Regent of Spain, and it is ominously stated that the young Queen was soon after taken very ill. The ex-Queen Christiana, has arrived in Paris.

An insurrection has broken out in Candia; and another near Moscow, to suppress which troops were withdrawn from Poland.

The Earl of Waldegrave is now in the Marshal Sea prison, on to which he has been sentenced for six months and fined £200 besides, for an assault on a policeman.

A motion in the House of Commons for the removal of Lord Cardigan from his regiment was defeated.

The Carnival "Festival" for the benefit of the sons of the Clergy, took place on the 13th. at St. Paul's—i. e.—there was a sermon and some very fine music, including the Coronation Anthem. The music always attracts a large audience to the big church on such occasions. "No tickets are required"—but you are stopped at the door and expected to "contribute" at least half a crown to the plate held for that purpose. There is a gold door and a silver door—i. e.—none are admitted to the best seats but those who pay gold. Prince Albert was there with the Lord Mayor, Alderman, Archbishops and Bishops; and he afterwards dined with these and made a speech in "good English," at Merchant Tailors' Hall.

"The Princess Royal" says the Court Circular, "drove out yesterday in a barouche and four." Her royal Highness must be an expert whip, for a young lady of six months.

It is said that Mr. Power the comedian, had \$30,000 in specie with him in the President. His wife has entirely lost her reason and her hair has turned white.

Lord Palmerston and Sir John Cam Hobhouse (the friend of Byron,) are to be raised to the Peerage.

Mlle Rachel, the great French tragic actress is now performing in London at Her Majesty's theatre.

Hyde Park has been densely crowded this week, the weather continuing to be delightful. The Queen takes an airing almost every day, and so does the Princess Royal. I was driving through the triumphal arch opposite Hyde Park yesterday, when I suddenly popped upon the Royal carriage and four. The passage was not wide enough for two vehicles—so I had to "back out" as gracefully and promptly as the circumstances permitted.

The Queen is to be invited to visit Ireland this summer, a meeting having been held in Dublin for that purpose.

Thomas Barnes, Esq. the principal editor of the "Times" died on the 7th. He was a schoolmate of Thomas Moore and Leigh Hunt.

The Admiralty have ordered a new war-steamer to be fitted with the "propeller."

The fêtes in Paris in honor of the christening of the young prince went off quietly and were very brilliant. On the 5th of May the anniversary of Napoleon's death was celebrated at the Invalids by religious ceremonies, attended by several Marshals and Generals of the empire, members of both Houses of the Legislature, deputations from the different corps of the garrison, the Invalids, National Guards, the persons formerly attached to the Imperial Household, &c. After the abolition, the gold crown, voted by the municipality of Cherbourg, was deposited on the tomb by the Mayor of that city, next to the sword and hat of the Emperor.

Postscript—Tuesday evening, May 18th. The "Great Debate" is again adjourned to this evening, and may last two or three days more. It is of course the topic of the day. It is strongly asserted that the Ministers have resolved to resign immediately, if the question goes against them.

A statement has been signed by the British and American Consuls at Havre, which seems to justify the course of the mate, Mr. Brown, as the only way of preserving the survivors. The 17 were thrown overboard at 10 in the evening, and the Crescent appeared at 6 o'clock next morning and not as before stated.

This is the month of "Anniversaries," "Society dinners," "festivals" and conventions of all sorts, and there are probably more strangers in London at present than in any other three months in the year.

The Great Western arrived on Friday evening, just 13 days. She is as regular as clock-work. The Columbia's letters were not received till Monday. The Siddons packet of the 25th April is in, but the New-York of the 19th is not.

The great Metropolis immense and overgrown as it is already, is spreading itself out on all sides almost as rapidly as our own most thriving towns. The number of large and costly private residences now going up is almost incredible. In one neighborhood alone—Paddington, near Hyde Park, there are nearly 1000 houses—mostly of the first class—now being built. The enormous wealth and resources of the English cannot be doubted after taking a walk through the splendid wooden squares, streets and "places" of the West end—particularly in Piccadilly, and the regions of Hyde and Roger Parks. The Nation may be in a consumption, but they have something left yet to pay the doctor's bill.

2nd P. S. 6 P. M.—Consols for account closed to-day at 90½. Money was in demand at 6 per cent., but this was considered temporary. The underwriters at Lloyd, took £1000 on the President to-day at 70 per cent.

Nothing else new.

### LITERARY.

Lord John Russell presided on Monday at Exeter Hall at the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society. It was stated that there were at present under course of instruction in the model schools of the society 659 boys and 480 girls, making a total added to those announced on a former occasion, of 51,696. The erection of the new school would cost 13,000l., and the whole funds of the society did not reach 15,000l. The contributions, after Lord John Russell's speech, were considerable.

"The Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L." by Laman Blanchard is just out. I send you a copy, and you will find it a very attractive book. The mystery attending the untimely fate of this gifted lady is not wholly cleared up by her biographer—yet there is abundant evidence against the supposition that she died by her own hand. The volumes contain a tragedy and several poems and prose



pieces never before published. The *Essays on the Female Characters of Scott* are charmingly written.

"The Pictorial Shakespeare" is now nearly completed, and as you know, it places all other editions far in the shade. The immensely laborious and intelligent research displayed in the illustrations, both pictorial and literary, are beyond all praise. The wood engravings are truly beautiful. I send with this the sheets of the June number of Charles O'Malley. You will receive them hereafter from two to four weeks in advance of publication in England—as also the new work by the same author which is to follow this.

I also send you a volume of capital tales, illustrated by Cruikshank, which I should think would be a treat to the New Worlders—and a little squib called "Written Caricatures," etc., etc. Yours, X. Y. Z.

#### APPALLING OCCURRENCE AT SEA: SHOCKING MASSACRE.

An arrival at Havre has brought intelligence of one of the most appalling occurrences we ever remember to have taken place,—the massacre of a number of helpless creatures, part of the survivors of a wreck, by their more vigorous companions in suffering, on the plan of self-preservation. The particulars of this most horrid and most revolting event will be found in the following extracts from letters and papers:

"HAVRE, May 10.  
"The Louis Philippe (New-York packet-ship) has this moment arrived. Information having reached the town, that some ship-wrecked seamen were on board, the excitement was beyond all description. On the arrival in dock, a strong body of the gendarmerie were in waiting, and immediately took into custody the mate and eight of the crew of the ship William Brown, bound from Liverpool for Philadelphia, which was sunk by an iceberg in the latter part of last month. As yet, I cannot give you precise dates for any thing, except that these men were taken from the Crescent, which vessel picked them up in their long-boat. But a tale of horror is to be told about them. It appears that, when the vessel struck, thirty-three passengers, the mate, and eight of the crew took to the long-boat. The captain, three of the crew, and eleven passengers took to the jolly-boat. All the rest sank with the vessel. The boats parted in the night. Some days after the mate and crew determined (as they say in order to lighten the boat) to throw seventeen passengers overboard, which they accomplished, and some of the most horrid and revolting scenes took place. There were two brothers and a sister of one family: the brothers were thrown over, and the sister jumped in after them. One fine boy prayed for a few minutes to say his prayers: they refused, and hurled him into the sea at once. Some clung to the sides of the boat, praying for mercy; but their hands were cut off, and they were pushed into the deep. One hour after this massacre the Crescent fell in with the boat, and saved the survivors of this horrid deed. The passengers remained on board the Crescent. The crew arrived in the Ville de Lyon. They are now under examination before the American Consul."

HAVRE, May 13.  
The all-engrossing conversation is the horrid massacre committed by the boat's crew of the Wm. Brown of the sixteen poor creatures they threw overboard. The Crescent, which is bound for this port, with the mate and the passengers saved, is most anxiously looked for every hour. The plea of necessity, which the crew advance, must be made out most strongly to justify so dreadful an alternative. No lots were drawn; but it is understood that the mate gave the order to the men to begin the work of destruction. The following frightful statement, made by the mate, has been forwarded to the American Consul by the Captain of the Crescent, per the Ville de Lyon:

(Copy.)

At sea, on board the ship Crescent, April 23.  
Account of the loss of the ship William Brown, of Philadelphia, Captain George L. Harris, which left Liverpool the 13th of March, having seventeen of the ship's crew, and sixty-five steerage passengers, freighted for Philadelphia.

"The passage was very rough, accompanied by squalls and loss of sails. On the night of the 19th of April, in lat. 43 30 N., and 49 W. long., making all sail in open sea, and running ten knots an hour, the larboard side of the vessel struck upon an iceberg, which stove her in. At ten minutes past nine at night we struck upon another. I then proposed to the Captain to take up sail as quickly as possible, which we did; and sounding the pump, found two feet of water in the hold. On going below I found that the vessel was rapidly making water. All hands set to work to disengage the boats, and at eleven o'clock, they were alongside. I descended into the longboat with eight of the crew, and thirty-three of the passengers; the Captain, Lieutenant, a lady, and five sailors embarked in the jollyboat, and we fastened the boats together. At midnight the vessel sank, carrying with her thirty-three persons. We remained alongside each other until five o'clock in the morning. Captain Harris then informed us of his intention of leaving us, and making the best of his way to Newfoundland, and advised me to do the same.

"My boat being full and heavy, I could not manage it; to pursue that route was impossible: I therefore directed my course south. In the afternoon we fell in with a large quantity of ice. Throughout the night the wind blew with violence from the north in squalls, with rain and hail, and a very heavy sea. Finding that the boat was literally surrounded by small masses of ice, that the water was gaining upon her, I thought it improbable she could hold out unless relieved of some of her weight. I then consulted the sailors, and we were of opinion that it was necessary to throw overboard those who were nearly dead, until we had room enough to work our boat and take to our oars. The weather becoming worse, it was almost impossible to keep the boat afloat and free from the ice. At daybreak we were still surrounded by icebergs. On counting the passengers, sixteen were missing, and the rest were in a desperate state and almost stiff from cold. At six o'clock in the morning we perceived to the westward a sail steering an easterly course. We exerted every effort to approach it. The captain being aloft to steer his ship through the ice, saw our boat and notwithstanding the danger to his own ship, made sail for us. On Thursday morning, at seven o'clock we were along side of her; and before she received us all

on board, was struck by the ice, which stove in the boat.—We however succeeded in saving her. Banks and islands of ice were in sight as far as the eye could reach. I then ascertained that it was the Crescent of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Captain G. F. Ball, bound from New-York to Havre. We met the kindest reception on board, and assistance, in the way of food and clothing, were lavished upon us."

(Signed) S. J. BALL, Captain of the Crescent.

(From Gallucci's Messenger.)

We are enabled to add to the account given yesterday of the loss of the William Brown, on her passage from Liverpool to Philadelphia, the following melancholy particulars, derived from a statement drawn up by some of the survivors, and remitted to Capt. Ball, of the Crescent.

"The ship was of Philadelphia; her company consisted of seventeen persons, and she had sixty-five steerage passengers, nearly all Irish, with a full cargo on board. She had a rough passage out, and struck at 9 P. M., when going under all sails at the rate of ten knots an hour, in lat. 43 deg. 40 min. north, and long. 43 deg. 39 min. west by account. She stove in her larboard bow, and, within two minutes, struck another field of ice. The ship soon began to fill, and the captain and crew got out the boats, which were cleared away at eleven. At midnight the ship went down, and the thirty passengers, who could not be taken into the boats, went down in her. The boats lay by each other till five A. M., when the captain, in the cutter steered for Newfoundland. The longboat, being very heavily laden with so many persons, forty-two in all, could not be managed, and was obliged to steer to the south. At night she fell in with more ice, and the wind came on to blow hard; the boat began to leak badly, and shipped a good deal of water. Finding she was likely to sink, the mate consulted with the crew, and it was deemed necessary to throw overboard such of the passengers as were nearly dead. Sixteen were then thrown into the sea, and perished; whilst the rest were nearly stiff with the extreme cold. Shortly after a ship hove in sight, and the Captain, who was up aloft looking out for ice, saw the boat, and stood for her at the imminent risk of his own safety. This proved to be the Crescent, and they were received with the greatest humanity and kindness on board. At that time ice was in sight on the surface of the Atlantic as far as the eye could reach. Out of the passengers saved, ten were women."

The Havre Journal adds to this dreadful narrative, that the first passenger thrown over was a woman! Sisters and relations were afterwards thrown over: and a young boy, who begged for respite to say his prayers, was not allowed it, but was sent into the deep! This journal adds, that the most serious rumors are afloat as to the cause and nature of this catastrophe, which, however, cannot be cleared up until the Crescent, which is daily expected, arrives with the surviving passengers. The American Consul, at Havre, has interrogated the sailors of the William Brown, brought by the Ville de Lyon, and has had them committed to prison.

HAVRE, May 13.  
The American ship Crescent, Capt. Ball, arrived here yesterday evening, with the remainder of the passengers of the Wm. Brown, who were saved in the long-boat. The arrival of this vessel has confirmed all the horrid details of the dreadful scene which took place during the night of the 20th and 21st of April. Of the sixteen passengers thrown into the sea, fourteen were men and two women; of the seventeen saved, fifteen are women and two are men. One of these men was seized for the purpose of being thrown overboard by the crew of the boat. He cried out to the mate to save him and not to tear him from his wife. The mate told the men not to separate man and wife, if it were possible to help it. He fell into the bottom of the boat and was saved. A boy of twelve years old was thrown overboard. He caught hold of the boat, and favored by the darkness of the night, crouched under the bows and was saved.

All the women saved are young, except the mother of a Scotch family from Dumfriesshire, who, with her five daughters and a servant girl, was saved: her name is Edgar. Her husband and a son are settled in Germantown, near Philadelphia. A young woman, with her infant at her breast, succeeded in getting into the boat with her husband; they are among the survivors. His name is Patrick, from Cookstown, county Tyrone, the property of Col. Stewart. Several persons from that gentleman's estate or neighborhood have met with a watery grave. One family of the name of Leyden, (sixteen in all,) sunk with the vessel; another family, named Corr—father, mother, and five children—sunk at the same time; the little boy who was thrown from the boat was one of that family. He had not a soul left belonging to him. They were also from Col. Stewart's property.

A Mrs. Anderson, with three children, who was going to join her husband, a medical gentleman, settled at Cincinnati, sunk with the ship. Miss Anderson and a Miss Bradley were thrown into the sea from the long-boat. The tales which the survivors relate are piteous, horrifying. The crew and passengers have been examined by the British and American Consuls this morning, and the impression is, that the dreadful act of throwing their fellow-creatures overboard was of imperative necessity; but, it is hoped, the two Consuls will give publicity to the examination, in order that the public mind may be satisfied on this point. Truly the circumstances must be made out in the clearest way to palliate such an act. We have emigrant ships sailing every week, and, if it is held as law that "might is right," it had better be declared so, and that the crew are justified, under extremities, in throwing overboard who and as many as they think right, without casting lots, or making any other choice than their will.

The Havre Journal states that the sailors of the William Brown have been interrogated separately as to the cause and circumstances of the dreadful catastrophe in the long boat of the ship, and that having each given the same account, without any attempts at prevarication, and shown that they were driven to it by sheer necessity, the American Consul has had them set at liberty. It appears that the boat was letting in water very fast, and that the crowd was so great that it was impossible to tell where the leak was. It was only after the passengers had been thrown overboard that it was found that the plug had come out, and if this had not been stopped, the boat must have sunk.

## City Items.

**THE BREACH OF PROMISE HEALED BY MARRIAGE, AND THE LAWYER NON-SUITED.**—Some three years ago a sprightly young milliner, of Pearl street, named J. F. received the attentions of George —, a clerk in the office of a wealthy cotton broker in Wall street, with the full expectation that, as she discarded all other loves for him, he would, like the gentle dove, select her as his mate. After the usual interchanges of sentiments and feelings on this subject, eight months since, George, the lover, summoned sufficient courage to his assistance to proffer her his hand in marriage. The offer, as may be supposed, received a cordial acceptance, and the "bidding and cooing" pair coventured privately together to become husband and wife. The month of April was then selected as the period at which the nuptial knot was to be tied by the priest; and George and Jane (like Adam and Eve in Paradise) walked hand in hand together—to run and hire for themselves a house. One was finally selected and agreed for; the furniture to garnish it was furnished and left in the lady's possession; the intended guests, at the instance of the lover, were notified of the approaching marriage feast, and requested to be ready to grace it with their presence; and more than all, the considerate George purchased some handsome linen for his dear, which the patient needle of Jane was to ply upon and convert into shirts for a very special occasion. Smooth as the unruffled wave of the summer sea glided away the moments that motioned toward bliss. But in an unexpected moment a fearful change came on, and a portentous cloud was lowering over the sunny face of George which foretold an approaching storm.

Other passions had been suffered to agitate his bosom—other affections had circled themselves about his too susceptible heart—and on Sunday the 12th April, he called upon her whom he had vowed to wed, and startled her mind to terror, and that terror into a tempest, by telling her that he would not marry her—he was attached to another and an older flame, that was consuming him.

To drive the barbed arrow deeper home, he also demanded the furniture he had purchased, and the linnen he had placed into her hands to be converted into shirts. This instantly aroused the amiable anger of Jane, and quick as the electric spark, she replied that she would "break the furniture to atoms and tear the shirts to tatters," before he should re-possess himself of the one or the other. George alarmed at this magnificent display of spirit, then withdrew, and came no more to heal the angry wounds he had made.

To punish such perfidy as this, the lady Jane then betook herself to the office of a gentleman, learned in the law for advice—and a suit for breach of marriage promise was converted out of the best materials, in a trice. The fearful oath was taken; and her signature was affixed to the statement we have above substantially made. The council addressed a brief billet-doux to George, politely advising him that a suit at law, or a suit in Hymen's court, were his only alternative. George then began to feel as if his purse was in danger, and he sent a faithful friend to Jane to entreat her not to proceed. This seemed only to whet her appetite for law, and the law, she persisted in asserting, should settle the affair.

The aid of her lawyer was again invoked, and a suit was filled up and signed, for \$5000, damages for "trespass on the case," in refusing to marry Jane according to his promise.

The threat of a law-suit had however brought George to his senses, and again he called to instruct. Jane called upon her lawyer for counsel—and after a grave consultation Jane said she would compromise with George for \$200 in cash, and let the lawsuit die. With this pacific purpose she met her former lover, and then reported to her counsel that she believed he would marry her if she would express her consent. She retired and returned again, and informed her counsel that the breach of promise was about to be healed at the altar, and that George had once more agreed to make her his wife. The next easterly wind brought a rumor to the counsel that the twain were one; and he be-thought himself suddenly that he had not been paid for services and money expended. He penned a polite letter to Jane, reminding her of his fees, and addressing her as Miss F.; but she laconically replied that she was no longer Miss F., but Mrs. G.—and that he might whistle to the winds for his fees, for she would give him none. The lawyer bit his lips and soliloquized as follows: "I was waited upon by a lorn and deserted maiden for relief. I gave her my assistance in services and moneys paid for fees, and was instrumental in procuring her a husband. She has all she wishes, and I have nothing. Now, as I am the non-suited party in this cause, I will issue my writ for the non-compromising wife and husband; and collect my fees, though it should sink into the vortex of the law every sack of cotton in the shop." And though the suit for the fees has not yet been brought, the lawyer is inexorable in his demands, and Jane and George will probably learn to their cost that when the ire of the law is once aroused, not all the kisses in the catechism of marriage can stay its vengeance, unless the fees be paid.

**DESTRUCTION OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.**—The indisputable evidence of incendiarism on the afternoon of Friday caused unusual precaution to be used to guard against the recurrence of fire. The watch was doubled and carefully kept up throughout the night and early morning. Mr. Russell and wife lodged in the Theatre, and were deeply solicitous for its safety.

Examinations were made by the manager, or some one for him, as late as two o'clock, and all seemed safe. The watchmen kept their vigils faithfully until after day had dawned, and the sun had risen before they had left. But the incendiary slept not at that hour; for as soon as the watchmen left the Theatre was evidently entered and the torch applied to materials already there or prepared. At a quarter before 7 o'clock, when all was still, the crackling flames were heard working at the wood within. Soon they burst fiercely forth from the upper southwestern front, while they raged rapidly within. The efforts to stay the raging sea of fire were of no avail, except to save the adjacent buildings, as the Theatre was doomed to fall and the flames were streaming from the windows and roof.

## Latest Intelligence.

**ANOTHER BANK ROBBERY.**—The Frederick County Bank of Maryland was entered by false keys between Saturday evening and Monday morning of last week, and \$185,976 54 stolen. The robbers, it appears, opened four locks, without disturbing the President, who lodged in the room over the Bank. The property stolen is described as follows:

In Gold .....	\$10,049 38
In notes and bills of other banks, and checks, .....	8,738 10
In notes of the Frederick County Bank.....	134,967 00
State 6 per cent. Bonds.....	6,000 00
State 6 per cent. certificates.....	14,000 00
5 per cent. sterling bonds.....	12,222 00

**LOSS OF THE WHALE SHIP SHYLOCK.**—Capt. Taber, master of this vessel, arrived at Boston last week, and gives the particulars of her loss. She ran upon the breakers near the Feeje Islands on the 20th of June, 1840. They succeeded in launching two boats in which all of the crew but seven embarked and made for one of the Friendly Islands, about 200 miles distant. After three nights and two days of extreme suffering—being without water or provisions—they succeeded in reaching the Island, where they were kindly received by the natives. Of the seven left on the ship, three were drowned while preparing a raft, and the others succeeded in reaching Truth Island, where they remained until rescued by a ship visiting that Island.

**LUMBER.**—The Bangor (Maine) Whig says: "There is a great demand in our market for lumber the present season. Our harbor is now full of vessels, and there is not lumber enough in market to supply the demand. Good seasoned lumber brings \$21, 14, 9."

**A disaster of a most melancholy character recently occurred in Quebec, by the falling of a portion of Cape Diamond, burying underneath the mass of earth and stones a number of buildings, in which were at the time about forty or fifty individuals. At the latest accounts thirty-two bodies had been recovered, beside a number who had received more or less injuries.**

**GENERAL HARRISON'S REMAINS.**—The family of Gen. Harrison have yielded to the request of the citizens of Cincinnati, and permitted them to take order for removing his remains to North Bend for interment. The Committee of Removal is to leave Cincinnati for Washington, in the performance of their solemn office of duty and affection, about the 10th of June.

**BANK CASE.**—A case is now pending before the Chancery Court of South Carolina, in which Henry Shultz and the State Bank are plaintiffs, and the Bank of the State of Georgia, the City Council of Augusta, and G. B. Lamar, are defendants, in which the property in dispute amounts, costs, income and interest, to \$68,182 dollars 91 cents, and which suit has now been pending about 20 years.

**MICHIGAN CITY, Indiana,** (and the only port of that State on Lake Michigan,) is growing steadily to importance. Five vessels have been loading there at one time this Spring: one of them took 1,300 barrels of Pork; another 1,200 barrels of Flour; and there are now 3,000 of Pork, and 5,000 of Flour waiting for shipment.

The birthday of her Britannic Majesty was brilliantly noticed at Montreal on the 22d inst. The troops were out, and were reviewed by the Commander-in-chief and Maj. Gen. Clitherow, accompanied by their respective staffs. The ships, of which there were an unusual number in port, were decorated with every diversity of flags, &c.

**A SAD PICTURE.**—It is stated that we have in the United States nine thousand six hundred and fifty-seven distilleries of spirituous liquors, which distilled last year 36,343,236 gallons—upwards of two gallons for every man, woman and child in the country. In the State of Pennsylvania alone there are 707 distilleries, exceeding in quantity any other two States in the Union, the annual manufacture of which amounts to 8,784,138 gallons.

**An attempt was made on Monday of last week to rob the Branch Bank of Virginia, at Danville. After getting in, the villains became frightened and decamped, leaving their tools behind them. A reward of \$500 has been offered for their detection.**

**A severe hail-storm on the 4th ult. visited Monmouth, Ill., coming with a whirling motion and demolishing the glass on all sides of the houses. The hail-stones were two inches thick on the ground, and the trees were as bare as in January.**

**Hon. Bates Cooke, late Comptroller of the State of New-York, died in Buffalo on the 30th ult. Mr. Cooke not long since resigned his office on account of his ill health.**

**COMMODORE ALEXANDER CLAXTON, Commander of the American squadron in the Pacific, died at Talcahuano on the 7th of March. His remains were conveyed to Valparaiso, where the funeral took place on the 12th.**

**DEATH OF GEN. GLASSCOCK.**—Gen. Thos. Glasscock, formerly member of Congress from Georgia, died on the 20th ultimo, in consequence of a fall from a horse.

**Bishops DOANE and MEAD both sailed for England in the Caledonia from Boston. They are both in the pursuit of health.**

**THE GAZELLE.**—The brig Rattler at Salem, brought home a beautiful Gazelle. This animal is celebrated for the beauty of its eyes.

**The Legislature of New-Hampshire met at Concord on Wednesday last.**

**Gen. ARMISTEAD is relieved from the command of the army in Florida; Col. Worth, of the 8th regiment, succeeds him in the command.**

**UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.**—John Prentiss, Esq., who, for eight years past, has discharged the duties of President of the collegiate department of this University, with distinguished ability and success, has resigned his situation on account of ill-health, and is succeeded by Horace Morison, Esq.

**NEW SEMINARY.**—The Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland have purchased the late residence of Gen. Ringgold, in Washington County, Md., and intend to establish a Seminary there for the instruction of youth. The place is said to be admirably situated for an institution of this kind. The mansion cost originally 10,000 dollars.

**GEORGIA.**—The population of Georgia according to the late census, is 689,690; of whom 405,181 are whites, 2522 free colored persons, and 281,987 slaves. Representative population, 576,798. White persons over 20 years of age who cannot read and write, 80,754.

**CANADA.**—There is a report that Lord Sydenham will vacate his office of Governor General early in the fall, and will be succeeded by Lord Morpeth, or Sir C. Metcalfe.

**COAL.**—The amount of coal shipped at Pottsville, Pa. during the fortnight ending May 28, was 16,788 tons, and the number of boats employed 262. During the same time last year the amount shipped was 60,902 tons.

**Hon. P. K. Lawrence, Judge of the U. S. District Court, died at New-Orleans on the 19th.**

**PARENTAL AGONY.**—It has been mentioned in this paper that among the passengers on board the ill-fated President was Lord Fitzroy Lennox, second son of the Duke of Richmond. A letter has been received in Montreal, from a gentleman who lives near Goodwood, the country seat of the Duke, in which the terrible anxiety of the parents is thus briefly but touchingly alluded to:

"The Duke of Richmond has walked, for days and days, from sunrise to sunset, on the London road, to receive any news that might be forthcoming of the absent vessel. Both he and the Duchess are looking like spectres, so intense has been their agony of mind."

**TRADE OF HAVANA.**—The number of vessels arrived at this port in 1840 were 1,582—the amount of tonnage 255,430.

The value of imports in 1840 was \$14,556,138; being a diminution of \$1,792,838 compared with the former year. From the U. States, \$3,412,927; decrease, \$528,292.

In the following articles of prime necessity, as the Havana paper calls them, there has been a considerable increase:

	In 1839.	In 1840.
Arrobes of rice.....	403,231	491,673
do. of Codfish.....	149,329	172,732
Brls. pork.....	1,465	1,415
Pounds sperm candles.....	96,403	124,363
Arrobes tallow do.....	33,454	37,779

Of Spanish flour imported, there is an increase of about 10,000; and a diminution on other kinds of an equal amount.

The value of exports in 1840 was \$11,184,828; being an increase of \$1,456,938 upon those of the previous year. From the U. States, \$2,916,260; decrease, \$100,353.

**FROM RIO JANEIRO.**—By the bark Serene, arrived at Baltimore on the 28th ult., dates have been received from Rio to April 2d. The Emperor had granted the President of Rio Grande the power to pardon all individuals that might be worthy of his imperial clemency, who would abandon the revolutionists and submit to the government.

A new mine of antimony has been discovered near Rio, and one of silver within the precincts of the city.

The U. S. corvette Marion sailed from Rio for Pernambuco on the 6th of April.

Gen. Rosas had refused the title of Grand Marshal which the Legislature had conferred upon him. He had again tendered his resignation.

It was rumored that a revolution had occurred in Paraguay, in consequence of which the five members of the Junta had been made prisoners.

The coronation of the Emperor was to take place on the 23d of April. Great preparations were making.

The bark Canton arrived the same day from Monte Video. The Buenos Ayrean Squadron of two brigs and four schooners were lying off Monte Video, under command of Admiral Brown, with the intention of preventing the Monte Videan fleet from proceeding up the river.

**A PLEASURE EXCURSION OF FOUR THOUSAND MILES.**—The Cincinnati papers announce two expeditions to start about the first of June, for the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, and all intermediate landing places. One notice states that "the new, elegant and fast-running steamboat Nonpareil, Richard A. Mermon, master, will leave the port of Cincinnati, on a pleasure excursion for the above places," &c. The public are likewise informed that "the fast-running and light draught steamer Brazil, Capt. Smith, will leave Cincinnati for the Falls of St. Anthony, stopping at all intermediate places long enough for passengers to view the curiosities of the country." The Brazil starts some ten days later than the other. Both boats are provided with bands of music and other appliances for amusement. There are not many countries in the world where a pleasure trip of nearly four thousand miles could be thus got up through the interior.

**ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.**—The following anecdote of the old General, we find related in the U. S. Gazette:

One evening an officer presented himself to General Jackson, and complained that certain of the soldiers had got together in a tent, and were making a great noise.

"What are they doing?" asked the General with some feeling.

"They are praying now, but they have been singing."

"And is that a crime?"

"The articles of war order punishment for any unusual noise."

"God forbid," said the General, "that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp!"

## THE JUNE NUMBER OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

We have received by the steamer Acadia, just arrived at Boston, the June number of Charles O'Malley, being at least a fortnight in advance of the regular receipt in this country.

It will be published ENTIRE in the New-World of next week—in which number "The Fawn of Spring Vale" will also be continued.

## THE FIRST VOLUME OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

The following is a specimen of the communications which we have received, since issuing a fortnight since, an extra number of the Quarto New World, containing the first chapters of second volume of Charles O'Malley.

New York, May 24th, 1841.

DEAR SIR—Upon purchasing one of your "Extra New Worlds," I found that the story of "Charles O'Malley" was not commenced, but at the Second Volume. I have taken your paper since last January, and was not aware that you had ever published the foregoing parts, and I trouble you with this to inquire whether you can supply several others and myself with it.

Could you not favor the community with it suitable for binding with the Quarto New World, in the form of extras? Praying you to consider this,

I remain, dear sir, respectfully, &c.

Of course we have not published the "foregoing parts," since the introduction of the extra number distinctly states as much; but, for the sake of obliging our readers, we will publish the whole of the first volume of Charles O'Malley in Extra numbers of the Quarto Edition—making a neat and elegant pamphlet of 48 pages—comprising 144 columns of the Quarto New World—and neatly bound in French paper-covers. We have already commenced the printing of it and it will be ready for sale in a few days. Agents are requested to notify the purchasers of the New World of this fact and to send in their orders.

The Extra number containing the first chapters of the second volume was sent gratuitously to old subscribers. The first volume will also be sent free to all those who will remit to us THREE DOLLARS, (current money,) either in renewal of their subscription for one year, or so that their accounts may stand credited for a year after the expiration of their present term of subscription.

To all new subscribers, subscribing for one year, we shall send gratuitously the first volume of CHARLES O'MALLEY and the extra numbers already or to be issued before the first of July next.

Our agents throughout the country will please to take pains to make these facts distinctly understood by the readers of the New World.

## Married,

On the 2d instant, by Rev. Dr. Macaulay, Wm. Mitchell and Mary P., daughter of the late Cornelius P. Berrin. At the same time, Cornelius A. Berrin and Cornelia C., daughter of the late Lewis Hartman, all of this city.

At Manhattanville, 1st instant, by his Honor the Mayor, George J. Byrd, of the firm of Macdonald & Byrd, and Hannah, daughter of Robert Puttger, Esq.

May 31, at Flushing, Mr. Alfred Jones and Miss Louisa M. Jor.

May 31, John Knaggs and Ann G. Aitken.

May 30, by Rev. Henry Chase, John Brazee and Christiana Reton, all of this city.

May 30, by Alderman Lee, Jaques Donyse and Louisa T. J. Bantling, all of this city.

May 30, by Rev. I. N. Walters, Henry Rose, of this city, and Sarah Arcularius, of Whitestone, L. I.

May 27, Thomas T. Green and Catherine E. Grames.

May 27, by Rev. Dr. Deway, Lew. A. Jones, of Boston and Miss Mary S., daughter of Benj. Hawes, of Roxbury, Mass.

May 27, by Elder I. N. Walter, Joseph Francis and Eliza Post, both of this city.

May 27, by Rev. Mr. Bangs, Thomas Hamilton and Miss Adeline Harris, all of this city.

At Saratoga Springs, May 27, by Rev. E. Goss, Wade B. Worad, of this city, and Caroline E., daughter of Rev. T. D. Moriarty, of the former place.

In Brooklyn, May 28, by Rev. James, Floy, John White and Ann Maria Johnson.

May 28, William Searle and Catharine Jane Backus.

May 27, William H. Nelson and Caroline Kane, daughter of P. D. Mills.

May 27, Benj. T. Morren and Catharine A., eldest daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Plender, both of this city.

At Newark, May 25, Mr. Henry G. Darcy and Miss Ann M., second daughter of the late Hon. Geo. K. Drake.

At Princeton, May 25, S. Forman, of Kentucky, and Ann S., daughter of Rev. Benjamin H. Rice.

May 25, by Rev. F. W. Geisenheimer, Mr. Carsten Platt and Miss Martha M., daughter of the late John Kohler, of this city.

May 25, Mr. Alexander Gibbs and Miss Ann Stirling, both of this city.

At Middletown, Ct., May 19, Mr. Roderick H. Barnham, of Long Meadow, Mass., and Catharine Livingston, daughter of Samuel Mather, Esq.

At Little Falls, May 19, H. N. Johnson, publisher of the Mohawk Courier, and Maria, daughter of the late D. C. W. Smith.

At Parkersburg, Va., May 19, by Elder H. Geer, Mr. A. G. Leonard, merchant, of that place, and Miss Elizabeth A. Shaw, of Lewis county, N. Y.

## Died,

June 2, of consumption, Mr. Charles Fountain, aged 39.

June 2, Hugh, son of the late Hugh Maguire.

June 1, Mrs. Alice Ann Miller.

June 1, Elizabeth, consort of the late John McFadden.

May 31, Mary, wife of Jeremiah Youmans, aged 34.

May 31, Jutham W. Post, aged 40.

May 31, Hubbard Skidmore, aged 74, for many years a shipmaster from this port.

May 30, Margaret Powers, wife of Matthew Powers, aged 27.

May 30, of consumption, Edward W. Coates, Jr. in the 27th year of his age.

May 27, of consumption, Elizabeth C., wife of Stephen W. Gaines, and daughter of Ezra Collins.

May 27, Alexander Robertson, Esq., aged 69, one of the oldest artists of the city, and formerly Secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts.

At Bordentown, N. J., May 21, Samuel S. Butting, Esq., one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, aged 56.

At Gouverneur, St. Lawrence co., May 17, Rev. G. S. Wilson.

At Utica, May 22, Hon. James Dean, in the 54th year of his age.

At New-Orleans, May 23, Elizabeth Virginia, only daughter of Gen. E. P. Gaines.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

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WHOLE NUMBER 54.

## First American Edition.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,  
THE IRISH DRAGOON.

VOLUME II.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

## CHAPTER XIX. . . . The Lines.

WHEN we reached Leucas, we found that an officer of Lord Wellington's staff had just arrived from the lines, and was occupied in making known the general order from head quarters; which set forth, with customary brevity, that the French armies, under the command of Massena, had retired from their position, and were in full retreat; the second and third corps, which had been stationed at Villa Franca, having marched during the night of the fifteenth in the direction of Manal. The officers in command of divisions were ordered to repair instantly to Pero Negro, to consult upon a forward movement, Admiral Berkley being written to, to provide launches to pass over General Hill's, or any other corps which might be selected, to the left bank of the Tagus. All was now excitement, heightened by the unexpected nature of an occurrence which not even speculation had calculated upon. It was but a few days before, and the news had reached Torres Vedras, that a powerful reinforcement was in march to join Massena's army, and their advanced guard had actually reached Santarem. The confident expectation was, therefore, that an attack upon the lines was meditated. Now, however, this prospect existed no longer; for scarcely had the heavy mists of the lowering day disappeared, when the vast plain, so lately peopled by the thickened ranks and dark masses of a great army, was seen in its whole extent deserted and untenanted.

The smouldering fires of the pickets alone marked where the troops were posted, but not a man of that immense force was to be seen. General Fane, who had been despatched with a brigade of Portuguese cavalry and some artillery, hung upon the rear of the retiring army, and from him we learned that the enemy were continuing their retreat northward, having occupied Santarem with a strong force to cover the movement. Crawford was ordered to the front with the light division, the whole army following in the same direction, except Hill's corps, which, crossing the river at Velada, was intended to harass the enemy's flank, and assist our future operations.

Such, in brief, was the state of affairs when I reached Villa Franca toward noon, and received orders to join my regiment, then forming part of Sir Stapleton Cotton's brigade.

It must be felt, to be thoroughly appreciated, the enthusiastic pleasure with which one greets his old corps after some months of separation—the bounding ecstasy with which the eye rests on the old familiar faces, dear by every association of affection and brotherhood; the anxious look for this one and for that—the thrill of delight sent through the heart as the well-remembered march swells upon the ear; the very notes of that rough voice, which we had heard amid the crash of battle and the rolling of artillery, speaks softly to our senses, like a father's welcome: from the well tattered flag that waves above us, to the proud steed of the war-worn trumpeter, each has a niche in our affection.

If ever there was a corps calculated to increase and foster these sentiments, the Fourteenth Light Dragoons was such. The warm affection, the truly heart-felt regard, which existed among my brother officers, made our mess a happy home. Our veteran colonel, grown gray in campaigning, was like a father to us; while the senior officers, tempering the warm blood of impetuous youth with their hard-won experience, threw a charm of peace and tranquillity over all our intercourse that made us happy when together, and taught us to feel that, whether seated around the watch-fire, or charging amid the squadrons of the enemy, we were surrounded by those, devoted heart and soul to aid us.

Gallant fourteenth!—over first in every gay scheme of youthful jollity, as foremost in the van to meet the foe—how happy am I to recall the memory of your bright looks and bold hearts! of your manly daring and your bold frankness—of your merry voices, as I have heard them in the battle or in the bivouac! Alas, and alas! that I should indulge such recollections alone! how few—how very few—are left of those with whom I trod the early steps of life! whose bold career I have heard above the clashing sabres of the enemy—whose broken voices I have listened to above the grave of a comrade. The dark pines of the Pyrenees wave above some; the burning sands of India cover others; and the wide plains of Salamanca are now your abiding place.

"Here comes O'Malley!" shouted out a well-known voice as I rode down the little slope, at the foot of which a group of officers were standing beside their horses.

"Welcome, thou man of Galway!" cried Hampden; "delighted to have you once more among us. How comfoundedly well the fellow is looking!"

"Lisbon beef seems better prog than commissariat biscuit!" said another.

"A' weel, Charlie?" said my friend the Scotch doctor; "how's a' wi' ye, man? Ye seem to thrive on your mishaps! How cam' ye by that braw beastie ye're mounted on?"

"A present, doctor; the gift of a very warm friend."

"I hope you invited him to the mess, O'Malley! For, by Jove, our stables stand in need of his kind offices! There he goes! Look at him! What a slashing pace for a heavy fellow!" This observation was made with reference to a well known officer of the Commander-in-Chief's staff, whose weight—some eight-and-twenty stone—never was any impediment to his bold riding.

"Egad, O'Malley, you'll soon be as pretty a light weight as our friend yonder. Ah! there's a storm going on there! Here comes the colonel!"

"Well, O'Malley, are you come back to us! Happy to see you, boy!—hope we shall not lose you again in a hurry!—We can't spare the scape-graces! There's plenty of skirmishing going on!—Crawford always asks for the scape-graces for the pickets!"

I shook my gallant colonel's hand, while I acknowledged, as best I might, his ambiguous compliment.

"I say, lads," resumed the colonel; "squad your men and form on the road! Lord Wellington's coming down this way to have a look at you! O'Malley, I have General Crawford's orders to offer you your old appointment on his staff; without you prefer remaining with the regiment!"

"I can never be sufficiently grateful, sir, to the general; but, in fact—I think—that is, I believe—"

"You'd rather be among your own fellows. Out with it, boy! I like you all the better! but come, we mustn't let the general know that; so that I shall forget to tell you all about it. Eh? is n't that best? But join your troop now; I hear the staff coming this way."

As he spoke, a crowd of horsemen were seen advancing toward us at a sharp trot; their waving plumes and gorgeous equipments denoting their rank as generals of division. In the midst, as they came nearer, I could distinguish one whom, once seen, there was no forgetting; his plain blue frock and gray trowsers unstrapped beneath his boots, not a little unlike the trim accuracy of the costume around him. As he rode to the head of the leading squadron, the staff fell back and he stood alone before us: for a second there was a dead silence, but the next instant—by what impulse tell who can—one tremendous cheer burst from the entire regiment. It was like the act of one man; so sudden, so spontaneous. While every cheek glowed, and every eye sparkled with enthusiasm, he alone seemed cool and unexcited, as gently raising his hand, he motioned them to silence.

"Fourteenth, you are to be where you always desire to be—in the advanced guard of the army. I have nothing to say on the subject of your conduct in the field, I know you; but, if in pursuit of the enemy, I hear of any misconduct toward the people of the country, or any transgression of the general orders regarding pillage, by G—, I'll punish you as severely as the worst corps in the service, and you know me."

"Oh, tear and ages, listen to that; and there's to be no plunder after all," said Mickey Free, and for an instant the most I could do was not to burst into a fit of laughter. The word "Forward" was given at the moment, and we moved past in close column, while that penetrating eye which seemed to read our very thoughts scanned us from one end of the line to the other.

"I say, Charley," said the captain of my troop in a whisper, "I say, that confounded cheer we gave got us that lesson; he can't stand that kind of thing."

"By Jove, I never felt more disposed than to repeat it," said I.

"No, no, my boy, we'll give him the honors, nine times nine; but wait till evening. Look at old Merivale there. I'll swear he's saying something very civil to him. Do you see the old fellow's happy look?"

And so it was; the bronzed hard cast features of the veteran soldier were softened into an expression of almost boyish delight, as he sat bare-headed, bowing to his very saddle, while Lord Wellington was speaking.

As I looked, my heart throbbed painfully against my side, my breath came quick, and I muttered to myself, "What would I not give to be in his place now!"

## CHAPTER XX. . . . The Retreat of the French.

It is not my intention, were I even adequate to the task, to trace with anything like accuracy the events of the war at this period. In fact, to those who, like myself, were performing a mere subaltern character, the daily movements of our own troops, not to speak of the continual changes of the enemy, were perfectly unknown, and an English newspaper was more ardently longed for in the Peninsula, than by the most eager crowd of a London coffee room; nay, the results of the very engagements we were ourselves concerned in, more than once, first reached us through the press of our own country. It is easy enough to understand this. The officer in command of a regiment, and, how much more, the captain of a troop, or the subal-

tern under him, knows nothing beyond the sphere of his own immediate duty; by the success or failure of his own party his knowledge is bounded, but how far he or his may influence the fortune of the day or of what is taking place elsewhere, he is totally ignorant; and an old fourteenth man did not badly explain his ideas on the matter, who described Busaco as "a great noise and a great smoke, booming artillery and rattling small arms, infernal confusion, and to all seeming incessant blundering, orders and counter-orders, ending with a crushing charge, when, not being hurt himself nor having hurt anybody, he felt much pleased to learn that they had gained a victory." It is then sufficient for all the purposes of my narrative, when I mention that Massena continued his retreat by Santarem and Thomar, followed by the allied army, who, however desirous of pressing upon the rear of their enemy, were still obliged to maintain their communication with the lines, and also to watch the movement of the large armies, which, under Ney and Soult, threatened at any unguarded moment to attack them in flank.

The position which Massena occupied at Santarem, naturally one of great strength, and further improved by intrenchments, defied any attack on the part of Lord Wellington, until the arrival of the long expected reinforcements from England. These had sailed in the early part of January, but, delayed by adverse winds, only reached Lisbon on the second of March, and so correctly was the French marshal apprized of the circumstance, and so accurately did he anticipate the probable result, that on the fourth he broke up his encampment, and recommenced his retrograde movement, with an army now reduced to forty thousand fighting men, and with two thousand sick; destroying all his baggage and guns that could not be horsed. By a demonstration of advancing upon the Zézere, by which he held the allies in check, he succeeded in passing his wounded to the rear, while Ney, appearing with a large force suddenly at Leiria, seemed bent upon attacking the lines: by these stratagems two days' march were gained, and the French retreated upon Torres Novas and Thomar, destroying the bridges behind them as they passed.

The day was breaking on the 12th of March, when the British first came in sight of the retiring enemy. We were then ordered to the front, and, broken up into small parties, threw out as skirmishers. The French chasseurs, usually not indisposed to accept this species of encounter, showed now less of inclination than usual, and either retreated before us, or hovered in masses to check our advance; in this way the morning was passed, when towards noon we perceived that the enemy were drawn up in battle array, occupying the height above the village of Redinha. This little straggling village is situated in a hollow traversed by a narrow causeway, which opens by a long and dangerous defile upon a bridge; on either side of which a dense wood afforded a shelter for light troops, while upon the commanding eminence above, a battery of heavy guns was seen in position.

In front of the village a brigade of artillery and a division of infantry were drawn up so skilfully as to give the appearance of a considerable force; so that when Lord Wellington came up, he spent some time in examining the enemy's position. Erskine's brigade was immediately ordered up, and the fifty-second and ninety-fourth, and a company of the forty-third were led against the wooded slopes upon the French right. Picton simultaneously attacked the left, and in less than an hour both were successful, and Ney's position was laid bare; his skirmishers, however, continued to hold their ground in front, and La Ferrière, a colonel of hussars, dashing boldly forward at this very moment, carried off fourteen prisoners from the very front of our line. Deceived by the confidence of the enemy, Lord Wellington now prepared for an attack in force. The infantry were therefore formed into line, and, at the signal of three shots fired from the centre, began their foremost movement.

Bending up a gentle curve, the whole plain glistened with the glancing bayonets, and the troops marched majestically onward; while the light artillery and the cavalry bounding forward from the left and centre rushed eagerly toward the foe. One deafening discharge from the French guns opened at the moment, with a general volley of small arms. The smoke for an instant obscured every thing; and when that cleared away, no enemy was to be seen.

The British pressed madly on, like heated blood-hounds; but, when they descended the slope, the village of Redinha was in flames, and the French in full retreat beyond it; a single howitzer seemed our only trophy, and even this we were not destined to boast of, for from the midst of the crashing flame and dense smoke of the burning village, a troop of dragoons rushed forward, and, charging our infantry, carried it off. The struggle, though but for a moment, cost them dear: twenty of their comrades lay dead upon the spot; but they were resolute and determined, and the officer who led them on, fighting hand to hand with a soldier of the forty-second, cheered them as they retired. His gallant bearing, and his coat covered with decorations, bespoke him one of note, and well it might: he who thus perilled his life to maintain the courage of his soldiers at the commencement of a retreat, was no other than Ney himself, *le plus brave des braves*. The British pressed hotly

on, and the light troops crossed the river almost at the same time with the French. Nry, however, fell back upon Condeixa, where his main body was posted, and all further pursuit was for the present abandoned.

At Casa Nova and at Foz d'Aronce, the allies were successful: but the French still continued to retire, burning the towns and villages in their rear, and devastating the country along the whole line of march by every expedient of cruelty the heart of man has ever conceived. In the words of one whose descriptions, however fraught with the most wonderful power of painting, are equally marked by truth—"Every horror that could make war hideous attended this dreadful march. Distress, conflagration, death in all modes—from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation—vengeance, unlimited vengeance—was on every side." The country was a desert!

Such was the exhaustion of the allies, who suffered even greater privations than the enemy, that they halted upon the 16th, unable to proceed further, and the river Ceira, swollen and unfordable, flowed between the rival armies.

The repose of even one day was a most grateful interruption to the harassing career we had pursued for some time past; and it seemed that my comrades felt, like myself, that such an opportunity was by no means to be neglected; but, while I am devoting so much space and trespassing on my readers' patience thus far with narrative of flood and field, let me steal a chapter for what will sometimes seem a scarcely less congenial topic, and bring back the recollection of a glorious night in the Peninsula.

#### CHAPTER XXI....Patrick's Day in the Peninsula.

The *révillée* had not yet sounded, when I felt my shoulder shaken gently as I lay wrapped in my cloak beneath a prickly pear-tree.

"Lieutenant O'Malley, sir; a letter, sir; a bit of a note, your honor," said a voice that bespoke the bearer and myself were countrymen. I opened it, and with difficulty by the uncertain light read as follows:

"DEAR CHARLEY,

"As Lord Wellington, like a good Irishman as he is, would n't spoil Patrick's day by marching, we've got a little dinner at our quarters to celebrate the holy times, as my uncle would call it. Maurice, Phil Grady, and some regular trumps will all come; so do n't disappoint us. I've been making punch all night, and Casey, who has a knack at pastry, has a goose-pie as big as a portmanteau. Sharp seven, after parade. The second battalion of the fusiliers are quartered at Melanté, and we are next them. Bring any of yours worth their liquor. Power is, I know, absent with the staff; perhaps the Scotch doctor would come—try him. Carry over a little mustard with you, if there be such in your parts. Yours, D. O'SHAUGHNESSY."

"Patrick's Day, and raining like blazes."

Seeing that the bearer expected an answer, I scrawled the words "I'm there" with my pencil on the back of the note, and again turned myself round to sleep. My slumbers were, however, soon interrupted once more; for the bugles of the light infantry and the hoarse trumpet of the cavalry sounded the call, and I found to my surprise that, though halted, we were by no means destined to a day of idleness. Dragoons were already mounted carrying orders hither and thither, and staff-officers were galloping right and left. A general order commanded an inspection of the troops, and within less than an hour from daybreak the whole army was drawn up under arms. A thin drizzling rain continued to fall during the early part of the day, but the sun gradually dispelled the heavy vapor; and, as the bright verdure glittered in its beams, sending up all the perfumes of a southern clime, I thought I had never seen a more lovely morning. The staff was stationed upon a little knoll beside the river, round the base of which the troops defiled, at first in orderly then in quick time, the bands playing, and the colors flying. In the same brigade with us the eighty-eighth came, and, as they neared the commander-in-chief, their quick step was suddenly stopped, and, after a pause of a few seconds, the band struck up "St. Patrick's Day;" the notes were caught up by the other Irish regiments, and amid one prolonged cheer from the whole line, the gallant fellows moved past.

The grenadier company were drawn up beside the road, and I was not long in detecting my friend O'Shaughnessy, who wore a tremendous shamrock in his shako. "Left face, wheel! quick, march! do n't forget the mustard!" said the bold major, and a loud roar of laughing from my brother-officers followed him off the ground. I soon explained the injunction, and, having invited some three or four to accompany me to the dinner, waited with all patience for the conclusion of the parade.

The sun was setting as I mounted, and, joined by Hampden, Baker, the Doctor, and another, set out for O'Shaughnessy's quarters. As we rode along, we were continually falling in with others bent upon the same errand as ourselves, and ere we arrived at Melanté, our party was some thirty strong; and truly a most extraordinary procession did we form; few of the invited came without some contribution to the general stock; and, while a staff officer flourished a ham, a smart hussar might be seen with a plucked turkey, trussed for roasting; most carried bottles, as the consumption of fluid was likely to be considerable; and one fat old major jogged along on a broken-winded pony, with a basket of potatoes on his arm. Good fellowship was the order of the day, and certainly a more jovial squadron seldom was met together than ours. As we turned the angle of a rising ground a hearty cheer greeted us, and we beheld in front of an old ordnance marquee a party of some fifty fellows engaged in all the pleasing duties of the cuisine. Maurice, conspicuous above all, with a white apron and a ladle in his hand, was running hither and thither, advising, admonishing, instructing, and occasionally imprecating; ceasing for a second his functions, he gave us a cheer and a yell like that of an Indian savage, and then resumed his duties beside a huge boiler, which, from the frequency of his explorations into its contents, we judged to be punch.

"Charley, my son, I've a place for you; do n't forget. Where's my learned brother?—havin't you brought him with you? Ah, doctor, how goes it?"

"Nae that bad, Master Quill: a' things considered, we've had an awfu' time of it lately."

"You know my friend Hampden, Maurice. Let me introduce Mr. Baker—Mr. Maurice Quill. Where's the major?"

"Here I am, my darling, and delighted to see you. Some of yours, O'Malley, ain't they? proud to have you, gentlemen. Charley, we are obliged to have several tables; but you are to be beside Maurice, so take your friends with you. There goes the roast beef: my heart warms to that old tune."

Amid a hurried recognition and shakings of hands on every side, I elbowed my way into the tent, and soon reached a corner, where, at a table for eight, I found Maurice seated at one end; a huge purple-faced major, whom he presented to us as Bob Mahon, occupied the other. O'Shaughnessy presided at the table next us, but near enough to join in all the conviviality of ours.

One must have lived for some months upon hard biscuits and harder beef to relish as we did the fare before us, and to form an estimate of our satisfaction. If the reader cannot fancy Van Amburgh's lions in red coats and epaulets, he must be content to lose the effect of the picture. A turkey rarely fed more than two people, and few were abstemious enough to be satisfied with one chicken. The order of the viands, too, observed no common routine, each party being happy to get what he could, and satisfied to follow up his pudding with fish, or his tart with a sausage. Sherry, champagne, London porter, Malaga, and even, I believe, Harvey's sauce, were hob-nobbed in; while hot punch, in tea-cups or tin vessels, was unsparingly distributed on all sides. Achilles himself, they say, got tired of eating, and though he consumed something like a prize ox to his own cheek, he at length had to call for cheese, so that we at last gave in, and having cleared away the broken tumblers and baggage-carts of our army, cleared for a general action.

"Now, lads!" cried the major, "I'm not going to lose your time and mine, by speaking, but there are a couple of toasts I must insist upon your drinking with all the honors; and, as I like despatch, we'll couple them. It so happens that our old island boasts of two of the finest fellows that ever wore Russia ducks. None of your nonsensical geniuses, like poets, or painters, or any thing like that; but downright, straight-forward, no-humbug sort of devil may-care and bad-luck-to-you kind of chaps—real Irishmen! Now it's a strange thing that they both had such an antipathy to vermin, they spent their life in hunting them down and destroying them; and whether they met toads at home, or Johnny Crapauds abroad, it was all one. (Cheers.) Just so, boys; they made them leave that; but I see you are impatient, so I'll not delay you, but fill to the brim, and, with the best cheer in your body, drink with me the two greatest Irishmen that ever lived, 'St. Patrick and Lord Wellington.'"

The Englishmen laughed long and loud, while we cheered with an energy that satisfied even the major.

"Who is to give us the chant? Who is to sing St. Patrick?" cried Maurice. "Come, Bob, out with it."

"I'm four tumblers too low for that yet," growled out the major.

"Well then, Charley, be you the man; or why not Dennis himself? Come, Dennis, we cannot better begin our evening than with a song; let us have our old friend Larry M'Hale."

"Larry M'Hale," resounded from all parts of the room, while O'Shaughnessy rose once more to his legs.

"Faith, boys, I'm always ready to follow your lead, but what analogy can exist between Larry M'Hale and the toast we have just drunk I can't see, for the life of me; not but Larry would have made a strapping light company man had he joined the army."

"The song, the song!" cried several voices.

"Well, if you will have it, here goes."

#### LARRY M'HALE.

AIR—It's a bit of a thing, &c.

#### I.

"Oh! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,  
And never could want when the crops did n't fail,  
He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a-year,  
And the heart for to spend it had Larry M'Hale!  
The soul of a party,—the life of a feast,  
An illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;  
He would ride with the rector, and drink with priest,  
Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale."

#### II.

"It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,  
His house was as big and as strong as a jail;  
With a cruel four pounder, he kept all in great order,  
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.  
He'd a blunderbuss too; of horse pistols a pair;  
But his favorite weapon was always a flail:  
I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,  
For he handled it neatly, did Larry M'Hale."

#### III.

"His ancestors were kings, before Moses was born,  
His mother descended from great Grana Uaile:  
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenchs to scorn;  
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.  
He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,  
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;  
And, though loaded with debt, oh! the devil a thinner  
Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale."

#### IV.

"With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,  
None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale,  
As he piously said, 'I've a plentiful board,  
'And the Lord he is good to old Larry M'Hale.'  
So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,  
It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale;  
For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,  
If we only had plenty like LARRY M'HALE."

"Very singular style of person your friend Mr. M'Hale," lisped a spoony looking cornet at the end of the table.

"Not in the country he belongs to, I assure you," said Maurice; "but I presume you were never in Ireland."

"You are mistaken there," resumed the other; "I was in Ireland, though I confess not for a long time."

"If I might be so bold," cried Maurice, "how long?"

"Half an hour, by a stop watch," said the other, pulling up his stock; "and I had quite enough of it in that time."

"Pray give us your experiences," cried out Bob Mahon: "they should be interesting, considering your opportunities."

"You are right," said the cornet; "they were so; and,

as they illustrate a feature in your amiable country, you shall have them."

A general knocking upon the table announced the impatience of the company, and when silence was restored the cornet began:

"When the Bermuda transport sailed from Portsmouth for Lisbon, I happened to make one of some four hundred interesting individuals, who, before they became food for powder, were destined to try their constitutions on pickled pork. The second day after our sailing, the winds became adverse; it blew a hurricane from every corner of the compass but the one it ought, and the good ship, that should have been standing straight for the Bay of Biscay, was scudding away under a double-reefed topsail toward the coast of Labrador. For six days we experienced every sea-mancœuvre that usually preludes a shipwreck; and at length when, what from sea-sickness and fear, we had become utterly indifferent to the result, the storm abated, the sea went down, and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbor of Cork, with a strange suspicion on our minds that the frightful scenes of the past week had been nothing but a dream."

"Come, Mr. Medicot," said the skipper to me, 'we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?'

"I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies, and mutton chops floated before my excited imagination, and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove which, opposite Spike Island, rejoices in the name of the Goat and Garters."

"Breakfast, waiter," said I; 'a beefsteak—fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk, and butter, all fresh.' No more hard tack, thought I, no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast."

"Up stairs, No. 4, sir," said the waiter, as he flourished a dirty napkin, indicating the way.

"Up stairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little *déjeuner* made its appearance. Never did a minor's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment, than did mine skim over the matton and the muffin, the teapot, the trout, and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is a probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments. I arranged my napkin upon my knee, seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to bisect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when with a loud crash the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran piteously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon, the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room, his face beaming with smiles, while he rubbed his hand in an ecstasy of delight."

"It's all over, sir," said he, 'glory be to God, it's all done.'"

"What's over? what's done?" inquired, I with impatience.

"Mr. M'Mahon is satisfied," replied he, 'and so is the other gentleman.'"

"Who and what the devil do you mean?"

"It's all over, sir, I say," replied the waiter again; 'he fired into the air.'"

"Fired in the air. Was there a duel in the room below stairs?"

"Ye, sir," said the waiter with a benign smile.

"That will do," said I, as seizing my hat I rushed out of the house, and hurrying to the beach took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons that, although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the green island."

A general burst of laughter followed the cornet's story, which was heightened in its effect by the gravity which he told it.

"And, after all," said Maurice Quill, "now that people have given up making fortunes for the insurance companies, by living to the age of Methuselah, there's nothing like being an Irishman. Into what other part of the habitable globe can you cram so much of adventure into one year? Where can you be so often in love, in liquor, or in debt? and where can you get so merrily out of the three? Where are promises to marry and promises to pay treated with the same gentlemanly forbearance? and where, when you have lost your heart and your fortune, are people found so ready to comfort you in your reverses? Yes," said Maurice, as he filled his glass up to the brim, and eyed it luciously for a moment, "Yes, darling, here's your health; the only girl I ever loved—in that part of the country I mean. Give her a bumper, lads, and I'll give you a chant!"

"Name! name! name!" shouted several voices from different parts of the table.

"Mary Draper!" said Maurice, filling his glass once more, while the name was re-echoed by every lip at the table.

"The song! the song!"

"Faith, I hope I have n't forgotten it," quoth Maurice.

"No; here it is."

So saying, after a couple of efforts to assure the pitch of his voice, the worthy doctor began the following words to that very popular melody, "Nancy Dawson:"

#### "MARY DRAPER."

AIR—Nancy Dawson.

"Don't talk to me of London dames,  
Nor rave about your foreign flames,  
That never lived—except in dramas,  
Nor alone, except on paper;  
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,  
Who lived in Ballywhacnacrew,  
And, let me tell you, mighty few  
Could equal Mary Draper."

"Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,  
Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,  
Her foot was small, and neat to view,  
Her waist was slight and taper;  
Her voice was music to your ear,  
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,  
Oh, like I ne'er again shall hear  
As from sweet Mary Draper."

"She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,  
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,



Or maybe sing you 'Rousseau's Dream,'  
For nothing could escape her;  
I've seen her too—upon my word—  
At sixty yards bring down a bird,  
Oh! she charmed all the Forty-third!  
Did lovely Mary Draper.

"And at the spring assizes ball,  
The junior bar would one and all  
For all her fav'rite dances call,  
And Harry Deane would eaper;  
Lord Clare would then forget his lore,  
King's Counsel, voting law a bore,  
Were proud to figure on the floor,  
For love of Mary Draper.

"The parson, priest, sub-heriff too,  
Were all her slaves, and so would you,  
If you had only but one view  
Of such a face and shape, or  
Her pretty ankles—but, oh no,  
It's only west of old Athlone  
Such girls were found—and now they're gone;  
So here 's to Mary Draper."

"So here 's to Mary Draper," sang out every voice, in such efforts to catch the tune as pleased the taste of the motley assembly.

"For Mary Draper & Co. I thank you," said Maurice. "Quill drinks to Dennis," added he in a grave tone, as he nodded to O'Shaughnessy. "Yes, Shaugh, few men better than ourselves know these matters, and few have had more experience of the three perils of Irishmen—love, liquor, and the law of arrest."

"It's little the latter has ever troubled my father's son," replied O'Shaughnessy; "our family have been writ proof for centuries, and he'd have been a bold man who would have ventured with an original or a true copy within the precincts of Killinaboula."

"Your father had a touch of Larry M'Hale in him," said I, "apparently."

"Exactly so," replied Dennis: "not but they caught him at last; and a scurvy trick it was, and well worthy of him who did it! Yes," said he, with a sigh, "it is only another among the many instances where the better features of our nationality have been used by our enemies as instruments for our destruction; and, should we seek for the causes of unhappiness in our wretched country, we should find them rather in our virtues than in our vices, and in the bright rather than in the darker phases of our character."

"Metaphysics, by Jove!" cried Quill, "but all true at the same time. There was a messmate of mine in the Roscommon, who never paid car-hire in his life. 'Head or harp, Paddy!' he would cry. 'Two pennies or nothing.' 'Harp! for the honor of ould Ireland,' was the invariable response, and my friend was equally sure to make head come uppermost; and, upon my soul, they seem to know the trick at the Home Office."

"That must have been the same fellow that took my father," cried O'Shaughnessy, with energy.

"Let us hear the story, Dennis," said I.

"Yes," said Maurice, "for the benefit of self and fellows, let us hear the stratagem!"

"The way of it was this," resumed O'Shaughnessy; "my father, who, for reasons registered in the King's Bench, spent a great many years of his life in that part of Ireland geographically known as lying west of the law, was obliged, for certain reasons of family, to come up to Dublin. This he proceeded to do with due caution: two trusty servants formed an advance guard, and patrolled the country for at least five miles in advance; after them came a skirmishing body of a few tenants, who, for the consideration of never paying rent, would have charged the whole Court of Chancery, if needful. My father himself, in an old chaise victualled like a fortress, brought up the rear; and, as I said before, he was a bold man who would have attempted to have laid siege to him. As the column advanced into the enemy's country, they assumed a closer order, the patrol and the picket falling back upon the main body; and in this way they reached that most interesting city called Kibbegan. What a fortunate thing it is for us in Ireland that we can see so much of the world without foreign travel, and that any gentleman for six and eight pence can leave Dublin in the morning and visit Timbuctoo against dinner-time! Don't stare! it's truth I'm telling; for dirt, misery, smoke, unaffected behavior, and black faces, I'll back Kibbegan against all Africa. Free-and-easy pleasant people ye are, with a skin as begrimed and as rugged as your own potatoes! But to resume: the sun was just rising in a delicious morning of June, when my father—whose loyal antipathies I have mentioned made him also an early riser—was preparing for the road. A stout escort of his followers were as usual under arms to see him safe in the chaise, the passage to and from which every day being the critical moment of my father's life.

"It's all right, your honor," said his own man as, armed with a blunderbuss, he opened the bed-room door.

"Time enough, Tim," said my father: close the door, for I have 'nt finished my breakfast."

"Now, the real truth was, that my father's attention was at that moment withdrawn from his own concerns, by a scene which was taking place in a field beneath his window.

"But a few minutes before a hack-chaise had stopped upon the road side; out of which sprang three gentlemen, who, proceeding into the field, seemed bent upon something which, whether a survey or a duel, my father could not make out. He was not long, however, to remain in ignorance. One with an easy lounging gait strode towards a distant corner; another took an opposite direction; while the third, a short puffy gentleman, in a red handkerchief and a rabbit-skin waistcoat, proceeded to open a mahogany box, which, to the critical eyes of my respected father, was agreeably suggestive of bloodshed and murder.

"A duel, by Jupiter!" said my father rubbing his hands. "What a heavenly morning the scoundrels have, not a leaf stirring, and a sod like a billiard-table."

"Meanwhile, the little man who officiated as second, it would appear, to both parties, bustled about with activity little congenial to his shape; and, what between snapping the pistols, examining the flints, and ramming down the charges, had got himself into a sufficient perspiration before he commenced to measure out the ground.

"Short distance and no quarter!" shouted one of the combatants from the corner of the field.

"Across a handkerchief if you like!" roared the other.

"Gentlemen every inch of them!" responded my father.

"Twelve paces!" cried the little man. "No more and no less. Don't forget that I am alone in this business!"

"A very true remark!" observed my father; "and an awkward predicament yours will be if they are both shot!"

"By this time the combatants had taken their places, and the little man, having delivered the pistols, was leisurely retiring to give the word. My father, however, whose critical eye was never at fault, detected a circumstance which promised an immense advantage to one at the expense of the other; in fact, one of the parties was so placed with his back to the sun, that his shadow extended in a straight line to the very foot of his antagonist.

"Unfair! unfair!" cried my father, opening the window as he spoke, and addressing himself to him of the rabbit-skin. "I crave your pardon for the interruption," said he; "but I feel bound to observe that that gentleman's shadow is likely to make a shade of him."

"And so it is," observed the short man: "a thousand thanks for your kindness; but the truth is, I am totally unaccustomed to this kind of thing, and the affair will not admit of delay."

"Not an hour!" said one.

"Not five minutes!" growled the other of the combatants.

"Put them up north and south!" said my father.

"Is it thus?"

"Exactly so: but now again the gentleman in the brown coat is covered with the ash-tree."

"And so he is!" said rabbit-skin, wiping his forehead with agitation.

"Move them a little to the left," said he.

"That brings me upon an eminence," said the gentleman in blue; "I'll be d—d if I'll be made a cock-shot of."

"What an awkward little thing it is in the hairy waistcoat!" said my father; "he's lucky if he don't get shot himself."

"May I never! if I'm not sick of you both!" ejaculated rabbit-skin, in a passion. "I've moved you round every point of the compass, and the devil a nearer we are than ever."

"Give us the word," said one.

"The word!"

"Downright murder," said my father.

"I do n't care," said the little man; "we shall be here till doomsday."

"I can't permit this," said my father. "Allow me—;" so saying, he stepped upon the window sill, and leaped down into the field.

"Before I can accept of your politeness," said he of the rabbit-skin, "may I beg to know your name and position in society?"

"Nothing more reasonable," said my father. "I'm Miles O'Shaughnessy, Colonel of the Royal Raspers: here is my card."

"The piece of pasteboard was complacently handed from one to the other of the party, who saluted my father with a smile of most courteous benignity.

"Colonel O'Shaughnessy," said one.

"Miles O'Shaughnessy," said another.

"Of Killinaboula Castle," said the third.

"At your service," said my father bowing as he presented his snuff-box: "and now to business, if you please; for my time also is limited."

"Very true," observed he of the rabbit-skin, and, as you observe, now to business; in virtue of which, Colonel Miles O'Shaughnessy, I hereby arrest you in the king's name. Here is the writ: it's at the suit of Barnaby Kelley, of Loughrea, for the sum of £1583 19s. 7½d. which—

"Before he could conclude the sentence, my father discharged one obligation, by implanting his closed knuckles in his face. The blow well aimed and well intentioned, sent the little fellow summersetting like a sugar hogshead. But, alas! it was of no use; the others, strong and able-bodied, fell both upon him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in getting him down. To tie his hands, and convey him to the chaise, was the work of a few moments; and, as my father drove by the inn, the last object which caught his view was a bloody encounter between his own people and the myrmidons of the law, who in great numbers had laid siege to the house during his capture. Thus was my father taken; and thus, in reward for yielding to a virtuous weakness in his character, was he consigned to the ignominious duration of a prison. Was I not right, then in saying that such is the melancholy position of our country, the most beautiful traits in our character are converted into the elements of ruin?"

"I dinna think ye hae made out your case, major," said the Scotch doctor, who felt sorely puzzled at my friend's logic.

"If your faether had na' gi'en the bond—"

"There is no saying what he would n't have done to the bailiffs," interrupted Dennis, who was following up a very different train of reasoning.

"I fear me, Doctor," observed Quill, "you are very much behind us in Scotland. Not but that some of your chieftains are very respectable men, and would n't get on badly even in Galway."

"I thank thee muckle for the compliment," said the doctor dryly; "but I hae my doubts they'd think it aye, and they're ornery carls that's no' ower safe to meddle wi'."

"I'd as soon propose a hand of spoiled five to the Pope of Rome, as a joke to one of them," returned Maurice.

"Maybe ye are na' wrang there, Maister Quell."

"Well," cried Hampden, "if I may be allowed an opinion, I can safely aver I know no quarters like Scotland—Edinburgh beyond any thing or anywhere I was ever placed in."

"Always after Dublin," interposed Maurice, while a general chorus of voices re-echoed the sentiment.

"You are certainly in a strong majority," said my friend against me; "but still I recant not my original opinion. Edinburgh before the world. For hospitality that never tires; for pleasant fellows that improve every day of your acquaintance; for pretty girls that make you long for a repeal of the canon about being only singly blessed, and lead you to long for a score of them; Edinburgh before the world."

"Their ankles are devilish thick," whispered Maurice.

"A calumny, a base calumny!"

"And then they drink—"

"Oh—"

"Yes; they drink very strong tea."

"Shall we hae a glass o' sherry together, Hampden," said the Scotch doctor, willing to acknowledge his defence of auld Reekie.

"And we'll take O'Malley in," said Hampden; "he looks imploringly."

"And now to return to the charge," quoth Maurice.—"In what particular dare ye contend the palm with Dublin? We'll not speak of beauty. I can't suffer any such profane turn in the conversation as to dispute the superiority of Irish women's lips, eyes, noses, and eye-brows, to any thing under heaven. We'll not talk of gay fellows; egad we needn't. I'll give you the garrison; a decent present, and I'll back the Irish bar for more genuine drolle-ry, more epigram, more ready sparkling fun, than the whole rest of the empire—ay, and all her colonies—can boast of."

"They are nae remarkable for passing the bottle, if they resemble their gifted advocate," observed the Scotchman.

"But they are for filling and emptying both, making its current as it glides by like a rich stream glittering in the sunbeams with the sparkling lustre of their wit. Lord, how I'm blown! Fill my panniken, Charley; there's no subduing a Scot. Talk with him, fight with him, and he'll always have the best of it: there's only one way of concluding the treaty—"

"And that is—"

"Blarney him. Lord bless you he can't stand it. Tell him Holyrood's like Versailles, and the Tromachs finer than Mount Blanc; that Gordie Buchanan was Homer, and the Cannongate Herculeum,—then ye have him on the hip. Now ye never can humbug an Irishman that way; he knows you're quizzing him when you praise his country."

"Ye are right, Hampden," said the Scotch doctor in reply to some observation. "We are vara primitive in the hielands, and we keep to our ain national customs in dress and every thing; and we are vara slow to learn; and even when we try we are nae ower successfu' in our imitations, which sometimes cost us dearly enough. Ye may have heard, maybe, of the M'Nab o' that ilk, and what happened him with the king's equeury?"

"I am not quite certain," said Hampden "if I ever heard the story."

"It's nae muckle of a story; but the way of it was this:—When Montrose came back from Loudon, he brought with him a few Englishers to show them the Highlands, and let them see something of deer-stalking. Among the rest, a certain Sir George Sowerby, an aid-de-camp or an equeury of the prince. He went out every morning to shoot with his hair curled like a woman, and dressed like a dancing-master. Now, there happened to be at the same time at the castle the Laird o' M'Nab; he was a kind of cousin of the Montrose; and a rough old tyke of the true highland breed—wha' thought that the head of a clan was fully equal to any king or prince. He sat opposite to Sir George at dinner the day of his arrival, and could not conceal his surprise at the many new fangled ways of feeding himself the Englishman adopted. He ate his saumon wi' his fork in ae hand, and a bittock of bread in the other; he would na touch the whiskey; helped himself to a cutlet wi' his fingers; but, what was maist extraordinary of all, he wore a pair of braw white gloves during the whole time o' dinner; and, when they came to tak away the cloth, he drew them off with a great air, and threw them into the middle of it, and then, leisurely taking another pair off a silver salver which his ain man presented, he pat them on for the desert. The M'Nab, who, although an auld-fashioned carle, was aye fond of bringing something new hame to his friends, remarked the Englisher's proceeding with great care, and the next day he appeared at dinner wi' a huge pair of highland mittens, which he wore to the astonishment of all and the amusement of most, through the whole three courses; and exactly as the Englishman changed his gloves, the M'Nab produced a fresh pair of goat's wool, four times as large as the first, which, drawing on with prodigious gravity, he threw the others into the middle of the cloth, remarking as he did so—

"Ye see, captain, we are never ower auld to learn."

"All propriety was now at an end, and a hearty burst of laughter from one end of the table to the other convulsed the whole company; the M'Nab and the Englishman being the only persons who did not join in it, but sat glowering at each other like twa tigers; and, indeed, it need a' the Montrose's interference that they had na' quarreled upon it in the morning."

"The M'Nab was a man after my own heart," said Maurice; "there was something very Irish in the lesson he gave the Englishman."

"I'd rather ye'd told him that than me," said the doctor drily; "he would na hae thanked ye for mistaking him for one of your countrymen."

"Come, doctor!" said Dennis, "could not ye give us a stave? Have ye nothing that smacks of the brown fern and the blue lakes in your memory?"

"I hae na a sang in my mind just noo except Johany Cope; which maybe might not be ower pleasant for the Englishers to listen to."

"I never heard a Scotch song worth sixpence," quoth Maurice, who seemed bent on provoking the doctor's ire. "They contain nothing save some puling sentimentality about lasses with lint white locks, or some absurd laudations of the barley bree."

"Hear till him! hear till him!" said the doctor, reddening with impatience.

"Show me anything," said Maurice, "like the Cruiskeen Lawn or the Jug of Punch; but who can blame them after all? You can't expect much from a people with an imagination as naked as their own knees."

"Maurice, Maurice," cried O'Shaughnessy reprovingly, who saw that he was pushing the other's endurance beyond all bounds.

"I mind weel," said the Scotchman, "what happened to aye o' your countrymen who took upon him to jest as you are doing now. It was to Laurie Cameron he did it."

"And what said the redoubted Laurie in reply?"

"He did na say muckle, but he did something."

"And what might it be?" inquired Maurice.

"He threw him ower the brig of Ayr into the water, and he was drowned!"

"And did Laurie come to no harm about the matter?"  
 "Ay! they tried him for it and found him guilty; but when they asked him what he had to say in his defence, he merely replied, 'When the carle sneered about Scotland, I did na suspect that he did na ken how to swim; and so the end of it was, they did naething to Laurie.'"  
 "Cool that, certainly," said I.

"I prefer your friend with the mittens, I confess," said Maurice; "though I'm sure both were most agreeable companions. But come, doctor, could n't you give us—"

"Sit ye down, my heartie, and gie us a crack, let the wind tak' the care o' the world on his back."

"You maunna attempt English poetry, my friend Quill; for it must be confessed ye've a damnable accent of your ain."

"Milesian-Phœnician-Corkacian: nothing more, my boy; and a coaxing kind of recitative it is, after all. Do n't tell me of your soft Etruscan—your plethoric *Hock Deutsch*—your flattering French. To woo and win the girl of your heart, give me a rich brogue and the least taste in life of blarney!"

"There's naething like it, believe me—every inflexion of your voice suggesting some tender pressure of her soft hand or taper waist; every cadence falling upon her gentle heart like a sea breeze on a burning coast, or a soft sirocco over a rose tree; and then think, my boys, and it is a fine thought after all,—what a glorious gift that is, out of the reach of kings to give or to take, what neither depends upon the act of Union nor the Habeas Corpus. No! they may starve us—laugh at us—tax us—transport us. They may take our mountains, our valleys, and our bogs; but, bad luck to them, they can't steal our 'blarney'; that's the privilege one and indivisible with our identity; and while an Englishman raves of his liberty—a Scotchman of his oatmeal—blarney's our birthright, and a prettier portion I'd never ask to leave behind me to my sons. If I'd as large a family as the old gentleman, called Priam, we used to hear of at school, it's the only inheritance I'd give them; and one comfort there would be beside—the legacy duty would be only a trifle. Charley, my son, I see you're listening to me, and nothing satisfies me more than to instruct aspiring youth; so never forget the old song,

"If at your case, the girls ye'd please,  
 And win them, like Kate Kearney,  
 There's but one way, I've heard them say,  
 Go kiss the 'Stone of Blarney.'"

"What do you say, Shaugh, if we drink it with all the honors?"

"But gently: do I hear a trumpet there?"

"Ah, there go the bugles. Can it be daybreak already?"

"How short the nights are at this season!" said Quill.

"What an infernal rumpus they're making! it's not possible the troops are to march so early."

"It would n't surprise me in the least," quoth Maurice; "there is no knowing what the Commander-in-Chief's not capable of: the reason's clear enough."

"And why, Maurice?"

"There's not a bit of blarney about him."

The *réveille* sang out from every brigade, and the drums beat to fall in, while Mike came galloping up at full speed to say that the bridge of boats was completed, and that the twelfth were already ordered to cross. Not a moment was therefore to be lost; one parting cup we drained to our next meeting, and amid a hundred "good-byes" we mounted our horses. Poor Hampden's brains sadly confused by the wine and the laughing, he knew little of what was going on around him, and passed the entire time of our homeward ride in a vain endeavor to adapt Mary Draper to the air of *Rôte Britannia*.

#### CHAPTER XXII....Fuentes d'Onoro.

From this period the French continued their retreat, closely followed by the allied armies, and on the 5th April, Massena once more crossed the frontier into Spain, leaving thirty thousand of his bravest troops behind him, fourteen thousand of whom had fallen, or been taken prisoners: reinforcements, however, came rapidly pouring in. Two divisions of the ninth corps had already arrived, and Drouet, with eleven thousand infantry and cavalry was preparing to march to his assistance. Thus strengthened, the French army marched toward the Portuguese frontier, and Lord Wellington, who had determined not to hazard much by his blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, fell back upon the large table land between the Turones and the Dos Casas, with his left at Fort Concepcion, and his right: resting upon Fuentes d'Onoro. His position extended to about five miles; and here, although vastly inferior in numbers, yet relying upon the bravery of the troops and the moral ascendancy acquired by their pursuit of the enemy, he finally resolved upon giving them battle.

Being sent with despatches to Pack's brigade, which formed the blockading force at Almeida, I did not reach Fuentes d'Onoro until the evening of the third. The thundering of the guns which, even at the distance I was at, was plainly heard, announced that an attack had taken place, but it by no means prepared me for the scene which presented itself on my return.

The village of Fuentes d'Onoro, one of the most beautiful in Spain, is situated in a lovely valley, where all the charms of verdure so peculiar to the Peninsula seem to have been scattered with a lavish hand. The citron and the arbutus growing wild, sheltered every cottage door, and the olive and the laurel threw their shadows across the little rivulet which traversed the village. The houses, observing no uniform arrangement, stood wherever the caprice or the inclination of the builder suggested, surrounded with little gardens; the inequality of the ground imparting a picturesque feature to even the lowliest hut, while, upon a craggy eminence above the rest, an ancient convent and a ruined chapel looked down upon the little peaceful hamlet with an air of tender protection.

Hitherto this lovely spot had escaped all the ravages of war. The light division of our army had occupied it for months long; and every family was gratefully remembered by some one or other of our officers; and more than one of our wounded found in the kind and affectionate watching of these poor peasants the solace which sickness rarely meets with when far from home and country.

It was then with a broken heart I pressed my horse forward into the gallies as the night drew near. The artillery had been distinctly heard during the day, and, while I

burned with eagerness to know the result, I felt scarcely less anxious for the fate of that little hamlet whose name many a kind story had implanted in my memory. The moon was shining brightly as I passed the outpost; and, leading my horse by the bridle, descended the steep and rugged causeway to the village beneath me. The lanterns were moving rapidly to and fro; the measured tread of infantry at night—that ominous sound, which falls upon the heart so sadly—told me that they were burying the dead. The air was still and breathless; not a sound was stirring save the step of the soldiery, and the harsh clash of the shovel as it struck the earth. I felt sad, and sick at heart, and leaned against a tree; a nightingale concealed in the leaves was pouring forth its plaintive notes to the night air, and in its low warble sounded like the dirge of the departed. Far beyond, in the plain, the French watch-fires were burning, and I could see from time to time the fatigue parties moving in search of their wounded. At this moment the clock of the convent struck eleven, and a merry chime rang out, and was taken up in echoes, till it melted away in the distance. Alas! where were those whose hearts were wont to be cheered at that happy peal, whose infancy it had gladdened, whose old age it had hallowed: the fallen walls, the broken roof trees, the ruin and desolation on every side told too plainly that they had passed away for ever! The smoking embers, the torn-up pathway denoted the hard-fought struggle; and, as I passed along, I could see that every garden, where the cherry and the apple blossom were even still perfuming the air, had now its sepulchre.

"Halt, there!" cried a hoarse voice in front. "You cannot pass this way; the Commander in Chief's quarters."

I looked up, and beheld a small but neat looking cottage which seemed to have suffered less than the others around. Lights were shining brightly from the windows, and I could even detect from time to time a figure muffled up in a cloak, passing to and fro across the window; while another, seated at a table, was occupied in writing. I turned into a narrow path which led into the little square of the village, and here, as I approached, the hum and murmur of voices announced a bivouac party. Stopping to ask what had been the result of the day, I learned that a tremendous attack had been made by the French in column, upon the village, which was at first successful; but that afterward the 71st and 79th, marching down from the heights, had repulsed the enemy, and driven them beyond the Dos Casas: five hundred had fallen in that fierce encounter, which was continued through every street and alley of the little hamlet. The gallant highlanders now occupied the battle-field; and, hearing that the cavalry brigade was some miles distant, I willingly accepted their offer to share their bivouac, and passed the remainder of the night among them.

When day broke, our troops were under arms, but the enemy showed no disposition to renew the attack. We could perceive, however, from the road to the southward, by the long columns of dust, that reinforcements were still arriving; and learned during the morning, from a deserter, that Massena himself had come up, and Bessières also, with twelve hundred cavalry, and a battery of the imperial guard.

From the movements observable in the enemy, it was soon evident that the battle, though deferred, was not abandoned; and the march of a strong force toward the left of their position induced our Commander-in-chief to despatch the seventh division, under Houston, to occupy the height of Naval d'Aver—our extreme right—in support of which our brigade of cavalry marched as a covering force. The British position was thus unavoidably extended to the enormous length of seven miles, occupying a succession of small eminences, from the division at Fort Concepcion to the height of Naval d'Aver—Fuentes d'Onoro forming nearly the centre of the line.

It was evident, from the thickening combinations of the French, that a more dreadful battle was still in reserve for us; and yet never did men look more anxiously for the morrow.

As for myself, I felt a species of exhilaration I had never before experienced; the events of the preceding day came dropping in upon me from every side, and at every new tale of gallantry or daring I felt my heart bounding with excited eagerness to win also my meed of honorable praise.

Crawford, too, had recognized me in the kindest manner; and, while saying that he did not wish to withdraw me from my regiment on a day of battle, added that he would make use of me for the present on his staff. Thus was I engaged, from early in the morning till late in the evening, bringing orders and despatches along the line: the troop-horse I rode—for I reserved my gray for the following day—was scarcely able to carry me along, as toward dark I journeyed along in the direction of Naval d'Aver. When I did reach our quarters, the fires were lighted, and around one of them I had the good fortune to find a party of the 14th occupied in discussing a very appetizing little supper: the clatter of plates and the popping of champagne corks were most agreeable sounds. Indeed, the latter appeared to me so much too flattering an illusion, that I hesitated giving credit to my senses in the matter, when Baker called out—

"Come, Charley, sit down; you're just in the nick. Tom Marsden is giving us a benefit: you know Tom—"

And here he presented me in due form to that best of commissaries and most hospitable of horse-dealers.

"I can't introduce you to my friend on my right," continued Baker, "for my Spanish is only a skeleton battalion; but he's a trump—that I'll vouch for; never finches his glass, and looks as though he enjoyed all our nonsense."

The Spaniard, who appeared to comprehend that he was alluded to, gravely saluted me with a low bow, and offered his glass to hobnob with me. I returned the courtesy with becoming ceremony; while Hampden whispered in my ear—

"A fine-looking fellow. You know who he is? Julian, the Guerilla chief."

I had heard much of both the strangers. Tom Marsden was a household word in every cavalry brigade, equally celebrated for his contracts and his claret. He knew every one, from Lord Wellington to the last joined cornet; and, while upon a march, there was no piece of better fortune than to be asked to dine with him. So, in the very thick of a battle, Tom's critical eye was scanning the squadrons engaged, with an accuracy as to the number of fresh

horses that would be required upon the morrow that nothing but long practice and infinite coolness could have conferred.

Of the Guerilla I need not speak. The bold feats he accomplished, the aid he rendered to the cause of his country, have made his name historical. Yet still, with all this, fatigue, more powerful than my curiosity, prevailed, and I sank into a heavy sleep upon the grass; while my merry companions kept up their revels till near morning. The last piece of consciousness I am sensible of, was seeing Julian spreading his wide mantle over me as I lay, while I heard his deep voice whisper a kind wish for my repose.

#### CHAPTER XXIII....The Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro.

So soundly did I sleep, that the tumult and confusion of the morning never awoke me; and the guerilla, whose cavalry were stationed along the edge of the ravine near the heights of Echora, would not permit of my being roused before the last moment. Mike stood near me with my horse, and it was only when the squadrons were actually forming that I sprang to my feet and looked around me.

The day was just breaking; a thick mist lay upon the parched earth, and concealed every thing a hundred yards from where we stood. From this dense vapor the cavalry defiled along the base of the hill, followed by the horse artillery and the guards, disappearing again as they passed us, but proving, as the mass of troops now assembled, that our position was regarded as the probable point of attack.

While the troops continued to take up their position, the sun shone out, and a slight breeze blowing at the same moment, the heavy clouds moved past, and we beheld the magnificent panorama of the battle-field. Before us, at the distance of less than half a league, the French cavalry were drawn up in three strong columns: the cuirassiers of the guard, plainly distinguished by their steel cuirasses, flanked by the Polish lancers, and a strong hussar brigade; a powerful artillery train supported the left, and an infantry force occupied the entire space between the right and the rising ground opposite Poço Velho. Farther to their right, again, the column destined for the attack of Fuentes d'Onoro were forming, and we could see that, profiting by their past experience, they were bent upon attacking the village with an overwhelming force.

For above two hours the French continued to manoeuvre, more than one alteration having taken place in their disposition; fresh battalions were moved toward the front, and gradually the whole of their cavalry was assembled on the extreme left in front of our position. Our people were ordered to breakfast where we stood; and a little after seven o'clock a staff officer came riding down the line, followed in a few moments after by General Crawford, when no sooner was his well known brown cob recognized by the troops, than a hearty cheer greeted him along the whole division.

"Thank ye, boys; thank ye, boys, with all my heart. No man feels more sensibly what that cheer means than I do. Guards! Lord Wellington relies upon your maintaining this position, which is essential to the safety of the whole line. You will be supported by the light division. I need say no more. If such troops cannot keep their ground, none can. Fourteenth, there's your place; the artillery and the sixteenth are with you. They've the odds of us in numbers, lads; but it will tell all the better in the gazette. I see they're moving; so fall in, now; fall in, and, Merivale, move to the front. Ramsey, prepare to open your fire on the attacking squadrons."

As he spoke, the low murmuring sound of distant moving cavalry crept along the earth, growing louder and louder, till at length we could detect the heavy tramp of the squadron as they came on in a trot, our pace being merely a walk. While we thus advanced into the plain the artillery unlimbered behind us, and the Spanish cavalry breaking into skirmishers, dashed boldly to the post.

It was an exciting moment. The ground dipped between the two armies so as to conceal the head of the advancing column of the French, and, as the Spanish skirmishers disappeared down the ridge, our beating hearts and straining eyes followed their last horseman.

"Halt! halt!" was passed from squadron to squadron, and the same instant the sharp ring of the pistol shots and the clash of steel from the valley, told us the battle had begun. We could hear the guerilla war-cry mingle with the French shout, while the thickening crash of fire-arms implied a sharper conflict. Our fellows were already manifesting some impatience to press on, when a Spanish horseman appeared above the ridge—another followed, and another—and then pell-mell, broken and disordered, they fell back before the pursuing cavalry in flying masses; while the French, charging them hotly home, utterly routed and repulsed them.

The leading squadrons of the French now fell back upon their support; the column of attack thickened, and a thundering noise between their masses announced their brigade of light guns as they galloped to the front. It was then for the first time that I felt dispirited; far as my eye could stretch the dense mass of sabres extended, defiling from the distant hills and winding its slow length across the plain. I turned to look at our line, scarce one thousand strong, and could not help feeling that our hour was come: the feeling flashed vividly across my mind, but the next instant I felt my cheek reddened with shame as I gazed upon the sparkling eyes and bold looks around me—the lips compressed, the hands knitted to their sabres; all were motionless, but burning to advance.

The French had halted on the brow of the hill to form, when Merivale came cantering up to us.

"Fourteenth, are ye ready? Are ye ready, lads?"

"Ready, sir! ready!" re-echoed along the line.

"Then push them home and charge! Charge!" cried he, raising his voice to a shout at the last word.

Heavens! what a crash was there! Our horses, in top condition, no sooner felt the spur than they bounded madly onward. The pace—for the distance did not exceed four hundred yards—was like racing. To resist the impetus of our approach was impossible; and, without a shot fired, scarcely a sabre-cut exchanged, we actually rode down their advanced squadrons—hurling them headlong upon their supporting division, and rolling men and horses beneath us on every side. The French fell back on their artillery; but, before they could succeed in opening their fire upon us, we had wheeled, and, carrying off about seventy pri-



soners, galloped back to our position with the loss of but two men in the whole affair. The whole thing was so sudden, so bold, and so successful, that I remember well as we rode back a hearty burst of laughter was ringing through the squadron at the ludicrous display of horsemanship the French presented as they tumbled headlong down the hill; and I cannot help treasuring the recollection, for, from that moment, all thought of any thing short of victory completely quitted my mind, and many of my brother officers who had participated in my feelings at the commencement of the day, confessed to me afterward that it was then for the first time they felt assured of beating the enemy.

While we slowly fell back to our position, the French were seen advancing in great force from the village of Almeida, to the attack of Poço Velho; they came on at a rapid pace, their artillery upon their front and flank, large masses of cavalry hovering around them. The attack upon the village was now opened by the large guns; and, amid the booming of the artillery and the crashing volleys of small fire-arms, rose the shout of the assailants, and the wild cry of the guerilla cavalry, who had formed in front of the village. The French advanced firmly, driving back the pickets, and actually inundated the devoted village with a shower of grape; the blazing fires burst from the ignited roofs; and the black dense smoke rising on high, seemed to rest like a pall over the little hamlet.

The conflict was now a tremendous one: our seventh division held the village with the bayonet; but the French continuing to pour in mass upon mass, drove them back with loss, and, at the end of an hour's hard fighting, took possession of the place.

The wood upon the left flank was now seen to swarm with light infantry, and the advancement of their whole left proved that they meditated to turn our flank: the space between the village and the hill of Naval d'Aver became now the central position; and here the guerilla force, led on by Julian Sanchez, seemed to await the French with confidence. Soon, however, the cuirassiers came galloping to the spot, and, almost without exchanging a sabre cut, the guerillas fell back, and retired behind the Turones. This movement of Julian was more attributable to anger than to fear; for his favorite lieutenant, being mistaken for a French officer, was shot by a soldier of the guards a few minutes before.

Montbrun pursued the guerillas with some squadrons of horse, but they turned resolutely upon the French, and not ill overwhelmed by numbers did they show any disposition to retreat.

The French, however, now threw forward their whole cavalry, and, driving back the English horse, succeeded in turning the right of the seventh division. The battle by this time was general. The staff officers who came up from the left, informed us that Fuentes d'Onoro was attacked in force, Massena himself leading the assault in person; while thus far seven miles the fight was maintained hotly at intervals, it was evident that upon the maintenance of our position the fortune of the day depended. Hitherto, we had been repulsed from the village and the wood; and the dark masses of infantry which were assembled upon our right, seemed to threaten the hill of Naval d'Aver with as sad a catastrophe.

Crawford came now galloping up among us, his eye flashing fire, and his uniform splashed and covered with foam—

"Steady, sixteenth, steady! Don't blow your horses! Have your fellows advanced, Malcolm?" said he, turning to an officer who stood beside him: "ay, there they go," pointing with his finger to the wood where as he spoke, the short ringing of the British rifle proclaimed the advance of that brigade. "Let the cavalry prepare to charge! And now, Ramsey, let us give it them home!"

Scarcely were the words spoken, when the squadrons were formed, and, in an instant after, the French light infantry were seen retreating from the wood, and flying in disorderly masses across the plain. Our squadrons riding down among them, actually cut them to atoms, while the light artillery unlimbering, threw in a deadly discharge of grape-shot.

"To the right, fourteenth, to the right!" cried General Stewart. "Have at their hussars!"

Whirling by them, we advanced at a gallop, and dashed toward the enemy, who not less resolutely bent, came boldly forward to meet us: the shock was terrific; the leading squadrons on both sides went down almost to a man, and, all order being lost, the encounter became one of hand to hand.

The struggle was deadly; neither party would give way; and, while fortune now inclined hither and thither, Sir Charles Stewart singled out the French general Lamotte, and carried him off his prisoner. Meanwhile Montbrun's cavalry and the cuirassiers came riding up, and, the retreat now sounding through our ranks, we were obliged to fall back upon the infantry. The French pursued us hotly; and so rapid was their movement that, before Ramsey's brigade could lunge up and away, their squadrons had surrounded him and captured his guns.

"Where is Ramsey?" cried Crawford, as he galloped to the head of our division. "Cut off—cut off! Taken, by G—! There he goes!" said he, pointing with his finger as a dense cloud of mingled smoke and dust moved darkly across the plain. "Form into column once more!"

As he spoke, the dense mass before us seemed agitated by some mighty commotion; the flashing of blades and the rattling of small arms, mingled with shouts of triumph or defiance, burst forth, and the ominous cloud lowering more darkly, seemed peopled by those in deadly strife. An English cheer pealed high above all other sounds; a second followed; the mass was rent asunder, and, like the forked lightning from a thunder cloud, Ramsey rode forth at the head of his battery, his horses bounding madly, while the guns sprang behind them, like things of no weight; the gunners leaped to their places, and, fighting hand to hand with the French cavalry, they flew across the plain.

"Nobly done, gallant Ramsey!" said a voice behind me. I turned at the sound; it was Lord Wellington who spoke. My eye fixed upon his stern features, I forgot all else, when he suddenly recalled me to my recollection by saying—

"Follow your brigade, sir. Charge!"

In an instant I was with my people, who, intervening between Ramsey and his pursuers, repulsed the enemy with loss and carried off several prisoners. The French, how-

ever, came up in greater strength; overwhelming masses of cavalry came sweeping upon us, and we were obliged to retire behind the light division, which rapidly formed into squares to resist the cavalry. The seventh division, which was more advanced, were however too late for this movement, and before they could effect their formation, the French were upon them. At this moment they owed their safety to the chasseurs Britanniques, who poured in a flanking fire, so close, and with so deadly aim, that their foes recoiled, beaten and bewildered.

Meanwhile, the French had become masters of Poço Velho; the formidable masses had nearly outflanked us on the right. The battle was lost, if we could not fall back upon our original position, and concentrate our forces upon Fuentes d'Onoro. To effect this was a work of great difficulty, but no time was to be lost. The seventh division were ordered to cross the Turones, while Crawford, forming the light division into squares, covered their retreat, and, supported by the cavalry, sustained the whole force of the enemy's attack.

Then was the moment to witness the cool and steady bravery of British infantry; the squares dotted across the enormous plain seemed as nothing amid that confused and flying multitude, composed of commissariat baggage camp followers, peasants, and, finally, broken pickets and videttes arriving from the wood. A cloud of cavalry hovered and darkened around them: the Polish lancers shook their long spears, impatient of delay, and the wild huzzas burst momentarily from their squadrons as they waited for the word to attack. But the British stood firm and undaunted; and, although the enemy rode round their squares, Montbrun himself at their head, they never dared to charge them. Meanwhile, the seventh fell back, as if on a parade, and, crossing the river, took up their ground at Frenada, pivoting upon the first division; the remainder of the line fell also back, and assumed a position at right angles with their former one, the cavalry forming in front, and holding the French in check during the movement. This was a splendid manoeuvre, and, when made in face of an over-numbering enemy, one unmatched during the whole war.

At sight of this new front the French stopped short, and opened a fire from their heavy guns. The British batteries replied with vigor, and silenced the enemy's cannon. The cavalry drew out of range, and the infantry gradually fell back to their former position. While this was going on, the attack upon Fuentes d'Onoro was continued with unabated vigor. The three British regiments in the lower town were pierced by the French tirailleurs, who poured upon them in overwhelming numbers; the seventy-ninth were broken, ten companies taken, and Cameron, their colonel, mortally wounded. Thus the lower village was in the hands of the enemy, while from the upper town the incessant roll of musketry proclaimed the obstinate resistance of the British.

At this period our reserves were called up from the right, in time to resist the additional troops which Dromet continued to bring on. The French, reinforced by the whole sixth corps, now came forward at a quick step. Dashing through the ruined streets of the lower town, they crossed the rivulet, fighting bravely, and charged against the height. Already their leading files had gained the crag beside the chapel. A French colonel, holding his cap upon his sword-point, waved on his men.

The grizzly features of the grenadiers soon appeared, and the dark column, half climbing, half running, were seen scaling the height. A rifle bullet sent the French leader tumbling from the precipice; and a cheer—mad and reckless as the war-cry of an Indian—rent the sky, as the seventy-first and seventy-ninth Highlanders sprang upon the enemy.

Our part was a short one: advancing in half squadrons we were concealed from the observation of the enemy by the thick vineyards which skirted the lower town; waiting, with impatience, the moment when our gallant infantry should succeed in turning the tide of battle. We were ordered to dismount, and stood with our bridles on our arms anxious and expectant. The charge of the French column was made close to where we were standing—the inspiring cheers of the officers, the loud roars of the men, were plainly heard by us as they rushed to the assault; but the space between us was intersected by walls and brushwood, which totally prevented the movements of cavalry.

Fearlessly their dark column moved up the heights, fixing the bayonets as they went. No tirailleurs preceded them, but the tall shako of the grenadier of the guard was seen in the first rank. Long before the end of the column had passed us the leading files were in action. A deafening peal of musketry—so loud—so dense—it seemed like artillery, burst forth. A volume of black smoke rolled heavily down from the heights and hid all from our view, except when the vivid lightning of the platoon firing rent the veil asunder, and showed us the troops almost in hand to hand conflict.

"It's Picton's division, I'm certain," cried Merivale, "I hear the bagpipes of the Highlanders."

"You are right, sir," said Hampden, "the 71st are in the same brigade, and I know their bugles well. There they go again."

"Fourteenth! fourteenth!" cried a voice from behind, and at the same moment a staff officer without his hat, and his horse bleeding from a recent sabre cut, came up. "You must move to the rear, Colonel Merivale; the French have gained the heights. Move round by the causeway—bring up your squadrons as quickly as you can and support the infantry."

In a moment we were in our saddles, but scarcely was the word "to fall in" given, when a loud cheer rent the very air; the musketry seemed suddenly to cease, and the mass which seemed to struggle up the heights wavered, broke, and turned.

"What can that be?" said Merivale. "What can it mean?"

"I can tell you, sir," said I proudly, while I felt my heart as though it would bound from my bosom.

"And what is it, boy? Speak!"

"There it goes again! That was an Irish shout!—the 88th are at them!"

"By Jove! here they come," said Hampden; "God help the Frenchmen now!"

The words were not well spoken, when the red coats of our gallant fellows were seen dashing through the vineyard.

"The steel, boys—nothing but the steel!" shouted a loud voice from the crag above our heads.

I looked up. It was the stern Picton himself who spoke. The 88th now led the pursuit, and sprang from rock to rock in all the mad impetuosity of battle; and like some mighty billow rolling before the gale, the French went down the heights.

"Gallant 88th! Gloriously done!" cried Picton, as he waived his hat.

"Ar'nt we Connaught robbers, now?" shouted a rich brogue, as its owner, breathless and bleeding, pressed forward in the charge.

A hearty burst of laughter mingled with the din of the battle.

"Now for it, boys! Now for our work!" said Merivale, drawing his sabre as he spoke, "Forward! and charge!"

We waited not a second bidding, but bursting from our concealment, galloped down in the broken column. It was no regular charge, but an indiscriminate rush. Scarcely offering resistance, the enemy fell beneath our sabres, or the still more deadly bayonets of the infantry, who were inextricably mingled up in the conflict.

The chase was followed up for above half a mile, when we fell back, fortunately, in good time; for the French had opened a heavy fire from their artillery, and regardless of their own retreating column, poured a shower of grape among our squadrons. As we retired, the straggling files of the Rangers joined us,—their faces and accoutrements blackened and begrimed with powder; many of them, themselves wounded, had captured prisoners; and one huge fellow of the grenadier company was seen driving before him a no less powerful Frenchman, and to whom, as he turned from time to time reluctantly and scowled upon his jailor, the other vociferated some Irish imprecation, whose harsh intentions were made most palpably evident by a flourish of a drawn bayonet.

"Who is he?" said Mike; "who is he a bagur?"

"Sorrow o' me knows," said the other; "but it's the chap that shot Lieutenant Mahony, and I never took my eye off him after; and if the lieutenant's not dead, sure it'll be a satisfaction to him that I cotched him." \*

The lower town was now evacuated by the French, who retired beyond the range of our artillery; the upper continued in the occupation of our troops; and, worn out and exhausted, surrounded by dead and dying, both parties abandoned the contest,—and the battle was over.

Both sides laid claim to the victory: the French, because, having taken the village of Poço Vello, they had pierced the British line, and compelled them to fall back and assume a new position; the British, because the attack upon Fuentes d'Onoro had been successfully resisted, and the blockade of Almeida—the real object of the battle—maintained. The loss to each was tremendous: fifteen hundred men and officers, of whom three hundred were prisoners, were lost by the allies, and a far greater number fell among the forces of the enemy.

After the action, a brigade of the light division released the troops in the village, and the armies bivouaced once more in sight of each other.

## JANE SINCLAIR; OR THE FAWN OF SPRING-VALE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "FARDOROUGH THE MIER," "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," ETC.

The heart, however, as we said, will, after the repose which must follow excitement, necessarily move toward that object in which it seeks its ultimate enjoyment. A week had now elapsed, and Jane began to feel troubled by the absence of her lover. Her eye wished once more to feast upon his beauty, and her ear again to drink in the melody of his voice. It was true—it was surely true—and she put her long white fingers to her forehead while thinking of him—yes, yes—it was true that he loved her—but her heart called again for his presence, and longed to hear him once more repeat, in fervid accents of eloquence, the enthusiasm of his passion.

Acknowledged love, however, in pure and honorable minds, places the conduct under that refined sense of propriety, which is not only felt to be a restraint upon the freedom of virtuous principle itself, but is observed with that jealous circumspection which considers even suspicion as a stain upon its purity. No matter how intense affection in a virtuous bosom may be, yet no decorum of life is violated by it, no outwork even of the minor morals surrendered, nor is any act or expression suffered to appear that might take away from the exquisite feeling of what is morally essential to female modesty. For this reason, therefore, it was that our heroine, though anxious to meet Osborne again, could not bring herself to walk toward her accustomed haunts, lest he might suspect that she thus indelicately sought him out. He had frequently been there, and wondered that she never came; but however deep his disappointment at her absence, or it might be neglect, yet in consequence of their last interview he could not summon courage to pay a visit, as he had sometimes before done, to her family.

Nearly a fortnight had now elapsed, when Jane, walking one day in a small shrubbery that skirted the little lawn before her father's door, received a note by a messenger whom she recognised as a servant of Mr. Osborne's.

The man, after putting it into her hands, added:

"It was desired, if possible, to bring back an answer."

She blushed deeply on receiving it, and shook so much that the tremor of her small white hands gave evident proof of the agitation which it produced in her bosom. She read as follows:—

"Oh, why is it that I cannot see you? or what has become of you? This absence is painful to me beyond the power of endurance. Alas! if you loved with the deep and burning devotion that I do, you would not thus avoid me. Do you not know, and feel, that our hearts have poured into each other the secret of our mutual passion? Oh, surely, surely, you cannot forget that moment—a moment for which I could willingly endure a century of pain. That moment has thrown a charm into my existence that will render my whole future life sweet. All that I may

suffer will be, and already is, softened in the consciousness that you love me. Oh, let me see you—I cannot rest, I cannot live without you. I beseech you, I implore you, as you would not bring me down to despair and sorrow—as you would not wring my heart with the agony of disappointment—to meet me this evening at the same place, and the same hour as before.

Yours—yours for ever, C. O."

"N. B.—The bearer is trustworthy, and already acquainted with the secret of our attachment, so that you need not hesitate to send me a reply by him—and let it be a written one."

After perusing this, she paused for a moment, and felt so much embarrassed by the fact of their love being known to a third person, that she could not look upon the messenger while addressing him without shamefacedness and confusion.

"Wait a little," she said at length, "I will return presently"—and with a singular conflict between joy, shame, and terror, she passed with downcast looks out of the shrubbery, sought her own room, and having placed writing materials before her, attempted to write. It was not, however, till after some minutes that she could collect herself sufficiently to use them. As she took the pen in her hand, something like guilt seemed to press upon her heart—the blood feroaked her cheeks, and her strength absolutely left her.

"Is not this wrong?" she thought. "I have already been guilty of dissimulation, if not of direct falsehood to my father, and now I am about to enter into a correspondence without his knowledge."

The acuteness of her moral sense occasioned her, in fact, to feel much distress, and the impression of religious sanction early inculcated upon a mind naturally so gentle and innocent as hers, cast by its solemn influence a deep gloom over the brief history of their loves. She laid the pen down, and covering her face with both hands, burst into a flood of tears.

"Why is it," she said to herself, "that a conviction as of guilt mingles itself with my affection for him; and that snatches of pain and melancholy darken my mind, when I join in our morning and evening worship? I fear, I fear, that God's grace and protection have been withdrawn from me ever since I deceived my father. But these errors," she proceeded, "are my own and not Charles's—and why should he suffer pain and distress because I have been uncandid to others?"

Upon this slender argument she proceeded to write the following reply, but still with an undercurrent of something like remorse stealing through a mind that felt with incredible delicacy the slightest deviation from what was right, yet possessed not the necessary firmness to resist what was wrong.

"I know that it is indelicate, and very improper—yes, and sinful in me to write to you—and I would not do so, but that I cannot bear to think that you should suffer pain. Why should you be distressed when you know that my affection for you will never change?—will, alas! I should add, can never change. Dear Charles, is it not sufficient for our happiness that our love is mutual? It ought at least to be so; and it would be so, provided we kept its character unstained by any deviation from moral feeling or duty in the sight of God. You must not continue to write to me, for I shall not and I cannot persist in a course of deliberate insincerity to those who love me with so much affection. I will, however, see you this day two hours earlier than the time appointed in this note. I could not absent myself from the family then, without again risking an indirect breach of truth, and this I am resolved never to do. I hope you will not think less of me for writing to you, although it be very wrong on my part. I have already wept for it, and my eyes are even now filled with tears; but you surely will not be a harsh judge upon the conduct of your own

"JANE SINCLAIR."

Having sealed this letter, she hid it in her bosom, and after delaying a short time to compose her features, again proceeded to the shrubbery, where she found the servant waiting. Simple as was the act of handing him the note, yet so inexpressibly delicate was the whole tenor of her mind, that the slightest step irreconcilable with her standard of female propriety, left behind it a distinct and painful trace that disturbed the equilibrium of a character so finely balanced. With an abashed face and burning brow, she summoned courage, however, to give it, and was instantly proceeding home, when the messenger observed that she had given him the wrong letter. She then took the right one from her bosom, and placing it in his hands would again have hurried into the house.

"You do not mean, I suppose, to send him back his own note," said the man, handing her Osborne's as he spoke.

"No, no," she replied, "give it to me; I knew not—in fact it was a mistake." She then received Osborne's letter, and hastily withdrew.

The reader may have observed, that so long as Jane merely contemplated the affection that subsisted between Osborne and herself, as a matter unconnected with any relative association, and one on which the heart will dwell with delight while nothing intrudes to disturb its serenity, so long was the contemplation one of perfect happiness. But the moment she approached her family, or found herself on the eve of taking another step in its progress, such was her almost morbid candor, and her timid shrinking from any violation of truth, that her affection for this very reason became darkened, as she herself said, by snatches of melancholy and pain.

It is, indeed, difficult to say whether such a tender perception of good and evil as characterised all her emotions, may not have predisposed her mind to the unhappy malady which eventually overcame it; or whether, on the other hand, the latent existence of the malady in her temperament may not have rendered such perceptions too delicate for the healthy discharge of human duties.

Be this as it may, our innocent and beautiful girl is equally to be pitied; and we trust that in either case the sneers of the coarse and heartless will be spared against a character which they cannot understand. At all events, it is we think slightly, and but slightly evident, that even at the present stage of her affection, something prophetic of her calamity, in a faintly perceptible degree may, to an observing mind, be recognised in the vivid but impulsive power with

which that affection has operated upon her. If any thing could prove this, it is the fervency with which, previous to the hour of appointment, she bent in worship before God, to beseech his pardon for the secret interview she was about to give her lover. And in any other case, such an impression, full of religious feeling as it was, would have prevented the subject of it from acting contrary to its tendency; but here was the refined dread of error, lively even to acuteness, absolutely incapable of drawing back the mind from the transgression of moral duty which filled it with feeling nearly akin to remorse.

Jane that day met the family at dinner, merely as a matter of course, for she could eat nothing. There was, independently of this, a timidity in her manner which they noticed, but could not understand.

"Why," said her father, "you never were a great eater, Jane, but latterly you live, like the chameleon, on air. Surely your health cannot be good with such a poor appetite!—your own Ariel eats more."

"I feel my health to be very good, papa; but—" she hesitated a little, attempted to speak, and paused again: "although my health is good," she at last proceeded, "I am not, papa—I mean my spirits are sometimes better than they ever were, and sometimes more depressed."

"They are depressed now, Jane," said her mother. "I don't know that, mamma. Indeed I could not describe my present state of feeling; but I think—indeed I know I am not so good as I ought to be. I am not so good, mamma, and may be one day you will all have to forgive me more than you think."

Her father laid his knife and fork down, and fixing his eyes affectionately upon her, said:

"My child, there is something wrong with you." Jane herself, who sat beside her mother, made no reply; but putting her arms about her neck, she laid her cheek against hers, and wept for many minutes. She then rose in a paroxysm of increasing sorrow, and throwing her arms about her father's neck also, sobbed out as upon the occasion already mentioned:

"Oh, papa, pity and forgive me;—your poor Jane, pity her and forgive her."

The old man struggled with his grief, for he saw that the tears of the family rendered it a duty upon him to be firm: nay, he smiled after a manner, and said in a voice of forced good humor:

"You are a foolish slut, Jane, and play upon us, because you know we pet and love you too much. If you cannot eat your dinner go play, and get an appetite for to-morrow."

She kissed him, and as was her habit of compliance with his slightest wish, left the room as he had desired her.

"Henry," said his wife, "there is something wrong with her."

For a time he could not speak; but after a deep silence he wiped away a few straggling tears, and replied:

"Yes! yes! do you not see that there is a mystery upon my child!—a mystery which weighs down my heart with affliction."

"Dear papa," said Agnes, "don't forbode evil for her."

"It's a more nervous affection," said William. "She ought to take more exercise. Of late she has been too much within."

Maria and Agnes exchanged looks; and for the first time, a suspicion of the probable cause flashed simultaneously across their minds. They sat beside each other at dinner, and Maria said in a whisper:

"Agnes, you and I are thinking of the same thing."

"I am thinking of Jane," said her candid and affectionate sister.

"My opinion is," rejoined Maria, "that she is attached to Charles Osborne."

"I suspect it is so," whispered Agnes. "Indeed from many things that occur to me I am now certain of it."

"I don't see any particular harm in that," replied Maria.

"It may be a very unhappy attachment for Jane, though," said Agnes. "Only think, Maria, if Osborne should not return her affection: I knew Jane—she would sink under it."

"Not return her affection!" replied her sister. "Where would he find another so beautiful, and every way so worthy of him?"

"Very true, Maria; and I trust in heaven he may think so. But how, if he should never know or suspect her love for him?"

"I cannot answer that," said the other; "but we will talk more about it by-and-by."

Whilst this dialogue went on in a low tone, the other members of the family sat in silence and concern, each evidently anxious to develop the mystery of Jane's recent excitement at dinner. At length the old man's eye fell upon his two other daughters, and he said:—

"What is this, children—what is this whispering all about? Perhaps some of you can explain the conduct of that poor child."

"But, papa," said Agnes, "you are not to know all our secrets."

"Am I not, indeed, Aggy? That's pretty evident from the cautious tone in which you and Mary speak."

"Well, but Agnes is right, Henry," said her mother: "to know the daughters' secrets is my privilege—and yours to know William's—if he has any."

"Upon my word, mother, mine are easily carried, I assure you."

"Suppose, papa," observed Agnes, good-humoredly, "that I was to fall in love, now—it is not —"

"Impossible that you may, you baggage," replied her father, smiling, whilst he completed the sentence: "well, and you would not tell me if you did?"

"No indeed, sir; I should not. Perhaps I ought,—but I could not, certainly, bring myself to do it. For instance, would it be either modest or delicate in me, to go and say to your face, 'Papa, I'm in love.' In that case the next step, I suppose, would be to make you the messenger between us. Now would you not expect as much, papa, if I told you?" said the arch and lively girl.

"Aggy, you are a presuming gipsy," replied the old man, joining in the laugh which she had caused—"me your messenger!"

"Yes, and a steady one you would make, sir. I am sure you would not, at all events, overstep your instructions."

"That will be one quality essentially necessary to any messenger of yours, Agnes," replied her father, in the same spirit.

"Papa," said she, suddenly changing her manner, and laying aside her gayety, "what I said in jest of myself, may be seriously true of another in this very family. Suppose Jane —"

"Jane!" exclaimed the old man;—"impossible! She is but a girl!—a child!"

"Agnes, this is foolish of you," said her sister. "It is possible, after all, that you are doing poor Jane injustice. Papa, Agnes only speaks from suspicion. We are not certain of anything. It was I mentioned it first, but merely from suspicion."

"If Jane's affections are engaged," said her father, "I tremble to think of the consequences should she experience the slightest disappointment. But it cannot be, Maria,—the girl has too much sense, and her principles are too well established."

"What is it you mean, girls?" inquired their mother, in a tone of surprise and alarm.

"Indeed, Agnes," said Maria, reprovingly, "it is neither fair nor friendly to poor Jane, to bring out a story founded only on a mere surmise. Agnes insists, mamma, that Jane is attached to Charles Osborne."

"It certainly occurred to us only a few moments ago, I allow," replied Agnes; "but if I am mistaken in this, I will give up my judgment in every thing else. And I mentioned it solely to prevent our own distress, particularly papa's, with respect to the change that is of late so visible in her conduct and manner."

Strange to say, however, that Mr. Sinclair and his wife both repudiated the idea of her attachment to Osborne, and insisted that Agnes' suspicion was rash and groundless.

It was impossible, they said, that such an attachment could exist: Jane and Osborne had seen too little of each other, and were both of a disposition too shy and diffident to rush so precipitately into a passion that is usually the result of more frequent intercourse or of far riper years than either of them had yet reached.

Mr. Sinclair admitted that Jane was a girl full of affection, and likely to be extremely susceptible, yet it was absurd, he added, to suppose for a moment, that she would suffer them to be engaged, or her peace of mind disturbed, by a foolish regard for a smooth-faced boy, and she herself not much beyond sixteen.

#### CHAPTER VI.

There is scarcely to be found in the whole range of human life and character any observation more true, and at the same time more difficult to be understood, than the singular infatuation of parents who have survived their own passions, whenever the prudence of their children happens to be called in question.

We know not whether such a fact be necessary to the economy of life, and the free breathings of youthful liberty, but this at least is clear to any one capable of noting down its ordinary occurrences, that no matter how acutely and vividly parents themselves may have felt the passion of love when young, they appear as ignorant of the symptoms that mark its stages in the lives of their children, as if all memory of its existence had been obliterated out of their being.

Jane, as she bent her way to the place of appointment, felt like one gradually emerging out of darkness into light. The scene at dinner had quickened her moral sense, which, as the reader already knows, was previously to that perhaps morbidly acute. Every step, however, toward the idol of her young devotion, removed the memory of what had occurred at home, and collected around her heart all the joys and terrors that in maidenly diffidence characterize the interview she was about to give her lover. Oh how little do we know of these rapid lights and shadows which shift and tremble across the spirits of the gentler sex, when approaching to hold this tender communion with those whom they love. Nothing that we remember resembles the busy working of the soul on such occasions, so much as those lucid streamers which flit in sweeps of delicate light along the northern sky, filling it at once with beauty and terror, and emitting at the same time a far and almost inaudible undertone of unbroken music.

Trembling and fluttering like a newly caught bird, Jane approached the place of meeting and found Osborne there awaiting her.

"My dear, dear Jane," exclaimed he, taking her hand, and placing her beside him, "I neither knew my own heart nor the extent of its affection for you until this meeting. In what terms shall I express—but I will not attempt it—I cannot—but my soul burns—it burns with love for you, such as was never felt by mortal."

"It is my trust and confidence in your love that brings me here," she replied; and indeed, Charles, it is more than that—I know your health is, at the best, easily affected, and your spirits naturally prone to despondency; and I feared," said the artless girl, "that—that—indeed I feared you might suffer pain, and that pain might bring on ill-health again."

"And am I so dear to you, Jane?"

Jane replied by a smile, and a look inexpressibly tender.

"I am, I am!" he exclaimed with rapture; "and now the world—life—nothing—nothing can add to the fullness of my happiness. And your note my beloved—the conclusion of it, your own Jane Sinclair! But you must be more my own yet—legally and for ever mine! Mine! Shall I be able to bear it!—shall I, Jane?" said he, his enthusiastic temperament kindling as he spoke—"Oh, what, my dearest, my own dearest, if this should not last, will it not consume me? Will it not destroy me? this overwhelming excess of rapture!"

"But you must restrain it, Charles; surely the suspense arising from the doubt of our being beloved, is more painful than the certainty that we are so."

"Yes; but the exulting sense, my dear Jane, is to me almost oppressive—but I rave, I rave; it is a delight—all happiness! Yes, it will prolong life—for we know what we live for."

"We do," said Jane, in a low, sweet voice, whilst her eye turned on him with delight. "Do I not live for you, Charles?"

His lip was near her cheek as she spoke; he then gently drew her to him, and in a voice lower, and if possible, more melodious than her own, said, "Oh, Jane, is there not something inexpressibly affectionate—some wild and melting charm in the word *we*?"



"That is a feeling," she replied, evidently softened by the tender spirit of his words, "of which you are a better judge than I can be."

"Oh, say, my dearest, let me hear you say with your own lips, that you will be my wife."

"I will," she whispered—and as she spoke, he inhaled the fragrance of her breath.

"My wife!"

"Your wife!"

Sweet, and long, and rapturous was the kiss which sealed this sacred and entrancing promise. The pathetic sentiment that pervaded their attachment kept their passion so pure, and seldom have two lovers so beautiful, sat cheek to cheek together, in an embrace guileless and innocent as theirs.

Jane, however, withdrew herself from his arms, and, for a few moments, felt not even conscious, so far was her heart removed from evil, that an embrace under such circumstances was questionable, much less improper. Following so naturally from the tenderness of their dialogue, it seemed to be rather the necessary action arising from the eloquence of their feeling, than an act which might incur censure or reproach. Her fine sense of propriety, however, could scarcely be said to have slumbered, for with a burning cheek and a sobbing voice, she exclaimed,

"Charles, these secret meetings must cease. They have involved me in a course of dissimulation and falsehood toward my family which I cannot bear. You say you love me, and I know you do; but surely you could not esteem, nor place full confidence in a girl, who, to gratify either her own affection or yours, would deceive her parents."

"But, my dearest girl, you reason too severely. Surely almost all who love must, in the earliest stages of their affection, practise, to a certain extent, a harmless deception upon their friends, until at least their love is sanctioned. Marriages founded upon mutual attachment, would be otherwise impracticable."

"No deception, dear Charles, can be harmless. I cannot forget the precepts of truth, and virtue, and obedience to a higher law even than his own will which my dear papa taught me, and I will never violate them, even for you."

"You are too pure, too full of truth, my beloved girl, for this world. Social life is carried on by so much dissimulation, hypocrisy, and falsehood, that you will be actually unfit to live in it."

"Then let me die in it sooner than be guilty of any one of them. No, dear Charles, I am not too full of truth. On the contrary, I cannot understand why it is that my love for you has plunged me into deceit. Nay more, Charles," she exclaimed, rising up, and placing her hand on her heart, "I am wrong here—why is it, will you tell me, that our attachment has crossed and disturbed my devotions to God? I cannot worship God as I would, and as I used to do. What if his grace be withdrawn from me? Could you love me then? Could you love a castaway? No, Charles, you love truth too well, to cherish affection for a being, reprobate perhaps, and full of treachery and falsehood. I hope I am not such, but I fear sometimes that I am."

Her youthful lover gazed upon her as she stood with her sparkling eyes fixed upon vacancy. Never did she appear so beautiful; her features were kindled into an expression which was new to him—but an expression so full of high moral feeling beaming like the very divinity of truth from her countenance, yet overshadowed by an unsettled gloom which gave to her whole appearance the power of creating both awe and admiration in the spectator.

The boy was deeply affected, and in a voice scarcely firm, said, in soothing and endearing accents, whilst he took her hand in his—

"Jane, my best beloved and dearest—say, oh say, in what manner I can compose your mind, or relieve you from the necessity of practising the deceit which troubles you so much."

"Oh," said she, bending her eye on him, "but it is sweet to be beloved by those who are dear to us. Your sympathy thrills through my whole frame with a soothing sensation, inexpressibly delightful. It is sweet to me—for you, Charles, are my only confidant. Dear, dear Charles, how I longed to see you, and to hear your voice!"

As she made this simple but touching admission of the power of her love, she laid her head on his bosom and wept. Charles pressed her to his heart, and strove to speak, but could not—she felt his tears raining fast upon her face.

At length he said, pressing his beautiful one more to his beating bosom—"the moment, the moment that I cease to love you, may it, O God, be my last." She rose, and quietly wiping her eyes, said—"I will go—we will meet no more—no more in secret."

"Oh, Jane," said her lover, "how shall I make myself worthy of you; but why," he added, "should our love be a secret? Surely it will be sanctioned by our friends. You shall not be distressed by the necessity of insincerity, although it would be wrong to call the simple concealment of your love for me by so harsh a name."

"But my papa," she said, "he is so good to me; they are all so affectionate, they love me too much; but my dear papa, I cannot stand with a stain on my conscience in his presence. Not that I fear him; but it would be treacherous and ungrateful; I would tell him all, but I cannot."

"My sweet girl, let not that distress you. Your father shall be made acquainted with it from other lips. I will disclose the secret to my father, and, with a proud heart, tell him of our affection."

It never once occurred to a creature so utterly unacquainted with the ways of the world as Jane was, that Mr. Osborne might disapprove of their attachment, and prevent a boy so youthful, from following the bent of his own inclinations.

"Dear Charles," said she, smiling, "what a lead their approval will take off my heart. I can then have papa's pardon for my past duplicity toward him; and my mind will be so much soothed and composed. We can also meet each other with their sanction."

"My wife! my wife!" said Osborne, looking on her with a rapturous gaze of love and admiration, and carrying her allusion to the consent of their families up to the period when he might legitimately give her that title—"My wife," he exclaimed, "my young, my beautiful, my pure and un-

spotted wife! Heavens! and is—the day surely to come when I am to call you so?"

The beautiful girl hung her head a moment as if at a hed, then said, "Farewell, dear Charles, until we can see each other without a consciousness that we are doing wrong." Saying which, she extended her hand to him, and in a moment was on her way home.

Oh! how deeply beloved was our heroine by her family, when her moods of mind and state of spirits fixed the tone of their domestic enjoyments, and almost influenced the happiness of their lives. Oh, gentle and pure spirit, what heart cannot love thee, when those who knew thee best gathered their affections so lovingly around thee, the star of their hearth—the idol of their inner shrine—the beautiful, the meek, the affectionate, and even then, in consequence of thy transcendent charms, the far-famed Fawn of Springvale!

In the early part of that evening, Jane's spirits, equable and calm, hushed in a great measure the little domestic debate which had been held at dinner concerning the state of her affections. The whole family partook of her cheerfulness; and her parents, in particular, cast several looks of triumphant sagacity at Maria and Agnes, especially at the latter.

"Jane," said her father, in the triumph of his heart, "you are not aware that Agnes is in love."

"Agnes in love! Well, papa, and surely that is not unnatural."

"Thank you, Jane," replied Agnes. "Papa, that's a rebuff worth something; and, Jane," she proceeded, anxious still to vindicate her own sagacity with respect to her sister, "suppose I should be in love, surely I may carry on an innocent intercourse with my lover, without consulting papa."

"No, Agnes, you should not," replied her sister, vehemently; "no intercourse—no intercourse without papa's knowledge, can be innocent. There is deceit and dissimulation in it—there is treachery in it. It is impossible to say how gloomily such an intercourse may end. Only think, my dear Agnes," she proceeded, in a low, but vehement and condensed voice—"only think, dear Agnes, what the consequences might be to you if such an attachment, and such a clandestine mode of conducting it, should in consequence of your duplicity to papa, cause the Almighty God to withdraw his grace from you, and that you should thereby become a castaway—a castaway! I shudder to think of it! I shudder to think of it!"

"Jane, sit beside me," said Mr. Sinclair; "you are rather too hard upon poor Agnes—but, still come, and sit beside me. You are my own sweet child—my own dutiful and candid girl."

"I cannot, I cannot, papa; I dare not," she exclaimed, and without uttering another word she arose, and rushed out of the room. In less than a minute, however, she returned again, and approaching him said—"Papa, forgive me, I will, I trust, soon be a better girl than I am; bless me, and bid me good night. Mamma, bless me you too—I am your poor Jane, and I know you all love me more than you ought. Do not think that I am unhappy—do not think it. I have not been for some time so happy as I am to-night."

She then passed out of the room and retired to her own apartment.

When she was gone, Agnes, who sat beside her father, turned to him, and leaning her head upon his breast, burst into bitter tears.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "I believe you will now admit that I have gained the victory. My sister's peace of mind or happiness is gone for ever. Unless Osborne either now is, or becomes in time attached to her, I know not what the consequences may be."

"It will be well for Osborne, at all events, if he has not practised upon her affections," said William; "that is, granting that the suspicion be just.—But the truth is, I don't think Osborne has anything to do with her feelings. It is merely some imaginary trifle that she has got into her foolish little head, poor girl. Don't distress yourself, father—you know she was always over-scrupulous. Even the most harmless fib that ever was told, is a crime in her eyes. I wish, for my part, she had a little wholesome wickedness about—don't mean that, sir, in a very unfavorable light," he said in reply to a look of severity from his father; "but I wish she had some leaning to error about her. She would, in one sense at least, be the better for it."

"We shall see," said his father, who evidently spoke in deep distress of mind. "We shall consider in the course of the evening what ought to be done."

"Better to take her gently," observed her mother, wiping away a tear, "gentleness and love will make her tell anything—and that there is something on her mind no one can doubt."

"I won't have her distressed, my dear," replied her father. "It cannot be of much importance, I think, after all; but whatever it may be, her own candid mind will give it forth spontaneously. I know my child, and will answer for her."

"Why, then, papa, are you so much distressed, if you think it of no importance?" asked Maria.

"If her finger ached, it would distress me, child, and you know it."

"Why, she and Osborne have had no opportunity of being together, out of the eyes of the family," observed William.

"That's more than you know, William," said Agnes; "she has often walked out."

"But she always did so," replied her mother.

"She would never meet him privately," said her father firmly—"of that I am certain as my life."

"That, papa," returned Agnes, "I am afraid is precisely what she has done, and what now distresses her. And I am sure that whatever is wrong with her, no explanation will be had from herself. Though kind and affectionate as ever, she has been very shy with me and Maria of late—and, indeed, has made a point to keep aloof from us. Three or four times I spoke to her in a tone of confidence, as if I was about to introduce some secret of my own; but she always under some pretence or other, left me. I had not thought of Osborne at the time, nor could I guess what troubled her—but something I saw did." Her father sighed deeply, and, clasping his hands, uttered a silent ejaculation to heaven on her behalf. "That is true," said he, "it is

the hour of evening worship; let us kneel and remember her trouble, the poor child, whatever it may be."

"Had I not better call her down, papa?" said Agnes.

"Not this evening," he replied, "not this evening—she is too much disturbed, and will probably prefer praying alone."

The old man then knelt down, after the usual form of evening worship, uttered a solemn and affecting appeal upon her behalf, to Him, who can pour balm upon wounded spirit, and say unto the weary and heavy laden, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." But when he went on in words more particularly describing her state of mind, to mention, and plead for "their youngest," and "their dearest," and "their best beloved," his voice became tremulous, and for a moment he paused, but the pause was filled up by the sobbings of those who loved her, and especially by the voice of that affectionate sister who loved her most—for of them all Agnes sister went aloud. At length the prayer was concluded, and on rising up with wet eyes, they perceived that the beloved object of their supplications had glided into the room, and joined their worship unperceived.

"Dear Jane," said her father, "we did not know you were with us."

She made no immediate reply, but, after a moment's apparent struggle, went over, and laying her head upon his bosom, sobbed out—"Papa, your love has overcome me. I will tell you all."

"Soul of truth and candor," exclaimed the old man, clasping her to his bosom, "heroic child! I knew she would do it, and I said so. Go out now, and leave us to ourselves. Darling, don't be distressed. If you feel difficulty I will not ask to hear it. Or perhaps you would rather mention it to your mamma."

"No—to you, papa—to you—and you will not be harsh upon me—I am a weak girl, and have done very wrong."

It was indeed a beautiful thing to see this fair and guiltless penitent leaning against her indulgent father's bosom, in which her blushing face was hid, and disclosing the history of an attachment as pure and innocent as ever warmed the heart of youth and beauty. Oh, no wonder, thou sweetest and most artless of human beings, that when the heavy blight of reason came upon thee, and thou disappearedst from his eyes, that the old man's spirit's became desolate, and his heart broken—that he said after thy dissolution to every word of comfort uttered to him—"It is vain, it is vain—I cannot stay. I hear her voice calling me—she calls me, my beautiful—my pride—my child—my child—she calls me, and I cannot stay." Nor did he long.

To none else did her father that night reveal the purport of this singular disclosure, except to Mrs. Sinclair herself; but the next morning, before breakfast, the secret had been made known to the rest. All trouble and difficulty as to the conduct they should pursue, were removed in consequence of Osborne's intention to ask his father to sanction their attachment; and until the consequence of that step should be known, nothing further on their part could be attempted. On this point, however, they were not in suspense, for ere two o'clock that day Mr. Osborne had, in the name of his son, proposed for the hand of our fair girl, which proposal we need scarcely say was instantly and joyfully accepted. It is true, their immediate union was not contemplated. Both were much too youthful and inexperienced to undertake the serious duties of married life; but it was arranged that Osborne, whose health, beside, was not sufficiently firm, should travel, see the world, and strengthen his constitution by the genial air of a warmer and more salubrious climate. [To be continued.]

—The following sketch and pathetic stanzas are taken from Laman Blanchard's *Life and Literary Remains* of L. E. L. a copy of which, as elegantly published by Colbourn, we have received from our London Correspondent. The sketch is one of a series from the *Female Portrait Gallery*; which, as well as the little poem that follows, are now for the first time brought before the American public. We shall draw more entertainment from this work next week.

### THE BLACK DWARF—ISABEL VERE.

AFTER all, though beauty be deceitful, and favor be vain, yet beauty is the most exquisite gift ever lavished by fairies around an infant cradle. Its charm is nameless; it wins us, we know not why—and lingers on our memory, we know not wherefore. Whether in the animate or the inanimate world, it is the cause of our most delicious sensations; it belongs to the imagination, for it calls up within us whatever of poetry may be lurking in the "hidden mines of thought." It is the attribute of all that is most glorious in existence—it is on the azure sky—it clothes the earth as with a garment—it rides triumphant over the purple bosom of the sea. Look within our hearts, it has originated all that is ideal in our nature. Beauty is the shadow flung from heaven on earth—it is the type of a lovelier and more spiritual existence, and the broken and transitory lights that it flings on this our sad and heavy pilgrimage, do but indicate another and a better sphere, where the beautiful will also be the everlasting. The homage involuntarily paid to its mysterious influence is but an unconscious acknowledgment of its divine origin, and its eternal future. Here we see it, but through a glass darkly.

The presence of beauty has been perpetual in our fictions, but Scott was the first novelist who made its absence the ground-work for the character of a hero. His example has been followed in more than one illustrious instance, though whether it gave the hint for Byron's "Deformed Transformed," admits of a question. Full of animation, breaking new ground, and dramatic in action, if not in construction, it is to be regretted that it should only be a fragment: I doubt whether it could ever have been finished, it came too home. A sensitive person feels, and an imaginative one exaggerates any defects—and Lord Byron was both. His lameness originating, as it did, in an unsightly malformation, was a perpetual source of bitterness to him. What was its effect on Scott it would be more difficult to discover; naturally reserved and cautious, his own feelings are rarely allowed to peep out in the course of his narratives; but it is remarkable that in two instances he has made the personal deficiencies of his heroes lead to the formation of

their characters, each character exercising a paramount influence on the conduct of the story.

In Rashleigh Osbaldistone the effect has been evil; in the ill-fated Black Dwarf, the kind warm heart remains the same—under the pang of disappointment, and the disguise of misanthropy. The woman that he loved is gone down to her early grave, and her death breaks the only tie that binds him to his kind; but "we have all of us one human heart," and the lonely and forgotten misanthrope still feels that he is accessible to emotion. Isabel Vere is the daughter of the beloved one—her whose happiness he bought at the price of his own; her sorrow has yet power on a heart that strives to harden itself in vain. The Black Dwarf is not among my favorites; the pity felt for the poor recluse is too painful—too painful, because hopeless. There is a mark upon him which parts him from his kind; and we never feel that more than when he is in the very act of serving them. Take the interview between him and Isabel Vere, which is among Scott's most dramatic situations. In spite of his assumed harshness, his heart is beating with warm and human emotions; the remembrance of his ill-fated, but long-enduring attachment, pity, and the resolve to assist, are all struggling together; yet what is the involuntary effect on his visitor? fear, distrust, and aversion. Every kindness conferred by the Dwarf must have brought with it the "late remorse of love."

Owing independence, security, and domestic happiness to her strange protector, it must have been a perpetual regret to Isabel Vere that her gratitude could not cheer his gloom, nor her care soothe his declining years. Sheridan Knowles has here the truer and nobler insight into human nature. It makes his "Hunchback" sensitive and suspicious; but even in his case the mental predominates over the physical; the generous loving heart, the high acquirement, the kind and gentle manner have their rightful ascendancy; he has been happy in the love of his wife, and he is happy in the love of his child, won for him by care and affection, ere she knew aught of his parental claim. We follow the recluse to the gloomy cell of La Trappe with not only pity, but resentment against a fate so unjust; but it is a satisfaction to bring before the mind's eye the happy and honored old age of Master Walter.

### A LONG WHILE AGO.

Still hangeth down the old accustomed willow,  
Hiding the silver underneath each leaf,  
So drops the long hair from some maiden pillow,  
When midnight heareth the else silent grief;  
There floats the water-lily, like a sovereign  
Whose lovely empire is a fairy world,  
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,  
As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd

A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music winging  
From the wild thyme when they have past the noon—  
There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,  
Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune;  
Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadows,  
As the west wind bends down the long green grass,  
Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadows  
Of the light clouds pass as they wont to pass

A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather  
To bind a young fair brow no longer fair;—  
Ah! thou art mocking us, thou summer weather,  
To be so sunny, with the loved one where?  
'T is not her voice—'t is not her step—that lingers  
In lone familiar sweetness on the wind;  
The bee, the bird, are now the only singers—  
Where is the music once with theirs combined

A long while ago?

As the lora flowers that in her pale hands periah'd  
Is she who only hath a memory here.  
She was so much a part of us, so cherished,  
So young, that even love forgot to fear.  
Now is her image paramount, it reigneth  
With a sad strength that time may not subdue;  
And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,  
As the slow looks we cast around renew

A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers  
The tree with green leaves, and the ground with flow-  
Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers [ers;  
The past—the grave of our once happy hours.  
It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming  
Of nature's changeful loveliness, and feel  
That, with the sunshine round, the heart is dreaming  
Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal.

A long while ago.

Ah! visit not the scenes where youth and childhood  
Pass'd years that deepen'd as those years went by;  
Shadows will darken in the careless wildwood—  
There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.  
Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander  
Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree:  
I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder  
Things that are not—and yet that used to be—

A long while ago.

Worn out—the heart seems like a ruined altar:  
Where are the friends, and where the faith of yore?  
My eyes grow dim with tears—my footsteps falter—  
Thinking of those whom I can love no more.  
We change, and others change—while recollection  
Would fain renew what it can but recall.  
Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,  
And cold its hopes—and yet I felt them all

A long while ago.

EATING AT CINCINNATI, JUNE 1.—Fine roasted beef, 6 cents per lb.; first rate quarter of lamb, 50 cents; green peas, 25 cents a peck; cherries, 25 cents a quart; strawberries, 18 to 25 do.; vegetables, 25 cents a basket; gooseberries and currants, low; eggs, 4 to 5 cents a dozen; fine salmon, perch, turtle, &c., quite cheap; asparagus, cauliflower, rhubarb, cucumbers, &c., in cart loads, as there had been for weeks.

## Recent Literature.

### STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XLII.—The Countess of Clarendale receives another lesson.

THE Earl did not return to the Countess that night; but on the following day, about noon, he went to the door of the "European," at which he thundered as well as he could—the knocker being off, and the bell-wire broken—until he became so enraged, that he sent his stick clean through the drawing-room window.

The Countess and her mamma were in the drawing-room at the time, and were dreadfully alarmed by the crash; but they knew the Earl's stick in an instant; and while Mrs. Gills rushed in a fright to the window, the Countess mechanically flew to the door.

"You have kept me here long enough, I hope," said the Earl, glancing fiercely at the Countess as he passed her. "Are you deaf?"

The Countess, being too much alarmed then to speak, tremblingly followed her noble lord in silence.

"Well," said he, on entering the drawing-room, and throwing himself carelessly upon a couch, "a pretty mess you have got me into! do n't you think you have?"

"I'm sorry we've offended you, my lord," replied the Countess.

"For my part," observed her mamma, who had by this time recovered all her faculties, "I don't see much to be sorry about! Other Countesses has jollifications, and why should n't you?"

"Jollifications!" echoed the noble Earl, sarcastically. "I'll have no jollifications. Look at the position in which you have placed me by making fools of all those people!"

"Well, you know, my lord, you know that was all your own fault, and nobody else's! Why disappoint the company? Why did n't you let 'em come in? I'm sure there was every thing nice provided. It wasn't as though we'd only a leg of mutton and trimmings!"

"Do n't talk to me about legs of mutton and trimmings! Leave the room, both of you. I want to be here alone."

"Please do n't be angry, my lord," said the Countess. "Indeed we'll not do so again."

"No, I do n't expect you will. I'll take care you do not."

"Upon my word and honor, my lord, I did n't know that we were doing any harm."

"Did I not tell you I wished to be alone? Do n't stand there chattering—be off!"

The Countess as she left the room wept; but her mamma, whose bosom swelled with indignation, looked at him as she followed, with an expression of contempt the most supreme, and, in order to convey to him an additional idea of what she felt, she slammed the door after her as if she meant to split it.

"He's a brute!—an exorbitant monster!" she exclaimed, on entering the chamber to which the Countess had retired. "But it serves you justly right for not having more spirit. I do n't know who you take after, that's the real truth. You do n't take after me! Do you imagine if he was a husband of mine I'd put up with it? No; I'd see him blessed first! I wouldn't take it from the best man that ever stepped in shoe-leather. I told you how it would be. I told you from the first how he'd serve you, if you did n't stand up for your rights. I've no patience with you; I have n't. You provoke me to such a degree, I do n't know how to contain myself!"

"What am I to do, ma? what can I do?"

"What can you do? Why, up and tell him at once what you mean. Fly into a passion. The ideal! I only just wish he was a husband of mine, I'd let him know what's what, I'll warrant. Do you think that I'd fret, and stew, and go on so? No! nor you do n't ought to do it."

"But how can I help it, ma?"

"How can you help it? Do n't tell me! Presume a proper dignity and spirit. He'll tread upon you as if you was dirt, as they all will, if you let 'em; but you do n't ought to suffer him to do it. And then the ideal!—did you ever in your born days hear tell of such a thing as a husband being out all the whole blessed night, without even so much as mentioning on it! A pretty thing, indeed!—as if you had no right to know where he'd been!—as if you did n't ought to insist upon knowing where he'd been! Do you think I'd let him have a minute's peace till he told me? How do you know where he was! And not a word of exclamation!—the ideal! But I see how it is: he don't think we are good enough for him; but I'd have him to know that you're as good as him any hour in the day, if he comes to that. Aint you a Countess? In course: and you're consequently bound to act as Countesses does. What does he mean? A very pretty thing! There! if I was you, I'll tell you what I'd go and do at once. I'd go to him, and I'd say, 'Now, I tell you what it is—I'm not going to stand it, and so you need n't think it, and that's all about it. I'm 'solved to stand up for my dignity as a Countess; and if I can't live peaceable with you, I'll have a separate maintenance, and do what I like.' That's the way to bring him to his senses, my precious! Whenever a woman talks about a separate maintenance, a man thinks she's in earnest, and draws in his horns. It's the only way, to up and tell 'em what you mean at once. Now, you take my advice; you go down and look fierce, and tell him bold you won't have it."

"What, now, ma?"

"Yes, now. Make hay while the sun shines—strike while the iron is hot."

"I'm a good mind, but"—

"Do it! Men is cowards when a woman's blood's up. If you cringe to 'em, they trample upon you; but if you presume a proper dignity, they'll come down to you. Therefore do it, and make no bones about the matter."

"But I'm afeared, ma."

"Afeared! Do n't tell me about being afeared. What have you to be afeared of? Give it him at once. Make believe to be in a tremendous passion. Speak loud, my precious; there's nothing like that: they're sure to get over them as does n't speak loud. When you speak loud, men is quite safe to speak soft; in fact, they seems then to

be almost afeared to speak at all. Throughout life, my love, there's nothing like giving it to 'em loud."

"But what am I to say, ma?" whined the Countess.

"What are you to say!" echoed her anxious mamma in despair. "Why, aint I told you what to say! Give it to him well. Tell him you won't have it at no price, and so he need n't think it. As true as I'm alive, there ain't a bit of the Countess in you."

"Well, ma, I can't help it."

"Can't help it? Rubbish! I've no patience with such ways. Do n't tell me you can't help it—it's enough to make one sick to see so much affectation. Go to him at once, and tell him flat that you're 'solved to stick up for your rights."

"Well, ma, I will go," said the Countess. "I'm determined I will. I'll tell him it's unbearable, I will; and he need n't think I'm going to put up with it."

"Do, my precious. Be a woman of spirit. It's the only way in the world to get over the men. And do n't forget the separate maintenance."

"I won't, ma. I'll tell him plump; see if I do n't."

"That's right, my darling—give it him home! And do n't forget to give him an 'int about stopping out all the blessed night neither. Hit him hard upon that pint; and if you do n't frighten him out of his wits, it'll be very strange to me. Therefore do n't forget that."

"I won't, ma. I'll tell him he treats me very cruel, and that I do n't care a single bit about him."

"And very proper neither. I shall make a woman of dignity on you yet."

Thus encouraged, the Countess boldly descended; but on entering the drawing-room in which the Earl sat, she was seized with so violent a palpitation of the heart, that she was perfectly unable to give utterance to a word.

"Well," said the Earl, frowning ferociously at her, "what do you want here?"

The Countess tried to say that she felt that she was treated very cruelly; but as she could n't, she burst into tears and left the room.

"Why, what's the matter now?" cried her mamma, on her return. "Has the monster been at it again? What does he say for himself?"

"He asked me what I wanted there," replied the Countess, sobbing bitterly—"what I wanted there!"

"Well, I never! And did n't you up and tell him?"

"I—could n't—speak;—he looked—as if—he'd—eat me!"

"And what if he did? Why did n't you look as if you'd eat him, and then go ding dong at him with dignity? But I'll soon settle this—I'll soon let him see a piece of my mind, I'll warrant. He do n't quite so easily get over me!"

"Oh! pray, ma, do n't go: he looks, oh! so fierce!"

"Fierce!—the ideal! Do you think I'm afeared of a man! The ridiculousness of it provokes me!"

Whereupon she bounced out of the chamber, and the next moment stood before the Earl.

"Now I tell you what it is now, plump, my lord," she observed, with a dignified air: "If this here's the way you're a-going to treat the Countess, my daughter, it won't do, my lord, I can tell you: we ain't a-going to stand it."

"Am I to be under the necessity of turning you out of the house, Mrs. Gills?" said the Earl, with perfect calmness.

"Turn me out of the house! Well, I'm sure!"

"You will compel me to do so, if you do not conduct yourself with greater propriety."

"I'd have you to know that I'm not to be 'timidated, my lord. Where the Countess my daughter is, there will I be."

"You had better be silent. I believe that I contracted no marriage with you."

"No; I only just wish that you had!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Earl.

"You'd have had a very different person to deal with, I can tell you."

"I know it. I do not require to be told."

"I would n't have put up with one twentieth part of the treatment that she has put up with, poor thing."

"It is of no importance to me, Mrs. Gills, what proportion you would have put up with."

"But is it proper treatment? Let me ask you that."

"Will you do me the favor to leave the room, Mrs. Gills?"

"If she ain't treated better, she shall sue for a separate maintenance."

"Leave the room, madam!" cried the Earl, starting up, and pointing fiercely to the door. "If I hear another word, I'll have you instantly turned out of the house!"

At this particular moment it struck Mrs. Gills with great force that, as she was not the absolute mistress of that house, he had the power to carry that threat into execution; and as she felt it to be therefore inexpedient to provoke the tyrannical exercise of that power, she most reluctantly held her peace, and left the room, as she subsequently expressed it, "fit to bust."

"Well, ma," cried the Countess, who was naturally anxious to know the result, "how did you get on? What on earth did he say?"

"He's a brute! I'm putrified, my precious! I never in all my days heard of such a monster! Would you believe it?—why, he threatened to turn me out of the house, he did!—actually neck and crop out of the house!"

"Lor, ma, you do n't say so!"

"It's a fact! But I'd have him to know that I'm as good as him, if he comes to that, and ain't a-going to tolerate such ways with impunity."

"But how did it come about, ma?"

"I'll tell you—but I feel so wild, I scarce know how to contain myself. Turn me out of the house, indeed!—a very fine ideal! 'In the first place,' says I, 'my lord, this is all about it: the Countess, my daughter,' says I, 'ain't a-going to stand any more of your nonsense, and ed,' says I, 'you need n't try it on.'"

"Lor, ma! really you should n't have said that."

"Oh! there's nothing like giving 'em as good as they send. I ain't lived all these years without knowing what I'm about. However, says he, 'What do you mean?' says he. 'What do I mean?' says I, 'I'll tell you what I mean: I mean what I say,' says I, 'neither better nor worse.' 'Am I to kick you head first out of the house?' says he. 'Kick me out of the house!' says I. 'How many on you? I should only like to see you,' says I,



"Kicking me out of the house. I'd cure you of kicking for the rest of your days," says I."

"Lor! you did n't ought to have gone on so."

"Oh! don't tell me. It showed him, at any rate, I was n't afraid. 'Kick me out,' says I, 'will you? You're a nice man, I don't think, to talk about kicking.' 'I'll do it,' says he, 'if you don't hold your noise.' 'You will,' says I, 'will you? Do it—at your peril!' 'I didn't marry you,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I only just wish,' says I, 'for your sake, you had. I'll warrant,' says I, 'I'd let you a-knowled the difference!' So with that we went right at it, hammer and tongs. But I soon cowed him down—I soon gave him to know that I warn't to be frightened."

"Oh dear! I'm very sorry you said anything to him."

"Oh! rubbish about being sorry. There's nothing like telling 'em plump what you mean. Is he to treat you in this here scandalous way without having a syllable said to him? His lawful wife too, and a Countess! You ought to go in. I don't ought to do it. You ought to up and tell him right flat you won't have it, and let him talk about turning you out, if he dare. A pretty thing, indeed! Why, what did you marry him for?"

"I wish I never married him at all, ma, that I do. I'm very unhappy."

"And likely to remain unhappy, too, unless you show a proper spirit. Do you think, if I was a Countess, I would n't act different? I'd give him to know I'd do just what I liked, and give just what jollifications I liked. Does he suppose that you're to have no company, no parties, no frolics? Why, had you married a common tradesman, you'd been better off. Stick up for your rights, my precious, and don't be imposed upon by nobody. That's the only way. It's out of all character that you should be muddled up here, and have no sort of pleasure, no sort of society, nor nothing of that. It's enough to drive any woman stark staring mad! What's the use of being a Countess, if you don't do as Countesses does? What's the good of having a title, if you don't keep up your dignity? That's my sentiments. It astonishes my intellects to see you treated like the common scum of the earth. It's incredible to me that you should suffer yourself to be put upon like that. Why, if I was you, I'd turn the house out of the windows. I'd see who was misses, I'll warrant. And depend upon it, that's the only way. You have n't half enough of spirit; you don't ought to let him keep you thus under his thumb. If you do it now, what'll it be by and by? That's the point: that's what you ought to consider. I never, in all my days, heard of such a thing as a Countess being treated like you. Where's your pride? You don't seem to have got a mite in you. I don't understand it. It gets over me altogether. I've no patience with you: I have n't, as true as I'm alive!"

While the Countess was being thus lectured by her mamma, who was earnestly anxious to inspire her soul with due dignity, the Earl and Captain Filcher—of whose arrival the ladies knew nothing—were dividing the profits of their late speculation, and arranging the preliminaries of a certain transfer, the character of which will be duly explained anon.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—Stanley's pecuniary embarrassments commence.

The two thousand pounds for which Stanley had mortgaged his estate being lost, his actual income was reduced to something less than two hundred a-year; and as he continued to live at the rate of a thousand, he soon, of course, found himself involved.

Still the tradesmen whom he patronised, did not, for some time, annoy him: they believed him to be rich, and were therefore, with infinite pleasure, prepared to give him credit to any amount, notwithstanding their regular bills were unpaid.

This did not, however, last long. In less than two months they began to be importunate. One had a very heavy bill to take up on a certain day; another happened at the time to be dreadfully pressed; a third remembered, by a miracle, that his commodities bore only a ready-money profit; a fourth became suddenly so circumstanced, that he every day expected a man to be put in possession; while a fifth had decidedly a couple of executions in his house at that particular crisis; and thus they went on inventing fresh falsehoods daily, and making it appear that they were then in such terrible trouble, that their commercial salvation depended upon Stanley, inasmuch as that, unless these identical "little bills" were immediately settled, the Gazette would be the inevitable portion of them all.

To Stanley these annoyances were galling in the extreme. He felt deeply humiliated. His inability to pay sums so paltry mortified him more than if the total had been twenty times doubled in one amount. The thing was altogether new to him. He knew not how to act. Had he been, as many thousands are, accustomed to these petty perplexities, the necessity for either bearing up against them, or exerting himself with the view of getting rid of them at once, would have appeared to be absolute; but as he had never been in any way pressed before, his spirit seemed broken, and he became irresolute and inactive.

Poor Amelia—from whom the widow's embarrassments had been so effectually concealed, that she only knew that the carriage had been dispensed with—could not understand this altered state of things at all. At that period she had had no money from Stanley for a month; but having taken care of a small sum she possessed at the time of her marriage, she had been able to pay for those articles for which immediate payment was required, while perceiving how much the importunities of those tradesmen who had given them credit annoyed him, she endeavored as much as possible to withhold from him all knowledge of the abrupt and threatening manner in which they made their demands. When, however, the whole of her money had been expended, and the creditors, who had previously displayed the most cringing servility, had become not only clamorous but insolent, she felt it to be her duty to mention the subject to him, that she might know the real cause of their not being paid.

"Stanley," she observed, taking advantage of a moment in which he appeared to be somewhat more tranquil than usual, "those persons are beginning to get very impatient."

"What persons?" demanded Stanley.

"Those tradesmen, dear, who have sent in their bills. They called again this morning."

"Let them call. They must wait."

"But they say that they will not wait, my love!"

"But I say they must! What do they mean? Are they afraid of losing their money?"

"Why, it would seem that they were, for the tone they have assumed of late is really very harsh and insulting."

"Insulting!" echoed Stanley. "I'll kick them to the devil!"

"Do not be rash, dear Stanley. They are, perhaps, very poor. But why do you not pay them at once?"

"They shall wait now for their insolence."

"But were it not better, dear, to settle their accounts, and then to show them that you are displeased with their want of confidence in you by dealing with them no more?"

"I shall do so when I find it quite convenient, but certainly not until then."

"But the fact of its being at present inconvenient is a matter of the slightest possible importance! I can easily get sufficient money to pay them!"

"Of whom?"

"Oh! I can get it of mamma!"

"Have you ever," demanded Stanley, regarding her with sternness—"have you ever named the subject to her?"

"Never, Stanley! No, dear, never!" replied Amelia;

"I would not do so for the world, my love, without your permission."

"Very well. In that quarter never let it be named."

"But what possible objection can you have, dear? I really can see none myself."

"I have an objection—a very great objection; one which is perfectly insurmountable."

"Of course, my love, you are the best judge; but do you know, my impression is that you are far too delicate Stanley!"

"I would not have it known that I am short, down at Richmond, for ten thousand pounds!"

"Oh! you proud creature!" exclaimed Amelia, with a smile. "And yet are you proud, Stanley? Let me bring you to the test, that we may see if that really be pride which looks so very much like it. Stanley!" she continued with much earnestness, "the servants—our servants! It cannot be kept from them."

"I'll discharge the first that dares to hold the slightest communication with these people."

"It cannot be prevented, my love. They will talk; they will canvass matters of this description; they will form their own conjectures; they will swell the lightest word into an affair of vast importance. Believe me, I tremble whenever I hear a single knock at the door—I do, indeed, my dear, and would answer all such knocks myself, were it not for very shame."

"I wish to heaven you would not trouble yourself about such things at all."

"I cannot help it: indeed I cannot help it. Did you but know what I suffer when I hear those persons in the hall asking the servants the most impertinent questions, and leaving messages of the most insolent and menacing character, you would pity me."

"Why did you not tell me of all this before?"

"Because I well knew, my love, that it would vex you; and, as I fully expected that you would very soon be able to meet their demands, I have concealed it from you, hoping that the annoyance would cease without causing you any additional mortification. But, be assured, dear Stanley, that I do not speak thus for myself. Although it afflicts me deeply to hear you spoken of by those persons in terms so unwarrantable and harsh, I am not anxious for the immediate discharge of these debts merely as a matter of comfort as far as I am concerned: my chief object in bringing the subject forward, is to put it to you whether it would not be in every point of view far better to allow me to get—say to borrow—a certain sum of money of mamma, than to promote the circulation of those rumors which absolutely strike at the purity of your motives?"

"Oh, let them circulate what rumors they please! they cannot injure me."

"But, Stanley dear, would it not be better to allow me to do at once that which I propose, than to suffer your importance to be diminished not only in the estimation of those tradesmen, but also in the eyes of our servants? Consider, my love. What if mamma should know that you are at present somewhat pressed? Nay, if even my father were informed of the fact, of what possible consequence could it be? But he need not know anything about it."

"It shall not be known to either."

"Well, then," continued Amelia, "let me suggest another course. But you will not be angry with me? Promise that you will not be angry if I offer another suggestion?"

"Well, I do promise: what is it?"

"Have you not heard, dear, of persons—persons, too, moving in high society, who, whenever they need temporary loans, can obtain them by depositing articles of value as security for repayment?"

"I have," replied Stanley.

"Well, dear, then why cannot we do the same? Those jewels of mine (you know I very seldom wear them;) I have no idea how much they cost, but I should say that they are worth five times the sum we require to pay all these tiresome people. Why not deposit them?"

"You are a good girl," said Stanley; "but there will be no necessity for anything of the kind."

"Take them, dear Stanley!" continued Amelia. "Do let me prevail upon you to take them; or tell me where to go, and I will take them myself. I should not be ashamed, dear; indeed I should not be ashamed!" But, as she spoke, the tears trickled down her beautiful cheeks; which, however she tried to conceal.

"Oh, that will not be required," replied Stanley.

"But Lady Dashwell always went herself. She took hers to a goldsmith in Oxford street, I have heard. Come, dear, let me take mine, and then all these annoyances will be at an end."

"Why, Amelia, I am not a beggar! I'll go and get the money of my mother at once. I can do so; but the necessity for it never before appeared to be so pressing."

"Then you forgive me, dear Stanley?"

"Forgive you!"

He embraced her, and left her comparatively happy. She did not expect that he would have been so calm, although it was manifest even to her that his naturally impetuous spirit was being by some process gradually subdued.

On reaching the widow's residence, Stanley found her

sitting in solitude at the drawing-room window, envying the owner of every carriage that passed, and conceiving it to be by far the greatest luxury under heaven. She had no carriage; and the thought of this formed her chief affliction. She felt that she could with fortitude have endured the loss of anything but that; which was certainly nothing but natural, seeing that the things which we have will appear very poor when compared with the things we have not.

"Mother," said Stanley, as he took a seat beside her, "have you any money at your banker's?"

This question amazed the widow much. The tone was so excessively novel. It had theretofore been invariably, "Mother! I want some money, and must have it; and if you have n't got it, you must get it!" Her amazement may hence be understood.

"Why, my love," she replied, on recovering herself somewhat, "I have a little."

"I wish you'd lend me some for a short time," said Stanley. "You shall have it again."

"Certainly, my dear. How much do you want?"

"How much can you spare?"

"Why, I scarcely know, my love. Will twenty or thirty pounds be enough?"

"I wish you could let me have a hundred."

"A hundred pounds, my dear, is a large sum to me now!"

"I know it, mother: I know it. You need not remind me of that. The question is, can you let me have it? I am pestered to death by a parcel of petty people, whom I am anxious to pay."

"Well—well, you shall have it. But be cautious, my Stanley—for Heaven's sake be cautious, there's a dear! I dare say, my love, that you do the best you can; and I know it to be very distressing to retrench; but the necessity for living within your income, limited as it is, dear, must not be overlooked."

"I know, mother—I know all about it. Just give me a cheque."

"I have been thinking, dear," continued the widow, as she very slowly opened her desk—"I have been thinking—and it's strange that it never struck me till this morning—that if we were to live together, dear, in one house, you know, so that we should have to support but one establishment, we should be able to live in better style, besides being—"

"Yes—yes," interposed Stanley, with impatience. "We'll talk about that another time. I'll see about it. Let me have the cheque."

The cheque was accordingly drawn, and when he had taken leave hastily, although with somewhat more affection than usual, he proceeded to the banker's without delay.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—In which the venerable gentleman appears just on the verge.

As Amelia had conjectured, the constant applications of the tradesmen for the settlement of their accounts formed the principal topic of conversation among the servants. They felt perfectly sure that the establishment was about to be broken up; and as the gentle Joanna conceived it to be her duty to relate all the particulars to her venerable friend, the day was named for the consummation of their bliss exactly three hours after Stanley had made the heart of poor Amelia glad by placing the entire hundred pounds in her hand to be appropriated to the purposes for which it was obtained.

It may also be stated as a remarkable coincidence, that Bob—whose spirits were governed by Amelia as absolutely as the thermometer is governed by the air, was on that very evening unusually gay. He had been to the banker's with his master; he had seen his mistress on his return; he had seen her twice, and he well knew by the joyful expression of her countenance that a favorable change had taken place.

When, therefore, he entered the kitchen in which the blooming Joanna and her venerable friend were sitting tête-à-tête with very great affection, he exclaimed in the joy of his heart, "Now I do n't care a dump! It's all right! I know it is by missis! Bless if I mind standing a couple of pots of arf-and-arf!"

"Vot! ave you got yer vages?" inquired the venerable gentleman.

"No; but I shall get 'em safe. But that ain't what I look at. I warn't even thinking of them. I know it's all right now with master; that's all I care for. I know it by missis's looks. I'll bet ten to one on it, brandies and waters. She can't deceive me."

"Looks is werry deceptive," observed the venerable gentleman. "It's a werry old sayin', and a true un, that you must n't take people by their looks."

"Oh, but missis is one which can't be mistaken. Let me look in her face, and I know what's o'clock. I can tell in an instant. There ain't a ha'p'orth of any mistake about her."

"But ain't you got nothink else in this case to go by?"

"Yes; but that, and nothing else would be plenty for me. But there is something else. We went out about four o'clock in a hurry, and drove to old missis's house. Well, master went in with his tail very low—I never see a man much more downer in the mouth; but he had n't been there long, before he came out, and pelted right down to the banker's. Well, I knew there was something rayther extra in the wind, so I watched him; and when he came out, p'r'aps he war' n't a little altered! I never see such a change in a man in my life! Well, he got in, and cut back; and when he pulled up at the door missis was on the quay, as the French says, at the window; and the minit she sees him I knew how it was. I could tell, I'd oath it. And when I went up just now, the whole thing was as clear to me as a chrystal."

"Well, I only hope your words may come true," said Joanna.

"I knowed a young ooman," observed the venerable gentleman, assuming that profoundly philosophical expression which he invariably wore when about to illustrate any particular point by analogy—"I knowed a young ooman—and a werry nice young ooman she vos—vich vos in a decline. Werry well. For a matter of more than three 'ear she vos a goin', and a goin' gradual; but she never for all that believed she vos a goin', although she vos terrible thin, and looked as pale as any sheet of vite paper. She voodn't believe it, cos she always had an appetite, and vood always be a-eatin' from mornin' till night, in the most onestiefin' manner you ever 'eared tell on. Werry well. Now, ven her flesh vos wasted aigh hall off her bones, and she looked

like a skeleton kivered with kid, and hevery soul as looked at her thought that ge she must, she all at vunce had the most beutifulllest color as ever vos seen upon a peach! She looked like an angel as she sit all in vite; and as her little tiny fingers vos a-playin' with her curls, she vos a-smilin' as sweetly as if her little sisters in heaven vos a-visperin' to her softly, 'Hope—still hope!' And I remember," continued the venerable gentleman, as he wiped away a tear, which the vivid recollection of this scene had called forth—"I remember one sanguine friend, vich loved her, exclaiming ven he seed this 'ere color in her cheeks, 'Now she's all right? vot a favorable change! Blessed be God, she'll get over it now!' But vot vos it? Natur' blushing to part so pure a soul from a body so fair; nothing else! In an hour after that exclamation vos uttered she died. Werry well. Now this seems to me a case werry similar; the pockets of your master is got the same complaint; havin' overrun the constable, his means has been long in a decline; and although he may jist now be suddenly flush and you may, in consequence, vishin him vell, feel yourself justified in offerin' to bet any hods it's all right, it strikes me forcible that this here flush is on'y a sign that the 'stablishment's jist on the p'int of goin' to pot. That's my sentiments. I hope I may be wrong; but that's jist vot strikes me. I shall be werry sorry, mind yer, to 'ear it, cos I do think your master's a trump; vile your missis, according to all accounts, is a werry good sort."

"She is a regular good 'un!" cried Bob. "A out-and-outer! I never see her feller yet; and nothing would hurt my sentiments so much as to see your blessed words come true; for I'm sure if anything rotten was to go for to occur, she'd break her heart."

"Vell I hope I may be wrong. But I 'spose you know Joanna's a-goin to give vorrin'?"

"Well, she may if she likes, in course; but I won't: I'd stop with 'em if it was on'y for my vittels."

"She is not," rejoined the venerable gentleman, "a-goin' to give vorrin' cos she don't git her vages, but in consequence of other circumstantialities."

"Oh, that there's the day o' the month, is it?" cried Bob, who saw Joanna blush at the moment, and look very archly, while the venerable gentleman chuckled, and drove his fingers into Bob's ribs, and rubbed his hands with great glee. "I see! Well, I wish you joy, with all my heart. In course I stand godfather to the first!"

"Robert," cried Joanna, with a most roguish look. "Lor! how can you go on so?"

"Oh! but I expect it; and if it's a heir, I'll make him a present of a new hat to begin life with. But when is it to be?"

"Vy, as a mutual friend to both," replied the venerable gentleman, "we don't mind telling of you, cos ve vont you to give away the bride—hif you'll do us the honor?"

"In course! Oh, yes! You do me proud! Well!"

"Well, then, Joanna gives vorrin' to-morrow; ve shall be arskt for the first time in church next Sunday; and as she vill leave on the ninth of next month, the job's to be jobbed on the tenth."

"Bravo!" cried Bob. "The time's drawin' very near! How do you mean to pass the day?"

"Vy, ve don't think its vut'n vile to make much fuss: ve think that, under all circumstantialities, may be dispensed with; but ve mean to enjoy ourselves, you know. Ve mean to be jolly. No expense shall be spared. Ve'll 'ave everythink comfortable and reg'lar, you know."

"Well, all I can say is, I hope you'll be happy."

"Safe!" replied the venerable gentleman with much ardor; when, turning to his betrothed, he added, "Can there be hany doubt about it?"

"Not the least, dear," replied Joanna, with a most winning smile. "I am sure we shall be happy."

"I should think so!" cried the venerable gentleman. Vot is there to perwent it? I do n't mean to say I'm so young as I vos p'raps twenty 'ear ago, but vot o' that? The constitution's the p'int! If that's sound and reg'lar, vy vot's the hods?"

"But you do n't look old in my eye, by no means," observed the affectionate Joanna.

"Do n't I?" returned the venerable gentleman, with one of his most fascinating smiles. "You're a rogue—I know you're a rogue, and there's no mistake of any sort about you. However," he added, "looks is n't the p'int: the great and grand thing is the glorious constitution; and, as mine's as sound as a apple, it makes no hods about the hage."

Joanna agreed with him perfectly, of course; and, as he shortly after took leave of his beloved, Bob accompanied him to the nearest public house, with a view of talking matters over in private.

Here Stanley's affairs were again freely canvassed; but, although Bob endeavored to make things appear as bright as possible, his venerable friend adhered still to the opinion he had expressed—an opinion, the perfect correctness of which was on the following morning, by an act of consummate villany, proved.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE DEATH OF MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON,

IN A LETTER BY HER MOTHER.

"SARATOGA SPRINGS.

"Yes, my dear Miss Sedgwick, she is an angel now; calmly and sweetly she sunk to her everlasting rest, as a babe gently slumbers on its mother's bosom. I thank my Father in heaven that I was permitted to watch over her, and I trust administer to her comfort during her illness. I know, my friend, you will not expect either a very minute or connected detail of the circumstances preceding her change, from me at this time, for I am indeed bowed down with sorrow. I feel that I am truly desolate, how desolate I will not attempt to describe. Yet in the depth of grief I have consolations of the purest, most soothing and exalted nature. I would not, indeed I could not murmur, but rather bless my God that he has in the plenitude of his goodness made me, even for a brief space on earth, the honored mother of such an angel. Oh, my dear Miss Sedgwick, I wish you could have seen her during the last two months of her brief sojourn with us. Her meekness and patience, and her ever cheerful bearing were unexampled. But when she was assured that all the tender and endearing ties which bound her to earth were about to be severed, when she

that life and all its bright visions were fading from her eyes—that she was standing at the entrance of the dark valley which must be traversed in her way to the eternal world, the struggle was great, but brief—she caught the hem of her Saviour's robe and meekly bowed to the mandate of her God. Since the beginning of August, I have watched this tender blossom with intense anxiety, and marked her decline with a breaking heart; and although from that time until the period of her departure, I never spent a whole night in bed, my excitement was so strong that I was unconscious of the want of sleep. Oh, my dear madam, the whole course of her decline was so unlike any other death-bed scene I ever witnessed: there was nothing of the gloom of a sick chamber; a charm was in and around her; a holy light seemed to pervade everything belonging to her. There was a sacredness, if I may so express it, which seemed to tell the presence of the Divinity. Strangers felt it; all acknowledged it. Very few were admitted to her sick room, but those few left it with an elevation of heart new, solemn and delightful. She continued to ride out as long as the weather was mild, and even after she became too weak to walk she frequently desired to be taken into the parlor, and when there, with all her little implements of drawing and writing, her books, and even her little work-box and basket beside her, she seemed to think that by these little attempts at her usual employments, she could conceal from me—for she saw my heart was breaking—the ravages of disease and her consequent debility. The New Testament was her daily study, and a portion of every day was spent in private, in self-examination and prayer. My dear Miss Sedgwick, how I have felt my own littleness, my total unworthiness, when compared with this pure, this high-souled, intellectual, yet timid, humble child; bending at the altar of her God, and pleading for pardon and acceptance in his sight, and grace to assist her in preparing for eternity. As her strength wasted, she often desired me to share her hours of retirement and converse with her, and read to her, when unable to read herself. Oh! how sad, how delightful, how agonizing is the memory of the sweet and holy communion we then enjoyed. Forgive me, my friend, for thus mingling my own feelings with the circumstances you wished to know; and, oh! continue to pray that God will give me submission under this desolating stroke. She was my darling, my almost idolized child—truly, truly, you have said, the charm of my existence. Her symptoms were extremely distressing, although she suffered no pain. A week before her departure, she desired that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper might be administered to her. 'Mother,' said she, 'I do not desire it because I feel worthy to receive it; I feel myself a sinner; but I desire to manifest my faith in Christ by receiving an ordinance instituted by himself but a short time before his crucifixion.' The Holy Sacrament was administered by Mr. Babcock. The solemnity of the scene can be better felt than described. I cannot attempt it. After it was over, a holy calm seemed to pervade her mind, and she looked almost like a beautified spirit. The evening following she said to me, 'Mother, I have made a solemn surrender of myself to God. If it is his will, I would desire to live long enough to prove the sincerity of my profession, but his will be done; living or dying, I am henceforth devoted to God.' After this, some doubt seemed to intrude; her spirit was troubled. I asked her if there was any thing she desired to have done, any little arrangements to be made, any thing to say which she had left unsaid, and assured her that her wishes should be sacred to me. She turned her eyes upon me with an expression so sad, so mournfully sweet: 'Mother, "When I can read my title clear, to mansions in the skies," then I will think of other matters.' Her hair, which when a little child had been often cut to improve its growth, was now very beautiful; and she usually took much pains with it. During the whole course of her sickness I had taken care of it. One day, not long before her death, she said, evidently making a great effort to speak with composure, 'Mother, if you are willing, I will have my hair cut off; it is troublesome; I should like it better short.' I understood her at once: she did not like to have the idea of death associated with those beautiful tresses which I had loved to braid. She would have them taken off while living. I mournfully gave my consent, and she said, 'I will not ask you, my dear mother, to do it; my friend, Mrs. F——, will be with me to-night, and she will do it for me.' The dark rich locks were severed at midnight; never shall I forget the expression of her young faded face as I entered the room. 'Do not be agitated, dear mamma, I am more comfortable now. Lay it away, if you please, and to-morrow I will arrange and dispose of it. Do you know that I view my hair as something sacred? It is a part of myself, which will be re-united to my body at the resurrection.' She had sat in an easy chair or reclined upon a sofa for several weeks.

"On Friday, the 22d of November, at my urgent entreaty, she consented to be laid upon the bed. She found it a relief, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which she was only awake when I aroused her to take some refreshment. When she awoke, she looked and spoke like an angel, but soon dropped asleep as before. Oh! how my poor heart trembled, for I felt that it was but the precursor to her long last rest, although many of our friends thought she might yet linger some weeks. A total loss of appetite, and a difficulty in swallowing, prevented her from taking any nourishment throughout the day, and when we placed her in the easy chair, at night, in order to arrange her bed, I offered her some nice food, which I had prepared, and found she could not take it. My feelings amounted almost to agony. She said, 'Do not be distressed; I will take it by and bye.' I seated myself beside her, and she said, 'Surely, my dear mother, you have many consolations. You are gathering a little family in heaven to welcome you.' My heart was full. When I could speak, I said, 'Yes, my love, I feel that I am indeed gathering a little family in heaven to bid me welcome, but when they are all assembled there, how dreadful to doubt whether I may ever be permitted to join the circle.'—'Oh hush, dear mother, do not indulge such sad thoughts; the fact of your having trained this little band to inhabit that holy place, is sufficient evidence to me that you will not fail to join us there.' I was with her myself that night, and a friend in the neighborhood sat up also. On Saturday morning, after I had taken half an hour's sleep, I found her quiet as a sleeping infant. I prepared her some food, and when I awoke her to take it, she said, 'Dear mother, I will try, if it is only to please you.' I fed her, and

I would have fed a babe. She smiled sweetly, and said, 'Mother, I am again an infant.' I asked if I should read to her; she said yes, she would like to have me read a part of the gospel of John. I did so, and then said, 'My dear Margaret, you look sweetly composed this morning. I trust all is peace within your heart.'—'Yes, mother, all is peace, sweet peace. I feel that I can do nothing for myself. I have cast my burden upon Christ.' I asked if she could rest her hopes there in perfect confidence. 'Yes,' she replied, 'Jesus will not fail me. I can trust him.' She then sank into a deep sleep, as on the preceding day. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. H. came from Ballston. They were much affected by the change a few days had made in her appearance. I awoke her, fearing she might sleep too long, and said her friends had come. She extended her arms to them both, and kissed them, saying to Mr. H. that he found her a late riser, and then sank to sleep again. Mrs. H. remained with us that night. About sunset I spoke to her. She awoke and answered me cheerfully, but observing that I was unusually depressed, she said, 'Dear mother, I am wearing you out.' I replied, 'My child, my beloved child, it is not that: the thought of our separation fills me with anguish.' I never shall forget the expression of her sweet face, as she replied, 'Mother, my own dear mother, do not grieve. Our parting will not be long. In life we were inseparable, and I feel that you cannot live without me. You will soon join me, and we shall part no more.' I kissed her pale cheek, as I bent over her, and finding my agitation too strong to repress, I left the room. She soon after desired to get up. She said she must have a coughing fit, and she could bear it much better in the chair. When there she began to cough, and her distress was beyond description. Her strength was soon exhausted, and we again carried her to the bed. She coughed from six until half past ten. I then prevailed on her to take some nutritious drink, and she fell asleep. My husband and Mrs. H. were both of them anxious that I should retire and get some rest, but I did not feel the want of it, and impressed as I was with the idea that this was the last night she would pass on earth, I could not go to bed. But others saw not the change, and to satisfy them I went at twelve to my room, which opened into hers. There I sat listening to every sound. All seemed quiet. I twice opened the door, and Mrs. H. said she slept, and had taken her drink as often as directed, and again urged me to go to bed. A little after two I put on my night dress, and laid down. Between three and four Mrs. H. came in haste for ether. I pointed to the bottle, and sprang up. She said, 'I entreat my dear Mrs. Davidson, that you do not rise; there is no sensible change, only a turn of oppression.' She closed the door, and I hastened to rise, when Mrs. H. came again, and said Margaret had asked for her mother. I flew—she held the bottle of ether in her own hand, and pointed to her breast. I poured it on her head and chest. She revived. 'I am better, now,' said she. 'Mother, you tremble, you are cold; put on your clothes.' I stepped to the fire, and threw on a wrapper, when she stretched out both her arms, and exclaimed, 'Mother, take me in your arms.' I raised her, and seating myself on the bed, passed my arms around her waist; her head drooped upon my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine. That look I never shall forget: it said, 'Tell me, mother, is this death?' I answered the appeal as if she had spoken. I laid my hand upon her white brow; a cold dew had gathered there; I spoke: 'Yes, my beloved, it is almost finished; you will soon be with Jesus.' She gave one more look, two or three short fluttering breaths, and all was over—her spirit was with its God—not a struggle or groan preceded her departure. Her father just came in time to witness her last breath. For a long half hour I remained in the same position, with the precious form of my lifeless child upon my bosom. I closed those beautiful eyes with my own hand. I was calm. I felt that I had laid my angel from my own breast, upon the bosom of her God. Her father and myself were alone. Her Sabbath commenced in heaven. Ours was opened in deep, deep anguish. Our sons, who had been sent for, had not arrived, and four days and nights did Ellen (our young nurse, whom Margaret dearly loved,) and I watch over the sacred clay. I could not resign this mournful duty to strangers. Although no son or relative was with us in this sad and solemn hour, never did sorrowing strangers meet with more sympathy than we received in this hour of affliction from the respected inhabitants of Saratoga. We shall carry with us through life the grateful remembrance of their kindness. And now, my dear madam, let me thank you for your kind consoling letter; it has given me consolation. My Margaret, my now angel child, loved you tenderly. She recognized in yours, a kindred mind, and I feel that her pure spirit will behold with delight your efforts to console her bereaved mother."

She departed this life on the 25th of November, 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months. Her earthly remains repose in the grave-yard of the village of Saratoga.

"A few days after her departure," observes Mrs. Davidson in a memorandum, "I was searching the library in the hope of finding some further memento of my lost darling, when a packet folded in the form of a letter, met my eye. It was confined with a needle and thread, instead of a seal, and secured more firmly by white sewing silk, which was passed several times around it. The superscription was, 'For my Mother—Private.' Upon opening these papers, I found they contained the results of self-examination, from a very early period of her life, until within a few days of its close. These results were noted and composed at different periods. They are some of the most interesting relics she has left, but they are of too sacred a nature to meet the public eye. They display a degree of self-knowledge and humility, and a depth of contrition, which could only emanate from a heart chastened and subdued by the power of divine grace."

(3) By a statement in the Nantucket Enquirer, we see that during the month of May there arrived in the ports of the United States 34 whalers, bringing oil to the value of a million and a half of dollars. The imports have been 1,041,862 gallons sperm and 880,740 gallons "right whale" oil. The quantity of sperm being larger than whale is a very unusual circumstance. The whale ship Science arrived at Portland on the 4th inst. having on board 90,000 gallons whale oil, 10,000 gallons sperm, and 22,000 lbs. bale. She has been absent about two years and a half.



## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1841.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

People must not write to us unless they pay the postage. So innumerable are the letters received at this office, that it would be folly in us not to make a general rule and adhere to it. Among the letters refused lately, are two directed to the Editor—one post-marked Columbia, Georgia, postage 25 cents, and one post-marked Utica, postage 18½ cents. If the writers of these have ordered our paper, or made any communication of importance, they must repeat their epistles and pay the postage.

N. B. If these letters contained what is called poetry—viz: lines beginning with capital letters, we beg that copies may not be transmitted to us.

**The First Volume of Charles O'Malley** is nearly ready. It is published in compliance with the wishes of numerous subscribers. All subscribers renewing their terms, and all new subscribers who shall send \$3 (current money) in advance, will be supplied gratuitously. All others may obtain the first volume on payment of fifty cents.

## DOINGS AT WASHINGTON.

The Heads of the several Departments have transmitted to the President of the United States (except the Secretary of the Treasury, whose Report was made directly to Congress,) communications setting forth the condition and prospects of their several branches of the Public Service committed to their charge respectively. They are all plain, brief, and well-written, but are necessarily less important than the several Exhibits which will be made at the opening of the Regular Session. Mr. Bell thinks the Florida War is not near its end, and calls for more money. Mr. Granger finds a deficit of \$400,000 in his Department, and thinks Congress would do well to advance him the money till he can earn it. Mr. Badger wants no money, but he wants Reform in the Naval Service, which we trust Congress will aid him to effect. Mr. Webster, in addition to his admirable correspondence with Mr. Fox, has transmitted a noble paper on the Foreign Commerce of the Country, treating especially of points in which it is injuriously affected by the unjust and selfish policy of Foreign Powers.

Congress has done little yet beyond the appointment of the Committees in each House. The Whigs take nearly every thing in the Senate and all the best in the House, according to the bad example of the last few years. The Senate has passed to a third reading Mr. Clay's proposition for the Repeal of the Sub Treasury; Yeas 30; Nays 16—all the Whigs and Conservatives, with Mr. Buchanan of Pa. voting in the affirmative. The House has rescinded the famous Atherton Resolution rejecting all Anti-Slavery Petitions, known as the 'Gag Law.' Yeas 112; Nays 104. All the Northern and Western Whigs but two with four Southern Whigs voting in the affirmative; the Northern Opposition Members 31 for to 20 against the repeal; the Southern Whigs generally and all the Southern Opposition in the negative.

Each House has appointed a Select Committee of nine on a Bank or Fiscal Agent, for the Government; Mr. Clay of Ky. at the head of the Senate, and Mr. Sargeant of Pa. at the head of the House Committee. Mr. Clay's plan may be looked for forthwith.

**AN ANECDOTE WORTH RELATING.**—We have always entertained the most thorough respect for Dr. Anthon, the author of the Classical Dictionary; but an event has lately come to our knowledge which swells this sentiment to one of affectionate veneration.

The eldest son of a literary gentleman in this city—a man held in sincere regard by the public—is a boy of fine talents and amiable temper. He longed for the advantages of a liberal education; but, on account of the narrow circumstances of his parents, saw no prospect of gratifying so laudable a desire. At last, prompted by this ardent wish, he applied to Mr. T. W. White, editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. Mr. White was walking in Murray street, opposite to the grammar school under the charge of Professor Anthon, where he was accosted by the young lad, who had made his acquaintance at his father's house. He pointed to the school-house, and, of his own accord, signified how happy he should be if the circumstances of his friends could enable them to place him under the tuition of Dr. Anthon. Mr. White spoke to him encouragingly, and promised to see what could be done. In the evening of the same day, he called upon the learned Professor and related the occurrence of the morning. No sooner was Dr. Anthon made acquainted with the fact than he replied:

"Say no more, Mr. White, say no more. Send the lad to me with a note written by yourself to-morrow morning, and I will give him a good classical education and make no charge to his father. Let the second son, his brother, come also—he shall be instructed on the same terms."

As if this generous offer were not sufficient, Dr. Anthon furnished the Editor of the Messenger with a note to the Messrs. Harper, the publishers of his whole series of school

books. The effect of the note was to procure from those liberal and enterprising gentlemen an immediate present of all the books necessary for the boy's education.

We have recorded this anecdote with feelings of unalloyed gratification. It is illustrative of the character of the distinguished scholar, who, being one of that rare class who

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," will probably disapprove of a publication, which we could not find it in our heart to withhold.

## THE CASE OF WILLIS ALSTON.

TALLAHASSEE, May 26th, 1841.

Mr. Park Benjamin Editor of the "New World," New-York:  
DEAR SIR—I write to request you to give me the name of the individual who wrote you, from Augusta, Georgia, an account of the killing of Gen. Read of this place, by my son Willis Alston. I am now an old man, and the father of a large family, whose respectability I shall say nothing about, more than to refer you to the statements accompanying this, of gentlemen with whose high standing I expect you are acquainted. From what I have heard of your character, I am satisfied you will not deny this act of justice. I know your sense of propriety will show you how important it is, that I should know the name of the man who has taken occasion, without any provocation that I know of, not only to assail the character of my son Willis, but of my whole family, male and female.

Allow me to refer you to a publication in the "Star" of this date, under the editorial head, as indicative of the feeling of this place, with regard to the publication in your paper of the 15th inst.

Let me beg of you, also, to publish in your next number, the statements with the names, which accompany this.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT W. ALSTON.

The undersigned hope that Mr. Benjamin will comply with the request contained in the annexed letter of Col. R. W. Alston, by communicating the name of the writer of a letter dated Augusta, Geo., May 7, 1841, signed W., and published in the newspaper called "The New World," on the 15th instant—which letter, with the exception of the facts that Gen. Read did kill Col. Augustus Alston in a duel—that there was a subsequent rencontre between Willis Alston and Gen. Read, in which the latter was wounded—and that Willis Alston has since killed Gen. Read in the street of Tallahassee, is a tissue of falsehoods.

For the killing of Gen. Read, Willis Alston is now in jail awaiting his trial, when he will no doubt be dealt with as law and justice may demand; and it would obviously be improper in us, or the public press of the country, to say anything in relation to the case which would excite prejudice for or against the prisoner. But we feel called upon to say that we have not in our country a family more respectable, and respected, than that of Col. Robert W. Alston. And we deem it an act of justice not only to them, but to the public, that you should publish the name of the man who, in so wanton, base and cowardly a manner, has assailed them.

L. A. THOMPSON, WM. P. DUVAL,  
T. H. HAGNER, JOHN G. GAMBLE,  
JAMES B. GAMBLE, W. W. CALL,  
JOHN PARKHILL.

From the "Star of Florida" of May 26th.

We have seen with deep regret that some of our brethren of the editorial corps have suffered themselves to be made the instrument of calumny, falsehood, misrepresentation and detraction, in regard to the matter of the controversy between Col. Willis Alston and Gen. Read. We have read with much pain, a communication published in the New World of the 15th inst. from a correspondent of that paper, who subscribes himself "W." and dates his letter at Augusta, Geo., on the 7th inst. We have every reason to believe that Mr. Benjamin, the editor of that paper, has been imposed on by his correspondent, for we cannot suppose he would, knowingly, admit into his paper anything so positively false and slanderous. His correspondent is a consummate liar and scoundrel, and we pronounce every sentence that he has written, concerning the difficulty between Col. Alston and Gen. Read, false, absolutely and entirely without any mitigation or qualification, whatever. We hope Mr. Benjamin will do Col. Alston and this community the justice to disabuse the public mind of the prejudices which the falsehood of his correspondent are calculated to produce, and also disclose to Col. Alston and the insulted people of Florida, the name of his black-hearted correspondent.

We trust that the publications, thus made, will effectually eradicate from the public mind any disagreeable impression which may have been excited in consequence of the statements of our correspondent. It has caused us the most sincere regret to know that the feelings of so respectable a gentleman as Mr. R. W. Alston, and of his family, have been wounded by any article appearing in the New World. An exposure of our correspondent's name would be of no avail; he is a young gentleman, formerly connected with the press of this city, wholly a stranger in Georgia, and doubtless he told the story as it was told to him, without any malicious or inimical intent. Confiding in the correctness of letter addressed to us by him from other parts of the country, we inserted that, to which the foregoing correspondence refers, without inspection. He will doubtless, on seeing this, make a counter statement, which will be deemed satisfactory.

Q. Thomas A. Cooper, "the distinguished tragedian," as he is now called, had a daughter, whom he brought before the public as an actress, and who obtained some celebrity in a theatrical tour. Is this the lady who is now the matron and (doubtless) the ornament of the White House? If so, why not say so at once, without flummery? The silence on this point would lead some to suppose that certain persons wish to keep mute on this point. Come, come gentlemen, be a little candid, or you will disparage where you mean to flatter. It is not the first time that beauty and

talents have raised the possessor to eminence.—[Northern Badger, Wis. Ter.]

No one, we believe, ever attempted to conceal the fact that Mrs. Robert Tyler, formerly Miss Cooper, daughter of Cooper the tragedian, and daughter-in-law to the President, was once an actress. Why should a fact so honorable to the lady be concealed? Is there any one so demented with bigotry as to attach any discredit to a woman of a perfectly pure and unsullied character because she has been on the stage? On the contrary, if there be that corruption and crime in the theatre, which the super-moralists charge, such a woman should be more highly respected, more truly valued for having preserved unsullied the whiteness of her soul.

**THE JUNE NUMBER OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.**—This number, comprising eight new chapters, is issued entire in the present New World. We obtained it at considerable expense, from the publishers in Dublin, who have engaged to send us all the subsequent numbers as well as the new work, which is soon to be commenced by the same lively and charming author.

Our readers will please to take notice that the sheets of this work were received by us before their day of publication in Dublin.

## The Musical World.

MUSIC—ITS USES AND EFFECTS.

No. 1.

"There's not an orb which thou beholdest,  
But in its motion like an angel sings;  
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

All this great universe is vocal, and to the attentive ear, sings a continual and most delightful song. Nature works all her changes accompanied by sounds peculiar and appropriate. The winter-wind howls through the leafless trees, or dashes the maddened waves over the topmost rocks; the mountain torrent, scorning its narrow course, sweeps with impetuous force wherever its fury listeth. The birds fly shrieking through the air, the beasts through all the night howl in the whitened wood, where the gaunt trees stand forth like spectral shapes.

The Spring treads closely in the footsteps of hoar Winter, and is there not, throughout her reign, music everywhere? The birds, that through the past, sad, dreary season, had been mute from very heart-depair, now chirp and carol on the boughs and in the air, making the woods vocal with their minstrelsy; the "murmurous din of busy insects giving a voice to day;" the brooks and rivulets leaping and rushing rapidly in the sunshine through fields clothed in the freshest verdure of the early year; the trees, the flowers and plants bursting into bloom and beauty, and the brisk winds freshening the face of things—together form a song that penetrates the inmost heart of man, and fills his soul with gratitude and thanksgiving to that Being, who is the Creator of the whole.

The Summer singeth the same song of Spring but in a more luxurious and honied cadence. The air, heavy laden and sick with the odors of ten thousand wild flowers, creeps through the trees, scarce waking them from their voluptuous slumber. The cattle lowing in the pasture, the wild bee humming on its heedful way, with all the thousand living things that sing their Summer song, give beauty to the quiet scene.

The Autumn comes at last, when all the lovely things that have adorned and blessed the youth and prime of the year, are fading into decay. The winds wail through the branches, rustling the sear leaves to the ground and seeming to sigh over the devastation they are committing. Like those fragile beings, who consume by slow degrees to death, the leaves die with blushes upon their cheeks. In every change there are peculiar and distinctive sounds, which, to the refined and observant ear, are as easily distinguishable as are the most tangible substances to the sight or touch.

Music is the most ancient of all the sciences, being mentioned in the earliest periods of the Mosiac history—we are told that it is the language of the heavens, and to quote from a beautiful Persian fable, "the trees in the garden of Paradise are hung with harmonious bells, which are set in motion by the wind which comes from the throne of God." Every fable of the ancients tends in some way, by positive or indirect allusion, to the 'mighty power of music—to its existence throughout nature and to its influence over the souls of men, in refining and softening the feelings in every state of society. The quotation from Shakspeare that heads this article, is based upon the most beautiful of these beautiful fables—it was the belief that the ten thousand stars of Heaven performed their appointed revolutions accompanied by the most ravishing harmony, springing out of their own eternal motion. They even went so far as to arrange a system based upon the harmony of the Spheres, in which those stars nearest the sun bore the melody while the intermediate orbs gave forth the minor parts and the vast distances of the far-off planets perfected the whole and formed the base to this celestial harmony. Surely this corroborates our remarks upon the harmony existing through-

out nature. We would quote a thousand passages from poets and historians, which would illustrate the power and importance of music, as a means of moral culture in uniting more closely and happily the home circle, by drawing together the scattered members of society to join in its practice and receive from its influence great intellectual and refined enjoyment, but that we intend, in our next article, to prove our point in a more matter-of-fact and conclusive manner.

**CONCERTS.**—Mr. C. E. Horn gave his annual benefit Concert at the City Hotel, last week. He had a whole host of assistants—but numbers do not constitute excellence. There were one or two good things in the bill, but on the whole the selection was poor in the extreme. Mrs. Sutton contrived to make a few beauties appear through numberless gross faults of style and execution. Mr. A. Phillips has a nice voice for a small room, but one that is wholly unfitted for a Concert-room, both from its poorness in strength and quality. The room was very thinly attended. We view this as a sign of the times. The public will not be led by the nose any longer.

**SOCIETY'S LIBRARY ROOM.**—Mr. D. Johnson, of Peale's Museum celebrity, gave a dollar Concert at the above place on Monday evening. Mrs. Sutton sang as before. Miss Ellen Lewis has a pretty voice and tolerable style, but she requires much intense study, before she can introduce into benighted Brooklyn the pure Italian school of singing, especially as Caradori Allen has preceded her. We congratulate the public upon the acquisition of Mr. J. Schwartz Massett, to our Concert parties. He has a pure bass voice of good compass and fine quality. Indeed, with the exception of Guibelei or Seguin, there is no man in the country whose voice can compete with his in depth, richness and general beauty. As friends, we advise him to cultivate his voice assiduously and strive after a purer style: these will present but few difficulties to him, for though he has much to learn, he has but little to unlearn. Of the beneficiary himself, we can only say that his voice is miserably bad, and that his style is admirably suited to the taste of Museum visitors, who, attracted by the braying of the brass instruments outside, "walk up to see the show;" but it is totally unfit to be displayed before persons of refined and cultivated taste. While on the subject, we will expose the humbug to which the public are daily subjected by the system of universal Concert giving. A party, of which this gentleman was one, gave a Concert a short time since, the admittance to which was one dollar, while at that very time they could be heard at Peale's Museum, where the price of admission is twenty-five cents. But let not our readers suppose that the sum was charged to hear the "grand Concert!"—Oh no! taking each exhibition at a fair ratio charge, the Concert would reach the fair value of three cents; and Mrs. Morley and Messrs. Beames and Johnson had the assurance to charge one dollar a ticket for their Concert at Tammany Hall! This is one of many like cases, which we will expose in fitting time.

**NEW MUSIC.**—"Oh say not this heart is false," poetry by D. C. Driscoll, comes within that style denominated "pretty." The music by John Willis, is written in G. from which it never departs save for a half bar or so, when it tremblingly steps into the dominant, but, being frightened, hurries back as rapidly as possible. The ballad is easy, possessing as much merit as a thousand other of these ephemeral productions, which live in the morning, wither in the evening, and are quite forgotten at night. The compass is within the range of the most ordinary voice, being but nine notes from D below the staff, to E in the fourth space.

The Taglioni Gallopades, composed by C. S. Spahn, are mere trash. There is not a single original thought in them, nor does the treatment of either melody or harmony, induce the belief that the composer knows anything of his profession. Like Mr. Willis he has evidently mistaken his vocation.

The Salina Waltz, by D. N. Morange. The first strain is free and pleasing; the second rather cramped, but of some pretension, while the succeeding parts in the subdominant of the original key, are common-place and poor, but on the whole this Waltz is better than two thirds of the pieces of the same sort, which are sent forth by the press in tens of hundreds.

## The Literary World.

That monthly periodical called ARCTURUS, to which we on a former occasion expressed our gratitude for an allusion to our humble journal, and which we commended for having discovered the rising talents of the Rev. Dr. Dewey, and kindly brought him forward—telling the public that he was a promising youth—that very Arcturus has, in its last number, covered with glory no less a personage than Dr. Charles Anthon, author of the Classical Dictionary. To be sure, the erudite Doctor is not praised exactly, and his style is said to be marked by "a Latinized verbosity of expression," and those who have puffed him are utterly an-

nihilated in a single sentence—but, but—is it not "glory enough" for him to be noticed at all by Arcturus? How ravenous of notoriety must be that man, who could ask for more! Heretofore Dr. Anthon has been made known to the world, only in "the economical squeak of the penny press and the bivalve of the Quarterly"—but now, ye gods! his fame is rolled forth like an anthem, in the deep eternal bass of Arcturus! The farthest Ind will be familiar with the sound; it will be echoed back from the enormous sides of the Andes and reverberated from the icy caverns of Nova Zembla. In fine, such legions as,

"the populous North  
Poured never from her frozen loins to cross  
Rhene and the Danaw,"

will be as familiar with his name as soldiers are with the shrill life and spirit-stirring drum, or the boys of New-York with the cry of "radishes." Had Arcturus been so merci- less as to praise the Doctor, we shudder to reflect upon what might have been the result. Instead of pursuing his present benevolent, profound and useful labors, he might have had his head turned and taken to the stage by way of exhibiting himself to the gaze of an admiring world. We rejoice, then, in this forbearance; and we take this occasion to profess our sincere hope that "Arcturus" will not undertake any retrospective task of bringing into notice the neglected authors of a former age. For if it should, we shall certainly see those old chaps bursting from their cements, and opening those ponderous and marble jaws in which they have so long been quietly inurned, and revisiting the glimpses of the moon. Fancy Dr. Johnson, for instance—Samuel Johnson, the respectable lexicographer—getting up in his shroud as unconcerned as if it were his night-shirt, and the illustrious Boz following after with a very grave aspect to record his primary observation!

Oh, Dr. Anthon, Dr. Anthon, what have you not escaped! Pause and reflect over the critical acumen of Arcturus, and consult the editors and their printer, Mr. W. E. Dean—who is likewise the publisher of an edition of Lemprière, puffed distendedly on another page—before you take it upon yourself to publish a second edition. Your book, you are told, is "a laborious specimen of scholarship," but it is not "a monument" nor "a considerable erection (!) of genius!" but it is "a huge mass of material," and you are "a scholar of a brazen cast of intellect"—a perfect beef-eater of languages. Moreover, the publication of your Dictionary has regaled the editors of Arcturus with "a varied and triumphant concerto of trumpets," and it has been accompanied and urged through the country, "like the famous elephant Tippee Saib on one of his tours by the brattling (!) of all sorts of wind-instruments" &c. as before quoted. We will now cite four whole sentences, reverentially, taking off our hats and making a grand oriental salam to the supremacy of genius and the modesty of real worth:

"Sitting in the privacy of his study, the learned Professor must have been actually astounded by this horrible out-break, and have felt mortified and abashed that any humble labors of his should have been greeted with such unseemly clamor. We sympathize with him and his worthy publishers. We know how painful such things are to truly sensitive minds. Their prayer must have been as ours would be in a similar case, that they might be instantly afflicted with deafness, and thus spared the unmannerly assault."

Now let it be known to the reader unfamiliar with Arcturus, if any such there be, that, in the very number in which this sympathizing spirit is manifested, and the pain that the Doctor must endure from puffery commiserated—nay, in all the foregoing numbers of Arcturus—there are a page and a half of stereotyped puffs of certain works emanating from the pen of one of the editors of Arcturus—puffs too from the very journals which so afflicted Dr. Anthon. Let the curious look at the passages which succeed the advertisement of "THE WORKS OF CORNELIUS MATTHEWS," (quem!) and see if the Editors of Arcturus are not furnished with "a similar case," without the necessity of making an hypothesis. If they are as good as their word, and the prayer they promise be answered, they will be so deaf that all the thunders of Olympus and the echo of their own fame even cannot awake them!

In conclusion we beg leave to deprecate the supposition that this article is written in an ironical spirit, and we wholly repudiate the idea of insinuating that, for reasons best known to themselves, the sagacious critics of Arcturus have frowned upon Dr. Anthon and smiled upon Mr. Dean's, their printer's edition of Lemprière. Youths of such signal ability and of so much veracity of character would scorn to shoot a paltry squib at a great author for the sake of currying favor with a small publisher.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DISEASES OF CHILDREN, by James Stewart, M. D. New-York, Wiley & Putnam.

The long acknowledged want of a work on diseases of children from the pen of a local practitioner, has at last been supplied by Dr. Stewart. The reader has but to cast his eye over the preliminary observations to discover that the work before him is not a mass of hypotheses and crude suggestions—but a most philosophical and profound treatise on the diseases of which it treats. It is impossible to make extracts from medical works for the pages of a weekly journal; neither do we suppose it necessary, for the en-

lightened profession for whom it is written have doubtless discovered its value. Yet we must present the Doctor's first position; he grounds his practice upon it, and sure are we that our weekly returns of mortality would be much reduced, did parents as well as physicians recognise its force. "Thus it appears," says the Doctor, "that the excess of vitality dependent on development, is the source to which the great frequency of disease is to be traced, and from the same cause rendered far more dangerous by the sympathetic participation of other organs; their diseases are for the most part sudden, and the participation of other parts, especially the brain and its membranes, no less sudden and severe; the disordered affection soon passing through its course, and if its acute action continue, terminating in effusion and death. The practical deductions from the suggestions and facts here set forth, are first to meet the diseases of children in their invasion, with promptness and decision, whatever be the remedial means resolved on; and secondly, never, under the most discouraging circumstances, to consider any case as hopeless." How few of us who have not been called on to mourn the loss of those we loved best on earth for want of energy either in ourselves or our physicians; and how often has misplaced affection or inert practice, sealed the eyes in death where science and action might have restored the smile of gladness in the face of the loved one. We most cordially recommend the Doctor's book to our medical and other readers.

THE WORKS OF LORD BOLINGBROKE, with a Life prepared expressly for this Edition, containing additional information in relation to his Personal and Political Character, selected from the best authorities. 4 vol. royal 8vo. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. Embellished by a fine engraving.

Americans will soon be able to form a valuable library out of the standard republications and original works which appear in their own country. But a few weeks have elapsed since we were presented by the Harpers with Anthon's Classical Dictionary—a noble monument of scholarship and laborious application which must be extolled even by the learned critics of foreign nations. And now we are called upon to announce the publication of works, long placed in the highest rank of English classical literature, and which were never before attainable by our public at a price within the means of a large class of readers. Such works have generally been read in libraries, and not with that homelike leisure that is essential to the full enjoyment and appreciation of noble ideas and profound reflections.

It is not the intention of the present notice to criticise the productions of Lord Bolingbroke, nor even to tell that portion of the community who are unacquainted with them wherein their extraordinary merit consists, but simply to announce the edition, and to express our obligations to the publishers for the tasteful and elegant manner in which it is brought out.

FAMILY SECRETS, OR HINTS TO THOSE WHO WOULD MAKE HOME HAPPY; by Mrs. Ellis, author of "Women in England," "Poets of Life," &c. New-York, D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 180.

This is the general title of a work which is to appear in quarterly volumes. Six will complete the series. In order to place it within the reach of all classes, in accordance with the suggestions of her friends and at the request of her publisher, Mrs. Ellis has brought her work before the public as one of the "Tales for the People and their children." The present tale is called the "Dangers of Dining out," and is divided into three chapters. To show its design we quote the opening observations of the preface.

"Home-duties are universally admitted to be among our most sacred responsibilities; and home-pleasures justly rank among our most highly prized enjoyments. Individual conduct at home is the surest index of real character; while the intercourse of home affords the most frequent occasion for the exercise of the purest affections, and the most exalted virtues. All who are solicitous for the well-being of society must rejoice in whatever tends to the increase of domestic comfort, either by removing what is destructive to its existence, or encouraging those habits and dispositions by which it is protected and sustained."

We should recommend any work—though indifferently executed—whose intent was so praiseworthy; but, it is with right cordial good-will that we exhort our subscribers to place Mrs. Ellis's sensible and heart-improving volume in the hands of their children. We wish that stories of Domestic Life were more commonly told; they furnish material for the higher tasks of literature, as well as food for useful instruction—indeed, we are convinced that tragedies, not built perhaps in lofty rhyme but set down in forcible prose, might be constructed out of the social events in which the affections and passions are largely exercised, that would give an elevation to the theatre such as it used to enjoy in its golden age.

THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE, or the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler. By Sir David Brewster. Vol. 130, Family Library: Harper & Brothers.

Nothing shows more strikingly the beneficent effects of knowledge, than the influence it has had in dispelling bigotry and prejudice, and in introducing more correct and liberal views in regard to the fearless investigation of truth. Less than three centuries ago, Galileo was summoned before the Inquisition on the charge of heresy, for teaching the true system of the universe, and made solemnly to confess what was as demonstrable as his own existence.



That which then subjected him to the most cruel persecution, has since crowned his name with imperishable glory. He was but one of the "martyrs of science." Others experienced in different ways but little better treatment; and among these none were more conspicuous than Tycho Brahe and Kepler. The lives of these distinguished men are full of interest; and we recommend this volume as being particularly interesting and instructive.

MASTERMAN READY, OF THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC: Written for Young People, by Capt. Marryat. New-York, D. Appleton & Co. 1v. 12mo. pp. 184.

This is a volume of the interesting series, entitled "Tales for the People and their Children." We have long thought that Capt. Marryat could write an admirable book for the young, so far as his style and manner of narrative went. The former is very simple and the latter is so captivating, that it has done much more than the matter of his strange sea-tales, and won for him the high reputation which he enjoys. It requires little more than a rapid glance through this volume to convince us that it is replete with lively interest and that it will be greedily read wherever it may find its way. Though there is little danger of its rivaling Robinson Crusoe—that most delightful of all books—there is no doubt that the lovers of the one will eagerly seek for the other.

Apart, however, from the beautiful way in which this story is told, the youthful reader will not fail to derive instruction and a high moral lesson from its perusal. To those who entertain strong personal prejudices to Capt. Marryat, and who have not acquired an exalted idea of his morals from the descriptions in his romances and the license in which he often indulges his pen, it may seem strange that pure and lofty lessons may be derived from any work by the author of "Peter Simple." Nevertheless, such is the fact, and, that the most sceptical may be convinced of it, we quote an exemplifying passage:

"Who would have ever imagined, William," said Mr Seagrave, "that this island, and so many more which abound in the Pacific Ocean, could have been raised by the work of little insects not bigger than a pin's head."

"Insects, father!" replied William.

"Yes, insects. Give me that piece of dead coral, William. Do you see that on every branch there are a hundred little holes? Well, in every one of these little holes once lived a sea-insect; and, as these insects increase, so do the branches of the coral trees."

"Yes, I understand that; but how do you make out that this island was made by them? that's what I want to know."

"Nevertheless it is true, William, that almost all the islands in these seas have been made by the labor and increase of these small animals. The coral grows at first at the bottom of the sea, where it is not disturbed by the winds or waves; by degrees, as it increases, it advances higher and higher to the surface, till at last it comes near to the top of the water; then it is like those reefs which you see out there, William, and it is stopped very much in its growth by the force of the winds and the waves, which break it off, and of course it never grows above the surface of the water, for if it did the animals would die."

"Then how does it become an island?"

"By very slow degrees; the time, perhaps, much depending upon chance; for instance, a log of wood, floating about, and covered with barnacles, may ground upon the coral reefs; that would be a sufficient commencement, for it would then remain above water, and then shelter the coral to leeward of it, until a flat rock had formed, level with the edge of the water. The sea birds are always looking for a place to rest upon, and they would soon find it, and then their droppings would, in course of time, form a little patch above water, and other floating substances would be thrown on it; and land birds, who are blown out to sea, might rest themselves on it, and the seeds from their stomachs, when dropped, would grow into trees or bushes."

"I understand that."

"Well then, William, you observe there is an island commenced as it were, and, once commenced, it soon increases, for the coral would then be protected to leeward, and grow up fast. Do you observe how the coral reefs extend at this side of the island, where they are protected from the winds and waves; and how different it is on the weather side, which we have just left? Just so the little patch above water protects the coral to leeward, and there the island increases fast; for the birds not only settle on it, but they make their nests and rear their young, and so every year the soil increases; and then, perhaps, one coconut nut in its great outside shell (which appears as if it was made on purpose to be washed on shore in this way, for it is water tight and hard, and at the same time very light, so that it floats, and will remain for some months in the water without being injured) at last is thrown on these little patches—it takes root, and becomes a tree, every year shedding its large branches, which are turned into mould as soon as they decay, and then dropping its nuts, which again take root and grow in this mould; and thus they continue, season after season, and year after year, until the island becomes as large and thickly covered with trees as the one we are now standing upon. Is not this wonderful, my dear boy? Is not he a great and good God who can make such minute animals as these work his pleasure, and at the time he thinks fit produce such a beautiful island as this?"

"Indeed, indeed he is," exclaimed William.

"We only need use our eyes, William, and we shall love as well as adore. Look at that shell—is it not beautifully marked?—could the best painter in the world equal its coloring?"

"No, indeed,—I should think not."

"And yet there are thousands of them in sight, and perhaps millions more in the water. They have not been colored in this way to be admired, like the works of man; for this island has been till now probably without any one upon it, and no one has ever seen them. It makes no difference to Him, who has but to wish, and all is complete."

A PHILOSOPHICAL EMPEROR: A POLITICAL EXPERIMENT; OR, THE PROGRESS OF A FALSE POSITION. Dedicated to Whigs, Conservatives, Democrats and Loco Focos individually and collectively of the United States. Harper & Brothers: 18 mo. pp. 112.

At the present moment, when the creation of a new bank is the great topic of public interest, the subject seems not to need the aid of fiction to invite attention to it; but so seems not to have thought the author of the above work, who has contrived to involve into a romantic satire all that relates to not only the merits of such an institution, but the merits and demerits of the various causes which produced the extinction of the old bank, and the various actors in that catastrophe.

The book seems to court no particular class of politicians, but rather to satirise, good naturedly, all of them; and for this reason perhaps it has, as yet, found small favor with the daily press which is generally enlisted in defence of some particular party. As a reading book, it contains much to amuse and much to instruct, and though more excursive than seems to us necessary for the professed object of the writer, its digressions are usually of an entertaining character, and perhaps introduced simply for amusement.

JANE BROWN AND HER COW; A Story of Natural History, for children. Altered from the French by a Lady of New-York. M. W. Dodd, publisher.

This is the *ne plus ultra* of children's books, and should have a place in every family and every Sunday School Library. The story is remarkably complete, is highly interesting and instructive, and enforces with great clearness and cleverness the two moral axioms, "honesty is the best policy," and "Providence will aid those who first seek to help themselves."

The *Lady* by whom this work is introduced to the American public, has rendered to that public a signal service: and although the book itself is trifling in size, its excellence is of a character to reflect high honor on its translator.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for May and June—two numbers in one—is, in our hands, just as the *New World* is going to press. We have time, therefore, only to say that it is a number of more than ordinary value and interest. It is made up of fifteen original pre-articles and nine pieces of metre. The former are for the most part good; the latter for the most part poor. The long articles on Texas and its Revolution and the Navy, are marked by a knowledge and research, seldom shown in periodical papers.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CAREY & HART of Philadelphia, have the following works in course of publication:

"Napier's History of the Peninsular War," in 4 vols. 8vo., with 55 plates, printed from the 4th edition.

The complete works of Lord Bacon, edited by Basil Montague, with a Life by the editor, in 3 vols. 8vo.

Barton's Anatomy of Melancholy, printed from the 16th edition, complete in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Prose Writings of Professor (Jao.) Wilson of Edinburgh.

The Life of Napoleon, by M. A. Thiers, uniform with their new edition of "The French Revolution."

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, 2 vols. 8vo.

Leigh Hunt's Miscellanies.

Select Writings of Lord Jeffrey.

Parker on Diseases of the Stomach.

Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Albans, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 2 vols. 12mo.

Miscellanies, by T. Noon Talfourd, Esq. author of "Ion."

The Miser, by Carlton, author of "Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry," in 2 vols.

Valentine Vox the Ventriloquist, by the author of "Stanley Thorn," 1 vol. 8vo., with numerous illustrations.

The Idler in France, by Lady Blessington, 2 vols.

The Book of the Seasons, by Wm. Howitt, author of "The Rural Life of England."

Rural Sketches, by Thomas Miller.

George St. George Julian the Prince, by the author of "Valentine Vox."

A New Novel, by Miss Pickering, author of "The Frigate," "Who shall be Heir," &c.

Law and Lawyers, or Sketches of Legal History, and Biography, 2 vols., with fine Portraits.

Guthrie on Fractures, &c., 1 vol. 8vo.

Lives and Critical Notices of Eminent Dramatists, by Thomas Campbell, Leigh Hunt, &c.

Roscoe's Lives of Eminent British Lawyers, 2 vols. 12mo.

The Gift for 1842, with elegant engravings.

The Violet, or Juvenile Keepsake for 1842, with 9 engravings.

LITERARY.—Mr. Stephen's Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, illustrated by numerous engravings, will be published on the 25th inst. by the Messrs. Harpers.

### Foreign Items.

#### FRANCE.

FETE DAY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—Saturday was the fête day of Louis Philippe, and one of the three days of rejoicing over the baptism of the grandson of the King, the heir apparent of the heir apparent. The royal infant, born August 24, 1838, was exactly two years, eight months, and ten days old. On Saturday the fêtes of May began, and the day passed quietly but heavily. "I overheard," says a correspondent, "very little violence of language, but much joking at the expense of the powers that be. In short, there was no aspect of loyalty, nor was there any indication of revolt; no respect evinced for authority, and yet no disposition shown to resist it." The Count d'Appony, in the name of the diplomatic body, presented the usual

formal compliments at the Tuilleries. He entirely abstained from political allusions, made the congratulations quite personal to the King, and alluded to the baptism as a proof of divine favor. The King replied. The peers and deputies presented similar addresses. Baron Pasquier said the Genius of Conquest called his son King of Rome. The Napoleon of Peace chose for the title of his descendant the Count of Paris. The King said he had chosen the title to attach his son to the head and heart of France, and congratulated himself on having, for eleven years, maintained the blessings of peace.

CHRISTENING OF THE COUNT OF PARIS.—On Sunday the baptism took place in the Church of Notre Dame. The King and Queen of the French were the godfather and the godmother. The King and Queen of the Belgians, and all the royal family, were present, except the Duke of Nemours and the Duke d'Aumale, who are in Africa. The three cardinal archbishops, by their presence, gave for the first time the complete sanction of the church to the dynasty of Louis Philippe. The procession left the palace at eleven o'clock, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, with the Count of Paris, proceeding in one carriage, and the royal family and court followed in thirteen others. They passed along the quays and Pont Neuf to the cathedral, where all the clergy were ready to receive them, and the archbishop addressed the King on the nature of the ceremony. The King declined the canopy prepared for him and sat in the reserved seats, to which the advance was marked by a brilliant march on the organ, accompanied with drums, &c. On the right of his Majesty where the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince de Joinville, Duke de Montpensier, and the Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg; and on his left were the Queen, the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Orleans, Duchess of Nemours, Princess Clementine, Madame Adelaide, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg. The archbishop celebrated mass, assisted by his archdeacons and two canons, and the orchestra performed a *Credo*, a *Sanctus*, a *Benedictus*, and a *Domine salvum fac regem*, composed for the solemnity by M. Elwart. The music was exceedingly fine. The orchestra gave, in admirable style, the grand *Te Deum* of Leseur. The act of christening was then signed by the King and other members of the royal family, after which the archbishop, cardinals, and suffragan bishops, and all the clergy, in procession, conducted their Majesties to the grand entrance.

PRESENTATION OF THE SWORD.—The procession had hardly returned to the palace, when the authorities of Paris appeared to present the sword of the city to the young prince. The Count de Rambuteau, the Prefect, said—

"The ceremony at which we were present a few minutes since has left a profound impression in our hearts. What a grand spectacle in that cathedral! The King, the chief of a dynasty, who has saved this country from so many evils, and has done it so much good; the fine family, in which every virtue is taught and transmitted by example; the prince, on whose brow valor sits radiant over precocious sagacity; the young mother, whose noble, penetrating, and gracious looks reveal the destiny for which Providence has gifted her; the royal infant, bending his young head under celestial grace:—all this, Sire, was holy and beautiful!—This is the child who shall be the King of our children!—This city, whose name your Majesty has been pleased that he shall bear, is anxious that he should preserve a remembrance of the happiness caused by his birth and by the choice of this name. It offers him this sword, Sire; it is the city which gives it to him for the service of the country!"

The King replied—

"I accept for my grandson the sword, presented to him by the municipal body, in the name of the city of Paris.—May God grant that he may never have occasion to employ it; but if he should be forced to draw it from the scabbard, it will only be in a good cause—to defend the honor of France, and the independence of the nation. I have every reason to hope, and to this end I labor, that the reign of my grandson will not be disturbed by war, and that he will reap the more delightful glory of preserving the repose and prosperity of France."

His Majesty then took the Comte de Paris by the hand, and presenting him to the municipality, said—

"Give your hand to the Prefect, in token of your giving it to the whole city of Paris."

#### BARON VAN HALBERG'S WIFE.

The following account of the success of the Baron Van Halberg's matrimonial advertisement, which was published some time since, has appeared in the German journals:—

"It will, no doubt, be recollected, that, two months ago, this bold Baron Van Halberg de Broeck, Captain-Colonel of the Rhine and Meuse, applied through the European press for a wife, giving in lively terms a description of himself, and enumerating with great delicacy the graces and virtues with which she whom he sought must be endowed. This step of the rather eccentric Baron has led to the most happy results. He has, without a joke, met with a perfect woman. With his conscientious punctuality and delicacy, he is now preparing, with his mind at rest, a circular letter to those condescending young ladies who have offered to surrender to him their hands and hearts, and all their charms, amounting to no fewer than 749. The gallant gentleman, who is repairing his ancient castle to receive the Queen of the Tournay, deeply regrets that the terms of his own letter and his innate sense of delicacy, will not allow him to publish the 749 letters he has received. Some of them, he says are so beautifully composed, that if exposed to the light of day, they would in one week extinguish, by their brilliancy, the celebrated correspondence of Madame de Sevigne, and render it stale and unprofitable. The most *spirituelle*, he says, as might be expected, came from France. There are 27 from actresses, singers and dancers; 101 from grisettes, courtiers, enlumineuses, and modistes; 53 from duchesses, countesses, and marchionesses; 329 from Parisian literary ladies, whose names are always mentioned in a whisper. The honorable and discreet Baron, however, to prevent the possibility of his yielding to temptation, has announced through the press that he has burnt all these perfumed missives. The letter he is preparing will be his adieu to the press and the public. Henceforth, he declares, he no longer belongs to the world, but is devoted to the treasure of beauty which the wheel of fortune has brought to him."

## The Old World.

### ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN. NINE DAYS LATER.

The Steamship *GREAT WESTERN*, Capt. Heskin, arrived at this port about 8 o'clock Thursday evening, in 14 days from Bristol, whence she sailed on the 27th ult. By this arrival we have our regular files of London papers to the evening of the 26th.

The news by this arrival is not of much importance; the papers being principally taken up with the discussion of political matters connected with the defeat of Ministers, which took place on the 19th. The letter of our Correspondent, given below, will be found to contain all the items of interest:

#### From our Foreign Correspondent.

London, May 25, 1841.

The sugar part of the debate is over; and Ministers are defeated by a majority of 36!—So that the poor people of England are still to be taxed most enormously for the benefit of the rich owners of plantations of the blacks in the West Indies. Verily, John Bull is amazingly fond of humbugging himself!

Again were the Opposition on tiptoe for the immediate resignation of Ministers, and again were they disappointed. The spunky little Lord John, after "taking time to consider of it," announced that he should yet go on with the other measures proposed in the Budget, and that the Corn Law motion would be brought forward on the 4th of June. The Tories did not attempt to conceal their chagrin and "indignation;" and a few evenings after Sir Robert Peel gave notice that on Thursday, the 27th May, he should propose a vote that "Her Majesty's Ministers do not possess the confidence of the House," and that "their continuance in office under such circumstances, is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." If this vote is carried the Corn Laws may yet remain as they are. Is it not marvelous that measures so palpably for the good of the people at large, should be opposed by so large a portion of the people themselves? Even in the Common Council of London it was with difficulty that a petition against the Corn Laws was carried; more than one-third voting in favor of the present system.

On the Queen's birth-day (the 21st) there was a "drawing-room"—the fullest this season—more than 2,000 being present in full court dress. The display of carriages and gold-laced-cocked-hat-footmen was very brilliant, and as usual attracted crowds of spectators. Before the drawing-room there was a review in St. James's Park by Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, &c. More than 10,000 people were present. In the evening there were illuminations, chiefly at the club houses and by the "Royal Tradesmen."

A few days ago there was a meeting of 100,000 Repealers, near Clare in Ireland. They were addressed, says the Times, by several Popish priests, whose language was not very conciliatory toward the "English tyrants."

We have another ray of hope for the President. A Portuguese ship, the *Conde de Palma*, passed, on the 23d of April, in lat. 31 N. and long. 40 W., a large three-masted steamer steering N. N. E. under canvas, but not using her wheels—making about four miles per hour. The next morning saw her again, but she gradually fell off to leeward, &c. &c. The Portuguese captain was carefully questioned, and there certainly seems to be some good reason to hope that this steamer was the President. She was probably making for the Azores, but the next day the wind was ahead and she might not reach them for several days. The captain of the *Conde de Palma*, not knowing that the President was out and overdue, did not attempt to come near or speak her. It is supposed that Captain Roberts may have put his passengers on board some other ship, which would account for his not showing signals.

In the course of the debate on the Sugar Duties, Mr. Villiers read some statistics of pauperism, crime and suffering which give a frightful picture of the condition of thousands in England, particularly in the manufacturing districts. In Preston there are 1200 empty houses—and paupers had increased 127 per cent. since 1837—and crime 37 per cent. At least 10,000 persons in the neighborhood were without a blanket to cover them. In Bolton, Blackburn, Oldham, and many other towns the state of things was quite as bad. In Little Bolton 300 houses had been visited, containing in all 500 beds, and occupied as follows: 23 persons without beds; 42 persons slept 7 in a bed; 78 slept 6 in a bed; 185 slept 5 in a bed, &c. Their incomes were, 1,025 averaged below 1s 6d each per week! 359 more under 2s; 165 below 2s 6d, and the rest above 2s 6d per week. The rate of factory wages was decreasing. In Leicester, people were seen actually eating from the swill-tubs of the pigs! At Thirnam, a farmer's cow, which had died and been buried, was disinterred by some starving females, and served for food for 20 families who had not tasted meat before for months. At Manchester, no fewer than 4000 persons were subsisting upon 13½d per week. Similar details from Ire-

land are too horrible to be repeated. Human beings were there subsisting upon a diet (sowens) which in England would only be used as hogs wash. Even the swine elsewhere live luxuriously, and horses and dogs fare like princes, compared to these poor wretches. To the agricultural laborers of England even, beef or mutton, as articles of food are almost unknown; pork is the only kind of animal food they get—and generally but little of that—for the high price of bread takes up the whole of their miserable pittance for that necessary article alone. This class of persons amount to 800,000.

"Much had been said," added Mr. Villiers, "about our vast dependencies, and the magnitude of our foreign possessions; but of what use could they be to these unfortunate people? What was the worth of the East Indies or the West Indies to a starving population?"

"The people of this country were called upon to pay taxes for the maintenance of our colonies, while hundreds of thousands in a time of profound peace, and for no misconduct of their own, were reduced to absolute misery and destitution—and what a mockery it is to talk to them of the value of our colonies."—And comparing their condition with that of the slaves, for whom so much sympathy had been felt, he found that bare bones and rags were a sufficient mark of the real slave.

But you have had *quantum sufficit* of these sickening details—yet the whole of this speech is worth reading—because it shows the poorest native American that he is a rich man, compared to millions in this "great empire" of wealth and luxury and—starvation.

An action was brought last week against a clergyman of the church for refusing to bury a child because it had been baptized only by a dissenting clergyman! To the credit of common sense, this charitable individual was suspended for three months and had to pay the costs of suit.

The French Government have renewed their invitation for proposals for building two steamers to run between Havre and New York.

The Princess Isabella of Spain, who eloped from Paris with a Pole, named Gerowski, was overtaken at Brussels and sent back—but consent was finally given to the marriage, on condition that the pair should never show themselves either in France or Spain.

Madame Lafarge has again figured in the French Courts; she was tried for stealing the diamonds of a Madame Léotand. There was quite a dramatic scene in the Court between the opposing counsel and the "persecuted lady."

IGNORANCE OF CRIME.—The number of persons taken into custody by the Police in the Metropolis alone, in 1840, was 70,717, of whom 23,938 could neither read or write, and 37,551 could read only, or read and write very imperfectly.

In the *Journal de Affaires* of Paris are the following advertisements of Marriage Brokers, who have regular bureaux for matrimonial negotiations, "on commission," as described in Bulwer's "Night and Morning:"

#### "MARRIAGES."

- "1st. Fifty widows with 2 to 20,000 francs income.
- "2d. Fifty-one damsels with from 10,000 to 60,000 francs dowry.
- "3d. 400 young ladies and widows with but small fortunes, but remarkably well-looking. Apply to M. Poore, &c.

#### Another office advertises at disposal—

- "1st. Two young ladies between 15 and 19 years of age, with from 30,000 to 60,000 francs of portion.
- "2d. Two others between 30 and 36 years with 35,000 francs; and several demoiselles of all ages with between 400 and 600 francs income; with lots of widows of incomes of from 1,000 to 6,000 francs."

A third offers "an elegant young damsel with no fortune but a tortoise-shell cat." And a fourth, "the prettiest brunette in the world. Fortune, 6,000 francs—but" (ah! the buts!) "she has been slighted in love." A fair assortment to choose from!

Gas.—For lighting London and its suburbs there are 18 public gas-works; 12 public gas-work companies; 2,800,000l. capital employed in the business; 460,000l. yearly revenue derived; 180,000 tons of coal used annually for making gas; 1,400,000,000 cubic feet of gas made in the year, and 380 street lamplighters employed.

There are in England nearly 4000 persons who enjoy titles "by courtesy," as sons of peers, &c. Those whose titles are "by right," exceed 2000.

Mr. Barry is to receive the sum of £25,000 for designing and superintending the erection of the new Houses of Parliament. The walls are yet but four feet above ground.

There are 35,000 persons at Liverpool and 15,000 at Manchester living in cellars of the most unhealthy condition. In 1821 there were 114 executions in England and Wales; in 1828, there were 59; in 1836, 17; and in 1838 only 6.

The will of the late Jemmy Wood, the old miser of Gloucester, is yet in litigation, and the lawyers are fattening on the spoils. Already has £50,000 been spent in an Ecclesiastical Court, and the case is now (by appeal) before the Privy Council, where it will cost twice as much more. The Attorney General's fee "simple" in the ap-

peal is 1,000 guineas, and a dozen fellow pleaders are paid in proportion. The amount of interest accrued on the property since Wood's death exceeds £200,000.

It is said that there are 20,000 copies of "the Times" printed daily. Occasionally there is a supplement, making altogether 96 columns. The columns of a single copy would reach 116 feet; and those of the whole edition would extend 440 miles. The paper for the whole would cover more than eleven acres. The double numbers are about the same size of the mammoth "New World," so that the same statistics will apply to those.

Dora, the only daughter of Wordsworth the Poet, was married last week at Bath to Mr. Edward Quillinan of Canterbury.

During the last week the returns from the twenty-nine railroads in England now open state the total amount of passengers conveyed during the week at 222,210. Total receipts (including passengers, parcels, carriages, horses, merchandise, &c.) 61,850l.

On Wednesday week the "Albert" steamer, Capt. H. D. Trotter, and the "Wilbarforce," commander W. Allen, sailed from Devonport on the expedition to the Niger. The ships of war in the sound manned their rigging, and saluted the steamers with three cheers, and with this salute and a fair wind they left the shores of England on their interesting mission.

#### THE PRESIDENT STEAMSHIP.

We copy the following account which gives a glimmer of hope for the President, though it has created but little confidence in England, as to her safety, the opinion prevailing that the vessel seen was not the President. However, it might have been her:

The captain of the Portuguese ship *Conde de Palma*, which arrived at Lisbon from Rio de Janeiro, on the 6th of May, saw a large steamer under canvas on the 23d and 24th April, but did not speak her. The following is a copy of the Log:—"On the 23d of April, 6 o'clock, P. M., in lat. 31 24 N., long. 40 43 W., saw a very large steamer, without showing her colors, under canvas; the next morning, at 6 o'clock, saw her again under topsail and latine. The following day the wind veered to the North and blew strong, which would prevent the steamer approaching the Islands. Neither smoke nor paddles were in motion."

On the 25th the wind veered to N. W., and blew strong, which would prevent the said steamer reaching the Western Isles.

The following questions were asked by Captain M'Leod of Captain Almeida, of the *Conde de Palma*, and his answers are annexed:

- What number of masts had the steamer? Three.
- How was she painted? All dark color.
- Did she appear to be under her own or jury masts? Her own.
- What color was her funnel? Not certain.
- Did you observe any water issuing from her scuppers, as if they were pumping? None observed.
- What was the nearest distance you were to her at any time? Four miles English.
- Did her bulwarks, or any part of her, appear to have suffered from bad weather? Did not appear to have suffered.
- Are you positive they did not show any colors, or make any signal indicative of wishing to speak with you? None whatever.
- How many knots an hour do you think they were going? Three or four knots (i. e. three or four miles).
- Did they appear to have a good wind or make a great deal of leeway? A great deal of leeway.
- Mention the sails she had set on the first day you saw her. Flying jib, jib, fore top mast, stay sail, square fore sail, top sail, top gaffail sail, and fore and aft fore sail.
- Mention what sails she had set the second day. Fore and aft main sail, square main top sail, and main ditto.
- Could you have communicated with the steamer on both days? Yes, we could.
- Had the steamer a figure-head? Could not distinguish.
- Did you observe any boats hoisted up on board of her? One quarter boat.
- How long did the north-west wind continue which sprung up on the 25th? Five days; afterward it was west and W. S. W.
- When did you make land, and did it agree with your reckoning? On the 5th of May, and it agreed exactly with the reckoning.
- How did the steamer bear off you when you first saw her? N. E. by N. four or five miles.
- How did she bear on the morning of the 24th, at 6 o'clock, and what distance? N. N. W. five or six miles.
- Did you view the steamer through a telescope? Yes.

THE PRESIDENT.—(Extract of a letter.)—The following is what I consider the most favorable in the new hopes opened to us by the steamer seen on the 22d, in lat. 29, lon. 40. The Times of this morning contains all that is known on the subject, except the certainty that the steamer then and there seen could not have been the *Dee*. On the same day the *Dee* spoke the Thompson from Palermo to N. Y., (New York, I presume,) in lat. 41, lon. 42, (compare this with the other, and there is no possibility of their identity.) This intelligence has been received from the agent of the Navigation Company at Liverpool, and will, I have not the least doubt, be confirmed by the log of the *Dee*, for which an application has been made to the Admiralty, as yet unanswered.

AFFAIRS OF THE EAST.—The Times of May 25th says: "We are informed, upon what we consider to be of the best authority, that the London Conference has proceeded to the formal signature of the protocols respecting the East, which had received only the initials of the five plenipotentiaries. This is consummated, in an official form, the return of France into the European Alliance and the end of the embarrassment which the treaty of the 15th of July had created. Although long foreseen, this step has not been considered without importance in the political circles."

#### INSURRECTION IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

From the German Papers.

The *Augsburg Gazette* publishes a letter dated from the frontiers of Turkey, the 10th instant, which states that the mail from Constantinople of the 26th ult. had been overdue several days, which was considered the more extraordinary, the Pasha of Nissa having so positively asserted that the roads should be kept free for couriers. One report stated that the Turks who were escorting the mail had surrendered to the insurgents, or that he had taken the road through Widdin.

In general the intelligence from Bulgaria is confined to



details of the atrocities committed by the Turks on the Christians. The fugitives had related the particulars of the cruelties of which they had been the victims so circumstantially, that there could be no doubt of the truth of their statements. This conduct may therefore be assumed as the cause of the late insurrection in Bulgaria and the other Turkish provinces. The report that the revolt had extended to Macedonia is not confirmed. The latest letters from Blotliu and Solonica (to the 21st ult.) make no mention of such an occurrence. The number of fugitives taking refuge in the Servian territory continued to increase, but the armed men occupy the mountains. They have much want, however, of arms; scarcely one man in ten possesses a gun, the others having only hooks, sithes, and hayforks for their weapons. It is now evident that the population of Servia were concerned in the revolt, although the Government wishes to keep it secret. In Belgrade itself considerable excitement prevails, which has been increased by a remarkable appearance of the holy cross, said to have been observed by several of the inhabitants on one of the towers of the fortress.

The same journal publishes a letter, dated Vienna, 15th inst., which alludes also to the non-arrival of the Constantinople mail of the 28th ult., and states that the insurrection in Rumania had extended to the country between Adrianople and Nasseau. This letter adds that "the last accounts from Servia throw no light upon the state of the upper provinces of Turkey since the victory obtained by the Turks at Alexinissa, which the Pasha of Nissa appears to have made the centre of his operations, in order to prevent communication with the insurgents of the other provinces. It was expected at Vienna that the next Turkish mail, which it was supposed had taken the road through Bucharest, would put an end to the state of uncertainty with respect to recent events in the Turkish provinces, and which was becoming every day more alarming."

## PASSENGERS

In the steamship *Great Western*, from Liverpool.—Miss Ann Ross, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany and servants, Miss Tiffany, Mr. Geo. Tiffany, Miss Pickerville, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Miss E. Nicoll, Miss M. Nicoll, Mrs. T. N. Smith, Col. Ireland, Rev. P. C. Hill, Mr. R. Gillespie and servant, Mr. N. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Osler and two children, Mr. Edw. Stainer, Miss Osage, Mr. J. Townsend, Mr. G. Townsend, Mr. S. Henrich, Mr. G. Gowing, Mr. Laurens, Mr. M. L. Jager, Mr. Chas. Smith, Mr. Jas. Walker, Mrs. Blundell, Miss Strange, Mr. John Gheen, Miss Tisdale, Miss Jane Foot, Miss E. Foot, Mr. D. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ramthay.

## Latest Intelligence.

## Extra Session—XXXVth Congress.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9.

**REPEAL OF THE SUB-TREASURY.**—The bill introduced to the Senate by Mr. Clay of Ky. providing for the repeal of the Sub-Treasury act of 1840, and for the more effectual punishment of Defaulters, passed its third reading in the Senate on Wednesday, by a strict party vote: Yeas 29; Nays 19: absent Messrs. Buchanan, Cuthbert, of Geo. Mounten of La. and Linn of Mo.—all opposition.

In the House, Rev. John W. French was elected Chaplain, M. McCormick Postmaster, J. Follansbee Doorkeeper, and John W. Hunter Assistant Doorkeeper—all but the first reappointments.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll moved to reconsider the vote by which the 21st Rule of the House (rejecting all petitions on the subject of Slavery) had been rescinded. On this motion, a violent and tumultuous debate arose, which had not concluded when the House adjourned.

**NEW-YORK CANALS.**—The tolls collected on our State Canals during the last week in May amounted to \$97,556 55; do. last year, \$81,280. The whole amount collected this year up to June 1st is \$444,893 78; do. last year, (when the navigation opened six weeks earlier) \$349,093 96, showing an increase thus far upon last year of \$95,899 86.

**FROM FLORIDA.**—By date of the 15th inst., we learn that one half of the 1st regiment of U. S. infantry are sick of congestive fever, and that it frequently proves fatal in thirty-six hours after the attack.

A few nights previous, one of the Indians who had come in for emigration had attempted to escape, and was fired upon by the sentinel, wounding him in the arm. The wound was dressed, and the fellow still holding to his purpose, effectually made good his retreat before morning.

The General is still sanguine of his closing the war; and recommends to Mr. Secretary Bell that the 1st and 6th infantry, with the 3d artillery be ordered on other duty.

**IMPORTANT.**—Aleck Tustenuggee, it is said has gone in to one of the military posts of the West, and several of his warriors have accompanied him.

A Mr. Livingston was killed near the Ocilla, on the 21st inst., by the Indians.—[St. Augustine News, May 28.]

**NEW-HAMPSHIRE.**—The Legislature of this State assembled at Concord on Wednesday of last week, and the Senate was organized by the choice of Josiah Quincy, Esq. President; Isaac L. Folsom, Esq. Clerk, and B. Wiggin, Esq. Assistant Clerk.

In the House, John S. Wells, Esq. was chosen Speaker; Henry Hibbard, Esq. Clerk, and Albert G. Austin, Esq. Assistant Clerk.

Jeremiah D. Nettleton was elected a Senator to fill the vacancy in District No. 10.

**MISSION TO ENGLAND.**—We learn, says the National Gazette, that the mission to England has been tendered to the Hon. John Sergeant, in a manner warmly expressive of the sense entertained by the Administration of his eminent qualifications for the trust. Whether he will accept the appointment has not transpired.

**UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.**—The population of Connecticut is about 300,000, and of this population it was ascertained by the late census that there was but one man who could not read and write.

**MURDER.**—We learn from the Fort Wayne Sentinel, that there are three men in jail at Peru, Miami County (Ind.) waiting their trial for murder. The prisoners consist of a father and an intended son-in-law. The difficulty which caused the murder is said to have originated from an engagement of marriage between the daughter of the father and the person murdered; which had been broken up by the family. The daughter was subsequently engaged to be married to the person alluded to, which caused the difficulty and cost the original lover his life.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY.**—Mr. Jackson Long, from Lewis County, Missouri, recently while on his way to Platte County, about three miles east of Richmond, was attacked by two foot-pads, first by taking his horse by the bridle and demanding his money, and on his refusal to give it up they shot him through the neck with a pistol, which dismounted him. The robbers only succeeded in getting a pocket-book with a small amount of money. Mr. Long escaped to a neighboring house and bids fair to recover. The robbers were pursued, taken, recognized by the wounded man, and sent to prison.

The schooner *President* arrived at Castine, Me., on the 4th inst. bringing three of the crew of the *William Brown*, news of whose disastrous wreck was brought by the *Acadia*. They were saved in the small boat with Captain Harris, the second mate, one lady passenger, and three other seamen. The men were badly frozen, and one of them will lose both his feet. While in the boat, they had but half a biscuit and half a wine glass of water for twenty-four hours. They were picked up by a French fisherman on the sixth day after the ship went down.

**DEATH IN THE PULPIT.**—Rev. Henry Clarke Hubbard died at South Kingston, R. I., on the 9th inst. in the 73d year of his age. He entered the pulpit as usual, and had just delivered his text, when he was seized with a fit, and fell on the pulpit floor, and soon after was a corpse!

The New York and Erie Railroad will be open for travel from Piermont Ramapo in about 12 days.

Orders have been received at Pottsville for cannon balls for the General Government, to be cast from anthracite manufactured iron.

**U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY.**—The annual examination of this highly important and valuable Institution, is now in progress. The Board of Visitors commenced at West Point on Monday, and organized by the election of Commodore Charles Stewart, President, and C. B. Haddock, Esq. of New-Hampshire, Secretary. The Board, as usual, is composed of distinguished citizens from every part of the United States.

Gideon Lee has subscribed \$1000 and Hon. John Greig \$500 for the endowment of the Hobart Professorship in Geneva College. It is said too, that the Protestant Episcopal Society, of this city, has offered the Institution \$1500 if it will raise as much more, for the endowment of the Professorship. The State has given \$15,000 to the Medical Department.

**MAIL ROBBER DETECTED.**—Owing to the activity of our Postmaster, W. H. H. Taylor, and his deputy E. P. Langdon, John Powers, a mail robber, has been caught. The proof against him was clear. The river-mail was robbed on the 24th inst. below Louisville, and on the 29th, Powers sold a half bill in this city which was taken from that mail. He said he had purchased it, at Memphis, but this was impossible, as it was lost on the 24th and sold here on the 29th. He has been committed, since which further proof has been discovered, that leaves no doubt as to his guilt.—[Cincinnati Republican.]

**THE INDIANS.**—We learn by the Indian Queen, which arrived in this place on Friday last, (says the Burlington (Iowa) Hawk-Eye,) that a party of Chippewas, who were hostile towards the Sioux, recently came near an encampment of the Sioux, not far from Fort Snelling, and fired into one of their lodges, killing a chief and his son. The Chippewas retreated, and had, by our last accounts, evaded the pursuit of the Sioux. The Chippewas made another attempt by firing into a Sioux encampment below, without doing any damage. There will probably be warm work between these two warlike tribes before the summer is out.—[Paris (Missouri) Sentinel.]

The Catholic Church in Monroe, Perry Co. Ohio, was recently set on fire by incendiaries and burned to the ground.

The U. S. Mail was robbed on the 24th ult. near Louisville, Ky. A man named Powers has been arrested and committed on charge of being the robber.

Four men were recently drowned in the St. Lawrence near Quebec, by the upsetting of a boat, loaded with grain.

The next session of the Legislature of Iowa, will be held at Iowa City, the new seat of Government.

**NEW GRENADA.**—A letter from Bogota, dated in March, states that Gen. Semple, U. S. Charge, has not been able to effect any thing in the way of a treaty or of settlement of claims against that government.

The trial of Madison for the murder of Baker at St. Louis, resulted, on the 24th ult. in a verdict of *guilty of murder in the first degree*. The jury were absent but about five minutes.

Dr. Bradec, the great mail robber, who has been on trial at Pittsburg, has been convicted.

**NAVAL.**—The Navy Department officially states that intelligence has been received of the arrival of the U. S. sloop of war *Yorktown*, Commander Aulick, at Valparaiso, on the 20th March, in 43 days from Rio de Janeiro, all well. The *Dale* was expected to arrive at Valparaiso in a day or two, having parted company with the *Yorktown* on the 26th Feb. off Staten Island.

## Publisher's Department.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

The First Volume of CHARLES O'MALLEY is now in rapid progress, two numbers, or 32 quarto pages, being reprinted. It will make four quarto numbers in all, and be furnished to subscribers and others as follows:

The first volume will be sent free to all present subscribers, who will remit to us THREE DOLLARS, (current money,) either in renewal of their subscription for one year, or so that their accounts may stand credited for a year after the expiration of their present term of subscription.

To all new subscribers who shall remit in current money \$3 for one year, or \$5 for two years, the first volume and the Extras of the second will be sent gratuitously.

The price of the first volume will be 50 cents per copy, or five copies for two dollars, to all who do not comply with the above propositions. To agents, \$30 per hundred. The volume will be out of press and for sale or delivery on Saturday next, June 19th. As only a limited edition of this volume will be printed, the expense being one thousand dollars, those intending to subscribe, as well as others, are requested to forward their orders without delay.

Postmasters and agents throughout the country are solicited to send in lists of subscribers and renewals, and to make particular exertion to increase the number. The first volume of Charles O'Malley, in book form, contains 400 large octavo pages, and cannot be purchased at the book stores for less than THREE DOLLARS. We give it to all new subscribers who remit us that amount in current money, free of postage, for a year's subscription.

THE BOSTON NOTION AND THE NEW WORLD.—\$5 sent in advance to George Roberts, Boston, or to J. Winchester, New-York, will procure a copy of each of these journals sent to any part of the country.

## CHARLES O'MALLEY.

An EXTRA containing the previous parts of the second volume of this story, is for sale at the office and by all the agents of the NEW WORLD.

**OUR NEW VOLUME.**—The third volume of the Quarto edition of the *New World* will commence the first week in July. It is now the time for new subscribers to send in their names. Let it be remembered that \$5 a year in advance will procure two copies for a year or one copy for two years; and that six dollars sent in advance will procure the same number of copies together with a beautiful copy of SEARS'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

## Married.

June 9, at Jersey city, by Rev. Dr. Dewey, Mr. Warren Stout and Sarah, daughter of William Glass, Esq.  
June 9, at New-Brunswick, N. J., by Rev. J. G. Grulikhaan, Andrew D. Melick and Elizabeth D., daughter of the late Simon Ayres.  
June 8, at Brooklyn, William M. Greenwood and Lydia Ann, daughter of the late Daniel Clark, Esq.  
June 8, at Ridgefield, Conn., by Rev. Thos. Sparks, William W. Bruce, of Sing Sing, and Miss Elizabeth B., daughter of Abner Gilbert, Esq., of R.  
June 8, in this city, by Rev. Mr. Summers, James Dandridge and Jane Ann Bradshaw.  
June 8, in this city, by Rev. Mr. Geisenhainer, Samuel Russell and Mary M. Galoup.  
June 7, by Rev. Mr. Geisenhainer, Wesley Tillou and Caroline Voght, all of this city.  
June 7, by Rev. Mr. Benedict, Edwin Coe and Sarah Ann Beeson.  
June 7, at Philadelphia, George C. Westcott, U. S. A., and Caroline S. Jeffers, of Camden, N. J.  
June 6, at St. Thomas's Church, this city, by Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Thomas Thornton and Caroline Farsell, daughter of Esq. Mosker, of New-Prvidence, N. J.  
June 6, at the Mulberry street Tabernacle, by Rev. Mr. Everts, Frederick S. Lyach and Rebecca L. Magwell.  
June 6, Mr. James Hubbard, of Kingston, N. J., and Ann Osborne, of this city.  
June 6, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Edward Johnson and Phoebe Winslow, all of this city.  
June 6, by Rev. Mr. Sayer, Daniel Fitzgerald and Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of Wm. Boyer, Esq., all of this city.  
June 6, by Rev. Mr. Hallock, Mr. Hugh Crombie and Miss Mary Sparshott, third daughter of the late Thomas Sparshott, all of this city.  
June 4, by Rev. Mr. Forbes, William Graham and Mary Ann Hakin, all of this city.  
June 3, by Rev. Mr. Stopford, James M. Webster, Esq., and Emma Olwel, adopted daughter of Olwel Palmer, Esq., of N. Orleans.  
June 3, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Daniel Owen and Raffy Van Horn, all of this city.  
June 3, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Samuel Barber and Mary Owen, all of this city.  
June 3, Alexander Noel Bleeker and Harriet Van Rensselaer, daughter of the late Joseph Blackwell.

## Died.

June 9, in this city, Raymond, son of Samuel Trinchard, aged 17.  
June 9, David, second son of Edward Barnett, publisher of the *Sunday Morning News*.  
June 9, of consumption, Mary, wife of Sergeant Edward McCarty, of the U. S. Army, aged 39.  
June 9, of consumption, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Michael Troy, aged 23.  
June 8, Eleanor Allicotia, aged 88.  
June 8, Amelia Ann, wife of John M. Cowperthwaite, aged 22.  
June 7, of consumption, Thomas McKenley, aged 20.  
June 6, Benjamin T. Barker, aged 47.  
June 6, Mrs. Margaret Murray, aged 42.  
June 6, Frederick Powell, aged 21.  
June 6, of consumption, Bridget, wife of Michael Wheeler.  
June 6, Fanny R. h., aged 45.  
June 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Wiggins, aged 72.  
June 5, Mrs. Justina Dieterich, aged 84.  
June 5, at Washington, George W. Montgomery, Esq., late U. S. Consul at Tampico.  
June 5, at his residence in Dutchess county, General John D. Van Wyck, aged 68.  
June 4, of consumption, Catharine, wife of Lester Wilson, aged 28.  
June 4, George A. Furst, aged 39.  
June 3, Robert Sutherland, aged 32.  
June 3, Miss Margaret Ann Schoonmaker, aged 23.  
June 2, of consumption, Capt. Henry Greenleaf, aged 44.  
June 2, at Newark, Joseph A. Smith, aged 30.  
June 1, at Athens, Greene co., Samuel Reynolds, Esq., for many years a merchant of this city.  
May 23, at Springfield, Otsego co., Capt. Jedediah Beach, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 88.  
May 23, in Marine Settlement, Ill., Mrs. Charlotte Rebecca Cottrell, wife of Joseph S. Cottrell, aged 19.

## I WANDER THROUGH THE BOWERS.

A BALLAD: AS SUNG BY MRS. EDWARD J. LODER.

THE POETRY BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON—THE MUSIC BY EDWARD J. LODER.

ANDANTINO con ESPRESS.

I wander through the bow-ers, Where our steps so oft have trod, And cull the brok-en  
flow-ers, That are scatter'd in my road. I sit be-side the stream, And I rest beneath the tree, But Joy is now a  
dream, For thou art far from me: But Joy is now a dream, For thou art far from me, But Joy is now a dream, But  
Joy is now a dream, For thou art far from me, For thou art far from me.

## SECOND VERSE.

A magic breathes around  
Each spot where thou hast been,  
A charm not elsewhere found  
Still lingers on the scene,  
As I wander by the stream,  
Or rest beneath the tree;

But Joy is now a dream,  
For thou art far from me,  
But Joy is now a dream,  
For thou art far from me,  
But Joy is now a dream,  
For thou art far from me.

## THIRD VERSE.

I would not give the past,  
With all its sighs and tears,  
Nor the present from me cast  
For future smiling years,  
To lose the bliss I feel  
By the stream and by the tree,

When the tears of mem'ry steal,  
As my thoughts flow back to thee!  
And Joy is now a dream,  
For thou art far from me,  
But Joy is now a dream,  
For thou art far from me.

## NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad, nothing so bad,  
As getting familiar with sorrow;  
Treat him to day in a cavalier way,  
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.  
Long you'd not weep, could you but keep  
At the bright side of every trial;  
Fortune you'd find, is often most kind,  
When chilling your hopes with denial.  
Let the sad day carry away  
Its own little burden of sorrow,  
Or you may miss half of the bliss  
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

**MUTILATION OF SHRUBBERY.**—You might with as much propriety, enter the library of your neighbor, and tear the leaves from a favorite author, or pocket a curiosity from his cabinet as to strip his plants and shrubbery of their foliage and flowers.

Besides it is in principle as much an act of dishonesty, as it would be to steal his coat.

Many are deterred from ornamenting their grounds about their houses near the streets, lest they should be mutilated, and others who have planted shrubbery, are annoyed by having it stripped of its leaves when most beautiful. He who plants a tree or flower although it be enclosed within a fence, plants a production of nature, to be admired as such by all who pass it; as well as to gratify his own taste.

When you pass a shrub or flower in full leaf or blossom, admire its beauty, and if your companion offers to mutilate it, resent it as an insult to nature, and an outrage committed against justice and good taste. You have received en-

joyment from it. Let others do the same, and if it delights you go back at another time and admire it again. This encourages its cultivation and promotes good taste. Surely no envious feeling can prompt to the destruction of a flower. To mutilate shrubbery indicates either great heedlessness, a want of good breeding, or a coarse and vulgar mind. A lady possessed of proper sensibilities would be incapable of such an act. Boys who spurn the idea of being governed by these motives should bear in mind that the penalties of the law are severe on those who destroy and injure such property.—[Cabotville Chronicle.]

**Boston.**—Great improvements are being made, says the Boston Traveller, in all parts of Boston. New houses are going up in all directions; and if Boston continues to grow in population, wealth and business, as it has for some time past, it will soon outstrip in greatness the anticipations of all its inhabitants and friends.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

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WHOLE NUMBER 55.

## First American Edition.

THE TRIUMPH OF LUCCA.  
A TRAGEDY.

BY LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

## INTRODUCTION.

The scene is laid in Lucca, during the contests between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines; but my object has not been to bring forward old party distinctions, in which no one now takes any interest, but to represent the first rising against the feudal system, which has succeeded to such important results. Castruccio is the (attempted) ideal of the hero and the patriot. He has himself been exiled and oppressed; out of this early experience grows his sympathy with the wrongs of the city to whose cause he devotes himself, while the glory of Lucca is the poetry and passion of his life. Count Leoni is merely one of a faction, referring all things to small and individual interests. He is the representative of the few, while Castruccio is that of the many.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## MEN.

CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI—Leader of the popular party in Lucca.  
COUNT GONSALVI—Envoy from Florence.  
COUNT ARREZI—one of the secretly opposed Nobles.  
COUNT LEONI—his Nephew, just returned from travel.  
CESARIO—Secretary to Castruccio.  
Nobles, Citizens, Soldiers, &c.

## WOMEN.

BIANCA—Daughter of Count Arrezi, betrothed to Castruccio.  
CLARICHA—an orphan dependant in the house of Arrezi.  
Ladies, Attendants, &c.  
SCENE LIES IN LUCCA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. . . . A Market-place. Citizens grouped together talking earnestly.

1ST CITIZEN. How was he taken? for he would have fought  
A dozen single handed.  
2D CIT. Last night, returning from Count the Arrezi,  
To whose fair daughter he has been betrothed,  
He was surrounded by those foreign bandits  
That wear Count Ludolph's colors.  
1ST CIT. Work fitting to their mercenary hands.  
2D CIT. I saw the whole, for I was late at work.  
Castruccio passed me as I hurried home;  
Dark as it was, I knew his stately form!  
He crossed the street, and out of ambush sprung  
The secret enemy. I saw him fling  
His cloak upon the ground—out flashed his blade—  
But the dark night was lit with glittering steel,  
And twenty swords were drawn to meet but one.  
I heard the clash, then a fierce struggle—oaths—  
And he was hurried past: the moon shone out,  
And there lay on the ground a broken sword,  
But red with blood.

## Enter CESARIO.

1ST CIT. Here comes his young and trusted officer,  
The Count Cesario; he will tell us more.  
2D CIT. What of Castruccio's fate—what of our chief?  
CESARIO. The treachery of the nobles has prevailed.  
Castruccio lies within the city prison,  
Thither conveyed by Ludolph's foreign band;  
A thousand dangers circle him around,  
The secret dagger, and the open scaffold.  
2D CIT. Well, now we have no friend!  
CES. He was your friend; the meanest citizen  
Found in the shadow of Castruccio's name,  
His best security.  
2D CIT. He never wrung from us our hard-earned gains.  
1ST CIT. Our lives were precious to him; must he die?  
2D CIT. The nobles are too strong.  
CES. 'Tis for your sake they are his enemies.  
He might have shared their power, and kept ye slaves.  
2D CIT. We have been much oppressed; until he came,  
No one could sit in quiet at his door.  
Money and blood were the perpetual cry  
Of our small tyrants.

CES. So will it be again,  
If your protector perish.

ALL. He shall not die!

CES. The nobles will not listen to your prayers.

1ST CIT. We will try threats.

CES. Threats are as vain as prayers: ye must try deeds.

2D CIT. What can we do? We are unarmed and weak.

CES. But strong in your good cause. Oh, ye are strong,  
If ye would know your strength!

2D CIT. When he was free, we could defy the world.

CES. Then give him what ye owe him—liberty.

2D CIT. All Lucca will rise up!

1ST CIT. Before this, I have fought upon his side;

Up! let our watch-word be Castruccio's name.

CES. Let the high Heaven hear it! will ye stand

Meek, pitiful spectators of his death?

2D CIT. The nobles will not shed Castruccio's blood.

1ST CIT. When have they been so merciful to spare?

2D CIT. They will not spare from mercy, but from fear.

CES. Who should they fear?

2D CIT. The oppressed and desperate.

CES. Not if oppression find relief in words.

1ST CIT. There's not a street in Lucca but should run

Red with our blood before Castruccio die!

CES. 'Tis well, if ye dare act upon these words.

ALL. We dare.

CES. Let each one to his neighbors instantly;

Gather what force ye can; by two and threes

Return, and then we'll try the prison's strength.

2D CIT. Three of the nobles come this way.

CES. We must disperse until the hour arrive,

What time the nobles seek the Senate-house.

2D CIT. Where they will meet to doom Castruccio's death.

CES. Short space is ours; be silent, and away.

In one half hour seek ye the market-place;

Castruccio Castrucani is the word. [Exeunt.]

## Enter NOBLES.

1ST NOBLE, [putting two of the Citizens aside.] Out of the

way, ye loiterers.

2D NOB. What do ye here, wasting what ye call time,

And then complain of want?

1ST CIT. [aside.] Our time will come. [Exit.]

1ST NOB. What said the knave?

2D NOB. Good saints, I know as little as I care.

I do not share Castruccio's sympathy

For those who are the dust beneath my feet.

1ST NOB. 'Tis pity of him: for more gallant knight

Ne'er led the foremost, still himself the first.

I grudge the yielding to the Florentines

That now must follow.

2D NOB. Better submission to that distant power

Than that within our gates: the citizens,

Stirred by Castruccio, talk of their rights.

Time was, a creditor, grown troublesome,

Might hang, a useful warning, at our door;

But Castrucani has so changed the state,

That not a knave who walks the market-place

But holds his life as precious as our own.

Why, Lucca is as quiet as a bower.

1ST NOB. We have had stirring times outside our walls—

Victory on victory o'er the Florentines.

2D NOB. And this has dazzled ye: ye have not marked

How stronger, hour by hour, has grown his sway.

Among ourselves, if it were left to him,

We should not have a single privilege

Beyond the meanest citizen.

Enter the COUNT LEONI, as if from a journey, speaking to

his Page as he enters.

See all your charges safe; then follow me,

Bringing the casket where my cousin's name

Is worked in pearls.

1ST NOB. Welcome again to Lucca, Count Leoni.

[All gather round him.]

LEONI. Kind greeting to you all: I am right glad

To see my friends and native walls again.

2D NOB. You're come upon us in a stirring time.

1ST NOB. Tell him at once Castruccio is our prisoner.

2D NOB. You're over hasty; for the Count may be

One of Castruccio's partisans.

1ST NOB. Arrezi always liked the strongest side,

And hence betrothed his daughter to Castruccio.

LEO. What, to my cousin—to the fair Bianca?

1ST NOB. You do not look as if you liked the news.

2D NOB. Will you go with us to the Senate-house?

Your uncle will be there.

LEO. As yet I am too new to join your councils.

2D NOB. We may not loiter, even now awaits

The envoy sent from Florence.

LEO. Make ye what terms ye can—secure yourselves:

The Florentines will gladly aid your cause.

They hate Castruccio—hate, because they fear.

2D NOB. We are too late: farewell, we meet anon.

[Exeunt.]

LEO. [Solus.] Well, fortune, thou hast stood my friend at last!

I came to struggle with mine enemy,

And, lo! he is subdued. Castruccio lies

A prisoner at the mercy of his foes.

For him there is only one ransom—death!

Soon will these hasty nobles want a head:

The power and wealth of our most ancient house

Point to Arrezi as the nobles' chief,

And he will be a cypher in my hands.

Now will my secret trafficking with Florence

Stand in good stead: my path is clear before me.

The odium of the Castrucani's death,

And the inglorious peace they now must make,

Rests with the nobles. Fortune, now thy tide

Is on the turn—I dare to ride thy waves.

Strange that Castruccio, who through life has been

My too successful rival, now should make

My first step in the ladder of ambition.

Now must I seek my cousin, fair Bianca,

So nearly lost; how will she greet me now?

Castruccio's sway has been right absolute,

Or never had Arrezi let his child

Link with our house's ancient enemy. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Senate-house.

COUNT GONSALVI, COUNT ARREZI, NOBLES, ATTENDANTS,

&c.

GONSALVI [taking a seat.] Henceforward Florence claims

your fealty;

She will secure you in all ancient rights,

Immunity, and privilege; her sword

Will stand between ye and your enemies.

For this a yearly tribute must be paid

Of twenty thousand florins.

2D NOBLE. Our treasury's low, my lord.

GONS. And so is ours,

Exhausted by the late vexatious war.

2D NOB. Urged by the Count Castruccio, net ourselves.

GONS. It must be paid.

2D NOB. Well, well,

The goldsmiths round our market-place are rich.

The citizens, too, better being poor,

As more obedient, right that they should pay

The penalty of their rebellious spirit.

GONS. [rising.] I leave you till to-morrow, when I bring

The treaty ready for your signatures,

And will receive your homage and your oaths.—[Exit.]

1ST NOB. Homage and tribute—these are bitter words!

2D NOB. Less bitter than the Castrucani's sway.

1ST NOB. To-day must fix his fate. What is his doom?

SEVERAL NOBLES. Death!

ARR. Rather say exile.

2D NOB. Yes, and one week sees him again our chief!

ARR. He may be kept strict prisoner.

2D NOB. And keep perpetual terror o'er our heads.

SEVERAL NOBLES. A scaffold is our safety.

ARR. We dare not raise that scaffold.

SEVERAL NOBLES. Dare not!

ARR. The citizens would rise in his defence.

1ST NOB. Not with our swords to teach them what they are.

2D NOB. Why risk a tumult that we well may spare,

While Lucca has a dagger?

1ST NOB. He shall not perish by the assassin's hand.

2D NOB. So that he perish, little matters how.

ARR. The tumult would be fearful.

1ST NOB. Even now

The people gather fiercely in the streets.

2D NOB. Let them not see him, they will soon forget.

ARR. Hark to the shouts!

1ST NOB. I have a useful knave, who, give him gold,

Stabs and forgets; I'll send him to the prison.

2D NOB. The noise approaches, look ye to your swords.

1ST NOB. Delay is fatal—let Castruccio die!

[While he is speaking the doors are burst open,

and CASTRUCIO enters, armed and attended.]

CAST. Not yet, nor by your hand! Thanks, gentlemen,

For an indifferent lodging. I have learnt

That prisons, tenanted with thoughts of death,

Is not a punishment to order lightly;

Therefore, ye shall not fill my vacant place.

2D NOB. The game is yours—I, for one, ask not mercy!

CAST. And, therefore, worthier to have unasked.

Ye do mistake me, signors: all my thoughts

To ye are grateful ones. But for your rash

And ill-advised attempt, I had not known

How true the love on which my power is built—

How strong the cause the people trust with me!

Re-enter COUNT GONSALVI.

GONS. I must demand some escort: for the streets

Are filled with people, and unwillingly

Would I shed blood. What! Castrucani here?

CAST. Ready to give the Count Gonsalvi audience,

And ask, what are the terms he brings from Florence?

GONS. With these, the representatives of Lucca,

I have arranged our treaty.

CAST. On what terms?

GONS. That ye submit yourselves, and pledge your faith

True vassals unto Florence: and each year

Remit your tribute—twenty thousand florins!

CAST. Tribute and homage! can they sink so low,

Men who have met ye bravely in the field?

Now hear me, Count Gonsalvi: Lucca rather

Would see her walls dismantled, than consent

To yield such base submission!

GONS. These are her chiefs—in their consent she yields.

CAST. You see that they are silent. By my voice

Does Lucca speak: she would be glad of peace,

An equal, sure, an honorable peace—

To terms like these she has but one reply—defiance.

GONS. Florence will teach you better in the field!

CAST. This to your conqueror: not three weeks have pass'd

Since, in the field, we met. I think you found

More service from your spurs than from your swords.

GONS. 'Twas an unlucky chance of war.

CAST. Not so, my lord; there was a higher cause—

The right against the wrong. Your army came,

A mercenary and a selfish band,

Some urged by false ambition, some for spoil.

No noble motive noble impulse gave:

Ye were aggressors, and ye fought like such.

I tell you, count, with not a third your numbers

I chased your flying hosts within your gates.

GONS. I came not for a boast but for an answer—

War or submission.

CAST. War or submission! sad such choice and stern:

Vast is the suffering—great the wrong of war!

But—and all Lucca speaketh in these words—

Rather we take the suffering; and the wrong  
Rests on the oppressor's head, than we submit.  
Not while one hand can strike on Lucca's side,  
Not while one stone is left of Lucca's walls,  
Not while one heart beats in our country's cause,  
Will Lucca stoop beneath a foreign yoke.  
Ye only fight for conquest or for spoil:  
We for our homes, our rights, our ancient walls!  
The sword is drawn—God be the judge between us!

GONS. Have ye no other answer?

CAST. None. Cesario is your escort to the gates.

GONS. I take your answer—war, then, to the death.—*[Exit.]*

2D NOS. Are ye not rash in this? how weak our state  
Compared with Florence.

CAST. Twice have we met them in the open field,  
Each time they fled before us. Oh! my friends,  
If I may call ye such, we are not weak  
Who have our own good swords, and urge a war  
Just in the sight of heaven. Our weakness lies  
In our dissensions, in the small base aims  
That disunite us from the common cause.  
Lucca were strong, had Lucca but one heart!  
Why should ye be mine enemies? I seek  
Yours in the general good. I stand between  
Ye and a people whom ye would oppress.  
Know ye not, love has stronger rule than fear?  
A country, fill'd with tyrants and with slaves,  
What waits upon her history?—crime and shame!  
But the free state, where every rank is knit  
By general blessings, freedom shared by all,  
There is prosperity—there those great names  
Whose glory lingers though themselves be gone.  
It is not ye I serve, it is your country!—*[Applause.]*

2D NOS. *[Aside.]* I see that we must yield, or seem to yield;  
He's master now.

CAST. And for this base submission  
To your hereditary enemies,  
There is no yoke so galling as the yoke  
Foreign invaders place upon your neck!  
The heavy and the arbitrary sway  
That ye would fix upon your countrymen,  
Would soon be on yourselves. Lucca is free;  
To keep her so is trusted to your swords!  
I march to meet the Florentines to-morrow;  
Will ye not follow me for Lucca's sake?

NOBLES. We will.

CAST. Now must I forth to thank the citizens.  
*[Sees ARREZI.]* The Count Arrezi here!

ARR. I came here as your friend.

CAST. Then bear but hence my greeting to your daughter.

ARR. My lord, she is much honor'd! *[Shouts without.]*

CAST. The people are impatient, let us forth:  
I am impatient, too, to thank their love.  
We will go forth together, and with them  
Make common cause. *[Exeunt.]*

END OF FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.... Apartment in the Arrezi Palace.

CLARICHA. *[Seated at an embroidering-frame.]*  
The past it is my world: ah! but for that,  
How could I bear the present? In the past  
Is garnered all most precious to my soul.  
It is not true that love decays or dies  
With time or absence: years have passed away,  
Yet still my dreams are faithful to one thought,  
One voice makes secret music in my ear,  
Distinct as when it breathed its earliest vow.  
Long since hath hope grown faint, but weary never!  
Fate may have said that we shall meet no more!  
But rather would I live upon the love  
Whose only food is memory, than forget,  
And ask oblivion for its cold content.

*Enter LEONI.*

LEO. Nay, I must not disturb you: pray resume  
Your graceful task.

CLAR. Pardon me, sir. *[Going—he detains her.]*

LEO. 'Tis long since I have seen so fair a face,  
And cannot part with it so readily.

CLAR. I will announce your coming to my lady.

LEO. She knows it, sweet, and will be here anon.  
The time will not seem long with those dark eyes  
To count the minutes by.

CLAR. You must excuse my stay.  
*[Snatches her hand from him—exit.]*

LEO. *[Solus.]* Women exaggerate all things—most of all  
Our flatteries and their power. Foolish girl!  
She might have passed my waiting pleasantly.  
But soft! here comes my uncle.

*Enter ARREZI.*

ARR. Welcome, fair nephew, once again to Lucca.

LEO. Thanks, my kind kinsman; but, before I say  
A word of greeting, tell me of your news.

ARR. This 'twixt ourselves—I bring the very worst.  
Castruccio is again the lord of Lucca.

LEO. It cannot be.

ARR. The people rose and freed him from his prison,  
Bore him in triumph to the senate-house,  
And, once among us, all gave way before him.

LEO. What! did ye yield, so many as ye were?

ARR. What could we do? strong as the angry sea,  
The people gathered fiercely at the gates,  
And many of the younger nobles leaned  
Toward his side, chafed at the thoughts of peace  
Bought by submission to the Florentines.

LEO. *[Aside.]* Cowards and traitors to themselves. *[Aloud.]*  
And now  
What is the course ye mean to follow?

ARR. Our power is broken, and we must submit.

LEO. Is it the head of our most noble house  
Who names submission to the Castrucani?

ARR. What can we do? he's brave and eloquent.  
His sword subdues the Florentines, his tongue  
Enchants the people!

LEO. What can ye do?—resist.

ARR. What has resulted from our late resistance  
But a more firm assurance to his sway?

LEO. Fools, that could let a prison stand between  
Their enemy and death!

ARR. We must conciliate now.

LEO. He is to wed

The fair Bianca.

ARR. We shall share his power.

LEO. I like no sharing but the lion's share.  
This was not once the temper of our house:  
The Castrucani owed their banishment  
To us and ours.

ARR. Ah! those were glorious days.  
None questioned, then, our rightful sovereignty.

LEO. Which half the citizens now laugh to scorn.  
As yet I have not been an hour in Lucca,  
Yet I can see all things are changed.

ARR. Too true!

LEO. Your servants are your masters; where are gone  
Your old respect and high authority?

ARR. I do not know the times in which I live,  
So much of change lies heavy on each hour!  
Castruccio comes to-night—now greet him fair.

LEO. What! when he comes a suitor to my cousin?

ARR. Such an alliance will secure us all.

LEO. I tell you, count, that it shall never be;  
Think upon what you owe your ancient line:  
Its feuds are bonds its honor must hold dear.  
We hate the Castrucani!

ARR. I have small cause, if you knew all, to love them.

LEO. And yet you yield and tamper with Castruccio.

ARR. And once again, I say, what can we do?

LEO. *[Aside.]* He wavers—ancient hatred is too strong  
For the new bond of interest and of fear,  
But yet I dare not trust him with the scheme  
That rises dark and vague upon my mind.  
I must think more. *[Aloud.]*—Again, I say, resist!  
But wisely, calmly; never should the sword  
Flash till it strikes.

ARR. I'll tell you truly, kinsman,  
I like not this alliance: it is forced  
On us by evil days and evil fortunes.  
Now, more than ever, do we need such aid,  
For I misdoubt but that Castruccio knows  
'T was not to serve him that I sought the council  
When he was prisoner.

LEO. Bid him, as you said,  
To a gay banquet here, and bid with him  
All his chief followers; let us seem friends:  
And, if we watch our hour, that hour will come.

ARR. I'll to the Castrucani palace straight,  
And urge our welcome. *[Exit.]*

LEO. *[Solus.]* And he will come; danger escaped but  
makes  
The brave more daring; and Castruccio's brave.  
It is a desperate game that I must try,  
And yet our only chance. There's little time,  
But haste is the friend of enterprise:  
I will not snatch a moment with Bianca,  
Then to my task. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.... Interior of a Church.

CLARICHA enters, and makes an Offering of Flowers at the Shrine of the Madonna.

CLAR. *[Solus.]* Lady divine, who yet art bound to earth  
By the strong tie of sorrows shared, look down  
And smile upon the offering which each day  
I offer for his sake; if yet on earth,  
Weary he wander, strengthen and support;  
If thought of me add to his happiness  
Keep it alive, and if it be regret,  
Let me fade gently, like a pleasant dream—  
Sweet, but too faint to rest on memory!  
If—but, oh, no, not even in my prayers  
Can I name death. *[Sound of approaching steps.]*  
Some one approaches, and I cannot bear  
My quiet moment broken. *[She retires up the stage.]*  
*Enter CASTRUCCIO muffled, and a FLORENTINE SPY.*

CAST. I understand their plan;  
Florence will aid the strongest.

FLOR. Such is her policy; her wishes take her  
Upon the noble's side.

CAST. It matters not—  
One victory more, and I can name my terms;  
It is the secret statagem I seek;  
For that I look to thee—henceforth we meet  
Within this church; few ever come this way.

FLOR. To-morrow look for tidings from the camp.

CAST. I or Cesario will meet you here  
At this same hour. Here is your promised gold.

FLOR. Thanks: I will be secret as the grave. *[Exit.]*

CAST. I loathe the tools that I perforce must use;  
For sooner would I hang yon knave than pay him.  
Crime takes no shape so base as treachery,  
And yon slave betrays his city's council  
For a few ducats; but the time will come,  
When, strong in Lucca's cause, I shall not need  
Such an unworthy means; the slave and spy  
Belong to tyranny, and freedom works  
With nobler instruments.

*Going out, CLARICHA returns, they meet face to face, and recognise each other.*

CAST. My loved, my lost, my beautiful Claricha!  
CLAR. Oh! wake me not Amio, if I dream.

CAST. Amio! how that name recalls my youth!  
But whence art thou? when last I sought our home,  
There was no vestige of the humble roof  
That was the shelter of our early years.  
I only found a heap of blackened ashes  
O'er which the green weeds had begun to trail.

CLAR. You had not left us but a few sad months,  
When, burnt and plunder'd by the Florentines,  
Our village 'mid its vineyards lay in ruins;  
The aid from Lucca sent, arrived too late  
To save our homes; but to the chief Arrezi  
I owe my life, and, placed by him, I dwelt  
Long with a noble lady of his house,  
Who loved me like the children she had lost.

CAST. The Count Arrezi! strange we never met.

CLAR. I have not been three days in Lucca—death  
Left me once more alone in this cold world.  
Again the Count Arrezi was my friend,  
And placed me with his daughter, who is soon  
To wed the Count Castruccio.

CAST. I am he.

CLAR. Amio!

CAST. Oh, breathe that name again—let it recall  
All that my youth once dreamed of hope and love!

Or rather let me hear that name no more,  
It is the death-knell of all happiness.

CLAR. Alas, I dare not question; yet, one word—  
Have you forgotten me?

CAST. Forgotten what was dearest to my soul!

CLAR. Alas, how may that be, if Count Castruccio  
And my Amio be the same?

CAST. Evil and bitter were my early years:  
Exiled in childhood, sought for but to slay,  
I only re-assumed our ancient name,  
When, gathering all the remnants of our cause,  
I raised the banner of our line, and came  
A conqueror—who but only came to spare.

CLAR. I would that I had earlier known your name.

CAST. How bitterly I mock the pride that kept  
My birth a secret; yet 'twas not all pride,  
I planned a glad surprise for her I loved;  
In the first dawn of my success, I sought  
The well-remembered vineyards.

CLAR. Farewell, Count Castruccio! had I known  
The name whose triumphs fill our Italy,  
I had not hoped as I have done for years;  
But I should still have loved: it does not need  
That words should say, the nameless, friendless girl  
Is nothing to the Lord of Lucca.

CAST. Weary and hard has been my path through life;  
Its brief success by danger has been bought,  
Yet knew I not its bitterness till now.

CLAR. Farewell, my lord.

CAST. Hear me, Claricha—be yourself my judge—  
What Lucca was, let our first years recall:  
Years past in war and exile—when the land  
Had not one vineyard safe—one hearth secure—  
How stands my country now?—at peace within,  
The peasant, undisturbed beneath his vine,  
The citizen in safety, high or low,  
While our fair banners flout the gates of Florence.  
Not for the palace only have I ruled,  
But for the green fields and the market place:  
Peace dwells beneath the shadow of my power.

CLAR. Ah, me! I know too well how much Castruccio  
Has done for Lucca.

CAST. I have given youth,  
And love, and hope, to be her sacrifice.  
From the first hour that Lucca owned my sway,  
I only look'd to her prosperity:  
The heart went with her that now turns aside;  
On one side dost thou stand and happiness,  
But on the other, danger, toil, and care.

CLAR. And duty!

CAST. A heavy duty girdles me around;  
Arrezi's daughter has my plighted honor:  
For Lucca's sake was the alliance sought,  
To bind her father's party to my side.  
A darker power than mine impels me on—  
For the first time I hesitate, and fain  
I would recall my purpose.

CLAR. Not for me;  
Look on yon heaven, Castruccio, and think  
Of thine own glorious future.

CAST. Has life no service I could render thee?

CLAR. What is there I could ask of thee but love?

CAST. I cannot part with thee: I had forgotten  
That there were sweet and gentle thoughts in life;  
Let me do something for thy sake, my loved one.

CLAR. Oh, death, this is thy agony!

CAST. The council will have met—I must away;  
Who could restrain my followers in their fear  
If I were missing? but not yet farewell,  
I have so much to say, so much to ask.  
We meet again, Claricha; I must seek  
At least to be thy friend; we meet again.

CLAR. Alas! why should we meet? it is in vain.

CAST. I cannot choose, my heart beats quick with joy:  
Youth, hope, and tenderness return with thee.

CLAR. For thine own sake, Castruccio, fare-thee-well.

CAST. Stay yet one moment; if thou didst but know  
How faithfully this heart has kept thy name,  
Its sad and secret music; years have past  
Since the green vineyards heard our youthful vow;  
Hurried our parting word, and parting kiss,  
But not less sacred. In my first career  
Thou wert my hope, my star of enterprise—  
When I looked forward, 'twas to look to thee.

CLAR. And now we meet, and know that we must part,  
Unpitied fate! why met we not before?

CAST. My exile was repealed, but ere I sought  
My native city, I did seek for thee;  
Instead of sunny welcome in thine eyes,  
I found but desolation and despair:  
Dark night, and its eternal echoes, gave  
The only answer when I called thy name.

CLAR. Oh! if we had but met.

CAST. Fate mocks at us; a few brief hours suffice  
To stand between us and our happiness,  
Thenceforth I had those gentle hopes no more,  
That make the spirit gentle where they dwell.  
Lucca was then my all—I had no hopes  
But for the glory of my native city;  
To see her free and prosperous, became  
Life's sole great object.

CLAR. Not for my sake shall Lucca's hero pause  
Upon his glorious path; not for my sake  
Forget life's noblest duties.

CAST. Thou art more strong than I am—yet not so,  
I see thy cheek is pale, thine eye is wet,  
I cannot leave thee.

*Enter CESARIO hastily.*

CES. I pray your pardon, but the need is great;  
The late attempt fills all your friends with fear,  
Not mine to check their angry eagerness,  
Which now is fain to seek thee, sword in hand.

CAST. To stay is madness now; my brief delay  
May be atoned in blood. Love, now farewell.

CES. I pray you, lady, urge his speed.

CLAR. Farewell! farewell!

CAST. Meet me again, Claricha, meet me here;  
Here, with high Heaven, and the dead around,  
Fit for farewell like ours. Sternly I feel  
The pressure of my duty to the land,  
Whose people are entrusted to my keeping;



But I cannot part with thee, and know so little  
Of thy uncalled-for future.

Good, my lord.

CLAR. Claricha, most beloved, I dare not stay,  
With life on every moment, bid me go.

CLAR. Farewell.

We meet to-morrow; every gentle saint  
Watch over thee. Farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

CLAR. *[Stands looking after him, and then turns suddenly  
and kneels before the Madonna.]*

At least I still may pray for him. *[Scene closes.]*  
END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.... A Banqueting Hall opening into a garden,  
and hung with pictures. Servants. COUNT ARREZI.

ARR. *[Solus.]* I have but little heart for this gay banquet:  
Dangers and fears encompass me around;  
I know the Castrucani doubt my faith,  
I know Leoni loathes the coming marriage,  
Which never will his fiery spirit see  
Without a struggle; and with that must come  
All that I thought to shun of strife and blood.  
Ah! there are moments, when my thoughts have asked  
The heart that beats with them—can this be life?  
This gulf of troubled waters, where the soul,  
Like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves  
Of pain and pleasure, by the warring breath  
Of passions, like the winds that drive it on,  
And only to distraction.

*[Sees CLARICHA coming from the garden.]*

Ah! she comes;

The gentle orphan, whose sweet sight more soothes  
My troubled soul, than aught in this wide world.  
I love her, for I know she needs my love,  
And something in her sadness suits with mine.

*[Enter CLARICHA.]*

Welcome, my child! but how is this—the tears  
Are in thine eyes. Sweet one, why hast thou wept?

CLAR. My spirits are not good, my lord.

ARR. Thou art full young for sadness.

CLAR. Ah, my lord,  
'T is not the old alone who know that life  
Has but a weary way.

ARR. My gentle child—

For even as a child thou art to me—  
Our life has many sorrows; and I think  
Most bitterly is sorrow felt in youth.  
Age comes and brings indifference: I grieve  
Not as I used to grieve—I know the worst  
Is but a painful dream that soon must pass.

CLAR. Would I could think so!

ARR. Believe me, maiden, could we read the past  
In every heart, we should recoil to find  
What weight of misery has been endured.

CLAR. Ah me! unequal are the lots in life.

ARR. More nearly are they balanced than we deem;  
The outward life shows not the life within.  
I am about to welcome in these walls  
The Count Castruccio, and he is received  
As the affianced lover of my daughter;  
The crowd will only see the pomp and power,  
And know not how the irrevocable past  
Rises in all its darkness on my soul.  
I hate the Castrucani's iron house.

CLAR. Hate them, my lord?

ARR. Is it the sadness in those gentle eyes  
That suits my mood? but in thee, my fair child,  
Is that which, winning on my confidence,  
Soothes the old sorrow which it seems to share.  
Since that first hour, when but a trembling girl  
I met thee flying from the Florentines,  
My heart warmed to thee as thou wert my own.  
Perhaps it is that in thy face and voice  
There is a touch that brings again the face,  
The voice, that once made heaven on earth to me.  
'T was but a dream of youth!

CLAR. Can such dreams pass?

ARR. Oh, never wholly can they be forgotten:  
Good cause have I to hate the Castrucani!  
I loved the loveliest lady of their line,  
And wedded her in secret. Brief the space  
That fate allow'd our moonlit happiness—  
We were surprised together. From that hour  
A settled darkness hangs upon her fate.  
The drug or dagger did their fatal work  
So secretly, that not a trace was left.  
A dungeon was my share—for three long years  
They held me captive, I escaped the third,  
But never could I learn my lady's doom!

CLAR. Ah! such a parting well might break the heart.

ARR. Time brings strange chances, when a child of mine  
Weds with the Castrucani—but in vain  
Age seeks to struggle with its destiny;  
I'm worn and weary—all I seem to wish  
Is but a little rest before I die.

CLAR. Speak not so mournfully, my own kind friend,  
Think how affection girdles you around,  
How gratitude puts up its prayer to heaven,  
When e'er the orphan names Arrezi's name.

ARR. My own sweet child, would thou wert truly mine!  
I've sadden'd where at first we meant to cheer.  
We'll talk of grief no more; I pray you cast  
Your eye around, and see that all be set  
In fair array. I must now seek Leoni—*[going.]*  
I had forgotten what I meant to say—  
You and Bianca must be brave to-night.  
I bade my pages carry to your chamber  
Some toys and gauds I trust will please your fancy.

CLAR. You are too kind.

ARR. Nay, I am only glad  
To give so slight a pleasure. *[Exit.]*

CLAR. It is in vain—I cannot fix my thoughts  
On aught but him. Alas, no, Castruccio!  
How have I pray'd for years that we might meet—  
We meet, and only meet to part for ever.  
I know not what I look upon—all things  
Repeat his likeness—I can hear his voice,  
Or is it but the beating of my heart?  
The Count Leoni here? Let me escape,  
I could not bear his idle gallantry. *[Looks round.]*

This column will conceal me.

*Enter the COUNT LEONI, followed by ARREZI.*

ARR. It is too desperate!

LEO. So are our fortunes!

We are the ladders of Castruccio's greatness,  
Used, then flung down.

ARR. Nay, we must rise with him.

LEO. One of our noble house should scorn such rise;  
Ancestral is our hatred, dark with time!

And seal'd on either side with blood. To-day

Cannot undo the work of many years.

ARR. Where are the well-laid schemes of yesterday?

LEO. Lost by your own weak fears; he should have died.

Castruccio's only prison is the grave!

ARR. But still to slay him—coming as my guest  
In my own halls—

LEO. The strong may choose their time,

The weak take opportunity to strike.

ARR. I cannot—dare not.

LEO. Dare not, is the word;

I'll dare for both. Now listen, uncle mine:

Bianca is my own betrothed bride!

Castruccio shall not wed her; that alone

Were cause enough to float these halls with blood:

He is our house's ancient enemy,

And, but for him, no citizen would dare

Raise hand against the nobles; he must die!

ARR. But yet some fitter time.

LEO. The hour for action is the present hour!

Defeat and danger wait upon delay.

Castruccio will be here to-night, unarmed 'd,

His surest friends beside him; they will fall,

None to avenge. Our friends are prepared;

A secret band of Florentines now lie

In ambush by the city's western gate,

Whose keeper I have gain'd. I haste to seek them

Bearing the orders of the Count Gonsalvi,

Who'll meet them at the gate and lead them on.

Castruccio slain—the people overawed,

Henceforth our triumph is secure.

ARR. It will be bought too dearly.

LEO. Danger will heighten our success.

ARR. 'T is not the danger, 't is the treachery.

LEO. I've heard the treachery of the Castrucani

Gave you three years of prison in your youth.

ARR. Do not recall that bitter time again.

LEO. I must recall its memory—let it cry

For vengeance at our hands. I will away:

Short time is mine to reach the Florentines,

And yet return to grace the festival:

My entrance at the banquet is the signal!

ARR. Castruccio may miss you from the halls

Whose heir should be the first to bid him welcome!

LEO. A little coloring gives truth to falsehood,

Tell him I'm jealous of Bianca's smile.

ARR. But—

LEO. Buts are the stumbling-blocks of enterprise,

We will not have them.

ARR. The risk is fearful—do not think Castruccio

Will yield without a struggle. How can I

Stand by and see him murder'd?

LEO. Out on such scruples! Hear me, Count Arrezi!

Go to Castruccio's feet, and tell him all;

Give up your kinsmen and your ancient friends,

And henceforth be his vassal. For ourselves,

We are prepared to die, though not prepared

To perish by your act.

ARR. You know no death could tempt me to betray you.

LEO. You have your choice—his life or ours!

ARR. Leoni, I am now a man in years,

Broken and wayworn, and I lack the force

To lead or stem the tide of your fierce spirits;

On either hand is death!

LEO. That of your friends and foes is at your choice.

ARR. I have no choice.

LEO. Then, neither can you be responsible.

But now I must away—time hurries on,

One parting word—be resolute. *[Exit.]*

CLARICHA *[Coming forward.]*

ARR. Hear me one moment more! *[Follows him.]*

Thank God, I have heard all! oh, give me strength

To fly and save him! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A small chamber looking to the Street.

*Enter CLARICHA, hastily.*

CLAR. All egress is forbidden from the palace,  
They will not let me forth, and he must die!

I must behold him murder'd in my sight!

Can I not watch, when first he comes, and speak

At once my words of warning in his ear?

Too late, the armed traitors will be nigh:

Can I not save him? I, who would lay down

My life to save him? Pitying heaven, look down

And aid me in this hopeless misery. *[After a pause.]*

These windows look upon the street—a scroll

Might save him yet—it is a desperate chance!

Still, if it reach his hand, he were in safety.

*[She approaches the table, and writes.]*

Be still, thou coward hand! thou shalt not tremble.

*[She writes.]*

'T is done—these few brief words suffice

To warn Castruccio of the coming danger.

*[She folds the letter.]*

Holy Madonna, have it in thy care!

*[She attempts to throw it out, the wind blows it back again.]*

'T is too light—'t will never reach the street;

*[She looks anxiously round.]*

It should be heavy—heavy as my heart!

Oh, nothing!—nothing, if I had but here

One of those daggers soon to drink his blood!

*[Suddenly recollecting, she puts her hand to her throat.]*

'T is here, the chain I have from childhood worn!

My only relic of the unknown past.

But let it go—it will weigh down the scroll—

*[She makes up the packet.]*

Now heaven speed it that it reach Castruccio!

*[She flings it from the window.]*

It falls—I see it lying in the street.

Now all depends on who may find it first.

Star of his glorious hour, send thou some friend!

Let but a noble pass, and he is lost!

A common citizen draws near the spot;

He sees the packet—takes it—reads the name,  
And hurries to the Castrucani palace.

I know your street leads straight unto its gates;

Oh God, I thank thee!

*[Sinks exhausted by the window; the scene closes.]*

SCENE III.... A Hall in one of the Palaces.

LEONI, and several NOBLES.

1st NOB. I would you had been with us yesterday.

LEO. To-day will serve us better; for to-day

Has yesterday's experience.

1st NOB.

We were wrong

To trust the people and the light of day;

Now secret night is round our enterprise,

And we will be as secret.

LEO.

All now rests

Upon your own good swords and with yourselves.

2d NOB.

If that the matter rested with my sword

I were content—that were a soldier's part.

Midnight assassins are we now!

LEO.

Actions are ever judged by their success;

To-morrow sees us paramount in Lucca;

The doom to-night dealt on the Castrucani

Will then be rightful justice.

1st NOB.

We have no choice: it is his fall or ours,

And I, for one, care little if by sword

Or if my dagger end an enemy.

LEO.

We are degraded by the Castrucani;

Our order has not left one privilege

Beyond the meanest citizen.

2d NOB.

He talks, too, of dismissing our retainers.

LEO.

'T is the old fable of the lion's claws,

But we must re-assert our ancient rule;

Assert it now or never, for I know

The emperor's envoys are upon their way

To own the Castrucani Lord of Lucca,

But they must find us masters!

1st NOB.

Your entrance at the banquet is our signal!

LEO.

Yes, and I ask one favor; let my dagger

Be that which strikes Castruccio!

ALL.

Agreed!

LEO.

Our time is precious; to your care, Count Ludolph,

I will commend my uncle: he is old,

And weak, and fearful—see he falter not

You, Count Rinaldo, have our followers armed,

And meet me secret in the cypress-grove;

I'll wait there, coming from the Florentines.

Our forces and their band must join at once;

This fixed, we'll seek the banquet-room together.

My welcome to Castruccio is my dagger!

1st NOB.

One cup of wine, Leoni, ere you go.

LEO.

I have not time—yet stay—we'll drink one pledge.

*[They pour out wine; each takes a goblet.]*

Death to the Castrucani!

ALL.

Death to the Castrucani!

LEO.

And now away—away—for life and death

Is on the hour! *[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.... The same Hall as before, but now illuminated,  
hung with Pictures, &c.

COUNT ARREZI, BIANCA, CLARICHA, GUESTS, &c.

CLARICHA anxiously watching the groups as they enter.

ARR. Welcome, my friends!

*[After two or three greetings.]*

*[Aside.]* We cannot now recede, they come prepared.

CLAR. *[Aside.]* He comes not! *[banquet.]*

1st NOB. You've spared, good count, no cost upon your

*[Aside.]* Wear not that moody brow, to-night is ours.

ARR. *[Aside.]* Alas! that this must be.—*[Aloud.]*—The

count is late. *[sure.]*

1st NOB. We're used to wait the Count Castruccio's plea.

CLAR. *[Aside.]* Perhaps he may not come!

ARR. Fair ladies, will you dance? *[A dance.]* *[come.]*

CLAR. *[Aside.]* Each moment gives me hope he may not

ARR. You stand apart; will you not dance my child?

CLAR. I am not

"Tis now some fifty years—I know the face.  
The public monument the public raised  
In gratitude for a long life of service.  
His statue looks upon the town he ruled,  
An honor unto both. It is the past  
Redeems the present, and that bids us look  
To the dim future with a lofty hope.  
Cold and unworthy were the actual hours,  
If they looked only to themselves; but life  
Is conscious of its immortality,  
Urged by high duty—animate by power;  
The present, in the shadow of the past,  
Learns what it owes the future.  
The sage, the hero, leave their great example  
Heroic guides upon a glorious path;  
They are the lights by which we shape our course,  
Only by looking up can we see Heaven.

1st NOBLE. You're eloquent, my lord!

ARR. [Aside]. I'll try to save him, and must see Leoni.

[Aloud.] Our guests await your pleasure.

CAST. I pray their pardon: but who is yon knight  
Clad in white armour?

ARR. Our house's chiefest honor; when the Moors  
Made him a prisoner, on his plighted word,  
So high they held the Count Vitelli's name,  
They let him seek his native land to raise  
The ransom which they set. He found his lands  
Impoverish'd like the state, and could not raise  
The heavy sum required. In vain 'twas urged  
Small faith was needed with the infidel;  
But he return'd, taking his chains again,  
And died a captive.

CAST. And, in the presence of this noble knight,  
Who looks in visible scorn upon ye now,  
Your ancestor, Arrezi, have you plann'd  
To violate all hospitable rites!

ARR. Count Castruccio!

CAST. A cowardly assassin; but in vain.

[He stamps; his Guard comes in.]

1st NOBLE. We sell our lives full dearly!  
[Springs at CASTRUCIO, who strikes his sword  
from his hand.]

CAST. Take them to prison; ladies, by your leave,  
This is no place for you. [Addressing one of them.  
Madam, I give the Count Arrezi's daughter  
To your kind charge and honorable keeping;  
We never meet again!]

CLARICHA comes forward.

CAST. [Not knowing her.] Lady, I crave your absence.

CLAR. I only stay to ask my chain again.

CAST. [Recognising her.] Your chain! My own Claricha,  
have you been

Lucca's good angel—sweet preserver, mine!  
Take back your chain, and, with it, take my heart  
And its entire allegiance. Oh! sweet love,  
This is no time to pour my heart in words,  
Yet happiness must ask a moment's space.  
Saved, and by thee!

CLAR. Ah! would I not lay down my life for thine!

CAST. Like a good angel's gift I hold the life  
Which thou hast rescued; it must be for good:  
Life's sweetest hopes return again with thee.  
Mine once again—my own, long lost Claricha!  
This very evening I reproached my fate;  
To meet thee still the beautiful, the true,  
And yet resign thee, was too hard a task!  
I questioned with my honor, and I faltered  
In the stern path of right: but I am now  
So happy, my Claricha!

CLAR. Would I might ever make thy happiness! [Home!]

CAST. One word—where does my sweet one make her

CLAR. With Count Arrezi.

CAST. With mine enemy!

CLAR. No longer such; henceforward bound to thee  
By a free pardon.

CAST. I cannot pardon him.

CLAR. Not pardon him, Castruccio, for my sake!

CAST. I cannot pardon him for Lucca's sake!

CLAR. One moment hear me: oh! Castruccio, think  
How kind the Count has been; my one true friend!

An orphan—pity was my only claim;  
It was enough with him—I owe him all  
Of fond affection's care; but for that care  
I were not here to kneel and ask for mercy.

CAST. Kneel not to me; ah! listen, dearest mine!

CLAR. Will you not pay my debt of gratitude?

CAST. Ask for my life, Claricha, it is thine!

But ask not for the lives which others trust  
Safe to my charge; think not that I refuse  
Arrezi's life because he sought for mine;  
I have no anger for my private wrong;  
But there are those in Lucca who need warning,  
And they shall have it. With the traitor's head  
A thousand plots fall harmless from the scaffold.

CLAR. Nothing disarms an enemy like pardon.

CAST. Not when they think the pardon wrung from fear.

Ancient oppression—present treachery—  
Alike demand example. At our gates  
Gather the foreign foe; they must not hope  
For aid within our walls: I have long tried  
A gentle rule of patience—'t is no more.

Plead not with those sad eyes, the Count must die!

CLAR. I do implore you by our ancient love!

CAST. Oh! do not think that when I take this hand  
I link it to a calm and happy lot;  
You will share with me sacrifice and pain.  
For power, it is an awful thing, and stands  
Girt by stern duties. Not to thy sweet tears  
May I yield up one staid and solemn purpose;  
Once have I pardoned: but, to pardon twice,  
Were weakness, and not mercy. He must die!

CLAR. Castruccio!

CAST. Not where my heart has chosen must it find  
Unrest and womanish complaint; weep, love,  
Kindly and natural tears; but still remember  
Lucca has my first duty. Cesario, wait.  
Farewell, love! within a few short hours  
We'll meet again; when I shall ask from thee  
More justice to mine act. [Exit.]

CLAR. It is my hand has slain him; he, my friend,  
My kind—my only friend. Is there no hope?

I did not urge him earnestly enough—  
I did not tell him he would lose my love  
Unless he heard my desperate prayers for mercy.  
Oh! never shall I know a quiet hour  
Again in life, unless Arrezi live;  
His memory will haunt me like a ghost,  
Pale and perpetual at my side, with eyes  
That never turn aside their sad reproach.  
I'll after him, and wring a slow consent.

CES. Your pardon, lady; do not seek the Count,  
Let his just anger cool; think you how false,  
How vile has been Arrezi's part to-night!  
With flattering words he prayed Castruccio's presence,  
Made his own child the lure, yet, in his heart,  
Lurked the assassin, and he planned to make  
His home—his sacred home—the place for murder!

CLAR. It is too true—but he was urged by others.

CES. Lady, it does not justify our crime,  
Saying that others prompted us to sin.

CLAR. Alas! alas! I cannot think of him  
But as he was to me—a kind old man,  
The only friend my orphan girlhood knew.  
Oh! I must see him; I must kneel and weep  
Before his feet—he cannot pardon me—  
Yet let me ask forgiveness. Gentle youth,  
Conduct me to the prison.

CES. 'T will need an order to allow your entrance.

CLAR. Seek ye Castruccio; he will not refuse,  
And I, meanwhile, must weep and pray. Oh! Fate,  
How thou dost mock us! I have met Castruccio,  
The prayer of many years has been fulfilled;  
We love with that true love we vowed at parting,  
Yet my full heart sinks down with misery.  
My kind—my only friend—oh! gentle youth,  
Haste, for sweet pity's sake. [Exit.]

SCENE II.... Part of a Garden. LEONI pacing backward  
and forward.

LEO. There is no cloud upon the placid sky,  
There is no motion in the drooping leaves;  
I neither like this waiting nor this stillness.  
Too much the rest of this still night contrasts  
The unrest that is feverish in my soul!  
The midnight, with its pale and mournful moon,  
That wanders, like an orphan, through the heavens,  
Companionless, with its dark boughs, that seem  
Still as the heavy shadows which they fling,  
This hour is not for enterprise. The heart  
Mocks its own projects and its own designs,  
So little, with eternal night around,  
So worthless, gazing on those distant worlds.  
Why, what vain fantasies are these to cross  
My mind at such a time! but we are toys  
E'en to ourselves. Where can Rinaldo stay?  
The banquet hour is past—Ah! here he comes.

Enter 2d NOBLE hastily.

You come full late, my lord.

2d NOB. I come too soon;

Despair and danger are my comrades here!

LEO. What can you mean?

2d NOB. Mean? that Castruccio's friend  
Has stood him in good stead; he came prepared,  
Knowing the welcome that he was to meet.  
Your uncle and his friends are now in prison,  
Gondenn'd to death.

LEO. The Count Arrezi a prisoner!

2d NOB. Ay—and his shadow falls upon his grade,  
He stands so near it. Just now I passed  
Beside the market place; the midnight rang  
With the loud hammer's blow, and with the saw  
Grating its sullen pathway through the wood  
Which is to raise the scaffold for to-morrow.  
Arrezi there will be the first to die.

LEO. Not if my life can ransom him. 'T was I  
Who urged the old man on—with sneer and threat  
I silenced his misgivings.

2d NOB. What can we do?

LEO. Rather than let that old man die, I'd kneel  
Before the Castrucani, and give up  
My head as fitting ransom.

2d NOB. You would but only add another victim.  
We have no choice but flight.

LEO. I will not fly,

Though I but stay'd to share Arrezi's scaffold.

2d NOB. Live for revenge—a better hour may come.

LEO. Revenge is all too distant; I will save

Or perish!

2d NOB. I tell you all is known; what can avail

A single arm?

LEO. 'T is to that single arm that I must trust.

There yet remains one sole—one desperate chance—  
The risk is mine. [Drawing his dagger.] This blade  
has stood, ere now,

My certain friend. [Sheathing it.] I'll trust to it again.

2d NOB. Castruccio's guards are gather'd round his palace;  
And, if some cunning tale could win your entrance,  
You'd perish, ev'n as you struck the blow.

A hundred swords would straight avenge his death.

LEO. I'd brave them all, Rinaldo, in such cause;

But mine's a far more subtle stratagem.

2d NOB. Your stratagems have not availed us much.

LEO. The chances of the game have turned against us,

And I will pay the forfeit with my head,

Unless I turn them yet again.

2d NOB. There's something in your courage raises mine;  
I'll follow you.

LEO. That suits not with my scheme: take you this ring,

And hurry with it to the Florentines,  
Who lay in ambush near the ruined tower;  
Masten their march; I did not wish their aid  
Until our party mustered in its strength:  
But now, our life and death hangs on their speed.  
Hence, good Rinaldo.

2d NOB. Not till I know your purpose for yourself.

Half of the danger is my proper share.

LEO. On my right hand alone I must rely.  
You may remember, in our boyish days  
My father held the Castrucani palace—  
The Castrucani were themselves in exile;  
I know each turn and winding—there was one,  
A secret passage leading to the city,  
And from the very room which now Castruccio

Makes his own private chamber—leave that way,  
And, Fortune, I will worship thee again.  
2d NOB. Methinks that Fortune owes us some amends  
For past ill favor.  
LEO. We must away; each moment that we lose  
Brings my old kinsman nearer to the scaffold.  
Off to the Florentines! Now life and death  
Hang on an hour's chance. [Exit different ways.]  
END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.... A Prison. ARREZI and the CONFESSOR.  
ARREZI. Thou bring'st my youth again; thou who didst  
link

Her faith to mine—the lost and the beloved.  
Fateful to me has been thy ministering;  
It has been thine, oh! ancient priest, to bless  
My marriage and my scaffold!

CON. Not on the past, my son, fix thou thy thoughts,  
But on the solemn future!

ARR. I cannot choose: I sought thee out for years.  
Give me to know her fate—my secret bride—  
Soon lost, but long beloved—and I will turn  
From thee to thy companion—death!

CON. When the proud Castrucani forced thy bride  
To secret banishment, and made thee prisoner,  
Chance brought me to the village, and I watched  
Above her and her child—

ARR. Her child!

CON. It was two years before the mother died;  
With her last breath she gave her to my charge.

ARR. What of the orphan?

CON. For years I saw her grow in loveliness,  
And deemed her happy in her lowly state;  
For Lucca was distracted with the wars  
Her nobles kept among themselves.

ARR. I dread—yet still must ask—does my child live?

CON. But that it breaks a link with this sad world  
My heart would fail me—no, the girl is dead!  
She had just sprung to blooming womanhood,  
When heaven claimed its own. The Florentines  
Burnt Arloa, the village where she dwelt;  
Not one escaped to tell the tale of death!

ARR. Oh, subtle force of nature's secret love!

That child, although I knew her not for mine,  
Has been my care; I have reproached myself  
That more my heart drew to her than Bianca:  
Our house almost enforced my second marriage.  
I wedded with a lady cold and proud,  
Who left her likeness to her child—Bianca  
Ne'er sought, ne'er won affection like Claricha;  
Would I might bless her ere I die.

CON. Alas! my son, think not on human ties.

Enter CLARICHA.

ARR. And hast thou sought me out, my own sweet child?  
Come to your father's heart! 'T was Heaven and nature  
That made me love thee, ere I knew thy right  
To claim a parent's love. How hard it is  
To only know thee in this last sad hour!  
Shrink not away, my child—I am thy father!

CLAR. My father!

CON. She wears the very chain around her neck  
Placed by her dying mother. Start not thus,  
But kneel and ask a father's latest blessing.

CLAR. Mercy—mercy.

ARR. In evil times we meet; but still my child,

Come to my heart—Claricha, let me bless thee!

CLAR. Curse me—your blessing sinks me to the earth;

Curse me—and in me curse your murderer!

ARR. Cease these wild words, you know not what you say.

CLAR. I know too well; I gave the Count Castruccio  
The tidings of his danger.

ARR. You told Castruccio!

CON. Unhappy girl!

CLAR. I told Castruccio—in our early youth  
We met and loved; the burning of our village  
Lost us each other's trace; again we met—  
That very day I overheard your scheme,  
And gave him warning.

ARR. I cannot blame thee.

CLAR. He loves me—oh! he cannot let me die—  
Die with a parent's blood upon my soul!  
He did not know of this—yes, there is hope.

ARR. Hope!

CLAR. My father—let me call thee by that name—

My father, bless me—bless thy wretched child!

Oh, try to say one word of comfort to me!

I come to seek thy pardon. [Kneels.]

ARR. I blame our evil destiny, and feel [reance;  
'T is my own crime has brought down Heaven's ven-

I dare not say I pardon thee, Claricha,  
But take thy father's blessing; my last prayer  
Shall be for thee!

CLAR. Either I bring thy pardon, or I die;

I seek Castruccio: never will I rise

From kneeling at his feet, until I win

Forgiveness for my father. Once, again,

I pray thee bless me.

ARR. Come to my heart! [They embrace.]

CLAR. Now, pitying Heaven assist me. [Exit.]

CON. Let us now seek the inner cell, and pray.

ARR. She must succeed; I feel

My heart beat quick with hope. I follow thee.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.... CASTRUCIO alone in his Chamber, writing.

CAS. There is a heavy weight upon my heart.

That I would fling aside, yet cannot fling;

But that I hold all such presentments vain,  
I should think there was evil on this hour.

Yet where should be the evil? yonder star  
That brings the golden promise of the day,  
Is, as my fortunes, rising to their noon.

Victory bears my crimson banner onward;  
Love nestles in its shadow; and, subdued,  
Mine enemies are prostrate at my feet.

Bear witness, Lucca! in this silent hour,  
That my first thought is thine; I have not asked  
A transitory name for thee or me;

My conquests have but sought to keep our gates  
Steadfast against a foreign foe; within  
Have I kept order and security.



The iron power, made selfish by the few,  
Have I subdued, and tempered in its use.  
The citizens have learnt to know their strength,  
And in that strength lies freedom.

[The panel at the back begins to open, and LEONI appears. He advances toward CASTRUCCIO, who starts, but instantly composes himself, and appears occupied by the papers on the table.]

CAST. [Aside.] I hear the secret lock I thought none knew  
Turn in the panel, and I hear a step;  
It is too stealthy for a friendly one—  
Let me be on my guard—it comes more near.  
I see a shadow darken on the ground:  
There is a dagger in the hand. I'll seem  
Busy among these letters while I watch.

[LEON attempts to stab him, but CASTRUCCIO springs up and snatches the dagger.]

CAST. The Count Leoni turned assassin?  
[Throws down the dagger.]

LEO. Now curses on the worthless hand that fail'd  
With life and honor trusted to its strength!

CAST. Honor! that is no word for lip of thine—  
A coward murderer in the silent night.  
Does not thy noble name cry shame upon thee?

LEO. It cries for vengeance!

CAST. What cause hast thou to be my enemy?

LEO. An hundred years our houses have been foes;

To that I add my individual hate.

There is no path of fortune where thy step  
Has not cross'd mine; in war, ambition, love,  
Still hast thou been my rival! call thy guards,  
Tyrant! but, ere they come, I'll try my sword.

CAST. I'll call no other guard than my right hand.

[They fight—As he disarms LEONI, CESARIO and the Attendants rush in.]

CAST. Bear hence the traitor! your are just in time.

CES. He bleeds to death.

LEO. But yet with strength enough

For hatred and defiance; 'tis in vain—  
Fate is against me—curse the hand and sword  
That have betray'd me in my utmost need!

Yet hark, Castruccio! thou hast many foes—  
Dagger and cup armed against thy life!

And with my dying breath I bid thee speed.

But I am dizzy—no—I dare not leave

Word for my kind old kinsman or Bianca:

Now can I neither save, nor yet revenge.

CES. Die with more christian words upon thy lips,  
For the dear sake of thy immortal soul!

LEONI [springing up for a moment.]

I'll perill it on my last word—I hate him! [Dies.]

CAST. Bear him away, and instantly prepare

Arrezi's scaffold; I will make my power

Show itself fearful: they must learn my strength.

[Exeunt Attendants bearing the body.]

CES. Can you be hurt my lord? you look so pale.

CAST. I am more sad than is my wont, Cesario!

My hand has slain you traitor, but he once

Was my familiar friend—yet scarce my friend,  
For friendship asks as much as love—of faith—  
Of mingling qualities and confidence;  
Friends, then, we were not, but such gay companions  
As are remember'd pleasant in our age;  
They wear the freshness of our youth about them,  
And bring back hours untrammell'd by a care!

Many a midnight have we pass'd together  
In glad carousal, when the purple cup  
Gave its own gayety; we've fought together,  
'Neath the same banner was our earliest field!

We've sat beside the watch-fire half the night,  
Talking of friends and of our native city,  
Yet yonder doth he lie, slain by my hand!

CES. Better ten thousand perish'd such as he,  
Than perill life so dear as your's to Lucca.

CAST. Lucca—that is the watchword of my heart;

My native city! you are young, Cesario,  
And do not know with how intense a love  
The exile clingeth to his mother earth.

I was an exile once—and Lucca rose  
Each night more beautiful among my dreams;  
Each day a deeper longing seized my soul  
To see her walls once more; at length I came,  
And found disorder, tyranny and death!

It matters not to tell you of my youth;  
Enough, it left me with no home-affection,  
None of those gentler ties that fill the thoughts  
Of other men—my country was my all!

My hopes, my fears, my future were for Lucca.

CES. And you have made our Lucca what she is,  
Peace in her streets, and victory at her gates.

CAST. I know my power—alas! I also know  
Power is a sad and solitary thing;  
It cuts you off from old companionship,  
It needeth iron heart and iron eye,  
For its resolves are terrible, when life  
Waits on your word, and when you know one breath—  
One little breath—takes what it cannot give!

I yield the Count Arrezi to the axe,  
But have no word that could recall the blow!

CES. His doom is just!

CAST. And needful; vain, indeed, my present mood—  
Power must submit to its dark comrade—death!

Attendant enters.

A lady craves a moment's speech, my lord.

CAST. Let her approach: leave us, awhile, Cesario.

[Exeunt.]

I know the step.—[Enter CLARICHA]—my sweet lady

here,

What would she ask?

CLAR. What thou hast once denied,  
A pardon for Arrezi.

CAST. Let me entreat thy silence—grieve me not  
With useless prayers I may not—dare not grant;  
Thy hand is cold—your lip is white—sweet love,  
For my sake, wear not such wild wretchedness.

CLAR. You cannot dream what misery brings me to you;  
Hear me: it is my father's life I seek—  
My father's!

CAST. What does this mean?

CLAR. You could not leave a crime upon my soul  
So terrible! Arrezi is my parent!

CAST. Your parent! How is this?

CLAR. Secret he wedded one of your proud line  
Who parted them, and never till this hour  
Knew he his wife's nor yet his orphan's fate.  
I am that wretched child!

CAST. Can this be true?

CLAR. Oh! do not cruelly waste time in doubt,  
But let my agony attest the truth;  
His life—my life—now hang upon a word.  
Be merciful, Castruccio! speak that word,  
Or see me die before you!

CAST. There is no doubt!

CLAR. None—none! Now, by our love, I do implore you!  
He was my benefactor and my friend—  
He is my father!

CAST. I cannot let her hand—her innocent hand—  
Redden for ever with a parent's blood!

Nature, thy ties are sacred, and I yield.  
Haste with my signet; love, your father lives,  
And you shall be his hostage.

CLAR. Let my haste thank you. Oh! my noble lord,  
Long years of happiness reward this pardon! [Exit.]

Tumult without. CESARIO and others rush in.

CES. My lord, some treachery has been at work.  
Through the west gate the Florentines have won  
Their secret entrance, and the Count Gonsalvi  
Raises his war-cry in our streets.

CAST. 'Tis well;

Long have I sought to meet him face to face,  
And now a single blow may end the war.

SCENE III.... The Market-place. Citizens, &c. Sound

of tumult, and a bell tolling in the distance.

1ST CIT. They fly before Castruccio; but a band,  
With Count Gonsalvi, keep the western gate.

2D CIT. They will not keep it long: the Florentines  
Know our Castruccio.

1ST CIT. Did the prisoner pass

While I was gone?

2D CIT. The moment that you left;  
I wait to see the body brought this way.

1ST CIT. Lo! where they come.

[The crowd press together; and, as the body, covered on a

bier, is brought in on one side, CLARICHA enters at the

other. The bearers set down the body.]

CLAR. I cannot urge my way—in heaven's name,  
I pray you, let me pass.

1ST CIT. Rest you a little while, poor child, beside me:  
You cannot pierce the crowd.

CLAR. I must go on; oh, for your parent's sake  
Make but a little way!

1ST CIT. The crowd will soon disperse—they pause to gaze  
On Count Arrezi.

CLAR. Help me—I am his child—I bring his pardon.  
Now, in your children's—in your fathers' name—  
Let me pass on.

1ST CIT. It is too late.

[CLARICHA springs forward with a shriek, the crowd give

way, and she reaches the bier.]

CLAR. Who lies beneath that mantle?

OFFICER. The traitor, Count Arrezi.

[CLARICHA drops by the bier. Flourish of trumpets; ac-

clamations.]

Enter CASTRUCCIO, GONSALVI, Florentine prisoners, Sol-

diers, &c.]

GON. [offering his sword to CASTRUCCIO.] Thus I yield up  
my sword as vanquished twice—  
Once by your arm, more by your courtesy.

CAST. Keep it, my lord, and with it take your freedom:  
We only ask of victory for peace.

Enter CESARIO.

CES. The envoys of the emperor await  
Your leisure, to acknowledge you the lord  
Of Lucca.

CAST. Then Lucca's freedom is assured. High Heaven,  
I thank thee! [Addressing the crowd:] My friends,  
Not on a day of victory and peace,  
Shall justice sternly ask its penalty.  
Freely ye will forgive your enemies.  
Last night's conspirators I pardon here—  
Be they set free.

OFF. That has been done by death!

There lies the Count Arrezi.

[The crowd opens, and CLARICHA is seen lying by the bier.]

CAST. Oh, miserable mockery of fate!

Look up, Claricha. [She starts at his voice.]

CLAR. His voice—ah! let it wake me from my dream.  
I've had a fearful dream—Castruccio mine—  
But I am safe, thus nestled in thine arms!

CAST. [attempting to bear her away.] Come with me, love  
this is no place for thee.

CLAR. [springing from him.] Why am I here, and where-  
fore is this crowd?

There's fear in every face—they look on me  
With pity or with horror, and your eyes  
Are not familiar—ah! you turn aside—  
Speak to me—smile as you once did, Castruccio—  
Still do you turn away—what have I done?  
There are too many here—I cannot ask you—  
A strange confusion mixes up my thoughts,  
And at my heart there is a faint sick pain.

CAST. Lean on me, love.

CLAR. [looking toward the bier.] Who are those men—those  
dark and fearful men?

What do the black folds of yon mantle hide?  
I seem as I had look'd on them before;  
There is a weight upon my struggling soul—  
'T is blood—my father's blood—  
It is my father murder'd by his child!

[Sinks in CASTRUCCIO's arms.]

GON. Give way, the lady faints!

CAST. I tell you it is death—look up, my love!

Silence those trumpets; ah! she doth not hear.  
Claricha—my Claricha—so long lost,  
So lately found—youth—joy and hope are gone!  
Gone, my pale beauty—we shall love no more!

CES. Oh, come, my lord, all Lucca sees your tears!

CAST. Lucca should be their witness; for her sake—  
For my fair country's sake—I have kept down  
Natural emotions, young and cheerful thoughts,  
Yet were they warm and eager at my heart.  
With her they perish! Fate has claimed the last,  
Cruel and terrible the sacrifice!

All but my country shares Claricha's grave—

[Raising her in his arms—

This, Lucca, is my last offering!

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

## JANE SINCLAIR; OR THE FAWN OF SPRING-VALE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "FARDOROUGH THE MISER," "TRAITS AND STORIES OF  
THE IRISH PEASANTRY," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

Time passed, and the preparations necessary for Osborne's journey were in fact nearly completed. One day, about a fortnight before his departure, he and Jane were sitting in a little ozier summer-house in Mr. Sinclair's garden, engaged in a conversation more tender than usual, for each felt their love deepen and their hearts sink as the hour of separation approached them. Jane's features exhibited such a singular union of placid confidence and melancholy, as gave something Madonna-like and divine to her beauty. Osborne sat, and for a long time gazed upon her with a silent intensity of rapture for which he could find no words. At length he exclaimed in a reverie—

"I will swear it—I may swear it."

"Swear what, Charles?"

"That the moment I see a girl more beautiful, I will cease to write to you—I will cease to love you."

The blood instantly forsook her cheeks, and she gazed at him with wonder and dismay.

"What, dear Charles, do you mean?"

"Oh, my pride and my treasure!" he exclaimed, wildly clasping her to his bosom, "there is none so fair—on earth so beautiful—that, my own ever dearest, is my meaning."

The confidence of her timid and loving heart was instantly restored—and she said smiling, yet with a tear struggling through her eyelids, "I believe I am—I think I am beautiful. I know they call me the Fawn of Spring-

valle, because I am gentle."

"The angels are not so gentle, nor so pure, so innocent as you are, my own unwedded wife."

"I am glad I am," she replied; "and I am glad, too, that I am beautiful—but it is all on your account, and for your sake, dear Charles."

The fascination—the power of such innocence, and purity, and love, utterly overcame him, and he wept in transport upon her bosom.

The approach of her sisters, however, and the liveliness of Agnes, soon changed the character of their dialogue. For an hour they ran and chased each other, and played about, after which Charles took his leave of them for the evening. Jane, as usual, being the last he parted from, whispered to him, as he went—

"Charles, promise me, that in future you won't repeat—the words you used in the summer-house."

"What words, love?"

"You remember—about—about what you said you might swear—and that, in that case, you would cease to love me."

"Why, dearest, should I promise you this?"

"Because," she said, in a low sweet whisper, "they disturb me when I think of them—a slight thing makes my heart sink."

"You are a foolish, sweet girl—but I promise you, I shall never again use them."

She bestowed on him a look a smile that were more than a sufficient compensation for this; and after again bidding him farewell, she tripped lightly into the house.

From this onward, until the day of their separation, the spirits of our young lovers were more and more overcast, and the mirthful intercourse of confident love altogether gone. Their communion was now marked by despondency and by tears, for the most part shed during their confidential interviews with each other. In company they were silent and dejected, and ever as their eyes met in long and loving glances, they could scarcely repress their grief.

Sometimes, indeed, Jane on being spoken to, after a considerable silence would attempt in vain to reply, her quivering voice and tearful eyes affording unequivocal proof of the subject which engaged her heart. Their friends, of course, endeavored to console and sustain them on both sides; and frequently succeeded in soothing them into a childlike resignation to the necessity that occasioned the dreary period of absence that lay before them. These intervals of patience, however, did not last long; the spirits of our young lovers were, indeed, disquieted within them; and the heart of each drooped under the severest of all its calamities—the pain of loss for that object which is dearest to its affections.

It was arranged that, on the day previous to Charles's departure, Osborne's family should dine at Mr. Sinclair's; for they knew that the affliction caused by their separation would render it necessary that Jane, on that occasion, should be under her own roof, and near the attention and aid of her friends. Mr. Osborne almost regretted the resolution to which he had come of sending his son to travel, for he feared that the effect of absence from the fair girl to whom he was so deeply attached, might possibly counter-vail the benefits arising from a more favorable climate; but as he had already engaged the services of an able and experienced tutor, who on two or three previous occasions had been over the Continent, he expected, reasonably enough, that novelty, his tutor's good sense, and the natural elasticity of youth, would soon efface a sorrow in general so transient, and in due time restore him to his usual spirits. He consequently adhered to his resolution—the day of departure was fixed, and arrangements made for the lovers to separate, as we have already intimated.

Jane Sinclair, from the period when Osborne's attachment and her's was known and sanctioned by their friends, never slept a night from her beloved sister Agnes; nor had any other person living, not even Osborne himself, such an opportunity as Agnes had of registering in the records of a sisterly heart so faithful a transcript of her love.

On the night previous to their leave-taking, Agnes was astonished at the coldness of her limbs, and begged her to allow additional covering to be put upon the bed.

"No, dear Agnes, no; only grant me one favor—do not speak to me—leave my heart to its own sorrows—to its

own misery—to its despair; for, Agnes, I feel a presentiment that I shall never see him again."

She pressed her lip against Agnes' cheek when she had concluded, and Agnes almost started, for that lip, hitherto so glowing and warm, felt hard and cold as marble.

Osborne, who for some time past had spent almost every day at Mr. Sinclair's, arrived the next morning ere the family had concluded breakfast. Jane immediately left the table, for she had tasted nothing but a cup of tea, and placing herself beside him on the sofa, looked mournfully into his face for more than a minute; she then caught his hand, and placing it between hers, gazed upon him again, and smiled. Osborne saw at once that the smile was a smile of misery, and that the agony of separation was likely to be too much for her to bear. The contrast at that moment between them both was remarkable. She pale, cold, and abstracted from the perception of her immediate grief; he glowing in the deep carmine of youth and apparent health—his eye as well as hers sparkling with a light which the mere beauty of early life never gives. Alas, poor things! little did they, or those to whom they were so very dear, imagine that, as they then gazed upon each other, each bore in the lineaments so beautiful the symptoms of the respective maladies that were to lay them low.

"I wish, Jane, you would try and get up your spirits, love, and see and be entertaining to poor Charles, as this is the last day he is to be with you."

She looked quickly at her mother—"The last, mamma?" "I mean for a while, dear, until his return from the Continent."

She seemed relieved by this. "Oh, no, not the last, Charles," she said—"yet I know not how it is—I know not; but sometimes, indeed I think it is—and if it were, if it were—"

A paleness more deadly spread over her face; and with a gaze of mute and undying devotion she clasped her hands, and repeated—"if it should be the last—the last!"

"I did not think you were so foolish or so weak a girl, Jane," said William, "as to be so cast down merely because Charles is taking a skip to the Continent to get a mouthful of fresh air, and back again. Why, I know them that go to the Continent four times a year to transact business—a young fellow, by the way, that has been paying his addresses to a lady for the last six or seven years. I wish you saw them part, as I did—merely a hearty shake of the hand—'Good by, Molly, take care of yourself till I see you again;' and, 'Farewell, Simon, don't forget the shawl;' and the whole thing's over, and no more about it."

There was evidently something in these words that jarred upon a spirit of such natural tenderness as Jane's. While William was repeating them, her features expressed a feeling as if of inward pain; and when he had concluded, she rose up, and seizing both his hands, said, in tone of meek and earnest supplication,—

"Oh! William dear, do not, do not—it is not consolation—it is distress."

"Dear Jane," said the good-natured brother, at once feeling his error, "pardon me, I was wrong: there is no resemblance in the cases—I only wanted to raise your spirits."

"True, William, true; I ought to thank you, and I do thank you."

Whilst this little incident took place, Mr. Sinclair came over and sat beside Charles.

"You see, my dear Charles," said he, "what a heavy task your separation from that poor girl is likely to prove. Let me beg that you will be as firm as possible, and sustain her by a cheerful play of spirits, if you can command them. Do violence to your own heart for this one day for her sake."

"I will be firm, sir," said Osborne, "if I can: but if I fail—if I—look at her," he proceeded, in a choking voice, "look at her, and then ask yourself why I—should be firm?"

Whilst he spoke, Jane came over, and seating herself between her father and him, said,—

"Papa, you will stay with me and Charles this day and support us. You know, papa, that I am but a weak, weak girl; but when I do a wrong thing, I feel very penitent—I cannot rest."

"You never did wrong, darling," said Osborne, pressing his lips to her cheek, "you never did wrong."

"Papa says I did not do much wrong; yet at one time I did not think so myself; but there is a thing presses upon me still. Papa," she added, turning abruptly to him, "are there not such things in this life as judgments from heaven?"

"Yes, my dear, upon the wicked who by deep crimes provoke the justice of the Almighty; but the ways of God are so mysterious, and the innocent so often suffer whilst the guilty escape, that we never almost hazard an opinion upon individual cases."

"But there are castaways?"

"Yes, darling; but here is Charles anxious to take you out to walk. With such a prospect of happiness and affection before you both, you ought surely to be in the best of spirits."

"Well, I can see why you evade my question," she replied; but she added abruptly, "bless us, papa, bless us." She knelt down, and pulled Charles gently upon his knees also, and joining both hands together, bent her head as if to receive the benediction. Oh, mournful and heart-breaking was her loveliness, as she knelt down before the streaming eyes of her family—a Magdalene in beauty without her guilt.

The old man, deeply moved by the distress of the interesting pair then bent before him, uttered a short prayer suitable to the occasion, after which he blessed them both, and again recommended them to the care of heaven, in terms of touching and beautiful simplicity. His daughter seemed relieved by this, for, after rising, she went to her mother and said,

"We are going to walk, mamma. I must endeavor to keep my spirits up this day, for poor Charles's sake."

"Yes, love, do," said her mother, "that's a good girl. Let me see how cheerful and sprightly you'll be; and think, dear, of the happy days that are before you and Charles yet, when you'll live in love and affection, surrounded and cherished by both your families."

"Yes, yes," said she, "I often think of that—I'll try, mamma—I'll try."

Saying which, she took Charles's arm, and the young persons all went out together.

Jane's place that evening was by Osborne's side, as it had been with something like a faint clinging of terror during the whole day. She spoke little, and might be said rather to respond to all he uttered, than to sustain a part in the dialogue. Her distress was assuredly deep; but they knew not then, nor by any means suspected how fearful was its character in the remote and hidden depths of her soul. She sat with Osborne's right hand between her's, and scarcely for a moment took her sparkling eyes off his countenance. Many times was she observed to mutter to herself, and her lips frequently moved as if she had been speaking, but no words were uttered, nor any sense of her distress expressed. Once only in the course of the evening, were they startled into a hush of terror and dismay, by a single short laugh, uttered so loud and wildly, that a pause followed it, and, as if with one consentaneous movement, they all assembled around her. Their appearance, however, seemed to bring her to herself, for with her left hand she waved them away, saying, "Leave us—leave us—this is a day of sorrow to us—the day will end, but when, when, alas, will the sorrow? Papa, some of us will need your prayers now—the sunshine of Jane's life is over—I am the Fawn of Spring-vale no more—my time with the holy and affectionate flock of whom I was and am an unworthy one, will be short—I may be with you a day, as it were, the next day is come, and Jane is gone for ever."

"Father," said Osborne, "I shall not go;" and as he spoke he pressed her to his bosom—"I will never leave her."

His tears fell rapidly upon her pale cheeks, and on feeling them, she looked up and smiled.

The sobbings of the family were loud, and bitter were the tears which the tender position of the young and beautiful pair wrung from the eyes that looked upon them.

"Your health, my dear son," said his father, "renders it necessary that you should go. It is but for a time, Jane dear, my daughter, my boy's beloved, it is only for a time—let him leave you for a little, and he will return confirmed in health and knowledge, and worthy, my dear girl, to be yours for ever."

"My daughter," said Mr. Sinclair, "was once good and obedient, and she will now do whatever is her own papa's wish."

"Name it, papa, name it," said she, still smiling.

"Suffer Charles to go, my darling—and do not—oh! do not take his departure so much at heart."

"Charles, you must go," said she. "It is the wish of your father and of mine—but above all, it is the wish of your own—you cannot, you must not gainsay him. What love can prosper which is founded on disobedience or deceit? You know the words you once loved so well to repeat—I will repeat them now—you must, you will not surely refuse the request of your own Jane Sinclair."

Osborne seemed for some time irresolute, but at length he clasped her in his arms, and again said in a vehement burst of tenderness,

"No, father, my heart is resolved, I will never leave her. It will kill me, it will lay me in an early grave, and you will have no son to look upon."

"But you will see the heroic example that Jane will set you," said Mr. Sinclair, "she will shame you into firmness, for she will now take leave of you at once; and see, then, if you love her as you say you do, whether you will not respect her so far as to follow her example. Jane, bid Charles farewell."

This was, perhaps, pressing her strength too far; at all events, the injunction came so unexpectedly, that a pause followed it, and they waited with painful expectation to see what she would do. For upward of a minute she sat silent, and her lips moved as if she were communing with herself. At length she rose up, and stooping down kissed her lover's cheek, then taking his hand as before between hers, she said in a voice astonishingly calm,

"Charles, farewell—remember that I am your Jane Sinclair. Alas!" she added, "I am weak and feeble—help me out of the room."

Both her parents assisted her to leave it, but on reaching the door she drew back involuntarily, on hearing Osborne's struggles to detain her.

"Papa," she said, with a look inexpressibly woe-begone and suppliant—"Mamma!"

"Sweet child, what is it?" said both.

"Let me take one last look of him—it will be the last—but not—I trust, the last act of my duty to you both."

She turned round and gazed upon him for some time—her features, as she looked, shaded into an expression of deep despair.

"He is gone!" she exclaimed, "he is gone, and I feel that it is for ever. I feel something whispering here," and she laid her hand on her heart as she spoke, "I feel a voice in my heart that bids a long, a last farewell—a farewell for ever!"

"Do not say so, darling," replied her parents—"he will return with renewed health and increased affection, and you will both lead a life of happiness together."

"No," said she, "we shall never meet again—I feel it."

Such was their leave-taking—thus did they separate.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

In the history of the affections we know that circumstances sometimes occur, where duty and inclination maintain a conflict so nicely balanced as to render it judicious not to exact a fulfilment of the former, lest by deranging the structure of our moral feelings, we render the mind either insensible to their existence, or incapable of regulating them. This observation applies only to those subordinate positions of life which involve no great principle of conduct, and violate no cardinal point of human duty. We ought neither to do evil nor suffer evil to be done, where our authority can prevent it, in order that good may follow. But in matters where our own will creates the offence, it is in some peculiar cases not only prudent but necessary to avoid straining a mind naturally delicate beyond the powers which we know it to possess. We think, for instance, that it was wrong in Mr. Sinclair, at a moment when the act of separating from Osborne might have touched the feelings of his daughter into that softness which lightens and relieves the heart, abruptly to suppress emotions so natural, by exacting a proof of obedience too severe and oppressive to the heart of one who loved as Jane did. She knew it was her duty to obey

him the moment he expressed his wish; but he was bound by no duty to demand such an unnecessary proof of her obedience. The immediate consequences, however, made him sufficiently sensible of his error, and taught him that a knowledge of the human heart is the most difficult task which a parent has to learn.

Jane, conducted by her parents, having reached another apartment, sat down—her father taking a chair on one side, and her mother on the other.

"My darling," said Mr. Sinclair, "I will never forget this proof of your obedience to me, on so trying an occasion. I knew I might rely upon my daughter."

Jane, in the meantime, had undergone a most singular change. The despair and sorrow which had sat upon her countenance suddenly disappeared, and, instead of replying to her father, she sat apparently wrapped up in an ecstasy of calm and unbroken delight. The smile of happiness with which she contemplated them, contrasted so strongly with the agony which they knew she must have felt, that her parents, each from an apprehension of alarming the other, feared openly to allude to it, although they felt their hearts sink in dismay and terror.

"Jane, why do you not speak to your papa and me?" said her mother; "speak to us, love, speak to us—if it was only one word."

She appeared not to hear this, nor to be at all affected by her mother's voice or words. After the latter spoke she smiled again, and immediately putting up her long white fingers through the ringlets that shaded her cheek, she pulled them down as one would do who felt anxious to take out the curls—pressing them with slight convulsive energy as they passed through her fingers.

"Henry dear, what—what is the matter with her?" inquired her mother, whose face became pale with alarm. "Oh! what is wrong with my child!—she does not know us!—Gracious heaven, what is this?"

"Jane, my love, won't you speak to your papa?" said Mr. Sinclair. "Speak to me, my darling—it is I—it is your own papa that asks you."

She looked up, and seemed for a moment struggling to recover a consciousness of her situation; but it passed away, and the scarcely perceptible meaning which began almost to become visible in her eye, was again succeeded by that smile which they now so much dreaded to see.

The old man shook his head, and looked with a brow darkened by sorrow, first upon his daughter, and afterward upon his wife.

"My heart's delight," he exclaimed, addressing the former, "I fear I have demanded more from your obedience than you could perform without danger to yourself. I wish I had allowed her grief to flow, and not required such an abrupt and unseasonable proof of her duty. It was too severe an injunction to a creature so mild and affectionate—and would to God that I had not sought it!"

"Would to heaven that you had not, my dear Henry. Let us try, however, and move her heart—if tears could come she would be relieved."

"Bring Agnes in," said her father, "bring in Agnes—she may succeed better with her than we can—and if Charles be not already gone, there is no use in distressing him by all alluding to her situation. She is only overpowered, I trust, and will soon recover."

The mother, on her way to bring Agnes to her sister, met the rest of the family returning to the house after having taken leave of Osborne. The two girls weeping, for they looked upon him as already a brother; while William, in a good-humored tone, bantered them for their want of firmness.

"I think, mother," said he, "they are all in love with him, if they would admit it. Why, here's Maria and Agnes, and I dare say they're making as great a rout about him as Jane herself!—But, bless me! what's the matter, mother, that you look so pale and full of alarm?"

"It's Jane—it's Jane," said Agnes. "Mother, there's something wrong!" and as she spoke she stopped, with uplifted hands, apparently fastened to the earth.

"My poor child!" exclaimed her mother—"for heaven's sake come in, Agnes. Oh heaven grant that it may soon pass away. Agnes, dear girl, you know her best—come in quick; her papa wants you to try what you can do with her."

In a moment this loving family, with pale faces and beating hearts, stood in a circle about their affectionate and beautiful sister. Jane sat with her passive hand tenderly pressed between her father's—smiling; but whether in unconscious happiness or unconscious misery, who, alas! can say?

"You see she knows none of us," said her mother. "Neither her papa nor me. Speak to her each of you, in turn. Perhaps you may be more successful. Agnes!"

"She will know me," replied Agnes; "I am certain she will know me;" and the delightful girl spoke with an energy that was based upon the confidence of that love which subsisted between them. Maria and her brother both burst into tears; but Agnes's affection rose above the mood of ordinary grief. The confidence that her beloved sister's tenderness for her would enable her to touch a chord in a heart so utterly her own as Jane's was, assumed upon this occasion the character of a wild but mournful enthusiasm, that was much more expressive of her attachment than could the loudest and most vehement sorrow.

"If she could but shed tears," said her mother, wringing her hands.

"She will," returned Agnes, "she will. Jane," she exclaimed, "Jane, do n't you know your own Agnes? your own Agnes, Jane?"

The family waited in silence for half a minute, but their beloved one smiled on, and gave not the slightest token of recognizing either Agnes's person or her voice. Sometimes her lips moved, and she appeared to be repeating certain words to herself, but in a voice so low and indistinct that no one could catch them.

Agnes's enthusiasm abandoned her on seeing that that voice to which her own dearest sister ever sweetly and lovingly responded, fell upon her ear as an idle and unmeaning sound. Her face became deadly pale, and her lip quivered as she addressed the unconscious girl. Once more she took her hand in her's, and placing herself before her, put her fingers to her cheek in order to arrest her attention. "Jane, look upon me: look upon me; that's a sweet child—look upon me. Sure I am Agnes—your own Agnes"



who will break her heart if my sweet sister does n't speak to her."

The stricken one raised her head, and looked into her face; but it was, alas! too apparent that she saw her not; for the eye, though smiling, was still vacant. Again her lips moved, and she spoke so as to be understood; turning her eyes at the same time toward the door through which she had entered.

"Yes," she exclaimed, in the same low, placid voice, "yes, he is gone for ever—gone for ever."

"Jane," said Maria, taking her hand from Agnes's, "Jane, speak to Maria, dear. Am not I, too, your own Maria? that loves you not less than—my darling, darling child—who do not live that love you better than your Maria; in pity, darling, in pity speak to me!"

The only reply was a smile, that rose into the murmuring music of a low laugh; but this soon ceased, her countenance became troubled, and her finely pencilled brows knit, as if with an inward sense of physical pain. William, her father, her mother, each successively addressed her, but to no purpose. Though a slight change had taken place, they could not succeed in awakening her reason to a perception of the circumstances in which she was placed. They only saw that the unity of her thought, or of the image whose beauty veiled the faculties of her mind, was broken, and that some other memory, painful in its nature, had come in to disturb the serenity of her unreal happiness; but this, which ought to have given them hope, only alarmed them the more. The father, while these tender and affecting experiments were tried, sat beside her, his eyes laboring under a weight of deep and indescribable calamity, and turning from her face to the faces of those who attempted to recall her reason, with a mute expression of sorrow which called up from the depths of their sister's misery a feeling of compassion for the old man whom she had so devotedly loved.

"My father's heart is breaking," said William, in a voice of deep distress. "Father, your face frightens me more than Jane's; do n't father, do n't. She is young—it will pass away—and, father dear, where is your reliance upon higher—upon higher aid!"

"Dear Henry," said his wife, "you should be our support. It is the business of your life to comfort and sustain the afflicted."

"Papa," said Agnes, "come with me for a few minutes, until you recover the shock which—which—"

She stopped, and dropping her head upon the knees of her smiling and apparently happy sister, and wept aloud.

"Agnes—Agnes," said William, (they were all tears except her father and himself.) "Agnes, I am ashamed of you—ashamed of you"—yet his own voice faltered. "Father, come with me for a little. You will, when alone for a few minutes, bethink you of your duty—for it is your duty to bear this not only as becomes a Christian man but a Christian minister, who is bound to give us example as well as precept."

"I know it, William, I know it; and you shall witness my fortitude, my patience, my resignation under this—I will retire. But is she not—alas! I should say, was she not my youngest and my dearest? You admit yourselves she was the best."

"Father, come," said William.

"Dear father—dear papa, go with him," said Agnes.

"My father," said Maria, "as he said to her, will be himself."

"I will go," said the old man; "I know how to be firm; I will reflect; I will pray; I will—weep. I must, I must—"

He pressed the beautiful creature to his bosom, kissed her lips, and as he hung over her, his tears fell in torrents upon her cheeks.

Oh! what a charm must be in sympathy, and in the tears which it sheds over the afflicted, when those of the gray-haired father could soothe his daughter's soul into that sorrow which is so often a relief to the miserable and disconsolate! When Jane first felt his tears upon her cheeks, she started slightly, and the smile departed from her countenance. As he pressed her to his heart, she struggled a little, and putting her arms out, she turned up her eyes upon his face, and after a long struggle between memory and insanity, at length whispered out "papa!"

"You are with me, darling," he exclaimed; "and I am with you, too; and here we are all about you—your mother, and Agnes, and all."

"Yes, yes," she replied; "but, papa—and where is my mamma?"

"I am here, my own love; here I am, Jane; collect yourself, my treasure. You are overcome with sorrow. The parting with Charles Osborne has been too much for you."

"Perhaps it was wrong to mention his name," whispered William. "May it not occasion a relapse, mother?"

"No," she replied. "I want to touch her heart, and get her to weep, if possible."

Her daughter's fingers were again involved in the tangles of her beautiful ringlets, and once more was the sweet but vacant smile returning to her lips.

"May God relieve her and us," said Maria; "the darling child is relapsing!"

Agnes felt so utterly overcome, that she stooped, and throwing her arms around her neck wept aloud, with her cheek laid to Jane's.

Again the warmth of her tears upon the afflicted one's face seemed to soothe or awaken her. She looked up, and with a troubled face exclaimed,

"I hope I am not! Agnes, you are good, and never practised deceit—am I? am I?"

"Are you what, love? are you what, Jane, darling?"

"Am I a castaway? I thought I was; I believe I am. Agnes?"

"Well, dear girl!"

"I am afraid of my papa."

"Why, Jane, should you be afraid of papa? Sure you know how he loves you—doats upon you!"

"Because I practised deceit upon him. I dissembled to him. I sinned, sinned deeply—blackly, blackly. I shudder to think of it"—and she shuddered while speaking.

"Well, but, Jane dear," said her mother, soothingly, "can you not weep for your fault? Tears of repentance can wipe out any crime. Weep, my child, weep, and it will relieve your heart."

"I would like to see my papa," she replied. "I should be glad to hear that he forgives me. How glad! how glad! That's all that troubles your poor Jane—all in the world that troubles her poor heart—I think."

These words were uttered in a tone of such deep and inexpressible misery, and with such an innocent and child-like unconsciousness of the calamity which weighed her down, that no heart possessing common humanity could avoid being overcome.

"Look on me, love," exclaimed her father. "Your papa is here, ready to pity and forgive you."

"William," said Agnes, "a thought strikes me: the air that Charles played when they first met has been her favorite ever since—you know it; go get your flute and play it with as much feeling as you can."

Jane made no reply to her father's words. She sat musing, and once or twice put up her hand to her side-locks, but immediately withdrew it, and again fell into a reverie. Sometimes her face brightened into the fatal smile, and again became overshadowed with a gloom that seemed to proceed from a feeling of natural grief. Indeed the play of meaning and insanity, as they chased each other over a countenance so beautiful, was an awful sight, even to an indifferent beholder, much less to those who then stood about her.

William in about a minute returned with his flute, and placing himself behind her, commenced the air in a spirit more mournful, probably, than any in which it had ever before been played. For a long time she noticed it not—that is to say, she betrayed no external marks of attention to it. They could perceive, however, that although she neither moved nor looked around her, yet the awful play of her features ceased, and their expression became more intelligent and natural. At length she sighed deeply several times, though without appearing to hear the music; and at length, without uttering a word to any one of them, she laid her head upon her father's bosom, and the tears fell in placid torrents down her cheeks. By a signal from his hand Mr. Sinclair intimated, that for the present they should be silent; and by another addressed to William, that he should play on. He did so, and she wept copiously under the influence of that charmed melody for more than twenty minutes.

"It would be well for me," she at length said, "that I had never heard that air, or seen him who first sent its melancholy music to my heart. He is gone; but when—when will he return? Oh! never—never!"

"Do not take his departure so heavily, dear child," said her father. "If you were acquainted with life and the world, you would know that a journey to the Continent is nothing. Two years to one so young as you will soon pass."

"It would, papa, if I loved him less. But my love for him—my love for him—that now is my misery. I must, however, rely upon other strength than my own. Papa, kneel down and pray for me—and you, mamma, and all of you; for I fear I am myself incapable of praying as I used to do, with an undivided heart."

Her father knelt down, but knowing her weak state of mind, he made his supplication as short and simple as might be consistent with the discharge of a duty so solemn.

"Now," said she, when it was concluded, "will you, mamma, and Agnes, help me to bed? I am very much exhausted, and my heart is sunk, as if it were never to beat lightly again. It may yet: I would hope it—hope it if I could."

They allowed her her own way, and without any allusion whatsoever to Charles, or his departure, more than she had made herself, they embraced her; and in a few minutes she was in bed, and as was soon evident to Agnes, who watched her, in a sound sleep.

When the family understood from Agnes that Jane had fallen into a slumber, they stole up quietly, and standing about her, each looked upon her with a long gaze of satisfaction; for they knew that sleep would repair the injury which the trial of that day had wrought upon a mind so delicately framed as hers. We question not but where there is beauty it is still more beautiful in sleep. The passions are then at rest, and the still harmony of the countenance unbroken by the jarring discords and vexations of waking life; every feature then falls into its natural place, and renders the symmetry of the face chaster, while its general expression breathes more of that tender and pensive character which constitutes the highest order of beauty.

Jane's countenance, in itself so exquisitely lovely, was now an object of deep and melancholy interest. Upon it might be observed those faint traces of contending emotions whose struggle had been on that day so nearly fatal to her mind for ever. The smile left behind it a faint and dying light, like the dim radiance of a spring evening when melting into dusk; while the secret dread of becoming a castaway, and the still abiding consciousness of having deceived her father, blended into the languid serenity of her face a slight expression of the pain they had occasioned her while awake.

The next morning all arose earlier than usual, in order to watch the mood in which she might awake; and when Agnes, who had been her bed-fellow, came down stairs, every eye was turned upon her with an anxiety proportioned to the disastrous consequences that might result from any unfavorable turn in her state of feeling.

"Agnes," said her father, "how is she?—in what state? in what frame of mind?"

"She appears much distressed, papa—feels conscious that Charles is gone—but as yet made no allusion to their parting yesterday. Indeed I do not think she remembers it. She is already up, and begged this moment of me to leave her to herself a little."

"I want strength, Agnes," said she, "and I know there is but one source from which I can obtain it. Advice, consolation, sympathy, I may and will receive here; but strength—strength is what I most stand in need of, and that only can proceed from Him who gives rest to the weary heart."

"You feel too deeply, Jane," I replied; "you should try to be firm."

"I do try, Agnes; but tell me, have I not been unwell, very unwell?"

"Your feelings, dear Jane, overcame you yesterday, as it was natural they should; but now that you are calm, of course you will not yield to despondency or melancholy. Your dejection, though at present deep, will soon pass away, and ere many days you will be as cheerful as ever."

"I hope so; but Charles is gone, is he not?"

"But you know it was necessary that he should travel for his health; besides, have you not formed a plan of correspondence with each other?"

"Then," proceeded Agnes, "she pulled out the locket which contained his hair, and after looking on it for about a minute, she kissed it, pressed it to her heart, and while in the act of doing so, a few tears ran down her cheeks."

"I am glad of that," observed her mother; "it is a sign that this heavy grief will not long abide upon her."

"She then desired me," continued Agnes, "to leave her, and expressed a sense of her own weakness, and the necessity of spiritual support, as I have already told you. I am sure the worst is over."

"Blessed be God, I trust it is," said her father; "but while I live, I will never demand of her such a proof of her obedience as that I imposed on her yesterday. She will soon be down to breakfast, and we must treat the dear girl kindly, and gently, and affectionately; tenderly, tenderly must she be treated; and, children, much depends upon you—keep her mind engaged. You have music—play more than you do—read more—walk more—sing more. If this engages and relieves her mind, it will answer an important purpose; but at all events it will be time well spent, and that is something."

When Jane appeared at breakfast she was paler than usual; but then the expression of her countenance, though pensive, was natural. Mr. Sinclair placed her between himself and her mother, and each kissed her in silence ere she sat down.

"I have been very unwell yesterday, papa: I know I must have been; but I have made my mind up to bear his absence with fortitude—not that it is his mere absence which I feel so severely, but an impression that we are never to see each other again."

"Impressions of that kind, my dear child, are the result of low spirits, and a nervous habit. You should not suffer your mind to be disturbed by them; for, when it is weakened by suffering, they gather strength, and sometimes become formidable."

"There is no bearing my calamity, papa, as it ought to be borne, without the grace of God, and you know we must pray to be made worthy of that. I dare say if I am resigned and submissive that my usual cheerfulness will gradually return. I have confidence in heaven, papa, but none in my own strength, or I should rather say in my own weakness. My attachment to Charles resembles a disease more than a healthy and rational passion. I know it is excessive, and indeed I think its excess is a disease. Yet it is singular I do not fear my heart, papa, but I do my head; here is where the danger lies—here—here;" and as she spoke, she applied her hand to her forehead, and gave a faint smile of melancholy apprehension.

"Wait, Jane," said her brother; "just wait for a week or ten days, and if you do n't scold yourself for being now so childish, why never call me brother again. Sure I understand these things like a philosopher. I have been three times in love myself."

Jane looked at him, and a faint sparkle of her usual good nature lit up her countenance.

"Did n't I tell you," he proceeded, addressing them—"look; why I'll soon have her as merry as a kid."

"But who were you in love with, William?" said Agnes.

"I was smitten first with Kate Sharpe, the applewoman, in consideration of her charming method of giving me credit for fruit when I was a schoolboy, and had no money. I thought her a very interesting woman, I assure you, and preferred my suit to her with signal success. I say *signal*, because you know she was then, as she is now, very hard of hearing, and I was forced to pay my court to her by signs."

"Dear William," said she, "I see your motive, and love you for it; but it is too soon—my spirits are not yet in tone for mirth or pleasantry—but they will be—they will be. I know it is too bad to permit an affliction that is merely sentimental to bear me down in this manner; but I cannot help it, and you must all only look on me as a weak foolish girl, and forgive me, and pity me. Mamma, I will lie down again, for I feel I am not well; and oh, papa, if you ever prayed with fervor and sincerity, pray for strength to your own Jane, and happiness to her own stricken heart."

She then retired, and for the remainder of that day confined herself partly to her bed, and altogether to her chamber: and it was observed, that from the innocent caprices of a sickly spirit, she called Agnes, and her mother, and Maria—sometimes one, and sometimes another—and had them always about her, each to hear a particular observation that occurred to her, or to ask some simple question of no importance to any person, except to one whose mind had become too sensitive upon the subject which altogether engrossed it. Toward evening she had a long fit of weeping, after which she appeared more calm and resigned. She made her mother read her a chapter in the Bible, and expressed a resolution to bear every thing, she said, as became one she hoped not yet beyond the reach of divine grace and Christian consolation.

After a second night's sleep she arose considerably relieved from the gloomy grief had nearly wrought such a dreadful change in her intellect. Her father's plan of imperceptibly engaging her attention by instruction and amusement, was carried into effect by him and her sisters with such singular success, that ere the lapse of a month she was almost restored to her wonted spirits. We say almost, because it was observed that, notwithstanding her apparent serenity, she never afterward reached the same degree of cheerfulness, nor so richly exhibited in her complexion that purple glow the hue of which lies like a visible charm upon the cheek of youthful beauty.

Time, however, is the best philosopher, and our heroine found that ere many weeks she could, with the exception of slight intervals, look back upon the day of separation from Osborne, and forward to the expectation of his return, with a calmness of spirit by no means unpleasing to one who had placed such unlimited confidence in his affection. His first letter soothed, relieved, transported her. Indeed, so completely was she overcome on receiving it, that the moment it was placed in her hands, her eyes seemed to have been changed into light, her limbs trembled with the agitation of a happiness so intense, and she at length sank into an ecstasy of joy, which was only relieved by a copious flood of tears.

For two years after this their correspondence was as regular as the uncertain motions of a tourist could permit it. Jane appeared to be happy, and she was so within the limits of an enjoyment, narrowed in its character by the contingency arising from time and distance, and the other probabilities of disappointment which a timid heart and a pensive fancy will too often shape into certainty. Fits of musing and melancholy she often had without any apparent cause, and when gently taken to task, or remonstrated with concerning them, she has only replied by weeping, or admitted that she could by no means account for her depression, except by saying that she believed it to be a defect in the habit and temper of her mind.

His tutor's letters, both to Charles' father and hers, were nearly as welcome to Jane as his own. He, in fact, could say that for his pupil, which his pupil's modesty would not permit him to say for himself. Oh! how her heart glowed and conscious pride sparkled in her eye, when that worthy man described the character of manly beauty which time and travel had gradually given to his person! And when his progress in knowledge and accomplishments, and the development of his taste and judgment became the theme of his tutor's panegyric, she could not listen without betraying the vehement enthusiasm of a passion, which absence and time had only strengthened in her bosom.

These letters induced a series of sensations at once novel and delightful, and such as were calculated to give zest to an attachment thus left to support itself, not from the presence of its object, but from the memory of tenderness that had already gone by. She knew Charles Osborne only as a boy—a beautiful boy it is true—and he knew her only as a graceful creature, whose extremely youthful appearance made it difficult whether to consider her merely as an advanced girl, or as a young female who had just passed into the first stage of womanhood. But now her fancy and affection had both room to indulge in that vivacious play which delights to paint a lover absent under such circumstances in the richest hues of imaginary beauty.

"How will he look," she would say to her sister Agnes, "when he returns a young man, settled into the fulness of his growth? Taller he will be, and much more manly in his deportment. But is there no danger, Agnes, of his losing in grace, in delicacy of complexion, in short, of losing in beauty what he may gain otherwise?"

"No, my dear, not in the least; you will be ten times prouder of him after his return than you ever were. There is something much more noble and dignified in the love of a man than in that of a boy, and you will feel this on seeing him."

"In that case, Agnes, I shall have to fall in love with him over again, and to fall in love with the same individual twice, will certainly be rather a novel case—a double passion, at least, you will grant, Agnes."

"But he will experience sensations quite as singular on seeing you, when he returns. You are as much changed—improved I mean—in your person, as he can be for his life. If he is now a fine, full grown young man, you are a tall, elegant—I don't want to flatter you, Jane—I need not say graceful, for that you always were, but I may add with truth, a majestic young woman. Why, you will scarcely know each other."

"You do flatter me, Agnes; but am I so much improved?"

"Indeed you are quite a different girl, from what you were when he saw you."

"I am glad of it; but as I told him once, it is on his account that I am so glad; do you know, Agnes, I never was vain of my beauty until I saw Charles?"

"Did you ever feel proud in being beautiful in the eyes of another, Jane?"

"No, I never did—why should I?"

"Well, that is not vanity—it is only love visible in a different aspect, and not the least amiable either, my dear."

"Well, I should be much more melancholy than I am, were not my fancy so often engaged in picturing to myself the change which may be on him when he returns. The feeling it occasions is novel and agreeable, sometimes, indeed, delightful, and so far sustains me when I am inclined to be gloomy. But believe me, Agnes, I could love Charles Osborne even if he were not handsome. I could love him for his mind, his principles, and especially for his faithful and constant heart."

"And for all these would he deserve your love; but you remember what you told me once: it seems he has not yet seen a girl that he thinks more handsome than you are. Did you not mention to me that he said when he did, he would cease to write to you, and cease to love you? You see he is constant."

"Yes; but did I not tell you the sense in which he meant it?"

"Yes; and now you throw a glance at yourself in the glass! Oh, Jane, Jane, the best of us and the freest from imperfection is not without a little pride and vanity; but do not be too confident, my saucy beauty; consider that you complained to William yesterday, about the unusual length of time since you had received his last letter, and yet he could write to his father—What, what, dear girl, what's the matter? you are as pale as death."

"Because, Agnes, I never think of that but my heart and spirits sink. It has been one of the secret causes of my occasional depression ever since he went. I cannot tell why, but from the moment the words were spoken, I have not been without a presentiment of evil."

"Even upon your own showing, Jane, that is an idle and groundless impression, and unworthy the affection which you know, and which we all know he bears you; dismiss it, dear Jane, dismiss it, and do not give yourself the habit of creating imaginary evils."

"I know I am prone to such a habit, and am probably too much of a visionary for my own happiness; but setting that gloomy presentiment aside, have you not, Agnes, been struck with several hints in his letters, both to me and his father, unfavorable to the state of his health?"

"That, you will allow, could not be very ill, when he was able to continue his travels."

"True, but according to his own admission his arrangements were frequently broken up, by the fact of his being 'unwell,' and 'not in condition to travel,' and so did not reach the places in time to which he had requested me to direct many of my letters. I fear, Agnes, that his health

has not been so much improved by the air of the Continent as we hoped it would."

"I have only to say this, Jane, that if he does not appreciate your affection as he ought to do, then God forgive him. He will be guilty of a crime against the purest attachment of the best of hearts, as well as against truth and honor. I hope he may be worthy of you, and I am sure he will. He is now in Bath, however, and will soon be with us."

"I am divided, Agnes, by two principles—if they may be called such—or if you will, by two moods of mind, or states of feeling; one of them is faith and trust in his affection—how can I doubt it?—the other is my malady, I believe, a gloom, an occasional despondency for which I cannot account, and which I am not able to shake off. My faith and trust, however, will last, and his return will dispel the other."

This, in fact, was a true state of the faithful girl's heart. From the moment Osborne went to travel, her affection, though full of the tenderest enthusiasm, lay under the deep shadow of that gloom which was occasioned by the first, and we may say the only act of insincerity she was ever guilty of toward her father. The reader knows that even this act was not a deliberate one, but merely the hurried evasion of a young and bashful girl, who, had her sense of moral delicacy been less acute, might have never bestowed a moment's subsequent consideration upon it. Let our fair young readers, however, be warned even by this very slight deviation from truth, and let them also remember that one act of dissimulation may, in the little world of their own moral sentiments and affections, lay the foundation for calamities under which their hopes and their happiness in consequence of that act may absolutely perish. Still we are bound to say that Jane's deportment during the period stipulated upon for Osborne's absence was absolutely decorous, and replete with moral beauty. Her moments of enjoyment derived from his letters were fraught with an innocent simplicity of delight, in fine keeping with a heart so full of youthful fervor and attachment. And when her imagination became occasionally darkened by that gloom which she termed her malady, nothing could be more impressive than the tone of deep and touching piety which mingled with and elevated her melancholy into a cheerful solemnity of spirit, that swayed by its pensive dignity the habits and affections of her whole family.

'Tis true she was one of a class rarely to be found among even the highest of her own sex, and her attachment was consequently that of a heart utterly incapable of loving twice. Her first affection was too steadfast and decisive ever to be changed, and at the same time too full and unreserved to maintain the materials for a second passion. The impression she received was too deep ever to be erased. She might weep—she might mourn—she might sink—her soul might be bowed down to the dust—her heart might break—she might die—but she never, never could love again. That heart was his palace, where the monarch of her affections reigned—but remove his throne and it became the sepulchre of her own hopes—the ruin, haunted by the moping brood of her own sorrows. Often, indeed, did her family wonder at the freshness of memory manifested in the character of her love for Osborne. There was nothing transient, nothing forgotten, nothing perishable in her devotion to him. In truth, it had something of divinity in it. Every thing past, and much also of the future, was present to her. Osborne breathed and lived at the expiration of two years, just as he had done the day before he set out on his travels. In her heart he existed as an undying principle, and the duration of her love for him seemed likely to be limited only by those laws of nature, which, in the course of time, carry the heart beyond the memory of all human affections.

#### CHAPTER IX.

It would, indeed, be almost impossible to see a creature so lovely and angelic, as was our heroine, about the period when Osborne was expected to return. Retaining all the graceful elasticity of motion that characterized her when first introduced to our readers, she was now taller and more majestic in her person, rounder and with more symmetry in her figure, and also more conspicuous for the singular ease and harmony of her general deportment. Her hair, too, now grown to greater luxuriance, had become several shades deeper, and of course was much more rich than when Charles saw it last. But if there was any thing that more than another gave an expression of tenderness to her beauty, it was the under-tone of color—the slightly perceptible paleness which marked her complexion as that of a person whose heart though young had already been made acquainted with some early sorrow.

Had her lover then seen her, and witnessed the growth of charms that had taken place during his absence, he and she might both, alas, have experienced another and kinder destiny.

The time at length arrived when Charles, as had been settled upon by both their parents, was expected to return. During the three months previous he had been at Bath, accompanied of course by his friend and tutor. Up to a short time previous to his arrival there, his communications to his parents and to Jane were not only punctual and regular, but remarkable for the earnest spirit of dutiful affection and fervid attachment which they breathed to both. It is true that his father had during the whole period of his absence been cognizant of that which the vigilance of Jane's love for him only suspected—I allude to the state of his health, which it seems occasionally betrayed symptoms of his hereditary complaint.

This gave Mr. Osborne deep concern, for he had hoped that so long a residence in more genial climates would have gradually removed from his son's constitution that tendency to decline which was so much dreaded by them all. Still he was gratified to hear, that with the exception of those slight recurrences, the boy grew fast, and otherwise with a healthy energy, into manhood. The principles he had set out with were unimpaired by the influence of continental profligacy. His mind was enlarged, his knowledge greatly extended, and his taste and manners polished to a degree so unusual, that he soon became the ornament of every circle in which he moved. His talents, now ripe and cultivated, were not only of a high, but also of a striking and brilliant character—much too commanding and powerful, as every one said, to be permitted to sink into the obscurity of private life.

This language was not without its due impression upon young Osborne's mind; for his tutor could observe that soon after his return to England he began to have fits of musing, and was often abstracted, if not absolutely gloomy. He could also perceive a disinclination to write home, for which he felt it impossible to account. At first he attributed this to ill health, or to those natural depressions which frequently precede or accompany it; but at length on seeing his habitual absences increase, he inquired in a tone of friendly sympathy, too sincere to be doubted, why it was that a change so unusual had become so remarkably visible in his spirits.

"I knew not," replied Osborne, "that it was so; I myself have not observed what you speak of."

"Your manner, indeed, is much changed," said his friend; "you appear to me, and I dare say to others, very like a man whose mind is engaged upon the consideration of some subject that is deeply painful to him, and of which he knows not how to dispose. If it be so, my dear Osborne, command my advice, my sympathy, my friendship."

"I assure you, my dear friend, I was perfectly unconscious of this. But that I have for some time past been thinking more seriously than usual of the position in society which I ought to select, I grant you. You are pleased to flatter me with the possession of talents that you say might enable any man to reach a commanding station in public life. Now, for what purpose are talents given? or am I justified in slinking away into obscurity, when I might create my own fortune, perhaps my own rank, by rendering some of the noblest services to my country? The wish to leave behind one a name that cannot die, is indeed a splendid ambition!"

"I thought," replied the other, "that you had already embraced views of a different character, entered into by your father to promote your own happiness."

Osborne started, blushed, and for more than half a minute returned no answer. "True," said he at last, "true, I had forgotten that."

His tutor immediately perceived that an ambition not unnatural, indeed, to a young man possessing such fine talents, had strongly seized upon his heart, and knowing as he did his attachment to Jane, he would have advised his immediate return home, had it not been already determined on, in consequence of medical advice, that he himself should visit Bath for the benefit of his health, and his pupil could by no arguments be dissuaded from accompanying him.

This brief view of Osborne's intentions, at the close of the period agreed on for his return, was necessary to explain an observation made by Agnes in the last dialogue which we have given between herself and her younger sister. We allude to the complaint which she playfully charged Jane with having made to her brother concerning the length of time which had elapsed since she last heard from her lover. The truth is, that with the exception of Jane herself, both families were even then deeply troubled in consequence of a letter addressed by Charles's tutor to Mr. Osborne. That letter was the last which the amiable gentleman ever wrote, for he had not been in Bath above a week when he sank suddenly under a disease of the heart, to which he had for some years been subject. His death, which distressed young Osborne very much, enabled him, however, to plead the necessity of attending his friend's obsequies, in reply to his father's call on him to return to his family. The next letter stated that he would not lose a moment in complying with his wishes, as no motive existed to detain him from home, and the third expressed the uncommon benefit which he had, during his brief residence there, experienced from the use of the waters. Against this last argument the father had nothing to urge. His son's health was to him a consideration paramount to every other, and he wrote to Charles that if he found himself improved either by the air or by the waters of Bath, he should not hurry his return as he had intended. "Only write to your friends," said he, "they are as anxious for the perfect establishment of your health as I am."

This latter correspondence between Mr. Osborne and his son was submitted to Mr. Sinclair, that it might be mentioned to serve as an apology for Charles's delay in replying to Jane's last letter. This step was suggested by Mr. Sinclair himself, who dreaded the consequences which any appearance of neglect might have upon a heart so liable to droop as that of his gentle daughter. Jane, who was easily depressed, but not suspicious, smiled at the simplicity of her papa, as she said, in deeming it necessary to make any apology for Charles Osborne's not writing to her by return of post.

"It will be time enough," she added, "when his letters get cool, and come but seldom, to make excuses for him. Surely, my dear papa, if any one blamed him, I myself would be, and ought to be the first to defend him."

"Yet," observed William, "you could complain to me about his letting a letter of yours stand over a fortnight, before he answered it. Jane—Jane—there's no knowing you girls; particularly when you're in love; but indeed, then you do not know yourselves, so how should we?"

"But, papa," she added, looking earnestly upon him; "it is rather strange that you are so anxious to apologize for Charles. I cannot question my papa, and I shall not; but yet, upon second thought, it is very strange."

"No, my love, but I would not have you a day uneasy."

"Well," she replied, musing—but with a keen eye bent alternately upon him and William; "it is a simple case, I myself have a very ready solution for his want of punctuality, if it can be called such, or if it continue such."

"And pray what is it, Jane?" asked William.

"Excuse me, dear William—if I told you it might reach him, and then he might shape his conduct to meet it—I may mention it some day, though; but I hope there will never be occasion. Papa, don't you ask me, because if you do, I shall feel it my duty to tell you; and I would rather not, sir, except you press me. But why after all, should I make a secret of it? It is, papa, the test of all things, as well as of Charles's punctuality—for, of his affection I never doubt. It is time—time; but indeed I wish you had not spoken to me about it; I was not uneasy."

The poor girl judged Osborne through a misapprehension, and had she known more of life, or even closely reflected upon his neglect in writing to her, would have probably caused her to contemplate his conduct in a different



light. She thought because his letters were nearly as frequent since his return to England, as they had been during his tour on the Continent, that the test of his respect and attachment was sustained. In fact, she was ignorant that he had written several letters of late to his own family, without having addressed to her a single line; or even mentioned her name, and this circumstance was known to them all, with the exception of herself, as was the tutor's previous letter, of which she had never heard.

It was no wonder, therefore, that her father, who was acquainted with this, and entertained such serious apprehensions for his daughter's state of mind, should feel anxious, that until Osborne's conduct were better understood, no doubt of his sincerity should reach the confiding girl's heart. The old man, however, unconsciously acted upon his own impressions rather than on Jane's knowledge of what had occurred. In truth, he forgot that the actual state of the matter was unknown to her, and the consequence was, that in attempting to efface an impression which did not exist, he alarmed her suspicion by his mysterious earnestness of manner, and thereby created the very uneasiness which he wished to remove.

From this day forward, Jane's eye became studiously vigilant of the looks and motions of the family. Her melancholy returned, but it was softer and sorer than it had ever been before; so did the mild but pensive spirit of devotion which had uniformly accompanied it. The sweetness of her manner was irresistible, if not affecting, for there breathed through the composure of her beautiful countenance an air of mingled sorrow and patience, so finely blended, that it was difficult to determine, on looking at her, whether she secretly rejoiced or mourned.

A few days more brought another letter from Osborne to his father, which contained a proposal for which the latter, in consequence of the tutor's letter, was not altogether unprepared. It was a case put to the father for the purpose of ascertaining whether, if he, Charles, were offered an opportunity of appearing in public life, he would recommend him to accept it. He did not say that such an opening had actually presented itself, but he strongly urged his father's permission to embrace it if it should.

This communication was immediately laid before Mr. Sinclair, who advised his friend, ere he took any other step, or hazarded an opinion upon it, to require from Charles an explicit statement of the motives which induced him to solicit such a sanction. "Until we know what he means," said he, "it is impossible for us to know how to advise him. That he has some ambitious project in view, is certain. Mr. Harvey's (his tutor) letter and this both prove it."

"But in the meantime, Mr. Sinclair, we must endeavor to put such silly projects out of his head, my dear friend. I am more troubled about that sweet girl, than about anything else. I cannot understand his neglect of her."

"Few, indeed, are worthy of that angel," replied he father, sighing; "I hope he may be. If Charles, after what has passed, sports with her happiness, he will one day have a fearful reckoning of it, unless he permits his conscience to become altogether seared."

"It cannot happen," replied the other; "I know my boy, his heart is noble; no, no, he is incapable of dishonor, much less of perfidy so black as that would be. In my next letter, however, I shall call upon him to explain himself upon that subject, as well as the other, and if he replies by an evasion, I shall instantly command him home."

They then separated, with a feeling of deep but fatherly concern, one anxious for the honor of his son, and the other trembling for the happiness of his daughter.

Mr. Sinclair was a man in whose countenance could be read all the various emotions that either exalted or disturbed his heart. If he felt joy, his eye became irradiated with a benignant lustre, that spoke at once of happiness; and, when depressed by care or sorrow, it was easy to see by the serious composure of his face, that something troubled or disturbed him. Indeed, this candor of countenance is peculiar to those only who have not schooled their faces into hypocrisy. After his return from the last interview with Mr. Osborne, his family perceived at a glance that something more than usually painful lay upon his mind; and such was the affectionate sympathy by which they caught each others feelings, that every countenance, save one, became partially overshadowed. Jane, although her eye was the first and quickest to notice this anxiety of her father, exhibited no visible proof of a penetration so acute and lively. The serene light that beamed so mournfully from her placid but melancholy brow, was not darkened by what she saw; on the contrary, that brow became, if possible, more serene; for in truth, the gentle enthusiast had already formed a settled plan of exalted resignation that was designed to sustain her under an apprehension far different from that which Osborne's ambitious speculations in life would have occasioned her to feel had she known them.

"I see," said she with a smile, "that my papa has no good news to tell. A letter has come to his father, but none to me; but you need not fear for my firmness, papa. I know from whence to expect support; indeed, from the beginning, I knew that I would require it. You often affectionately chide me for entertaining apprehensions too gloomy; but now they are not gloomy, because, if what I surmise be true, Charles and I will not be so long separated as you imagine. The hope of this, papa, is my consolation."

"Why, what do you surmise, my love?" asked her father.

"That Charles is gone, perhaps irretrievably gone in decline; you know it is the hereditary complaint of his family. What else could, or would—yet, papa, or ought to keep him so long from home—from his friends—from me? Yes, indeed," she added with a smile, "from me, papa, from his own Jane Sinclair, and he so near us, in England, and the time determined on for his return expired."

"But you know, Jane," said her father, gratified to find that her suspicion took a wrong direction, "the air of Bath, he writes, is agreeing with him."

"I hope it may, papa; I hope it may; but you may rest assured, that whatever happens, the lessons you have taught me will, aided by divine support, sustain my soul, so long as the frail tenement in which it is lodged may last. That will not be long."

"True religion, my love, is always cheerful, and loves to contemplate the brighter side of every human event. I do not like to see my child so calm, nor her countenance sha-

ded by melancholy so fixed as that I have witnessed on it of late."

"Eternity, papa—a happy eternity, what is it, but the brighter side of human life—here we see only as in a glass darkly; there, in our final destiny, we reach the fullness of our happiness. I am not melancholy, but resigned; and resignation has a peace peculiar to itself; a repose which draws us gently, for a little time, out of the memory of our sorrows; but without refreshing the heart—without refreshing the heart. No, papa, I am not melancholy—I am not melancholy; I could bear Charles's death, and look up to my God for strength and support under it; but," she added, shaking her head, with a smile marked by something of a wild meaning, "if he could forget me for another—no, I will not say for another—but if he could only forget me, and his vows of undying affection, then indeed—then—then—papa—ha!—no—no—he could not—could not."

(Concluded next week.)

## Original Poetry.

### GRAY HAIRS.

Old man, upon whose thoughtful brow  
The hairs are gray and scattered now:  
Who sadly, and with many tears,  
Hast mourned the loved of other years,  
Whom thou, in Childhood's sunny bloom,  
Saw'st laid to slumber in the tomb—  
Old man, I deem it well for thee,  
That thou hast hairs like these I see!

I deem it well, for thou at last  
The snares of life hast safely pass'd;  
If thou hast heard its sad winds blow,  
If thou hast seen its hopes laid low,  
If thou hast won with care and pain  
That which in turn thou'st lost again—  
It matters not:—yet by those hairs,  
Be warned to penitence and prayers!

Be warned; for soon the churchyard mould  
Shall dew thy limbs with grave-damp cold;  
Soon o'er thy head the wintry sleet,  
And early rains of Spring shall beat,  
And Summer-flowers in graceful bloom  
Shall kiss the sweet air round thy tomb;  
For this, 'tis meet thou should'st prepare,  
Thou on whose head I see gray hair!

Full many a bright and pleasant day  
O'er thee has beamed and passed away;  
Full many a warm kiss thou hast shed  
On lips now sealed, and cold, and dead:  
But by thine eye, old man, I know  
That soon 't will be thy turn to go,  
Nor vainly by these scattered hairs,  
Should'st thou be warned to faith and prayers!

H. W. ROCKWELL.

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

### BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Haredale stood in the widow's parlor with the doorway in his hand, gazing by turns at Mr. Chester and at Gabriel Varden, and occasionally glancing downward at the key as in the hope that of its own accord it would unlock the mystery; until Mr. Chester, putting on his hat and gloves, and sweetly inquiring whether they were walking in the same direction, recalled him to himself.

"No," he said. "Our roads diverge—widely, as you know. For the present, I shall remain here."

"You will be hipped, Haredale; you will be miserable, melancholy, utterly wretched," returned the other. "It is a place of the very last description for a man of your temper. I know it will make you very miserable."

"Let it," said Mr. Haredale, sitting down; "and thrive upon the thought. Good night!"

Feigning to be wholly unconscious of the abrupt wave of the hand which rendered this farewell tantamount to a dismissal, Mr. Chester retorted with a bland and heartfelt benediction, and inquired of Gabriel in what direction he was going.

"Yours, sir, would be too much honor for the like of me," replied the locksmith, hesitating.

"I wish you to remain here a little while, Varden," said Mr. Haredale without looking toward them. "I have a word to say to you."

"I will not intrude upon your conference another moment," said Mr. Chester with inconceivable politeness. "May it be satisfactory to you both? God bless you!" So saying, and bestowing upon the locksmith a most reluctant smile, he left them.

"A deplorably constituted creature, that rugged person," he said, as he walked along the street; "he is an atrocity that carries its own punishment along with it—a bear that gnaws himself. And here is one of the inestimable advantages of having a perfect command over one's inclinations. I have been tempted in these two short interviews, to draw upon that fellow fifty times. Five men in six would have yielded to the impulse. By suppressing mine, I wound him deeper and more keenly than if I were the best swordsman in all Europe, and he the worst. You are the wise man's very last resource," he said, tapping the hilt of his weapon; "we can but appeal to you when all else is said and done. To come to you before, and thereby spare our adversaries so much, is a barbarian mode of warfare, quite unworthy any man with the remotest pretensions to delicacy of feeling, or refinement."

He smiled so very pleasantly as he communed with himself after this manner, that a beggar was emboldened to follow him for alms, and to dog his footsteps for some distance. He was gratified by the circumstance, feeling it complimentary to his power of feature, and as a reward

suffered the man to follow him until he called a chair, when he graciously dismissed him with a fervent blessing.

"Which is as easy as cursing," he wisely added, as he took his seat, "and more becoming to the face. To Clerkenwell, my good creatures, if you please!" The chairmen were rendered quite vivacious by having such a courteous burden, and to Clerkenwell they went at a fair round trot.

Lighting at a certain point he had indicated to them upon the road, and paying them something less than they had expected from a fare of such gentle speech, he turned into the street in which the locksmith dwelt, and presently stood beneath the shadow of the Golden Key. Mr. Tappertit, who was hard at work by lamp-light, in a corner of the workshop, remained unconscious of his presence until a hand upon his shoulder made him start and turn his head.

"Industry," said Mr. Chester, "is the soul of business, and the key-stone of prosperity. Mr. Tappertit, I shall expect you to invite me to dinner when you are Lord Mayor of London."

"Sir," returned the 'prentice, laying down his hammer, and rubbing his nose on the back of a very sooty hand, "I scorn the Lord Mayor and everything that belongs to him. We must have another state of society, sir, before you catch me being Lord Mayor. How do you do, sir?"

"The better, Mr. Tappertit, for looking into your ingenious face once more. I hope you are well."

"I am as well, sir," said Sim, standing up to get nearer to his ear, and whispering hoarsely, "as any man can be under the aggravations to which I am exposed. My life's a burden to me. If it was n't for vengeance, I'd play at pitch and toss with it on the losing hazard."

"Is Mrs. Varden at home?" said Mr. Chester.

"Sir," returned Sim, eyeing him over with a look of concentrated expression—"she is. Did you wish to see her?" Mr. Chester nodded.

"Then come this way, sir," said Sim, wiping his face upon his apron. "Follow me, sir. Would you permit me to whisper in your ear one half a second?"

"By all means."

Mr. Tappertit raised himself on tiptoe, applied his lips to Mr. Chester's ear, drew back his head without saying anything, looked hard at him, applied them to his ear again, again drew back, and finally whispered—"The name is Joseph Willet. Hush! I say no more."

Having said that much, he beckoned the visiter with a mysterious aspect to follow him to the parlor door, where he announced him in the voice of a gentleman-usher.

"Mr. Chester."

"And not Mr. Ed'dard, mind," said Sim, looking into the door again and adding this by way of postscript in his own person; "it's his father."

"But do not let his father," said Mr. Chester, advancing hat in hand, as he observed the effect of this last explanatory announcement, "do not let his father be any check or restraint on your domestic occupations, Miss Varden."

"Oh! Now! There! Ain't I always a saying it!" exclaimed Miggs, clapping her hands. "If he ain't been and took Miss for her own daughter. Well, she do look like it, that she do. Oay think of that, mim!"

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Chester in his softest tones, "that this is Mrs. Varden? I am amazed. That is not your daughter, Mrs. Varden? No, no. Your sister."

"My daughter, indeed sir," returned Mrs. V., blushing with great juvenility.

"Ay, Mrs. Varden!" cried the visiter. "Ah, ma'am—humanity is indeed a happy lot, when we can repeat ourselves in others, and still be young as they. You must allow me to salute you—the custom of the country, my dear madam—your daughter, too."

Dolly showed some reluctance to perform this ceremony, but was sharply reproved by Mrs. Varden, who insisted on her undergoing it that minute. For pride, she said with great severity, was one of the seven deadly sins, and humility and lowliness of heart were virtues. Wherefore she desired that Dolly would be kissed immediately, on pain of her just displeasure; at the same time giving her to understand that whatever she saw her mother do, she might safely do herself, without being at the trouble of any reasoning or reflection on the subject—which, indeed, was offensive and undutiful, and in direct contravention of the church catechism.

Thus admonished, Dolly complied, though by no means willingly; for there was a broad, bold look of admiration in Mr. Chester's face, refined and polished though it sought to be, which distressed her very much. As she stood with downcast eyes, not liking to look up and meet his, he gazed upon her with an approving air, and then turned to her mother.

"My friend Gabriel (whose acquaintance I only made this very evening) should be a happy man, Mrs. Varden."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. V., shaking her head.

"Ah!" echoed Miggs.

"Is that the case?" said Mr. Chester, compassionately.

"Dear me!"

"Master has no intentions, sir," murmured Miggs as she sidled up to him, "but to be as grateful as his natur will let him, for everything he owns which it is in his powers to appreciate. But we never, sir"—said Miggs, looking sideways at Mrs. Varden, and interlarding her discourse with a sigh—"we never know the full value of some wines and fig-trees till we lose 'em. So much the worse, sir, for them as has the slighting of 'em on their consciences when they're gone to be in full blow elsewhere." And Miss Miggs cast up her eyes to signify where that might be.

As Mrs. Varden distinctly heard, and was intended to hear, all that Miggs said, and as these words appeared to convey in metaphorical terms a presage or foreboding that she would at some early period droop beneath her trials and take an easy flight toward the stars, she immediately began to languish, and taking a volume of the Manual from a neighboring table, leaned her arm upon it as though she were Hope and that her Anchor. Mr. Chester perceiving this, and seeing how the volume was lettered on the back, took it gently from her hand, and turned the fluttering leaves.

"My favorite book, dear madam. How often, how very often in his early life—before he can remember"—(this clause was strictly true)—"have I deduced little easy moral lessons from its pages, for my dear son Ned! You know Ned?"

Mrs. Varden had that honor, and a fine affable young gentleman he was.

"You're a mother, Mrs. Varden," said Mr. Chester, taking a pinch of snuff, "and you know what I, as a father, feel, when he is praised. He gives me some uneasiness—much uneasiness—he's of a roving nature, ma'am—from flower to flower—from sweet to sweet—but his is the butterfly time of life, and we must not be hard upon such trifling."

He glanced at Dolly. She was attending evidently to what he said. Just what he desired!

"The only thing I object to in this little trait of Ned's, is," said Mr. Chester, "—and the mention of his name reminds me, by the way, that I am about to beg the favor of a minute's talk with you alone—the only thing I object to in it, is, that it *does* partake of insincerity. Now, however I may attempt to disguise the fact from myself in my affection for Ned, still I always revert to this—that if we are not sincere, we are nothing. Nothing upon earth. Let us be sincere, my dear madam—"

"—and Protestant," murmured Mrs. Varden.

"—and Protestant above all things. Let us be sincere and Protestant, strictly moral, strictly just (though always with a leaning toward mercy,) strictly honest, and strictly true, and we gain—it is a slight point, certainly, but still it is something tangible; we throw up a groundwork and foundation, so to speak, of goodness, on which we may afterward erect some worthy superstructure."

Now, to be sure, Mrs. Varden thought, here is a perfect character. Here is a meek, righteous, thorough-going Christian, who, having mastered all these qualities, so difficult of attainment; who, having dropped a pinch of salt on the tails of all the cardinal virtues, and caught them every one; makes light of their possession, and pants for more morality. For the good woman never doubted (as many good men and women never do,) that this slighting kind of profession, this setting so little store by great matters, this seeming to say "I am not proud, I am what you hear, but I consider myself no better than other people; let us change the subject, pray"—was perfectly genuine and true. He so contrived it, and said it in that way that it appeared to have been forced from him, and its effect was marvellous.

Aware of the impression he had made—few men were quicker than he at such discoveries—Mr. Chester followed up the blow by propounding certain virtuous maxims, somewhat vague and general in their nature, doubtless, and occasionally partaking of the character of truisms, worn a little out at elbow, but delivered in so charming a voice and with such uncommon serenity and peace of mind, that they answered as well as the best. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, as hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished.

Mr. Chester, with the volume gently extended in one hand, and with the other planted lightly on his breast, talked to them in the most delicious manner possible; and quite enchanted all his hearers, notwithstanding their conflicting interests and thoughts. Even Dolly, who, between his keen regards and her eyeing over by Mr. Tappertit, was put quite out of countenance, could not help owning within herself that he was the sweetest-spoken gentleman she had ever seen. Even Miss Miggs, who was divided between admiration of Mr. Chester and a mortal jealousy of her young mistress, had sufficient leisure to be propitiated. Even Mr. Tappertit, though occupied as we have seen in gazing at his heart's delight, could not wholly divert his thoughts from the voice of the other charmer. Mrs. Varden, to her own private thinking, had never been so improved in all her life; and when Mr. Chester, rising and craving permission to speak with her apart, took her by the hand and led her at arm's length up stairs to the best sitting-room, she almost deemed him something more than human.

"Dear madam," he said, pressing her hand delicately to his lips; "be seated."

Mrs. Varden called up quite a courtly air, and became seated.

"You guess my object?" said Mr. Chester, drawing a chair toward her. "You divine my purpose? I am an affectionate parent, my dear Mrs. Varden."

"That I am sure you are," said Mrs. V.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, tapping his snuff-box lid. "Heavy moral responsibilities rest with parents, Mrs. Varden."

Mrs. Varden slightly raised her hands, shook her head, and looked at the ground as though she saw strait through the globe, out at the other end, and into the immensity of space beyond.

"I may confide in you," said Mr. Chester, "without reserve. I love my son, ma'am, dearly; and loving him as I do, I would save him from working certain misery. You know his attachment to Miss Haredeale. You have abetted him in it, and very kind of you it was to do so. I am deeply obliged to you—most deeply obliged to you—for your interest in his behalf; but my dear ma'am, it is a mistaken one, I do assure you."

Mrs. Varden stammered that she was sorry—

"Sorry, my dear ma'am," he interposed. "Never be sorry for what is so very amiable, so very good in intention, so perfectly like yourself. But there are grave and weighty reasons, pressing family considerations, and apart even from these, points of religious difference, which interpose themselves, and render their union impossible; utterly impossible. I should have mentioned these circumstances to your husband; but he has—you will excuse my saying this so freely—he has not your quickness of apprehension or depth of moral sense. What an extremely airy house this is, and how beautifully kept! For one like myself—a widower so long—these tokens of female care and superintendence have inexpressible charms."

Mrs. Varden began to think (she scarcely knew why) that the young Mr. Chester must be in the wrong and the old Mr. Chester must be in the right.

"My son Ned," resumed her tempter with his most winning air, "has had, I am told, your lovely daughter's aid, and your open-hearted husband's."

"—Much more than mine sir," said Mrs. Varden; "a great deal more. I have often had my doubts. It's a—"

"A bad example," suggested Mr. Chester. "It is. No doubt it is. Your daughter is at that age when to set before her an encouragement for young persons to rebel against their parents on this most important point, is particularly injudicious. You are quite right. I ought to have thought of that myself, but it escaped me, I confess—so far superior are your sex to ours, dear madam, in point of penetration and sagacity."

Mrs. Varden looked as wise as if she had really said something to deserve this compliment—firmly believing she had, in short—and her faith in her own shrewdness increased considerably.

"My dear ma'am," said Mr. Chester, "you embolden me to be plain with you. My son and I are at variance on this point. The young lady and her natural guardian differ upon it, also. And the closing point is, that my son is bound by his duty to me, by his honor, by every solemn tie and obligation, to marry some one else."

"Engaged to marry another lady!" quoth Mrs. Varden, holding up her hands.

"My dear madam, brought up, educated, and trained, expressly for that purpose. Expressly for that purpose. Miss Haredeale, I am told, is a very charming creature."

"I am her foster-mother, and should know—the best young lady in the world," said Mrs. Varden.

"I have not the smallest doubt of it. I am sure she is. And you, who have stood in that tender relation toward her, are bound to consult her happiness. Now, can I—as I have said to Haredeale, who quite agrees—can I possibly stand by, and suffer her to throw herself away (although she is of a Catholic family,) upon a young fellow who, as yet, has no heart at all? It is no imputation upon him to say he has not, because young men who have plunged deeply into the frivolities and conventionalities of society, very seldom have. Their hearts never grow, my dear ma'am, till after thirty. I do not believe, no, I do not believe, that I had any heart myself when I was Ned's age."

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Varden, "I think you must have had. It's impossible that you, who have so much now, can ever have been without any."

"I hope," he answered, shrugging his shoulders meekly, "I have a little; I hope, a very little—Heaven knows! But to return to Ned; I have no doubt you thought, and therefore interfered benevolently in his behalf, that I objected to Miss Haredeale. How very natural! My dear madam, I object to him—to him—emphatically to Ned himself."

Mrs. Varden was perfectly aghast at the disclosure.

"He has, if he honorably fulfils this solemn obligation of which I have told you—and he must be honorable, dear Mrs. Varden, or he is no son of mine—a fortune within his reach. He is of most expensive, ruinously expensive habits; and if, in a moment of caprice and wilfulness, he were to marry this young lady, and so deprive himself of the means of gratifying the tastes to which he has been so long accustomed, he would—my dear madam—he would break the gentle creature's heart. Mrs. Varden, my good lady, my dear soul, I put it to you—is such a sacrifice to be endured? Is the female heart a thing to be trifled with in this way? Ask your own, my dear madam. Ask your own, I beseech you."

"Truly," thought Mrs. Varden, "this gentleman is a saint. But," she added aloud, and not unnaturally, "if you take Miss Emma's lover away, sir, what becomes of the poor thing's heart, then?"

"The very point," said Mr. Chester, not at all abashed, "to which I wished to lead you. A marriage with my son, whom I should be compelled to disown, would be followed by years of misery; they would be separated, my dear madam, in a twelvemonth. To break off this attachment, which is more fancied than real, as you and I know very well, will cost the dear girl but a few tears, and she is happy again. Take the case of your own daughter, the lady down stairs, who is your breathing image"—Mrs. Varden coughed and simpered—"there is a young man, (I am sorry to say, a dissolute fellow, of very inordinate character,) of whom I have heard Ned speak—Bullet was it—Pullet—Mullet—"

"There is a young man of the name of Joseph Willet, sir," said Mrs. Varden, folding her hands loftily.

"That's he," cried Mr. Chester. "Suppose this Joseph Willet now, were to aspire to the affections of your charming daughter, and were to engage them."

"It would be like his impudence," interposed Mrs. Varden, bridling, "to dare to think of such a thing!"

"My dear madam, that's the whole case. I know it would be like his impudence. It is like Ned's impudence to do as he has done; but you would not on that account, or because of a few tears from your beautiful daughter, refrain from checking their inclinations at their birth. I meant to have reasoned thus with your husband when I saw him at Mrs. Rudge's this evening—"

"My husband," said Mrs. Varden, interposing with emotion, "would be a great deal better at home than going to Mrs. Rudge's so often. I do not know what he does there. I do not see what occasion he has to busy himself in her affairs at all, sir."

"If I do not appear to express my concurrence in those last sentiments of yours," returned Mr. Chester, "quite so strongly as you might desire, it is because his being there, my dear madam, and not proving conversational, led me hither, and procured the happiness of this interview with one, in whom the whole management, conduct, and prosperity of her family are centered, I perceive."

With that he took Mrs. Varden's hand again, and having pressed it to his lips with the high-flown gallantry of the day—a little burlesqued to render it the more striking in the good lady's unaccustomed eyes—proceeded in the same strain of mingled sophistry, cajolery, and flattery, to entreat her that her utmost influence might be exerted to restrain her husband and daughter from any further promotion of Edward's suit to Miss Haredeale, or from aiding or abetting either party in any way. Mrs. Varden was but a woman, and had her share of vanity, obstinacy, and love of power. She entered into a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with her insinuating visitor; and really did believe, as many others would have done who saw and heard him, that in so doing she furthered the ends of truth, justice and morality, in no very uncommon degree.

Overjoyed by the success of his negotiation, and mightily amused within himself, Mr. Chester conducted her down

stairs in the same state as before; and having repeated the previous ceremony of salutation, which also as before comprehended Dolly, took his leave; first completing the conquest of Miss Miggs's heart, by inquiring if "this young lady" would light him to the door.

"Oh, mim," said Miggs, returning with the candle. "Oh gracious me, mim, there's a gentleman! Was there ever such an angel to talk as he is—and such a sweet-looking man! So upright and noble, that he seems to say 'but I will take notice on it too.' And to think of his taking you for Miss Dolly, and Miss Dolly for your sister—Oh, my goodness me, if I was master would n't I be jealous of him!"

Mrs. Varden reproved her handmaid for this vain-speaking; but very gently and mildly—quite smilingly indeed—remarking that she was a foolish, giddy, light-headed girl, whose spirits carried her beyond all bounds, and who did not mean half she said, or she would be quite angry with her. "For my part," said Dolly, in a thoughtful manner, "I half believe Mr. Chester is something like Miggs in that respect. For all his politeness and pleasant speaking he was making game of us, more than once."

"If you venture to say such a thing again, and to speak ill of people behind their backs in my presence, Miss," said Mrs. Varden, "I shall insist upon your taking a candle and going to bed directly. How dare you, Dolly? I'm astonished at you. The rudeness of your whole behavior this evening has been disgraceful. Did anybody ever hear," cried the enraged matron, bursting into tears, "of a daughter telling her own mother she has been made game of?"

What a very uncertain temper Mrs. Varden's was!

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Repairing to a noted coffee-house in Covent Garden when he left the locksmith's, Mr. Chester sat long over a late dinner, entertaining himself exceedingly with the whimsical recollection of his recent proceedings, and congratulating himself very much on his great cleverness. Influenced by these thoughts, his face wore an expression so benign and tranquil, that the waiter in immediate attendance upon him felt he could almost have died in his defence, and settled in his own mind (until the receipt of the bill, and a very small fee for very great trouble disabused it of the idea) that such an apostolic customer was worth half-a-dozen of the ordinary run of visitors, at least.

A visit to the gaming-table—not as a heated, anxious venturer, but one whom it was quite a treat to see staking his two or three pieces in deference to the follies of society, and smiling with equal benevolence on winners and losers—made it late before he reached home. It was his custom to bid his servant go to bed at his own time unless he had orders to the contrary, and to leave a candle on the common stair. There was a lamp on the landing by which he could always light it when he came home late, and having a key of the door about him he could enter and go to bed at his pleasure.

He opened the glass of the dull lamp, whose wick, burnt up and swollen like a drunkard's nose, came flying off in little carbuncles at the candle's touch, and scattering hot sparks about, rendered it matter of some difficulty to kindle the lazy taper; when a noise, as of a man snoring deeply some steps higher up, caused him to pause and listen. It was the heavy breathing of a sleeper, close at hand. Some fellow had lain down on the open staircase, and was slumbering soundly. Having lighted the candle at length and opened his own door, he softly ascended, holding the taper high above his head, and peering cautiously about; curious to see what kind of man had chosen so comfortable a shelter for his lodging.

With his head upon the landing and his great limbs flung over half a dozen stairs, as carelessly as though he were a dead man whom drunken bearers had thrown down by chance, there lay Hugh, face uppermost, his long hair drooping like some wild weed upon his wooden pillow, and his huge chest heaving with the sounds which so unwontedly disturbed the place and hour.

He who came upon him so unexpectedly was about to break his rest by thrusting him with his foot, when, glancing at his upturned face, he arrested himself in the very action, and stooping down and shading the candle with his hand, examined his features closely. Close as his first inspection was, it did not suffice, for he passed the light, still carefully shaded as before, across and across his face, and yet observed him with a searching eye.

While he was thus engaged, the sleeper, without any starting or turning round, awoke. There was a kind of fascination in meeting his steady gaze so suddenly, which took from the other the presence of mind to withdraw his eyes, and forced him, as it were, to meet his look. So they remained staring at each other, until Mr. Chester at last broke silence, and asked him in a low voice, why he lay sleeping there.

"I thought," said Hugh, struggling in a sitting posture and gazing at him intently, still, "that you were a part of my dream. It was a curious one. I hope it may never come true, master."

"What makes you shiver?"

"The—the cold, I suppose," he growled, as he shook himself, and rose. "I hardly know where I am yet."

"Do you know me?" said Mr. Chester.

"Ay. I know you," he answered. "I was dreaming of you—we're not where I thought we were. That's a comfort."

He looked round him as he spoke, and in particular looked above his head, as though he half expected to be standing under some object which had had existence in his dream. Then he rubbed his eyes and shook himself again, and followed his conductor into his own rooms.

Mr. Chester lighted the candles which stood upon his dressing-table, and wheeling an easy chair toward the fire, which was yet burning, stirred up a cheerful blaze, sat down before it, and bade his uncouth visitor "Come here," and draw his boots off.

"You have been drinking again, my fine fellow," he said, as Hugh went down on one knee, and did as he was told.

"As I'm alive, master, I've walked the twelve long miles, and waited here I don't know how long, and had no drink between my lips since dinner-time at noon."

"And can you do nothing better, my pleasant friend, than fall asleep, and shake the very building with your snores?" said Mr. Chester. "Can't you dream in your



straw at home, dull dog as you are, that you need come here to do it!—Reach me those slippers, and tread softly.”

Hugh obeyed in silence.

“And barkee, my dear young gentleman,” said Mr. Chester, as he put them on, “the next time you dream, don’t let it be of me, but of some dog or horse with whom you are better acquainted. Fill the glass once—you’ll find it and the bottle in the same place—and empty it to keep yourself awake.”

Hugh obeyed again—even more zealously—and having done so, presented himself before his patron.

“Now,” said Mr. Chester, “what do you want with me?”

“There was news to-day,” returned Hugh. “Your son was at our house—came down on horseback. He tried to see the young woman, but couldn’t get sight of her. He left some letter or some message which our Joe had charge of, but he and the old one quarreled about it when your son had gone, and the old one would n’t let it be delivered. He says (that’s the old one does) that none of his people shall interfere and get him into trouble. He’s a landlord he says, and lives on everybody’s custom.”

“He is a jewel,” smiled Mr. Chester, “and the better for being a dull one. Well?”

“Varden’s daughter—that’s the girl I kissed—”

“And stole the bracelet from upon the king’s highway,” said Mr. Chester, composedly. “Yes; what of her?”

“She wrote a note at our house to the young man, saying she lost the letter I brought to you, and you burnt. Our Joe was to carry it, but the old one kept him at home all next day, on purpose that he should n’t. Next morning he gave it to me to take; and here it is.”

“You did n’t deliver it then, my good friend?” said Mr. Chester, twirling Dolly’s nose between his finger and thumb, and feigning to be surprised.

“I supposed you’d want to have it,” retorted Hugh.

“My devil-may-care acquaintance,” said Mr. Chester—“really if you do not draw some nicer distinctions, your career will be cut short with most surprising suddenness. Do n’t you know that the letter you brought to me, was directed to my son who resides in this place? And can you decry no difference between his letters and those addressed to other people?”

“If you do n’t want it,” said Hugh, disconcerted by this reproof, for he had expected high praise, “give it me back, and I’ll deliver it. I do n’t know how to please you, master.”

“I shall deliver it,” returned his patron, putting it away for a moment’s consideration, “myself. Does the young lady walk out on fine mornings?”

“Mostly—about noon is her usual time.”

“Alone?”

“Yes, alone.”

“Where?”

“In the grounds before the house. Them that the foot-path crosses.”

“If the weather should be fine, I may throw myself in her way to-morrow, perhaps,” said Mr. Chester, as coolly as if she were one of his ordinary acquaintance. “Mr. Hugh, if I should ride up to the Maypole door, you will do me the favor only to have seen me once. You must suppress your gratitude, and endeavor to forget my forbearance in the matter of the bracelet. It is natural it should break out, and it does you honor; but when other folks are by, you must, for your own sake and safety, be as like your usual self as though you owed me no obligation whatever, and had never stood within these walls. You comprehend me?”

Hugh understood him perfectly. After a pause he muttered that he hoped his patron would involve him in no trouble about this last letter; for he had kept it back solely with the view of pleasing him. He was continuing in this strain, when Mr. Chester with a most beneficent and patronising air cut him short by saying:

“My good fellow, you have my promise, my word, my sealed bond (for a verbal pledge with me is quite as good,) that I will always protect you so long as you deserve it. Now, do set your mind at rest. Keep it at ease, I beg of you. When a man puts himself in my power so thoroughly as you have done, I really feel as though he had a kind of claim upon me. I am more disposed to mercy and forbearance under such circumstances than I can tell you, Hugh. Do look upon me as your protector, and rest assured, I entreat you, that on the subject of that indiscretion, you may preserve, as long as you and I are friends, the lightest heart that ever beat within a human breast. Fill that glass once more to cheer you on your road homeward—I am really quite ashamed to think how far you have to go—and then God bless you for the night.”

“They think,” said Hugh, when he had tossed the liquor down, “that I am sleeping soundly in the stable. Ha, ha, ha! The stable door is shut, but the steed’s gone, master.”

“You are a most convivial fellow,” returned his friend, “and I love your humor of all things. Good night! Take the greatest possible care of yourself, for my sake!”

It was remarkable that during the whole interview, each had endeavored to catch stolen glances of the other’s face, and had never looked full at it. They interchanged one brief and hasty glance as Hugh went out, and averted their eyes directly, and so separated. Hugh closed the double doors behind him, carefully and without noise; and Mr. Chester remained on his easy chair, with his gaze intently fixed upon the fire.

“Well!” he said, after meditating for a long time—and said with a sigh and an easy shifting of his attitude, as though he dismissed some other subject from his thoughts, and returned to that which had held possession of them all the day—the plot thickens; I have thrown the shell; it will explode, I think, in eight-and-forty hours, and should scatter these good folks amazingly. We shall see!”

He went to bed and fell asleep, but had not slept long when he started up and thought that Hugh was at the outer door, calling in a strange voice, very different from his own, to be admitted. The delusion was so strong upon him, and was so full of that vague terror of the night in which such visions have their being, that he rose and taking his sheathed sword in his hand, opened the door, and looked out upon the staircase, and toward the spot where Hugh had lain asleep; and even spoke to him by name. But all

was dark and quiet, and creeping back to bed again, he fell, after an hour’s uneasy watching, into a second sleep, and woke no more till morning.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The thoughts of worldly men are for ever regulated by a moral law of gravitation, which, like a physical one, holds them down to earth. The bright glory of day, and the silent wonders of a starlight night, appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or in the moon, or in the stars for their reading. They are like some wise men, who, learning to know each planet by its Latin name, have quite forgotten such small heavenly constellations as Chariot, Forbearance, Universal Love, and Mercy, although they shine by night and day so brightly that the blind may see them; and, looking upward at the spangled sky, see nothing more but the reflection of their own great wisdom and book-learning.

It is curious to imagine these people of the world, busy in thought, turning their eyes toward the countless spheres that shine above us, and making them reflect the only images their minds contain. The man who lives but in the breath of princes has nothing in his sight but stars for courtier’s breasts. The envious man beholds his neighbors’ honors even in the sky; to the money-hoarder, and the mass of worldly folk, the whole great universe above glitters with sterling coin—fresh from the mint—stamped with the sovereign’s hand—coming always between them and heaven, turn where they may. So do the shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.

Everything was fresh and gay, as though the world were but that morning made, when Mr. Chester rode at a tranquil pace along the forest road. Though early in the season, it was warm and gentle weather; the trees were budding into life, the hedges and the grass were green, the air was musical with songs of birds, and high above them all the lark poured out her richest melody. In shady places, the morning dew sparkled on each young leaf and blade of grass; and where the sun was shining, some diamond drops yet glittered brightly, as in unwillingness to leave so fair a world, and have such brief existence. Even the light wind, whose rustling was as gentle to the ear as softly-falling water, had its hope and promise, and leaving a pleasant fragrance in its track as it went fluttering by, whispered of its intercourse with summer, and of his happy coming.

The solitary rider went glancing on among the trees, from sunlight into shade and back again, at the same even pace—looking about him, certainly, from time to time, but with no greater thought of the day or the scene through which he moved than that he was fortunate (being chieftly dressed) to have such favorable weather. He smiled very complacently at such times, but rather as if he were satisfied with himself than with anything else; and so went riding on, upon his chestnut cob, as pleasant to look upon as his own horse, and probably far less sensitive to the many cheerful influences by which he was surrounded.

In course of time the Maypole’s massive chimneys rose upon his view; but he quickened not his pace one jot, and with the same cool gravity rode up to the tavern porch. John Willet, who was toasting his red face before a great fire in the bar, and who with surpassing foresight and quickness of apprehension, had been thinking, as he looked at the blue sky, that if that state of things lasted much longer, it might ultimately become necessary to leave off fires and throw the windows open, issued forth to hold his stirrup, calling lustily for Hugh.

“Oh, you’re here, are you, sir?” said John, rather surprised by the quickness with which he appeared. “Take this here valuable animal into the stable, and have more than particular care of him if you want to keep your place. A mortal lazy fellow, sir; he needs a deal of looking after.”

“But you have a son,” returned Mr. Chester, giving his bridle to Hugh as he dismounted, and acknowledging his salute by a careless motion of his hand towards his hat.

“Why do n’t you make him useful?”

“Why, the truth is, sir,” replied John, with great importance, “that my son—what, you’re listening, are you, villain!”

“Who’s listening?” returned Hugh, angrily. “A treat, indeed, to hear you speak! Would you have me take him in ‘till he’s cool?”

“Walk him up and down further off, then, sir,” cried old John; “and when you see me and a noble gentleman entertaining ourselves with talk, keep your distance. If you do n’t know your distance, sir,” added Mr. Willet, after an enormously long pause, during which he fixed his great dull eyes on Hugh, and waited with exemplary patience for any little property in the way of ideas that might be coming to him, “we’ll find a way to teach you pretty soon.”

Hugh shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and in his reckless, swaggering way, crossed to the other side of the little green, and there, with the bridle slung loosely over his shoulder, led the horse to and fro, glancing at his master every now and then, from under his bushy eyebrows, with as sinister an aspect as one would desire to see.

Mr. Chester, who, without appearing to do so, had eyed him attentively during his brief dispute, stepped into the porch, and turning abruptly to Mr. Willet, said—

“You keep strange servants, John.”

“Strange enough to look at, sir, certainly,” answered the host; “but out of doors, for horses, dogs, and the like of that, there ain’t a better man in England, than is that Maypole Hugh, yonder. He ain’t fit for in doors,” added Mr. Willet, with the confidential air of a man who felt his own superior nature. “I do that; but if that chap had only a little imagination, sir—”

“He’s an active fellow now, I dare swear,” said Mr. Chester, in a musing tone, which seemed to suggest that he would have said the same had there been nobody to hear him.

“Active, sir!” retorted John, with quite an expression in his face; “that chap! Hallo, there! You, sir! Bring that horse here, and go and hang my wig on the weather-cock, to show this gentleman whether you are one of the lively sort or not.”

Hugh made no answer, but throwing the bridle to his master, and snatching his wig from his head, in a manner so unceremonious and hasty that the action discomposed Mr. Willet not a little, though performed at his own special desire, climbed nimbly to the very summit of the maypole

before the house, and hanging the wig upon the weather-cock, sent it twirling round like a roasting jack. Having achieved this performance he cast it on the ground, and sliding down the pole with inconceivable rapidity, alighted on his feet almost as soon as it had touched the earth.

“There, sir,” said John, relapsing into his usual, stolid state, “you won’t see that at many houses, besides the Maypole, where there’s good accommodation for man and beast—nor that neither, though that without him is nothing.”

The last remark bore reference to his vaulting on horseback, as upon Mr. Chester’s first visit, and quickly disappearing by the stable gate.

“That with him is nothing,” repeated Mr. Willet brushing his wig with his wrist, and invariably resolving to distribute a small charge for dust and damage to that article of dress, through the various items of his guest’s bill; “he’ll get out of a’most any winder in the house. There never was such a chap for flinging himself about and never hurting his bones. It’s my opinion, sir, that it’s pretty nearly all owing to his not having any imagination; and that if imagination could be (which it can’t) knocked into him, he’d never be able to do it any more. But we was a talking, sir, about my son.”

“True, Willet, true,” said his visiter, turning again towards the landlord with his accustomed serenity of face. “My good friend, what about him?”

It has been reported that Mr. Willet, previous to making answer, winked. As he never was known to be guilty of such lightness of conduct either before or afterward, this may be looked upon as a malicious invention of his enemies—founded, perhaps, upon the undisputed circumstance of his taking his guest by the third breast button of his coat, counting downwards from the chia, and pouring his reply into his ear:

“Sir,” whispered John, with dignity, “I know my duty. We want no love-making here, sir, unbeknown to parents. I respect a certain young gentleman, taking him in the light of a young gentleman; I respect a certain young lady, taking her in the light of a young lady; but of the two as a couple, I have no knowledge, sir, none whatever. My son, sir, is upon his patrol.”

“I thought I saw him looking through the corner window but this moment,” said Mr. Chester, who naturally thought that being on patrol, implied walking about somewhere.

“No doubt you did, sir,” returned John. “He is upon his patrol of honor, sir, not to leave the premises. Me and some friends of mine that use the Maypole of an evening, sir, considered what was best to be done with him, to prevent his doing anything unpleasant in opposing your desires; and we’ve put him on his patrol. And what’s more, sir, he won’t be off his patrol for a pretty long time to come, I can tell you that.”

When he had communicated this bright idea, which had had its origin in the perusal by the village cronies of a newspaper, containing, among other matters, an account of how some officer pending the sentence of some court-martial had been enlarged on parole, Mr. Willet drew back from his guest’s ear, and without any visible alteration of feature, chuckled thrice, audibly. The nearest approach to a laugh in which he ever indulged, (and that but seldom and only on extreme occasions,) never even curled his lip, or effected the smallest change in, no, not so much as a slight wagging of, his great, fat, double chin, which at these times, as at all others, remained a perfect desert in the broad map of his face; one changeless, dull, tremendous blank.

Lest it should be matter of surprise to any, that Mr. Willet adopted this bold course in opposition to one whom he had often entertained, and who had always paid his way at the Maypole gallantly, it may be remarked, that it was his very penetration and sagacity in this respect which occasioned him to indulge in those unusual demonstrations of jocularity, just now recorded. For Mr. Willet, after carefully balancing father and son in his mental scales, had arrived at the distinct conclusion that the old gentleman was a better sort of customer than the young one. Throwing his landlord into the same scale, which was already turned by this consideration, and heaping upon him, again, his strong desires to run counter to the unfortunate Joe, and his opposition as a general principle to all matters of love and matrimony, it went down to the very ground straightway, and sent the light cause of the younger gentleman flying upward to the ceiling. Mr. Chester was not the kind of a man to be by any means dim-sighted to Mr. Willet’s motives, but he thanked him as graciously as if he had been one of the most disinterested martyrs that ever shone on earth; and leaving him, with many complimentary reliances of his great taste and judgment, to prepare whatever dinner he might deem most fitting the occasion, bent his steps toward the Warren.

Dressed with more than his usual elegance; assuming a gracefulness of manner, which, though it was the result of long study, sat easily upon him and became him well; composing his features into their most serene and prepossessing expression; and settling in short that guard upon himself, at every point, which denoted that he attached no slight importance to the impression he was about to make, he entered the bounds of Miss Haredale’s usual walk. He had not gone far, or looked about him long, when he descried coming toward him, a female figure. A glimpse of the form and dress, as she crossed a little wooden bridge which lay between them, satisfied him that he had found her whom he desired to see. He threw himself in her way, and a very few paces brought them close together.

He raised his hat from his head, and, yielding the path, suffered her to pass him. Then, as if the idea had but that moment occurred to him, he turned hastily back and said in an agitated voice:

“I beg pardon—do I address Miss Haredale?”

She stopped in some confusion at being so unexpectedly accosted by a stranger; and answered, “Yes.”

“Something told me,” he said, looking a compliment to her beauty, “that it could be no other. Miss Haredale, I bear a name which is not unknown to you—which it is a pride, and yet a pain to me to know, sounds pleasantly in your ears. I am a man advanced in life, as you see. I am the father of him whom you honor and distinguish above all other men. May I, for weighty reasons which fill me with distress, beg but a minute’s conversation with you here?”

Who that was inexperienced in deceit, and had a frank and youthful heart, could doubt the speaker’s truth—could doubt it too, when the voice that spoke, was like the faint

echo of one she knew so well, and so much loved to hear? She inclined her head, and stopping, cast her eyes upon the ground.

"A little more apart—among these trees. It is an old man's hand, Miss Haredale: an honest one, believe me." She put her's in it, as he said these words, and suffered him to lead her to a neighboring seat.

"You alarm me, sir," she said, in a low voice. "You are not the bearer of any ill news, I hope?"

"Of none that you anticipate," he answered, sitting down beside her. "Edward is well—quite well. It is of him I wish to speak, certainly; but I have no misfortune to communicate."

She bowed her head again, and made as though she would have begged him to proceed; but said nothing.

"I am sensible that I speak to you at a disadvantage, dear Miss Haredale. Believe me that I am not so forgetful of the feelings of my younger days, as not to know that you are little disposed to view me with favor. You have heard me described as cold-hearted, calculating, selfish—"

"I have never, sir," she interposed with an altered manner and a firmer voice; I have never heard you spoken of in harsh or disrespectful terms. You do a great wrong to Edward's nature, if you believe him capable of any mean or base proceeding."

"Pardon me, my sweet young lady, but your uncle—"

"Nor is it my uncle's nature, either," she replied with a heightened color in her cheek. "It is not his nature to stab in the dark, nor is it mine to love such deeds. Your suspicions are quite unfounded."

She rose as she spoke, and would have left him, but he detained her with a gentle hand, and besought her in such persuasive accents to hear him but another minute, that she was easily prevailed upon to comply, and to sit down again.

"And it is," said Mr. Chester, looking upward and apostrophizing the air; "it is this frank, ingenuous noble nature, Ned, that you can wound so lightly. Shame—shame upon you, boy."

She turned toward him quickly, and with a scornful look and flashing eyes. There were tears in Mr. Chester's, but he dashed them hurriedly away, as though unwilling that his weakness should be known, and regarded her with mingled admiration and compassion. "I never, until now," he said, "believed, that the frivolous actions of a young man could move me like those of my own son. I never knew till now, the worth of a woman's heart, which boys so lightly win, and lightly fling away. Trust me, dear young lady, that I never until now did know your worth; and though an abhorrence of deceit and falsehood has impelled me to seek you out, and would have done so had you been the poorest and least gifted of your sex, I should have lacked the fortitude to sustain this interview could I have pictured you to my imagination as you really are."

Oh! if Mrs. Varden could have seen the virtuous gentleman as he said these words with indignation sparkling from his eyes—if she could have heard his broken, quivering voice—if she could have beheld him as he stood bare-headed in the sunlight, and with unwonted energy poured forth his eloquence!

With a haughty face, but pale and trembling too, Emma regarded him in silence. She neither spoke nor moved, but gazed upon him, as though she would look into his heart.

"I throw off," said Mr. Chester, "the restraint which natural affection would impose on some men, and reject all bonds but those of truth and duty. Miss Haredale, you are deceived by your unworthy lover, and my unworthy son."

Still she looked at him steadily, and still said not one word.

"I have ever opposed his professions of love for you; you will do me the justice, dear Miss Haredale, to remember that. Your uncle and myself were enemies in early life, and if I had sought retaliation, I might have found it here. But as we grow older, we grow wiser—better, I would fain hope—and from the first, I have opposed him in this attempt. I foresaw the end, and would have spared you, if I could."

"Speak plainly, sir," she faltered. "You deceive me, or are deceived yourself—I do not believe you—I cannot—I will not."

"First," said Mr. Chester, soothingly,—"for there may be in your mind some latent angry feeling to which I would not appeal—pray take this letter. It reached my hands by chance, and by mistake, and should have accounted to you (as I am told) for my son's not answering some other note of yours. God forbid, Miss Haredale," said the good gentleman, with great emotion, "that there should be in your gentle breast one causeless ground of quarrel with him.—You should know, and you will see, that he was in no fault here."

There appeared something so very candid, so scrupulously honorable—so very truthful and just in this course—something which rendered the upright person who resorted to it worthy of belief—that Emma's heart, for the first time, sunk within her. She turned away, and burst into tears.

"I would," said Mr. Chester, leaning over her, and speaking in mild and quite venerable accents; "I would, dear girl, it were my task to banish, not increase, those tokens of your grief. My son, my erring son—I will not call him deliberately criminal in this—for men so young, who have been inconstant twice or thrice before, act without reflection, almost without a knowledge of the wrong they do—will break his plighted faith to you; has broken it even now—shall I stop here, and having giving you this warning, leave it to be fulfilled; or shall I go on?"

"You will go on, sir," she answered: "and speak more plainly yet, in justice both to him and me."

"My dear girl," said Mr. Chester, bending over her more affectionately still, "whom I would call my daughter, but the fates forbid, Edward seeks to break with you upon a false and most unwarrantable pretence. I have it on his own showing—in his own hand. Forgive me, if I have had a watch upon his conduct: I am his father; I had a regard for your peace and his honor, and no better resource was left me. There lies on his desk at this moment, ready for forwarding to you, a letter, in which he tells you that our poverty—our poverty, his and mine, Miss Haredale—forbids him to pursue his claim to your hand; in which he offers, voluntarily proposes, to free you from your pledge, and talks magnanimously (men do so, very commonly, in such cases,) of being in time more worthy of your regard,

and so forth. A letter, to be plain, in which he not only jilts you—pardon the word: I would summon to your aid your pride and dignity—not only jilts you, I fear, in favor of the object whose slighting treatment first inspired his brief passion for yourself, and gave it birth in wounded vanity, but affects to make a merit and a virtue of the act."

She glanced proudly at him once more, as by an involuntary impulse, and with a swelling breast rejoined: "If what you say be true, he takes much needless trouble, sir, to compass his design. He is very tender of your peace of mind. I quite thank him."

"The truth of what I tell you, dear young lady," he replied, "you will test by the receipt or non-receipt of the letter of which I speak.—Haredale, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you, although we meet under singular circumstances, and upon a melancholy occasion. I hope you are very well."

At these words the young lady raised her eyes, which were filled with tears; and seeing that her uncle indeed stood before them, and being quite unequal to the trial of hearing or of speaking one word more, hurriedly withdrew and left them. They stood looking at each other, and at her retreating figure, and for a long time neither of them spoke.

"What does this mean? Explain it," said Mr. Haredale, at length. "Why are you here, and why with her?"

"My dear friend," rejoined the other, resuming his accustomed manner with infinite readiness, and throwing himself upon the bench with a weary air, "you told me not very long ago, at that delightful old tavern of which you are the esteemed proprietor, (and a most charming establishment it is for persons of rural pursuits and in robust health who are not liable to take cold,) that I had the head and heart of an evil spirit in all matters of deception. I thought at that time, I really did think, you flattered me. But now I begin to wonder at your discernment, and, vanity apart, do honestly believe you spoke the truth. Did you ever counterfeited extreme ingenuousness and honest indignation? My dear fellow, you have no conception, if you never did, how faint the effort makes one."

Mr. Haredale surveyed him with a look of cold contempt. "You may evade an explanation for a time," he said, folding his arms. "I must have it, I can wait."

"Not at all. Not all, my good fellow. You shall not wait a moment," returned his friend, as he lazily crossed his legs. "The simplest thing in the world. It lies in a nutshell; Ned has written her a letter—a boyish, honest, sentimental composition, which remains as yet in his desk, because he has not had the heart to send it. I have taken a liberty, for which my parental affection and anxiety are a sufficient excuse, and possessed myself of the contents. I have described them to your niece (a most enchanting person, Haredale; quite an angelic creature) with a little coloring and description adapted to our purpose. It's done. You may be quite easy. It's all over. Deprived of their adherents and mediators, and her pride and jealousy roused to the utmost; with nobody to deceive her, and you to confirm me; you will find that their intercourse will close with her answer. If she receives Ned's letter by to-morrow noon, you may date their parting from to-morrow night. No thanks I beg; you owe me none. I have acted for myself, and if I have forwarded our compact with all the ardor even you could have desired, I have done so, selfishly, indeed."

"I curse the compact, as you call it, with my whole heart and soul," returned the other fiercely. "I have found my self to a lie; I have leagued myself with you; and though I did so with a righteous motive, and though it cost me such an effort as haply few men know, I hate and despise myself for the deed."

"You are very warm," said Mr. Chester, with a languid smile.

"I am warm, I am maddened by your coldness. Death! Chester, if your blood ran warmer in your veins, and there were no restraints upon me, such as those that hold and drag me back—well; it is done; you tell me so, and on such a point I may believe you. When I am most remorseful for this treachery, I will think of you and your marriage, and try to justify myself in such remembrances for having torn asunder Emma and your son, at any cost. Our bond is canceled, and we may part."

Mr. Chester kissed his hand gracefully; and with the same tranquil face he had preserved throughout—even when he had seen his companion so tortured and transported by his passion that his whole frame was shaken—lay in his lounging posture on the seat and watched him as he walked away.

"My scape-goat and my drudge at school," he said raising his head to look after him; "my friend of later days, who could not keep his mistress when he had won her, and threw me in her way to carry off the prize, I triumph in the present and the past. Bark on, ill-favored, ill-conditioned cur; fortune has ever been with me—I like to hear you."

The spot where they had met was in an avenue of trees. Mr. Haredale not passing out on either hand, had walked straight on. He chanced to turn his head when at some considerable distance, and seeing that his late companion had by that time risen and was looking after him, stood still as though he half-expected him to follow, and waited for his coming up.

"It may come to that one day, but not yet," said Mr. Chester, as he waved his hand, as though they were best of friends, and turned away. "Not yet, Haredale," he muttered to himself, "Life is pleasant enough to me; dull and full of heaviness to you. No. To cross swords with such a man—to indulge his humor unless upon extremity—would be weak indeed."

For all that he drew his sword as he walked along, and in an absent humor ran his eye from hilt to point full twenty times. But thoughtfulness begets wrinkles; remembering this, he soon put it up, smoothed his contracted brow, hummed a gay tune with greater gayety of manner, and was his unruffled self again.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

A homely proverb recognizes the existence of a troublesome class of persons, who, having an inch conceded them, will take an ell. Not to quote the illustrious examples of these heroic scourges of mankind whose amiable path in life has been, from birth to death, through blood, and fire, and ruin, and who would seem to have existed for no bet-

ter purpose than to teach mankind that as the absence of pain is pleasure, so the earth, purged of their presence, may be deemed a blessed peace—not to quote such mighty instances, it will be sufficient to refer to old John Willet.

Old John having encroached a good standard inch, full measure, on the liberty of Joe, and having snipped off a Flemish ell in the matter of the patrol, grew so despotic and so great, that his thirst for conquest knew no bounds. The more young Joe submitted, the more absolute old John became. The ell soon faded into nothing. Yards, furlongs, miles, arose; trimming off an exuberance in this place, shearing away some liberty of speech or action in that, and conducting himself in his small way with as much high mightness and majesty, as the most glorious tyrant that ever had his statue reared in public ways, in ancient or modern times.

As great men are urged on to the abuse of power, (when they need urging, which is not often) by their flatterers and dependents, so old John was impelled to these exercises of authority by the applause and admiration of his Maypole cronies, who, in the intervals of their nightly pipes and pots, would shake their heads and say that Mr. Willet was a father of the good old English sort—that there was no new-fangled notions or modern ways in him—that he put them in mind of what their fathers were when they were boys—that there was no mistake about him—that it would be well for the country if there were more like him, and more was the pity that there were not—with many other original remarks of that nature. Then they would condescendingly give Joe to understand that it was all for his good, and he would be thankful for it one day; and in particular, Mr. Cobb would acquaint him, that when he was of his age, his father thought no more of giving him a paternal kick, or a box on the ears, or a cuff on the head, or some little admonition of that sort, than he did of any other ordinary duty of life; and he would further remark, with looks of great significance, that but for this judicious bringing up, he might never have been the man he was at that present speaking—which was probable enough, as he was, beyond all question, the dullest dog of the party. In short, between old John and old John's friends, there never was an unfortunate young fellow so bullied, badgered, worried, fretted, so constantly beset, or made so tired of life, as poor Joe Willet.

This had come to be the recognised and established state of things; but as John was very anxious to flourish his supremacy before the eyes of Mr. Chester, he did that day exceed himself, and did so goad and chafe his son and heir, that but for Joe's having made a solemn vow to keep his hands in his pockets when they were not otherwise engaged, it is impossible to say what he might have done with them. But the longest day has an end, and at length Mr. Chester came down stairs to mount his horse, which was ready at the door.

As old John was not in the way at the moment, Joe, who was sitting in the bar ruminating on his dismal fate and the manifold perfections of Dolly Varden, ran out to hold the guest's stirrup and assist him to mount. Mr. Chester was scarcely in the saddle, and Joe was in the act of making him a graceful bow, when old John came diving out of the porch, and collared him.

"None of that, sir," said John, "none of that, sir. No breaking of patrols. How dare you come out of the door, sir, without leave? You're trying to get away, sir, are you, and to make a traitor of yourself again? What do you mean, sir?"

"Let me go, father," said Joe, imploringly, as he marked the smile upon their visitor's face, and observed the pleasure his disgrace afforded him. "This is too bad. Who wants to get away?"

"Who wants to get away?" cried John, shaking him. "Why you do, sir, you do. You're the boy, sir," added John, collaring him with one hand, and aiding the effect of a farewell bow to the visitor with the other, "that wants to sneak into houses, and stir up difficulties between noble gentlemen and their sons, are you, eh? Hold your tongue, sir."

Joe made no effort to reply. It was the crowning circumstance of his degradation. He extricated himself from his father's grasp, darting an angry look at the departing guest, and returned into the house.

"But for her," thought Joe, as he threw his arms upon a table in the common room, and laid his head upon them, "but for Dolly, who I could not bear should think me the rascal they would make me out to be if I ran away, this house and I should part to-night."

It being evening by this time, Solomon Daisy, Tom Cobb, and Long-Parkes, were all in the common room too, and had from the window been witnesses of what had just occurred. Mr. Willet joining them soon afterwards, received the compliments of the company with great composure, and lighting his pipe, sat down among them.

"We'll see, gentlemen," said John, after a long pause, "who's the master of this house, and who is not. We'll see whether boys are to govern men, or men are to govern boys."

And quite right too," asserted Solomon Daisy, with some approving nods; "quite right, Johnny. Very good, Johnny, well said, Mr. Willet. Bravo, sir."

John slowly brought his eyes to bear upon him, looked at him for a long time, and finally made answer, to the great consternation of his hearers, "When I want encouragement from you, sir, I'll ask you for it. You let me alone, sir. I can get on without you, I hope. Do n't you tackle me, sir, if you please."

"Do n't take it ill, Johnny! I did n't mean any harm," pleaded the little man.

"Very good, sir," said John, more than usually obstinate after his late success. "Never mind, sir. I can stand pretty firm of myself, sir, without being shored up by you." And having given utterance to this retort, Mr. Willet fixed his eyes upon the boiler, and fell into a kind of tobacco-trance.

The spirit of the company being somewhat damped by this embarrassing line of conduct on the part of their host, nothing more was said for a long time; but at length Mr. Cobb took upon himself to remark, as he rose to knock the ashes out of his pipe, that he hoped Joe would henceforth learn to obey his father in all things; that he had found that day he was not one of the sort of men to be trifled with; and that he would recommend him, poetically speaking, to mind his eye for the future.



"I'd recommend you, in return," said Joe, looking up with a flushed face, "not to talk to me."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Mr. Willet, suddenly rousing himself, and turning round.

"I won't, father," cried Joe, smiting the table with his first, so that the jugs and glasses rung again; "these things are hard enough to bear from you; from any body else I never will endure them any more. Therefore I say, Mr. Cobb, do n't talk to me."

"Why, who are you," said Mr. Cobb, sneeringly, "that you're not to be talked to, eh, Joe?"

To which Joe returned no answer, but with a very ominous shake of the head, resumed his old position, which he would have peacefully preserved until the house shut up at night, but that Mr. Cobb, stimulated by the wonder of the company at the young man's presumption, retorted with sundry taunts, which proved too much for flesh and blood to bear. Crowding into one moment the vexation and the wrath of years, Joe started up, overturned the table, fell upon his long enemy, pummeled him with all his might and main, and finished by driving him with surprising swiftness against a heap of spittoons in one corner; plunging into which, head foremost, with a tremendous crash, he lay at full length among the ruins, stunned and motionless. Then, without waiting to receive the compliments of the bystanders on the victory he had won, he retreated to his own bed-chamber, and considering himself in a state of siege, piled all the portable furniture against the door, by way of barricade.

"I have done it now," said Joe, as he sat down upon his bedstead and wiped his heated face. "I knew it would come at last. The Maypole and I must part company—I'm a roving vagabond—She hates me for ever—it's all over!"

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1841.

### THE FISCAL AGENCY BANK.

§3- Mr. EWING'S PLAN FOR A U. S. BANK does not seem to meet the approbation of that class of men who arrogate to themselves unerring wisdom, and who claim for themselves omnipotent influence, on all questions of public interest—the editors, namely, of party newspapers. It certainly was not to be supposed that any finite being could have submitted a plan palatable to both political parties—inasmuch as, during the present political millenium, each party man makes it a point of honor and conscience to oppose any measure—even a proposal to provide for the family of a deceased President—which originates with his political antagonist: but we think a reasonable expectation might have been formed, that a plan submitted by the leaders of the Administration would receive the support of the Administration party and the Administration editors, because, if for no better reason, the Opposition—leaders, editors, and all—would be certain to oppose it.

Unfortunately, such an expectation, however generally or reasonably entertained, has been disappointed. The Secretary of the Treasury has been as unhappy in his plan as the President was in his message—he has pleased nobody; at least, this would seem to be the fact, if the editors aforesaid are to be relied on as the organs of public opinion. In our judgment, however, they are not so to be relied on: they are, most emphatically, *their own* organs, and, what with bellows-blowing and fingering, they make a horrible din of it.

To our minds—and we beg to be understood as averring that although we have heard in private many coincident opinions, we still speak for ourselves alone—Mr. Ewing's proposition (allowing for such trifling modifications, &c. as would naturally occur in its passage through Congress,) comes about as near meeting public (not editorial) expectation, and the real wants of the people, as anything that the wit of man could well have devised. And we say this more confidently, not so much from our own impressions to that effect on reading the Bill, as from the fact that the elaborate strictures we have thus far read upon it are so purposeless, flippant and illogical.

One paper, for instance, assumes that the plan proposed would not meet the wants of the merchants—to which it might be answered, that the assumption is very likely to be false; and, if true, the wants of the merchants, as such, are not paramount to the wants of the Government. Another goes into heroics because the Secretary designates the District of Columbia as the proper location for the contemplated Bank—as if it were possible (with the consent of a majority of the Representatives in Congress,) to place it anywhere else; and, as if the branches in our large cities would not do the great portion of the business, and be, to all intents and purposes, *the Bank*.

The Bill itself, which is drawn with great labor and equal ability, occupies five columns of the Madisonian and of course we cannot copy it: beside, Mr. Ewing's communication to Congress, with which he introduces the Bill, is a perfect synopsis of the Bill itself, and from this we make the following extract:

"It is proposed that the affairs of the Bank be managed by seven directors, two of them to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and five to be elected by the stockholders at their annual meeting. A President to be chosen by the directors out of their own body.

That the branches be managed by not more than seven, nor less than five directors, two of them to be appointed by

the States in which the branches may be situated, if such State be a stockholder, and the rest to be appointed by the directors of the Bank.

It is proposed that the Bank be the fiscal agent of the Government. That the public moneys be deposited in it; and when there, that they may be deemed and taken to be in the Treasury of the United States, and that the deposits be not removed except by law, and that the notes of the said bank be receivable in the payment of public dues, and that payments made by the Treasurer of the United States may be by checks on said Bank.

That the said Bank receive the funds of the United States; that it transmit them from one part of the Union to another, and distribute them for the payment of public creditors, and perform the duty of pension agent free of charge.

The ordinary powers and privileges of banking institutions being conferred upon it, and the ordinary liabilities and duties imposed in order to prevent over-banking, excessive issues, fluctuations in the price of stocks, and consequent speculations therein, and to secure the bill-holders and other creditors of the Bank from danger of loss, it is proposed—

To limit the dividend to six per cent. per annum, but if they fall short in any year, the deficiency, with interest thereon, to be afterward made good; and when a surplus accumulates exceeding one million, the excess to be passed to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States.

That the amount of debts which it may at any time owe shall not exceed twenty millions over and above its deposits. That the debts at any time due to the Bank shall not exceed the amount of its capital and seventy-five per cent. thereon; and that when the amount of its bills in circulation shall exceed three times the amount of specie in its vaults, no new loan shall be made.

That it shall not deal in any thing except coin, bullion, promissory notes, and inland bills of exchange.

That it shall take no more than six per cent. upon loans. That it shall discount no promissory note, and purchase no bill of exchange which has more than one hundred and eighty days to run, nor make any loan for a longer time.

That no debt shall be renewed.

That it shall not at any time loan the United States more than three millions of dollars, nor any state more than one hundred thousand dollars, nor either for a longer term than a hundred and eighty days, unless authorised by law.

That it shall contract no debt for a longer term than one year.

That it shall issue no notes of a less denomination than ten dollars.

That the officers of the institution shall not be permitted to borrow money from, or contract any debt therein, in any manner whatever; a note or bill of which such officer, as maker, drawer, endorser, or acceptor, is forbidden to be discounted. The directors of the branches not to be considered officers within the meaning of this provision.

To prevent or expose any fraud or indirection in the management of the institution; to prevent, also, large and improper loans to individuals, to the injury of the stockholders and the public, and to prevent, likewise, false imputations when such irregularities do not exist, it is proposed that the books of the institution, including the accounts of all individuals therein, be at all times open to the inspection of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States; to a committee of either House of Congress; to each of the directors of the bank, and to a committee of the stockholders, with power to make public whatever they think fit."

The bill is divided into twenty-three sections, and the eleventh section contains twenty-four "rules, restrictions, limitations and provisions"—among which it is provided that the directors of the mother bank shall receive a reasonable compensation for their services; and also that "the total amount of debts which the said corporation shall at any time owe, whether by bond, bill, note, or other contract, over and above the debt or debts due for money deposited in the bank, shall not exceed the sum of twenty-five millions of dollars, unless the contracting of any greater debt shall have been previously authorised by law. In case of excess, the directors under whose administration it shall happen shall be liable for the same in their natural and private capacities; and an action of debt may, in such case, be brought against them, or any of them, their, or any of their heirs, executors, or administrators, in any court of record of the United States, by any creditor or creditors of the said corporation, and may be prosecuted to judgment and execution, any condition, covenant, or agreement, to the contrary notwithstanding; but this provision shall not be construed to exempt the said corporation, or the lands, tenements, goods, or chattels of the same, being also liable for, and chargeable with, the said excess," provided, however, that such director or directors as happened to be absent at the time such excess of debt was contracted—or protested (in a minority) against its creation—shall be exempted from the penalty."

Now, upon all this we have to remark that the powers here delegated and the restrictions here imposed are as near to what a bank should be—and what, to answer the emergency, it must be—as we can readily conceive. How far it will receive the sanction of the Representatives of the people, remains to be seen: and, of course, how far the plan itself, if carried out, will realise the expectations of those by whom it is proposed, experience, alone, can determine. We hope, at least, that the *abolition storm* may soon subside—that this and other measures of paramount importance may receive that consideration for which the present session was specially convened.

§3- Some of the Boston papers are quite certain that their city is the proper place for the location of a National Bank, should such an institution be established.

### GENERAL BANKRUPT LAW.

§3- The prospects for the passage of the GENERAL BANKRUPT BILL were never so bright as at present. It has already passed through two readings in the Senate, and been referred to the appropriate Committee; and, although its introduction was at first opposed by Mr. Clay on the ground that it had not been included in the special objects of the session, and because he apprehended that it could not be passed in the short time to which the session was limited, that high-minded and honest Senator withdrew his opposition, and consented to the introduction of the bill, at the same time expressing himself decidedly in favor of it. Now, if the friends of the bill are energetic and push it forward, it will be made a law by a majority of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. It is so difficult to get the House of Representatives to attend to any business, or to do anything but make fools of themselves, that we have our fears for the fate of the bill in that body; still they may be blessed with some symptoms of sanity, and pass the bill without knowing exactly what they are about. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll will doubtless move a reconsideration; but, with all their neglect of the national interests and personal quarrels, the representatives will hardly dare openly to defy and insult their constituents—the great majority of whom will rejoice in the passage of this bill.

The Providence Journal and some other Whig papers, who would never kick in the traces of party though pricked by red-hot spurs, and who seem to believe implicitly in the doctrine that "the President can do no wrong," visited us with their displeasure on account of the "clamor" which we made in consequence of Mr. Tyler's neglect to refer to the subject of this bill even by an allusion. This "clamor" has, it seems, been productive of pretty good effects. Mr. Walker, in speaking earnestly in behalf of the bill, after it had been introduced by Mr. Henderson, of Mississippi, said that it was looked to by the country as one of the most important objects of the session. It was his opinion that the bill had been so frequently and so fully discussed that it would take little time to pass it through all its stages. "The late Administration," he said, "owed its defeat, in no small degree, to their neglect of the public wish and interests in regard to this measure." This is precisely the substance of the "clamor" in the New World; we fully illustrated and established this fact. We proved that the country was carried for Harrison and Tyler by the votes of the Bankrupts—and that, without these votes, they never could have been chosen, great as their majority was. This was "pehaved at" by certain sapient Whigs; but "pshaw!" is no argument, though uttered by a politician. What we insisted upon is now acknowledged by an eminent Senator; it is declared to the country, and the country will respond to the truth of the declaration.

Mr. Van Buren never showed himself so little worthy of the reputation for shrewdness and foresight he had acquired as in his silent opposition to this bill. Never, without his consent, would it have been *stifled* in the House as it was by Mr. Pickens. The people knew this; his political friends knew it, and their indignation broke out at the ballot-boxes. The party-press, which had most warmly sustained his administration, were strong advocates for the bill: and yet, with a perversity that made us say of him "Whom God resolves to destroy he first makes mad," he caused the bill to be butchered by the warlike Pickens. The fact is, the President thrown himself so completely into the arms of the South, that he was smothered. Fearing to lose a single Southern partisan, he alienated the regard of all the Northern and Eastern States.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this question. It was unfortunate that the bill ever was suffered to assume a partisan aspect; and, though it was a chief element in the triumph of the Whigs, we heartily trust that it will not pass by a party-vote—but that the Members of both Houses, who rightly consider the interest and wishes of their constituents, will vote for the bill, and do all in their power to accelerate its progress. It will be hailed as a second declaration of Independence.

THE DOINGS OF CONGRESS.—We have had it in mind to make a synopsis of the proceedings of Congress. We accordingly proceed to tell our readers what the Senate have done. On the ninth instant, Mr. Clay's bill, repealing the Sub-Treasury was passed by a strict party vote—Yeas 29, Nays 18. On the tenth, numerous memorials were presented in behalf of a General Bankrupt Law; also, of duties on Wines and Silks, and of a distribution of the proceeds of Public Lands. Mr. Clay introduced his bill for the distribution, and it received its first reading.

Mr. Henderson introduced a bill to establish a uniform system of Bankruptcy, which was read twice, referred to the Judiciary Committee, and ordered to be printed, after a debate of some length as to the propriety of action on this subject at the present session.

Mr. Rives introduced a resolution, previously noticed, to refer to the Committee on Foreign Affairs the parts of the President's Message relative to that subject. Here a very interesting debate took place in relation to the McLeod case, in which Messrs. Buchanan and Rives participated.

On the 11th the Senate spent the day in debating about the McLeod case. On the 14th the debate was continued. On the 15th the debate was continued, and Thomas Allen was, on the third ballot chosen Printer to the Senate by 27 Whig votes—the opposition Senators having withdrawn.

In the House of Representatives, Gales & Seaton have been elected printers. This House has been a fortnight in session and has literally done nothing at all. We shall not lend our paper to record their brawling and bragadocio speeches, or their contemptible quarrels. If Mr. John Quincy Adams and Mr. Henry A. Wise were turned out of the House there might be a chance to do something. They have been fighting in wordy warfare about the North and the South, slavery and abolition, since the commencement of the session. The whole time of the House has been spent in wrangling about the rules of the House and the vote by which all the rules of the former House were adopted as the rules of this, excepting the 21st, which laid all abolition petitions upon the table—has been reconsidered. The House now refuse to adopt those rules with or without the 21st—and they stand exactly where they stood at the commencement of the session, having literally effected nothing.

**KILLING BY A CAB-DRIVER.**—On Monday last an Irish laborer by name James Welsh, while scraping the street in Broadway, between Maiden Lane and Cortlandt street, was run over by a Cab and instantly killed. The driver of the cab, James F. Johnson, was arrested and committed to prison for examination. The daily papers elegantly observe that this driver was "under the influence of liquor." This means that he was beastly drunk. It is to be wished, for the sake of the warning, that the fellow may be brought in guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. His crime is one which deserves a punishment only short of that, which is awarded to one, adjudged guilty of murder. He knew perfectly well, if he was not too drunk to know any thing, that his furious driving through a thronged thoroughfare was exceedingly dangerous. It may be said in extenuation that he did only that which all of his class are doing with impunity every hour in the day. We refuse the excuse and confess the fact; and this is the point to which we wished to arrive.

There is no large city in the world, in which the street police is so miserably lax and inefficient, as in New York. One would think that a considerable portion of Broadway belonged in fee-simple to the drivers of omnibuses. They take their stand above and below Wall street, and, in one place, absolutely stop in succession and water their horses. Being huge, heavy vehicles, they are knocked against light carriages of all descriptions, sometimes carelessly, sometimes maliciously, to the imminent danger of all persons riding. Foot-passengers are regarded no more than the hogs, which run in droves about the streets; and we have often felt a cold thrill of horror at observing the deadly peril of ladies and children. The practice of racing is continued incessantly; and there is not a day in which we go from our office homeward, that we do not encounter a furious race between two or three omnibuses. The lash is plied to the poor jaded horses with the fury of demons; the lady-passengers and pedestrians are frightened nearly out of their wits, and the drunken vagabonds on the tops of the omnibuses shout and laugh and curse and riot in the impunity with which they can jeopard lives and set the laws at defiance.

The cabs are less given to racing with one another; but they also are driven with haste and fury. The drivers never seem to pay the slightest regard to people on the crossings, but pass the streets and turn the corners as if an open course were before them. It is a marvel that we do not hear of accidents, like the above, every day in the week.

It is high time that something should be done. A city like New York should never be without Police-offices continually patrolling the principal streets. A cordon of Constables should be placed from the Battery to Union Place: they are quite as requisite for the security of the citizens and the enforcement of the laws, as night watchmen.

**DEATH OF WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.**—This event, for many months past anticipated by the friends of Mr. Clark, occurred on Saturday evening last. He died of consumption, and was thirty-two years of age. He has been, during the last five years of his life, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Gazette, an evening paper. Long before this period he was known extensively, and highly esteemed, as a poet. His verses have been printed with approbation in foreign periodicals as well as in our own. They are distinguished for their correctness of rhythm and the easy and elegant flow of the language. Mr. Clark had an active love of the beautiful in Art and Nature, and a keen appreciation of the humorous. His prose-writings exhibit the recreations of a versatile mind—which went, as it pleased, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Mr. Clark contributed much to the entertainment of the readers of the Knickerbocker Magazine—under the able and efficient direction of his twin-brother—and there are few lovers of genuine pathos and fun who have not sorrowed and smiled over the now sombre, now cheerful pictures of OLLAROD. It is stated that the Messrs. Harper

have in the press a volume of his remains—prose and poetry: we hope they will be accompanied by an appropriate memoir.

The press unite in cordial testimony to the worth of the deceased. His friend, the editor of the United States Gazette, thus concludes a touching memorial-paragraph:

Clark will be missed from our editorial ranks: his brilliant paragraphs, his peculiar style, his hearty commendation, and his literary worth, which made him admired, will not soon meet and combine in one. And then his love of his art, his strong attachments to the duties and services of an editor—to the last moment they were evident and operative; and when, only two days before his death, with all the strong impression that death was close at hand, as we concluded our last converse of things of time, he seemed for a moment to hang back from the consideration of higher subjects, that he might linger upon the pleasures of his beloved occupation; and he breathed, with failing voice, into our ear, something of earth that might connect him with the living, even when he should have passed away. And then he turned to the considerations that make for a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Of these latter it is not meet that we here speak; and yet it may be right to state as a result, that with a newness of spirit, and a hope in faithful promises, CLARK died a believing, a devout, a cheerful, hoping Christian.

**THE REMAINS OF L. E. L.**—From Mr. Laman Blanchard's new work, just published in England, and lately received by us, we this week present "The Triumph of Lucca," a tragedy. It abounds with beautiful poetry, and deep, genuine feeling. The story is thrillingly interesting, and it will richly reward perusal.

**CREDIT OF CITIES.**—The Connecticut House of Representatives, at its recent session, refused to pass the bill authorizing the City of Hartford to contract a loan for the benefit of the Hartford and Springfield Railroad Company. This refusal was caused by the opinions given by the Chief Justice of the State and another gentleman of high legal reputation, that the measure would be a violation of the Constitution of the State, which provides that the property of individuals shall not be taken for public purposes without an adequate remuneration. Contracting a city debt, the learned jurists contended, was taking the property of private citizens without compensation, and that the majority of the city could have no power thus to tax and take away any portion of the property of the minority. Upon these opinions some of the citizens of other cities which have contracted loans, intend to resist the payment of the taxes imposed in consequence.

## The Musical World.

AS THE MUSICAL SEASON is drawing to a close, we will make a few remarks upon the success of the various artists who have, during its reign, put forth their claim to the patronage of the public. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, with Messrs. Leffler and Brough, were tolerably successful in their concerts, but their theatrical engagement must be considered as a positive failure. They came in fear and doubt, and left in anger and disgust. There were many and sufficient reasons for their failure: the current of public opinion was strong against them; cliques were formed to oppose them, and though the generosity of feeling so often exhibited by large masses toward individuals who seem to be oppressed by party, triumphed for a time, the old ill-feeling was not forgotten, and burst out with increased vigor on the first opportunity.

The veteran Braham has been equally unsuccessful in his theatrical speculation. Expectation was raised to an absurd height: the public thought to find in the old man of seventy the juvenility of appearance, and the strength and vigor of youth. They were disappointed, and but very few persons wish to hear him again, believing themselves to have been deceived by a false and inflated account of Mr. Braham's powers. His failure in the theatre was deserved, for he could not do what he professed. But in sacred music, had his success been equal to his merits, he would have filled the concert rooms night after night—for in that style he has stood alone for years, and even now there is no rival near his throne.

Mrs. Edward Loder, who made her debut at the same time with Mr. Braham, has won for herself the favorable opinion of the public. Her style and execution though formed on the best model and diligently cultivated, wants that dash or false glitter which attracts the marvel-seekers and misleads the judgment. But she will keep her ground and improve in public estimation, as her style becomes understood.

Mr. Herwig, a man of great talent—as a violinist certainly unequalled in the Union—has given several concerts with very indifferent success. The weather was uniformly against him, and talent not introduced by preparatory puffs, meet with but few friends. We hear that he intends to remain among us, and trust that his next endeavors will be crowned with success.

The Seguias, Miss Poole, Manvers and Giubilei, though forming together the best company that has visited New-York for many years, were decidedly unfortunate in their engagements. Cliques were formed against them by interested parties, and papers employed to write them down. The chief cause of their failure was their negligence in not producing novelty fast enough; and producing what they did in a careless and ineffective manner.

Mrs. Sutton, who was announced so loudly, did not meet with the triumph she expected. The public expected too much and was proportionately disappointed on hearing her. But Mrs. Sutton has merit, and has made a certain way with the public, and if she would turn a deaf ear to her flatterers, and appreciate herself more rightly, she would eventually hold a good position in her profession.

Summing up the whole, we find that the past season has been highly unsuccessful to the parties catering for the pub-

lic entertainment. With regard to the music, the selection has been, with but few exceptions, little calculated to raise the standard of public taste, but we trust that the profession will join together next season, and give a series of concerts on such a scale as will be likely to forward this most desirable end.

## The Literary World.

**A SUMMER JOURNEY IN THE WEST:** by Mrs. E. Cole, Author of *Heroines of Sacred History*: New York, John S. Taylor & Co. 1841.

The above work is such as might be expected from the author of that charming production, "Heroines of Sacred History." It will richly repay the expense and trouble of procuring and reading it. We commend it to all who love to contemplate our extensive and fertile country. To the tourist especially it will prove an invaluable companion.

For the following interesting Literary Intelligence, we are indebted to that excellently-edited paper, the Boston Times:

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Richard H. Dana, of this city, is preparing for the press a new and enlarged edition of his poems and miscellaneous writings, which will be published in the ensuing autumn, in two octavo volumes. Mr. Dana's writings have been for several years out of print, and their republication will gratify every one who can appreciate poetry and prose of the highest excellence.

A very important historical work has just been published in this city, entitled "The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625; now first collected from original records and contemporaneous printed documents, and illustrated with notes; by the Rev. Alexander Young." The value and interest of this work is greatly enhanced by the fact that it contains an authentic narrative of the origin and settlement of the colony, written at the time, by the first planters themselves. Mr. Young has recovered the most important part of Gov. Bradford's lost history of the Plymouth people, and has other documents written by Bradford and Winslow, some of which have never been printed, and others are wholly unknown in this country. The volume is embellished by an engraving, on steel, of Governor Edward Winslow, from an original portrait painted in 1651, by maps of Plymouth Harbor and Cape Cod, and by other illustrations.

Another work of similar character has appeared within a few days at Concord, N. H. It is entitled "The Early History of New-England," and was written by Rev. Henry White. The design of the author appears to have been to embody the interesting incidents relating to the settlement and early history of New-England—the causes which led to the emigration of our fathers, their privations in their voyage across the Atlantic, and their sufferings after their arrival—in a popular style, and in this he is said to have succeeded well. His book is particularly rich in anecdote and personal adventure.

Among the new London publications we notice "The Dramatic Works of Sir E. L. Bulwer," including "The Duchesse de la Valliere," "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money;" to which are added three odes—one on the Death of Elizabeth, another on Cromwell, and the third on the Demise of Nelson. A long introduction is written to prove that where Sir Edward is not poetical in his plays, or where he is excessively dull, the author had some reason for it—that reason being, to render them fitter as acting plays. The author has omitted his play of "The Sea Captain," which he threatens to reconstruct.

Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, have published a very entertaining and valuable work, entitled "Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest; by Agnes Strickland"—in two duodecimo volumes. The well-known authoress has evinced great diligence in her researches into the early history of the Courts of England, and has interwoven with the dry details of mere narrative many incidents and sketches of character which give to her work much of the interest of Romance.

WILLIAM CROSBY & Co., of Boston, have published a second edition of "The Young Maiden, by A. B. Muzzey, author of the Young Man's Guide, Sunday School Friend, &c." 1 vol. duo., pp. 264.

JAMES LORING, of Boston, has published "The Lady of Refinement in Manners, Morals and Religion, by Mrs. Sandford, author of Woman in her Social and Domestic Character"—revised from the second London edition. 1 vol. duo., pp. 304.

DEAN AND TREVELL, NEW-YORK, have published an original work, illustrated with maps, entitled "The Science of Government, founded on Natural Law, by Clinton Rosevelt." 1 vol. duo., pp. 113.

**VOICES OF THE NIGHT.**—Professor Longfellow's poems have reached their fifth edition. They are wonderfully popular. We acknowledge, with pleasure, our receipt of this volume; it is exquisitely printed—quite equal to the best English editions. Such books are "a sight for sore een."

We wish that the author would get out a new volume, supplying it with the "Voices of the Night" only, and the pieces which he has since composed in the same vein. His "Earlier Poems" are wholly unworthy of his present powers, and his translations are, for the most part, in the same category. Mr. Longfellow could make a volume that would not only be popular, but excellent from first to last. (Published by John Owen, Cambridge, for sale by Appleton & Co. New York.)

CAREY AND HART, of Philadelphia, have issued a very neat and elegant edition of Campbell's *Life of Petrarch*, complete in one octavo volume of 444 pages. We read the work, several weeks since, in the English copy, forwarded to us by our London correspondent. It is vividly interesting—written in a lively, playful and polished style. We intend to make some pleasant extracts from it very soon and to give such a view of the work as cannot fail to recommend it to the libraries of literary people. Meantime the announcement of a new work by the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and the *Pleasures of Hope*, is sufficient.



## The Old World.

New-York, Friday morning, 7 o'clock.

## EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

BY THE COLUMBIA AT BOSTON.

*Late and Important from China—Hostilities with the English recommenced—Political Agitation in England—Commercial Depression—News from all Nations.*

The steamship Columbia, Capt. C. H. Judkins, arrived at Boston on Wednesday evening 16th at ½ past eight o'clock, or in 12 days and seven hours from Liverpool, of which she was detained five hours at Halifax, making her whole running time but two hours over twelve days.

H. A. Wells, Esq., comes out as bearer of despatches from our Minister in London to the Federal Government.

GREAT BRITAIN is convulsed with political and Corn-Law agitation. The debate on Sir Robert Peel's resolution of a want of confidence in Ministers had been continued through three sittings but not yet brought to a decision. Sir Robert led the attack, and was answered by such men as Macauley and Sir John Cam Hobhouse. The Tories did not seem eager to press the division; and indeed it is now quite apparent that Peel blundered in proposing a direct vote of want of confidence so soon. Even success will prove disastrous to him.

Lord Stanley has withdrawn his famous Registration bill. The Irish are wide awake for Repeal and Reform. Meetings of 10,000 to 100,000 are held almost daily. They will be out in their might at the coming Election.

The Anti-Corn-Law agitation and excitement increases daily throughout England. Immense meetings in favor of "Cheap Bread" are every where held. Their tone is energetic and confident.

The Chartists are as active as ever. The presentation of petitions in Parliament by Mr. T. Duncombe, from one million and three hundred thousand persons, was but the opening of the summer campaign.

The General Steam Navigation Co., intend establishing immediately a regular communication between London and New-York. A vessel is to start every fortnight from both cities, to carry the mails, light goods and passengers. Six first class steamships, of 1,200 tons each, are stated to be now in readiness.

FAVOR is tranquil. The ministry is negotiating an enormous loan to pay the expenses of their War frolic last year. The trial of Durnes and his confederates by the Peers had been concluded. Consider was acquitted, Duolos handed over to the tribunals, and Darnes sentenced to death. He refused to petition for mercy, and was executed on the 1st.

## IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.

The overland Mail from India had reached London with intelligence that the Emperor had refused to ratify the Treaty made by Commissioner Keshen with Plenipotentiary Elliot. He further ordered Keshen to be sent in irons to Peking to answer for his truckling to the 'outer barbarians.' He will grant them no terms save on their abject submission, after having evacuated all their conquests! Upon this announcement, the British immediately took possession of the Bogue forts and the factory at Canton.

On the 22nd of April, Sir Gordon Bremer arrived at Calcutta from Canton, and, after a conference with the Governor General, reinforcements were forthwith ordered to proceed to China. So the affair at length assumes a serious aspect; and the next Mail will probably bring tidings of the capture or destruction of Canton. The war has now fairly begun.

Letters from Russia state, that with the beginning of the spring the hostility of the Circassians recommenced with increased violence. In one of their late attacks Major General Backuin, a much esteemed Russian officer was killed by a musket shot.

## From our own Correspondent.

LONDON, Tuesday morning, June 3.

The Britannia steamer of the 15th May from Boston has not yet arrived, and is now four days over due. It is supposed she was detained for the result of the McLeod business on the 16th. The Roscoe, packet of 18th, and Montreal 10th, are in.

The No-Confidence-in-Ministers Debate was resumed last night, after the usual "Whitsuntide" recess—and was again adjourned—but no one doubts that a dissolution will be the result. Serjeant Talfourd opened the debate last night with an eloquent speech in favor of the Ministers.

IN CHINA hostilities have recommenced. On the 25th February the British troops took possession of the forts of Bogue, and of the Factory of Canton. The Emperor however had expressed his determination not to submit. Keshen had been disgraced and sent in irons to Peking. Reinforcements of troops were sent from India.

Admiral Parker has sailed in the Great Liverpool to take the command at Canton in the place of Elliott.

THE PRESIDENT—ONCE MORE.—The Lapwing, West India steam-packet, has arrived, with dates from 5th to 26th April, from the different islands, but no news of the President; so that the last hope from that quarter is cut off. The British Consul at Lisbon was so confident that the steamer

seen by the Conde de Palma, was the President, that he has sent out two vessels in search of her.

P. S. June 3.—The Fortitude at Liverpool from Buenos Ayres, reports seeing on the 27th May a large steamer disabled and without funnel, in lat. 47 N., and long. 29, 30 W., steering N. E.; paddle boxes dark color; had square topsail and top gallant sail set; distant 10 miles. This made quite a sensation at Liverpool, and conjectures were divided—some thinking she was the President—others that she might be the Acadia which left Liverpool on the 19th, and was returning to port to refit. In either case it is supposed the Britannia might afterward have fallen in with the disabled ship and is detained in towing her to port.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The great "Charity-Children Anniversary" took place to-day at St. Paul's. The boys and girls of all the "parochial" schools, in their "parochial" uniform, exactly the same as it was two hundred years ago, headed by the parochial beadles, in laced coats and cocked hats, armed with brief authority and silver maces, were marched up to the great "meeting-house," and into a gigantic amphitheatre erected in the body of the house, under the great dome, where they listened to a sermon and sang several pieces of sacred music. The number of children was at least 8,000, and it was really an imposing and interesting scene. The concourse of spectators was immense.

You are aware that several Saints and Holy Days are observed in England which in "our" country are never heard of. *Whitsuntide* (the feast of the Pentecost) has just been celebrated, not exactly in the original manner, but by excursions of thousands and tens of thousands of holiday people—chiefly the "lower classes"—to the various cockney resorts—Richmond, Hampton Court, Greenwich, &c. The steamers on the Thames have been crowded with live stock, as thickly stowed as bales of cotton. Several were treated with a bath, gratis, and three or four, at least, were drowned. On Whitmonday it is said that there were 50,000 Londoners at Greenwich; and the same day more than 250 large open vans passed along Hyde Park, filled with men, women, boys and girls—black spirits and white, red spirits and gray—on their way to Hampton Court—on temperance principles.

There were also processions of the Roman Catholic teetotalers—armed with banners, green scarfs, and poles with a gilt cross—making quite a display. In the evening a meeting of the British Foreign Temperance Society—5,000,000 persons had signed Father Mathew's pledge in Ireland—although the movement there was opposed by the Church, because it had a *Papal* origin. Distilleries and breweries were in a decline, and Life Insurance Companies had lowered their premiums on tee-total applicants. If father Mathew could conquer John Bull's propensities for porter, ale, and "alf and 'alf"—to say nothing of wine—he would certainly achieve a reputation.

You've read Miss Edgeworth's *Juveniles* in days of yore, and know what the *Eton Mortem* is—one of those absurd and elaborate pieces of mummery which have been kept up by "annual custom" for nobody knows how many hundred years—the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Eton College, near Windsor, is a very ancient higher-class of school, preparatory for Oxford and Cambridge. A good many of the pupils are noblemen's sons, but there are many others; and some "on the foundation"—i. e. educated by a fund provided by some worthy person in olden time; and altogether it is a very aristocratic and respectable institution at which such men as Wellington and Peel are proud to have mastered the rudiments. Well, this "Mortem" is a parade got up every three years—on "White-Tuesday," and I had a chance to see the show yesterday. The boys, about 400 in number, were all handsomely dressed in military or fancy costumes—some in red coats, as the army—some in blue, as the navy—and then Greeks, Highlanders, Circassians, etc.; with specimens of old costume *temps* Elizabeth, Charles II, &c. These dresses were of velvet and satin, richly laced, and many of them were really splendid. The Mortem consists in the marching of these costumes (with the boys in them) from the College to a bit of a mound, called "Salt Hill," about two miles off, where the "Captain" gets on the top and waives a flag, with prodigious energy, for about a quarter of an hour—this was all the fun that was to be seen; but the most important part of the operation was the levying of black mail on the spectators—the "salt-duty," as they choose to call it.

Ten or a dozen of the Etonians, in all their finery, cruise about the grounds, and the town, and the railroad station, politely offering a little green ticket in Latin, for which they expect you to deposit coins in a bag which they carry for that purpose—sovereigns or shillings, as you please—but something you must. These tickets must then be displayed as badges on your hat, or you will be again waylaid. Every body who comes within five miles of Windsor during the day must pay toll—and there could not have been less than 15,000 persons there yesterday. One train from London carried 1900. The queen, Prince Albert, Lord Melbourne and a string of carriages a mile long were on the ground—and it would all have been very nice if they had had any thing to see—but it was as pretty a specimen of much ado about nothing as I have ever fell in with. Even the Queen looked cross. A very free display might have been made in the great Park—but that would not be following the "custom." How many absurdities are cloaked under this dogged respect of John Bull for what his father has done before him.

The levy on this occasion is variously reported at from £1800 to £3000, and this sum, after paying for a supper, goes to the "Captain," or first prize boy, to send him through Cambridge.

The *Epsom Races* last week were apparently of the utmost importance to all the world. A stranger would naturally suppose that the fate of the nation was at stake, with such eager and solemn interest did every body talk of the "Derby Day," and "The Oaks."

At the newspaper offices a large bulletin announces something important "By Special Express"—and you rush eagerly for a paper, supposing that at least the Dutch have taken Holland, or that the President has arrived—when lo! you are greeted with large capitals, indicating to the ad-

miring world, which is trembling on the tip-toe of expectation, "The Results of the Derby!" Horse-racing may be very nice sport—especially when the snug sum of £3,500 is pocketed for a "single heat," won by a yard's length—but the universal *gravity* of interest which is taken in such matters—in England, is to me absolutely ludicrous. There is scarcely a grocer's counter-jumper in London that would n't run from Mile End to Piccadilly without his dinner, to get the first news of "the Oaks," and whether the winner was Col. Bulkley's Corsair, or my Lord Westminster's Van Amburgh.

A crowd assembled on Tuesday afternoon at the entrance to the House of Commons, to witness the arrival of the huge Chartist petition with 1,300,000 signatures, which was borne by the working men in procession. Shortly after four o'clock the procession appeared, headed by some well-known Chartist leaders. The petition was carried on the shoulders of eight sturdy men, in fustian jackets. Arrived at the iron gate, a message was sent to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, who had agreed to present it. An answer was sent down analogous to the formula within doors, "Please to bring it up." The lobbies were crowded, several Members running to see the monstrous document. Finally it was received by Mr. Duncombe and Mr. O'Connell: who managed, with some difficulty, to roll it into the awful presence of the speaker.

The copyright of Waverley expires next year, and that of the other novels of Scott will "run out" gradually in the order they were written. The Trustees of the estate have already anticipated competition, by issuing cheap editions of Waverley, Guy Mannering and the Lives of the Novelists. The number of rival editions of the Poems—now nearly all public property, is almost incredible—some for ten-pence a copy.

Clare, the Northampton Poet, is confined in a Lunatic Asylum. A subscription has been made for his family—a wife and five children, whose extreme poverty was the probable cause of the Poet's aberration of mind.

A couple of curious relics were sold recently at auction: first; the deed of the house in Blackfriars, purchased by Shakspeare March 10, 1612, containing Shakspeare's autograph—one of the five which are known to exist. This deed sold for £65—which is nearly as much as Shakspeare paid for the property. It was knocked down to a bookseller, and is now advertised for sale at £200. The other was a goblet made of Shakspeare's mulberry tree.

A petition for the release of the *Chartist prisoners*, signed by 1,348,000 persons, was presented in the Commons by T. S. Duncombe. The vote on the question proved a tie—48 to 48—and was decided by the Speaker against the petitioners.

THE TEXAS LOAN was received with such distrust in Paris that Lafitte was compelled to withdraw it.

The Prince de Joinville has sailed in the Belle-Poule, for the two-fold purpose of protecting the French whalers on the Banks of Newfoundland, and of prosecuting "his suit with the Princess Sophia of Holland, aged 17."

The Duchess of Kent has gone on a visit to Germany with her sister and niece, the Princess of Leiningen. The Queen and Prince Albert went down to Woolwich to "see them off."

Lord John Russell is to be nominated as candidate for M. P. for London, in case of a dissolution of Parliament.

The French Government have advertised for a loan of 450,000,000 of francs.

26,073 tons of beet-root sugar, were produced last year in France, on which the duty was £110,000.

The Paris and Reuen Railway is going on rapidly and a large number of English workmen are upon it.

There are 71 lines of railway in Great Britain and Ireland, forming a total length of 2,191 miles. Of these, 53 are opened, 18 partially, and 10 not yet opened.

The Berlin and Dresden railroad is nearly finished, and the distance may now be traversed in 12 hours.

On the "Mortem" day I came from Slough to Paddington, 18 miles, in 25 minutes—or at the rate of 40 miles an hour—on the Great Western Railway.

The 70th birth-day of Robert Owen, "the philanthropist" and infidel, was celebrated by a dinner, tea and ball, at Highbury. 1200 Socialists were present, and Socialism and its progress was the theme of the speeches.

DARNES, the French would-be regicide, after a trial at the Chamber of Peers, was guillotined on the 31st. There was no previous notice of the time of execution and very few present. The event made no sensation in Paris.

## POSTSCRIPT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3—6 P. M.

The report of the Fortitude of a disabled steamer is the chief topic in the city to-day—and the impression gains ground that it is the President.

Money is rather in good demand at the rate of 5 per cent. Stocks are steady. Consols for Money 89½ to 90—and for Account 90½ to 90¾.

The overland mail from India, brings accounts of the renewal of all the troubles in China. Elliott had been completely bamboozled and was at last "setting to work" again against the Celestials. An American gentleman just from China, says that Canton is doomed to flames, for there are 200,000 Chinese there starving for the want of employment, who will certainly burn the city if the English do not.

No other news to-day. Nothing of the Britannia.

Yours,

X. Y. Z.

## PASSENGERS.

In the steam-ship Columbia, C. H. E. Judkins, from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston.

FOR HALIFAX—Miss Peters, Miss Hogg, Capt Daniels and lady, John Walker, James Peters, Jr., Mr Gibson and lady, Sir J. Dickson, Mr Thorpe, Col Pentrick, Mr Grassie, R. H. Serrat, John Johnson, Sarah B. Shaw, Captain Folwell and lady—Mrs Daniels, 1 servant, Mrs A. Mallis, 1 do, Mrs Folwell, 1 do, Mr Walker, 1 do, Sir J. Dickson, 1 do, Mr Filey, 1 do, Mr Thorpe, 1 do.

FOR BOSTON—Mrs Parker, Miss Charlotte Smith, Mr Rodgers, lady, child and servant, H. Cameron and son, G. Ralston, Capt Watts, J. R. Dunn, Guiney and lady, B. Slow and lady, Capt Swift, J. T. Larrando, A. R. Ditt, Lt. Colonel Ermatinger, W. Parker, Gatsiedel Raisio, Mr Potts, Wm Bellamy, G. H. Mead, G. Gordell, Mr Henry, Capt Cary and son, Limb Mundell, Mr Reeves, and lady, Miss Reeves, A. Mackburn.

FROM HALIFAX FOR BOSTON—D. Burdett, Miss Dixon, Mr Sibley, Mr Wilson, Mr Tanguinotto, lady, child and servant.

## Latest Intelligence.

**ACCIDENT ON THE NORWICH RAILROAD.**—On Friday evening the 11th inst., as the train for New York was passing over the Norwich road, when about 25 miles from that place, the axle-tree of the Engine broke, and for some moments the engineer and firemen found it impossible to stop the train. After proceeding some distance, the engine ran off the track, plunged down a precipice of some 15 feet, carrying with it the tender and baggage cars; the ladies' car was also thrown off, but with slight injury. The engineman was the only person injured, and he was not very seriously so; the passengers all escaped unhurt.

A correspondent, who was in the cars at the time speaks in the highest terms of the coolness of the engineer and superintendent, to whose exertions is the safety of the passengers solely to be attributed. Great credit is also due to Mr. Rowe, (of Adams's Express,) and to various others connected with the road, for the measures they took to remove the cars from the track, and to forward the passengers, by an extra train, to Norwich.

**DREADFUL ACCIDENT.**—We learn from the Barnstable Patriot, that an interesting child of Mr. Isaac S. Gross of Truro, was scalded to death in a most shocking manner about five weeks since. A tub containing boiling hot water was left standing upon the floor by a person who was engaged in washing, who had left the room for the purpose of obtaining more water from a well near by. The child was playing with another little girl near the tub, and in her heedlessness fell backward into the tub, and became immersed up to her neck in the boiling hot water. Her mother, who was not far off, attracted by the screams of the little sufferer, ran and immediately took the child out of the water. Assistance was procured, but no relief could be afforded, she lingered about six hours in the most excruciating agony when she expired.

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—Mr. George Simson, 5th Engineer of the Steamship Acadia, fell overboard at about 1 o'clock on Sunday morning last, from Cunard's wharf, Boston, and was drowned. His cap was seen floating in the dock on Sunday afternoon, at 5 P. M., which was the first intimation to those on board of his being missing. Grappling irons were immediately used, and his body found under the paddle wheel, with his arms around a post of the wharf. An inquest was held by the Coroner, and the verdict was accidental drowning. Mr. Simson was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and only 24 years of age.

**PROBABLE PIRACY.**—By a letter received by Messrs. Cobb & Warner of this city, dated Mobile 7th June, we learn that the ship Charles Gorham of Bath, which cleared from New Orleans for Bordeaux, on the 31st May, with twenty-three passengers, was found abandoned, with all sails set, about fifteen miles off the Balize. Blood was discovered in her cabin and on deck. The sailors' chests were missing. She carried three boats, two of which were gone and the other was picked up ten miles astern also having marks of blood. The news came from New Orleans by the mail boat. The ship is reported to have had specie on board. This would appear to be a confirmation of the reports that there are pirates afloat in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Mississippi.

**ATROCIOUS MURDER.**—The Columbus (Ohio) Statesman gives an account of a diabolical murder committed in one of the workshops of the Ohio Penitentiary, on the morning of the 9th inst. Mr. Cyrus Sells, a young man employed in the prison as a guard, while combing his hair, was struck on the head from behind with a small hand axe by a convict named James Clark, and instantly killed.

The first blow deprived him of life, but the wretched miscreant repeated until his head was nearly severed from his body. Another convict, who attempted to interfere, had a most miraculous escape, as the fiend Clarke aimed a blow at him with the axe. This murder had apparently been deliberately planned, and was perpetrated for the sake of revenging himself for some castigation he had received at the hands of Sells.

**SHOCKING MURDER.**—The Philadelphia Inquirer contains an account of a most brutal murder perpetrated in Reading, Pa., on the 8th inst. It seems that an old gentleman had lived for some time in a house alone, keeping by him some \$500 which he had amassed. He was found dead on the floor of his house, his forehead and skull broken in, evidently by means of an iron hook taken from the chimney. A gun belonging to him was taken and sold some three miles from the house. The murderers are supposed to be two Germans, for whose apprehension a reward has been offered.

**A singular case is being tried at New-Orleans.** It seems that the wife of one St. Martin had for some time been greatly alarmed by noises at the door of her house. Two men, Miel, a Frenchman, and McCoy, an American, were flat-boatmen, and rapped at St. Martin's door to get some fire; the wife was terrified and cried "murder;" her husband, who had just gone out, returned, seized his gun and shot both the men. The question how far he is responsible for this act is now before the Court.

**STEAMBOAT DISASTER.**—The Charleston Courier of the 19th, says that a letter was received at that city on the 9th, from Hamburg, dated 8th inst, which states that the steamer Duncan McKee, on her way up, was blown up four miles below Johnson's Landing, on the Savannah river, and sunk in 12 feet water, ten minutes after the accident. Two firemen were sadly injured—they will not live. The cargo, except a little flour, is said to be a total loss. The letter contains no other particulars.

**TERRIBLE FIRE.**—On the 3d inst. a the dwelling house of Mr. Archibald Turner. The building with its furniture and entire contents was burned to the ground, and his eldest son, a fine lad about ten years old, perished in the flames. His aged mother was also badly injured that she expired the next day.

**THE ST. LOUIS MURDERERS.**—Madison, Brown, Seward, and Warrick—were to be executed on the 9th of July.

**FROM JAMAICA.**—By the schr. Cyrus, Capt. Howard, we have Jamaica papers to the 27th ult.

After a long drought, the earth had been refreshed with rain, which had much revived the hopes of the husbandman.

There was a general complaint of hard times, but whether the cause was to be found in the act of emancipation, or was attributable to some other influence, could not be so readily determined.

The ship Hector arrived at Kingston on the 26th ult., 30 days from Sierra Leone, Africa, with 267 colored emigrants, 179 of whom were liberated Africans, 64 Maroons. The ship Elizabeth, with 182 emigrants, left Sierra Leone on the 11th of April, for the Island of Trinidad. When the Hector left, the Governor of Sierra Leone, Sir John Jeremie, was dangerously ill. Accounts had reached that settlement from Dr. Madden, stating that since his arrival on the African coast he had suffered severely from sickness, in consequence of which he contemplated an immediate return to England. The Hector left at Sierra Leone the ship Superior, sent out from London to take what emigrants might offer, for Demerara.

**FROM THE WEST INDIES.**—Advices from Jamaica to the 28th ult. represent the agricultural prospects in Barbadoes as highly flattering. A bill had passed the Legislature of Dominica laying a duty of one per cent. on all imports and exports to make roads, and another to raise £10,000 for paying off the Government loan. The Governor General refused his assent to both these bills. A member of the House was attacked by the Court of Common Pleas for non-attendance as a juror. That body tried to punish the marshal for a breach of privilege, but finally voted that it could not interfere with the doings of a Court. Two vessels had arrived at Jamaica with 267 immigrants from Sierra Leone. Dr. Madden had suffered severely from sickness, and was about to leave the African coast for England.

**Dr. Eldridge** was released on Saturday by entering into a recognizance of \$1,000 in his own name. He at first refused compliance with this requisition of the Court and only assented at the desire of his friends. The Counsel for the prosecution state that it is their intention again to put him upon trial. It is our belief that the Court will not consent to this in any event.

### Married.

In this city, June 15, O. H. Crissey and Mary F. Lowerre.  
June 14, by Rev. Mr. Stopford, Thos. Ward Shute and Caroline E. daughter of Daniel Haselton.  
June 11, by Rev. Mr. Cone, Joseph Nonsier and Maria Petersen, all of this city.  
June 10, by Rev. Mr. Andrews, Henry J. Griffin, formerly of Baltimore, and Hetty, eldest daughter of N. B. Penfield, of this city.  
June 10, by Rev. Mr. Burchard, William Martin and Mary Ann Underhill, both of this city.  
June 19, by Rev. Dr. Patton, Gardner S. Chapin and Elizabeth W. Jones.  
June 10, William B. Seeley and Martha A. B. Armstrong.  
June 10, by Rev. Mr. Polhemus, Wm. T. Whittemore and Adriane, daughter of Jonathan Lawrence, Esq.  
June 10, by Rev. Dr. McElroy, Thomas Fraser and Jane McLeod, daughter of Wm. Kevan, both of this city.  
June 10, John E. Delvin and M. Josephine, daughter of the late Ebenezer Day, Esq.  
June 9, by Rev. Mr. Quetres, Patrick M. Barron, Jr., and Jane, daughter of John Kealey, both of this city.  
June 9, by Rev. Mr. Wallace, David Brown, of Connecticut, and Mary Wallace, of this city.  
June 9, Signor Francisco Anelli and Signora Fanny Godone, both of Italy.  
June 9, by Rev. Mr. Cone, Rev. William M. Doolittle and Amanda, daughter of Lewis B. Reed, Esq.  
June 8, by Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Cunningham Smith, Esq., and Margaretta Lavinia, daughter of John Gibson, Esq.  
June 8, by Rev. Mr. Stopford, Augustus Brown and Amanda M., daughter of the late Edward Smith, all of this city.  
June 7, Delbert C. Hays and Amanda F. Myer.  
June 6, by Rev. Wm. Whittaker, Capt. Moses Adams, of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and Susan W. Redfield, of this city.  
At Bedford, Cuyboga co., Ohio, June 10, Gen. Jacob Medary and Mary Louisa Willis.  
At Jersey City, June 9, by Rev. Dr. Dewey, Mr. Warren Stout and Sarah, daughter of William Glaze, Esq.  
At Stonington, Ct., June 9, Steven D. Thatcher, of this city, and Evelina C. Denison.  
At Chappachet, R. I., June 8, by Rev. Mr. Allen, John Valentine, of this city, and Miss Hannah S. Smith, of C.  
At Boston, June 8, Edward Buck, of this city, and Eliza G. Hubbard.  
At Whitestone, L. I., William Schermhorn and Charlotte F. Leggett.  
At Middletown Point, N. J., June 3, by Rev. Mr. Webster, Edward Brown and Louisa J., daughter of Andrew Demarest, of Brooklyn.  
At Mobile, June 3, Henry Van Aantwerp, late of this city, and Lucy S. Thatcher.  
At Poughkeepsie, May 30, by Rev. Dr. Reed, Mergan Bates and Emeline Walton.  
At East Haddam, Ct., May 14, James M. Letts, of De Ruyter, N. Y., and Eunice, daughter of the late Hon. Lemuel Daniels.

### Died.

In this city, June 18, George Washington, eldest son of Lawrence Chatterton.  
June 16, Bernard Smyth, in the 58th year of his age.  
June 15, John Adams, Jr., aged 21.  
June 15, Mrs. Mary Requa, aged 50.  
June 15, of consumption, Mr. John Tyock.  
June 14, of inflammation of the heart, Peter McCann.  
June 13, Mary Minichouse, aged 56.  
June 13, of consumption, Charles Edgar Downes, aged 19.  
June 13, Eliza Catharine, wife of Daniel Acker, aged 39.  
June 13, William D. Shedd, aged 36.  
June 12, Phineas E. Rice, late student in the Wesleyan University, son of Rev. Phineas Rice, of this city, aged 20.  
June 12, George McCully, aged 34.  
June 9, of consumption, William, son of William Joyce, aged 19.  
June 9, Sarah R. Comstock, aged 10.  
At Brooklyn, June 13, of inflammation of the lungs, John W. Carrington, aged 53.  
At Washington, June 10, Richard Harrison, Esq., late Auditor of the Treasury, aged 92.  
At his residence, in Bergen, N. J., June 9, Alonzo Wakeman, recently of this city, aged 44. Mr. W. was formerly engaged in mercantile pursuits in this city and Philadelphia, and of late years has been extensively known as the chief clerk in the Fair of the American Institute.  
At Wapping Creek, Dutchess co., June 7, of consumption, Emeline Sykes, daughter of Rev. Eliphalet Price.  
At Huntington, West Neck, L. I., June 5, Mrs. Ruth Boston, in the 79th year of her age.  
At Savannah, Ga., June 3, Mr. John Wagner, of this city.  
At sea, June 3, on the passage from Savannah to this port, Thomas B. Glen, eldest son of A. Barclay, of this city.  
At Halifax, Eng., Mary Ann, daughter of William Cooke, the equestrian, aged 11. Her death was the result of an accident which befel her on the 10th of March last, occasioned by the stumbling of the horse she was riding, while going through the performances of the ring.  
At Marion College, Mo., May 12, Clarissa Phelps, of Troy, aged 94.

## Publisher's Department.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter received at the New York Post Office, marked *Milledgeville, Georgia, June 8, and indorsed, "The Postmaster New York is requested to take special notice that this letter is received at his office,"* was refused by us and left in the office, since the postage was not paid.

**Dr. "Carlos" next week.** Also a communication from H. A. Pue, Esq. of Philadelphia.

## FIRST VOLUME OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

We have printed in four Extra Quarto New Worlds, in style suitable for binding with the volume which concludes next week, viz: the present volume, the whole of the first volume of CHARLES O'MALLEY. It is now ready for delivery. All these numbers, together with another extra number, containing three parts of the second volume and the number for June 12, containing the fourth part, will be sent gratuitously to all new subscribers who will send us \$3 for one year, or \$5 for two years; also to all present subscribers who will send the same sums in renewal of their subscriptions, from the time when they have, do, or shall expire.

A limited edition only, has been issued, at a cost of \$1000. Orders should be forwarded without delay, to prevent disappointment in obtaining copies.

N. B. Papers with whom we exchange, will please to give the above one insertion and consider themselves entitled to receive a copy of the first volume. The Extra number, containing the first chapters of the second volume, has already been sent to our "exchanges;" and the first volume will also be sent to all who conspicuously publish and send to us "marked" the foregoing announcement.

**Agents** are requested to return to this office immediately, as many copies of No. 33, Quarto, as they have or can obtain. For 25 copies in good order, 12½ cents each will be allowed.

**CAUTION.**—Mr. Lyman D. Otis, who has been operating in Oneida, Cayuga, and Tompkins counties, is not an Agent for the NEW WORLD. No subscriptions received by him after the publication of this notice will not be valid. Look out for him.

**Mr. R. L. Boynton** will please communicate with this office without delay.

**SEARS' PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE**, will be given to every person who shall remit free of postage, \$6 New York currency, either in payment of one copy two years, or for two new subscribers one year. The copies will be held subject to the order of the persons entitled to them. The second volume is now published, and will be given to any person remitting the above sum for two new subscribers. Those who are now subscribers will be entitled to the work by remitting the same amount, to be credited on their present subscription.

## THE NEW WORLD.

A New Enlarged Quarto Volume.  
COMMENCING THE FIRST WEEK IN JULY.

The Third Volume of the QUARTO form of the NEW WORLD will commence on the 3d of July, when it will be much enlarged, and four columns given on each page, instead of three, making sixty-four columns of choice reading, without any increase in the price. New Volumes will always begin on the 1st of July and 1st of January, making two in each year, of 416 pages each, to which a handsome Title-Page and a copious Index will be given.

The NEW WORLD studiously avoids all party politics, and is conducted on the principles of the strictest morality. No profane or improper jest, no vulgar allusion, no irreligious sentiment, is allowed to soil its pages. Reverence of God and respect to Man govern it always. The rule of the Editor is never to publish a line which he would hesitate to read aloud in the hearing of virtuous and intelligent females. Thus the NEW WORLD is made an unexceptionable Family Newspaper, and is earnestly recommended to the regard of every friend of a pure literature, as well as of correct morals and the public good.

CHARLES O'MALLEY was commenced in an Extra on the 22d of May, and will hereafter appear first in the columns of this paper. It also publishes 'Barabaz Rudge' and 'Ten Thousand A-Year.'

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Dollars a year—Two copies one year, or one copy two years, for Five Dollars—payment always in advance. All remittances must be in current funds, and either post-paid or free.

A copy of Sears' Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible will be given to every person who pays \$6 for two years in advance, or shall obtain for the NEW WORLD two new subscribers.

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J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, 30 Ann-st.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

The Publisher of the THE NEW WORLD announces that he has made an arrangement with the Publisher of the BOSTON NOTION, by which, all those who wish to subscribe for the Boston Notion and The New World together, can have both Journals for one year on paying or remitting, postage-free, \$5 in advance. As the two papers do not publish the same stories in continuation, and, as they will endeavor to avoid issuing the same matter, it is thought that this arrangement will be acceptable to those who would like to take in two periodicals whose ample dimensions enable them to contain all the good floating popular literature of the day.

Remittances to be made in current bills to GEORGE ROBERTS, State street, Boston—or to J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, New-York.





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VOLUME II.....NUMBER 26.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 56.



AN IDOL DISCOVERED AMONG THE RUINS AT COPAN.

## Stephens's New Work.

### CENTRAL AMERICA.\*

No American author, in modern days, has been more successful than Mr. John L. Stephens. His "Incidents of Travel" in the Old World were received with sudden and universal favor. They still command the popularity which they so readily won. They have gone through edition after edition, and are at this moment eagerly demanded by the booksellers all over the Union.

When it was announced that Mr. Stephens had been appointed to a special confidential mission by President Van Buren, and that his destination was Central America, the announcement was received with satisfaction by men of both political parties. His personal popularity is deservedly great, and his books had produced a favorable public impression. The general reader anticipated much pleasure from the records of his exploration of regions which had just begun to excite interest and marvel; and men of learning looked with anxiety toward the valuable contributions which the researches of so accomplished a student would not fail to add to the treasury of science. Both classes are at length to be gratified in the production of the work before us. It is much more extensive and particular than we had a right to expect from the time of the author's absence; and we cannot but exclaim in admiration of the amount of labor accomplished by him and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Catherwood. They were gone but a little more than ten months from New-York—and yet, in this time they not only went through incredible fatigues in travelling, but faithfully explored the ruins of several ancient cities. Mr. Catherwood, an artist highly esteemed and of wide reputation in the United States, was engaged by Mr. Stephens to accompany him on his expedition, and to take

\* INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS AND YUCATAN—by John L. Stephens, author of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land"—Illustrated by numerous engravings; in two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

drawings of those objects of art which might be judged worthy. That he faithfully executed his task, these volumes bear abundant evidence. The drawings are numerous and beautiful, and exhibit marks of the nicest care and accuracy. Some are engraved on steel; some engraved on stone, and some on wood. Their execution reflects great credit upon the artists engaged, and gives to the book a value, which is only inferior to that imparted by the happy pen of the author.

The two volumes are printed elegantly on fair, white paper in two royal octavos of some 450 pages each. In England such books, with embellishments so costly, would be sold at a price that would amount to a prohibition for people in moderate circumstances. Here they are afforded for a sum which can be expended for the purposes of entertainment and instruction, by the great majority of intelligent people, without inconvenience.

Mr. Stephens, accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, embarked in New-York for the Bay of Honduras on the 3d day of October, 1839. It is by no means our intention to follow him closely in his travels. This would be impossible without stretching this article to an unconscionable length; but we have stated the above fact by way of furnishing the reader with a point of time and a place of departure. All that can be expected of us is to give the reader such intimations of our traveller's whereabouts as to make him fully comprehend the extracts we are about to offer, and to enjoy some substantial foretastes of the rich feast, which is now spread before him. The book was published yesterday; and we earnestly advise all our readers not to let many days pass away without providing themselves with so copious a fund of delightful recreation. We have seldom sat down to a richer intellectual banquet, and have never risen up more perfectly satisfied with our repast. Intellectual epicures that are disposed to skepticism, had better taste the tit-bits we are about to cut for them before offering any decided opinion. The chief value of the book doubtless consists in the results of Mr. Stephens's antiquarian researches—but, as these are matters to be pondered—not to be taken up lightly for the moment—we shall offer but few specimens; preferring rather to gratify the general reader by scraps of adventure that are quite as delicious as if, instead of being real, they were pure inventions of our agreeable traveller.

In thirty days Mr. Stephens was at Balize. Hence, after being treated with great attention during a brief sojourn, he departed in search of the Government of Central America, which was then—to use an expressive Yankee word—in a very unlocated condition. It might have been called a government in transitu—it was passing from Federalism to Anarchy. There were flags hoisted and guns fired on Mr. Stephens's departure from Balize. He was in a steamboat that had been placed by the authorities under his direction; and his only travelling companions were Mr. Catherwood, a Roman Catholic Priest on his way to Guatemala, and his servant, a French Spaniard, by the name of Augustin. Their course lay nearly South, directly along the coast of Honduras.

#### A BAPTISM.

"In his last voyage Columbus discovered this part of the Continent of America, but its verdant beauties could not win him to the shore. Without landing, he continued on to the Isthmus of Darien, in search of that passage to India which was the aim of all his hopes, but which it was destined he should never see.

"Steamboats have destroyed some of the most pleasing illusions of my life. I was hurried up the Hellespont, past Sestos and Abydos, and the Plain of Troy, under the clatter of a steam-engine; and it struck at the root of all the romance connected with the adventures of Columbus to follow in his track, accompanied by the clamor of the same panting monster. Nevertheless, it was very pleasant. We sat down under an awning; the sun was intensely hot, but we were sheltered, and had a refreshing breeze. The coast assumed an appearance of grandeur and beauty that realized my ideas of tropical regions. There was a dense forest to the water's edge. Beyond were lofty mountains, covered to their tops with perpetual green, some isolated, and others running off in ranges, higher and higher, till they were lost in the clouds.

"At eleven o'clock we came in sight of Puente Gorda, a settlement of Carib Indians, about a hundred and fifty miles

down the coast, and the first place at which I had directed the captain to stop. As we approached we saw an opening on the water's edge, with a range of low houses, reminding me of a clearing in our forests at home. It was but a speck on the great line of coast; on both sides were primeval trees. Behind towered an extraordinary mountain, apparently broken into two, like the back of a two-humped camel. As the steamboat turned in, where steamboat had never been before, the whole village was in commotion: women and children were running on the bank, and four men descended to the water and came off in a canoe to meet us.

Our fellow-passenger, the padre, during his residence at Balize, had become acquainted with many of the Caribs, and, upon one occasion, by invitation from its chief, had visited a settlement for the purpose of marrying and baptizing the inhabitants. He asked whether we had any objection to his taking advantage of the opportunity to do the same here; and, as we had none, at the moment of disembarking he appeared on deck with a large wash-hand basin in one hand, and a well-filled pocket-handkerchief in the other, containing his priestly vestments.

"We anchored a short distance from the beach, and went ashore in the small boat. We landed at the foot of a bank about twenty feet high, and, ascending to the top, came at once, under a burning sun, into all the richness of tropical vegetation. Beside cotton and rice, the cahoon, banana, coconut, pineapple, orange, lemon, and plantain, with many other fruits which we did not know even by name, were growing with such luxuriance that at first their very fragrance was oppressive. Under the shade of these trees most of the inhabitants were gathered, and the padre immediately gave notice, in a wholesale way, that he had come to marry and baptize them. After a short consultation, a house was selected for the performance of the ceremonies, and Mr. Catherwood and I, under the guidance of a Carib, who had picked up a little English in his canoe expeditions to Balize, walked through the settlement.

"It consisted of about five hundred inhabitants. Their native place was on the seacoast, below Truxillo, within the government of Central America; and having taken an active part against Morazan, when his party became dominant they fled to this place, being within the limits of the British authority. Though living apart, as a tribe of Caribs, not mingling their blood with that of their conquerors, they were completely civilized; retaining, however, the Indian passion for beads and ornaments. The houses or huts were built of poles about an inch thick, set upright in the ground, tied together with bark strings, and thatched with coroon leaves. Some had partitions and bedsteads made of the same materials; in every house were a grass hammock and a figure of the Virgin or of some tutelary saint; and we were exceedingly struck with the great progress made in civilization by these descendants of cannibals, the fiercest of all the Indian tribes whom the Spaniards encountered.

The houses extended along the bank, at some distance apart; and the heat was so oppressive that, before reaching the last, we were about to turn back; but our guide urged us to go on and see "one old woman," his grandmother. We followed and saw her. She was very old; no one knew her age, but it was considerably over a hundred; and, what gave her more interest in our eyes than the circumstance of her being the grandmother of our guide, she came from the island of St. Vincent, the residence of the most indomitable portion of her race; and she had never been baptized. She received us with an idiotic laugh; her figure was shrunken; her face shrivelled, weakened, and wrinkled; and she looked as though, in her youth, she had gloried in dancing at a feast of human flesh.

We returned, and found our friend, the padre, dressed in the contents of his pocket-handkerchief, quite a respectable looking priest. By his side was our steamboat washbowl, filled with holy water, and in his hand a prayer-book. Augustine stood up, holding the stump of a tallow candle.

The Caribs, like most of the other Indians of Central America, have received the doctrines of Christianity as presented to them by the priests and monks of Spain, and are, in all things, strict observers of the forms prescribed. In this settlement, the visit of a padre was a rare but welcome occurrence. At first they seemed to have a suspicion that our friend was not orthodox, because he did not speak Spanish; but when they saw him in his gown and surplice, with the burning incense, all distrust vanished.

There was little to be done in the way of marrying, there being a scarcity of men for that purpose, as most of them were away fishing or at work; but a long file of women presented themselves, each with a child in her arms, for baptism. They were arranged around the wall in a circle, and the padre began. Of the first he asked a question which I believe is not to be found in the book, and which, in some places, it would be considered impertinent to put to a mother who offered her child for initiation into the Church, viz., whether she was married. She hesitated, smiled, laughed, and answered no. The padre told her that this was very wrong and unbecoming a good Christian woman, and advised her to take advantage of the present opportunity to marry the child's father. She answered that she would like to do so, but that he was away cutting mahogany; and here, as his questions and her answers had to pass through an interpreter, the affair began to be complicated; indeed, so many of the women interposed, all speaking at once, that the padre became aware he had touched upon delicate ground, and so passed on to the next.

In fact, even with the regular business our friend had enough to do. He understood but little Spanish; his book was in Latin; and not being able to translate as readily as the occasion required, he had employed the interval of our absence in copying on a slip of paper, from a Spanish Protestant prayer-book, the formal part of the baptismal service. In the confusion this was lost, and the padre was thrown back upon his Latin, to be translated into Spanish as required. After laboring a while, he turned to Augustine, and gave him in English the questions to put to the women. Augustine was a good Catholic, and listened to him with as much respect as if he had been the pope, but did not understand a word he said. I explained to Augustine in French, who explained to one of the men in Spanish, who explained to the women. This, of course, led to confusion; but all were so devout and respectful, that, in spite of these tribulations, the ceremony was solemn. When he came to the *Agua Santa*, our friend rattled it off as fast as if fresh

from the Propaganda at Rome, and the Caribs were not much behindhand.

The padre had told us of the passion of the Caribs for a multiplicity of names; and one of the women, after giving her child three or four, pointed to me, and told him to add mine. I am not very strict, but I did not care to assume wantonly the obligations of a god-father; and, stopping the ceremony, begged the padre to get me released with the best grace he could. He promised to do so; but it was an excessively hot day; the room was crowded, the doors choked up, and by this time the padre, with his Latin, and English, and French, and Spanish, was in a profuse perspiration, and somewhat confused. I thought myself clear, till, a few moments afterward, a child was passed along for me to take in my arms; but I was relieved on one point: I thought that it was the lady who had become a mother without being a wife, that wished her child to bear my name, but it was another; still I most ungallantly avoided receiving the baby. On going away, however, the woman intercepted me, and, thrusting forward the child, called me compadre; so that, without knowing it, I became godfather to a Carib child. Fortunately, its mother was an honest woman, and the father stood by at the time. In all probability I shall never have much to do with its training; and I can only hope that in due season it will multiply the name and make it respectable among the Caribs.

After quitting the steamboat, the travellers proceeded with mules. In consequence of an accidental separation from the luggage, they were unable to change their dresses; and, as these were covered with mud baked hard by the heat, they suffered great inconvenience. On reaching the Montagua river, they were enabled to indulge in the superlative luxury of a bath. Of this and the primitive costumes of the inhabitants, male and female, in the vicinity, we are entertained with a glowing description.

#### BATHING AND COSTUMES.

There was an enjoyment in this bath greater even than that of cooling our heated bodies. It was the moment of a golden sunset. We stood up to our necks in water clear as crystal, and calm as that of some diminutive lake, at the margin of a channel along which the stream was rushing with arrowy speed. On each side were mountains several thousand feet high, with their tops illuminated by the setting sun; on a point above us was a palm-leaved hut, and before it a naked Indian sat looking at us; while flocks of parrots, with brilliant plumage, almost in thousands, were flying over our heads, catching up our words, and filling the air with their noisy mockings. It was one of those beautiful scenes that so rarely occur in human life, almost realizing dreams. Old as we were, we might have become poetic, but that Augustin came down to the opposite bank, and, with a cry that rose above the chattering of parrots and the loud murmur of the river, called us to supper.

We had one moment of agony when we returned to our clothes. They lay extended upon the bank, emblems of men who had seen better days. The setting sun, which shed over all a soft and mellow lustre, laid bare the seams of mud and dirt, and made them hideous. We had but one alternative, and that was to go without them. But, as this seemed to be trenching upon the proprieties of life, we picked them up and put them on reluctantly. I am not sure, however, but that we made an unnecessary sacrifice of personal comfort. The proprieties of life are matters of conventional usage. Our host was a don; and when we presented our letter he received us with great dignity in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees. The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old-fashioned shortgown and petticoat, only the shortgown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads, with a large cross at the end. A dozen men and half-grown boys, naked except the small covering formed by rolling the trousers up and down in the manner I have mentioned, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty.

Mr. C. and I were in rather an awkward predicament for the night. The general reception-room contained three beds, made of strips of cowhide interlaced. The don occupied one; he had not much undressing to do, but what little he had, he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of my hammock. I was dozing, when I opened my eyes, and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideways upon it, smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied around her waist, and falling below her knees; the rest of her dress was the same which Nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl; in other words, it was the same as that of the don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream; and as I waked up perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick pulls of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. I endeavored to do the same. I called to mind the proverb, that "travelling makes strange bed-fellows." I had slept pell-mell with Greeks, Turks, and Arabs. I was beginning a journey in a new country; it was my duty to conform to the customs of the people; to be prepared for the worst, and submit with resignation to whatever might befall me.

As guests it was pleasant to feel that the family made no strangers of us. The wife of the don retired with the same ceremonies. Several times during the night we were waked by the clicking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbors lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the don was enjoying her morning slumber. While I was dressing she bade me good-morning, removed the cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day.

We started early, and for some distance our road lay along the banks of the Montagua, almost as beautiful by morning as by evening light. In an hour we commenced ascending the spur of a mountain; and, reaching the top, followed the ridge. It was high and narrow, commanding on both sides an almost boundless view, and seemed selected for picturesque effect. The scenery was grand, but the land wild and uncultivated, without fences, enclosures, or habitations. A few cattle were wandering wild over the great expanse, but without imparting that domestic aspect

which in other countries attends the presence of cattle. We met a few Indians, with their machetes, going to their morning's work, and a man riding a mule, with a woman before him, his arm encircling her waist.

I was riding ahead of my companions, and on the summit of the ridge, a little aside from the road, saw a little white girl, perfectly naked, playing before a rancho. As most of the people we met were Indians or Ladinos, I was attracted by her appearance, and rode up to the rancho. The proprietor, in the easy costume of our host of Encuentros, was swinging in a hammock under the portico, and smoking a cigar. At a little distance was a shed thatched with stalks and leaves of Indian corn, and called the *cucina*, or kitchen. As usual, while the don was lolling in his hammock, the women were at work.

I rode on to the *cucina* and dismounted. The party consisted of the mother and a pretty daughter-in-law of about nineteen, and two daughters of about fifteen and seventeen. The reader is perhaps curious about costumes; but having given him an insight into those of this country, he will not require any farther descriptions. In honor of my visit, the mother snatched up the little girl who had attracted me to the rancho, carried her inside, and slapped over her head a garment which, I believe, is generally worn by little girls; but in a few minutes my young friend disencumbered herself of her finery, and was toddling about with it under her arm.

The whole family was engaged in making tortillas. This is the bread of Central and of all Spanish America, and the only species to be found except in the principal towns. At one end of the *cucina* was an elevation, on which stood a comal or griddle, resting on three stones, with a fire blazing under it. The daughter-in-law had before her an earthen vessel containing Indian corn soaked in lime-water to remove the husk; and, placing a handful on an oblong stone curving inward, mashed it with a stone roller into a thick paste. The girls took it as it was mashed, and patting it with their hands into flat cakes, laid them on the griddle to bake. This is repeated for every meal, and a great part of the business of the women consists in making tortillas.

When Mr. Catherwood arrived the tortillas were smoking, and we stopped to breakfast. They gave us the only luxury they had, coffee, made of parched corn, which, in compliment to their kindness, we drank. Like me, Mr. C. was struck with the personal beauty of this family group. With the advantages of dress and education, they might be ornaments in cultivated society; but it is decreed otherwise, and these young girls will go through life making tortillas.

The travellers, on resuming their tour, soon reached the village of Gualan. While there, the inhabitants were favored with the visit of a saint of remarkable powers, who had been borne on a tour through the country. That night the saint received the prayers of good Christians.

#### A VALUABLE SAINT.

The Santa Lucia enjoyed a peculiar popularity from her miraculous power over the affections of the young; for any young man who prayed to her for a wife, or any young woman who prayed for a husband, was sure to receive the object of such prayer; and if the person praying indicated to the saint the individual wished for, the prayer would be granted, provided such individual was not already married. It was not surprising that a saint of such extraordinary powers, touching so directly the tenderest sensibilities, created a sensation in a place where the feelings, or, rather, the passions, are particularly turned to love.

Donna Bartola invited us to accompany her, and, setting out, we called upon a friend of hers. During the whole visit, a servant girl sat with her lap full of tobacco, making straw cigars for immediate use. It was the first time we had smoked with ladies, and, at first, it was rather awkward to ask one for a light; but we were so thoroughly broken in that night that we never had any delicacy afterward. The conversation turned upon the saint and her miraculous powers; and when we avowed ourselves somewhat sceptical, the servant girl, with that familiarity, though not want of respect, which exists throughout Central America, said that it was wicked to doubt; that she had prayed to the saint herself, and two months afterward she was married, and to the very man she prayed for, though at the time he had no idea of her, and, in fact, wanted another girl.

With this encouragement, locking the house, and accompanied by children and servants, we set out to pay our homage to the saint. The sound of a violin and the firing of rockets indicated the direction of her temporary domicile. She had taken up her residence in the hut of a poor Indian in the suburbs; and, for some time before reaching it, we encountered crowds of both sexes, and all ages and colors, and in every degree of dress and undress, smoking and talking, and sitting or lying on the ground in every variety of attitude. Room was made for our party, and we entered the hut.

It was about twenty feet square, thatched on the top and sides with leaves of Indian corn, and filled with a dense mass of kneeling men and women. On one side was an altar, about four feet high, covered with a clean white cotton cloth. On the top of the altar was a frame, with three elevations, like a flower-stand, and on the top of that a case, containing a large wax doll, dressed in blue silk, and ornamented with gold leaf, spangles, and artificial flowers. This was the Saint Lucia. Over her head was a canopy of red cotton cloth, on which was emblazoned a cross in gold. On the right was a sedan chair, trimmed with red cotton and gold leaf, being the travelling equipage of the saint; and near it were Indians in half-sacerdotal dress, on whose shoulders she travelled; festoons of oranges hung from the roof, and the rough posts were unwrapped with leaves of the sugar-cane. At the foot of the altar was a mat, on which girls and boys were playing; and a little fellow about six years old, habited in the picturesque costume of a straw hat, and that only was coolly surveying the crowd.

The ceremony of praying had already begun, and the music of a drum, a violin, and a flageolet, under the direction of the Indian master of ceremonies, drowned the noise of voices. Donna Bartola, who was a widow, and the other ladies of our party, fell on their knees; and, recommending myself to their prayers, I looked on without doing any thing for myself, but I studied attentively the faces of those around me. There were some of both sexes who could not strictly be called young; but they did not, on that



account, pray less earnestly. In some places people would repel the imputation of being desirous to procure husband or wife; not so in Gualan: they prayed publicly for what they considered a blessing. Some of the men were so much in earnest that perspiration stood in large drops upon their faces; and none thought that praying for a husband need tinge the cheek of a modest maiden. I watched the countenance of a young Indian girl, beaming with enthusiasm and hope; and, while her eyes rested upon the image of the saint and her lips moved in prayer, I could not but imagine that her heart was full of some truant, and perhaps unworthy lover.

Outside the hut was an entirely different scene. Near by were rows of kneeling men and women, but beyond were wild groups of half-naked men and boys, setting off rockets and fire-works. As I moved through, a flash rose from under my feet, and a petard exploded so near that the powder singed me; and, turning round, I saw hurrying away my rascally muleteer. Beyond were parties of young men and women dancing by the light of blazing pine sticks. In a hut at some little distance were two haggard old women, with large caldrons over blazing fires, stirring up and serving out the contents with large wooden ladles, and looking like witches dealing out poison instead of love-potions.

At ten o'clock the prayers to the saint died away, and the crowd separated into groups and couples, and many fell into what in English would be called flirtations. A mat was spread for our party outside the hut, and we all lighted cigars and sat down upon it. Cups made of small gourds, and filled from the caldrons with a preparation of boiled Indian corn sweetened with various *dolces*, were passed from mouth to mouth, each one sipping and passing it on to the next; and this continued, without any interruption, for more than an hour. We remained on the ground till after midnight, and then were among the first to leave. On the whole, we concluded that praying to the Saint Lucia must lead to matrimony; and I could not but remark that, in the way of getting husbands and wives, most seemed disposed to do something for themselves, and not leave all to the grace of the saint.

Arrived at Lucapa, Mr. Stephens became convinced that, so far as regarded the purposes of his mission, it was unnecessary for him to proceed immediately to Guatemala—so he determined to turn aside and visit Copan. On his way hither he was overtaken by the following adventures:

#### A STRIKING ADVENTURE.

At six o'clock we rose upon a beautiful table of land, on which stood another gigantic church. It was the seventh we had seen that day, and, coming upon them in a region of desolation, and by mountain paths which human hands had never attempted to improve, their colossal grandeur and costliness were startling, and gave evidence of a retrograding and expiring people. This stood in a more desolate place than any we had yet seen. The grass was green, the sod unbroken even by a mule path, not a human being was in sight, and even the gratings of the prison had no one looking through them. It was, in fact, a picture of a deserted village. We rode up to the cabildo, the door of which was fastened and the shed barricaded, probably to prevent the entrance of straggling cattle. We tore away the fastenings, broke open the door, and, unloading the mules, sent Augustin on a foraging expedition. In half an hour he returned with one egg, being all that he was able to procure; but he had waked up the village, and the alcalde, an Indian with a silver-headed cane, and several alguazils with long thin rods or wands of office, came down to examine us. We showed them our passport, and told them where we were going, at which, with their characteristic indifference of manner, they expressed no surprise. They could not read the passport, but they examined the seal and returned it. We asked them for eggs, fowls, milk, &c., to all of which they answered, what afterward became but too familiar, "no hay," "there is none," and in a few minutes they retired and left us to ourselves.

The cabildo was about forty feet long and twenty broad, with plastered walls; its furniture consisted of a large table and two benches with high backs, and the alcalde sent us a jar of water. We abused the muleteer for stopping at a place where we could get nothing to eat, and made our dinner and supper upon bread and chocolate, taking care not to give him any. There were pins in the walls for swinging hammocks, and in the evening we prepared for sleep. Mr. C. was in his hammock, and I was half undressed, when the door was suddenly burst open, and twenty-five or thirty men rushed in, the alcalde, alguazils, soldiers, Indians, and Mestizoes, ragged and ferocious-looking fellows, and armed with staves of office, swords, clubs, muskets, and machetes, and carrying blazing pine sticks. At the head of them was a young officer of about twenty-eight or thirty, with a glazed hat and sword, and a knowing and wicked expression, whom we afterward understood to be a captain of one of Carrera's companies. The alcalde was evidently intoxicated, and said that he wished to see my passport again. I delivered it to him, and he handed it over to the young officer, who examined it, and said that it was not valid. In the mean time, Mr. Catherwood and I dressed ourselves. I was not very familiar with the Spanish language, and, through Augustin, explained my official character, and directed him particularly to the endorsements of Commandant Penol and General Cascara. He paid no regard to my explanations; the alcalde said that he had seen a passport once before, and that it was printed, and on a small piece of paper not bigger than his hand; whereas mine was the one given by government on a quarto sheet. Beside this, they said that the seal of General Cascara was only that of the department of Chiquimula, and it ought to be that of the state of Guatemala. I did all in my power to show the insufficiency of these objections; but, after a warm altercation, the young man said that we should not proceed on our journey, but must remain at Comotan until information could be sent to Chiquimula, and orders received from that place. We had no disposition to remain in such hands; threatened them with the consequences of throwing any obstructions in our way; and I at length said that, rather than be detained there and lose time, I would abandon my journey to Copan altogether, and return by the road on which I came; but both the officer and the alcalde said peremptorily that we should not leave Comotan.

The young man then told me to give up my passport. I answered that the passport was given me by my own government; that it was the evidence of my official character, necessary for my personal security, and I would not give it up. Mr. Catherwood made a learned exposition of the law of nations, the right of an ambassador, and the danger bringing down upon them the vengeance of the government del Norte, which I sustained with some warmth, but it was of no use. At length I told him again that I would not give up the passport, but offered to go with it myself, under a guard of soldiers, to Chiquimula, or wherever else they chose to send it; he answered insultingly that we should not go to Chiquimula or anywhere else; neither forward nor backward; that we must stay where we were, and must give up the passport. Finding arguments and remonstrances of no use, I placed the paper inside my vest, buttoned up my coat tight across my breast, and told him he must get it by force; and the officer, with a gleam of satisfaction crossing his villainous face, responded that he would. I added that, whatever might be the immediate result, it would ultimately be fatal to them; to which he answered, with a sneer, that they would run the risk. During the whole time, the band of cowardly ruffians stood with their hands on their swords and machetes, and two assassin-looking scoundrels sat on a bench with muskets against their shoulders, and the muzzles pointed within three feet of my breast. If we had been longer in the country we should have been more alarmed; but as yet we did not know the sanguinary character of the people, and the whole proceeding was so outrageous and insulting that it roused our indignation more than our fears. Augustin, who, from having had a cut across the head with a machete, which did not kill him, was always bellicose, begged me in French to give the order to fire, and said that one round would scatter them all. We have eleven charges, all sure; we were excited, and, if the young man himself had laid his hands upon me, I think I should have knocked him down at least; but, most fortunately, before he had time to give his order to fall upon us, a man, who entered after the rest, of a better class, wearing a glazed hat and round-about jacket, stepped forward and asked to see the passport. I was determined not to trust it out of my hands, and held it up before a blazing pine stick, while he read it, and, at Mr. Catherwood's request, aloud.

I have since doubted whether even the officer had read it, or, if so, whether he had communicated its contents, for it produced an effect upon the alcalde and his alguazils; and, after some moments of anxious suspense to us, they forbore to execute their threat, but said that we must remain in custody. I demanded a courier, to carry a letter immediately to General Cascara, which they refused; but, on my offering to pay the expense of the courier, the alcalde promised to send it. Knowing General Cascara to be an Italian, and afraid to trust my Spanish, I wrote a note, which Mr. C. translated into Italian, informing him of our arrest and imprisonment; that we had exhibited to the alcalde and soldiers who had arrested us, my especial passport from my own government, with the endorsements of Commandant Penol and himself, certifying my official character, which were not deemed sufficient; demanding to be set at liberty immediately, and allowed to proceed on our journey without farther molestation; and adding that we should, of course, represent to the government at Guatemala, and also to my own, the manner in which we had been treated. Not to mince matters, Mr. Catherwood signed the note as Secretary; and, having no official seal with me, we sealed it, unobserved by anybody, with a new American half dollar, and gave it to the alcalde. The eagle spread his wings, and the stars glittered in the torchlight. All gathered round to examine it, and retired, locking us up in the cabildo, stationing twelve men at the door with swords, muskets, and machetes; and, at parting, the officer told the alcalde that, if we escaped during the night, his head should answer for it.

The excitement over, Mr. C. and I were exhausted. We had made a beautiful beginning of our travels; but a month from home, and in the hands of men who would have been turned out of any decent state prison lest they should contaminate the boarders. A peep at our beautiful keepers did not reassure us. They were sitting under the shed, directly before the door, around a fire, their arms in reach, and smoking cigars. Their whole stock of wearing apparel was not worth a pair of old boots; and with their rags, their arms, their dark faces reddened by the firelight, their appearance was ferocious; and, doubtless, if we had attempted to escape, they would have been glad of an excuse for murder. We opened a basket of wine with which Col. McDonald had provided us, and drank his health. We were relieved from immediate apprehensions, but our prospects were not pleasant; and, fastening the door as well as we could inside, we again betook ourselves to our hammocks.

During the night the door was again burst open, and the whole ruffianly band entered, as before, with swords, muskets, matchetes, and blazing pine sticks. In an instant we were on our feet, and my hurried impression was, that they had come to take the passport; but, to our surprise, the alcalde handed me back the letter with the big seal, said there was no use in sending it, and that we were at liberty to proceed on our journey when we chose.

We were too well pleased to ask any questions, and to this day do not know why we were arrested. My belief is, that if we had quailed at all, and had not kept up a high, threatening tone to the last, we should not have been set free; and I have no doubt that the big seal did much in our behalf. Our indignation, however, was not the less strong that we considered ourselves safe in pouring it out. We insisted that the matter should not end here, and that the letter should go to General Cascara. The alcalde objected; but we told him that, if not sent, it would be the worse for him; and, after some delay, he thrust it into the hands of an Indian, and beat him out of doors with his staff; and in a few minutes the guard was withdrawn, and they all left us.

It was now nearly daylight, and we did not know what to do; to continue was to expose ourselves to a repetition of the same treatment, and perhaps as we advanced farther into the interior, with a worse result. Undetermined, for the third time we turned into our hammocks. At broad daylight we were again roused by the alcalde and his alguazils, but this time they came to pay us a visit of ceremony.

The soldiers, who had accidentally passed through the village, and had made all the disturbance, had left. After some deliberation we determined to ~~continue~~ and, changing the alcalde again about the letter to General Cascara, turned our backs upon him and his alguazils. In a few minutes they all withdrew. We took a cup of chocolate, loaded our mules, and, when we left, the place was as desolate as when we entered. Not a person had been there to welcome us, and there was not one to bid us farewell.

For an account of the interesting explorations made by Mr. Stephens among the ruins of the ancient city of Copan—which famous old place, by the way, he purchased in fee-simple for the sum of fifty dollars—we must refer the reader to the book itself. We do not by any means intend to supply its place, but simply to amuse our readers and to point out to them the value of these explanations. This we now do and shall hereafter do most effectually by giving very accurate and beautiful wood-engravings, executed at great cost in London after drawings on the spot by Catherwood. The engravings in the book are on steel; those of course could not be made use of in a newspaper.

The illustration at the head of this article is of an idol, discovered among the ruins of Copan. We give the front view. Next week we shall give the front and back views of another idol, discovered at the same time, that are even more remarkable than this. The statue, above pictured, "is eleven feet eight inches high, three feet and four inches on each side, and stands with its front to the east on a pedestal six feet square, the whole resting on a circular stone foundation sixteen feet in diameter. Before it, at a distance of eight feet ten inches, is an altar, partly buried, three feet three inches above the ground, seven feet square, and standing diagonally to the idol. It is in high relief, boldly sculptured, and in a good state of preservation. From the absence of beard and dress, it is supposed that the figure is that of a woman, and the countenance presents traits of individuality, leading to the supposition that it is a portrait."

Next week we shall resume our extracts, speak more at length of Copan and of our author's researches in that "buried city of the past," and accompany him further in his (to the reader, though not always to himself) delightful travels and explorations.

## Popular Novels.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

[Continued.]

The sudden and unexpected rebuff encountered by Mr. Gammon, in the Vulture Insurance Company's refusal to pay the policy on the late Lady Stratton's life, was calculated seriously to embarrass his complicated movements. He foresaw the protracted and harassing course of litigation into which he should be driven, before he could compel them to liquidate so heavy a claim; and a glimpse of which, by way of anticipation, was afforded to the reader in the last part of this history; but, with all his longheadedness—his habitual contemplation of the probable and possible effects and consequences of whatever event happened to him—this refusal of the directors to pay the policy was attended with results which defied his calculations—results of such a description, and of such signal importance, as will, perhaps, surprise the reader, and serve to illustrate, in a striking manner, the controlling agency which is at work in the conduct of human affairs—an agency to which the principles of Mr. Gammon denied an existence. Nor was this the only trouble—the only reverse—that about this period occurred to him; and not a little perplexed was he to account for such a sudden confluence of adverse circumstances as he by-and-by experienced, when he found the truth of Shakspeare's observation—

"When sorrows come—they come not single spies,  
But in battalions."

On applying at Doctor's Commons, in the ordinary way, for a grant to Mr. Tamouse of Letters of Administration to Lady Stratton, Mr. Gammon discovered the existence of a little document, for which he certainly was not entirely unprepared, but which, nevertheless, somewhat disconcerted him; principally on account of the additional plea it would afford the Vulture Company for resisting payment of the policy. How, indeed, could they be expected to pay a sum of such magnitude, to a person whose title to receive it was disputed by another claimant? The document alluded to was a CAVEAT, and ran thus:

"Let nothing be done in the goods of Dame Mary Stratton, late of Warkleigh, in the parish of Warkleigh, in the county of York, deceased, unknown to Obadiah Pounce, proctor for John Thomas, having interest."

Now, the reader will observe that this "John Thomas" is, like the "John Doe" of the common lawyers, a mere man of straw; so that this peremptory, but mysterious mandate, would afford an enquirer no information as to either the name of the party intending to resist the grant of administration, or the grounds of such resistance. Mr. Gammon, however, very naturally concluded that the move was made on the behalf of Mr. Aubrey, and that the ground of his opposition was the alleged will of Lady Stratton. To be prepared for such an encounter, when the time arrived, he noted down very carefully the important admissions which had been made to him by Mr. Parkinson; and having, for a while, disposed of this affair, he betook himself to the great conspiracy case, which I have already mentioned; and, in bringing which to a successful issue, he unquestionably exhibited great ability, and deserved the compliments paid him on the occasion by the counsel, whose labors he had, by his lucid arrangement, materially abbreviated and lightened.

This matter also over, and fairly off his mind, he ad-

\* Hamlet

dressed himself to an affair then pending, of great importance to himself personally, viz. a certain cause of *Wigley v. Gammon*; which, together with the three other special jury causes in which the same person was plaintiff, was to come on for trial at York early in the second week of the assizes, which were to commence in a few days' time. As already intimated, Mr. Subtle had been retained for the plaintiff in all the actions, together with Mr. Stirling and Mr. Crystal; and, as Mr. Quicksilver had become Lord Blossom and Box, Mr. Gammon was sorely perplexed for a leader—his junior, of course, being Mr. Lynx. He had retained a Mr. Wilmington to lead for the other three defendants—a man of unquestionable ability, experienced, astute, dexterous, witty, and eloquent, and exceedingly well qualified to conduct such a case as Mr. Gammon's: but that gentleman got exceedingly nervous about the matter as the day of battle drew near—and, at length, resolved on taking down special the Attorney-General. Touching the same practice of taking down counsel special, by the way, note one or two matters. To say nothing of the enormous expense of such a procedure, the rule of

*Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,*

may be adverted to; namely, the jury and the judge are apt to imagine, that the party taking this extraordinary step is conscious of having some very great difficulty to contend with in his case. They are apt—at least, the jury—to conceive a prejudice and suspicion against the formidable stranger, who, they may imagine, is coming down to mislead and overpower them—to pervert and distort facts by the mere force of professional skill and mental power, which he will be sure adequately to exert on behalf of his enterprising client. A notion of this sort is calculated to put every man of the jury on his guard against this very special stranger. Then, it may be also easily imagined, that they may entertain a little prejudice in favor of the leaders of the circuit thus neglected and undervalued—men with whose names, characters, and persons, they have been long familiar; and who have acquired that sort of knowledge of the jury, which enables them to catch their tone—to hit their humor. Unless, therefore, the case be one palpably and notoriously of extraordinary difficulty—of great public interest and importance—or the stake of great magnitude; and, in addition to these, or any one of them, there be plainly a deficiency of counsel fit to conduct the case, unengaged—do not be in a hurry to take down counsel special, who every one will believe, is come to exert himself desperately in a desperate case. Now, I do not see why Mr. Gammon, for instance, should have thought it necessary in his own case to go to the enormous expense, of bringing down the Attorney-General—but, however, down went that eminent personage. Their consultation was gloomy; the Attorney-General acknowledging that he felt great apprehension as to the result, from the witnesses that were likely to be produced on the other side.

"It's a pity we have n't the Yatton election committee to deal with, Mr. Gammon!" said the Attorney-General, with a sly sarcastic smile. "We've rather a different tribunal to go before now—eh?"

Mr. Gammon smiled, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. "We manage these matters rather differently in a court of law!" continued the Attorney-General.

When the important morning of the trial arrived, there was a special jury sworn, three-fourths of whom were given credit—how truly I know not—for a strong political bias against what were called "liberal principles." Mr. Subtle opened a shockingly clear and strong case, to be sure; and what was worse, he proved it, and so as to carry conviction to the minds of all in court. The Attorney-General felt his opponent's case to be impregnable; and, in spite of several brilliant cross-examinations, and a masterly speech, the stern and upright judge who tried the case, summed up dead against the defendant, with many severe remarks on the profligate and systematic manner in which the offences had been committed. After a brief consultation, the jury returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiff, in the sum of £2500; that is, for five penalties of £500! A similar result ensued in the two following cause of *Wigley v. Mudflint*, and *Wigley v. Bloodsuck*; both of whom seemed completely stupefied at a result so totally different to what they had been led to expect from the very different view of things taken by the election committee. As for Mudflint, from what quarter under heaven he was to get the means of satisfying that monstrous verdict, he could not conjecture; and his face became several shades sallow as soon as he had heard his doom pronounced; but Bloodsuck, who had turned quite white, whispered in his ear, that of course Mr. Titmouse would see them harmless.

"Oh Lord!" however, muttered Mudflint, in a cold perspiration—"I should like to hear Mr. Gammon recommending him to do so, under circumstances!"

Poor Woodlouse was more fortunate—somehow or another he contrived to creep and wriggle out of the danger! Whether from his utter significance, or from the destructive verdicts against Gammon, Mudflint, and Bloodsuck having satiated the avenger, I know not; but the case was not pressed very strongly against him, and the jury took a most merciful view of the evidence. But, alas! what a shock this gave to the Liberal cause in Yatton! How were the mighty fallen! As soon after this melancholy result as Messrs. Mudflint and Bloodsuck had recovered their presence of mind sufficiently to discuss the matter together, they were clearly of opinion—were those brethren in distress—that Mr. Titmouse was bound, both in law and honor, to indemnify them against the consequences of acts done solely on his behalf, and at his implied request. They made the thing very clear, indeed to Mr. Gammon, who listened to them with marked interest and attention, and undertook "to endeavor to satisfy" Mr. Titmouse of the justice of their claims; secretly resolving, also, not to lose sight of his own: nay, in fact, he made sure of satisfying Mr. Titmouse on that score. But the personal liability which, in the first instance, he had thus incurred, to an extent of upwards of £3000, supposing him, by any accident to fail in recouping himself out of the assets of Mr. Titmouse, was not the only unfortunate consequence of this serious miscarriage.

Such a verdict as had passed against Mr. Gammon, places a man in a very awkward and nasty position before the public, and renders it rather difficult for him to set himself right again. 'Tis really a serious thing to stand convicted of the offence of bribery; it makes a man look very

sheepish, indeed, ever after, especially in political life. 'Tis such a beam in a man's own eye, to be pulled out before he can see the mote in his neighbor's!—and Mr. Gammon felt this. Then, again, he had received a pledge from a very eminent member of the Government, to be performed in the event of his being able to secure the seat for Yatton on a general election, (which was considered not unlikely to happen within a few months;) but this accursed verdict was likely to prove a most serious obstacle in the way of his advancement, and his chagrin and vexation may be easily imagined. He conceived a wonderful hatred of the supposed instigator of these unprincipled and vindictive proceedings, Lord de la Zouch—who seemed to have put them up like four birds to be shot at, and brought down, one by one, as his lordship chose! As soon as these four melancholy causes above mentioned were over—Gammon considering himself bound, on the score of bare decency, to remain till his fellow-sufferers had been disposed of—he went off to Yatton, to see how matters were going on there.

Alas! what a state of things existed there! Good old Yatton and all about it seemed wofully changed for the worse, since the departure of the excellent Aubreys and the accession of Mr. Titmouse. The local superintendence of his interests had been entrusted by Gammon to the Messrs. Bloodsuck, who had found their business, in consequence, so much increasing, as to require the establishment of Mr. Barnabas Bloodsuck at Yatton, while his father remained at Griston; their partnership, however, continuing. He had, accordingly, run up a thin slip of a place at the end of the village furthest from the park gates, and within a few yards of the house in which old Blind Beas had ended her days. He was the first attorney that had ever lived in Yatton. There was a particularly impudent and priggish air about his residence.

The door was painted a staring mahogany color, and bore a bright brassplate, with the words—"Messrs. BLOODSUCK & SON, ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS"—words that shot terror into the heart of many a passer-by, especially the tenants of Mr. Titmouse. At the moment, for instance, of Mr. Gammon's arrival at Yatton, on the present occasion, actions for rent, and other matters, were actually pending against fourteen of the poorer tenants!! 'Twas all up with them as soon as the Messrs. Bloodsuck were fairly fastened upon them. Let them be a day or two in arrears with their rent, a *cognovit* or *warrant of attorney*—for the sake of the costs it produced—was instantly proposed; and, if the expensive security were demurred to by the poor souls, by that night's post went up instructions to town for writs to be sent down by return! If some of the more resolute questioned the propriety of a distress made upon them with cruel precipitancy, they found themselves immediately involved in a *replevin suit*, from whose expensive intricacies they were at length glad to escape terrified, on any terms. Then actions of trespass, and so forth, were commenced upon the most frivolous pretexts. Old and convenient rights of way were suddenly disputed, and made the subjects of expensive lawsuits. Many of the former quiet inhabitants of the village had been forced out of it, their places being supplied by persons of a very different description; and a bad state of feeling, chiefly arising out of political rancor, had, for instance, just given rise to three actions—two of *assault* and one of *slander*—from that once peaceful little village, and which had been tried at those very assizes! Poor Miss Aubrey's village school, alas! had been transmogrified into a chapel for Mr. Mudflint, where he rallied round him every Sunday an excited throng of ignorant and unaffected people, and regaled them with seditious and blasphemous harangues. 'T would have made your hair stand on end to hear the language in which he spoke of the sacred mysteries of the Christian religion—it would have filled you with disgust and indignation to hear his attacks upon the Church of England and its ministers, and in particular upon dear little exemplary unoffending old Dr. Tatham, whom he described as "fattening upon cant, hypocrisy, and extortion." Strange and melancholy to relate, this mode of procedure on the part of Mr. Mudflint for a while succeeded. In vain did the white-haired little vicar preach his very best sermons, and in his very best manner—he beheld his church thinning, while the chapel of Mr. Mudflint was filled. And, while he was about the village in the zealous and vigilant, and affectionate discharge of his pastoral duties, he perceived symptoms, now and then, of a grievously altered manner toward him, on the part of those who had once hailed his approach and his ministrations with a kind of joyful reverence and cordiality. Mudflint had also, in furtherance of his purpose of bitter hostility, in concert with his worthy coadjutors the Bloodsucks, stirred up two or three persons in the parish to resist the Doctor's claim to tithes, and to offer harassing obstructions to the collecting of it. In justice to the Church, and to his successors, he could not permit his rights to be thus questioned and denied with impunity—and thus, to his sore grief, the worthy old vicar found himself, for the first time in his life, involved in a couple of lawsuits, which he feared, even if he won them, would ruin him. It may be imagined that Mudflint's discomfiture at the assizes was calculated to send him, like a scotched snake, writhing, hissing, and snapping, through the village, at all that came in his way. It is possible that Mr. Gammon was not so fully apprised of all these doings, as is now the reader: yet he saw and heard enough to lead him to suspect that things were going a little too far. He took, however, no steps toward effecting an abatement or discontinuance of them. Just at present, moreover, he was peculiarly reluctant to interfere with any of the proceedings of the Messrs. Bloodsuck, and confined himself to receiving their report as to some arrangements which he had desired them to carry into effect. In the first place, he did not disclose the existence of his heavy and newly created rent-charge, but gave them to understand that Mr. Titmouse's circumstances were such as to make it requisite to extract as much from the property as could possibly be obtained, by raising the rents—by effecting a further mortgage upon the property, and by a sale of all the timber that was fit for felling. It was found necessary to look out for new tenants to one or two of the largest farms on the estate, as the old tenants declared themselves unable to sustain the exorbitant rents they were called upon to pay: so, orders were given to advertise for tenants in the county and other newspapers. Then Mr. Gammon went all over the estate, to view the condition of the timber, attended by the sullen and reluctant wood-bailiff, who,

though he retained his situation on the estate, mortally hated his new master, and all connected with him. Very little timber was, according to his account, fit for felling! Having looked into these various matters, Mr. Gammon took his departure for town, glad to escape, though for never so brief an interval, the importunities of Messrs. Mudflint and Bloodsuck, on the subject of the late verdicts against them, and which he pledged himself to represent in a proper way to Mr. Titmouse. On arriving in town, he lost no time in waiting upon the great man to whom he looked for the political advancement after which his soul pined. He was received with manifest coolness, evidently occasioned by the position in which he had been placed by the verdict in the action for the bribery penalties. What the great man objected to, was not Mr. Gammon's having bribed, but having done it in such a way as to admit of detection: but on solemnly assuring his patron that the verdict was entirely against evidence, and that the Attorney-General was, in the next term, going to move for a rule to set aside the verdict on that ground, and also on several other grounds, and that, by such means, the cause could be, at the very least, "hung up" for heaven only knew how long to come—till, in short, people had forgotten all about it—the clouds slowly disappeared from the great man's brow, especially on his being assured that Gammon's return for Yatton on the next vacancy, was a matter of absolute certainty. Then he gave Mr. Gammon certain assurances which flushed his cheek with delight and triumph—delight and triumph inspired by a conviction that his deeply-laid schemes, his comprehensive plans, were, despite a few minor and temporary checks and reverses, being crowned with success. It was true that his advances toward Miss Aubrey appeared to have been hopelessly repelled; but he resolved to wait till the time should have arrived for bringing other reserved forces into the field—by the aid of which, he yet hoped to make an equally unexpected and decisive demonstration.

The more immediate object of his anxieties, was to conceal as far as possible his connexion with the various joint-stock speculations into which he had entered with a wild and feverish anxiety to realize a rapid fortune. He had already withdrawn from one or two with which he had been only for a brief time, and secretly, connected—but not until he had realized no inconsiderable sum by his judicious but somewhat unscrupulous operations. He was also anxious, if practicable, to extricate Lord Dreddlington, at the proper conjuncture, with as little damage as possible to his lordship's fortune or character: for his lordship's countenance and good offices were becoming of greater consequence to Mr. Gammon, than ever. It was true that he possessed information—I mean that concerning Titmouse's birth and true position—which he considered would, whenever he thought fit to avail himself of it, give him an absolute mastery over the unhappy peer for the rest of his life; but he felt that it would be a critical and dreadful experiment, and not to be attempted but in the very last resort. He would sometimes gaze at the unconscious Earl, and speculate in a sort of reverie upon the possible effects attending the dreadful disclosure, till he would give a sort of inward start as he realized the fearful and irretrievable extent to which he had committed himself. He shuddered also to think that he was, moreover, in a measure, at the mercy of Titmouse himself—who, in some mad moment of drunkenness or desperation, or pique or revenge, might disclose the fatal secret, and precipitate upon him, when least prepared for them, all its long-dreaded consequences. The slender faculties of Lord Dreddlington had been for months in a state of novel and grateful excitement, through the occupation afforded them by his connexion with the fashionable modes of commercial enterprise—joint-stock companies, the fortunate members of which got rich they scarcely knew how.

It seems as though certain persons had but to acquire a nominal connexion with some great enterprise of this description, to find it pouring wealth into their coffers as if by magic; and it was thus that Lord Dreddlington, among others, found himself quietly realizing very considerable sums of money, without apparent risk or exertion—his movements being skilfully guided by Gammon, and one or two others, who, while they treated him as a mere instrument to aid in effecting their own purposes in eluding the public, yet contrived to impress him with the flattering notion that he was most ably guiding their movements, and richly entitled to their deference and gratitude. 'Twas, indeed, ecstasy to poor old Lord Dreddlington to behold his name, from time to time, glittering in the van—himself figuring away as a chief patron—a prime mover—in some vast and lucrative undertaking, which almost, from the first moment of its projection, attracted the notice and confidence of the moneyed classes, and became productive to its originators! Many attempts were made by his brother peers, and those who once had considerable influence over him, to open his eyes to the very questionable nature of the concerns to which he was so freely lending the sanction of his name and personal interference; but his pride and obstinacy caused him to turn a deaf ear to their suggestions; and the skilful and delicious flatteries of Mr. Gammon and others, seconded by the substantial fruits of his various speculations, urged him on from step to step, till he became one of the most active and constant in his interference with the concern of one or two great speculations, such as have been mentioned in a former part of this history, and from which he looked forward to realizing, at no very distant day, the most resplendent results. Never had one man obtained over another a more complete mastery, than had Mr. Gammon over the Earl of Dreddlington, at whose exclusive table he was a frequent guest, and thereby obtained opportunities of acquiring the good-will of one or two other persons of the Earl's status and calibre.

**REMEDY FOR A LIGHTNING SHOCK.**—As this is the season when all are more or less liable to experience a shock from Nature's battery, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser suggests that any person struck down by lightning, no matter if apparently dead, ought to be laid immediately extended on the damp ground; and if it do not rain upon him, water should be thrown on freely, which in most cases will conduct off the electric fluid without serious injury. Many a one has lost his life when a knowledge of these facts on the part of friends or bystanders, would have preserved it.



# JANE SINCLAIR; OR THE FAWN OF SPRING-VALE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

AUTHOR OF "FARDOROUGH THE MISER," "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," ETC.

(Concluded.)

This conversation, when repeated to the family, deeply distressed them, involved in doubt and uncertainty as they were with respect to Osborne's ultimate intentions. Until a reply, however, should be received to his father's letter, which was written expressly to demand an explanation on that point, they could only soothe the unhappy girl in the patient sorrow which they saw gathering in her heart. That, however, which alarmed them most, was her insuperable disinclination to say thing in the shape of consolation or sympathy. This, to them, was indeed a new trait in the character of one who had heretofore been so anxious to re- pose the weight of her sufferings upon the bosoms of those who loved her. Her chief companion now was Ariel, her dove, to which she was seen to address herself with a calm, smiling aspect, not dissimilar to the languid cheerfulness of an invalid, who might be supposed as yet incapable from physical weakness to indulge in a greater display of animal spirits. Her walks, too, were now all solitary, with the exception of her mute companion, and it was observed that she never, in a single instance, was known to traverse any spot over which she and Osborne had not walked together. Here she would linger, and pause, and muse, for hours, forgetting all her usual domestic engagements, sunk in a rever- y of which she was utterly unconscious. One day she remained out beyond the time appointed for her return, and as she hastened home with a palpitating heart, unhappily arrived only in time to find the family rising from prayer.

As she stood and looked upon them, she smiled, but a sudden paleness at the same instant overspread her face, which gave to her smile an expression we are utterly in- competent to describe.

"I am late," she exclaimed, "and have neglected a solemn and necessary duty. To me, to me, papa, how necessary is that duty."

"It is equally so to us all, my child," replied her father; "but," he added, in order to reconcile her to an omission which had occasioned her to suffer so much pain; "we did not forget to pray for you, Jane. With respect to your absence, we know it is unintentional. Your mind is troubled, my love, and do not, let me beg of you, dwell upon minor points of that kind, so as to interrupt the singleness of heart with which you ought to address God. You know, darling, you can pray in your own room."

She mused for some minutes, and at length said, "I would be glad to preserve that singleness of heart, but I fear I will not be able to do so long."

"If you would stay more with us, darling," observed her mamma, "and talk and chat more with Maria and Agnes, as you used to do, you would find your spirits improved. You are not so cheerful as we would wish to see you."

"Perhaps I ought to do that, mamma, indeed I know I ought, because you wish it."

"We all wish it," said Agnes. "Jane dear, why keep aloof from us? Who in this world loves you as we do? and why would you not, as you used to do, allow us to cheer you, to support you, or to mourn and weep with you? Anything—anything," said the admirable girl, "rather than keep your heart from ours;" and as she spoke, the tears fell fast down her cheeks.

"Dear Agnes," said Jane, putting her arm about her sister's neck, and looking up mournfully into her face, "I cannot weep for myself—I cannot weep even with you; you know I love you—how I love you—oh how I love you all; but I cannot tell why it is—society, even the society of them I love best, disturbs me, and you know not the pleasure that comes to me from solitude. To me—to me there is a charm in it ten times more soothing to my heart than all the power of human consolation."

"But why so melancholy at all, Jane?" said Maria; "surely there is no just cause for it?"

She smiled as she replied, "Why am I melancholy, Maria?—why? why should I not? Do I not read the approaching death of Charles Osborne in the gloom of every countenance about me? Why do you whisper to each other that which you will not let me hear? Why is there a secret, and an anxious, and a mysterious intercourse between this family and his, of the purport of which I am kept ignorant—and I alone?"

"But suppose Charles Osborne is not sick," said William; "suppose he was never in better health than he is at this moment"—he saw his father's hand raised, and paused, then added, carelessly, "for supposition sake I say merely."

"But you must not suppose that, William," she replied, starting, "unless you wish to blight your sister. On what an alternative, then, would you force a breaking heart! If not sick, if not dying where he is? I require him—I demand him. My heart," she proceeded, rising up and speak- ing with vehemence—"my heart calls for him—calls for him. He is, he is sick; the malady of his family is upon him; he is ill—he is dying; it must be so; ay, and it shall be so; I can bear that, I can bear him to die, but never to become faithless to a heart like mine. But I am foolish," she added, after a pause occasioned by exhaustion. "Oh, my dear William, why, by idle talk, thus tamper with your poor sister's happiness. I know you meant no harm, but oh, William, William, do it no more."

"I only put it, dear Jane, I only put it as a mere case"—the young man was evidently cut to the heart, and could not for some moments speak.

She saw his distress, and going over to him, took his hand, and said, "Do not, William, do not; it is nothing but merely one of your good-humored attempts to make your sister cheerful. There," she added, kissing his cheek; "there is a kiss for you; the kiss of peace let it be, and forgiveness; but I have nothing to forgive you for, except too much affection for an unhappy sister, who, I believe, is likely to be troublesome enough to you all; but, perhaps not long—not long."

There were few dry eyes in the room, as she uttered the last words.

"I do not like to see you weep," she added, "when I could have wept myself, and partaken of your tears, it was rather a relief to me than otherwise. It seems, however,

that my weeping days are past; do not, oh do not—you trouble me, and I want to compose my mind for a performance of the solemn act which I have this evening neglected. Mamma, kiss me, and pray for me; I love you well and tenderly, mamma; I am sure you know I do."

The sorrowing mother caught her to her bosom, and, after kissing her passive lips, burst out into a sobbing fit of grief.

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter," she exclaimed, still clasping her to her heart, "and is it come to this! Oh that we had never seen him!"

"This, my dear," said Mr. Sinclair to his wife, "is wrong; indeed, it is weakness; you know she wants to compose her mind for prayer."

"I do, papa; they must be more firm; I need to pray. I know my frailties, you know them too, sir; I concealed them from you as long as I could, but their burthen was too heavy for my heart; bless me now, before I go; I will kneel."

The sweet girl knelt beside him, and he placed his hand upon her stooping head, and blessed her. She then raised herself, and looking up to him with a singular expression of wild sweetness beaming in her eyes, she said, leaning her head again upon his breast—

"There are two bosoms, on which I trust I and my frailties can repose with hope; I know I shall soon pass from the one to the other—

'The bosom of my father and my God.'

Will not that be sweet papa?"

She spoke this with a smile of such unutterable sweet- ness, her beautiful eyes gazing innocently up into her father's countenance, that the heart of the old man was shaken through every fibre. He saw, however, what must be encountered, and was resolved to act a part worthy of the religion he professed. He arose, and taking her hand in his, said, "you wish to pray, dearest love—that is right; your head has been upon my bosom, and I blessed you; go now, and with a fervent heart, address yourself to the throne of grace; in doing this, my sweet child, piously and earnestly, you will pass from my bosom to the bosom of your God. Cast yourself upon his, my love; above all things, cast yourself with humble hope and earnest supplication upon his. This, my child, is sweet; and you will find it so; come, darling, come."

He led her out of the room, and after a few words more of affectionate advice, left her to that solitude for which he hoped the frame of mind in which she then appeared was suitable.

"Her sense of religion," said he, after returning to the family, "is not only delicate but deep; her piety is fervent and profound. I do not, therefore, despair but religion will carry her through whatever disappointment Charles's flighty enthusiasm may occasion her."

"I wish, papa," said Agnes, "I could think so. As she herself said, she might bear his death, for that would involve no act of treachery, or of falsehood on his part; but to find that he is capable of forgetting their betrothed vows, sanc- tioned as they were by the parents of both—indeed, papa, if such a thing happen—"

"I should think not," observed her mother; "Charles has, as you have just said, enthusiasm; now, will not that give an impulse to his love, as well as to his ambition?"

"But if ambition, my dear, has become the predominant principle in his character, it will draw to its own support all that nourished his other passions. Love is never strong, where ambition exists—not ambition where there is love."

"I cannot entertain the thought of Charles Osborne being false to her," said Maria; "his passion for her was more like idolatry than love."

"He is neglecting her, though," said William; "and did she not suppose that that is caused by illness, I fear she would not bear it even as she does."

"I agree with you, William," observed Agnes; "but after all, it is better to have patience until Mr. Osborne hears from him. All may end better than we think."

Until this reply should arrive, however, they were com- pelled to remain in that state of suspense which is frequently more painful than the certainty of evil itself. Jane's mind and health were teaded with all the care and affection which her disinclination to society would permit them to show. They forced themselves to be cheerful in order that she might unconsciously partake of a spirit less gloomy than that which every day darkened more deeply about her path. Since their last dialogue, however, it was evident from her manner that some fresh source of pain had been on that occasion opened in her heart. For nearly a week after- ward her eye was fixed from time to time upon her brother William, with a long gaze of hesitation and inquiry—not unmingled with a character of suspicion that appeared still further to sink her spirits by a superadded weight of misery.

## CHAPTER X.

Nearly a fortnight had now elapsed since Charles Osborne ought to have received his father's letter, and yet no communication had reached either of the families. Indeed, the gradual falling off of his correspondence with Jane, and the common-place character of his few last letters, left little room to hope that his affection for her had stood the severe test of time and absence. One morning about this period she brought William into the garden, and after a turn or two, laid her hand gently upon his arm, saying,

"William, I have a secret to entrust you with."

"A secret, Jane—well, I shall keep it honorably—what is it, dear?"

"I am very unhappy."

"Surely that's no secret to me, my poor girl?"

She shook her head.

"No, no; that's not it; but this is—I strongly suspect that you all know more about Charles than I do."

She fixed her eyes with an earnest penetration on him as she spoke.

"He is expected home soon, Jane."

"He is not ill, William; and you have all permitted me to deceive myself into a belief that he is; because you felt that I would rather ten thousand times that he were dead than false—than false."

"He could not, he dare not be false to you, my dear, after having been solemnly betrothed to you, I may say, with the consent of your father and his."

"Dare not—ha—there is meaning in that, William: your complexion is heightened, too; and so I have found out

your secret, my brother. Sunk as is my heart, you see I have greater penetration than you dreamed of. So he is not sick, but false; and his love for me is gone like a dream.—Well, well; but yet I have laid down my own plan of re- signation. You would not guess what it is? Come, guess: I will hear nothing further till you guess."

He thought it was better to humor her, and replied in ac- cordance with the hope of his father—

"Religion, my dear Jane, and reliance on God."

"That was my first plan; that was the plan in case the malady I suspected had taken him from me—but what is my plan for his falsehood?"

"I cannot guess, dear Jane."

"Death, William. What consoler like death? what peace so calm as that of the grave? Let the storms of life howl ever so loudly, go but six inches beneath the clay of the church-yard, and how still is all there!"

"Indeed, Jane, you distress yourself without cause; never trust me again if Charles will not soon come home, and you and he be happy. Why, my dear Jane, I thought you had more fortitude than to sink under a calamity that has not yet reached you. Surely it will be time enough when you find that Charles is false to take it so much to heart as you do."

"That is a good and excellent advice, my dear William; but listen, and I will give a far better one: never deceive your father; never prevaricate with papa; and then you may rest satisfied that your heart will not be crushed by such a calamity as that which has fallen upon me. I de- ceived papa; and I am now the poor hopeless castaway that you see me. Remember that advice, William—keep it, and God will bless you."

William would have remonstrated with her at greater length, but he saw that she was resolved to have no further conversation on the subject. When it was closed she walked slowly and composedly out of the garden, and im- mediately took her away to those favorite places among which she was latterly in the habit of wandering. One of her expressions, however, sunk upon his affectionate heart too deeply to permit him to rest under the fearful apprehen- sion which it generated. After musing for a little he fol- lowed her with a pale face and a tearful eye, resolved to draw from her, with as much tenderness as possible, the exact meaning which, in her allusion to Osborne's false- hood, she had applied to death.

He found her sitting upon that bank of the river which we have already described, and exactly opposite to the pre- cise spot in the stream from which Osborne had rescued her dove. The bird sat on her shoulder, and he saw by her gesture that she was engaged in an earnest address to it.—He came on gently behind her, actuated by that kind curi- osity which knows that in such unguarded moments a key may possibly be obtained to the abrupt and capricious im- pulses by which persons laboring under impressions so va- riable may be managed.

"Ariel," said she, "have I not often pointed you out the spot which would have been fatal to you, were it not for him—for him! There it is! do you not see it? No, as I live, your eye is turned up sideways toward me, instead of looking at it, as if you asked why, dear mistress, do you scold me so? And indeed I do not know, Ariel. I scarce- ly know—but I am here—so are you—but where is he?"

She was then silent for a considerable time, and sat with her head on her hand. William could perceive that she sighed deeply.

He advanced; and on hearing his foot she started, looked about, and on seeing him, smiled.

"I am amusing myself, William," said she.

"How, my dear Jane—how?"

"Why, by the remembrance of my former misery. You know that the recollection of all past happiness is misery to the miserable—is it not? but of that you are no judge, William—you were never miserable."

"Nor shall you be so, Jane, longer than until Charles re- turns; but touching your second plan of resignation, love, I do not understand how death could be resignation."

"Do you not? then I will tell you. Should Charles prove false to me—that would break my heart. I should die, and then—then—do you not see—comes Death, the consoler."

"I see, dear sister; but there will be no necessity for that. Charles will be, and is, faithful and true to you. Will you come home with me, dear Jane?"

"At present I cannot, William; I have places to see and things to think of that are pleasant to me. I may al- most say so; because, as I told you, they amuse me. Let misery have its mirth, William; the remembrance of past happiness is mine."

"Jane, if you love me, come home with me now."

"If I do. Ah, William, that's ungenerous. You are well aware that I do, and so you use an argument which you know I won't resist. Come," addressing the dove, "we must go; we are put upon our generosity; for of course we do love poor William. Yes, we will go, William; it is better, I believe."

She then took his arm, and both walked home without speaking another word; Jane having relapsed into a pettish silence which her brother felt it impossible to break with- out creating unnecessary excitement in a mind already too much disturbed.

From this day forward Jane's mind, fragile as it naturally was, appeared to bend at once under the double burthen of Osborne's approaching death, and his apprehended treachery; for wherever the heart is forced to choose between two contingent evils, it is also by the very constitution of our nature compelled to bear the penalty of both until its gloomy choice is made. At present Jane was not certain whether Osborne's absence and neglect were occasioned by ill health or faithlessness; and until she knew this, the double dread fell, as we said, with proportionate misery upon her spirit.

Bitterly indeed did William regret the words in which he desired her "to suppose that Charles Osborne was not sick." Mr. Sinclair himself saw the error, but unhappily too late to prevent the suspicion from entering into an im- agination already over wrought and disordered.

Hitherto, however, it was difficult, if not impossible, out of her own family, to notice in her manner or conversation the workings of a mind partially unsettled by a passion which her constitutional melancholy darkened by its own gloomy creations. To strangers she talked rationally, and with her usual grace and perspicuity, but every one ob-

served that her cheerfulness was gone, and the current report went, by whatever means it got abroad—that Charles Osborne had proved faithless—and that the beautiful Fawn of Spring-vale was subject to occasional derangement.

In the mean time Osborne was silent both to his father and to her, and as time advanced, the mood of her mind became too seriously unhappy and alarming to justify any further patience on the part either of his family or Mr. Sinclair's. It was consequently settled that Osborne should set out for Bath, and compel his son's return, under the hope that a timely interview might restore the deserted girl to a better state of mind, and reproduce in his heart that affection which appeared to have either numbered or died. With a brow of care the excellent man departed, for in addition to the concern which he felt for the calamity of Jane Sinclair and Charles's honor, he also experienced all the anxiety natural to an affectionate father, ignorant of the situation in which he might find an only son, who up to that period had been, and justly so, inexpressibly dear to him.

His absence, however, was soon discovered by Jane, who now began to give many proofs of that address with which unsettled persons can manage to gain a point or extract a secret, when either in their own opinion is considered essential to their gratification. Every member of her own family now became subjected to her vigilance; every word they spoke was heard with suspicion, and received as if it possessed a double meaning. On more than one occasion she was caught in the attitude of a listener, and frequently placed herself in such a position when sitting with her relations at home, as enabled her to watch their motions in the glass, when they supposed her engaged in some melancholy abstraction.

Yet bitter, bitter as all this must have been to their hearts, it was singular to mark, that as the light of her reason receded, a new and solemn feeling of reverence was added to all of love, and sorrow, and pity, that they had hitherto experienced toward her. Now, too, was her sway over them more commanding, though exercised only in the woful meekness of a broken heart; for, indeed, there is in the darkness of unmerited affliction, a spirit which elevates its object, and makes unsuffering nature humble in its presence. Who is there that has a heart—and few, alas, have—that does not feel himself constrained to bend his head with reverence before those who move in the majesty of undeserved sorrow?

Mr. Osborne had not been many days gone, when Jane one morning after breakfast desired the family not to separate far about an hour, or if they did, to certainly re-assemble within that period. "And in the mean time," she said, addressing Agnes, "I want you, my dear Agnes, to assist me at my toilette, as they say. I am about to dress in my very best, and it cannot, you know, be from vanity, for I have no one now to gratify but yourselves—come."

Mr. Sinclair beckoned with his hand to Agnes to attend her, and they accordingly left the room together.

"What is the reason, Agnes," she said, "that there is so much mystery in this family? I do not like these nods, and beckonings, and gestures, all so full of meaning. It grieves me to see my papa, who is the very soul of truth and candor, have recourse to them. But, alas, should I blame any of you, when I know that it is from an excess of indulgence to poor Jane, and to avoid giving her pain that you do it?"

"Well, we will not do it any more, love, if it pains or is disagreeable to you."

"It confounds me, Agnes, it injures my head, and sometimes makes me scarcely know where I am, or who are about me. I begin to think that there is some dreadful secret among you; and I think of coffins, and deaths, or of marriages, and wedding favors, and all that. Now, I can't bear to think of marriages, but death has something consoling in it; give me death the consoler: yet," she added, musing, "we shall not die, but we shall be all changed."

"Jane, love, may I ask you, why you are dressing with such care?"

"When we go down stairs I shall tell you. It's wonderful, wonderful!"

"What is, dear?"

"My fortune. But those words were prophetic. I remember well what I felt when I heard them; to be sure he placed them in a different light from what I at first understood them in; but I am handsomer now, I think. You will be a witness for me below, Agnes; will you not?"

"To be sure, darling."

"Agnes, where are my tears gone of late? I think I ought to be able to shed them; I ought—I ought."

Agnes could bear no more. "Jane," she exclaimed, clasping her in her arms, and kissing her smiling lips, for she smiled while uttering the last words, "oh, Jane, don't, do n't, my darling, or you'll break my heart, your own Agnes's heart whom you loved so well, and whose happiness or misery is bound up in yours."

"I am unhappy Jane Sinclair!" she continued. "No, I won't distress you, dear Agnes; here, I will kiss you, love, and dry your tears, and then when I am dressed you shall know all."

She took up her own handkerchief as she spoke, and after having again kissed her sister, wiped her cheeks and dried her eyes with childlike tenderness and affection. She then looked sorrowfully upon Agnes, and said—"Oh, Agnes, Agnes, but my heart is heavy!—heavy!"

Agnes's tears were again beginning to flow, but Jane once more kissed her, and hastily wiping her eyes, exclaimed in that sweet, low voice with which we address children, "Hush, hush, Agnes, do not cry, I will not make you sorry any more."

She then went on to dress herself, but uttered not another word until she and Agnes met the family below stairs.

"I am now come, papa, and mamma, and William, and my darling Maria—but, Maria, listen, I won't have a tear—and you, Agnes—I am come now to tell you a secret."

"And, dearest life," said her mother, "what is it?"

"What made them call me the Fawn of Spring-vale?"

"For your gentleness, love," said Mr. Sinclair.

"And for your beauty, darling," added her mother.

"Papa has it," she replied quickly; "for my gentleness, for my gentleness—my beauty, mamma, I am not beautiful."

While uttering these words, she approached the looking-glass, and surveyed herself with a smile of irony that seemed to disclaim her own assertion. But it was easy to perceive that the irony was directed to some one not then

present, and that it was also associated with the memory of something painful to her in an extreme degree.

Not beautiful: Never did mortal form gifted with beauty approaching nearer to our conception of the divine or angelic, stand smiling in the consciousness of its own charms before a mirror.

"Now," she proceeded, "I am going to make everything quite plain. I never told you this before, but it is time I should now. Listen—Charles Osborne bound himself by a curse, that if he met during his absence a girl more beautiful than I am—or than I was then, I should say—he would cease to write to me—he would cease to love me. Now, here's my secret—he has found a girl more beautiful than I am—than I was then, I mean—for he has ceased to write to me—and of course he has ceased to love me. So, mamma, I am not beautiful, and the Fawn of Spring-vale—his own Jane Sinclair is forgotten."

She sat down and hung her head for some minutes, and the family, thinking that she either wept or was about to weep, did not think it right to address her. She rose up, however, and said:

"Agnes is my witness. Did not you, Agnes, say that I am now much handsomer than when Charles saw me last?"

"I did, darling, and I do."

"Very well, mamma—perhaps you will find me beautiful yet. Now the case is this, and I will be guided by my papa. Let me see—Charles may have seen a girl more beautiful than I was then—but how does he know whether she is more beautiful than I am now?"

It was—it was woful to see a creature of such unparalleled grace and loveliness working out the calculations of insanity, in order to sustain a broken heart.

"But then," she added, still smiling in conscious beauty, "why does he not come to see me now? Why does he not come?"

After musing again for some time, she dropped on her knees in one of those rapid transitions of feeling peculiar to persons of her unhappy class; and joining her hands, looked up to Agnes with a countenance utterly and indescribably mournful, exclaiming as she did it, in the same words as before:

"Oh Agnes, Agnes, but my heart is heavy!"

She then laid down her head on her sister's knees, and for a long time mused and murmured to herself, as if her mind was busily engaged on some topic full of grief and misery. This was evident by the depth of her sighs, which shook her whole frame, and heaved with convulsive quiverings through her bosom. Having remained in this posture about ten minutes, she arose, and without speaking, or noticing any one of the family, went out and sauntered with slow and melancholy steps about the places where she loved to walk.

Mr. Sinclair's family at this period, and indeed for a considerable time past, were placed, with reference to their unhappy daughter, in circumstances of peculiar distress. Their utter ignorance of Osborne's designs put it out of their power to adopt any particular mode of treatment in Jane's case. They could neither give her hope, nor prepare her mind for disappointment; but were forced to look passively on, though with hearts wrung into agony, while her miserable malady every day gained new strength in its progress of desolation. The crisis was near at hand, however, that was to terminate their suspense. A letter from Mr. Osborne arrived, in which he informed them that Charles had left Bath for London, in company with a family of rank, a few days before he had reached it. He mentioned the name of the baronet, whose beautiful daughter, possessing an ample fortune at her own disposal, fame reported to have been smitten with his son's singular beauty and accomplishments. It was also said, he added, that the lady had prevailed on her father to sanction young Osborne's addresses to her, and that the baronet, who was a strong political partisan, calculating on his pre-eminent talents, intended to bring him into parliament, in order to strengthen his party. He added, that he himself was then starting for London, to pursue his son, and rescue him from an act which would stamp his name with utter baseness and dishonor.

This communication, so terrible in its import to a family of such worth and virtue, was read to them by Mr. Sinclair during one of those solitary rambles which Jane was in the habit of taking every day.

"Now, my children," said the white-haired father, summoning all the fortitude of a Christian man to his aid—"now we must show ourselves not ignorant of those resources which the religion of Christ opens to all who are for his wise purposes grievously and heavily afflicted. Let us act as becomes the dignity of our faith. Another letter from Mr. Osborne will decide all, and until then we must suffer in silent reliance upon the mercy of God. Oh, may God of his mercy sustain our child, and bear her in his own right hand through this heavy woe!"

This admonition did not fall on them in vain—for until the receipt of Mr. Osborne's letter from London, not even Jane, with all her vigilance, was able to detect in their looks or manner any change or expression beyond what she usually noticed. That letter at length arrived, and, as they had expected, filled up the measure of Osborne's dishonor and their affliction. The contents were brief but fearful. Mr. Osborne stated that he arrived in London on the second day after his son's marriage, and found, to his unutterable distress, that he and his fashionable wife had departed for the continent on the very day the ceremony took place.

"I could not," proceeded his father, "wrench my heart so suddenly out of the strong affection it felt for the hope of my past life, as to curse him; but from this day forward I disown him as my son. You know not, my friend, what I feel, and what I suffer; for he who was the pride of my declining years has, by this act of unprincipled ambition, set his seal to the unhappiness of his father. I am told, indeed, that the lady is very beautiful—and amiable as she is beautiful—and that their passion for each other amounts to idolatry; but neither her beauty nor her wealth, nor her goodness, could justify my son in an act of such cruel and abandoned perfidy to a creature who seems to be more nearly related to the angelic nature than the human."

"You see, my children," observed Mr. Sinclair, "that the worst, as far as relates to Osborne, is before us. I have nothing new to add to what I have already said on the receipt of the letter from Bath. You know your duty, and

with God's assistance I trust you will act up to it. At present it might be fatal to our child were she to know what has happened; nor, indeed, are we qualified to break the matter to her, without the advice of some medical man, eminent in cases similar to that which afflicts her."

These observations were scarcely concluded when Jane entered the room, and, as usual, cast a calm but searching glance around her. She saw that they had been in tears, and that they tried in vain to force their faces into a hurried composure, that seemed strangely at variance with what they felt.

After a slight pause she sat down, and putting her hand to her temple, mused for some minutes. They observed that a sorrow more deep and settled than usual, was expressed on her countenance. Her eyes were filled, although tears did not come, and the muscles of her lips quivered excessively; yet she did not speak; and such was the solemnity of the moment to them, who knew all, that none of them could find voice sufficiently firm to address her.

"Papa," said she, at length, "this has been a day of busy thought with me. I think I see, and I am sure I feel my own situation. The only danger is, that I may feel it too much. I fear I have felt it—(she put her hand to her forehead as she spoke)—I fear I have felt it too deeply already. Pauses—lapses, or perhaps want of memory for a certain space, occasioned by—by—" she hesitated. "Bear with me, papa, and mamma; bear with me; for this is a great effort; let me recollect myself and do not speak to me or question me until I—. It is, it is woful to see me reduced to this; but nothing is seriously wrong with me yet—nothing. Let me see; yes, yes; papa, here it is. Let us not be reduced to the miserable necessity of watching each other, as we have been. Let me know the worst. You have nearly broken me down by suspense. Let me know the purport of the letter you received to-day."

"To-day, love!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, mamma, to-day. I made John show it to me on his way from the post-office. The superscription was Mr. Osborne's hand. Let me, oh, let me," she exclaimed, dropping down upon her knees, "as you value my happiness here and hereafter, let me at once know the worst—the very worst. Am I not the daughter of a pious minister of the Gospel, and do you think I shall or can forget the instructions I received from his lips? Treat me as a rational being, if you wish me to remain rational. But oh, as you love my happiness here, and my soul's salvation, do not, papa, do not, mamma, do not, Maria, do not, Agnes, William,—do not one or all of you keep your unhappy sister hanging in the agony of suspense! It will kill me!—it will kill me!"

Suppressed sobs there were, which no firmness could restrain. But in a few moments those precepts of the Christian pastor, which we have before mentioned, came forth among this sorrowing family, in the same elevated spirit which dictated them. When Jane had concluded this appeal to her father, there was a dead silence in the room, and every eye glanced from him to her, full of uncertainty as to what course of conduct he would pursue. He turned his eyes upward for a few moments, and said:

"Can truth, my children, under any circumstances, be injurious to—"

"Oh, no, no, papa," exclaimed Jane; "I know—I feel the penalty paid for even the indirect violation of it."

"In the name of God, then," exclaimed the well-meaning man, "we will rely upon the good sense and religious principle of our dear Jane, and tell her the whole truth."

"Henry dear!" said Mrs. Sinclair, in a tone of expostulation.

"Oh, papa," said Agnes, "remember your own words!"

"The truth, my papa, the truth!" said Jane. "You are its accredited messenger."

"Jane," said he, "is your trust strong in the support of the Almighty?"

"I have no other dependence, papa."

"Then," said he, "this is the truth: Charles Osborne has been false to you. He has broken his vows: he is married to another woman. And now, my child, may the God of truth, and peace, and mercy, sustain and console you!"

"And he will, too, my papa!—he will!" she exclaimed, rising up;—"he will! he will! I—I think I know something. I violated truth, and now truth is my punishment. I violated it to my papa, and now my papa is the medium of that punishment. Well, then, there's a Providence proved. But in the meantime, mamma, what has become of my beauty? It is gone—it is gone—and now for humility and repentance—now for sack cloth and ashes. I am now no longer beautiful!—so off, off go the trappings of vanity."

She put her hands up to her bosom, and began to tear down her dress with a violence so powerful, that it took William and Maria's strength to prevent her. She became furious. "Let me go," she exclaimed, "let me go; I am bound to a curse; but, Charles, Charles—do n't you see he will be poisoned? he will kiss her and be poisoned; poisoned lips for Charles, and I to see it!—and mine here with balm upon them, and peace and love! He is lost, and I am lost, and the world has destroyed us."

She wrought with incredible strength, and attempted still, while speaking, to tear her garments off; but finding herself overpowered, she at length sat down and passed from this state of violence into a mood so helplessly calm, that the family, now in an agony of grief, with the exception of her father, who appeared cool, felt their very hearts shiver at the vacant serenity of her countenance.

Her mother went over, and, seizing her husband firmly by the arms, pulled him toward her, and with an ashy face and parched lips, exclaimed, "There, Henry—all is over—our child is an idiot!"

"Oh do not blame me," said the broken-hearted father; "I did it for the best. Had I thought—had I thought—but I will speak to her, for I think my voice will reach her heart—you know how she loved me."

"Jane," said he, approaching her, "Jane, my dearest life, will you not speak to your papa?"

She became uneasy again, and much to their relief, broke silence.

"I am not," said she calmly; "it is gone; I was once though—and it was said so; I was called the Fawn of—of—but it seems beauty passes like the flower of the field."



"Darling, speak to me, to your papa."

"I believe I am old now; an old woman, I suppose. My hair is gray, and I am wrinkled; that's the reason why they scorn me; well I was once both young and beautiful; but that is past. Charles," said she, catching her father's hand and looking into it, "you are old, too, I believe. Why—why—why, how is this? Your hair is long and white. Oh, what a change since I knew you last. White hair! long, white, venerable, hair—that's old age—"

"Pity old age within whose silver hairs  
Honor and reverence evermore do lie."

## CHAPTER XI.

"Thank God, dear Henry" said her mother, "she is not at all events an idiot. Children," said she, "I trust you will remember your father's advice, and bear this—this—"

But here the heart and strength of the mother herself were overcome, and she was sinking down when her son caught her ere she fell, and carried her out in his arms, accompanied by Maria and Agnes.

It would be difficult for any pen to paint the distraction of her father, thus placed in a state of divided apprehension between his daughter and his wife.

"Oh, my child, my child," he exclaimed, "perhaps in the midst of this misery, your mother may be dying! May the God of all consolation support you and her! What, oh, what will become of us!"

"Well, well," his daughter went on; "life's a fearful thing that can work such changes; but why may we not as well pass at once from youth to old age as from happiness to misery? Here we are both old; ay, and if we are gray it is less with age than affliction—that's one comfort—I am young enough to be beautiful yet; but age, when it comes prematurely on the youthful, as it often does—thanks to treachery and disappointment, ay, and a thousand causes which we all know but do not wish to think of; age, I say, when it comes prematurely on the youthful, is just like a new and unfinished house that is suffered to fall into ruin—desolation, naked, and fresh, and glaring—without the reverence and grandeur of antiquity. Yes—yes—yes; but there is another cause; and that must be whispered only to the uttermost depths of silence—of silence; for silence is the voice of God. That word—that word! Oh, how I shudder to think of it! And who will pity me when I acknowledge it—there is one—one only—who will mourn for my despair and the fate, foreordained and predestinated, of one whom he loved—that is my papa—my papa only—my papa only; for he knows that I am a castaway—A CASTAWAY!"

These words were uttered with an energy of manner and a fluency of utterance which medical men know to be strongly characteristic of insanity, unless indeed where the malady is silent and moping. The afflicted old man now discovered that his daughter's mind had, in addition to her disappointment, sunk under the frightful and merciless dogma which we trust will soon cease to darken and distort the beneficent character of God. Indeed it might have been evident to him before that in looking upon herself as a castaway, Jane's sensitive spirit was gradually lapsing into the gloomy horrors of predestination. But this blindness of the father to such a tendency was very natural in a man to whose eye familiarity with the doctrine had removed its deformity. The old man looked upon her countenance with an expression of mute affliction almost verging on despair; for a moment he forgot the situation of his wife and everything but the consequences of a discovery so full of terror and dismay.

"Alas, my unhappy child," he exclaimed, "and is this, too, to be added to your misery and ours! Now, indeed, is the cup of your affliction full even to overflowing. Enable us, O God, to acquiesce under this mysterious manifestation of thy will, and to receive from thy hand with patience and resignation whatsoever of affliction it pleaseth thee to lay upon us. And touching this stricken one—if it were thy blessed will to—to—but no—oh no—not our will, oh Lord, but *thine* be done!"

It was indeed a beautiful thing to see the sorrow-bound father bowing down his gray locks with humility before the footstool of his God, and forbearing even to murmur under a dispensation so fearfully calamitous to him and his.

When Mr. Sinclair arose, his countenance, through all the traces of sorrow which were upon it, beamed with a light which no principle merely human could communicate to it. A dim but gentle and holy radiance suffused his whole face, and his heart, for a moment, received the assurance it wanted so much.

In a few minutes after he had concluded his short but earnest prayer, Agnes returned to let him know that her mamma was better and would presently come in to sit with Jane, whom she could not permit, she said, to remain out of her sight. Jane had been silent for some time, but the extreme brilliancy of her eyes and the energy of her excitement were too obvious to permit any expectation of immediate improvement.

When her mother and Maria returned, accompanied also by William, she took no notice whatsoever of them, nor indeed did she appear to have an eye for any thing external to her own deep but unsettled misery. Time after time, they spoke to her as before, each earnestly hoping that some favorite expression or familiar tone of voice might impinge, however slightly, upon her reason, or touch some chord of her affections. These tender devices of their love, however, all failed; no corresponding emotion was awakened, and they resolved, without loss of time, to see what course of treatment medical advice would recommend them to pursue on her behalf. Accordingly, William proceeded with a heavy heart to call in the aid of a gentleman who can bear full testimony to the accuracy of our narrative—we allude to that able and eminent practitioner, Doctor McCormick of Belfast, whose powers of philosophical analysis and patient investigation are surpassed only by the success of the masterly skill with which he applies them. The moment he left the room for this purpose, Jane spoke.

"It will be heard," she said, "and I need not conceal it, for my very thought has a voice at the footstool of the Almighty; the intelligences of other worlds know it; all the invisible spirits of the universe know it; those that are evil rejoice, and the good would murmur if the fulness of their own happiness permitted them. No—no—I need not conceal it—hearken—hearken—Jane Sinclair—is predestinated to eternal misery. She is a castaway. I

may therefore speak and raise my voice to warn; who shall dare," she added, "who shall dare ever to depart from the truth? Those—those only who have been foredoomed—like me. Oh misery, misery, is there no hope? Alas! alas! Death to me now is no consoler!"

She clasped her beautiful hands together as she spoke, and looked with a countenance so full of unutterable woe that no heart could avoid participating in her misery.

"Jane, oh darling of all our hearts," said her weeping mother, "will you not come over and sit beside your mamma, my treasure, who feels that she cannot long live to witness what you suffer?"

"The Fawn of Spring-vale," she proceeded, "the gentle Fawn of Spring-vale, for it was on account of my gentleness I was so called, is stricken—the arrow is here—in her poor broken heart; and what did she do? what did the gentle creature do to suffer or to deserve all this misery?"

"True, my sister—too true, too true," said Maria, bursting into an agony of bitter sorrow; "what strange mystery is in the gentle one's affliction? Surely, if there was ever a spotless or a sinless creature on earth, she was and is that creature."

"Beware of murmuring, Maria, said her father; 'the purpose, though at present concealed, may yet become sufficiently apparent for us to recognise in it the benign dispensation of a merciful God. Our duty, my dear child, is now to bear, and be resigned. The issues of this sad calamity are with the Almighty, and with him let us patiently leave them.'"

"Had I never disclosed my love," proceeded Jane, "I might have stolen quietly away from them all, and laid my cheek on that hardest pillow which giveth the soundest sleep; but would not concealment," she added, starting; "would not that too have been dissimulation? Oh God help me!—it is, it is clear that in any event I was foredoomed!"

Agnes, who had watched her sister with an interest too profound to suffer even the grief necessary on such an occasion to take place, now went over, and taking her hand in one of hers placed the fingers of the other upon her sister's cheek, thus attempting to fix Jane's eyes upon her own countenance—

"Do you not know who it is," said she, "that is now speaking to you?—Look upon me, and tell me do you forget me so soon?"

"Who can tell yet," she proceeded, "who can tell yet—time may retrieve all, and he may return; but the yew tree—I fear—I fear—why, it is an emblem of death; and perhaps death may unite us—yes, and I say he will—he will—he will. Does he not feel pity? Oh yes, in a thousand, thousand cases he is the friend of the miserable. Death the Consoler! Oh from how many an aching brow does he take away the pain for ever? How many sorrows does he soothe into rest that is never broken!—from how many hearts like mine, does he pluck the arrows that fester in them, and bids them feel pain no more! In this house, that house appointed for all living—what calmness and peace is there! How sweet and tranquil is the bed which he smooths down for the unhappy; there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Then give me Death the Consoler!—Death the Consoler!"

A sense of relief and wild exultation beamed from her countenance, on uttering the last words, and she rose up and walked about the room wringing her hands, yet smiling at the idea of being relieved by Death the Consoler! It is not indeed unusual to witness in deranged persons, an unconscious impression of pain and misery, accompanied at the same time by a vague sense of unreal happiness—that is, a happiness which, while it balances the latent conviction of their misery, does not, however, ultimately remove it. This probably constitutes that pleasure in madness, which, it is said, none but mad persons know.

At length she stood, and, for a long time seemed musing upon various and apparently contrasted topics, for she sometimes smiled like a girl at play, and sometimes relapsed into darkness of mood and pain, and incoherency. But after passing through these rapid changes for many minutes, she suddenly exclaimed in a low but earnest voice, "where is he?"

"Where is who, love?" said her mother.

"Where is he?—why does he not come?—something more than usual must prevent him, or he would not stay away so long from 'his own Jane Sinclair.' But I forgot; bless me, how feeble my memory is growing! Why this is the hour of our appointment, and I will be late unless I hurry—for who could give so gentle and affectionate a being as Charles pain?"

She immediately put on her bonnet, and was about to go abroad; when her father, gently laying his hand upon her arm, said, in a kind but admonitory voice, in which was blended a slightly perceptible degree of parental authority—

"My daughter, surely you will not go out—you are unwell."

She started slightly, paused, and looked as if trying to remember something that she had forgotten. The struggle, however, was vain—her recollection proved too weak for the task it had undertaken. After a moment's effort, she smiled sweetly in her father's face, and said—

"You would not have me break my appointment, nor give poor Charles pain, and his health, moreover, so delicate. You know he would die rather than give me a moment's anxiety. Die!—see that again—I know not what puts death into my head so often."

"Henry," said her mother, "it is probably better to let her have her own way for the present—at least until Dr. McCormick arrives. You and Agnes can accompany her, perhaps she may be the better for it."

"I cannot refuse her," said the old man; "at all events, I agree with you; there can, I think, be no possible harm in allowing her to go. Come, Agnes, we must, alas! take care of her."

She then went out, they walking a few paces behind her, and proceeded down the valley which we have already described in the opening of this story, until she came to the spot at the river where she first met Osborne. Here she involuntarily stood a moment, and putting her hand to her right shoulder, seemed to miss some object that was obviously restored to her recollection by an association connected with the place. She shook her head, and sighed several times, and then exclaimed:

"Ungrateful bird, does it neglect me too?"

Her father pressed Agnes's arm with a sensation of joy, but spoke not, lest his voice might disturb her, or break the apparent continuity of her reviving memory. She seemed to think, however, that she delayed here too long; for without taking further notice of any thing, she hurried on to the spot where the first disclosure of their loves had taken place. On reaching it she looked anxiously and earnestly around the copse or dell in which the yew tree, with its turf seat, stood.

"How is this? how is this?" she murmured to herself; "he is not here!"

Both her father and Agnes observed that during the whole course of the unhappy but faithful girl's love, they never had witnessed such a concentrated expression of utter woe and sorrow as now impressed themselves upon her features.

"He has not come," said she; "but I can wait—I can wait; it will teach my heart to be patient."

She then clasped her hands, and sitting down under the shade of the yew tree, mused and murmured to herself alternately, but in such an evident spirit of desolation and despair, as made her father fear that her heart would literally break down under the heavy burthen of her misery. When she had sat here nearly an hour, he approached her, and gently taking her hand, which felt as cold as marble, said:

"Will you not come home, darling? Your mamma is anxious you should return to her. Come"—and he attempted gently to draw her with him.

"I can wait, I can wait," she replied; "if he should come and find me gone, he would break his heart—I can wait."

"Oh, do not droop, my sweet sister; do not droop so much; all will yet be well," said Agnes, weeping.

"I care for none but him. To me there is only one being in life; all else is a blank. But he will not come—and is it not too much to try the patience of a heart so fond and faithful as mine?"

"It is not likely he will come to-day," replied Agnes; "something has prevented him; but to-morrow—"

"I will seek him elsewhere," said Jane, rising suddenly.

"But is it not singular, indeed, to what strange passions things may come? A young lady seeking her lover!—not over-modest, certainly—nay, positively indelicate. Fie upon me! Why should I thus expose myself? It is unworthy of my father's daughter, and Jane Sinclair will not do it."

She then walked a few paces homeward, but again stopped and earnestly looked in every direction, as if expecting to see the object of her love. Long, indeed, did she linger about a spot so dear to her; and often did she sit down again, and rise to go—sometimes wringing her hands in the muteness of sorrow, and sometimes exhibiting a sense of her neglect in terms of pettish and indirect censure against Osborne for his delay. It was in one of those capricious moments that she bent her steps homeward; and as she had again to pass that part of the river where the accident occurred to the dove, Agnes and her father observed that she instinctively put her hand to her shoulder, and appeared as if disappointed. On this occasion, however, she made no observation whatever, but, much to their satisfaction, mechanically proceeded toward Spring-Vale House, which she reached without uttering another word.

Until a short time before the arrival of Dr. McCormick, this silence remained unbroken. She sat nearly in the same attitude, evidently pondering on something that excited great pain, as was observable by her frequent startings, and a disposition to look wildly about her, as if with an intention of suddenly speaking. These, however, passed quickly away, and she generally relapsed into her wild and unsettled reveries.

When the doctor arrived, he sat with her in silence for a considerable time—listening to her incoherencies from an anxiety to ascertain, as far as possible, by what she might utter, whether her insanity was likely to be transient or otherwise. The cause of it he had already heard from report generally, and a more exact and circumstantial account on that day from her brother William.

"It is difficult," he at length said, "to form any thing like an exact opinion upon the first attack of insanity, arising from a disappointment of the heart. Much depends upon the firmness of the general character, and the natural force of common sense. If I were to judge, not only by what I have heard from this most beautiful and interesting creature, as well as from the history of her heart, which her brother gave me so fully, I would say that I think this attack will not be a long one. I am of opinion that her mind is in a state of transition, not from reason but to it; and that this transition will not be completed without much physical suffering. The state of her pulse assures me of this, as does the coldness of her hands. I should not be surprised if, in the course of this very night she were attacked with strong fits. These, if they take place, will either restore her to reason or confirm her insanity. Poor girl," said the amiable man, looking on her while his eyes filled with tears; "he must have been a heartless wretch to abandon such a creature. My dear Jane," he added, addressing her, for he had been, and still is familiar with the family, "I am sorry to find that you are so unwell, but you will soon be better. Do you not know me?"

"It was sworn," said the unhappy mourner, "it was sworn, and I felt this here—here"—and she placed her hand upon her heart; "I felt this little tenant of my poor bosom sink—sink, and my blood going from my cheeks when the words were uttered. More beautiful! more beautiful! why, and what is love if it is borne away merely by beauty? I loved him not for his beauty alone—I loved him because he—he—because he loved me—but at first I did love him for his beauty; well he has found another more beautiful; and his own Jane Sinclair, his Fawn of Spring-vale, as he used to call me, is forgotten. But mark me—let none dare to blame him—he only fulfilled his destined part—the thing was foredoomed, and I knew that by my suppression of the truth to my papa, the seal of reprobation was set to my soul. Then—then it was that I felt myself a castaway! And indeed," she added, rising up and laying the fore finger of her right hand on the palm of her left, "I would at any time sacrifice myself for his happiness; I would; yet alas," she added, sitting down and hanging her head in sorrow; "why—why is it that I am so miserable, when he is happy? Why is that, Miss Jane

Sinclair—why is that?"—she then sighed deeply, and added, in a tone of pathos almost irresistible—"Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest."

She had scarcely spoken, when, by a beautiful and affecting coincidence, Ariel entered the room, and immediately flew into her bosom. She put her hand up and patted it for some time rather unconsciously than otherwise.

"Ah, you foolish bird," she at length said; "have you no better place of refuge; no calmer spot to repose upon, than a troubled and a broken heart?"

This incident of the dove, together with the mournful truth of this melancholy observation, filled every eye with tears, except those of her father, who now exhibited a spirit of calm obedience to what he considered an affliction that called upon him to act as one whose faith was not the mere theory of a Christian.

"But," added Jane, "there is, I know, one that loves me, and one that pities me. My papa knows that I am foredoomed, and cannot but pity me; but where is he? and why does he delay so long? Hush I will sing—

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,  
The night long hours still find me thinking  
Of thee, thee—only thee!

She poured a spirit into these words so full of the wild sorrow of insanity, as to produce an effect that was thrilling and fearful upon those who were forced to listen to her. Nay, her voice seemed, in some degree, to awaken her emotions, or to revive her memory to a confused perception of her situation. And in mercy it would appear that Providence unveiled only half her misery to reason; for from the effect which even that passing glimpse had upon her, it is not wrong to infer that had she seen it in its full extent, she would have immediately sunk under it.

After singing the words of Moore with all the unregulated pathos of a maniac, she wrung her hands, and was for a considerable time silent. During this interval she sighed deeply, and after a pause of half an hour arose suddenly, and seizing her father by the breast of the coat, brought him over, and placed him on the sofa beside her. She then looked earnestly into his face, and was about to speak, but her thoughts were too weak for the task, and after putting her hand to her forehead, as if to assist her recollection, she let it fall passively beside her, and hung her head in a mood, partaking at once of childish pique and deep dejection.

The doctor, who watched her closely, observed, that in his opinion the consequences of the unhappy intelligence that day communicated to her, had not yet fully developed themselves. "The storm has not yet burst," he added, but it is quite evident that the elements for it are fast gathering. She will certainly have a glimpse of reason before the paroxysms appear, because, in point of fact, that is what will induce them."

"How soon, doctor," asked her mother, "do you think she will have to encounter this fresh and woful trial?"

"I should be disposed to think within the lapse of twenty-four hours; certainly within forty-eight."

The amiable doctor's opinion, however, was much more quickly verified than he imagined; for Jane, whose heart yearned towards her father with the beautiful instinct of an affection which scarcely insanity itself could overcome, once more looked earnestly into his face, with an eye in which meaning and madness seemed to struggle with each other for the mastery. She gazed at him for a long time, put her hands upon his white hair, into which she twined her long white fingers; once or twice she smiled, and said something in a voice too low to be heard; but at length she gave a convulsive start, clasped her hands wofully, and throwing herself on his bosom, exclaimed—

"Oh, papa—your child is lost: pray for me—pray for me."

Her sobs became too thick and violent for further utterance: she panted and wrought strongly, until at length she lay with locked teeth and clenched hands struggling in a fit which eventually, by leaving her, terminated in a state of lethargic insensibility.

For upward of three days she suffered more than any person acquainted with her delicacy of constitution could deem her capable of enduring. And, indeed, were it not that the aid rendered by Dr. McCormick was so prompt and skillful, it is possible that the sorrows of the faithful Jane Sinclair might have here closed. On the fourth day, however, she experienced a change; but, alas, such a change as left the loving and beloved group who had hung over her couch with anxious hopes of her restoration to reason, now utterly hopeless and miserable. She arose from her paroxysms a beautiful, happy, and smiling maniac, from whose soul in mercy had been removed that susceptibility of mental pain which constitutes the burthen and bitterness of ordinary calamity.

The first person who discovered this was her mother, who, on the fourth morning of her illness, had stolen to her bedside to see how her beloved one felt. Agnes, who would permit no other person to nurse her darling sister, lay asleep with her head reclined upon the foot of the bed, having been overcome by her grief and the fatigue of incessant watching. As her mother stooped down to look into the sufferer's face, her heart bounded with delight on seeing Jane's eyes smiling upon her with all the symptoms of recognition.

"Jane, my heart's dearest," she said, in a soothing, low inquiry, "do not you know me?"

"Yes, very, well," she replied; "you are my mamma, and this is Agnes sleeping on the foot of the bed. Why does she sleep there?"

The happy mother scarcely heard her child's question, for ere the words were well uttered she laid her head down upon the mourner's bosom, in a burst of melancholy joy, and wept so loudly that her voice awakened Agnes, who starting up, exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, mother—what is this? Is—is our darling gone at last! Jane gone," she said. "No, no—she must not—she would not leave her Agnes. Oh mother—mother, is it so?"

"No, no, Agnes love; no—but may the mercy of God be exalted for ever, Jane knows her mamma this morning, and she knows you too, Agnes."

That ever faithful sister no sooner heard the words, than a smile of indescribable happiness overspread her face, which, however, became instantly pale, and the next mo-

ment she sank down, and in a long swoon forgot both the love and sorrow of her favorite sister. In little more than a minute the family were assembled in the sick-room, and heard from Mrs. Sinclair's lips the history, as she thought, of their beloved one's recovery. Agnes was soon restored, and indeed it would be impossible to witness a scene of such unexpected delight, as that presented by the rejoicing group which surrounded the bed of the happy—alas, too happy, Jane Sinclair.

"Is it possible, my dear," said the father, "that our darling is restored to her sense and recollection?"

"Try her, Henry," said the proud mother.

"Jane, my love, do you know me?" he asked.

"To be sure, papa; to be sure," she replied, smiling.

"And you know all of us, my heart's treasure?"

"Help me up a little," she replied; "now I will show you: you are my papa—there is my mamma—that is William—and Maria there will kiss me."

Maria, from whose eyes gushed tears of delight, flew to the sweet girl's bosom.

"But," added Jane, "there is another—another that must come to my bosom and stay there—Agnes!"

"I am here, my own darling," replied Agnes, stooping and folding her arms about the beautiful creature's snow-white neck, while she kissed her lips with a fervor of affection equal to the delight experienced at her supposed recovery.

"There now, Agnes, you are to sleep with me to-night: but I want my papa. Papa I want you."

Her father stood forward, his mild eyes beaming with an expression of delight and happiness.

"I am here, my sweet child."

"You ought to be a proud man, papa—a proud man: although I say it, that ought not to say it, you are father to the most beautiful girl in Europe. Charles Osborne has travelled Europe, and can find none at all so beautiful as the Fawn of Spring-vale, and so he is coming home one of these days to marry me, because you know, because he could find none else so beautiful. If he had—if he had—you know—I, you may be assured, would not be the girl of his choice. Yet I would marry him still, if it were not for one thing; and that is—that I am foredoomed: a reprobate and a castaway; predestined—predestined—and so I would not wish to drag him to hell along with me; I shall therefore act the heroic part, and refuse him. Still it is something—oh, it is much—and I am proud of it, not on my own account, but on his, to be the most beautiful girl in Europe! I am proud of it because he would not marry me if I were not."

Oh unhappy, but affectionate mourners, what—what was all you had yet suffered, when contrasted with the sudden and unexpected misery of this bitter moment. Your hearts had gathered in joy and happiness around the bed of that sweet girl, the gleams of whose insanity you had mistaken for the light of reason; and now has hope disappeared, and the darkness of utter despair fallen upon you all for ever.

"I wish to rise," she proceeded, "and to join in morning prayer; until then I shall only dress in my wrapper: after that I shall dress as becomes me. I know I have nothing to hope either in this world or the next, consequently pride in me is not a sin; the measure of my misery has been filled up; and the only interval of happiness left me, is that between this and death. Dress me, Agnes."

The pause arising from the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by the discovery of her settled insanity, was indeed an exemplification of that grief which lies too deep for tears. None of them could weep, but they looked upon her and each other, with a silent agony, which far transcended the power of clamorous sorrow.

"Children," said her father, whose fortitude, considering the nature of this great affliction, was worthy of better days; "let us neither look upon our beloved one, nor upon each other. There," said he, pointing upward; "let us look there. You all know how I loved—how I love her. You all know how she loved me; but I cast—or I strove to cast the burden of my affliction upon Him who has borne ALL for our salvation, and you see I am fearless. Dress the dear child, Agnes, and as she desires it, let her join us at prayer, and may the Lord who has afflicted us, hearken to our supplications!"

Tenderly and with trembling hands did Agnes dress the beloved girl, and when the fair creature, supported by her two sisters, entered the parlor, never was a more divine picture of beauty seen to shine out of that cloud, with which the mysterious hand of God had enveloped her.

At prayer she knelt as meekly, and with as much apparent devotion as she had ever done in the days of her most rational and earnest piety. But it was woful to see the blighted girl go through all the forms of worship, when it was known that the very habit which actuated her resulted from those virtues which even insanity could not altogether repress.

When they had arisen from their knees, she again addressed Agnes in a tone of cheerful sweetness, such as she had exhibited in her happier days.

"Agnes, now for our task; and indeed you must perform it with care. Remember that you are about to dress the most beautiful girl in Europe. What a fair castaway am I, Agnes?"

"I hope not a castaway, Jane; but I shall dress you with care and tenderness, notwithstanding."

"Every day I must dress in my best, because when Charles returns, you know it will be necessary that I should justify his choice, by appearing as beautiful as possible."

"Give the innocent her own way," said her father; "give her, in all that may gratify the child, her own way, where it is not directly wrong to do so."

Agnes and she then went up to her room, that she might indulge in that harmless happiness, which the fiction of hope had, under the mercy of God, extracted from the reality of despair.

When the ceremony of the toilet was over, she and her sister returned to the parlor, and they could notice a slight tinge of color added to her pale cheek, by the proud consciousness of her beauty. The exertion, however, she had undergone, considering her extremely weak and exhausted state of health, was more than she could bear long. But a few minutes had elapsed after her re-appearance in the parlor, when she said—

"Mamma, I am unwell. I want to be undressed, and to go to bed: I am very faint, help me to bed, mamma—and if you come and stay with me, I shall tell you everything

about my prospects in life—yes, and in death too; because I have prospects in death—but ah," she added, shuddering, "they are dark—dark!"

Seldom, indeed, was a family tried like this family; and never was the endurance of domestic love, and its triumph over the chilling habit of affliction, more signally manifested than in the undying tenderness of their hearts and hands, in all that was necessary to her comfort, or demanded by the childish caprices of her malady.

On going up stairs, she kissed them all as usual, but they then discovered, for the first time, in all its bitterness, what a dark and melancholy enjoyment it is to kiss the lips of a maniac, who has loved us, and whom we still must love.

"Jane," said William, struggling to be firm, "kiss me, too, before you go."

"Come to me, William," said she, "for I am not able to go to you. Oh, my brother, if I did not love you, I would be very wicked."

The affectionate young man kissed her, and, as he did, the big tears rolled down his cheeks. He wept aloud.

"I never, never gave her up till now," he exclaimed; "but"—and his face darkened into deep indignation as he spoke, "we shall see about it yet, Jane dear. I shall allow a month or two—she may recover; but if I suffer this to go unaverted," he paused; "I meant nothing," he added, "except that I will not despair of her yet."

About ten days restored her to something like health, but it was obvious that her constitution had sustained a shock which it could not long survive. Of this Dr. McCormick assured them.

"In so delicate a subject as she is," he added, "we usually find that when reason goes, the physical powers soon follow it. But if my opinion be correct, I think you will have the consolation of seeing her mind clear before she dies. There comes often in such cases what the common people properly, and indeed beautifully, term a light before death, and I think she will have it. As you are unanimous against putting her into a private asylum, you must only watch the sweet girl quietly, and without any appearance of vigilance, allowing her in all that is harmless and indifferent to have her own way. Religious feeling you perceive constitutes a strong feature in her case, the rest is obviously the result of the faithless conduct of Osborne. Poor girl, here she comes apparently quite happy."

Jane entered as he spoke, after having been dressed as usual for the day, in her best apparel. She glanced for a moment at the glass, and re-adjusted her hair, which had, she thought, got a little out of order; after which she said smiling,—

"Why should I fear comparisons? He may come as soon as he pleases. I am ready to receive him, but do you know I think that my papa and mamma are not at all so fond of me as they ought to be. Is it not an honor to have for their daughter a girl whose beauty is unsurpassed in Europe? I am not proud of it for my own sake but for his."

"Jane, do you know this gentleman, dear?" said her mother.

"Oh yes; that is Dr. McCormick."

"I am glad to see that your health is so much improved, my dear," said the doctor.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I am quite well so far as this world is concerned; but for all so happy as I look, you would never guess that I am a reprobate. Now could you tell me, doctor, why it is that I look so happy, knowing as I do that I am foredoomed to misery?"

"No," he replied, "but you will tell us yourself."

"Why it is because I do know it. Knowing the worst is often a great consolation, I assure you. I, at least, have felt it so."

"Oh what a noble mind is lost in that sweet girl!" exclaimed the worthy physician.

"But it seems, mamma," she proceeded, "there is a report gone abroad that I am mad. I met yesterday—was it not yesterday, Agnes? I met a young woman down on the river side, and she asked me if it were true that I was crazed with love, and how do you think I replied mamma? I said to her, 'if you would avoid misery—misery, mark—never violate truth even indirectly.' I said that solemnly, and would have said more but that Agnes rebuked her for speaking, and then wept. Did you not weep, Agnes?"

"Oh no wonder I should," replied her sister deeply moved; "the interview she alludes to, doctor, was one that occurred the day before yesterday between her and another poor girl in the neighborhood who is also unsettled owing to a desertion of a still baser kind. It was becoming too affecting to listen to, and I chid the poor thing off."

"Yes, indeed she chid her off, and the poor thing, as she told me, about to be a bride to-morrow. She said she was in quest of William, that they might be married, and asked me if I had seen him. If you do, she added, tell him that Fanny is waiting for him, and that as everything is ready she expects he'll come and marry her to-morrow, as he promised. Now, mamma, Agnes said that although she chid her, she wept for her, but why should you weep, Agnes, for a girl who is about to become a bride to-morrow? Surely you did not weep because she was going to be made happy? Did you?"

"All who are going to become brides are not about to experience happiness, my dear," replied her sister.

"Oh, I should think so certainly, Agnes," replied Jane. "Fie, fie, dear sister Agnes, do not lay down such doctrine. Did you not see the happy girl we met yesterday—was it yesterday? But no matter, Agnes, we shall not quarrel about it. Come and walk. Good-bye, my mamma; doctor, I wish you good morning," and with a grace that was inimitable, she made him a distant, but most respectful courtesy.

"Oh!" said she, turning back, "if any stranger should arrive during my absence, mamma, send for me immediately; or stay—no, do not—let him meet me at the place appointed; I will be there."

She then took Agnes' arm, for Agnes it was who attended her in all her ramblings, and both proceeded on their everyday saunter through the adjoining fields.

#### CHAPTER XII.

A little time, indeed, proved how very accurate had been the opinion of Dr. McCormick; for although Jane was affected by no particular bodily complaint, yet it appeared by every day's observation that she was gradually sinking. In the mean time three or four months elapsed without bring-



ing about any symptom whatever of improvement. Her derangement flashed out into no extraordinary paroxysm, but on the contrary assumed a wild and graceful character, sometimes light and unsettled as the glancing of sunbeams on a disturbed current, and occasionally pensive and beautiful as the beams of an autumnal moon. In all the habits of the family she was most exact. Her devotional composure at prayer appeared to be fraught with the humblest piety; her attendance at meeting was remarkably punctual, and her deportment edifying to an extreme degree. The history, too, of her insanity and its cause had gone far and wide as did the sympathy which it excited. In all her innocent ramblings with Agnes around her father's house, and through the adjoining fields, no rude observation or unmannered gaze ever offended the gentle creature; but, on the contrary, the delicate-minded peasant of the North would often turn aside from an apprehension of disturbing her, as well, perhaps, as out of reverence for the calamity of a creature so very young and beautiful.

Indeed many affecting observations were made, which, could her friends have heard them, would have fallen like balm upon their broken spirits. Full of compassion they were for her sore misfortune, and of profound sympathy for the sorrows of her family.

"Alas the day, my bonnie lady! my heart is sair to see sae lovely a thing gliding about sae unhappy. Black be his gate that had the heart to leave you, for rank and wealth, my winsome lassie. Weary on him, and little good may his wealth and rank do him! Oh, who would hae thoct that the peerless young blossom would have been withered sae soon, or that the Fawn o' Spring-Vale wad hae ever come to the like o' this! Alas! the day, too, for the friends that aurst you, my bonnie bairn!" and then the kind-hearted matron would wipe her eyes on seeing the far-loved Fawn of Spring-Vale passing by, unconscious that the fatal arrow which had first struck her was still quivering in her side.

The fourth month had now elapsed, and Jane's malady neither exhibited any change nor the slightest symptom of improvement. William, who had watched her closely all along, saw that no hope of any such consummation existed. He remarked, too, with a bitter sense of the unprincipled injury inflicted on the confiding girl, that every week drew her perceptibly nearer and nearer to the grave. His blood had in fact been long boiling in his veins with an indignation which he could scarcely stifle. He entertained, however, a strong reverence for religion, and had Jane, after a reasonable period, recovered, he intended to leave Osborne to be punished only by his own remorse. There was no prospect, however, of her being restored to reason, and now his determination was finally taken. Nay, so deeply resolved had he been on this as an ultimate step in the event of her not recovering, that soon after Mr. Osborne's return from London, he waited on that gentleman, and declared his indignation at the treachery of his son to be so deep and implacable that he requested of him as a personal favor to suspend all communication with the unhappy girl's family, lest he might be tempted even by the sight of any person connected with so base a man, to go and pistol him on whatever spot he might be able to find him. This, which was rather harsh to the amiable gentleman, excited in his breast more sorrow than resentment. But it happened, fortunately enough for both parties, that a day or two before this angry communication, Dr. McCormick had waited upon the latter, and gave it as his opinion that any intercourse between the two families would be highly dangerous to Jane's state of mind, by exciting associations that might bring back to her memory the conduct of his son. The consequence was, that they saw each other only by accident, although Mr. Osborne often sent to inquire privately after Jane's health.

William having now understood that Osborne and his wife resided in Paris, engaged a friend to accompany him thither, for the purpose of demanding satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on his sister. All the necessary arrangements were accordingly made; the very day for their departure was appointed, and a letter addressed to Agnes actually written, to relieve the family from the alarm occasioned by his disappearance, when a communication from Osborne to his father, at once satisfied the indignant young man that his enemy was no longer an object for human resentment.

This requires but brief explanation. Osborne, possessing as he did, ambition, talent, and enthusiasm in a high degree, was yet deficient in that firmness of purpose which is essential to distinction either in public or in private life. His wife was undoubtedly both beautiful and accomplished, and it is undeniable that his marriage with her opened to him brilliant prospects as a public man. Notwithstanding her beauty, however, their union took place not to gratify his love but his ambition. Jane Sinclair, in point of fact, had never been displaced from his affection, for as she was in his eye the most beautiful, so was she in the moments of self-examination, the best beloved. This, however, availed the unhappy girl but little, with a man in whose character ambition was the predominant impulse. To find himself beloved by a young and beautiful woman of wealth and fashion, was too much for one who possessed but little firmness and an insatiable thirst after distinction. To jostle men of rank and property out of his path, and to jostle them successfully, when approaching the heart of an heiress, was too much for the vanity of an obscure young man, with only a handsome person and good talents to recommend him. The glare of fashionable life, and the unexpected success of his addresses made him giddy, and despite an ineffaceable conviction of dishonor and treachery, he found himself husband to a rich heiress, and son-in-law to a baronet. And now was he launched in full career upon the current of fashionable dissipation, otherwise called high life. This he might have borne as well as the other votaries of polished profligacy, were it not for one simple consideration—he had neither health nor constitution, nor, to do the early love of Jane Sinclair justice, heart for the modes and habits of that society, through the vortices of which he now found himself compelled to whirl. He was not in fact able to keep pace with the rapid motions of his fashionable wife, and the result in a very short time was, that their hearts were discovered to be anything but congenial—in fact, anything but united. The absence of domestic happiness joined to that remorse which his conduct toward the unassuming but beautiful object of his first affec-

tion entailed upon a heart that, notwithstanding its errors, was incapable of foregoing its own convictions, soon broke down the remaining stamina of his constitution, and before the expiration of three months, he found himself hopelessly smitten by the same disease which had been so fatal to his family. His physicians told him that if there were any chance of his recovery, it must be in the efficacy of his native air; and his wife with a fashionable apathy, expressed the same opinion, and hoped that he might, after a proper sojourn at home, be enabled to join her in the following season at Naples. Up to this period he had heard nothing of the mournful consequences which his perfidy had produced upon the intellect of our unhappy Jane. His father, who in fact still entertained hopes of her ultimate sanity, now that his son was married, deemed it unnecessary to imburter his peace by a detail of the evils he had occasioned her. But when, like her brother William, he despaired of her recovery, he considered it only an act of justice toward her and her family to lay before Charles the hideousness of his guilt together with its woful consequences. This melancholy communication was received the day after his physicians had given him over, for in fact the prescription of his native air was only a polite method of telling him that there was no hope. His conscience, which recent circumstances had already awakened, was not prepared for intelligence so dreadful. Remorse, or rather repentance seized him, and he wrote to beg that his father would suffer a penitent son to come home and die.

This letter, the brief contents of which we have given, his father submitted to Mr. Sinclair, whose reply was indeed characteristic of the exalted Christian, who can forget his own injuries in the distresses of his enemy.

"Let him come," said the old man; "our resentments have long since passed away, and why should not yours? He has now a higher interest to look to than any arising from either love or ambition. His immortal soul is at stake, and if we can reconcile him to heaven, the great object of existence will after all be secured. God forbid that our injuries should stand in the way of his salvation. Allow me," he added, "to bring this letter home, that I may read it to my family, with one exception, of course. Alas! it contains an instructive lesson."

This was at once acceded to by the other, and they separated.

When William heard the particulars of Osborne's melancholy position, he of course gave up the hostility of his purpose, and laid before his friend a history of the circumstances connected with his brief and unhappy career.

"He is aew a dying man," said William, "to whom this life, its idle forms and unmeaning usages are as nothing, or worse than nothing. A higher tribunal than the guilty spirit of this world's honor will demand satisfaction from him for his baseness toward unhappy Jane. To that tribunal I leave him; but whether he live or die, I will never look upon my insane sister, without thinking of him as a villain, and detesting his very name and memory."

If these sentiments be considered ungenerous, let it be remembered that they manifested less his resentment to Osborne, than the deep and elevated affection which he bore his sister, for whose injuries he felt much more indignity than he would have done for his own.

Jane, however, from this period forth began gradually to break down, and her derangement, though still inoffensive and harmless, assumed a more anxious and melancholy expression. This might arise, to be sure, from the depression of spirits occasioned by the decline of health. But from whatever cause it proceeded, one thing was evident, that an air of deep dejection settled upon her countenance and whole deportment. She would not for instance, permit Agnes in their desultory rambles to walk by her side, but besought her to attend at a distance behind her.

"I wish to be alone, dear Agnes," she said, "but notwithstanding that, I do not wish to be without you. I might have been some time ago the Queen of Beauty, but now, Agnes, I am the Queen of Sorrow."

"You have had your share of sorrows, my poor stricken creature," replied Agnes, heavily.

"But there is, Agnes, a melancholy beauty in sorrow—it is so sweet to be sad. Did you ever see a single star in the sky, Agnes?"

"Yes, love, often."

"Well that is like sorrow, or rather that is like me. Does it not always seem to mourn, and to mourn alone, but the moment that another star arises then the spell is broken, and it seems no more to mourn in the solitude of heaven."

Agnes looked at her with a sad but earnest admiration, and exclaimed in a quivering voice as she pressed her to her bosom—

"Oh, Jane, Jane, how my heart loves you! The day is coming, my sister—our sweetest, our youngest, our dearest—the day is coming when we will see you no more—when your sorrows and your joys, whether real or imaginary—when all the unsettled evidences of goodness, which nothing could destroy, will be gone; and you with all you've suffered—with all your hopes and fears, will be no longer present for our hearts to gather about. Oh, my sister, my sister! how will the old man live! He will not—he will not! We see already what he suffers, and what it costs him to be silent. His gait is feeble, and his form already bent since the hand of affliction has come upon you. Yet, Jane, Jane, we could bear all, provided you were permitted to remain with us! Your voice—your voice—and is the day so soon to come when we will not hear it! When our eyes will no more rest upon you? And"—added the affectionate girl, now overcome by her feelings, laying her calm sister's head at the same time upon her bosom, "and when those locks so brown and rich that your Agnes' hands have so often dressed, will be mouldering in the grave, and that face—oh, the seal of death is upon your pale, pale cheek, my sister!—my sister!" She could say no more, but kissing Jane's lips, and pressing her to her heart, she wept in a long fit of irrepressible grief.

Jane looked up with a pensive gaze into Agnes' face, and as she calmly dried her sister's tears, said:

"Is it not strange, Agnes, that I who am the Queen of Sorrow, cannot weep. I resemble some generous princess, who though rich, gives away her wealth to the needy in such abundance that she is always poor herself. I who weep not, supply you all with tears, and cannot find one for myself when I want it. Indeed so it seems, my sister."

"It is true, indeed, Jane—too true, too true, my darling." "Agnes, I could tell you a secret. It is not without reason that I am the Queen of Sorrow."

"Alas! it is not, my sweet innocent."

"I have the secret here," said she, putting her hand to her bosom, "and no one suspects that I have. The cause why I am the Queen of Sorrow is indeed here—here. But come, I do not much like this arbor somehow. There is, I think, a reason for it, but I forget it. Let us walk elsewhere."

This was the arbor of osiers in which Osborne, in the enthusiasm of his passion, said, "that if during his travels he found a girl more beautiful, he would cease to love Jane, and to write to her"—an expression which, as the reader knows, exercised afterward a melancholy power upon her intellect.

Agnes and she proceeded as she desired, to saunter abroad, which they did for the most part in silence, except when she wished to stop and make an observation of her own free will. Her step was slow, her face pale, and her gait, alas! quite feeble, and evidently that of a worn frame and a broken heart.

For some time past, she seemed to have forgotten that she was a foredoomed creature, and a castaway, at least her allusions to this were less frequent than before—a circumstance which Dr. McCormick said he looked upon as the most favorable symptom he had yet seen in her case.

Upon this day, however, she sauntered about in silence, and passed from place to place, followed by Agnes; like the waning moon, accompanied by her faithful and attendant star.

After having passed a green field, she came upon the road with an intention of crossing it, and going down by the river to the yew tree, which during all her walks she never failed to visit. Here it was that, for the second time, she met poor Fanny Morgan, the unsettled victim of treachery more criminal still than that which had been practised upon herself.

"You are the bonnie Fawn of Spring-vale that's gone mad with love," said the unhappy creature.

"No, no," replied Jane, "you are mistaken. I am the Queen of Sorrow."

"I am to be married to-morrow," said the other. "Every thing's ready, but I cannot find William. Did you see him? But may be you may, and if you do—oh speak a word for me; but one word, and tell him that all's ready, and that Fanny's waiting, and that he must not break his promise."

"You are very happy to be married to-morrow."

"Yes," replied the other smiling—"I am happy enough now; but when we are married—when William makes me his wife, people won't look down on me any longer. I wish I could find him, for oh my heart is sick, and will be sick until I see him. If he knew how I was treated, he would not suffer it. If you see him, will you promise to tell him that all's ready, and that I am waiting for him?—Will you, my bonnie lady?"

"I could tell you a secret," said Jane—"they don't know at home that I got the letter at all—but I did, and have read it—he is coming home—coming home to die—that's what makes me the Queen of Sorrow. Do you ever weep?"

"No, but they took the baby from me, and beat me—my brother John did; but William was not near to take my part. I cried then."

"Who will you have at the wedding?"

"I have no bridemaid yet—but maybe you would be that for me, my bonnie lady. John said I disgraced them; but surely I only loved William. I wish to-morrow was past, and that he would remove my shame—I could then be proud, but now I cannot?"

"And what are you ashamed of? It is no shame to love him."

"No, no, and all that would be well enough, but that they beat me and took away the baby—my brother John did."

"But did William ever swear to you, that if he met a girl more beautiful, he would cease to love you, and to write to you?"

"No, he promised to marry me."

"And do you know why he does not?"

"If I could find him he would. Oh, if you see him, will you tell him that I'm waiting, and that all's ready."

"You," said Jane, "have been guilty of a great sin."

"So they said, and that I brought myself to shame too. But William will take away that, if I could find him."

"You told an indirect falsehood to your father—you concealed the truth—and now the hand of God is upon you. There is nothing for you now but death."

"I don't like death—it took away my baby—if they would give me back my baby I would not care—except John—I would hide from him."

"William's married to another and dying, so that you may become a queen of sorrow too—would you like that—sorrow is a sweet thing."

"How could he marry another, and be promised to me?"

"Is your heart cold?" inquired Jane.

"No," replied the other smiling; "indeed I am to be married to-morrow?"

"Let me see you early in the morning," said Jane, "if you do, perhaps I may give you this," showing the letter. "Your heart cannot be cold if you keep it—I carry it here," said she, putting her hand to her bosom—"but I need not, for mine will be warm enough soon."

"Mine's warm enough too," said the other.

"If William comes you will find poison on his lips," said Jane, "and that will kill you: the poison of polluted lips would kill a thousand faithful hearts—it would—and there's nothing for treachery but sorrow. Be sorrowful, be sorrowful—it is the only thing to ease a deserted heart; it eases mine."

"But then they say you're crazed with love."

"No, no—with sorrow. But listen: never violate truth—never be guilty of falsehood; if you do, you will become unhappy; and if you do not, the light of God's countenance will shine upon you."

"Indeed it is no lie, for, as sure as you stand there, to-morrow is the day."

"I think I love you," said the gentle and affectionate Jane. "Will you kiss me? My sister Agnes does, when I ask her."

"Why should n't I, my bonnie, bonnie lady? Why should n't I? Oh! indeed, but you are bonnie—and yet to be crazed with love! Well, well, he will never comb a gray head that deserted the bonnie Fawn of Spring-Vale." Jane, who was much the taller, stooped, and with a smile of melancholy but unconscious sympathy, kissed the forlorn creature's lips, and after beckoning Agnes to follow her, passed on.

That embrace! who could describe its character? Oh! man, man, and woman, woman, think of this!

Agnes, after Jane and she had returned home, found that a search had been instituted during their absence, for the letter which Charles had written to his father. Mr. Sinclair, anxious to return it, had missed it from among his papers, and felt seriously concerned at its disappearance.

"I only got it to read to the family," said he, "and what am I to say, or what can I say, when Mr. Osborne asks me, as he will, to return it? Agnes, do you know any thing of it?"

Agnes, who, from the interview between Jane and the unsettled Fanny Morgan, saw at once that it had got, by some means unknown to the family, into her sister's hands, knew not exactly in what terms to reply. She saw, too, that Jane looked upon the possession of the letter as a secret, and in her presence she felt that considering her sister's view of the matter, and her state of mind, she could not, without pressing too severely on the gentle creature's sorrows, openly inform her father of the truth.

"Papa," said the admirable and considerate girl, "the letter, I have no doubt will be found. I beg of you, papa, I beg of you not to be uneasy about it; it will be found."

This she said in a tone as significant as possible, with a hope that her father might infer from her manner that Jane had the letter in question.

The old man looked at Agnes, and appeared as if striving to collect the meaning of what she said, but he was not long permitted to remain in any doubt upon the subject.

Jane approached him slowly, and putting her hand to her bosom, took out the letter and placed it upon the table before him.

"It came from him," said she, "and that was the reason why I put it next my heart. You know, papa, he is dying, and this letter is the message of death. I thought that such a message was more proper from him to me than to any one else. I have carried it next my heart, and you may take it now, papa. The message has been delivered, and I feel that death is here—for that is all that he and I have left me. I am the star of sorrow—pale and mournful in the lonely sky; yet," she added as she did on another occasion, "we shall not all die, but we shall be changed."

"My sweet child," said Mr. Sinclair, "I am not angry with you about the letter; I only wish you to keep your spirits up, and not to be depressed as much as you are." She appeared quite exhausted, and replied not for some time. At length she said:

"Papa, mamma, have I done any thing wrong? If I have, tell me. Oh, Agnes, Agnes, but my heart is heavy!"

"As sure as heaven is above us, Heary," whispered her mother to Mr. Sinclair, "she is upon the point of being restored to her senses."

"Alas, my dear," he replied, "who can tell? It may happen as you say. Oh how I shall bless God if it does! But still, what, what will it be but, as Dr. McCormick said, the light before death? The child is dying, and she will be taken from us for ever—for ever!"

Jane, while they spoke, looked earnestly and with a struggling eye into the countenances of those who were about her; but again she smiled pensively, and said:

"I am—I am the star of sorrow, pale and mournful in the lonely sky. Jane Sinclair is no more—the Fawn of Spring-vale is no more—I am now nothing but sorrow. I was the queen, but now I am the star of sorrow. Oh! how I long to set in heaven?"

She was then removed to bed, where with her mother and her two sisters beside her, she lay quiet as a child, repeating to herself—"I am the star of sorrow, pale and mournful in the lonely sky; but now I know I will soon set in heaven. Jane Sinclair is no more—the Fawn of Spring-vale is no more. No—I am now the star of sorrow." The melancholy beauty of the sentiment seemed to soothe her, for she continued to repeat these words, sometimes aloud and sometimes in a low sweet voice, until she fell gently asleep.

"She is asleep," said Agnes, looking upon her still beautiful but mournful features, now, indeed, composed into an expression of rooted sorrow. They all stood over the bed, and looked upon her for many minutes. At length Agnes clasped her hands with a suffocating voice, as if her heart would break, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother!" and rushed from the room that she might weep aloud without awaking the afflicted one who slept.

Another week made a rapid change upon her for the worse, and it was considered necessary to send for Dr. McCormick, as from her feebleness and depression they feared that her dissolution was by no means distant, especially as she had for the last three days been confined to her bed. The moment he saw her, his opinion confirmed their suspicions.

"Deal gently with her now," said he; "a fit or a paroxysm of any kind would be fatal to her. The dear girl's unhappy race is run—her sands are all but numbered. This moment her thread of life is not stronger than a gossamer." Ere his departure on that occasion, he brought Mr. Sinclair aside and thus addressed him:

"Are you aware, sir, that Mr. Osborne's son has returned?"

"Not that he has actually returned," replied Mr. Sinclair; "but I know that he is daily expected."

"He reached his father's house," continued the doctor, "late yesterday; and such a pitiable instance of remorse as he is I have never seen, and I hope never shall. His cry is to see your daughter, that he may hear his forgiveness from her own lips. He says he cannot die in hope or in happiness, unless she pardons him. This, however, must not be—I mean an interview between them—for it would most assuredly prove fatal to himself; and should she see him only for a moment, that moment were her last."

"I will visit the unhappy young man myself," said her father; "for an interview, it cannot be thought of—even if they could bear it. Charles forgets that he is now the husband of another woman, and that, consequently, Jane is no-

thing to him—and that such a meeting would be highly, grossly improper."

"Your motives, though perfectly just, are different from mine," said the doctor; "I speak merely as a medical man. He wants not this to hurry him into the grave—he will be there soon enough."

"Let him feel repentance toward God," said the old man heavily—"toward my child it is now unavailing. It is my duty, as it shall be my endeavor, to fix this principle in his heart."

The doctor then departed, after having promised to see Jane on the next day but one. This gentleman's opinion, however, with respect to his beautiful patient, was not literally correct; still, although she lingered longer than could naturally be anticipated from her excessive weakness, yet he was right in saying that her thread of life resembled that of the gossamer.

In the course of the same evening, she gave the first symptom of a lucid interval, still in point of fact her mind was never wholly restored to sanity. She had slept long and soundly, and after awaking rang the bell for some one to come to her. This was unusual, and in a moment she was attended by Agnes and her mother.

"I am very weak, my dear mamma," said she "and although I cannot say that I feel any particular complaint—I speak of a bodily one—yet I feel that you will not be troubled with your poor Jane much longer."

"Do not think so, dear love, do not think so," replied her mother; "bear up, my darling, bear up, and all may yet be well."

"Agnes," said she, "come to me. I know not—perhaps—dear Agnes—"

She could utter no more. Agnes flew to her, and they wept in each other's arms for many minutes.

"I would be glad to see my papa," she said, "and my dear Maria and William. Oh, mamma, mamma, I suspect that I have occasioned you all much sorrow."

"No, no, no—but more joy now, my heart's own treasure, a thousand times more joy than you ever occasioned us of sorrow. Do not think it, oh, do not think it."

Her father, who had just returned from visiting Charles Osborne, now entered her bedroom, accompanied by William and his two daughters—for Agnes had flown to inform them of the happy turn which had taken place in Jane's malady. When he entered, she put her white but wasted hand out, and raised her head to kiss him.

"My dear papa," said she, "it is so long, I think, since I have seen you; and Maria, too. Oh, dear Maria, come to me—but you must not weep, dear sister. Alas, Maria—for the poor girl wept bitterly—"Oh, my sister, but your heart is good and loving. William"—she kissed him, and looking tenderly into his face, said,—

"Why, oh, why are you all in tears? Imitate my papa, dear William. I am so glad to see you! papa, I have been—I fear I have been—but, indeed, I remember when I dreaded as much. My heart, my heart is heavy when I think of all the grief and affliction I must have occasioned you; but you will all forgive your poor Jane, for you know she would not do so if she could avoid it. Papa, how pale and care-worn you look! as, indeed, you all do. Oh, God help me! I see, I see—I read on your sorrowful faces the history of all you have suffered on my account."

They all cherished, and petted, and soothed the sweet creature; and, indeed, rejoiced over her as if she had been restored to them from the dead.

"Papa, would you get me the Bible?" she continued; "I wish if possible to console you and the rest; and mamma, you will think when I am gone of that which I am about to show you, for indeed an early death is sometimes a great blessing to those who are taken away. Alas! who can say when it is not?"

They assisted her to sit up in the bed, and after turning over the leaves of the Bible, she read in a voice of low impressive melody the first verse of the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man taketh it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. HE SHALL ENTER INTO REST."

"Oh! many a death," she continued, "is wept for and lamented by friends and relatives, who consider not that those for whom they weep may be taken away from the evil to come. I feel that I am unable to speak much, but it is your Jane's request, that the consolation to be found, not only in this passage, but in this book, may be applied to your hearts when I am gone."

This effort, slight as it was, enfeebled her much, and she lay silent for some time; and such was their anxiety neither to excite or disturb her, that although their hearts were overflowing they restrained themselves, so far as to permit no startling symptoms of grief to be either seen or heard. After a little time, however, she spoke again:

"My poor bird," said she, "I fear I have neglected it. Dear Agnes, would you let me see it? I long to see it." Agnes in a few minutes returned and placed the bird in her bosom. She caressed it for a short time, and then looking at it earnestly said—

"Is it possible, that you too, my Ariel, are drooping?"

This indeed was true. The bird had been for some time past as feeble and delicate as if its fate were bound up with that of its unhappy mistress—whether it was that the sight of it revived some recollection that disturbed her, or whether this brief interval of reason was as much as exhausted nature could afford on one occasion, it is difficult to say; but the fact is, that after looking on it for some time, she put her hand to her bosom and asked, "where, where is the letter?"

"What letter, my darling?" said her father.

"Is not Charles unhappy and dying?" she said.

"He is ill, my love," said her father, "but not dying, we trust."

"It is not here," she said, searching her bosom. "It is not here—but it matters nothing now—it was a message of death, and the message has been delivered. Sorrow—sorrow—oh, sorrow like mine is the gradual but tearless grief that wastes gently—that disappoints death, for we die not, but only cease to be. I am the star of sorrow, pale and mournful in the lonely sky—well, that is one consolation—when I set, I shall set in heaven."

They knew by experience that any attempt at comfort would then produce more evil than good. For nearly two

hours she uttered to herself in a low voice words which they could not understand, after which she sank as before into a profound slumber.

Her intervals of reason as death approached were peculiarly extended. While they lasted, nothing could surpass the noble standard of Christian duty by which her feelings and moral sentiments were regulated. For a fortnight after this she sank with such a certain but imperceptible approximation toward death, that the eyes of affection could scarcely notice the gradations of its approach.

During this melancholy period, her father was summoned upon an occasion which was strongly calculated to try the sincerity of his Christian profession. Not a day passed that he did not forget his own sorrows—and the reader knows how heavily they pressed upon him—in order to prepare the mind of his daughter's destroyer for the awful change which death was about to open upon his soul. He reasoned—he prayed—he wept—he triumphed, yes, he triumphed, nor did he ever leave the death-bed of Charles Osborne, until he had succeeded in fixing his heart upon that God "who willeth not the death of a sinner."

A far heavier trial upon the Christian's fortitude, however, was soon to come upon him. Jane, as the reader knows, was now at the very portal of heaven. For hours in the day she was perfectly rational; but again she would wander into her chant of sorrow, as much from weakness as from the original cause of her malady: for upon this it is difficult if not impossible to determine.

On the last evening, however, that her father ever attended Charles Osborne, he came home as usual, and was about to inquire how Jane felt, when Maria came to him with eyes which weeping had made red, and said—

"Oh, papa—I fear—we all fear, that—I cannot utter it—I cannot, I cannot—oh, papa, at last the hour we fear is come."

"Remember, my child, that you are speaking," said this heroic Christian, "remember that you are speaking to a Christian father, who will not set up his affections, nor his weaknesses, nor his passions, against the will of God."

"Oh, but papa—Jane, Jane"—she burst into bitter tears for more than a minute, and then added—"Jane, papa, is dying—leaving us at last!"

"Maria," said he, calmly, "leave me for some minutes. You know not, dear child, what my struggles have been. Leave me now—this is the trial I fear—and now must I, and so must you all—but now must I—Oh, leave me, leave me."

He knelt and prayed; but in less than three minutes, Agnes, armed with affection—commanding and absolute it was from that loving sister—came to him.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and pressed it. "Papa!"

"I know it," said he, "she is going; but, Agnes, we must be Christians."

"We must be sisters, papa; and ah, papa, surely, surely this is a moment in which the father may forget the Christian. Jesus wept for a stranger; what would he not have done for a brother or sister?"

"Agnes, Agnes," said he, in a tone of sorrow, inexpressibly deep, "is this taxing me with want of affection for—"

She flung herself upon his breast. "Oh, papa forgive me, forgive me—I am not capable of appreciating the high and holy principles upon which you act. Forgive me; and surely if you ever forgave me on any occasion, you will on this."

"Dear Agnes," said he, "you scarcely ever required my forgiveness, and less now than ever—even if you had. Come—I will go; and may the Lord support and strengthen us all! Your mother—your poor mother!"

On entering the room of the dying girl, they found her pale cheek laid against that of her other parent, whose arms were about her, as if she would hold them in love and tenderness for ever. When she saw them approach, she raised her head feebly, and said—

"Is that my papa—my beloved papa?"

The old man raised his eyes once more to heaven for support—but for upward of half a minute the muscles of his face worked with power that evinced the full force of what he suffered—

"I am here, I am here," he at length said with difficulty.

"And is that Agnes?" she inquired. "Agnes, come near me; and do not be angry, dear Agnes, that I die on mamma's bosom and not on yours."

Agnes could only seize her pale hand and bathe it with her tears. "Angry with you—you living angel—oh, who ever was, or could be, my sister?"

"You all love me too much," she said. "Maria, it grieves me to see your grief so excessive—and, oh William, oh why, why will you weep so? Is it because I am about to leave the pains and sorrows of this unhappy life, and to enter into peace, that you all grieve thus bitterly? Believe me—and I know this will relieve my dear papa's heart, and all your hearts—will it not yours, my mamma?—it is this: your Jane, your own Jane is NOT AFRAID TO DIE."

Her hopes are fixed upon the Rock of ages—the Rock of her salvation. I know, indeed, that my brief existence has been marked at its close with care and sorrow; but these cares and sorrows have brought me the sooner to that place where all tears shall be wiped from my eyes. Let my fate, too, be a warning to young creatures like myself, never to suffer their affection for any object to overmaster their sense and their reason. I cherished the passion of my heart too much, when I ought to have checked and restrained it—and now, what is the consequence? Why, that I go down in the very flower of my youth to an early grave."

Agnes caught the dear girl's hands when she had concluded, and looking with a breaking heart into her face, said—

"And oh, my sister, my sister, are you leaving us? are you leaving us for ever, my sister? Life will be nothing to me, my Jane, without you—how, how will your Agnes live?"

"I doubt, we are only disturbing our cherished one," said her father. "Let our child's last moments be calm—and her last—oh, let it not be drawn back from its hopes, to this earth and its affections."

"Pray for me, and they will join with you—pray for your poor Jane while it is yet time—the prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Earnest, indeed, and melancholy, was that last prayer



offered up on behalf of the departing girl. When it was concluded there was a short silence, as if they wished not to break in upon what they considered the aspirations of the dying sufferer. At length the mother thought she felt her child's cheek press against her own with a passive weight that alarmed her.

"Jane, my love," said she, "do you not feel your soul refreshed by your father's prayer?"

No answer was returned to this, and on looking more closely at her countenance of sorrow, they found that her gentle spirit had risen on the incense of her father's prayers to heaven. The mother clasped her hands, while the head of her departed daughter still lay upon her bosom.

"Oh, God! oh, God!" said she, "our idol is gone—is gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed the old man: "now, O Lord, surely—the father's grief may be allowed," and he burst, as he spoke, into a paroxysm of uncontrollable sorrow.

"And what am I to do—who am—oh wo, wo—who was her mother?"

To the scene that ensued, what pen could do justice—we cannot, and consequently leave it to the imagination of our readers, whose indulgence we crave for our many failures and errors in the conduct of this melancholy story.

Thus passed the latter days of the unhappy Jane Sinclair, of whose life nothing more appropriate need be said, than that which she herself uttered immediately before her death:

"Let my fate be a warning to young creatures like myself, never to suffer their affection for any object to overmaster their sense and reason. I cherished the passion of my heart too much, when I ought to have checked and restrained it—and now, what is the consequence? Why, that I go down in the very flower of my youth to an early grave."

On the day after her dissolution, an accident occurred, which threw the whole family into renewed sorrow: Early that morning, Ariel, her dove, was found dead upon her bosom, as she lay out in the composure of death.

"Remove it not," said her father; "it shall be buried with her;" and it was accordingly placed upon her bosom in the coffin.

Seldom was a larger funeral train seen, than that which attended her remains to the grave-yard; and rarely was sorrow so deeply felt for any being so young and so unhappy, as that which moved all hearts for the fate of the beautiful but unfortunate Jane Sinclair—the far-famed Fawn of Spring-vale.

Two other facts we have to record. Jane's funeral had arrived but a few minutes at the grave, when another funeral train appeared slowly approaching the place of death. It was that of Charles Osborne!

The last our readers may have anticipated. From the day of Jane's death the heart of the old man gradually declined. He looked about him in vain for his beloved one. Night and day her name was never out of his mouth. It is true he prayed, he read, he availed himself of all that the pious exercises of a Christian man could contribute to the alleviation of his sorrow. But it was in vain. In vain did his wife, son, and daughters strive to soothe and console him. The old man's heart was broken. His beloved one was gone, and he felt that he could not remain behind her. A gradual decay of bodily strength, and an utter breaking down of his spirits, brought about the consummation which they all dreaded. At the expiration of four months and a half, the old man was laid in the same grave that contained his beloved one—and he was happy.

From the Boston Advertiser and Patriot.

## DEPARTURE OF THE FRIGATE.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Her pennant at the mainmast head,  
Her ensign on the flowing breeze,  
Her snowy sails, like pinions spread,  
To waft her o'er the rolling seas;  
And gently bending to the tide,  
That folds her in its swift embrace,  
And smiles around her as a bride  
Smiles welcome in her lover's face.  
In gallant trim, as staunch and true  
As ever dared the seaman's grave,  
She bears her bold and hardy crew  
In triumph o'er the ocean wave.  
So, like a thing of life and light,  
That fades along the sleeper's brain,  
She bounds upon the trance sight,  
To seek the broad and gloomy main.  
And hark! what warlike strains awake,  
'Mid volumed smoke and fiery gleam,  
And peals, whose ringing echoes break  
The busy city's worldly dream!  
The gay salute—the jovial cheer—  
The stern command—the prompt reply—  
Their pride to share her swift career,  
Or on her blood-stained deck to die!  
And oh! what thoughts across the deep  
Commend her to the favoring airs!  
What freighted hopes her bulwarks keep—  
What treasures of uncounted prayers!  
From mount and valley far away,  
By sweet green field and flowery lea—  
While she, amid the tossing spray,  
Careers along the heaving sea.  
And dearer still, her country's fame  
Is with her on the mountain wave;  
And honor's bright and holy name,  
To nerve the weak and cheer the brave.  
That stainless flag, whose starry fold  
Still pierced the lurid battle through—  
And o'er the tide of war unrolled,  
On every sea triumphant flew!  
And fair and happy be her way  
O'er Ocean's broad unfathomed bed,  
And prosperous all the winds that play  
Where'er her swelling sails are spread!  
God save her from the deadly rock,  
And cliffs that crown the wild lee-shore;  
God keep her in the tempest shock,  
And bring her to her home once more!

## Master Humphrey's Clock.

### BARNABY RUDGE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

Pondering on his unhappy lot, Joe sat and listened for a long time, expecting every moment to hear their creaking footsteps on the stairs, or to be greeted by his worthy father with a summons to capitulate unconditionally, and deliver himself up straightway. But neither voice nor footstep came; and though some distant echoes, as of closing doors and people hurrying in and out of rooms, resounding from time to time through the great passages, and penetrating to his remote seclusion, gave note of unusual commotion down stairs, no nearer sound disturbed his place of retreat, which seemed the quieter for these far-off noises, and was as dull and full of gloom as any hermit's cell.

It came on darker and darker. The old-fashioned furniture of the chamber, which was a kind of hospital for all the invalided movables in the house, grew indistinct and shadowy in its many shapes; chairs and tables, which by day were as honest cripples as need be, assumed a doubtful and mysterious character; and one old leoprous screen of faded India leather and gold binding, which had kept out many a cold breath of air in days of yore and shut in many a jolly face, frowned on him with a spectral aspect, and stood at full height in its allotted corner, like some gaunt ghost who waited to be questioned. A portrait opposite the window—a queer, old gray-eyed general, in an oval frame—seemed to wink and doze as the light decayed, and at length when the last faint glimmering speck of day went out, to shut its eyes in good earnest, and fall sound asleep. There was such a hush and mystery about everything that Joe could not help following its example; and so went off into a slumber likewise, and dreamed of Dolly, till the clock of Chigwell church struck two.

Still nobody came. The distant noises in the house ceased, and out of doors all was quiet; save for the occasional barking of some deep-mouthed dog, and the shaking of the branches by the night wind. He gazed mournfully out of the window at each well-known object as it lay sleeping in the dim light of the moon; and creeping back to his former seat, thought about the late uproar, until, with long thinking of, it seemed to have occurred a month ago. Thus, between dozing, and thinking, and walking to the window and looking out, the night wore away; the grim old screen, and the kindred chairs and tables, began slowly to reveal themselves in their accustomed forms; the gray-eyed general seemed to wink and yawn and rouse himself; and at last he was broad awake again, and very uncomfortable and cold and haggard he looked, in the dull gray light of morning.

The sun had begun to peep above the forest trees, and already flung across the curling mist bright bars of gold, when Joe dropped from his window on the ground below, a little bundle and his trusty stick, and prepared to descend himself.

It was not a very difficult task; for there were so many projections and gable ends in the way, that they formed a series of clumsy steps, with no greater obstacle than a jump of some few feet at least. Joe, with his stick and bundle on his shoulder, quickly stood on the firm earth, and looked up at the old Maypole, it might be for the last time.

He didn't apostrophise it, for he was no great scholar. He didn't curse it, for he had little ill-will to give to anything on earth. He felt more affectionate and kind to it than ever he had done in all his life before, so said with all his heart, "God bless you!" as a parting wish, and turned away.

He walked along at a brisk pace, big with the great thoughts of going for a soldier and dying in some foreign country where it was very hot and sandy, and leaving God knows what unheard-of wealth in prize-money to Dolly, who would be very much affected when she came to know of it; and full of such youthful visions, which were sometimes sanguine and sometimes melancholy, but always had her for their main point and centre, pushed on vigorously until the noise of London sounded in his ears, and the Black Lion hove in sight.

It was only eight o'clock then, and very much astonished the Black Lion was, to see him come walking in with dust upon his feet at that early hour, with no gray mare to bear him company. But as he ordered breakfast to be got ready with all speed, and on its being set before him gave him indisputable tokens of a hearty appetite, the Lion received him, as usual, with a hospitable welcome; and treated him with those marks of distinction, which, as a regular customer, and one within the freemasonry of the trade, he had a right to claim.

This Lion or landlord—for he was called both man and beast, by reason of his having instructed the artist who painted his sign, to convey into the features of the lordly brute whose effigy it bore, as near a counterpart of his own face as his skill could compass and devise—was a gentleman almost as quick of apprehension, and of almost as subtle a wit, as the mighty John himself. But the difference between them lay in this, that whereas Mr. Willet's extreme sagacity and acuteness were the efforts of unassisted nature, the Lion stood indebted, in no small amount, to beer, of which he swigged such copious draughts, that most of his faculties were utterly drowned and washed away, except the one great faculty of sleep, which he retained in surprising perfection. The creaking Lion over the house-door was, therefore, to say the truth, rather a drowsy, tame, and feeble lion; and as these social representatives of a savage class are usually of a conventional character, (being depicted, for the most part, in impossible attitudes and unearthly colors,) he was frequently supposed by the more ignorant and uninformed among the neighbors, to be the veritable portrait of the host as he appeared on the occasion of some great funeral ceremony or public mourning.

"What noisy fellow is that in the next room?" said Joe, when he had disposed of his breakfast, and had washed and brushed himself.

"A recruiting sergeant," replied the Lion.

Joe started involuntarily. Here was the very thing he had been dreaming of, all the way along.

"And I wish," said the Lion, "he was any where else but here. The party make noise enough, but they do not call for much. There's great cry there, Mr. Willet, but very little wool. Your father would n't like 'em, I know."

Perhaps not much under any circumstances. Perhaps if he could have known what was passing at that moment in Joe's mind, he would have liked them still less.

"Is he recruiting for a—for a fine regiment?" said Joe, glancing at a little round mirror that hung in the bar.

"I believe he is," replied the host. "It's much the same thing, whatever regiment he's recruiting for. I'm told there a'n't a deal of difference between a fine man and another one, when they're shot through and through."

"They're not all shot," said Joe.

"No," the Lion answered, "not all. Those that are—supposing it's done easy—are the best off in my opinion."

"Ah!" retorted Joe, "but you do n't care for glory."

"For what?" said the Lion.

"Glory."

"No," returned the Lion, with supreme indifference. "I do n't. You're right in that, Mr. Willet. When Glory comes here, and calls for anything to drink and changes a guinea to pay for it, I'll give it to him for nothing. It's my belief, sir, that the Glory's arms would n't do a very strong business."

These remarks were not at all comforting. Joe walked out, stopped at the door of the next room, and listened. The sergeant was describing a military life. It was all drinking, he said, except that there were frequent intervals of eating and love making. A battle was the finest thing in the world—when your side won it—and Englishmen always did that. "Supposing you should be killed, sir?" said a timid voice in one corner. "Well, sir, supposing you should be," said the sergeant, "what then? Your country loves you, sir; his Majesty King George the Third loves you; your memory is honored, revered, respected; everybody's fond of you, and grateful to you; your name's wrote down at full length in a book in the War-office. Damme, gentlemen, we must all die some time, or another, eh?"

The voice coughed, and said no more.

Joe walked into the room. A group of half-a-dozen fellows had gathered together in the tap-room, and were listening with greedy ears. One of them, a carter in a smock-frock, seemed wavering and disposed to enlist. The rest, who were by no means disposed, strongly urged him to do so (according to the custom of mankind,) backed the sergeant's arguments, and grinned among themselves. "I say nothing, boys," said the sergeant, who sat a little apart, drinking his liquor. "For lads of spirit"—here he cast an eye on Joe—"this is the time. I don't want to inveigle you. The king's not come to that, I hope. Brisk young blood is what we want; not milk and water. We won't take five men out of six. We want top-sawyers, we do. I'm not a going to tell tales out of school, but, damme, if every gentleman's son that carries arms in our corps, through being under a cloud and having little differences with his relations, was counted up"—here his eye fell on Joe again, and so good-naturedly, that Joe beckoned him out. He came directly.

"You're a gentleman, by G—!" was his first remark, as he slapped him on the back. "You're a gentleman in disguise. So am I. Let's swear a friendship."

Joe did n't exactly do that, but he shook hands with him, and thanked him for his good opinion.

"You want to serve," said his new friend. "You shall. You were made for it. You're one of us by nature. What'll you take to drink?"

"Nothing just now," replied Joe, smiling faintly. "Have n't quite made up my mind."

"A mettlesome fellow like you, and not made up his mind!" cried the sergeant. "Here—let me give the bell a pull, and you'll make up your mind in half a minute, I know."

"You're right so far"—answered Joe, "for if you pull the bell here, where I'm known, there'll be an end of my soldiering inclinations in notime. Look in my face. You see me, do you?"

"I do," replied the sergeant with an oath, "and a finer young fellow or one better qualified to serve his king and country, I never set me—" he used an adjective in this place—"eyes on."

"Thank you," said Joe, "I did n't ask you for want of a compliment, but thank you all the same. Do I look like a sneaking fellow or a liar?"

The sergeant rejoined with many choice asseverations that he did n't; and that if his (the sergeant's) own father were to say he did, he would run the old gentleman through the body cheerfully, and consider it a meritorious action.

Joe expressed his obligation, and continued, "You can trust me then, and credit what I say. I believe I shall enlist in your regiment to-night. The reason I do n't do so now is, because I do n't want, until to-night, to do what I can't recall. Where shall I find you this evening?"

His friend replied with some unwillingness, and after much ineffectual entreaty having for its object the immediate settlement of the business, that his quarters would be at the Crooked Billet in Tower street; where he would be found waking until midnight, and sleeping until breakfast-time to-morrow.

"And if I do come—which it's a million to one I shall—when will you take me out of London?" demanded Joe.

"To-morrow morning, at half-past eight o'clock," replied the sergeant. "You'll go abroad—a country where it's all sunshine and plunder—the finest climate in the world."

"To go abroad," said Joe, shaking hands with him, "is the very thing I want. You may expect me."

"You're the kind of lad for us," cried the sergeant, holding Joe's hand in his in the excess of his admiration. "You're the boy to push your fortune. I do n't say it because I owe you any envy, or would take away from the credit of the rise you'll make, but if I had been bred and taught like you, I'd have been a colonel by this time."

"Tush man!" said Joe, "I'm not so young as that. Needs must when the devil drives; and the devil that drives me is an empty pocket and an unhappy home. For the present, good bye."

"For king and country!" cried the sergeant, flourishing his cap.

"For bread and meat!" cried Joe, snapping his fingers. And so they parted.

He had very little money in his pocket; so little indeed, that, after paying for his breakfast (which he was too honest and perhaps too proud to score up to his father's charge) he had but a penny left. He had courage, notwithstanding, to resist all the affectionate importunities of the sergeant, who waylaid him at the door with many protestations of eternal friendship, and did in particular request that he would do him the favor to accept of only one shilling as a temporary accommodation. Rejecting his offers both of cash and credit, Joe walked away with stick and bundle as before, bent upon getting through the day as he best could, and going down to the locksmith's in the dusk of the evening; for it should go hard, he had resolved, but he would have a parting word with charming Dolly Varden.

He went out by Islington and so on to Highgate, and sat on many stones and gates, but there were no voices in the bells to bid him turn. Since the time of noble Whittington, fair flower of merchants, bells have come to have less sympathy with humankind. They only ring for money and on state occasions. Wanderers have increased in number; ships leave the Thames for distant regions, carrying from stem to stern no other cargo; the bells are silent; they ring out no entreaties or regrets; they are used to it and have grown worldly.

Joe bought a roll, and reduced his purse to the condition (with a difference) of that celebrated purse of Fortunatus, which, whatever were its favored owner's necessities, had one unvarying amount in it. In these real times, when all the Fairies are dead and buried, there are still a great many purses which possess that quality. The sum-total they contain is expressed in arithmetic by a circle, and whether it be added to or multiplied by its own amount, the result of the problem is more easily stated than any known in figures.

Evening drew on at last. With the desolate and solitary feeling of one who had no home or shelter, and was alone utterly in the world for the first time, he bent his steps towards the locksmith's house. He had delayed till now, knowing that Mrs Varden sometimes went out alone, or with Miggs for her sole attendant, to lectures in the evening; and devoutly hoping that this might be one of her nights of moral culture.

He had walked up and down before the house, on the opposite side of the way, two or three times, when he returned to it again, he caught a glimpse of a fluttering skirt at the door. It was Dolly's—to whom else could it belong? no dress but hers had such a flow as that. He plucked up his spirits, and followed it into the workshop of the Golden Key.

His darkening the door caused her to look round. Oh that face! "If it had n't been for that," thought Joe, "I should never have walked into poor Tom Cobb. She's twenty times handsomer than ever. She might marry a Lord!"

He did n't say this. He only thought it—perhaps looked it also. Dolly was glad to see him, and was so sorry her father and mother were away from home. Joe begged she would n't mention it on any account.

Dolly hesitated to lead the way into the parlor, for there it was nearly dark; at the same time she hesitated to stand talking in the workshop, which was yet light and open to the street. They had got by some means, too, before the little forge; and Joe having her hand in his (which he had no right to have, for Dolly only gave it him to shake,) it was so like standing before some homely altar being married, that it was the most embarrassing state of things in the world.

"I have come," said Joe, "to say good-bye—to say good-bye, for I do n't know how many years; perhaps for ever. I am going abroad."

Now this was exactly what he should not have said. Here he was, talking like a gentleman at large who was free to come and go and roam about the world at his pleasure, when that gallant coachmaker had vowed but the night before that Miss Varden held him bound in adamant chains; and had positively stated in so many words that she was killing him by inches, and that in a fortnight more or thereabouts he expected to make a decent end and leave the business to his mother.

Dolly released her hand and said "Indeed!" She remarked in the same breath that it was a fine night, and in short, betrayed no more emotion than the forge itself.

"I could n't go," said Joe, "without coming to see you. I had n't the heart to."

Dolly was more sorry than she could tell, that he should have taken so much trouble. It was such a long way, and he must have had such a deal to do. And how was Mr. Willett—that dear old gentleman—

"Is this all you say?" cried Joe.

All! Good gracious, what did the man expect? She was obliged to take her apron in her hand and run her eyes along the hem from corner to corner, to keep herself from laughing in his face;—not because his gaze confused her—not at all.

Joe had small experience in love affairs, and had no notion how different young ladies are at different times: he had expected to take Dolly up again at the very point where he had left her after that delicious evening ride, and was no more prepared for such an alteration than to see the sun and moon change places. He had buoyed himself up all day with an indistinct idea that she would certainly say "Don't go," or "Do n't leave us," or "Why do you go?" or "Why do you leave us?" or would give him some little encouragement of that sort; he had even entertained the possibility of her bursting into tears, of her throwing herself into his arms, of her falling down in a fainting-fit without previous word or sign, but any approach to such a line of conduct as this, had been so far from his thoughts that he could only look at her in silent wonder.

Dolly in the meanwhile, turned to the corners of her apron and measured the sides, and smoothed out the wrinkles, and was as silent as he. At last after a long pause, Joe said good-bye. "Good-bye!" said Dolly—with as pleasant a smile as if he were going into the next street, and were coming back to supper; "good-bye."

"Come," said Joe, putting out both his hands, "Dolly, dear Dolly, do n't let us part like this. I love you dearly,

with all my heart and soul; with as much truth and earnestness as ever man loved woman in this world, I do believe. I am a poor fellow, as you know—poorer now than ever, for I have fled from home, not being able to bear it any longer, and must fight my own way without help. You are beautiful, admired, are loved by everybody, are well off and happy; and may you ever be so! Heaven forbid I should ever make you otherwise; but give me a word of comfort. Say something kind to me. I have no right to expect it of you, I know, but I ask it because I love you, and shall treasure the slightest word from you all through my life. Dolly, dearest, have you nothing to say to me?"

No. Nothing. Dolly was a coquette by nature, and a spoilt child. She had no notion of being carried by storm in this way. The coachmaker would have been dissolved in tears, and would have knelt down, and called himself names, and clasped his hands, and beat his breast, and tugged wildly at his cravat, and done all kinds of poetry. Joe had no business to be going abroad. He had no right to be able to do it. If he was in adamant chains, he could n't.

"I have said good-bye," said Dolly, "twice. Take your arm away directly, Mr. Joseph, or I'll call Miggs."

"I'll not reproach you," answered Joe, "it's my fault, no doubt. I have thought sometimes that you did n't quite despise me, but I was a fool to think so. Every one must, who has seen the life I have led—you most of all. God bless you!"

He was gone, actually gone. Dolly waited a little while, thinking he would return, peeped out at the door, looked up the street and down as well as the increasing darkness would allow, came in again, waited a little longer, went up stairs humming a tune, bolted herself in, laid her head down on her bed, and cried as if her heart would break. And yet such natures are made up of so many contradictions, that if Joe Willett had come back that night, next day, next week, next month, the odds are a hundred to one she would have treated him in the very same manner, and have wept for it afterward with the very same distress.

She had no sooner left the workshop than there cautiously peered out from behind the chimney of the forge, a face which had already emerged from the same concealment twice or thrice, unseen, and which, after satisfying itself that it was now alone, was followed by a leg, a shoulder, and so on by degrees, until the form of Mr. Tappertit stood confessed, with a brown-paper cap stuck negligently on one side of his head, and its arms very much a-kinabo.

"Have my ears deceived me," said the 'Prentice, "or do I dream! am I to thank thee, Fortune, or to curse thee—which?"

He gravely descended from his elevation, took down his piece of looking-glass, planted it against the wall upon the usual bench, twisted his head round, and looked closely at his legs.

"If they're a dream," said Sim, "let sculptures have such visions, and chisel 'em out when they wake. This is reality. Sleep has no such limbs as them. Tremble, Willet, and despair. She's mine! She's mine!"

With these triumphant expressions, he seized a hammer and dealt a heavy blow at a vice, which in his mind's eye represented the scone or head of Joseph Willett. That done, he burst into a peal of laughter which startled Miss Miggs even in her distant kitchen, and dipping his head into a bowl of water, had recourse to a jack-towel inside the closet door, which served the double purpose of smothering his feelings and drying his face.

Joe, disconsolate and down-hearted, but full of courage too, on leaving the locksmith's house made the best of his way to the Crooked Billet, and there inquired for his friend, the sergeant, who, expecting no man less, received him with open arms. In the course of five minutes after his arrival at that house of entertainment, he was enrolled among the gallant defenders of his native land; and within half an hour, was regaled with a steaming supper of boiled tripe and onions, prepared, as his friend assured him more than once, at the express command of his most Sacred Majesty the King. To this meal, which tasted very savory after his long fasting, he did ample justice—and when he had followed it up, or down, with a variety of loyal and patriotic toasts, he was conducted to a straw mattress in a loft over the stable, and locked in there for the night.

The next morning, he found that the obliging care of his martial friend had decorated his hat with sundry parti-colored streamers, which made a very lively appearance; and in company with that officer, and three other military gentlemen newly enrolled, who were under a cloud so dense that it only left three shoes, a boot, and a coat and a half visible among them, repaired to the river-side. Here they were joined by a corporal and four more heroes, of whom two were drunk and daring, and two sober and penitent, but each of whom, like Joe, had his dusty stick and bundle. The party embarked in a passage-boat bound for Gravesend, whence they were to proceed on foot to Chatham; the wind was in their favor, and they soon left London behind them, a mere dark mist—a giant phantom in the air.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

Misfortunes, saith the adage, never come singly. There is little doubt that troubles are exceedingly gregarious in their nature, and flying in flocks, are apt to peck capriciously; crowding on the heads of some poor wights until there is not an inch of room left on their unlucky crowns, and taking no more notice of others who offer as good resting-places for the soles of their feet than if they had no existence. It may have happened that a flight of troubles brooding over London, and looking out for Joseph Willett, whom they could n't find, darted down hap-hazard on the first young man that caught their fancy, and settled on him instead. However this may be, certain it is that on the very day of Joe's departure they swarmed about the ears of Edward Chester, and did so buzz and flap their wings, and persecute him, that he was most profoundly wretched.

It was evening, and just eight o'clock, when he and his father, having wine and dessert set before them, were left to themselves for the first time that day. They had dined together, but a third person had been present during the meal, and until they met at table they had not seen each other since the previous night.

Edward was reserved and silent. Mr. Chester was more than usually gay; but not caring, as it seemed, to open a conversation with one whose humor was so different, he

vented the lightness of his spirit in smiles and sparkling looks, and made no effort to awaken his attention. So they remained for some time: the father lying on a sofa with his accustomed air of graceful negligence; the son seated opposite to him with downcast eyes, busied, it was plain, with painful and uneasy thoughts.

"My dear Edward," said Mr. Chester at length, with a most engaging laugh, "do not extend your drowsy influence to the decanter. Suffer that to circulate, let your spirits be never so stagnant."

Edward begged his pardon, passed it, and relapsed into his former state.

"You do wrong not to fill your glass," said Mr. Chester, holding up his own before the light. "Wine in moderation—not in excess, for that makes men ugly—has a thousand pleasant influences. It brightens the eyes, improves the voice, imparts a new vivacity to one's thoughts and conversation: you should try it, Ned."

"Ah father!" cried his son.

"My good fellow," interposed the parent hastily, as he set down his glass, and raised his eyebrows with a startled and horrified expression, "for heaven's sake do n't call me by that obsolete and ancient name. Have some regard for delicacy. Am I gray, or wrinkled, do I go on crutches, have I lost my teeth, that you adopt such a mode of address? Good God, how very coarse!"

"I was about to speak to you from my heart, sir," returned Edward, "in the confidence which should subsist between us; and you check me in the outset."

"Now do, Ned, do not," said Mr. Chester, raising his delicate hand imploringly, "talk in that monstrous manner. About to speak from your heart! Do n't you know that the heart is an ingenious part of our formation—the centre of the blood-vessels and all that sort of thing—which has no more to do with what you say or think, than your knees have? How can you be so very vulgar and absurd! These anatomical allusions should be left to gentlemen of the medical profession. They are really not agreeable in society. You quite surprise me, Ned."

"Well! there are no such things to wound, or heal, or have regard for. I know your creed, sir, and will say no more," returned his son.

"There again," said Mr. Chester, sipping his wine, "you are wrong. I distinctly say there are such things. We know there are. The hearts of animals—of bullocks, sheep, and so forth—are cooked and devoured, as I am told, by the lower classes, with a vast deal of relish. Men are sometimes stabbed to the heart, shot to the heart; but as to speaking from the heart, or to the heart, or being warm-hearted, or cold-hearted, or broken-hearted, or being all heart, or having no heart—bah! these things are nonsense, Ned."

"No doubt, sir," returned his son, seeing that he paused for him to speak. "No doubt."

"There's Haredale's niece, your late flame," said Mr. Chester, as a careless illustration of his meaning. "No doubt in your mind she was all heart once. Now she has none at all. Yet she is the same person, Ned, exactly."

"She is a changed person, sir," cried Edward, reddening; "and changed by vile means, I believe."

"You have had a cool dismissal, have you?" said his father. "Poor Ned! I told you last night what would happen. May I ask you for the nut-crackers?"

"She has been tampered with, and most treacherously deceived," cried Edward, rising from his seat. "I never will believe that the knowledge of my real position, given her by myself, has worked this change. I know she is beset and tortured. But though our contract is at an end, and broken past all redemption; though I charge upon her want of firmness and want of truth, both to herself and me; I do not now, and never will believe, that any sordid motive or her own unbiassed will, has led her to this course—never!"

"You make me blush," returned his father gayly, "for the folly of your nature, in which—but we never know ourselves—I devoutly hope there is no reflection of my own. With regard to the young lady herself, she has done what is very natural and proper, my dear fellow; what you yourself proposed, as I learn from Haredale; and what I predicted—with no great exercise of sagacity—she would do. She supposed you to be rich, or at least quite rich enough; and found you poor. Marriage is a civil contract; people marry to better their worldly condition and improve appearances: it is an affair of house and furniture, of liveries, servants, equipage, and so forth. The lady being poor, and you poor also, there is an end of the matter. You cannot enter upon these considerations, and have no manner of business with the ceremony. I drink her health in this glass, and respect and honor her for her extreme good sense. It is a lesson to you. Fill yours, Ned."

"It is a lesson," returned his son, "by which I hope I may never profit, and if years and their experience impress it on—"

"Don't say on the heart," interposed his father.

"On men whom the world and its hypocrisy have spoiled," said Edward warmly, "Heaven keep me from its knowledge."

"Come, sir," returned his father, raising himself a little on the sofa, and looking straight toward him; "we have had enough of this. Remember, if you please, your interest, your duty, your moral obligations, your filial affections, and all that sort of thing, which is so very delightful and charming to reflect upon; or you will repent it."

"I shall never repent the preservation of my self-respect, sir," said Edward. "Respect me if I say that I will not sacrifice it at your bidding, and that I will not pursue the track which you would have me take, and to which the secret share you have had in this late separation, tends."

His father rose a little higher still, and looking at him as though curious to know if he were quite resolved and earnest, dropped gandy down again, and said in the calmest voice—eating his pat meanwhile,

"Edward, my father had a son, who being a fool like you, and like you, entertaining low and disobedient sentiments, he disinherited and cursed one morning after breakfast. The circumstance occurs to me with a singular clearness of recollection this evening. I remember eating muffins at the time, with marmalade. He led a miserable life (that is, I mean) and died early; it was a happy release from accounts; he degraded the family very much. It is a sad circumstance, Edward, when a father finds it necessary to resort to such strong measures."



"It is," replied Edward, "and it is sad when a son, profiting him his love and duty in their best and truest sense, finds himself repelled at every turn, and forced to disobey. Dear father," he added, more earnestly, though in a gentler tone, "I have reflected many times on what occurred between us when we first discussed this subject. Let there be a confidence between us; not in terms, but truth. Hear what I have to say."

"As I anticipate what it is, and cannot fail to do so, Edward," returned the father coldly, "I decline. I could not possibly. I am sure it would put me out of temper, which is a state of mind I can't endure. If you intend to war my plans for your establishment in life, and the preservation of that gentility and becoming pride, which our family have so long sustained—if, in short, you are resolved to take your own course, you must take it, and my curse with it. I am very sorry, but there's really no alternative."

"The curse may pass your lips," said Edward, "but it will be but empty breath. I do not believe that any man on earth has greater power to call one down upon his fellow—least of all, upon his own child—than he has to make one drop of rain or flake of snow fall from the clouds above us, at his impious bidding. Beware, sir, what you do."

"You are so very irreligious, so exceedingly undutiful, so horribly profane," rejoined his father, turning his face lazily toward him, and cracking another nut, "that I positively must interrupt you here. It is quite impossible we can continue to go on upon such terms as these. If you will do me the favor to ring the bell, the servant will show you to the door. Return to this roof no more, I beg you. Go, sir, since you have no moral sense remaining; and go to the devil, at my express desire. Good day."

Edward left the room without another word or look, and turned his back upon the house for ever.

The father's face was slightly flushed and heated, but his manner was quite unchanged, as he rung the bell again, and addressed his servant on his entrance.

"Peak, if that gentleman who has just gone out—"

"I beg your pardon, sir—Mr. Edward?"

"Were there more than one, dolt, that you ask the question? If that gentleman should send here for his wardrobe, let him have it—do you hear? If he should call himself at any time, I'm not at home. You'll tell him so—and shut the door."

So, it soon got whispered about, that Mr. Chester was very unfortunate in his son, who had occasioned him grief and sorrow. And the good people who heard this and told it again, marvelled the more at his equanimity and even temper, and said, "What an amiable nature that man must have, who, having undergone so much, could be so placid and so calm." And when Edward's name was spoken, Society shook its head and laid its finger on its lip, and sighed, and looked very grave; and those who had sons about his age, waxed wrathful and indignant, and hoped, for Virtue's sake, that he was dead. And the world went on turning round, as usual, for five years, concerning which this narrative is silent.

## THE NEW WORLD.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1841.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The individual who addresses an indignant letter to us, inquiring why we do not continue Washington Irving's story, "The Adventures of Ralph Ringwood," is informed that we have one reason, and one only. It is NOT WRITTEN. We have published it as far as Mr. Irving has seen fit to continue it; and when he thinks proper to resume it in the Knickerbocker, we shall follow suit. Perhaps our correspondent may be able to bully Mr. Irving with this business—but if he cannot, we shall be obliged, if put in bodily fear by any more letters from him, to sit down some warm afternoon and finish it ourselves.

"JUSTITIA" is informed that the matter of which he complains has been carefully considered, and that the enlargement of the QUARTO edition after the present number was determined upon to obviate this very objection. After the enlargement, the QUARTO will contain ALL the articles of the FOLIO, and a piece of popular music as often as every other week.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The next-issued number of this (the Quarto) edition of the New World will commence its third volume. It will appear enlarged and otherwise materially improved. There will be four columns on each page instead of three, and the whole aspect of the paper will be more elegant and pleasing. It will resemble "The Britannia," the handsomest weekly print, published in England. When it is considered that there are sixteen pages—sixty-four columns—in each number, with no scant typography, it may be inferred that a goodly quantity of reading matter will be presented.

Objections have been sometimes made to the number of continued stories which appear in the New World. These will be obviated in future to a considerable extent. More short articles will be given; more single pieces begun and ended in each number, and the charm of variety more largely diffused.

We are happy to acknowledge the constant increase of our country circulation. Subscribers are coming in freely; and our sole apprehension is that the first numbers of the new volume may be insufficient for the demand; although we shall print as many beyond our regular edition as prudence would seem to allow.

Beautiful wood-engravings will appear in the New World oftener than heretofore; and rare and elegant pieces of music will more frequently adorn its pages.

### PROGRESS OF THE EXTRA SESSION.

We are glad to see that there is at length a prospect of the acceleration of business in Congress. Upon the leading measures proposed by the new Administration we have had discussion enough. The arguments upon both sides have been exhausted. They have been placed before the people time and again in every possible aspect—turned inside out, and turned again until they are threadbare. And yet will members waste the precious time of the people in the long-winded harangues, criminations and recriminations—putting forth old truisms with a ridiculous air of novelty, and talking, drivelling on,

"In one weak, wacky, everlasting flood."

It was understood that the present was to be a session of action not of talk. The people have sent in their verdict, and demanded its immediate execution. All that can be said has been said upon the measures proposed. Why then, now that the Whigs have been commissioned by the people to act, do they presume to hesitate, reconsider and turn pale at the spectral "abstractions" of the Virginia school? Is it pusillanimity or infidelity to their trust, which induces their delay?

There is one trait in the character and history of Henry Clay, which even his enemies must admit—his consistency, promptitude and boldness. To his energy and industry mainly we may attribute the rapid action of the Senate. Already has he submitted to that body and to the nation his report upon Mr. Ewing's project for a National Bank. Of that project we have already expressed our approbation. It would be immeasurably superior to our present oppressive fiscal system—it would restore stability, uniformity and order to our dislocated currency, and relieve us from the tyranny and extortion of small banks and brokers. Mr. Clay proposes a few amendments; and should they be incorporated in the bill as it eventually goes from Congress, we cannot suppose for an instant but that they will be acquiesced in by President Tyler. The amendments consist briefly in raising the maximum of dividend to 7 per cent., in allowing the bank to deal in foreign exchanges, and in giving it power to establish branches in the states. The proposition to fix the location of the mother bank at Washington is acquiesced in, and this we apprehend will not be sensibly opposed.

From the temper of both houses of Congress it is obvious that a bank project of the kind proposed by Mr. Clay will be adopted before they rise. Some doubt seems to be entertained whether the President will sanction some of its features. He will have to assume a vast amount of responsibility, however, in vetoing it; and, inasmuch as the will of the people has been very clearly expressed upon this subject, we hardly think he will avail himself of the accident of his position to crush their hopes and defeat one of the great objects, for which they have been laboring.

We trust, above all things, that the party in power in Congress will not permit any political jealousies or Presidential aspirations to interfere with the settlement of those great questions, to which their attention is now directed, viz: The establishment of a National Bank, and the passage of a General Bankrupt Law. These two measures alone will do more to restore the prosperity of the country than all others put together; and we care not how soon Congress adjourns after accomplishing these important measures.

That dissatisfaction exists among the great party who carried the present administration into power—resulting from the tardy action of the government in relation to measures and men—it is useless to disguise. Whether this dissatisfaction will be allayed by speedy and definite action remains to be seen. The following remarks from a letter in the National Intelligencer, a paper which is generally extremely wary in its expressions, will indicate the temper of the great body of the Whigs at the present moment, and what they expect from the administration:

"All accounts represent President Tyler as a most amiable and excellent man. He must not, however, forget that the late contest was not waged for the benefit of our opponents; that the People expect a radical change of men and measures; that on no other principle can the party be kept together; and that, if he falters in his course, he abandons his friends and his country to an unscrupulous party whom no moderation can tame, and no reverses subdue. It was precisely this feeling which destroyed the administration of Mr. Adams. That administration expected too much from the magnanimity of those it spared. Mr. Tyler has no idea of the persecution we have endured for twelve years from these men. Many of us have suffered to an irreparable degree from this hostility, and we cannot, on any consideration, consent that the power to do mischief shall remain in their hands. The President must act with decision and courage, and he will receive the applause of a vast majority of the People. 'To hesitate is to be lost.'"

IMMIGRATION.—During the present month, up to the 21st inst. inclusive, it is ascertained that 7,722 emigrants from other countries, beyond the Atlantic, have arrived as steerage passengers at this port, and been landed upon our shores, as their abiding place and their future home. On Saturday and Sunday 1,398 arrived here, and since then they have averaged over 1,000 a day. On Wednesday morning 1,206 were reported as having arrived on the preceding day.

FREDONIA ACADEMY.—This institution, situated in one of the most pleasant and healthy villages of Western New York, enjoys an enviable reputation as a seminary of learning. It is supplied with the best of instructors, a large library, a fine philosophical and chemical apparatus, a cabinet of minerals, &c., &c. It has recently received a donation of \$300 from the State for the purpose of establishing a Department for educating young men for Teachers of Common Schools. Parents in the city who wish to send their children to the country to be educated, could not select a better seminary for that purpose than the Fredonia Academy.

PLAIT YOUR HAIR, LADIES.—The Galvestonian says that a lady, while bathing in the Gulf of Mexico, suddenly found that she had lost her foothold, and that she was floating on the waves. Her garments buoyed her up, and the under tow was drawing her out pretty rapidly. She immediately cried out, and a gentleman who was bathing with her swam to her rescue. On reaching her she clutched him by the throat, and it was with some difficulty that he disengaged himself. Luckily the lady had plaited her hair previous to going into the water, and the gentleman seeing this, caught it, placed it between his teeth, and thus managed to tow the fair one ashore. We'll bet six radishes to a sweet potato that he marries her.

—We are obliged to omit many articles in this edition to make room for the Title Page and Index. The necessity for this will not occur again.

### Correspondence of the New World.

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1841.

The principal question that occupies all minds here, in and out of Congress, is as to the powers and faculties of the Fiscal Bank of the United States now proposed to be established. Before noticing the proceedings of Congress on the subject, it may be interesting to your readers to hear something of the preliminary private history of the project submitted to the Senate by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The question of a National Bank has been the subject of frequent, long, deliberate, and most anxious discussions in the Cabinet. The President met the Heads of Departments on this, as he does on every question, in the most liberal, consulting, and conciliatory spirit. He stated his views frankly both of what he deemed expedient and of the powers which could be conferred on such an institution under the Constitution. He finally submitted an outline of what he deemed a proper proposition for a Fiscal Bank; but intimated that if the great principle of requiring the assent of the States to the establishment of branches within them should be preserved, he would be disposed to submit the details of the plan to the wisdom of Congress.

The Cabinet went into consideration of the subject with a sincere desire of producing such a scheme as would present a common ground on which all the real friends of a National Institution might stand. The Secretary presented the project which has been submitted to the Senate, and, after mature deliberation, it received the approval of the President, and the whole Cabinet. There is no doubt that every one of the Heads of Departments believes that Congress possesses the power to authorize the Bank to establish branches without the assent of the States. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the President believes Congress has no such power. The question then arose in the minds of the Cabinet—"Is it indispensable to assert and exercise this power?" They came to the conclusion that it was not indispensable; and resolved to forbear exercising it, and to require the assent of the States to the establishment of branches within their limits. They saw no other method of overcoming the difficulty presented in the conscientious scruples of the President, and they agreed therefore, on the plan, requiring the assent of the States, and individually and collectively pledged themselves to its support.

After the project was submitted to the Senate, the Whigs of that body immediately held an informal meeting, which was followed by two other meetings of the same character. As might have been expected, the Whig Senators, almost to a man, declared their opinion in favor of the existence of the power. Mr. Rives and Mr. Archer, the two Virginia Senators, alone were opposed to this view of the question. During the whole of the last week the greatest anxiety was manifested to know the decision of the Committee, and to ascertain the course which the different Whig Senators would take. Mr. Clay of Kentucky brought in the Report of the Committee yesterday, and it solved all doubts. The distinguished Senator read this production himself, and dwelt with peculiar emphasis on those parts in which the branching power of the Bank, independently of the assent of the States, is asserted and maintained. It most certainly makes a direct issue with the Secretary's project on that point, which is the only one of difficulty.

There are sets of politicians—or rather of political adventurers—here who are doing their best and their worst, to excite animosity and increase difficulties, and exasperate differences of opinion into violent personal and party opposition. Among the friends of the Administration some have eagerly seized hold of this report, and, on the showing of it, have attempted to present Mr. Clay in antagonism to the President, and as insisting on the operation and exercise of the power to embarrass the President. Others have attempted to show up the President as persisting unnecessarily in certain obstinate notions, to the serious annoyance and embarrassment of the Whig party who brought him into power. One set of these precious creatures are mainly anxious to cut off Mr. Clay—the other set are chiefly solicitous to cut off President Tyler—from the sympathies and support of the Whig party. Both sets have been exerting all their influences to prevent that union and compromise without which nothing can be expected from the present extraordinary session to benefit the people. Your readers will be glad to hear that these mischief-makers are likely to be disappointed.

In the principles and reasonings of Mr. Clay's Report, it is well understood that twenty-seven of the Whig Senators concur. But the practical question is, will they run a tilt against President Tyler, and a Cabinet selected by General Harrison and retained by his successor, on this point, and thus hazard the total breaking up of the great party which triumphed in 1840? I have no hesitation in saying, they will not. There is a ground of compromise which they may occupy. It is this: let the assent of the States be required in the bill; but let there be a distinct recognition of the right to exercise the branching power independently of the assent of the States, at any future time, should it become necessary and proper. The greatest sticklers for the existence of the power cannot say this is a surrender; and the President can have no objection to the insertion of such a clause; for should a bill asserting the power be presented to him at any future time, he will be left free then to judge of and determine on its necessity and propriety.

This ground of compromise will probably be presented by Mr. Senator Preston; and, I doubt not, will be adopted.

The Select Committee on the Currency, in the House, of which Mr. SERGEANT is chairman, will have the Fiscal Agent, also, under consideration. The Senate's Bill for the repeal of the SUB-TREASURY was referred to that Committee, to-day, after a long debate. From present appearances, it will not be reported until the character of the Fiscal Bank shall be decided upon.

There has been some improvement in the proceedings of the House, during the last few days. They have gone to work. They meet at ten, and adjourn at three regularly.

To-morrow, the great business of the National Bank opens in the Senate. Mr. Clay is expected to speak on the bill reported by the Select Committee, of which he is chairman.

The President continues to win all hearts by the affability of his manners, and the good nature of his social conduct.

The ladies of his family make the WHITE HOUSE peculiarly agreeable to all who visit it. Never was it half so attractive during the last twenty years.

Four of the Members of the Cabinet have their families with them. Mr. Bell has taken the handsome house lately occupied by the Spanish Minister. His highly talented lady, and her spirited and accomplished daughter, are well known to all who have visited Washington during the last few years.

They have contributed greatly to make the place agreeable to strangers; and their house is still the centre of the refined and intelligent. Mr. Badger has taken the house formerly occupied by Mr. Woodbury; Mr. Crittenden that formerly occupied by Mrs. Madison, who, it is understood, intends to spend the next winter in Washington.

#### XXVth Congress—Extra Session.

In SENATE, on Thursday, June 17, Mr. Buchanan, of Pa. submitted to the Senate a resolution calling on the President for an account of all removals and appointments made by the Executive authority, either chief or subordinate, since March 4th, last—with the reasons for such changes. This resolution was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

A motion to print 1,500 copies of Mr. Ewing's Report on the Finances came up in order, and Mr. Evans of Maine, spoke at length in defense of the Secretary's statements, and in reply to a labored attack upon them by Mr. Woodbury. The Senate then went into Executive Session.

The House adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Sergeant, and modified by Mr. Fillmore, changing the daily hour of meeting to 10 o'clock A. M., and prescribing that for one week the speaker should adjourn the House at 3 P. M. unless otherwise ordered.

Mr. Waterson, of Tenn. offered a long and bitter preamble and resolutions, condemning the removals made by the Whig Administration. It was rejected as abusive of members of other branches of the Government, and insulting to the House. For suspending the Rules in its favor 57; Nays 130.

On motion of Mr. Gilmer, of Va. it was Resolved, That a Committee of five members be appointed to examine as to the number of officers employed, the expenditures and modes of transacting the public business, in the various branches of the public service, at the seat of Government, and such other places as may be deemed necessary, or be designated by the House; and to report at next Session of Congress, whether it is proper to make any reduction of expenditures in the civil list, or in the number of persons thus employed; or whether the patronage of the Executive branch of the Government may not be diminished, or regulated, as to those appointments for which there is an indispensable necessity.

On motion of Mr. J. C. Clark, a resolution was adopted, as modified by Mr. Smith of Ct. providing that hereafter all articles of stationery, &c. usually furnished by the Clerk, should be purchased by contract, from the lowest bidder—proposals to be published in Washington, New York and Philadelphia, and that a Select Committee of Five Members be appointed to inquire into the contingent expenditures of the House; and whether any corrupt, illegal or improper practices exist in this public service, and to ascertain whether the expenditures be not wasteful and extravagant and cannot be reduced; and whether there are no more clerks employed in and about the capitol than the public good requires, and whether their salaries should not be reduced.

On motion of Mr. ADAMS, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, on the bill for the relief of Mrs. Harrison. Mr. A. moved to fill the blank in the bill with \$25,000, or one year's salary. Mr. GORDON, of N. Y., (Delaware Co.) moved \$5,250. Mr. SNYDER moved \$1,000 down and \$500 per annum. The House, without taking a vote, adjourned at 5 o'clock.

In SENATE, on Friday, Messrs. Wright and Woodbury spoke at length in reply to Mr. Evans. Mr. Woodbury had not concluded when the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Adams was excused from serving on the Indian Committee at his request. The 127th rule was so amended as to cut off motions to suspend the rules until the morning business shall have been disposed of. Then came a general discussion in committee on the bill to pay the widow of President Harrison a year's salary. The

sum of \$25,000 was sustained: yeas 119; nays 70. The previous question was enforced and the bill passed: yeas 122; nays 66.

The House then adjourned.

On Saturday the SENATE was not in session. In the HOUSE, Mr. Adams presented a lot of miscellaneous petitions on which an abolition *rose* was raised which consumed a great portion of the day. Finally, the question of reception was laid on the table.

Mr. Barnard, of N. J., presented a plan for a National Bank. Ordered to be printed. Adjourned.

On Monday, in SENATE, Mr. Clay, of Ky., made a report from the Select Committee on the Finances and Currency in favor of a BANK OF THE UNITED STATES. This report will be found in another column. The report and accompanying bill were ordered to be printed and made the special order for Wednesday.

The debate on the motion to print 1,500 extra copies of Mr. Ewing's report was then continued by Messrs. Woodbury, Calhoun, Buchanan and others. At the close the motion was agreed to.

The Senate agreed to meet at 10 A. M. after Wednesday.

In the HOUSE, the bill to repeal the Sub-Treasury was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Several resolutions of inquiry were considered and agreed to; one in relation to the seizure of American vessels suspected of being slavers by the British; one in relation to Americans now British prisoners at Van Dieman's Land for Canadian Patriot operations; one in relation to N. P. Trist's performances as Consul at Havana.

Mr. Barnard's plan of a National Bank was referred to the select Committee on the Currency and Finances.

The bill making appropriations for the expenses of the present session of Congress was considered and passed. The total amount is \$397,666. Adjourned.

AUBURN AND ROCHESTER RAILROAD.—We learn that this section of the great road which is to connect Buffalo with Boston, will be completed and put in operation on or about the 4th of July next, with the exception of 15 miles of the eastern extremity. The cars will run from Seneca Falls to Rochester (60 miles) during the first week in July. Three of the most perfect engines ever made in the United States have recently been constructed for this road at Philadelphia, which, with the locomotives now in use, will make six. The whole road will be completed and put in operation by the first of October next. This company have availed themselves of the present depressed prices to purchase their iron, which will cost them not exceeding \$43 per ton. The whole road will be permanently constructed, with a remarkably strong superstructure, for about \$14,000 per mile.

RAILROADS.—There are wanting only two or three links to complete the long line of railroad from Maine to North Carolina—24 miles of which are between Hartford, Conn. and Springfield, Mass., and 50 miles from New-Haven to the State line of N. Y., making one entire line from Buffalo on the west, and Portland on the east, to the city of Washington—in length of over 1000 miles! When this is completed, we shall have an iron line from the east to the west, north to the south and south-west, of continued lines, (with the exception of about 50 miles from Washington to Fredericksburgh, Va.) of nearly 2800 miles.

FIRE AT FISHKILL.—The extensive establishment known as the Rocky Glen Cotton Mills, took fire on Monday 21st inst. supposed by the superintendent to have originated from the overheated gudgeons and was entirely destroyed. It was first discovered in the upper part of the mill in a small out-building covering the boards of the water-wheel. The mill was built about two years since at a cost of \$140,000, including \$60,000 worth of machinery, all which was destroyed. It was considered the most splendid factory in the Union, and was owned by a wealthy company, of whom Astor, Hone and others of this city were members. About 300 operatives will be thrown out of employ by this disaster, of whom seven-eighths are females. The property was insured for \$85,000.

WYOMING.—This new County (formed from Genesee) has elected an entire Whig ticket of County Officers by a majority of 300.

THE MALEK ADHEL.—The case of this vessel which has been before the U. S. District Court in Baltimore, for acts of piracy, was brought to a close on Saturday, the 19th inst. The Judge condemned the vessel for acts committed in reference to two brigs fallen in with by her,—the Br. Brig Albert, and a Portuguese Brig, but acquitted the owners of all censure. The cargo was not deemed to be liable under the circumstances of the case, and was therefore acquitted. An appeal to the Circuit Court was entered by the counsel for the claimants.

FLORIDA.—St. Augustine accounts of the 13th instant state that Major Childs had captured the notorious Indian, Coacoochee, alias Wild Cat, with fifteen warriors and three negroes, in all nineteen, and after two days confinement, they were shipped to New Orleans, in the schr. Walter. He was as bold and impudent as ever, and boasted of his having committed the horrid murders near that city, some time since.

#### APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Absalom Fowler, to be Attorney of the United States for the District of Arkansas.

Oliver Davis, to be Deputy Post Master at Newburgh, in the State of New-York.

MORTALITY OF THE WEEK.—The City Inspector, Dr. Walters, reports 107 deaths during the past week—viz., 24 men, 19 women, 36 boys and 28 girls.

NEW-YORK CANALS.—The receipts of Tolls on the New York Canals during the second week in June, 1840, were \$48,322 42; do. in 1841, \$61,437 13; increase from last year, \$13,114 81, or about 20 per cent.

A new line of Stages has been started to run through from Chicago to Galena, between 7 A. M. and 8 P. M. of the next day. Fare \$10.

## FIRST VOLUME OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

The first volume of this capital and humorous story of military life, is now published and ready for delivery. Price 50 cents single, or five copies for Two Dollars. To Agents, \$30 per hundred.

Persons subscribing for the NEW WORLD and remitting \$3 for one year, or \$5 for two years, will receive this volume gratis. Those present subscribers who remit this amount immediately, to be credited on their subscriptions, as a further payment in advance, will also receive a copy. As the edition published is only 6,000 copies, which are going off with singular rapidity, those wishing to obtain it, must not delay his order—one thousand have been called for within the past week.

#### TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

The Quarto edition of the New World, after its enlargement, will be the most splendid sheet published in America, and will give the greatest amount of new and choice matter, embellishments and music, for the trifling sum of \$3 a year. Notwithstanding its present large subscription list, we should like to have added thereto about ten thousand names during the next or enlarged volume. And to do this it is only necessary for our subscribers to exert their influence among their friends, and aid us in obtaining good, efficient and responsible Agents in every town and village in the country.

We would therefore esteem it an especial favor to have all who know of a suitable person who is willing to act for us, to communicate his name to us at the earliest moment. There is not a village in the country, where our list could not be doubled or quadrupled by the exertions of a competent and zealous Agent. Friends, see what you can do to increase our borders.

#### TO AGENTS.

Our agents are respectfully requested to send in without delay the names of all persons who wish to commence with the enlarged July volume. Many of them have done nothing for us for some time past, and as we wish only those who are of the working sort, we hope they will report their progress soon, and let us know what they are about.

Agents are wanted to sell the NEW WORLD at Saratoga Springs, Whitehall, Ogdensburg, Sackett's Harbor, Oswego, Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua, Ithaca, Lockport, Palmyra, all in this state. Also at Burlington, and Vergennes, and other large towns in Vermont. Those willing to go into the business will receive all requisite information by addressing the Publisher.

#### Married.

In this city, June 22, by Rev. Mr. Stollman, Mr. E. H. Keat and Miss Louisa, daughter of Frederick Schaffner, Esq.  
June 22, at St. Matthew's Church, by Rev. F. W. Gaisenhainer, Rev. Augustus T. Gaisenhainer, of Oswego, Pa., and Miss Amelia S. Havemeyer, youngest daughter of William Havemeyer, Esq., of this city.

June 22, Mr. Edwin Peck and Miss Martha Hugheson.  
June 22, Samuel Addington and Emma Kearsing, daughter of Geo. Kearsing, Esq.

June 22, Mr. David W. Ives and Miss Caroline Waldron.  
June 21, by Rev. Peter Gordon, Mr. Thomas Knox and Elizabeth McLanchlin, all of this city.

June 21 by Rev. William C. Hawley, Mr. Joseph Westfield and Miss Rachel Quackenbush, both of this city.

June 21, Mr. William S. Bennett and Miss Angelina Pettis.  
June 19, by Rev. Mr. Dunbar, James Olmsted, Esq., and Miss Maria Myers, both of this city.

June 17, Henry C. Shumway and Helen G., daughter of the late Ezra Caldwell, Esq.

June 17, by Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Alonzo Green and Miss Henrietta Woods, both of this city.

June 17, by Rev. Mr. Hardenburg, Mr. Abijah M. Jones, of Wilton, Ct., and Miss Elizabeth Law, daughter of the late David Law, Esq., of New Canaan, Ct.

At Eatontown, N. J., June 30, by Rev. Mr. Finch, Daniel Walworth, Esq., of this city, eldest son of Thomas P. Walworth, and Miss Caroline Louisa, youngest daughter of John P. Lewis, M. D. of Eatontown.

At Albany June 17, Andrew A. Brown and Susan T., daughter of Edward Brown, Esq.

At Brooklyn, June 17, Isaac Post and Elizabeth Hornbucked.

At Uxandilla, Otsego co., by Rev. N. H. Adams, Mr. F. Juland, of Greene, Chenango co., and Miss Catherine E. Hayes, daughter of Isaac Hayes, Esq., of the former place.

At Newtown, N. J., June 18, R. A. Haggerty, of this city, and Mary A. Anderson.

At Edgertown, N. J., Capt. Samuel E. Andrews, of New-York, and Prudence Jernegan.

In Brooklyn, June 21, Abm. T. Van Boskerck and Mary A. Birdsall.

#### Wied.

On Tuesday morning, June 23, Mary Elizabeth, infant daughter of Stephen W. Gaines.

In this city, June 23, of consumption, Henry Hinesdale, aged 22.  
June 22, after a long illness, William Hampton, aged 51.

June 22, Matthew John Segie, aged 60.  
June 21, Mr. Thomas Nicholson, formerly of London, aged 32.

June 21, Ellen, wife of Joseph Perkins, aged 31.  
June 20, Maria H., wife of Latimer R. Shaw, aged 41.

June 19, daughter of Jeremiah Kershaw, aged 21.  
June 19, Jane Louisa, wife of Dr. John Granger.

June 19, Mary, wife of Charles E. Hatfield, Esq., aged 45.  
June 19, Lieut. J. H. Voss, Jr., of 3d Infantry.

June 19, Mr. Edward Hall, a native of St. Ives, Eng., aged 42.  
At Harwick, Cape Cod, Rev. Nathan Underwood, aged 92.

At Montpelier, Vt., June 17, Hon. Augustine Clarke, aged 62, late Treasurer of that State. For many years Judge Clarke resided in Danville, and filled various offices in that town and in the county of Caledonia.

At his residence in the town of Livingston, Albany Co., May 30, Gen. Samuel Ten Broeck, in the 96th year of his age. He was one of the few surviving patriots of the Revolution, who rendered his country much valuable service in her struggles against oppression, from the commencement of that contest to its termination.

At Pomeroy, Meigs Co., Ohio, Samuel W. Pomeroy, formerly an eminent citizen of Boston, aged 78.

At Bristol, Vt., June 18, Charles S. Turrett, Esq., of the firm of C. S. Turrett & Co., of this city.

At Rochester, Vt., June 8, Alanson L. Cooper, M. D., formerly of Auburn, N. Y.





PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

J. WINCHESTER, PUBLISHER.

"No pent-up Africa contracts our powers; The whole unbounded Continent is ours!"

QUARTO EDITION.

OFFICE 30 ANN STREET.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1841.

SUPPLEMENT, No. 1.

## Military Adventures.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,  
THE IRISH DRAGOON.

VOLUME I.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

## A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

KIND PUBLIC.—Having so lately taken my leave of the stage, in a farewell benefit, it is but fitting that I should explain the circumstances which once more bring me before you—that I may not appear intrusive, where I have met with but too much indulgence.

A blushing *debutant*—*entre nous*, the most impudent Irishman that ever swaggered down Sackville street—has requested me to present him to your acquaintance. He has every ambition to be a favorite with you; but says—God forgive him—he is too bashful for the foot-lights.

He has remarked—as, doubtless, many others have done—upon what very slight grounds, and with what slender pretensions, my Confessions have met with favor at the hands of the press and the public; and the idea has occurred to him, to indite his *own*. Had his determination ended here, I should have nothing to object to; but, unfortunately, he expects me to become his Editor, and in some sort responsible for the faults of his production. I have wasted much eloquence and more breath, in assuring him that I was no tried favorite of the public, who dared take liberties with them—that the small rag of reputation I enjoyed was a very scanty covering for my own nakedness; that the plank which swam with one would most inevitably sink with two; and, lastly, that the indulgence so often bestowed upon a first effort is as frequently converted into censure on the older offender. My arguments have, however, totally failed, and he remains obdurate and unmoved. Under these circumstances I have yielded; and, as, happily for me, the short and pithy direction to the river Thames, in the Critic, "to keep between its banks," has been imitated by my friend, I find all that is required of me is to write my name upon the title—and go in peace. Such, he informs me, is modern editorship.

In conclusion, I would beg, that if the debt he now incurs at your hands remains unpaid, you will kindly bear in mind, that your remedy lies against the drawer of the bill, and not against its more humble endorser.

Brussels, March, 1840.

HARRY LORREQUER.

## CHAPTER I....Daly's Club House.

THE rain was dashing in torrents against the window panes, and the wind sweeping in heavy and fitful gusts along the dreary and deserted streets, as a party of three persons sat over their wine, in that stately old pile which once formed the resort of the Irish Members, in College Green, Dublin, and went by the name of Daly's Club House. The clatter of falling tiles and chimney-pots—the jarring of the window-frames and howling of the storm without, seemed little to affect the spirits of those within, as they drew closer to a blazing fire, before which stood a small table covered with the *débris* of a desert, and an abundant supply of bottles, whose characteristic length of neck indicated the rarest wines of France and Germany; while the portly magnum of claret—the wine, *par excellence*, of every Irish gentleman of the day—passed rapidly from hand to hand, the conversation did not languish, and many a deep and hearty laugh followed the stories which every now and then were told, as some reminiscence of early days was recalled, or some trait of a former companion remembered.

One of the party, however, was apparently engrossed by other thoughts than those of the mirth and merriment around; for, in the midst of all, he would turn suddenly from the others, and devote himself to a number of scattered sheets of paper, upon which he had written some lines, but whose crossed and blotted sentences attested how little success had waited upon his literary labors. This individual was a short, plethoric-looking, white-haired man, of about fifty, with a deep, round voice, and a chuckling, smothering laugh, which, whenever he indulged, not only shook his own ample person, but generally created a petty earthquake on every side of him. For the present, I shall not stop to particularize him more closely; but, when I add, that the person in question was a well-known Member of the Irish House of Commons, whose acute understanding and practical good sense were veiled under an affected and well-dissembled habit of blundering, that did far more for his party than the most violent and pointed attacks of his more accurate associates, some of my readers may anticipate me in pronouncing him to be Sir Harry Boyle. Upon his left sat a figure the most unlike him possible; he was a tall, thin, bony man, with a bolt-upright air, and a most saturnine expression; his eyes were covered by a deep green shade, which fell far over his face, but failed to

conceal a blue scar, that, crossing his cheek, ended in the angle of his mouth, and imparted to that feature, when he spoke, an apparently abortive attempt to extend toward his eye brow; his upper lip was covered with a grizzled and ill-trimmed moustache, which added much to the ferocity of his look, while a thin and pointed beard on his chin gave an apparent length to the whole face that completed its rueful character; His dress was a single-breasted tightly-buttoned frock, in one button-hole of which a red ribbon was fastened, the decoration of a foreign service, which conferred upon its wearer the title of Count; and though Billy Considine, as he was familiarly called by his friends, was a thorough Irishman in all his feelings and affections, yet he had no objection to the designation he had gained in the Austrian army. The Count was certainly no beauty, but, somehow, very few men of his day had a fancy for telling him so; a deadlier hand and a steadier eye never covered his man in the Phoenix; and though he never had a seat in the House, he was always regarded as one of the government party, who more than once had damped the ardor of an opposition member, by the very significant threat of "setting Billy at him." The third figure of the group was a large, powerfully-built, and handsome man, older than either of the others, but not betraying in his voice and carriage any touch of time. He was attired in the green coat and buff vest which formed the livery of the Club; and in his tall, ample forehead, clear, well-set eye, and still handsome mouth, bore evidence that no great flattery was necessary at the time which called Godfrey O'Malley the handsomest man in Ireland.

"Upon my conscience," said Sir Harry, throwing down his pen with an air of ill-temper, "I can make nothing of it; I have got into such an infernal habit of making bulls, that I can't write sense when I want it."

"Come, come," said O'Malley, "try again my dear fellow. If you can't succeed, I'm sure Billy and I have no chance."

"What have you written? Let us see," said Considine, drawing the paper toward him, and holding it to the light, "why, what the devil is all this? you have made him 'drop down dead after dinner, of a lingering illness, brought on by the debate of yesterday.'"

"Oh, impossible!"

"Well, read it yourself; there it is, and, as if to make the thing less creditable, you talk of his 'bill for the better recovery of small debts.' I'm sure, O'Malley, your last moments were not employed in that manner."

"Come, now," said Sir Harry, "I'll set all to rights with a postscript: 'Any one who questions the above statement, is politely requested to call on Mr. Considine, 16 Kildare street, who will feel happy to afford him every satisfaction upon Mr. O'Malley's decease, or upon miscellaneous matters.'"

"Worse and worse," said O'Malley. "Killing another man will never persuade the world that I am dead."

"But we'll wake you, and have a glorious funeral."

"And if any man doubts the statement, I'll call him out," said the Count.

"Or, better still," said Sir Harry, "O'Malley has his action at law for defamation."

"I see I'll never get down to Galway at this rate," said O'Malley; "and as the new election takes place on Tuesday week, time presses. There are more writs flying after me this instant than for all the government boroughs."

"And there will be fewer returns, I fear," said Sir Harry.

"Who is the chief creditor?" asked the Count.

"Old Stapleton the attorney, in Fleet street, has most of the mortgages."

"Nothing to be done with him in this way," said Considine, balancing the cork-screw like a hair-trigger.

"No chance of it."

"May be," said Sir Harry, "he might come to terms, if I were to call and say—you are anxious to close accounts, as your death has just taken place. You know what I mean."

"I fear so should he, were you to say so. No, no, Boyle, just try a plain, straight-forward paragraph about my death. We'll have it in Falkner's paper to-morrow; on Friday the funeral can take place, and, with the blessing of God, I'll come to life on Saturday at Athlone, in time to canvass the market."

"I think it would n't be bad, if your ghost were to appear to old Timins, the tanner, in Naas, on your way down; you know he arrested you once before."

"I prefer a night's sleep," said O'Malley; "but come, finish the squib for the paper."

"Stay a little," said Sir Harry, musing; "it just strikes me that if ever the matter gets out, I may be in some confounded scrape. Who knows if it is not a breach of privilege to report the death of a member, and to tell you the truth, I dread the sergeant and speaker's warrant with a very lively fear."

"Why, when did you make his acquaintance?" said the Count.

"Is it possible you never heard of Boyle's committal?" said O'Malley; "you surely must have been abroad at the time; but it's not too late to tell it yet."

"Well, it's about two years since old Townsend brought in his enlistment bill, and the whole country was scoured for all our voters, who were scattered here and there, never anticipating another call of the House, and supposing that the session was just over. Among others, up came our friend Harry, here, and the night he arrived they made him a 'monk of the screw,' and very soon made him forget his senatorial dignities."

"On the evening after his reaching town, the bill was brought in, and, at two in the morning, the division took place—a vote was of too much consequence, not to look after it closely—and a castle messenger was in waiting in Exchequer street, who, when the debate was closing, put Harry, with three others, into a coach, and brought them down to the House. Unfortunately, however, they mistook their friends, voted against the bill; and, amid the loudest cheering of the opposition the Government party were defeated. The rage of the ministers knew no bounds, and looks of defiance and even threats were exchanged between the ministers and the deserters. Amid all this, poor Harry fell fast asleep, and dreamed that he was once more in Exchequer street, presiding among the monks, and mixing another tumbler. At length he awoke and looked about him—the clerk was just at the instant reading out, in his usual routine manner, a clause of the new bill, and the remainder of the house was in dead silence. Harry looked again around on every side, wondering where was the hot water, and what had become of the whisky-bottle, and, above all, why the company were so extremely dull and ungenial. At length, with a half shake, he roused up a little, and giving a look of unequivocal contempt on every side, called out, 'upon my soul you're pleasant companions—but I'll give you a chaunt to enliven you.' So saying, he cleared his throat with a couple of short coughs, and struck up, with the voice of a Stentor, the following verse of a popular ballad:

"And they nibbled away, both night and day,  
Like mice in a round of Glopster;  
Great rogues they were all, both great and small;  
From Flood to Leslie Foster.  
"Great rogues all."

"Chorus, boys."

"If he was not joined by the voices of his friends in the song, it was probably because such a roar of laughing never was heard since the walls were roofed over. The whole house rose in a mass, and my friend Harry was hurried over the benches by the sergeant-at-arms, and left for three weeks in Newgate, to practise his melody."

"All true," said Sir Harry, "and worse luck to them, for not liking music; but come, now, will this do?" "It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Godfrey O'Malley, Esq., late member for the county of Galway, which took place on Friday evening, at Daly's club house. This esteemed gentleman's family—one of the oldest in Ireland, and among whom it was hereditary not to have any children—"

Here a burst of laughter from Considine and O'Malley interrupted the reader, who with the greatest difficulty could be persuaded that he was again bulling it—"The devil fly away with it," said he, "I'll never succeed."

"Never mind," said O'Malley; "the first part will do admirably; and let us now turn our attention to other matters."

A fresh magnum was called for, and over its inspiring contents, all the details of the funeral were planned; and, as the clock struck four, the party separated for the night, well satisfied with the result of their labors.

## CHAPTER II....The Escape.

When the dissolution of Parliament was announced the following morning in Dublin, its interest in certain circles was manifestly increased by the fact, that Godfrey O'Malley was at last open to arrest—for, as in olden times, certain gifted individuals possessed some happy immunity against death by fire or sword, so the worthy O'Malley seemed to enjoy a no less valuable privilege, and for many a year had passed, among the myrmidons of the law, as writ-proof. Now, however, the charm seemed to have yielded, and pretty much with the same feeling as a storming party may be supposed to experience on the day that a breach is reported as practicable, did the honest attorneys retained in the various suits against him, rally round each other that morning in the Four Courts.

Bonds, mortgages, pest obits, promissory notes, in fact every imaginable species of invention for raising the O'Malley exchequer, for the preceding thirty years, were handed about on all sides; suggesting to the mind of an uninterested observer, the notion that, had the aforesaid O'Malley been an independent and absolute monarch, instead of merely being the member for Galway, the kingdom over whose destinies he had been called to preside would have suffered not a little from a depreciated currency and an extravagant issue of paper money. Be that as it might, one thing was clear, the whole estates of the family could not pay one-fourth of the debt; and the only question was one which occasionally arises at a scanty dinner on a mail-coach road—who was to be the lucky individual to carve the joint, where so many were sure to go off hungry.

It was now a trial of address between these various and

highly-gifted gentlemen, who should first pounce upon the victim, and when the skill of their caste is taken into consideration, who will doubt that every feasible expedient for securing him was resorted to! While writs were struck against him in Dublin, emissaries were despatched to the various surrounding counties, to procure others in the event of his escape. *Ne exeat* were sworn, and water bailiffs engaged to follow him on the high seas; and as the great Nassau balloon did not exist in those days, no imaginable mode of escape appeared possible, and bets were offered at long odds, that within twenty-four hours, the late member would be enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in his Majesty's jail of Newgate.

Expectation was at the highest—confidence hourly increasing—success all but certain—when, in the midst of all this high bounding hope, the dreadful rumor spread, that O'Malley was no more. One had seen it just five minutes before, in the evening edition of Falkner's paper—another heard it in the courts—a third overheard the Chief Justice stating it to the Master of the Rolls—and, lastly, a breathless witness arrived from College-green, with the news that Daly's Club House was shut up, and the shutters closed. To describe the consternation the intelligence caused on every side, is impossible; nothing in history equals it, except, perhaps the entrance of the French army into Moscow, deserted and forsaken by its former inhabitants. While terror and dismay, therefore, spread amid that wide and respectable body who formed O'Malley's creditors, the preparations for his funeral were going on with every rapidity—relays of horses were ordered at every stage of the journey, and it was announced that, in testimony of his worth, a large party of his friends were to accompany his remains to Portunna Abbey—a test much more indicative of resistance in the event of any attempt to arrest the body, than of any thing like reverence for their departed friend.

Such was the state of matters in Dublin, when a letter reached me one morning at O'Malley Castle, whose contents will at once explain the writer's intention, and also serve to introduce my unworthy self to my reader. It ran thus:—

"DEAR CHARLEY—Your uncle Godfrey, whose debts [God pardon him] are more numerous than the hairs of his wig, was obliged to die here last night. We did the thing for him completely; and all doubts as to the reality of the event, are silenced by the circumstantial detail of the newspaper, 'that he was confined six weeks to his bed, from a cold he caught ten days ago while on guard.' Repeat this, for it's better we had all the same story, till he comes to life again, which may be will not take place before Tuesday or Wednesday. At the same time, canvass the county for him, and say he'll be with his friends next week, and up in Woodford, and the Scariff barony: say he died a true Catholic; it will serve him on the hustings. Meet us in Athlone on Saturday, and bring your uncle's mare with you—he says he'd rather ride home; and tell Father Mac Shane to have a bit of dinner ready about four o'clock, for the corpse can get nothing after he leaves Mountmelick.—No more now, from yours, ever.

"HARRY BOYLE.

"Daly's, about eight in the evening.

"To Charles O'Malley, Esq.  
"O'Malley-Castle, Galway."

When this not over clear document reached me, I was the sole inhabitant of O'Malley Castle, a very ruinous pile of incongruous masonry, that stood in a wild and dreary part of the County of Galway, bordering on the Shannon; on every side stretched the property of my uncle, or at least what had once been so; and indeed so numerous were its present claimants that he would have been a subtle lawyer who could have pronounced upon the rightful owner. The demesne around the castle contained some well-grown and handsome timber, and, as the soil was undulating and fertile, presented many features of beauty; beyond, it was all sterile, bleak and barren. Long tracts of brown heath-clad mountain, or not less unprofitable valleys of tall and waving fern were all that the eye could discern, except where the broad Shannon, expanding into a tranquil and glassy lake, lay still and motionless beneath the dark mountains; a few islands, with ruined churches and a round tower, alone breaking the dreary waste of water.

Here it was that I had passed my infancy and my youth, and here I now stood at the age of seventeen, quite unconscious that the world contained aught fairer and brighter than that gloomy valley, with its rugged frame of mountains.

When a mere child, I was left an orphan to the care of my worthy uncle. My father, whose extravagance had well sustained the family reputation, had squandered a large and handsome property in contesting elections for his native county, and in keeping up that system of unlimited hospitality for which Ireland in general, and Galway more especially, was renowned. The result was, as might be expected, ruin and beggary: he died, leaving every one of his estates encumbered with heavy debts, and the only legacy he left to his brother was a boy of four years of age, entreating him, with his last breath—"Be anything you like to him, Godfrey, but a father, or at least such a one as I have proved."

Godfrey O'Malley, some short time previous, had lost his wife, and when this new trust was committed to him, he esolved never to re-marry, but to rear me up as his own child, and the inheritor of his estates. How weighty and onerous an obligation this latter might prove the reader can form some idea; the intention was, however, a kind one; and, to do my uncle justice, he loved me with all the affection of a warm and open heart.

From my earliest years his whole anxiety was to fit me for the part of a country gentleman, as he regarded that character—viz.: I rode boldly with fox-hounds; I was about the best shot within twenty miles of us; I could swim the Shannon at Holy Island; I drove four-in-hand better than the coachman himself; and from finding a hare to hooking a salmon, my equal could not be found, from Killaloe to Banagher. These were the staple of my endowments; besides which, the parish priest had taught me a little Latin, a little French, and a little geometry, and a great deal of the life and opinions of St. Jago, who presided over a holy well in the neighborhood, and was held in very great repute.

When I add to this portraiture of my accomplishments that I was nearly six feet high, with more than a common

share of activity and strength for my years, and no inconsiderable portion of good looks, I have finished my sketch, and stand before my reader.

It is now time I should return to Sir Harry's letter, which so completely bewildered me that, but for the assistance of Father Roach, I should have been totally unable to make out the writer's intentions. By his advice, I immediately set out for Athlone, where, when I arrived, I found my uncle addressing the mob from the top of the hearse, and recounting his miraculous escapes as a new claim upon their gratitude.

"There was nothing else for it, boys; the Dublin people insisted on my being their member, and besieged the clubhouse. I refused—they threatened—I grew obstinate—they furious. 'I'll die first,' said I, 'Galway or nothing!' 'Hurrah!' from the mob; 'O'Malley for ever!' 'And ye see I keep my word, boys—I did die; I died that evening at a quarter past eight. There, read it for yourselves; there's the paper; was waked, and carried out, and here I am after all, ready to die in earnest for you—but never to desert you.'"

The cheers here were deafening; and my uncle was carried through the market, down to the mayor's house, who, being a friend of the opposition party, was complimented with three groans; then up the Mall to the chapel, beside which Father Mac Shane resided; he was then suffered to touch the earth once more, when, having shaken hands with all his constituency within reach, he entered within the house, to partake of the kindest welcome and best reception the good priest could afford him.

My uncle's progress homeward was a triumph; the real secret of his escape had somehow come out, and his popularity rose to a white heat. "An it's a little O'Malley cares for the law—bad luck to it; it's himself can laugh at judge and jury. Arrest him!—na bocklish—catch a weasel asleep," &c. Such were the encomiums that greeted him as he passed on toward home; while shouts of joy and blazing bonfires attested that his success was regarded as a national triumph.

The west has certainly its strong features of identity. Had my uncle possessed the claims of the immortal Howard—had he united in his person all the attributes which confer a lasting and an ennobling fame upon humanity—he might have passed on unnoticed and unobserved; but for the man that had duped a judge and escaped a sheriff, nothing was sufficiently flattering to mark their approbation. The success of the exploit was two-fold; the news spread far and near, and the very story canvassed the county better than Billy Davern himself, the Athlone attorney.

This was the prospect now before us; and, however little my readers may sympathise with my taste, I must honestly avow that I looked forward to it with a most delightful feeling. O'Malley Castle was to be the centre of operations, and filled with my uncle's supporters; while I, a mere stripling, and usually treated as a boy, was to be intrusted with an important mission, and sent off to canvass a distant relation, with whom my uncle was not upon terms, who might possibly be approached by a younger branch of the family, with whom he had never any collision.

#### CHAPTER III.—Mr. Blake.

Nothing but the exigency of the case could ever have persuaded my uncle to stoop to the humiliation of canvassing the individual to whom I was now about to proceed as envoy extraordinary, with full powers to make any or every *amende*, provided only his interest, and that of his followers, should be thereby secured to the O'Malley cause. The evening before I set out was devoted to giving me all the necessary instructions how I was to proceed, and what difficulties I was to avoid.

"Say your uncle's in high feather with the government party," said Sir Harry, "and that he only votes against them as a *ruse de guerre*, as the French call it."

"Insist upon it, that I am sure of the election without him; but that for family reasons he should not stand aloof from me; that people are talking of it in the country."

"And drop a hint," said Considine, "that O'Malley is greatly improved in his shooting."

"And do n't get drunk too early in the evening, for Phil. Blake has beautiful claret," said another.

"And be sure you do n't make love to the red-headed girls," added a third; "he has four of them, each more sinfully ugly than the other."

"You'll be playing whist too," said Boyle; "and never mind losing a few pounds. Mrs. B., long life to her, has a playful way of turning the king."

"Charley will do it all well," said my uncle; "leave him alone; and now let us have in the supper."

It was only on the following morning, as the tandem came round to the door, that I began to feel the importance of my mission, and certain misgivings came over me as to my ability to fulfil it. Mr. Blake and his family, though estranged from my uncle for several years past, had been always most kind and good-natured to me; and, although I could not, with propriety, have cultivated any close intimacy with them, I had every reason to suppose, that they entertained toward me nothing but sentiments of good will. The head of the family was a Galway squire of the oldest and most genuine stock; a great sportsman, a negligent farmer, and most careless father; he looked upon a fox as an infinitely more precious part of the creation than a French governess; and thought that riding well with hounds was a far better gift than all the learning of a Porson. His daughters were after his own heart—the best-tempered, least-educated, most high-spirited, gay, dashing, ugly girls in the country—ready to ride over a four-foot paling without a saddle, and to dance the "Wind that shakes the barley," for four consecutive hours, against all the officers that their hard fate, and the Horse-guards, ever condemned to Galway.

The mamma was only remarkable for her liking for whist, and her invariable good fortune thereat; a circumstance, the world were agreed in ascribing less to the blind goddess than her own natural endowments.

Lastly, the heir of the house was a stripling of about my own age, whose accomplishments were limited to selling spavined and broken-winded horses to the infantry officers, playing a safe game at billiards, and acting as jackal-general to his sisters at balls, providing them with a sufficiency of partners, and making a strong fight for a place at the supper-table for his mother. These paternal and filial traits, more honored at home than abroad, had made Mr. Matthew

Blake a rather well-known individual in the neighborhood where he lived.

Though Mr. Blake's property was ample, and, strange to say for his county, unencumbered, the whole air and appearance of his house and grounds betrayed anything rather than a sufficiency of means. The gate lodge was a miserable mud hovel, with a thatched and falling roof; the gate itself, a wooden contrivance, one half of which was boarded, and the other railed; the avenue was covered with weeds, and deep with ruts, and the clumps of young plantation which had been planted and fenced with care, were now open to the cattle, and either totally uprooted or denuded of their bark, and dying. The lawn, a handsome one of some forty acres, had been devoted to an exercise ground for training horses, and was cut up by their feet, beyond all semblance of its original destination; and the house itself, a large and venerable structure of above a century old, displayed every variety of contrivance, as well as the usual one of glass, to exclude the weather from the windows. The hall door hung by a single hinge, and required three persons each morning and evening, to open and shut it; the remainder of the day it lay pensively open; the steps which led to it were broken and falling; and the whole aspect of things without was ruinous in the extreme. Within, matters were somewhat better, for, though the furniture was old, and none of it clean, yet an appearance of comfort was evident; and the large grate, blazing with its pile of red-hot turf, the deep cushioned chairs, the old black mahogany dinner-table, and the soft carpet, albeit deep with dust, were not to be despised on a winter's evening, after a hard day's run with the "Blazers." Here it was, however, that Mr. Philip Blake had dispensed his hospitalities for above fifty years, and his father before him; and here, with a retinue of servants as *gauche* and ill-ordered as all about them, was he accustomed to invite all that the country possessed of rank and wealth, among which the officers quartered in his neighborhood, were never neglected, the Misses Blake having as decided a taste for the army as any young ladies of the west of Ireland; and, while the Galway squire, with his cords and tops, was detailing the last news from Ballinasloe in one corner, the dandy from St. James's-street might be seen displaying more arts of seductive flattery in another, than his most accurate *insouciance* would permit him to practice in the elegant saloons of London or Paris: and the same man who would have "cut his brother," for a solecism of dress or equipage, in Bond-street, was now to be seen quietly domesticated, eating family dinners, rolling silk for the young ladies, going down the middle in a country dance, and even descending to the indignity of long whist, at "tenpenny" points, with only the miserable consolation, that the company were not honest.

It was upon a clear frosty morning, when a bright blue sky and a sharp but bracing air seem to exercise upon the feeling a sense no less pleasurable than the balmy breeze and warmest sun summer, that I whipped my leader short round, and entered the precincts of "Gurt-na-Morra." As I proceeded along the avenue, I was struck by the slight trace of repairs here and there evident; a gate or two that formerly had been parallel to the horizon, had been raised to the perpendicular; some ineffectual efforts at paint were also perceptible upon the palings, and in short, everything seemed to have undergone a kind of attempt at improvement.

When I reached the door, instead of being surrounded, as of old, by a tribe of menials frieze-coated, bare-headed, and bare-legged, my presence was announced by a tremendous ringing of bells, from the hands of an old functionary, in a very formidable livery, who peeped at me through the hall window, and whom, with the greatest difficulty, I recognized as my quondam acquaintance, the butler. His wig alone would have graced a king's counsel, and the high collar of his coat, and the stiff pillory of his cravat, denoted an eternal adieu to so humble a vocation as drawing a cork. Before I had time for any conjecture as to the altered circumstances about, the activity of my friend at the bell had surrounded me with "four others worse than himself," at least they were exactly similarly attired; and, probably, from the novelty of their costume, and the restraints of so unusual a thing as dress were as perfectly unable to assist themselves or others, as the Court of Aldermen would be were they to rig out in plate armour of the fourteenth century. How much longer I might have gone on conjecturing the reasons for the masquerade around, I cannot say; but my servant, an Irish disciple of my uncle's, whispered in my ear—"It's a red breeches day, Master Charles—they'll have a hoith of company in the house." From the phrase, it needed little explanation to inform me, that it was one of those occasions, on which Mr. Blake attired all the hangers-on of his house in livery, and that great preparations were in progress for a more than usually splendid reception.

In the next moment I was ushered into the breakfast-room, where a party of a dozen persons were most gayly enjoying all the good cheer for which the house had a well-deserved repute. After the usual shaking of hands, and hearty greetings were over, I was introduced in all form to Sir George Dashwood, a tall, and singularly handsome man of about fifty, with an undress military frock and ribbon. His reception of me was somewhat strange, for as they mentioned my relationship to Godfrey O'Malley, he smiled slightly and whispered something to Mr. Blake, who replied—"Oh! no, no, not the least, a mere boy—and besides,"—what he added I lost, for at that moment Nora Blake was presenting me to Miss Dashwood.

If the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness, over which dark brown and waving hair fell, less in curls than masses of locky richness, could only have known what wild work they were making of my poor heart, Miss Dashwood, I trust, would have looked at her tea-cup, or her muffin, rather than at me, as she actually did on that fatal morning. If I were to judge from her costume, she had only just arrived, and the morning air had left upon her cheek a bloom, that contributed greatly to the effect of her lovely countenance. Although very young, her form had all the roundness of womanhood; while her gay and sprightly manner indicated all the *je ne sais quoi*, which only very young girls possess, and which, when tempered with perfect good taste and accompanied by beauty and no small share of talent, form an irresistible power of attraction.

Beside her sat a tall handsome man of about five-and-forty or perhaps forty years of age, with a most soldierly



air, who, as I was presented to him, scarcely turned his head, and gave me a half-nod of very unequivocal coldness. There are moments in life, in which the heart is, as it were, laid bare to any chance or casual impression, with a wondrous sensibility of pleasure, or its opposite. This to me was one of those; and, as I turned from the lovely girl, who had received me with a marked courtesy, to the cold air and repelling hauteur of the dark-browed Captain, the blood rushed throbbing to my forehead; and, as I walked to my place at the table, I eagerly sought his eye, to return him a look of defiance and disdain, proud and contemptuous as his own. Captain Hammersly, however, never took further notice of me, but continued to recount, for the amusement of those about, several excellent stories of his military career, which, I confess, were heard with every test of delight by all, save me. One thing galled me particularly—and how easy it is, when you have begun by disliking a person, to supply food for you antipathy—all his allusions to military life were coupled with half-hinted and ill-concealed sneers at civilians of every kind as though every man not a soldier were absolutely unfit for common intercourse with the world—still more, for any favorable reception in ladies' society.

The young ladies of the family were a well-chosen auditory, for their admiration of the army extended from the Life Guards to the Veteran Battalion, the Sappers and Miners included; and, as Miss Dashwood was the daughter of a soldier, she, of course, coincided in many, if not all his opinions. I turned toward my neighbor, a Clare gentleman, and tried to engage him in conversation, but he was breathlessly attending to the Captain. On my left sat Matthew Blake, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon the same person, and heard his marvels with an interest scarcely inferior to that of his sisters. Annoyed, and in ill-temper, I eat my breakfast in silence, and resolved that, the first moment I could obtain a hearing from Mr. Blake, I should open my negotiation, and take my leave at once of "Gurt-na-Morra."

We all assembled in a large room, called, by courtesy, the library, when breakfast was over; and then it was that Mr. Blake, taking me aside, whispered, "Charley, it's right I should inform you that Sir George Dashwood there is the Commander of the Forces, and is come down here at this moment to —" What for, or how it should concern me, I was not to learn; for at that critical instant, my informant's attention was called off, by Captain Hammersly asking if the hounds were to hunt that day.

"My friend Charley, here, is the best authority upon that matter," said Mr. Blake, turning toward me.

"They are to try the Priest's meadows," said I, with an air of some importance; "but, if your guests desire a day's sport, I'll send word over to Brackely to bring the dogs over here, and we are sure to find a fox in your cover."

"Oh, then, by all means," said the Captain, turning toward Mr. Blake, and addressing himself to him—"by all means, and Miss Dashwood, I'm sure, would like to see the hounds throw off."

Whatever chagrin the first part of his speech caused me, the latter set my heart a throbbing; and I hastened from the room to despatch a messenger to the huntsman, to come over to Gurt-na-Morra, and also, another to O'Malley Castle, to bring my best horse and my riding equipments, as quickly as possible.

"Matthew, who is this Captain?" said I, as young Blake met me in the hall.

"Oh! he is the aide-de-camp of General Dashwood. A nice fellow, isn't he?"

"I don't know what you may think," said I, "but I take him for the most impertinent, impudent, supercilious —"

The rest of my civil speech was cut short by the appearance of the very individual in question, who, with his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, sauntered forth down the steps, taking no more notice of Matthew Blake and myself than of the two fox terriers that followed at his heels.

However anxious I might be to open negotiations on the subject of my mission, for the present the thing was impossible; for I found that Sir George Dashwood was closeted closely with Mr. Blake, and resolved to wait till evening, when chance might afford me the opportunity I desired.

As the ladies had entered to dress for the hunt, and, as I felt no peculiar desire to ally myself with the unsocial Captain, I accompanied Matthew to the stable to look after the cattle and make preparations for the coming sport.

"There's Captain Hammersly's horse," said Matthew, as he pointed out a highly bred but powerful English hunter: "she came last night, for, as he expected some sport, he sent his horses from Dublin on purpose. The other will be here to-day."

"What is his regiment?" said I, with an appearance of carelessness, but in reality feeling curious to know if the Captain was a cavalry or infantry officer.

"The —th Light Dragoons," said Matthew.

"You never saw him ride?" said I.

"Never; but his groom, there, says he leads the way in his own county."

"And where may that be?"

"In Leicestershire, no less," said Matthew.

"Does he know Galway?"

"Never was in it before; it's only this minute he asked Mosey Daly if the ox-fences were high here."

"Ox-fences! then he does not know what a wall is."

"Devil a bit; but we'll teach him."

"That we will," said I, with as bitter a resolution to impart the instruction, as ever schoolmaster did to whip Latin grammar into one of the great unbred."

"But I had better send the horses down to the Mill," said Matthew; "we'll draw that cover first."

So saying, he turned toward the stable, while I sauntered alone toward the road, by which I expected the huntsman. I had not walked half-a-mile before I heard the yelping of the dogs, and, a little farther on, I saw old Brackely coming along at a brisk trot, cutting the hounds on each side, and calling after the stragglers.

"Did you see my horse on the road, Brackely?" said I.

"I did, Misther Charles, and troth I'm sorry to see him; sure yerself knows better than to take out the Badger, the best steeple-chaser in Ireland, in such a country as this; n'othing but awkward stone-fence, and not a foot of sure ground in the whole of it."

"I know it well, Brackely; but I have my reasons for it."

"Well, maybe you have; what cover will yer honor try first?"

"They talk of the Mill," said I, "but I'd much rather try 'Morran-a-Gowl.'"

"Morran-a-Gowl! do you want to break your neck entirely?"

"No, Brackely, not mine."

"Whose then, alannah?"

"An English Captain's, the devil fly away with him; he's come down here to-day, and from all I can see is a most impudent fellow; so Brackely —"

"I understand; well, leave it to me, and, though I don't like the old deer-park wall on the hill, we'll try it this morning with the blessing; I'll take him down by Woodford, over the 'Devil's Mouth,'—it's eighteen feet wide this minute with the late rains; into the four callows, then over the stone walls, down to Dangan; then take a short cast up the hill, blow him a bit, and give him the park wall at the top. You must come in then fresh, and give him the whole run home over Sleibhmich—the Badger knows it all—and takes the road always in a fly; a mighty distressing thing for the horse that follows, more particularly if he does not understand a stone country. Well, if he lives through this, give him the sunk fence and the stone wall at Mr. Blake's clover-field, for the hounds will run into the fox about there; and though we never ride that leap since Mr. Malone broke his neck at it, last October, yet, upon an occasion like this, and for the honor of Galway —"

"To be sure, Brackely, and here's a guinea for you; and now trot on toward the house, they must not see us together, or they might suspect something. But, Brackely," said I, calling out after him, "if he rides at all fair, what's to be done?"

"Troth, then, myself does n't know; there's nothing so bad west of Athlone; have ye a great spite agin him?"

"I have," said I, fiercely.

"Could ye coax a fight out of him?"

"That's true," said I, "and now ride on as fast as you can."

Brackely's last words imparted a lightness to my heart and my step, and I strode along a very different man from what I had left the horse half an hour previously.

#### CHAPTER IV.—The Hunt.

Although we had not the advantages of a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," the day, toward noon, became strongly overcast, and promised to afford us good scenting weather, and as we assembled at the meet, mutual congratulations were exchanged upon the improved appearance of the day. Young Blake had provided Miss Dashwood with a quiet and well-trained horse, and his sisters were all mounted, as usual, upon their own animals, giving to our turn-out quite a gay and lively aspect. I myself came to cover upon a hackney, having sent Badger with a groom, and longed ardently for the moment when, casting the skin of my great-coat and overalls, I should appear before the world in my well-appointed "cords and tops." Captain Hammersly had not as yet made his appearance, and many conjectures were afloat as to whether "he might have missed the road, or changed his mind," or forgot all about it, as Miss Dashwood hinted.

"Who, pray, pitched upon this cover?" said Caroline Blake, as she looked with a practised eye over the country, on either side.

"There is no chance of a fox, late in the day, at the mills," said the huntsman, inventing a lie for the occasion.

"Then of course you never intend us to see much of the sport, for after you break cover, you are entirely lost to us."

"I thought you always followed the hounds," said Miss Dashwood, timidly.

"Oh, to be sure we do, in any common country; but here it is out of the question—the fences are too large for any one, and, if I am not mistaken, these gentlemen will not ride far over this; there, look yonder, where the river is rushing down the hill—that stream widening as it advances, crosses the cover nearly mid-way; well, they must clear that, and then you may see these walls of large loose stones, nearly five feet in height; that is the usual course the fox takes, unless he heads toward the hills, and goes toward Dangan, and then there's an end of it; for the deer park wall is usually a pull up to every one, except, perhaps, to our friend Charley there, who has tried his fortune against drowning more than once there."

"Look, here he comes," said Matthew Blake, "and looking splendidly too—a little too much in flesh, perhaps, if any thing."

"Captain Hammersly," said the four Miss Blakes in a breath, "where is he?"

"No, it's the Badger I'm speaking of," said Matthew, laughing, and pointing with his finger toward a corner of the field where my servant was leisurely throwing down a wall about two feet high to let him pass.

"Oh, how handsome—what a charger for a dragoon," said Miss Dashwood.

Any other mode of praising my steed, would have been much more acceptable. The word dragoon was a thorn in my tenderest part, that rankled and lacerated at every stir. In a moment I was in the saddle, and scarcely seated when at once all the *mauvaise honte* of boyhood left me, and I felt every inch a man. I kept looking back to that moment of my life, and, comparing it with many similar ones, cannot help acknowledging how purely is the self-possession which so often wins success, the result of some slight and trivial association. My confidence in my horsemanship suggested moral courage of a very different kind, and I felt that Charles O'Malley curvetting upon a thorough bred and the same man ambling upon a shelly were two and very dissimilar individuals.

"No chance of the Captain," said Matthew, who had returned from a reconnaissance upon the road, "and after all it's a pity, for the day is getting quite favorable."

While the young ladies formed picquets to look out for the gallant *militaire*, I seized the opportunity of prosecuting my acquaintance with Miss Dashwood; and, even in the few and passing observations that fell from her, learned how very different an order of being she was from all I had hitherto seen of country belles. A mixture of courtesy with *naïveté*—a wish to please, with a certain feminine gentle-

ness, that always flatters a man, and still more a boy that vain would be one—gained momentarily more and more upon me, and put me also on my mettle to prove to my fair companion that I was not altogether a mere uncultivated and unthinking creature like the remainder of those about me.

"Here he is, at last," said Helen Blake, as she cantered across a field, waving her handkerchief as a signal to the Captain, who was now seen approaching at a brisk trot.

As he came along, a small fence intervened; he pressed his horse a little, and, as he kissed hands to the fair Helen, cleared it in a bound, and was in an instant in the midst of us.

"He sits his horse like a man, Misther Charles," said the old huntsman; "troth we must give him the worst bit of it."

Captain Hammersly was, despite all the critical acumen with which I canvassed him, the very *beau idéal* of a gentleman rider, indeed, although a very heavy man, his powerful English thorough-bred, showing not less bone than blood, took away all semblance of over-weight; his saddle, well fitting and well placed; his large and broad-reigned snaffle; his own costume of black coat, leathers, and tops, was in perfect keeping, and even to his heavy handled hunting-whip, I could find nothing to cavil at. As he rode up he paid his respects to the ladies, in his usual free and easy manner, expressed some surprise, but no regret, at hearing that he was late, and never designing any notice of Matthew or myself, took his place beside Miss Dashwood, with whom he conversed in a low and under tone.

"There they go," said Matthew, as five or six dogs, with their heads up, ran yelping along a furrow, then stopped, howled again, and once more set off together. In an instant all was commotion in the little valley below us. The huntsman, with his hand to his mouth, was calling off the stragglers, and the whipper-in following up the leading dogs with the rest of the pack. "They're found!—they're away!" said Matthew; and, as he spoke, a great yell burst from the valley, and in an instant the whole pack were off at speed. Rather more intent that moment upon showing off my horsemanship than any thing else, I dashed spurs into Badger's sides, and turned him towards a rasping ditch before me; over we went, hurling down the rotten bank of clay and small stones, shewing how little safety there had been in topping instead of clearing it at a bound. Before I was well seated again, the Captain was beside me. "Now, for it, then," said I, and away we went. What might be the nature of his feelings I cannot pretend to state, but my own were a strange *mélange* of wild boyish enthusiasm, revenge, and recklessness. For my own neck I cared little—nothing; and as I led the way by half a length, I muttered to myself, "Let him follow me fairly this day, and I ask no more."

The dogs had got somewhat the start of us, and, as they were in full cry, and going fast, we were a little behind. A thought therefore struck me that, by appearing to take a short cut upon the hounds, I should come down upon the river where its breadth was greatest, and thus at one coup might try my friend's mettle and his horse's performance at the same time. On we went, our speed increasing, till the roar of the river we were now approaching was plainly audible. I looked half round, and now perceived that the Captain was standing in his stirrups, as if to obtain a view of what was before him; otherwise his countenance was perfectly calm and unmoved, and not a muscle betrayed that he was not cantering on a parade. I fixed myself firmly in my seat, shook my horse a little together, and, with a shout whose import every Galway hunter well knows, rushed him at the river. I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over, but so narrowly, that the bank had yielded beneath his hind legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain his footing. Scarcely was he once more firm, when Hammersly flew by me, taking the lead, and sitting quietly in his saddle, as if racing. I know of nothing in all my after life like the agony of that moment; for, although I was far, very far, from wishing real ill to him, yet I would gladly have broken my leg or my arm if he could not have been able to follow me. And now there he was, actually a length and a half in advance; and, worse than all, Miss Dashwood must have witnessed the whole, and doubtless his leap over the river was better and bolder than mine. One consolation yet remained, and while I whispered it to myself I felt comforted again. "His is an English mare—they understand these leaps—but what can he make of a Galway?" The question was soon to be solved. Before us, about three fields were the hounds still in cry; a large stone wall lay between, and to it we both directed our course together. Ha! thought I, he is floored at last, as I perceived that the Captain held his horse rather more in hand, and suffered me to lead. "Now, then, for it!" so saying I rode at the largest part I could find, well knowing that Badger's powers were here in their element. One spring, one plunge, and away we were, galloping along at the other side. Not so the Captain; his horse had refused the fence, and he was now taking a circuit of the field for another trial of it.

"Pounded, by Jove," said I, as I turned round in my saddle to observe him. Once more she came at it, and once more balked, rearing up at the same time, almost to fall backward.

My triumph was complete, and I again was about to follow the hounds; when, throwing a look back, I saw Hammersly clearing the wall in a most splendid manner, and taking a stretch of at least thirteen feet beyond it. Once more he was on my flanks, and the contest renewed. Whatever might be the sentiments of the riders, (mine I confess to,) between the horses it now became a tremendous struggle. The English mare, though evidently superior in stride and strength, was still overweighted, and had not beside that cat-like activity an Irish horse possesses; so that the advantages and disadvantages on either side were about equalized. For about an half an hour now the pace was awful. We rode side by side, taking our leaps exactly at the same instant, and not four feet apart. The hounds were still considerably in advance, and were heading toward the Shannon, when suddenly the fox doubled, took the hill side, and made for Dangan. Now, then, comes the trial of strength, I said half aloud, as I threw my eye up a steep and rugged mountain, covered with wild

furze and tall heath, around the crest of which ran, in a zig-zag direction, a broken and dilapidated wall, once the enclosure of a deer-park. This wall, which varied from four to six feet in height, was of solid masonry, and would, in the most favorable ground, have been a bold leap. Here, at the summit of a mountain, with not a yard of footing, it was absolutely desperation.

By the time that we reached the foot of the hill, the fox, followed closely by the hounds, had passed through a breach in the wall, while Matthew Blake, with the huntsman and whipper-in, were riding along in search of a gap to lead the horses through. Before I put spurs to Badger, to face the hill, I turned one look toward Hammersly. There was a slight curl, half-smile, half-sneer, upon his lip, that actually maddened me, and had a precipice yawned beneath my feet, I should have dashed at it after that. The ascent was so steep that I was obliged to take the hill in a slanting direction, and even thus, the loose footing rendered it dangerous in the extreme. At length I reached the crest, where the wall, more than five feet in height, stood frowning above and seemed to defy me. I turned my horse full round, so that his very chest almost touched the stones, and, with a bold cut of the whip and a loud halloo, the gallant animal rose, as if rearing, pawed for an instant to regain his balance, and then with a frightful struggle fell backward, and rolled from top to bottom of the hill, carrying me along with him; the last object that crossed my sight, as I lay bruised and motionless, being the Captain as he took the wall in a flying leap, and disappeared at the other side. After a few scrambling efforts to rise, Badger regained his legs, and stood beside me; but such was the shock and concussion of my fall, that all the objects around me seemed wavering and floating before me, while showers of bright sparks fell in myriads before my eyes. I tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Cold perspiration broke over my forehead, and I fainted. From that moment I can remember nothing, till I felt myself galloping along at full speed upon a level table land, with the hounds about three fields in advance, Hammersly riding foremost, and taking all his leaps coolly as ever. As I swayed to either side upon my saddle, from weakness, I was lost to all thought or recollection, save a flickering memory of some plan of vengeance which still urged me forward. The chase had now lasted above an hour, and both hounds and horses began to feel the pace they were going. As for me, I rode mechanically; I neither knew nor cared for the dangers before me. My eye rested on but one object; my whole being was concentrated upon one vague and undetermined sense of revenge. At this instant the huntsman came along side of me.

"Are you hurt, Mister Charles? did you fall?—your cheek is all blood, and your coat is torn in two; and, Mother o' God, his boot is ground to powder; he does not hear me. Oh, pull up—pull, for the love of the Virgin; there's the clover field, and the sunk fence before you, and you'll be killed on the spot."

"Where?" cried I, with the cry of a madman, "where's the clover field?—where's the sunk fence? Ha! I see it—I see it now."

So saying, I dashed the rowels into my horse's flanks, and in an instant was beyond the reach of the poor fellow's remonstrances. Another moment, I was beside the Captain. He turned round as I came up: the same smile was upon his mouth—I could have struck him. About three hundred yards before us lay the sunk fence; its breadth was about twenty feet, and a wall of close brickwork formed its face. Over this the hounds were now clambering; some succeeded in crossing, but by far the greater number fell back howling into the ditch.

I turned toward Hammersly. He was standing high in his stirrups, and, as he looked toward the yawning fence, down which the dogs were tumbling in masses, I thought (perhaps it was but a thought) that his cheek was paler. I looked again; he was pulling at his horse: ha! it was true, then, he would not face it. I turned round in my saddle—looked him full in the face, and, as I pointed with my whip to the leap, called out with a voice hoarse with passion, "come on." I saw no more. All objects were lost to me from that moment. When next my senses cleared I was standing amid the dogs, where they had just killed. Badger stood blown and trembling beside me, his head drooping, and his flanks gored with spur marks. I looked about, but all consciousness of the past had fled; the concussion of my fall had shaken my intellect, and I was like one but half awake. One glimpse, short and fleeting, of what was taking place, shot through my brain, as old Brackley whispered to me, "By my soul ye did for the Captain there." I turned a vague look upon him, and my eyes fell upon the figure of a man that lay stretched and bleeding upon a door before me. His pale face was crossed with a purple stream of blood, that trickled from a wound beside his eye-brow; his arms lay motionless and heavily at either side. I knew him not. A loud report of a pistol aroused me from my stupor; I looked back. I saw a crowd that broke suddenly asunder and fled right and left. I heard a heavy crash on the ground, I pointed with my finger, for I could not utter a word.

"It is the English mare, yer honor; she was a beauty this morning, but she's broke her collar bone, and both her legs, and it was best to put her out of pain."

#### CHAPTER V.—The Drawing-Room.

On the fourth day following the adventure detailed in the last chapter, I made my appearance in the drawing-room; my cheek well blanched by copious bleeding, and my steps tottering and uncertain. On entering the room I looked about in vain for some one who might give me an insight into the occurrences of the four preceding days, but no one was to be met with. The ladies, I learned, were out riding; Matthew was buying a new setter; Mr. Blake was canvassing; and Captain Hammersly was in bed. Where was Miss Dashwood?—in her room; and Sir George? he was with Mr. Blake.

"What! canvassing too?"  
"Troth that same was possible," was the intelligent reply of the old butler, at which I could not help smiling. I sat down therefore in the easiest chair I could find, and unfolding the country paper, resolved upon learning how matters were going on in the political world. But, somehow, whether the editor was not brilliant, or the fire was hot, or that my own dreams were pleasanter to indulge in than his fancies, I fell sound asleep.

How differently is the mind attuned to the active busy world of thought and action, when awakened from sleep by any sudden and rude summons to arise and be stirring, and when called into existence by the sweet and silvery notes of softest music, stealing over the senses, and while they impart awakening thoughts of bliss and beauty scarcely dissipating the dreary influence of slumber; such was my first thought as, with closed lids, the thrilling cords of a harp broke upon my sleep, and aroused me to a feeling of unutterable pleasure. I turned gently round in my chair, and beheld Miss Dashwood. She was seated in a recess of an old-fashioned window; the pale yellow glow of a wintery sun at evening fell upon her beautiful hair, and tinged it with such a light as I have often since then seen in Rembrandt's pictures; her head leaned upon the harp, and as she struck its cords at random, I saw that her mind was far from all around her; as I looked, she suddenly started from her leaning attitude, and, parting back her curls from her brow, she preluded a few chords, and then sighed forth, rather than sang, that most beautiful of Moore's Melodies—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

Never before had such pathos, such deep utterance of feeling, met my astonished sense; I listened breathlessly as the tears fell one by one down my cheek; my bosom heaved and fell; and, when she ceased, I hid my head between my hands and sobbed aloud. In an instant she was beside me, and placing her hand upon my shoulder, said,

"Poor dear boy, I never suspected you of being there, or I should not have sung that mournful air."

I started and looked up, and, from what I know not, but she suddenly crimsoned to her very forehead, while she added in a less assured tone,

"I hope, Mr. O'Malley, that you are much better, and I trust there is no imprudence in your being here."

"For the latter I shall not answer," said I, with a sickly smile; "but already I feel your music has done me service."

"Then, pray let me sing more for you."

"If I am to have a choice, I should say, sit down and let me hear you talk to me; my illness and the doctor together have made wild work of my poor brain; but if you will, talk to me."

"Well then, what shall it be about?—Shall I tell you a fairy tale?"

"I need it not: I feel I am in one this instant."

"Well, then, what say you to a legend, for I am rich in my stores of them?"

"The O'Malleys have their chronicles, wild and barbarous enough, without the aid of Thor and Woden."

"Then shall we chat of every-day matters?—Should you like to hear how the election and the canvass goes on?"

"Yes; of all things."

"Well, then, most favorably. Two baronies, with most unspeakable names, have declared for us, and confidence is rapidly increasing among our party. This I learned by chance yesterday—for Papa never permits us to know anything of these matters; not even the names of the candidates."

"Well, that was the very point I was coming to, for the government were about to send down some one, just as I left home; and I am most anxious to learn who it is."

"Then am I utterly valueless; for I really can't say what party the government espouses, and only know of our own."

"Quite enough for me, that you wish it success," said I, gallantly, "perhaps, you can tell me if my uncle has heard of my accident?"

"Oh yes; but somehow, he has not been here himself; but sent a friend, a Mr. Considine, I think; a very strange person he seemed. He demanded to see Papa, and, it seems, asked him if your misfortune had been a thing of his contrivance, and whether he was ready to explain his conduct about it; and in fact, I believe he is mad."

"Heaven confound him," I muttered between my teeth.

"And then he wished to have an interview with Captain Hammersly, but he is too ill; but as the doctor hoped that he might be down stairs in a week, Mr. Considine kindly hinted that he should wait."

"Oh, then, do tell me how is the Captain?"

"Very much bruised, very much disfigured, they say," said she, half smiling; "but not so much hurt in body as in mind."

"As how, may I ask?" said I, with an appearance of innocence.

"I do n't exactly understand it; but it would appear that there was something like rivalry among you gentlemen chasers on that luckless morning, and that, while you paid the penalty of a broken head, he was destined to lose his horse, and break his arm."

"I certainly am sorry—most sincerely sorry, for any share I might have had in the catastrophe; and my greatest regret, I confess, arises from the fact, that I should cause you unhappiness."

"Me—pray explain?"

"Why, as Captain Hammersly—"

"Mr. O'Malley, you are too young now, to make me suspect that you have an intention to offend; but I caution you, never repeat this."

I saw that I had transgressed, but how, I most honestly confess, I could not guess; for though I certainly was the senior of my fair companion in years, I was most lamentably her junior in tact and discretion.

The gray dusk of evening had long fallen as we continued to chat together beside the blazing wood embers—she evidently amusing herself with the original notions of an untutored, unlettered boy; and I drinking deep these draughts of love that nerved my heart through many a breach and battle field.

Our colloquy was at length interrupted by the entrance of Sir George, who shook me most cordially by the hand, and made the kindest inquiries about my health.

"They tell me you are to be a lawyer, Mr. O'Malley," said he; "and if so, I must advise you taking better care of your head-piece."

"A lawyer, papa; oh, dear me! I should never have thought of his being anything so stupid."

"Why, silly girl, what would you have a man be?"

"A dragon, to be sure, papa," said the fond girl, as she pressed her arm around his manly figure, and looked up in his face, with an expression of mingled pride and affection.

That word sealed my destiny.

#### CHAPTER VI.—The Dinner.

When I retired to my room to dress for dinner, I found my servant waiting with a note from my uncle, to which, he informed me, the messenger expected an answer.

I broke the seal and read:

"DEAR CHARLEY—"

"Do not lose a moment in securing old Blake—if you have not already done so, as information has just reached me that the government party has promised a cornetcy to young Matthew, if he can bring over his father. And these are the people I have been voting with—a few private cases excepted—for thirty odd years!"

"I am very sorry for your accident. Considine informs me that it will need explanation at a later period. He has been in Athlone since Tuesday, in hopes to catch the new candidate on his way down, and get him into a little private quarrel before the day; if he succeed, it will save the country much expense, and conduce greatly to the peace and happiness of all parties. But, 'these things,' as Father Roach says, 'are in the hands of Providence.' You must also persuade old Blake to write a few lines to Simon Mallock, about the Coolnamuck mortgage. We can give him no satisfaction at present, at least such as he looks for, and do n't be philandering any longer where you are, when your health permits a change of quarters."

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GODFREY O'MALLEY."

"P. S.—I have just heard from Considine; he was out this morning and shot a fellow in the knee, but finds that after all he was not the candidate, but a tourist that was writing a book about Connemara."

"P. S. No. 2.—Bear the mortgage in mind, for old Mallock is a spiteful fellow, and has a grudge against me, since I horsewhipped his son in Banagher. Oh, the world, the world!—G. O'M."

Until I had read this very clear epistle to the end, I had no very precise conception how completely I had forgotten all my uncle's interests, and neglected all his injunctions. Already five days had elapsed, and I had not as much as mooted the question to Mr. Blake, and probably all this time my uncle was calculating on the thing as concluded; but, with one hole in my head, and some half-dozen in my heart, my memory was none of the best.

Snatching up the letter, therefore, I resolved to lose no more time; and proceeded at once to Mr. Blake's room, expecting that I should, as the event proved, find him engaged in the very laborious duty of making his toilette.

"Come in, Charley," said he, as I tapped gently at the door; "it's only Charley, my darling; Mrs. B. won't mind you."

"Not the least in life," responded Mrs. B., disposing, at the same time a pair of her husband's corduroys, tippet fashion, across her ample shoulders, which before were displayed in the plentitude and breadth of coloring we find in a Rubens. "Sit down, Charley, and tell us what's the matter."

As, until this moment, I was in perfect ignorance of the Adam and Eve-like simplicity in which the private economy of Mr. Blake's household was conducted, I would have gladly retired from what I found to be a mutual territory of dressings-room, had not Mr. Blake's injunctions been issued somewhat like an order to remain.

"It's only a letter, sir," said I, stuttering, "from my uncle, about the election. He says that, as his majority is now certain, he should feel better pleased in going to the poll with all the family, you know, sir, along with him. He wishes me just to sound your intentions—to make out how you feel disposed toward him; and—and, as I am but a poor diplomatist, I thought the best way to come straight to the point and tell you so."

"I perceive," said Mr. Blake, giving his chin at the moment, an awful gash with the razor, "I perceive, go on."

"Well, sir, I have little more to say; my uncle knows what influence you have in Scariff, and expects you'll do what you can there."

"Anything more?" said Blake, with a very dry and quizzical expression, I did n't half like, "anything more?"

"Oh, yes, you are to write a line to old Mallock."

"I understand, about Coolnamuck, is n't it?"

"Exactly; I believe that's all."

"Well now, Charley, you may go down stairs, and we'll talk it over after dinner."

"Yes, Charley, dear, go down, for I'm going to draw on my stockings," said the fair Mrs. Blake, with a look of very modest consciousness.

When I had left the room I could n't help muttering a "thank God," for the success of a mission I more than once feared for, and hastened to despatch a note to my uncle, assuring him of the Blake interest, and adding that, for propriety sake, I should defer my departure for a day or two longer.

This done, with a heart lightened of its load, and in high spirits at my cleverness, I descended to the drawing-room. Here a very large party were already assembled, and, at every opening of the door, a new relay of Blakes, Burkes, and Bodkins, was introduced. In the absence of the host, Sir George Dashwood was "making the agreeable" to the guests, and shook hands with every new arrival, with all the warmth and cordiality of old friendship. While thus he inquired for various absent individuals, and asked, most affectionately, for sundry aunts, and uncles, not forthcoming, a slight incident occurred, which, by its ludicrous turn, served to shorten the long half hour before dinner. An individual of the party, a Mr. Blake, had, from certain peculiarities of face, obtained, in his boyhood, the soubriquet of "shave the wind." This hatchet-like conformation had grown with his growth, and perpetuated upon him a nickname, by which alone was he ever spoken of among his friends and acquaintances; the only difference being that, as he came to man's estate, brevity, that soul of wit, had curtailed the epithet to mere "shave." Now, Sir George had been hearing frequent references made to him, always by this name, heard him ever so addressed, and perceived him to reply to it; so that when he was himself asked by some one, what sport he had found that day among the woodcocks, he answered at once, with a bow of very grateful acknowledgment, "Excellent, indeed; but entirely owing to where I was placed in the coope; had it not been for Mr. Shave, there?"

I need not say that the remainder of his speech, being heard on all sides, became one universal shout of laughter,



in which, to do him justice, the excellent Shave himself heartily joined. Scarcely were the sounds of mirth lulled into an apparent calm, when the door opened, and the host and hostess appeared. Mrs. Blake advanced in all the plenitude of her charms, arrayed in crimson satin, sorely injured in its freshness by a patch of grease upon the front, about the same size and shape as the Continent of Europe, in Arrowsmith's Atlas; a swansdown tippet covered her shoulders; massive bracelets ornamented her wrists; while from her ears descended two Irish diamond ear-rings, rivaling in magnitude and value the glass pendants of a lustre. Her reception of her guests made ample amends, in warmth and cordiality, for any deficiency of elegance; and, as she disposed her ample proportions upon the sofa, and looked around upon the company, she appeared the very impersonation of hospitality.

After several openings and shuttings of the drawing-room door, accompanied by the appearance of old Simon the butler, who counted the party at least five times before he was certain that the score was correct; dinner was at length announced. Now came a moment of difficulty; and one which, as testing Mr. Blake's tact, he would gladly have seen devolve upon some other shoulders: for he well knew that the marshalling a room full of mandarins, blue, green, and yellow, was "cakes and gingerbread" to ushering a Galway party in to dinner.

First then was Mr. Miles Bodkin, whose grandfather would have been a lord if Cromwell had not hanged him one fine morning. Then Mrs. Mosey Blake's first husband was promised the title of Kilmacud if it was ever restored, whereas Mrs. French of Knockturnor's mother was then at law for a title; and lastly, Mrs. Joe Burke was fourth cousin to Lord Clanricarde, as is or will be every Burke from this to the day of judgment. Now, luckily for her prospects, the lord was alive; and Mr. Blake, remembering a very sage adage, about "dead lions," &c., solved the difficulty at once, by gracefully tucking the lady under his arm, and leading the way: the others soon followed; the priest of Portumna and my unworthy self bringing up the rear.

When, many a year afterward, the hard ground of a mountain bivouac, with its pitiful portion of pickled cork-tree, yclept mess-beef, and that pyroigneous aquafortis they call corn brandy, have been my hard fare, I often look back to that day's dinner, with a most heart-yearning sensation—a turbot as big as the Waterloo shield; a sirloin that seemed cut from the sides of a rhinoceros; a sauce-boat that contained an oyster bed. There was a turkey which singly would have formed the main army of a French dinner, doing mere outpost duty—flanked by a picquet of ham, and a detached squadron of chickens carefully ambushed in a forest of greens: potatoes not disguised à la maître d'hôtel and tortured to resemble bad macaroni, but piled like shot in an ordnance yard, were posted at different quarters; while massive decanters of port and sherry stood proudly up like standard bearers amid the goodly array. This was none of your austere "great dinners," where a cold and chilling plateau of artificial nonsense cuts off one-half of the table from intercourse with the other; when whispered sentences constitute the conversation, and all the friendly recognition of wise-drinking, which renews acquaintance and cements an intimacy, is replaced by the ceremonious filling of your glass by a lacquey—where smiles go current in lieu of kind speeches, and epigram and smartness form the substitute for the broad jest and merry story. Far from it; here the company eat, drank, talked laughed, did all but sing, and certainly enjoyed themselves heartily. As for me, I was little more than a listener, and such was the crash of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the clatter of voices, that fragments only of what was passing around reached me; giving to the conversation of the party a character occasionally somewhat incongruous. Thus such sentences as the following ran foul of each other every instant:

"No better land in Galway"—"where could you find such facilities?"—"for shooting Mr. Jones on his way home?"—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—"kiss"—"Miss Blake, she's the girl with a foot and ankle"—"Daly has never had wool on his sheep"—"how could he?"—"what does he pay for the mountain?"—"four and ten pence a yard"—"not a penny less"—"all the cabbage stalks and potato skins, with some bog stuff through it"—"that's the thing to"—"make soup, with a red herring in it, instead of salt"—"and when he proposed for my niece, ma'am, says he"—"mix a strong tumbler, and I'll make a shake down for you on the floor"—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul"—"and now, down the middle and up again"—"Captain Magan, my dear, he is the man"—"to shave a pig properly"—"it's not money I'm looking for, says he, the girl of my heart"—"if she had not a wind gall and two spavins"—"I'd have given her the rights of the church, of course," said Father Roach, bringing up the rear of this ill-assorted jargon.

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine, and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed, when one of the company, seizing the bell-rope, said, "with your leave, Blake, we'll have the 'dew' now."

"Good claret—no better," said another; "but it sits mighty cold on the stomach."

"There's nothing like the groceries, after all—eh, Sir George?" said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact, which he understood in a very different sense.

"Oh, punch, you are my darlin'," hummed another, as a large square half-gallon decanter of whiskey was placed on the table—the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any face, save Sir George Dashwood's, who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamor of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party was discussing the approaching contest, another was planning a steeple-chase; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effects," in a very remarkable manner, the process so styled being an exchange of property, when each party setting an imaginary value upon some article, barters it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person

who is the umpire. Thus a gold breast-pin was swapped, as the phrase is, against a horse; then a pair of boots, then a Kerry bull, &c., every imaginable species of property, coming into the market. Sometimes as matters of very dubious value turned up; great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the west, was a great proficient, and, it is said, once so completely succeeded in dispoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gig, harness, &c., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterance of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight, when under the influence of whiskey; from what is evinced on common occasions; and, as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into something like an oration upon the peculiar excellencies of his native county, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why do n't you give a song, Miles? and may be the General would learn more from it than all your speech-making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices, together; to be sure: let us hear the 'Man of Galway.'"

Sir George having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chant, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song "Wreath the bowl," &c. And although the words are well known in the west, for the information of less favoured regions, I here transcribe

#### "THE MAN FOR GALWAY."

"To drink a toast,  
A proctor roast,  
Or bailiff, as the case is;  
To kiss your wife,  
Or take your life  
At ten or fifteen paces;  
To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,  
To drink in punch the Solway,  
With debts galore, but fun far more;  
Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'"  
Chorus—With debts, &c.

"The king of Oude  
Is mighty proud,  
And so were onst the *Caysars*—(Cæsars);  
But old Giles Eyre  
Would make them stare,  
Av he had them with the *Blazers*.  
To the devil I fling—ould Rungeet Sing,  
He's only a Prince in a small way,  
And knows nothing at all of a six foot wall;  
Oh, he'd never 'do for Galway.'"

"Ye think the Blakes  
Are no 'great shakes';  
They're all his blood relations,  
And the Bodkins sneeze  
At the grim Chinese.  
For they come from the *Phenacyans*;  
So fill to the brim, and here's to him  
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;  
With debts galore, but fun far more;  
Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'"  
Chorus—With debts, &c.

I much fear that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favorable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it; for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruples about my so long neglecting my good uncle's cause.

"We have Scariff to a man," said Bodkin.  
"And Mosey's tenantry," said another; "I swear that though there's not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or a devil a stone of the court house they'll leave standing on another."

"And may the Lord look to the Returning Officer," said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord, more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for should n't they vote?" said a dry looking little old fellow in a red waistcoat: "when I was the dead agent—"

"The dead agent," interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half-angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, maybe, what that is," said some one.

"You have just anticipated me," said Sir George; "I really am in most profound ignorance."

"It is the dead agent," says Mr. Blake, "who also provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll books of this county, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last fifty years."

"The 'Kiltopher boys' won't come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote, when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They're poor-spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings worth of spirits; besides, if they do n't vote for the county, they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned toward Bodkin, who was detailing the plan of a grand attack upon the polling booths, to be headed by himself. By this time all the prudence and guardedness of the party had given way—whiskey was in the ascendant, and every bold stroke of election policy, every cunning artifice, every ingenious device, was detailed and applauded, in a manner which proved that self-respect was not the inevitable gift of 'mountain dew.'

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin, who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast, by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table, now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows:

"No, no, Phil. Blake, ye need n't be winkin' at me that way—it's little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent." [Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why, I heartily joined.] "I'm going to give you a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly, intrepid toast; a toast you must drink in the most universal, laborious, and awful manner—do ye see now?"—[Loud cheers.] "If any man of you here present does n't drain this toast to the bottom—[here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company,]—then, by the great gun of Athlone, I'll make him eat the decanter, glass, stopper, and all, for the good of his digestion—d'ye see now?"

The cheering at this mild determination prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as member for Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye at the table was turned upon me, and, as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle's health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip, hipping, ever, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks—but, strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise, and there we both stood amid an uproar that might well have shaken the courage of more practised orators; while from every side came cries of "hear, hear"—"go on, Sir George"—"speak out, General"—"sit down, Charley"—"confound the boy"—"knock the legs from under him," &c. Not understanding why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. "In that case," said the General, "I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition, and, as the etiquette is in his favor, I yield."—Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several humane proposals, as to my treatment, were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbor. Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided, I began—"Gentlemen, as the adopted son of the worthy man whose health you have just drunk"—Heaven knows how I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on too as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed—I frowned—I looked savagely about where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and, as it chanced, not in vain; for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive perception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and, assuming a look of frowning defiance that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said—

"Well, Sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for by the rock of Cashel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the sheriff."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head; so sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific; for, though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily up stairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own cool and not over-agreeable reflections.

#### CHAPTER VII.—The Flight from Gurtamorra.

It was by one of those sudden and inexplicable revolutions which occasionally restore to sense and intellect the maniac of years' standing, that I was no sooner left alone in my chamber, than I became perfectly sober. The fumes of the wine—and I had drunk deeply—were dissipated at once; my head, which but a moment before was half wild with excitement, was now cool, calm, and collected; and, stranger than all, I, who had only an hour since entered the dining-room with all the unsuspecting freshness of boyhood, became, by a mighty bound, a man—a man in all my feelings of responsibility, a man who, repelling an insult by an outrage, had resolved to stake his life upon the chance. In an instant a new era in life had opened before me—the light-headed gayety which fearlessness and youth impart, was replaced by one absorbing thought—one all-engrossing, all-pervading impression, that if I did not follow up my quarrel with Bodkin, I was dishonored and disgraced; my little knowledge of such matters not being sufficient to assure me that I was now the aggressor, and that any further steps in the affair should come from his side.

So thoroughly did my own griefs occupy me, that I had no thought for the disappointment my poor uncle was destined to meet with in hearing that the Blake interest was lost to him, and the former breach between the families irreparably widened by the events of the evening. Escape was my first thought; but how accomplish it?

the door, a solid one of Irish oak, doubly locked and bolted, defied all my efforts to break it open—the window was at least five-and-twenty feet from the ground, and not a tree near to swing into. I shouted, I called aloud, I opened the sash, and tried if any one outside were within hearing, but in vain. Weary and exhausted, I sat down upon my bed and ruminated over my misfortunes. Vengeance, quick, entire, decisive vengeance I thirsted and panted for; and every moment I lived under the insult inflicted on me, seemed an age of torturing and maddening agony. I rose with a leap, a thought had just occurred to me. I drew the bed toward the window, and fastening the sheet to one of the posts with a firm knot, I twisted it into a rope, and let myself down to within about twelve feet of the ground, when I let go my hold, and dropped upon the grass beneath, safe and uninjured; a thin misty rain was falling, and I now perceived for the first time, that in my haste I had forgotten my hat: this thought, however, gave me little uneasiness, and I took my way toward the stable, resolving, if I could, to saddle the horse, and get off before any intimation of my escape reached the family.

When I gained the yard, all was quiet and deserted: the servants were doubtless enjoying themselves below stairs; and I met no one in the way. I entered the stable, threw the saddle upon "Badger," and, before five minutes from my descent from the window, was galloping toward O'Malley Castle at a pace that defied pursuit, had any one thought of it.

It was about five o'clock on a dark wintry morning, as I led my horse through the well-known defiles of out-houses and stables which formed the long line of offices to my uncle's house. As yet no one was stirring, and as I wished to have my arrival a secret from the family, after providing for the wants of my gallant grey, I lifted the latch of the kitchen door, no other fastening being ever thought necessary, even at night, and gently groped my way toward the stairs: all was perfectly still, and the silence now recalled me to reflection as to what course I should pursue. It was all-important that my uncle should know nothing of my quarrel, otherwise he would inevitably make it his own, and, by treating me like a boy in the matter, give the whole affair the very turn I most dreaded. Then, as to Sir Harry Boyle, he would most certainly turn the whole thing into ridicule, make a good story, perhaps a song out of it, and laugh at my notions of demanding satisfaction. Considine, I knew, was my man; but, then, he was at Athlone—at least so my uncle's letter mentioned: perhaps he might have returned; if not, to Athlone I should set off at once. So resolving, I stole noiselessly up stairs and reached the door of the Count's chamber: I opened it gently, and entered, and, though my step was almost imperceptible to myself, it was quite sufficient to alarm the watchful occupant of the room, who springing up in his bed, demanded gruffly, "who's there?"

"Charles, sir," said I, shutting the door carefully and approaching his bed-side. "Charles O'Malley, sir: I'm come to have a bit of your advice: and, as the affair won't keep, I have been obliged to disturb you."

"Never mind, Charley," said the Count: "sit down, there's a chair somewhere near the bed—have you found it? There—well now, what is it? What news of Blake?"

"Very bad, no worse; but it is not exactly that I came about; I've got into a scrape, sir."

"Run off with one of the daughters," said Considine. "By jingo, I knew what those affable devils would be after."

"Not so bad as that," said I, laughing: "it's just a row, a kind of squabble, something that must come—"

"Ay, ay," said the Count, brightening up, "say you so, Charley. Egad, the young ones will beat us all out of the field. Who is it with—not old Blake himself—how was it? Tell me all."

I immediately detailed the whole events of the preceding chapter, as well as his frequent interruptions would permit, and concluded by asking what further step was now to be taken, as I was resolved the matter should be concluded before it came to my uncle's ears.

"There you are all right, quite correct, my boy; but there are many points I should have wished otherwise in the conduct of the affair hitherto."

Conceiving that he was displeased at my petulance and boldness, I was about to commence a kind of defence, when he added—

"Because you see," said he, assuming an oracular tone of voice, "throwing a wine glass, with or without wine, in a man's face, is merely, as you may observe, a mark of denial and displeasure at some observation he may have made, not in any wise intended to injure him, further than in the wound to his honor at being so insulted, for which, of course, he must subsequently call you out. Whereas, Charley, in the present case—the view I take is different; the expression of Mr. Bodkin, as regards your uncle was insulting to a degree—gratuitously offensive, and warranting a blow. Therefore, my boy, you should, under such circumstances, have preferred aiming at him with a decanter—a cut glass decanter, well aimed, and low, I have seen do effective service. However, as you remark, it was your first thing of the kind, I am pleased with you—very much pleased with you. Now then, for the next step; so saying he arose from his bed, and, striking a light with a tinder-box, proceeded to dress himself as leisurely as if for a dinner party—talking all the while.

"I will just take Godfrey's tax-cart and the roan mare on to Meelish; put them up at the little inn—it is not above a mile from Bodkin's—and I'll go over and settle the thing for you: you must stay quiet till I come back, and not leave the house on any account. I've got a case of old broad barrels there that will answer you beautifully; if you were anything of a shot, I'd give you my own cross handles, but they'd only spoil your shooting."

"I can hit a wine-glass in the stem at fifteen paces," said I, rather nettled at the disparaging tone in which he spoke of my performance.

"I do n't care sixpence for that; the wine-glass has no pistol in his hand. Take the old German, then; see now, hold your pistol thus: no finger on the guard there, those two on the trigger. They are not hair triggers; drop the muzzle a bit; bend your elbow a trifle more; sight your man outside your arm; outside, mind, and take him in the hip, and, if any higher, no matter."

By this time the Count had completed his toilette, and,

taking the small mahogany box, which contained his peace-makers, under his arm, led the way toward the stables. When he reached the yard, the only person stirring there was a kind of half-witted boy, who, being about the house, was employed to run of messages for the servants, walk a stranger's horse, or to do any of the many petty services that regular domestics contrive always to devolve upon some adopted subordinate. He was seated upon a stone step, formerly used for mounting, and, though the day was scarcely breaking, and the weather severe and piercing, the poor fellow was singing an Irish song, in a low monotonous tone, as he chafed a curb chain between his hands, with some sand. As we came near he started up, and, as he pulled off his cap to salute us, gave a sharp and piercing glance at the Count, then at me; then once more upon my companion, from whom his eyes were turned to the brass-bound box beneath his arm; when, as if seized by a sudden impulse, he started on his feet, and set off toward the house with the speed of a greyhound, not, however, before Considine's practised eye had anticipated his plan; for, throwing down the pistol cases, he dashed after him, and in an instant had seized him by the collar.

"It won't do, Patsey," said the Count, "you can't double on me."

"Oh Count, darlin', mister Considine avick, do n't do it, do n't now," said the poor fellow, falling on his knees, and blubbering like an infant.

"Hold your tongue, you villian, or I'll cut it out of your head," said Considine.

"And so I will; but do n't do it, do n't for the love of"—

"Do n't do what, you whimpering scoundrel? What does he think I'll do?"

"Do n't I know very well what you're after, what you're always after too? oh wirra, wirra!" Here he wrung his hands, and swayed himself backward and forward, a true picture of Irish grief.

"I'll stop his blubbering," said Considine, opening the box, and taking out a pistol, which he cocked leisurely, and pointed at the poor fellow's head: "another syllable now, and I'll scatter your brains upon the pavement."

"And do, and divel thank you; sure it's your trade."

The coolness of the reply threw us both off our guard so completely, that we burst out into a hearty fit of laughing.

"Come, come," said the Count at last; "this will never do, if he goes on this way, we'll have the whole house about us. Come, then, harness the roan mare, and here's half-a-crown for you."

"I would n't touch the best piece in your purse," said the poor boy; "sure it's blood money, no less."

The words were scarcely spoken, when Considine seized him by the collar with one hand, and by the wrist with the other, and carried him over the yard to the stable, where, kicking open the door, he threw him on a heap of stones, adding, "If you stir now I'll break every bone in your body;" a threat which, it seemed, certainly considerably increased in its terrors, from the rough gripe he had already experienced, for the lad rolled himself up like a ball, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking.

Very few minutes sufficed us now to harness the mare in the tax-cart, and, when all was ready, Considine seized the whip, and, locking the stable door upon Patsey, was about to get up, when a sudden thought struck him. "Charley," said he, "that fellow will find some means to give the alarm; we must take him with us." So saying, he opened the door, and, taking the poor fellow by the collar, flung him at my feet in the tax-cart.

We had already lost some time, and the roan mare was put to her fastest speed to make up for it. Our pace became, accordingly, a sharp one, and, as the road was bad, and the tax-cart "no patent inaudible," neither of us spoke. To me this was a great relief: the events of the last few days had given them the semblance of years, and all the reflection I could muster was little enough to make anything out of the chaotic mass—love, mischief, and misfortune—in which I had been involved since my leaving O'Malley Castle.

"Here we are, Charley," said Considine, drawing up short at the door of a little country ale-house, or, in Irish parlance, *shebeen*, which stood at the meeting of four bleak roads, in a wild and barren mountain tract, beside the Shannon. "Here we are, my boy! jump out and let us be stirring."

"Here, Patsey, my man," said the Count, unravelling the prostrate and double-knotted figure at our feet; "lead a hand, Patsey." Much to my astonishment, he obeyed the summons with alacrity, and proceeded to unharness the mare, with the greatest despatch. My attention was, however, soon turned from him to my own more immediate concerns, and I followed my companion into the house.

"Joe," said the Count, to the host, "is Mr. Bodkin up at the house this morning?"

"He's just passed this way, sir, with Mr. Malowney of Tillnamuck, in the gig, on their way from Mr. Blake's. They stopped here to order horses to go over to O'Malley Castle, and the goosoon is gone to look for a pair."

"All right," said Considine, and added in a whisper, "we've done it well, Charley, to be beforehand, or the Governor would have found it all out, and taken the affair into his own hands. Now, all you've to do is, to stay quietly here till I come back, which will not be above an hour at farthest. Joe, send me the pony—keep an eye on Patsey, that he doesn't play us a trick—the short way to Mr. Bodkin's is through Scariff—ah, I know it well, good bye, Charley—by the Lord, we'll pepper him."

These were the last words of the worthy Count as he closed the door behind him, and left me to my own not over agreeable reflections. Independently of my youth and perfect ignorance of the world, which left me unable to form any correct judgment on my conduct, I knew that I had taken a great deal of wine, and was highly excited when my unhappy collision with Mr. Bodkin occurred. Whether, then, I had been betrayed into any thing which could fairly have provoked his insulting retort or not, I could not remember; and now my most afflicting thought was, what opinion might be entertained of me by those at Blake's table; and, above all, what Miss Dashwood herself would have, and what narrative of the occurrence would reach her. The great effort of my last few days had been to stand well in her estimation, to appear something better in feeling, something higher in principle, than the rude and

unpolished squirearchy about me; and now here was the end of it! What would she, what could she think, but that I was the same punch-drinking, rowing, quarrelling bumpkin as those whom I had so lately been carefully endeavoring to separate myself from. How I hated myself for the excess to which passion had betrayed me, and how I detested my opponent as the cause of all my present misery. How very differently thought I, her friend, the Captain, would have conducted himself. His quiet and gentlemanly manner would have done fully as much to wipe out any insult on his honor as I could do, and, after all, would neither have disturbed the harmony of a dinner-table, nor made himself, as I shudder to think I had, a subject of rebuke, if not of ridicule. These harassing, torturing reflections continued to press on me, and I paced the room with my hands clasped and the perspiration upon my brow. One thing is certain—I can never see *Aer* again, thought I; this disgraceful business must, in some shape or other, become known to her, and all I have been saying these last three days, rise up in judgment against this one act, and stamp me an impostor; I that decied, nay decied, our false notion of honor. Would that Considine were come. What can keep him now? I walked to the door: a boy belonging to the house was walking the roan before the door. What had then become of Pat, I inquired; but no one could tell—he had disappeared shortly after our arrival, and had not been seen afterward. My own thoughts were, however, too engrossing to permit me to think more of this circumstance, and I turned again to enter the house, when I saw Considine advancing up the road at the full speed of his pony.

"Out with the mare, Charley—be alive, my boy—all's settled." So saying, he sprang from the pony, and proceeded to harness the roan with the greatest haste, informing me in broken sentences, as he went on with all the arrangements.

"We are to cross the bridge of Portumna. They won the ground, and it seems Bodkin likes the spot: he shot Payton there three years ago. Worse luck now, Charley, you know: by all the rules of chance, he can't expect the same thing twice—never fear by honors in two deals—did n't say that though—a sweet meadow, I know it well; small hillocks like mole hills all over it—caught him at breakfast; I do n't think he expected the message to come from us, but said that it was a very polite attention, and so it was, you know."

So he continued to ramble on, as we once more took our seats in the tax-cart, and set out for the ground.

"What are you thinking of, Charley?" said the Count, as I kept silent for some minutes.

"I'm thinking, sir, if I were to kill him, what I must do after."

"Right, my boy; nothing like that, but I'll settle all for you. Upon my conscience, if it was n't for the chance of his getting into another quarrel and spoiling the election, I'd go back for Godfrey; he'd like to see you break ground so prettily. And you say you're no shot?"

"Never could do anything with a pistol to speak of, sir," said I, remembering his rebuke of the morning.

"I do n't mind that; you've a good eye; never take it off him after you're on the ground—follow him everywhere: poor Callaghan, that's gone, shot his man always that way: he had a way of looking without winking that was very fatal, at a short distance: a very good thing to learn, Charley, when you have a little spare time."

Half-an-hour's sharp driving brought us to the river side, where a boat had been provided by Considine to ferry us over. It was now about eight o'clock, and a heavy gloomy morning, much rain had fallen over night: and the dark and lowering atmosphere seemed charged with more. The mountains looked twice their real size, and all the shadows were increased to an enormous extent. A very killing kind of light it was, as the Count remarked.

#### CHAPTER VIII....The Duel.

As the boatman pulled in towards the shore, we perceived, a few hundred yards off, a group of persons standing, whom we soon recognised as our opponents. "Charley," said the Count, grasping my arm lightly, as I stood up to spring on the land, "Charley, although you are only a boy as I may say, I have no fear for your courage; but, still, more than that is needful here. This Bodkin is a noted duelist, and will try to shake your nerve. Now, mind that you take every thing that happens, quite with an air of indifference—do n't let him think that he has any advantage over you, and you'll see how the tables will be turned in your favor."

"Trust to me, Count," said I, "I'll not disgrace you."

He pressed my hand tightly, and I thought that I discerned something like a slight twitch about the corners of his grim mouth, as if some sudden and painful thought had shot across his mind, but in a moment he was calm and stern-looking as ever.

"Twenty minutes late, Mr. Considine," said a short red-faced little man, with a military frock and foraging cap, as he held out his watch in evidence.

"I can only say, Captain Malowney, that we lost no time since we parted; we had some difficulty in finding a boat: but, in any case, we are here now, and that I opine is the important part of the matter."

"Quite right, very just indeed. Will you present me to your young friend—very proud to make your acquaintance, sir; your uncle and I met more than once in this kind of way. I was out with him in '92—was it 1 no, I think it was '93—when he shot Harry Burgoyne, who, by-the-by, was called the crack shot of our mead; but, begged your uncle knocked his pistol hand to shivers, saying, in his dry way, 'he must try the left hand this morning.' Count, a little this side, if you please." While Considine and the Captain walked a few paces apart from where I stood, I had leisure to observe my antagonist, who stood among a group of his friends, talking and laughing away in great spirits. As the tone they spoke in was not of the lowest, I could catch much of their conversation at the distance I was from them. They were discussing the last occasion that Bodkin had visited this spot, and talking of the fatal event which happened then.

"Poor devil," said Bodkin, "it was n't his fault; but you see some of the —th had been showing white feathers before that, and he was obliged to go out. In fact, the Colonel himself said, 'Fight or leave the corps.' Well, out



he came: it was a cold morning in February, with a frost the night before going off in a thin rain; well, it seems that he had the consumption or something of that sort, with a great cough and spitting of blood, and this weather made him worse, and he was very weak when he came to the ground. Now, the moment I got a glimpse of him, I said to myself, he's pluck enough, but as nervous as a lady, for his eye wandered all about, and his mouth was constantly twitching. "Take off your great coat, Ned," said one of his people, when they were going to take him up; "take it off, man." He seemed to hesitate for an instant, when Michael Blake remarked, "Arrah, let him alone; it's his mother makes him wear it, for the cold he has." They all began to laugh at this, but I kept my eye upon him, and I saw that his cheek grew quite livid, and a kind of grey color, and his eyes filled up; "I have you now," said I to myself, and I shot him through the lungs.

"And this poor fellow," thought I, "was the only son of a widowed mother." I walked from the spot to avoid hearing further, and felt as I did so, something like a spirit of vengeance rising within me, for the fate of one so untimely cut off.

"Here we are, already," said Malowney, springing over a small fence into the adjoining field—"take your ground, gentlemen."

Considine took my arm and walked forward. "Charley," said he, "I am to give the signal—I'll drop my glove when you are to fire, but don't look at me at all, I'll manage to catch Bodkin's eye, and do you watch him steadily, and fire when he does."

"I think that the ground we are leaving behind us is rather better," said some one.

"So it is," said Bodkin, "but it was troublesome to carry the young gentleman down that way—here all is fair and easy."

The next instant we were placed, and I well remember the first thought that struck me was, that there could be no chance of either of us escaping.

"Now, then," said the Count, "I'll walk twelve paces, turn and drop this glove, at which signal you fire—and together mind. The man who reserves his shot, falls by my hand." This very summary denunciation seemed to meet general approbation, and the Count strutted forth. Notwithstanding the advice of my friend, I could not help turning my eyes from Bodkin to watch the retiring figure of the Count. At length he stopped—a second or two elapsed—he wheeled rapidly round, and let fall the glove. My eye glanced toward my opponent, I raised my pistol and fired. My hat turned half round upon my head, and Bodkin fell motionless to the earth. I saw the people around me, rush forward; I caught two or three glances thrown at me with an expression of revengeful passion: I felt some one grasp me round the waist, and hurry me from the spot, and it was at least ten minutes after, as we were skimming the surface of the broad Shannon, before I could well collect my scattered faculties to remember all that was passing, as Considine pointed to the two bullet holes in my hat, remarked, "Sharp practice, Charley, it was the overcharge saved you."

"Is he killed, sir?" I asked.

"Not quite, I believe, but as good; you took him just above the hip."

"Can he recover?" said I, with a voice trembling with agitation, which I vainly endeavored to conceal from my companion.

"Not if the doctor can help it," said Considine; "for the fool keeps poking about for the ball; but now let's think of the next step—you'll have to leave this, and at once too."

Little more passed between us. As we rowed toward the shore, Considine was following up his reflections, and I had mine, alas! too many and too bitter to escape from.

As we neared the land a strange spectacle caught our eye: for a considerable distance along the coast crowds of country people were assembled, who, forming in groups, and breaking into parties of two and three were evidently watching with great anxiety what was taking place at the opposite side. Now, the distance was at least three miles, and therefore any part of the transaction which had been enacted there, must have been quite beyond their view. While I was wondering at this, Considine cried out suddenly, "Too infamous, by Jove; we're murdered men."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Don't you see that?" said he, pointing to something black which floated from a pole at the opposite side of the river.

"Yes; what is it?"

"It's his coat they've put upon an oar to show the people he's killed, that's all. Every man here's his tenant, and look—there!—they're not giving us much doubt as to their intention." Here a tremendous yell burst forth from the mass of people along the shore, which, rising to a terrific cry, sunk gradually down to a low wailing, then rose and fell again several times, as the Irish death-cry filled the air and rose to heaven, as if imploring vengeance on a murderer.

The appalling influence of the *keen*, as it is called, had been familiar to me from my infancy, but it needed the awful situation I was placed in to consummate its horrors. It was at once my accusation and my doom. I knew well, none better, the vengeful character of the Irish peasant of the west, and that my death was certain I had no doubt.—The very crime that sat upon my heart quailed its courage and unnerved my arm. As the boatmen looked from us toward the shore, and again at our faces, they, as if instinctively, lay upon their oars, and waited for our decision as to what course to pursue.

"Rig the sprit sail, my boys," said Considine, "and let her head lie up the river, and be alive, for I see they're bailing a boat below the little reef there, and will be after us in no time."

The poor fellows, who, although strangers to us, sympathizing in what they perceived to be our imminent danger, stepped the light spar which acted as mast, and shook out their scanty rag of canvass in a minute. Considine, meanwhile, went aft, and steadying her head with an oar, held the small craft up to the wind, till she lay completely over, and, as she rushed through the water, ran dipping her gunnel through the white foam.

"Where can we make, without tacking, boys?" inquired the Count.

"If it blows on as fresh, sir, we'll run you ashore within half a mile of the castle."

"Put out an oar to the leeward," said Considine, "and keep her up more to the wind, and I promise you, my lads, you will not go home fresh and fasting, if you land us where you say."

"Here they come," said the other boatman, as he pointed back with his finger toward a large yawl which shot suddenly from the shore, with six sturdy fellows pulling at their oars, while three or four others were endeavoring to get up their rigging, which appeared tangled and confused at the bottom of the boat. The white splash of water which fell at each moment beside her, showing that the process of bailing was still continued.

"Ah, then, may I never—ay it is n't the ould Dolphin they have launched for the cruise," said one of our fellows.

"What's the Dolphin then?"

"An ould boat of the Lord's (Lord Clanricarde's) that did n't see water, except when it rained, these four years, and is sun cracked from stem to stern."

"She can sail, however," said Considine, who watched, with a painful anxiety, the rapidity of her course through the water.

"Nabocklish, she was a smuggler's jolly-boat, and well used to it. Look how they're pulling. God pardon them; but they're in no blessed humor this morning."

"Lay out upon your oars, boys; the wind's failing us," cried the Count, as the sail flapped lazily against the mast.

"It's no use, your honor," said the elder; "we'll be only breaking our hearts to no purpose, they're sure to catch us."

"Do as I bade you at all events. What's that ahead of us there?"

The oat rock, sir; a vessel with grain struck there and went down with all aboard, four years last winter. There's no channel between it and the shore—all sunk rocks every inch of it. There's the breeze; the canvass fell over as he spoke, and the little craft lay down to it till the foaming water bubbled over her lee bow—"keep her head up, sir, higher, higher still;"—but Considine little heeded the direction, steering straight to the narrow channel the man alluded to;—"tear and ages, but you're going right for the cloch na quirkra."

"Arrah, an' the devil a taste I'll be drowned for your diversion," said the other, springing up.

"Sit down there, and be still," roared Considine, as he drew a pistol from the case at his feet, "if you do n't want some leaden ballast to keep you so. Here, Charley, take this, and if that fellow stirs hand or foot, you understand me." The two men sat sulkily in the bottom of the boat, which now was actually flying through the water.

Considine's object was a clear one, he saw that, in so sailing, we were greatly overmatched, and that our only chance lay in reaching the narrow and dangerous channel between the oat rock and the shore, by which we should distance the pursuit; the long reef of rocks that ran out beyond, requiring a wide berth to escape from. Nothing but the danger behind us could warrant so rash a daring; the whole channel was dotted with patches of white and breaking foam, the sure evidence of the mischief beneath, while here and there a dash of spouting spray flew up from the dark water, where some cleft rock lay hid below the flood. Escape seemed impossible; but who would not have preferred even so slender a chance with so frightful an alternative behind them! As if to add terror to the scene, Considine had scarcely turned the boat ahead of the channel when a tremendous blackness spread over all around—the thunder pealed forth, and, amid the crashing of the hail and the bright glare of lightning, a squall struck us, and laid us nearly keel uppermost for several minutes. I well remember we rushed through the dark and blackening water: our little craft more than half filled, the oars floating off to leeward, and we ourselves kneeling on the bottom planks for safety. Roll after roll of loud thunder broke, as it were, just above our heads; while, in the swift dashing rain that seemed to hiss around us, every object was hidden, and even the other boat was lost to our view. The two poor fellows! I shall never forget their expression; one, a devout Catholic, had placed a little leaden image of a saint before him in the bow, and implored its intercession with a torturing agony of suspense that wrung my very heart: the other apparently less alive to such consolations as his church afforded, remained with his hands clasped, his mouth compressed, his brows knitted, and his dark eyes bent upon me, with the fierce hatred of a deadly enemy; his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and all told of some dreadful conflict within; the wild ferocity of his look fascinated my gaze, and amid all the terrors of the scene I could not look from him. As I gazed, a second and more awful squall struck the boat, the mast bent over, and, with a loud report like a pistol shot, smashed at the thwart, and fell over, trailing the sail along the milky sea behind us; meanwhile the water rushed clean over us, and the boat seemed settling. At this dreadful moment the sailor's eye was bent upon me, his lips parted, and he muttered, as if to himself, "This it is to go to sea with a murderer." Oh God! the agony of that moment—the heart-felt and accusing conscience, that I was judged and doomed, that the brand of Cain was upon my brow, that my fellow-men had ceased for ever to regard me as a brother, that I was an outcast and a wanderer for ever. I bent forward till my forehead fell upon my knees, and I wept. Meanwhile, the boat flew through the water, and Considine, who alone among us seemed not to lose his presence of mind, unshipped the mast, and sent it overboard. The storm now began to abate, and, as the black mass of clouds broke from around us, we beheld the other boat also dismasted, far behind us, while all on board of her were employed in bailing out the water with which she seemed almost sinking. The curtain of mist that had hidden us from each other no sooner broke, than they ceased their labors for a moment, and, looking toward us, burst forth into a yell, so wild, so savage, and so dreadful, my very heart quailed as its cadence fell upon my ear.

"Safe, my boys," said Considine, clapping me on the shoulder, as he steered forth the boat from its narrow path of danger, and once more reached the broad Shannon; "safe, Charley; though we've had a brush for it." In a minute more we reached the land, and, drawing our gallant little craft on shore, set out for O'Malley Castle.

## CHAPTER IX....The Return.

O'Malley Castle lay about four miles from the spot we landed at, and thither accordingly we bent our steps without loss of time. We had not, however, proceeded far, when, before us on the road, we perceived a mixed assemblage of horse and foot, hurrying along at a tremendous rate. The mob, which consisted of some hundred country people, were armed with sticks, scythes and pitchforks, and, although not preserving any very military aspect in their order of march, were still a force quite formidable enough to make us call a halt, and deliberate upon what we were to do.

"They've out-flanked us, Charley," said Considine; "however, all is not yet lost; but see, they've got sight of us—here they come."

At these words, the vast mass before us came pouring along, splashing the mud on every side, and huzzing like so many Indians. In the front ran a bare-legged boy, waving his cap to encourage the rest, who followed him at about fifty yards behind.

"Leave that fellow for me," said the Count, coolly examining the lock of his pistol: "I'll pick him out, and load again in time for his friend's arrival. Charley, is that a gentleman I see far back in the crowd?—yes, to be sure it is; he's on a large horse—now he's pressing forward, so let—no—oh—ay—it's Godfrey O'Malley himself, and these are our own people." Scarcely were the words out when a tremendous cheer arose from the multitude, who recognizing us at the same instant, sprung from their horses and ran forward to welcome us. Among the foremost was the scarecrow leader, whom I at once perceived to be poor Patsey, who, escaping in the morning, had returned at full speed to O'Malley Castle, and raised the whole country to my rescue. Before I could address one word to my faithful followers I was in my uncle's arms.

"Safe, my boy, quite safe?"

"Quite safe, sir."

"No scratch anywhere?"

"Nothing but a hat the worse, sir," said I, showing the two bullet holes in my head-piece.

His lip quivered as he turned and whispered something into Considine's ear which I heard not; but the Count's reply was, "Devil a bit, as cool as you see him this minute."

"And Bodkin, what of him?"

"This day's work's his last," said Considine; "the ball entered here; but come along, Godfrey; Charley's new at this kind of thing, and we had better discuss matters in the house."

Half-an-hour's trot—for we were soon supplied with horses—brought us back to the castle, much to the disappointment of our cortege, who had been promised a scrimmage, and went back in very ill humour at the breach of contract.

The breakfast-room, as we entered, was filled with my uncle's supporters, all busily engaged over poll-books and booth-tallies, in preparation of the eventful day of battle.—These, however, were immediately thrown aside to hasten around me, and inquire all the details of my duel. Considine, happily for me, however, assumed all the dignity of an historian, and recounted the events of the morning, so much to my honour and glory, that I, who only a little before felt crushed and bowed down by the misery of my late duel, began, amid the warm congratulations and eulogiums about me, to think that I was no small hero; and, in fact, something very much resembling "the Man for Galway." To this feeling, a circumstance that followed assisted in contributing: while we were eagerly discussing the various results likely to arise from the meeting, a horse galloped rapidly to the door, and a loud voice called out, "I can't get off, but tell him to come here." We rushed out and beheld Captain Malowney, Mr. Bodkin's second, covered with mud from head to foot, and his horse rearing with foam and sweat. "I am hurrying on to Athlone for another doctor; but I've called to tell you that the wound is not supposed to be mortal—he may recover yet." Without waiting for another word, he dashed spurs into his nag and rattled down the avenue at full gallop. Mr. Bodkin's dearest friend on earth could not have received the intelligence with more delight, and I now began to listen to the congratulations of my friends with a more tranquil spirit. My uncle, too, seemed much relieved by the information, and heard with great good temper my narrative of the few days at Gurt-na-morra. "So then," said he, as I concluded, "my opponent is at least a gentleman; that is a comfort."

"Sir George Dashwood," said I, "from all I have seen, is a remarkably nice person, and I am sure you will meet with only the fair and legitimate opposition of an opposing candidate in him—no mean or unmanly subterfuge."

"All right, Charley; well, now, your affair of this morning must keep you quiet here for a few days, come what will; by Monday next, when the election takes place, Bodkin's fate will be pretty clear, one way or the other, and, if matters go well, you can come into town; otherwise, I have arranged with Considine to take you over to the Continent for a year or so; but we'll discuss all this in the evening. Now, I must start on a canvass. Boyle expects to meet you at dinner to-day; he is coming from Athlone on purpose. Now, good-bye!"

When my uncle had gone I sank into a chair and fell into a musing fit over all the changes a few hours had wrought in me. From a mere boy, whose most serious employment was stocking the house with game, or inspecting the kennel, I had sprung at once into man's estate, was complimented for my coolness, praised for my prowess, lauded for my discretion, by those who were my seniors by nearly half a century; talked to in a tone of confidential intimacy by my uncle, and, in a word, treated in all respects as an equal—and such was all the work of a few hours. But so it is, the eras in life are separated by a narrow boundary: some trifling accident, some casual rencontre impels us across the Rubicon, and we pass from infancy to youth—from youth to manhood—from manhood to age—less by the slow and imperceptible step of time than by some one decisive act or passion, which, occurring at a critical moment, elicits a long latent feeling, and impresses our existence with a colour that tinges it for many a long year. As for me, I had cut the tie which bound me to the careless gaiety of boyhood, with a rude gash. In three short days I had fallen deeply, desperately in love, and had wounded, if not killed, an antagonist in a duel. As I meditated on these

things, I was aroused by the noise of horses' feet in the yard beneath. I opened the window, and beheld no less a person than Captain Hammersly. He was handing a card to a servant, which he was accompanying with a verbal message; the impression of something like hostility on the part of the Captain, had never left my mind; and I hastened down stairs just in time to catch him as he turned from the door.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley!" said he, in a most courteous tone, "they told me you were not at home."

I apologized for the blunder, and begged of him to alight and come in.

"I thank you very much; but, in fact, my hours are now numbered here, I have just received an order to join my regiment: we have been ordered for service, and Sir George has kindly permitted my giving up my staff appointment. I could not, however, leave the country without shaking hands with you. I owe you a lesson in horsemanship, and I'm sorry that we are not to have another day together."

"Then, you are going out to the Peninsula?" said I.

"Why, we hope so; the commander-in-chief, they say, is in great want of cavalry, and we scarcely less in want of something to do. I'm sorry you are not coming with us."

"Would to heaven I were," said I, with an earnestness that almost made my brain start.

"Then, why not?"

"Unfortunately, I am peculiarly situated. My worthy uncle, who is all to me in this world, would be quite alone if I were to leave him; and, although he has never said so, I know he dreads the possibility of my suggesting such a thing to him: so that, between his fears and mine, the matter is never broached by either party, nor do I think it ever can be."

"Devilish hard—but I believe you are right; something, however, may turn up yet to alter his mind, and, if so, and if you do take the dragooning, do not forget, George Hammersly will be always most delighted to meet you, and so good bye, O'Malley, good bye."

He turned his horse's head and was already some paces off, when he returned to my side, and added in a lower tone of voice—

"I ought to have mentioned to you that there has been much discussion on your affair at Blake's table, and only one opinion on the matter among all parties—that you acted perfectly right. Sir George Dashwood—no mean judge of such things—quite approves of your conduct, and I believe wishes you to know as much, and now, once more good bye."

#### CHAPTER X.—The Election.

The important morning at length arrived, and, as I looked from my bedroom window at daybreak, the crowd of carriages of all sorts and shapes decorated with banners and placards; the incessant bustle; the hurrying hither and thither; the cheering as each new detachment of voters came up, mounted on jaunting cars or on horses, whose whole caparison consisted in a straw rope for a bridle, and a saddle of the same frail material; all informed me that the election day was come. I lost no further time, but proceeded to dress with all possible despatch. When I appeared in the breakfast-room, it was already filled with some seventy or eighty persons of all ranks and ages, mingled confusedly together, and enjoying the hospitable fare of my uncle's house, while they discussed all the details and prospects of the election. In the hall—the library—the large drawing-room too, similar parties were also assembled, and, as new comers arrived, the servants were busy in preparing tables before the door and up the large terrace that ran the entire length of the building. Nothing could be more amusing than the incongruous mixture of the guests, who, with every variety of eatable that chance or inclination provided, were thus thrown into close contact, having only this in common, the success of the cause they were engaged in. Here was the old Galway squire, with an ancestry that reached Noah, sitting side by side with the poor cottier, whose whole earthly possession was what, in Irish phrase, is called a "potato garden," meaning the exactly smallest possible patch of ground out of which a very Indian-rubber conscience could presume to vote. Here sat the old simple-minded, farmer-like man, in close conversation with a little white-foreheaded, keen-eyed personage, in a black coat and eye-glass—a flash attorney from Dublin, learned in flaws of the registry, and deep in the subtleties of the election law. There was an Athlone horse-dealer, whose habitual daily practices in imposing the halt, the lame, and the blind upon the unsuspecting, for beasts of blood and mettle, well qualified him for the trickery of a county contest. Then there were scores of squireen gentry, easily recognised on common occasions by a green coat with brass buttons, dirty cords, and dirtier top-boots, a lash-whip, and a half-bred fox-hound; but now, fresh washed for the day, they presented something of the appearance of a swell mob, adjusted to the meridian of Galway. A mass of frieze-coated, brown-faced, bullet-headed peasantry filling up the large spaces, dotted here and there with a sleek, roguish-eyed priest, or some low electioneering agent, detailing, for the amusement of the country, some of those cunning practices of former times, which, if known to the proper authorities, would, in all likelihood, cause the talented narrator to be improving the soil of Sidney, or fishing on the banks of the Swan River, while, at the head and foot of each table, sat some personal friend of my uncle, whose ready tongue, and still readier pistol, made him a personage of some consequence not more to his own people, than to the enemy. While of such matériel were the company, the fare before them was no less varied: here some rubicund squire was deep in amalgamating the contents of a venison pasty with some of Sneyd's oldest claret; his neighbor, less ambitious and less erudite in such matters, was devouring rashers of bacon with liberal potations of poteen; some pale-checked scion of the law, with all the dust of the Four Courts in his throat, was sipping his humble beverage of black tea, beside four sturdy cattle-dealers, from Rallinsaloe, who were discussing hot whisky punch and *spoliation* (boiled beef) at the very primitive hour of eight in the morning. Amid the clank of decanters, the crash of knives and plates, the jingling of glasses, the laughter and voices of the guests were audibly increasing, and the various modes of "running a buck," (anglice, substituting a vote,) or hunting a badger, were talked over on all sides, while the price of a *veal* (a calf) or a voter was disputed with all the energy of debate.

Refusing many an offered place, I went through the different rooms, in search of Considine, to whom circumstances of late had somehow greatly attached me.

"Here, Charley," cried a voice I was very familiar with; "here 's a place I've been keeping for you."

"Ah, Sir Harry, how do you do? Any of that grouse-pie to spare?"

"Abundance, my boy; but I'm afraid I can't say as much for the liquor: I have been shouting for claret this half hour in vain—do get us some nutriment down here, and the Lord will reward you. What a pity it is," he added in a lower tone to his neighbor; "what a pity a quart bottle won't hold a quart; but I'll bring it before the House one of these days." That he kept his word in this respect, a motion on the books of the Honorable House will bear me witness.

"Is this it?" said he, turning toward a farmer-like old man, who had put some question to him across the table; "is it the apple-pie you'll have?"

"Many thanks to your honor—I'd like it, as it was wholesome."

"And why should n't it be wholesome?" said Sir Harry.

"Troth then myself does not know; but my father, I heard tell, died of an apple-plexy, and I'm afeared of it."

I at length found Considine, and learned that, as a very good account of Bodkin had arrived, there was no reason why I should not proceed to the hustings; but I was secretly charged not to take any prominent part in the day's proceedings. My uncle I only saw for an instant;—he begged me to be careful, avoid all scrapes, and not to quit Considine. It was past ten o'clock when our formidable procession got under way, and headed toward the town of Galway. The road was, for miles, crowded with our followers; banners flying and music playing, we presented something of the spectacle of a very ragged army on its march. At every cross-road a mountain-path reinforcement awaited us, and, as we wended along, our numbers were momentarily increasing; here and there along the line, some energetic and not over sober-adherent was regaling his auditory with a speech in laudation of the O'Malley's since the days of Moses, and more than one priest was heard threatening the terrors of his church in aid of a cause to whose success he was pledged and bound. I rode beside the Count, who, surrounded by a group of choice spirits, recounted the various happy inventions by which he had on divers occasions substituted a personal quarrel for a contest. Boyle also contributed his share of election anecdote, and one incident he related, which, I remember, amused me much at the time.

"Do you remember Billy Calvert that came down to contest Kilkenny?" inquired Sir Harry.

"What! ever forget him!" said Considine, "with his well-powdered wig, and his hessians. There never was his equal for lace ruffles nor rings."

"You never heard, may be, how he lost the election?"

"He resigned, I believe, or something of that sort."

"No, no," said another; "he never came forward at all: there 's some secret in it, for Tom Butler was elected without a contest."

"Jack, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on my way up from Cork, having finished my own business, and just carried the day, not without a push for it. When we reached—Lady Mary was with me—when we reached Kilkenny, the night before the election, I was not ten minutes in town till Butler heard of it, and sent off express to see me; I was at my dinner when the messenger came, and promised to go over when I'd done; but, faith, Tom did 'nt wait, but came rushing up stairs himself, and dashed into the room in the greatest hurry."

"Harry," says he, 'I'm done for; the corporation of free smiths, that were always above bribery, having voted for myself and my father before, for four pounds ten a man, won't come forward under six guineas and whiskey. Calvert has the money: they know it—The devil a farthing we have; and we've been paying all our fellows that can't read in Henneay's note and you know the bank's broke these three weeks.'

"On he went, giving me a most disastrous picture of his cause, and concluded by asking if I could suggest any thing under the circumstances."

"You could 'nt get a decent mob and clear the poll?"

"I am afraid not," said he, despondingly.

"Then I don't see what 's to be done: if you can't pick a fight with himself—will he go out?"

"Lord knows; they say he 's so afraid of that, that it has prevented him coming down till the very day: but he is arrived now: he came in the evening, and is stopping at Walsh's, in Patrick-street."

"Then I'll see what can be done," said I.

"Is that Calvert, the little man that blushes when the Lady Lieutenant speaks to him?" said Lady Mary.

"The very man."

"Would it be of any use to you if he could not come on to the hustings to-morrow?" said she again.

"'Twould gain us the day; half the voters do 'nt believe he 's here at all, and his chief agent cheated all the people on the last election, and if Calvert did 'nt appear, he would n't have ten voters to register. But why do you ask?"

"Why, that, if you like, I'll bet you a pair of diamond ear-rings he sha'n't show."

"Done," said Butler, "and I promise a necklace into the bargain, if you win: but I'm afraid you're only quizzing me."

"Here 's my hand on it," said she: "and now let 's talk of something else."

"As Lady Boyle never asked my assistance, and, as I knew she was very well able to perform whatever she undertook, you may be sure I gave myself very little trouble about the whole affair, and, when they came, I went off to breakfast with Tom's committee, not knowing any thing that was to be done."

"Calvert had given orders that he was to be called at eight o'clock, and so a few minutes before that time a gentle knock came to the door. 'Come in, said he,' thinking it was the waiter, and covering himself up in the clothes, for he was the most bashful creature that ever was seen; 'Come in'."

"The door opened, and what was his horror to find that a lady entered in her dressing gown, her hair on her shoulders very much tossed and dishevelled! The moment she

came in she closed the door and locked it, and then sat leisurely down upon a chair.

"Billy's teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled, for this was an adventure of a very novel kind for him. At last, he took courage to speak. 'I am afraid, madam,' said he, 'that you are under some unhappy mistake, and that you supposed that this chamber is—'

"Mr. Calvert's," said the lady, with a solemn voice, 'is it not?'

"Yes, madam, I am that person."

"Thank God," said the lady, with a very impressive tone, 'here I am safe.'

"Billy grew very much puzzled at these words; but hoping that, by his silence, the lady would proceed to some explanation, he said no more. She, however, seemed to think that nothing further was necessary, and sat still and motionless, with her hands before her, and her eyes fixed on Billy."

"You seem to forget me, sir?" said she with a faint smile.

"I do, indeed, madam; the half light, the novelty of your costume, and the strangeness of the circumstance altogether must plead for me—if I appear rude enough."

"I am Lady Mary Boyle," said she.

"I do remember you, madam; but may I ask—?"

"Yes, yes, I know what you would ask: you would say, why are you here, how comes it that you have so far outstepped the propriety of which your whole life is an example, that, alone at such a time you appear in the chamber of a man whose character for gallantry—"

"Oh, indeed—indeed, my lady, nothing of the kind."

"Ah, alas! how poor defenceless women learn too late; how constantly associated is the retiring modesty which denies, with the pleasing powers which ensure success—' Here she sobbed, Billy blushed, and the clock struck nine."

"May I then beg, madam—?"

"Yes, yes, you shall hear it all; but my poor scattered faculties will not be the clearer by your hurrying me. You know perhaps," continued she, 'that my maiden name was Rogers?' He of the blankets bowed, and she resumed. 'It is now eighteen years since that a young, unsuspecting, fond creature, reared in all the care and fondness of doting parents, tempted her first step in life, and trusted her fate to another's keeping. I am that unhappy person: the other, that monster in human guise that smiled but to betray, that won but to ruin and destroy, is he whom you know as Sir Harry Boyle.' Here she sobbed for some minutes, wiped her eyes, and resumed her narrative, beginning at the period of her marriage, detailed a number of circumstances, in which poor Calvert, in all his anxiety to come *au fond* at matters, could never perceive bore upon the question in any way; but, as she recounted them all with great force and precision, entreating him to bear in mind certain circumstances to which she should recur by-and-by, his attention was kept on the stretch, and it was only when the clock struck ten that he was fully aware how his morning was passing, and what surmises his absence might originate."

"May I interrupt you for a moment, dear madam; was it nine or ten o'clock which struck last?"

"How should I know?" said she, frantically; 'what are hours and minutes to her who has passed long years of misery?'

"Very true, very true," replied he, timidly, and rather fearing for the intellects of his fair companion.

"She continued."

"The narrative, however, so far from becoming clearer, grew gradually more confused and intricate, and as frequent references were made by the lady to some previous statement, Calvert was more than once rebuked for forgetfulness and inattention, where, in reality, nothing less than short-hand could have borne him through."

"Was it in ninety-three, I said, that Sir Harry left me at Tuam?"

"Upon my life, madam, I am afraid to aver, but it strikes me—"

"Gracious powers! and this is he whom I fondly trusted to make the depository of my woes—cruel, cruel man." Here she sobbed considerably for several minutes, and spoke not.

"A loud cheer of 'Butler for ever,' from the mob without, now burst upon their hearing, and recalled poor Calvert to the thought that the hours were speeding fast, and no prospect of the everlasting tale coming to an end."

"I am deeply, most deeply grieved, my dear madam," said the little man, sitting up in a pyramid of blankets, 'but hours, minutes, are most precious to me this morning. I am about to be proposed as member for Kilkenny.'

"At these words, the lady straightened her figure out, threw her arms at either side, and burst into a fit of laughter, which poor Calvert knew at once to be hysterics. Here was a pretty situation: the bell rope lay against the opposite wall, even if it did not, would be exactly warranted in pulling it!"

"May the devil and all his angels take Sir Harry Boyle and his whole connection to the fifth generation," was his sincere prayer, as he sat like a Chinese juggler under his canopy."

"At length the violence of the paroxysm seemed to subside, the sobs became less frequent, the kicking less forcible, and the lady's eyes closed, and she appeared to have fallen asleep. 'Now is the moment,' said Billy; 'if I could only get as far as my dressing-gown.' So saying, he worked himself down noiselessly to the foot of his bed, looked fixedly at the fallen lids of the sleeping lady, and essayed one leg from the blankets. 'Now or never,' said he, pushing aside the curtain, and preparing for a spring—one more look he cast at his companion, and then leaped forth; but just as he lit upon the floor, she again aroused herself, screaming with horror. Billy fell upon the bed, and, rolling himself in the bedclothes, vowed never to rise again till she was out of the visible horizon. 'What is all this; what do you mean, sir?' said the lady, reddening with indignation."

"Nothing, upon my soul, madam: it was only my dressing gown!"

"Your dressing gown!" said she, with an emphasis worthy of Siddons; 'a likely story for Sir Harry to believe, sir; fie, fie, sir.'

"This last allusion seemed a settler; for the luckless Calvert heaved a profound sigh, and sunk down as if all



hope had left him. 'Butler for ever,' roared the mob; 'Calvert for ever,' cried a boy's voice from without; 'Three groans for the runaway,' answered this announcement; and a very tender inquiry of 'Where is he?' was raised by some hundred mouths.

"Madam," said the almost frantic listener, "madam, I must get up; I must dress; I beg of you to permit me."

"I have nothing to refuse, sir: alas! disdain has long been my only portion. Get up if you will."

"But," said the astonished man, who was nigh well deranged at the coolness of the reply, "but how am I to do so, if you sit there?"

"Sorry for any inconvenience I may cause you; but, in the crowded state of the hotel, I hope you see the propriety of my walking about the passages in this costume?"

"And, great God! madam, why did you come out in it?"

"A cheer from the mob prevented her reply being audible. One o'clock tolled out from the great bell of the cathedral."

"There's one o'clock, as I live."

"I heard it," said the lady.

"The shouts are increasing. What is that I hear? Butler is in. Gracious mercy! is the election over?"

"The lady stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain, and said, 'Indeed, it would appear so; the mob are chairing Mr. Butler. [A deafening shout burst from the street.] 'Perhaps you'd like to see the fun, so I'll not detain you any longer. So good-bye, Mr. Calvert; and, as your breakfast will be cold, in all likelihood, come down to No. 4, for Sir Harry's a late man, and will be glad to see you.'"

#### CHAPTER XI....An Adventure.

As thus we lightened the road with chatting, the increasing concourse of people, and the greater throng of carriages that filled the road, announced that we had nearly reached our destination.

"Considine," said my uncle, riding up to where we were, "I have just got a few lines from Davern. It seems Bodkin's people are afraid to come in: they know what they must expect, and if so, more than half of that barony is lost to our opponent."

"Then he has no chance whatever."

"He never had, in my opinion," said Sir Harry.

"We'll see soon," said my uncle, cheerfully, and rode to the post.

The remainder of the way was occupied in discussing the various possibilities of the election, into which I was rejoiced to find that defeat never entered.

In the goodly days I speak of, a county contest was a very different thing indeed from the tame and insipid farce that now passes under that name: where a briefless barrister, bullied by both sides, sits as assessor—a few drunken voters—a radical O'Connellite grocer—a demagogue priest—a deputy grand juror, something from the Trinity College lodge, with some half dozen followers, shouting to the "devil with Peel, or down with the Deas," from the whole *corps de ballet*. No, no; in the times I refer to the voters were some thousands in number, and the adverse parties took the field, far less dependent for success upon previous pledge or promise made them, than upon the actual stratagem of the day. Each went forth, like a general to battle, surrounded by a numerous and well-chosen staff; one party of friends acting as commissariat, attended to the victualling of the voters, that they obtained a due, or rather undue allowance of liquor, and came properly drunk to the poll; others again broke into skirmishing parties, and scattered over the country, cut off the enemy's supplies, breaking down their post-chaises, upsetting their jaunting cars, stealing their poll books, and kidnapping their agents. Then there were secret service people, bribing the enemy and enticing them to desert; and lastly, there was a species of sapper-and-miner force, who invented false documents, denied the identity of the opposite party's people, and, when hard pushed, provided persons who took bribes from the enemy, and gave evidence afterward on a petition. Amid all these encounters of wit and ingenuity, the personal friends of the candidate formed a species of rifle brigade, picking out the enemy's officers, and doing some damage to their tactics, by shooting a proposer or wounding a second— a considerable portion of every leading agent's fee being intended as compensation for the duels he might, could, would, should, or ought to fight during the election. Such, in brief, was a contest in the olden time; and, when it is taken into consideration, that it usually lasted a fortnight or three weeks, that a considerable military force was always engaged, (for our Irish law permits this,) and which, when nothing pressing was doing, was regularly assailed by both parties—that far more dependence was placed in a bludgeon than a pistol—and that the man who registered a vote without a cracked pate, was regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon, some faint idea may be formed how much such a scene must have contributed to the peace of the county and the happiness and welfare of all concerned in it.

As we rode along, a loud cheer from a road that ran parallel to the one we were pursuing attracted our attention, and we perceived that the cortege of the opposite party was hastening on to the hustings. I could distinguish the Blake's girls on horseback, among a crowd of officers in undress, and saw something like a bonnet in the carriage and four which headed the procession, and which I judged to be that of Sir George Dashwood. My heart beat strongly as I strained my eyes to see if Miss Dashwood were there, but I could not discern her, and it was with a sense of relief that I reflected on the possibility of our not meeting under circumstances wherein our feelings and interests were so completely opposed. While I was engaged in making this survey, I had accidentally dropped my companions; my eyes were firmly fixed upon that carriage, and, in the faint hope that it contained the object of all my wishes, I forgot every thing else. At length the cortege entered the town, and passing beneath a heavy stone gateway, was lost to my view. I was still lost in reverie, when an under-agent of my uncle's rode up. "Oh! Master Charles," said he, "what's to be done? they've forgotten Mr. Holmes at Woodford, and we have n't a carriage, chaise, or even a car left, to send for him."

"Have you told Mr. Considine?" inquired I.

"And sure you know yourself how little Mr. Considine thinks of a lawyer. It's small comfort he'd give me if I went to tell him: if it was a case of pistols or a bullet mould, he'd ride back the whole way himself for them."

"Try Sir Harry Boyle then."

"He's making a speech this minute before the court-house."

This had sufficed to show me how far behind my companions I had been loitering, when a cheer from the distant road again turned my eyes in that direction: it was the Dashwood carriage returning, after leaving Sir George at the hustings. The head of the britska, before thrown open, was now closed, and I could not make out if any one were inside."

"Devil a doubt of it," said the agent, in answer to some question of a farmer who rode beside him; "will you stand to me?"

"Troth, to be sure I will."

"Here goes then," said he, gathering up his reins and turning his horse at the fence at the road side; "follow me now, boys."

The order was well obeyed, for, when he had cleared the ditch, a dozen stout country fellows, well-mounted, were beside him. Away they went at a hunting pace, taking every leap before them, and heading toward the road before us.

Without thinking further of the matter, I was laughing at the droll effect of the line of frieze coats presented as they rode, side by side, over the stone walls, when an observation near me aroused my attention.

"Ah, then, as they know any thing of Jim Finucane, they'll give it up peaceably: it's little he'd think of taking the coach from under the judge himself."

"What are they about, boys?" said I.

"Goin' to take the chaise and four forinist ye, yer honor," said the man.

I waited not to hear more, but darting spurs into my horse's sides, cleared the fence at one bound. My horse, a strong knit, half-breed, was as fast as a racer for a short distance; so that when the agent and his party had come up with the carriage, I was only a few hundred yards behind. I shouted out with all my might, but they either heard not, or heeded not; for scarcely was the first man over the fence into the road, when the postilion on the leader was felled to the ground, and his place supplied by his slayer. The boy on the wheeler shared the same fate; and, in an instant, so well managed was the attack, the carriage was in possession of the assailants. Four stout fellows had climbed into the box and the rumble, and six others were climbing into the interior, regardless of the aid of steps. By this time the Dashwood party had got the alarm, and returned in full force—not, however, before the other had laid whip to the horses, and set out in full gallop; and now commenced the most terrific race I ever witnessed.

The four carriage horses, which were the property of Sir George, were English thoroughbreds of great value, and totally unaccustomed to the treatment they experienced, dashed forward at a pace that threatened annihilation to the carriage at every bound. The pursuers, though well mounted, were speedily distanced, but followed at a pace that, in the end, was certain to overtake the carriage. As for myself, I rode on beside the road, at the full speed of my horse, shouting, cursing, imploring, execrating, and beseeching at turns, but all in vain—the yells and shouts of the pursuers and pursued drowned all other sounds, except when the thundering crash of the horse's feet rose above all. The road, like most Irish western roads, until the present century, lay straight as an arrow for miles, regardless of every opposing barrier, and, in the instance in question, crossed a mountain at its very highest point. Toward this pinnacle the pace had been tremendous; but, owing to the higher breeding of the cattle, the carriage party had still the advance, and, when they reached the top, they proclaimed the victory with a cheer of triumph and derision. The carriage disappeared beneath the crest of the mountain, and the pursuers halted, as if disposed to relinquish the chase.

"Come on, boys. Never give up," cried I, springing over into the road and heading the party, to which by every right I was opposed.

It was no time for deliberation, and they followed me with a hearty cheer that convinced me I was unknown. The next instant we were on the mountain top, and beheld the carriage, half way down beneath us, still galloping at full stretch.

"We have them now," said a voice behind me; "they'll never turn Lurra bridge, if we only press on."

The speaker was right: the road at the mountain foot turned at a perfect right angle, and then crossed a lofty one-arched bridge over a mountain-torrent, that ran deep and boisterously beneath. On we went, gaining at every stride; for the fellows who rode postilion well knew what was before them, and slackened their pace to secure a safe turning. A yell of victory arose from the pursuers, but was answered by the others with a cheer of defiance. The space was now scarcely two hundred yards between us, when the head of the britska was flung down, and a figure that I at once recognized as the redoubted Tim Finucane, one of the boldest and most reckless fellows in the country, was seen standing on the seat, holding—gracious heavens! it was true—holding in his arms the apparently lifeless figure of Miss Dashwood.

"Hold in!" shouted the ruffian, with a voice that rose high above all the other sounds. "Hold in! or, by the Eternal, I'll throw her, body and bones, into the Lurra ash," for such was the torrent called, that boiled and foamed a few yards before us.

He had by this time got firmly planted on the hind seat, and held the drooping form on one arm, with all the ease of a giant's grasp.

"For the love of God," said I, "pull up. I know him well: he'll do it to a certainty, if you press on."

"And we know you too," said a ruffianly fellow, with a dark whisker meeting beneath his chin, "and have some scores to settle ere we part."

But I heard no more. With one tremendous effort I dashed my horse forward. The carriage turned the angle of the road—for an instant was out of sight—another moment I was behind it.

"Stop!" I shouted, with a last effort, but in vain. The horses, maddened and infuriated, sprang forward, and, heedless of all efforts to turn them, the leaders sprang over the low parapet of the bridge, and, hanging for a second by the traces, fell with a crash into the swollen torrent beneath. By this time I was beside the carriage. Finucane had now clambered to the box, and, regardless of the death and ruin

around, bent upon his murderous object, he lifted the light and girlish form above his head, bent backward, as if to give greater impulse to his effort, when, twining my lash around my wrist, I levelled my heavy and loaded hunting whip at his head; the weighted ball of lead struck him exactly beneath his hat: he staggered, his hands relaxed, and he fell lifeless to the ground: the same instant I was felled to the earth by a blow from behind, and saw no more.

#### CHAPTER XII....Mickey Free.

NEARLY three weeks followed the event I have just narrated ere I again was restored to consciousness. The blow by which I was felled, from what hand coming was never after discovered, had brought on concussion of the brain, and for several days my life was despaired of. As by slow steps I advanced toward recovery, I learned from Considine that Miss Dashwood, whose life was saved by my interference, had testified, in the warmest manner, her gratitude, and that Sir George had, up to the period of his leaving the country, never omitted a single day to ride over and inquire for me.

"You know, of course," said the Count, supposing such news was the most likely to interest me, "you know we beat them."

"No. Pray tell me all. They've not let me hear any thing hitherto."

"One day finished the whole affair; we polled man for man till past two o'clock, when our fellows lost all patience, and beat their tallies out of the town; the police came up, but they beat the police; then they got soldiers, but begged they were too strong for them too. Sir George witnessed it all, and, knowing besides how little chance he had of success, deemed it best to give in; so that a little before five o'clock he resigned. I must say no man could behave better. He came across the hustings and shook hands with Godfrey, and, as the news of the scrimmage with his daughter had just arrived, said that he was sorry his prospect of success had not been greater, that, in resigning, he might testify how deeply he felt the debt the O'Malleys had laid him under."

"And my uncle, how did he receive his advances?"

"Like his own honest self, grasped his hand firmly, and upon my soul I think he was half sorry that he gained the day. Do you know he took a mighty fancy to that blue-eyed daughter of the old General's—faith, Charley, if he was some twenty years younger I would not say but—Come, come, I did n't mean to hurt your feelings; but I have been staying here too long: I'll send up Mickey to sit with you; mind and don't be talking too much to him."

So saying, the worthy Count left the room, fully impressed that, in hinting at the possibility of my uncle's marrying again, he had said something to ruffle my temper.

For the next two or three weeks, my life was one of the most tiresome monotony. Strict injunctions had been given by the doctors to avoid exciting me, and, consequently, every one that came in walked on tiptoe, spoke in whispers, and left me in five minutes. Reading was absolutely forbidden, and, with a sombre half light to sit in, and chicken broth to support nature, I dragged out as dreary an existence as any gentleman west of Athlone.

Whenever my uncle or Considine were not in the room, my companion was my own servant, Michael, or, as he was better known, "Mickey Free." Now, had Mickey been left to his own free and unrestricted devices, the time would not have hung so heavily; for, among Mike's manifold gifts, he was possessed of a very great flow of gossiping conversation; he knew all that was doing in the country, and never was barren in his information wherever his imagination could come into play. Mickey was the best hurler in the barony, no mean performer on the violin, could dance the national bolero of "Tatter Jack Walsh" in a way that charmed more than one soft heart beneath a red wolsey boddace, and had, withal, the peculiar free-and-easy devil-may-care kind of off-hand way that never deserted him in the midst of his wildest and most subtle mornen's, giving to a very deep and cunning fellow all the apparent frankness and openness of a country lad.

He had attached himself to me as a kind of sporting companion; and, growing more and more useful, he had been gradually admitted to the honors of the kitchen and the prerogatives of off cast clothes; without ever having been actually engaged as a servant, and while thus no warrant officer, as in fact, he discharged all his duties well and punctually, was rated among the ship's company; though no one ever could say at what precise period he changed his caterpillar existence and became the gay butterfly, with cords and tops, and striped vest, and a most knowing jerry hat, who stalked about the stable yard, and bullied the helpers. Such was Mike; he had made his fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact that he made himself indispensable to an establishment which, before he entered it, never knew the want of him. As for me, he was everything to me: Mike informed me what horse was wrong, why the chestnut mare could n't go out, and why the black horse could. He knew the arrival of a new covey of partridges quicker than the *Morning Post* does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately; but his talents took a wider range than field sports afford, and he was the faithful chronicler of every wake, station, wedding, or christening for miles round, and, as I took no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to me. To conclude this brief sketch, Mike was a devout Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about anything, that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as suited his own peculiar notions of comfort and happiness; beyond that his skepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and, though he might have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted. Such, in short, was my valet, Mickey Free, and who, had not heavy injunctions been laid on him, as to silence and discretion, would have lightened my weary hours.

"Ah! then, Mither Charles," said he, with a half-suppressed yawn at the long period of probation his tongue had been undergoing in silence, "ah! then, but you were mighty near it."

"Near what?" said I.

"Faith then, myself does n't well know; some say it's purgatory; but it's hard to tell."

"I thought you were too good a Catholic, Mickey, to show any doubts on the matter?"

"Maybe I am—maybe I ain't," was the cautious reply.  
 "Would n't Father Roach explain any of your difficulties for you, if you went over to him?"

"Faix it's little I'd mind his explainings."

"And why not?"

"Easy enough. If you ax ould Miles there without, what does he be doing with all the powther and shot, wouldn't he tell you he's shooting the rooks, and the magpies, and some other varmint; but myself knows he sells it to Widow Casey, at two and four pence a pound: so be-lukes Father Roach may be shooting away at the poor souls in purgatory, that all this time are enjoying the hoith of fine living in Heaven, ye understand."

"And you think that's the way of it, Mickey?"

"Troth it's likely. Any how, I know it's not the place they make it out."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Mister Charles; but you must not be saying any thing about it afther; for I do 'nt like to talk about these kind of things."

Having pledged myself to the requiaite silence and secrecy, Mickey began:

"Maybe you heard tell of the way my father, rest his soul wharever he is, came to this end. Well, I need 'nt mind particulars, but, in short, he was murdered in Ballinaloe one night, when he was baitin the whole town with a blackthorn stick he had, more betoken, a piece of a scythe was stuck at the end of it; a nate weapon, and one he was mighty partial to: but these murdering thieves, the cattle dealers, that never cared for diversion of any kind, fell on him and broke his skull."

"Well, we had a very agreeable wake, and plenty of the best of every thing, and to spare, and I thought it was all over; but, somehow, though I paid Father Roach fifteen shillings, and made him mighty drunk, he always gave me a black look whenever I met him, and when I took off my hat, he'd turn away his head displeased like."

"Murder and ages," says I, 'what's this for?' but as I've a ligh heart, I bore up, and did n't think more about it. One day, however, I was coming home from Athlone market, by myself on the road, when Father Roach overtook me. 'Devil a one a me 'll take any notice of you now,' says I, 'and we 'll see what 'll come out of it.' So the priest rid up, and looked me straight in the face."

"Mickey," says he, 'Mickey.'

"Father," says I.

"Is it that the way you salute your clargy," says he, 'with your caubeen on your head?'

"Faix," says I, 'it's little ye mind whether it's an or aff, for you never take the trouble to say by your leave, or damn your soul, or any other politeless, when we meet.'

"You're an ungrateful creature," says he 'and if you only knew, you'd be trembling in your skin before me, this minute.'

"Devil a tremble," says I, 'after walking six miles this way.'

"You're an obstinate hard-hearted sinner," says he, 'and it's no use in telling you.'

"Telling me what?" says I, for I was getting curious to make out what he meant.

"Mickey," said he, changing his voice, and putting his head down close to me, 'Mickey, I saw your father last night.'

"The saints be merciful to us," said I, 'did ye?'

"I did," said he.

"Tear-an-ages," says I, 'did he tell you what he did with the new corduroys he bought in the fair?'

"Oh! then, you are a cold-hearted creature," says he, 'and I 'll not lose time with you.' With that he was going to ride away, when I took hold of the bridle."

"Father, darling," says I, 'God pardon me, but them breeches is goin' between me an' my night's rest; but tell me about my father.'

"Oh! then, he's in a melancholy state!"

"Whereabouts is he?" says I.

"In purgatory," says he, 'but he won't be there long.'

"Well," says I, 'that's a comfort anyhow.'

"I am glad you think so," says he; 'but there's more of the other opinion.'

"What's that?" says I.

"That hell's worse."

"Oh! meila-murder," says I, 'is that it?'

"Ay, that's it."

"Well, I was so terrified and frightened, I said nothing for some time, but trotted along beside the priest's horse."

"Father," says I, 'how long will it be before they send him where you know?'

"It will not be long now," says he, 'for they're tired entirely with him: they've no peace night nor day,' says he, 'Mickey, your father is a mighty bad man.'

"True for you, Father Roach," says I to myself: 'av he had only the ould stick with the scythe in it, I wish them joy of his company.'

"Mickey," says he, 'I see you're grieved, any I do n't wonder: sure, it's a great disgrace to a decent family.'

"Troth it is," says I, 'but my father always liked low company. Could nothing be done for him now, Father Roach?' says I, looking up in the priest's face."

"I'm greatly afraid, Mickey, he was a bad man, a very bad man."

"And ye think he 'll go there?" says I.

"Indeed, Mickey, I have my fears."

"Upon my conscience," says I, 'I believe you're right, he was always a restless crature.'

"But it does n't depind on him," says the priest crossly."

"And then, who then?" says I.

"Upon yourself, Mickey Free," says he; 'God pardon you for it too.'

"Upon me?" says I.

"Troth no less," says he; 'how many masses was said for your father's soul?—how many aves?—how many paters?—answer me.'

"Devil a one of me knows!—maybe twenty."

"Twenty, twenty—no, nor one."

"And why not?" says I, 'what for, would n't you be helping a poor crature out of trouble, when it would n't cost you more nor a handful of prayers.'

"Mickey, I see," says he, in a solemn tone, 'you're worse nor a haythen: but ye could n't be other, ye never come to yer duties.'

"Well, Father," says I, looking very penitent, 'how many masses would get him out?'

"Now you talk like a sensible man," says he; 'now, Mickey, I've hopes for you—let me see—here he went countin' up his fingers, and numberin' to himself for five minutes—Mickey,' says he, 'I've a batch coming out on Tuesday week, and, if you were to make great exertions, perhaps your father could come with them; that is, av they made no objections.'

"And what for would they?" says I; 'he was always the hoith of company, and av singing's allowed in them parts—'

"God forgive you, Mickey, but yer in a benighted state," says he, sighing."

"Well," says I, 'how 'll we get him out Tuesday week? for that's bringing things to a focus.'

"Two masses in the morning, fastin'," says Father Roach, half loud, 'is two, and two in the afternoon is four, and two at vespers is six,' says he; 'six masses a day for nine days is close by sixty masses—say sixty,' says he, 'and they 'll cost you—mind, Mickey, and do n't be telling it again—for it's only to yourself I'd make them so cheap—a matter of three pounds.'

"Three pounds," says I, 'be-gorra you might as well ax me to give you the rock of Cashel.'

"I'm sorry for ye, Mickey," says he, gathering up the reins to ride off, 'I'm sorry for you; and the day will come when the neglect of your poor father will be a sore stroke agin yourself.'

"Wait a bit, your Reverence," says I, 'wait a bit: would forty shillings get him out?'

"Av coorse it would n't," says he.

"Maybe," says I, coaxing, 'maybe, av you say that his son was a poor boy that lived by his industry, and the times was bad?'

"Not the least use," says he.

"Arrah, but it's hard-hearted they are," thinks I; 'well, see now, I'll give you the money—but I can't afford it all at onst—but I'll pay you five shillings a week—will that do?'

"I'll do my endayvors," says Father Roach; 'and I'll speak to them to trate him peaceably, in the mean time.'

"Long life to your Reverence and do. Well, here now, here's five hogs to begin with; and, masha, but I never thought I'd be spending my loose change that a way."

Father Roach put the six tinpinnies in the pocket of his black leather breeches, said something in Latin, bid me good morning, and rode off."

"Well, to make my story short, I worked late and early to pay the five shillings a week, and I did do it for three weeks regular; then I brought four and fourpence—then it came down to one and tenpence halfpenny—then ninepence—and, at last, I had nothing at all to bring."

"Mickey Free," says the priest, 'ye must stir yourself—your father is mighty displeased at the way you've been doing of late; and av ye kept yer word, he'd been near out by this time.'

"Troth," says I, 'it's a very expensive place.'

"By coorse it is," says he, 'sure all the quality of the land's there. But, Mickey, my man, with a little exertion, your father's business is done. What are you jingling in your pocket there?'

"It's ten shillings, your Reverence, I have to buy seed potatoes."

"Hand it here, my son. Is n't it better your father be enjoying himself in Paradise, then ye were to have all the potatoes in Ireland?'

"And how do ye know," says I, 'he's so near out?'

"How do I know—how do I know—is it?—did n't I see him?'

"See him! tear-an-ages, was you down there again?'

"I was," says he, 'I was down there for three quarters of an hour yesterday evening, getting out Luke Kennedy's mother—decent people the Kennedys—never spared expense.'

"And ye seen my father?" says I.

"I did," says he; 'he had an ould flannel waistcoat on, and a pipe sticking out of the pocket av it.'

"That's him," said I; 'had he a hairy cap?'

"I didn't mind the cap," says he, 'but av coorse he would n't have it on his head in that place.'

"There's for you," says I, 'did he speak to you?'

"He did," says Father Roach; 'he spoke very hard about the way he was treated down there, that they were always jibin' and jeerin' him about drink; and fightin', and the courses he led up here, and that it was a queer thing, for the matter of ten shillings, he was to be kept there so long.'

"Well," says I, taking out the ten shillings and counting it with one hand, 'we must do our best, anyhow—and ye think this 'll get him out surely?'

"I know it will," says he; 'for when Luke's mother was leaving the place, yer father saw the door open, he made a rush at it, and, be-gorra, before it was shut he got his head and one shoulder outside av it, so that ye see, a trifle more 'll do it.'

"Faix, and yer Reverence," says I, you've lightened my heart this morning, and I put the money back again into my pocket."

"Why, what do you mean?" says he, growing very red, for he was angry."

"Just this," says I, 'that I've saved my money: for av it was my father you seen, and that he got his head and one shoulder outside the door, oh, then, by the powers,' says I, 'the devil a jail or jailer from hell to Connaught idould him; so, Father Roach, I wish you the top of the morning,' and I went away laughing; and from that day to this I never heard more of purgatory; and ye see, Mister Charles, I think I was right."

Scarcely had Mike concluded when my door was suddenly burst open, and Sir Harry Boyle, without assuming any of his usual precautions respecting silence and quiet, rushed into the room. A broad grin upon his honest features, and his eyes twinkling in a way that evidently showed me something had occurred to amuse him."

"By Jove, Charley, I musn't keep it from you; it's too good a thing not to tell you: do you remember that very essence young gentleman who accompanied Sir George Dashwood from Dublin, as a kind of electioneering friend?'

"Do you mean Mr. Prettyman?'

"The very man; he was, you are aware, an under secretary in some government department. Well, it seems that he had come down among us, poor savages, as much from motives of learned research and scientific inquiry, as though we had been South Sea islanders; report had gifted us, humble Galwegians, with some very peculiar traits, and this gifted individual resolved to record them. Whether the election week might have sufficed his appetite for wonders, I know not; but he was peaceably taking his departure from the West on Saturday last, when Phil Macnamara met him, and pressed him to dine that day with a few friends at his house.—You know Phil; so that when I tell you, Sam Burke, of Greenmount, and Roger Doolan were of the party, I need not say that the English traveller was not left to his own unassisted imagination for his facts; such anecdotes of our habits and customs as they crammed him with, it would appear never were heard before—nothing was too hot or too heavy for the luckless cockney, who, when not sipping his claret, was faithfully recording in his tablet the mems. for a very brilliant and very original work on Ireland."

"Fine country—splendid country—glorious people—gifted—brave—intelligent—but not happy—alas! Mr. Macnamara, not happy. But we don't know you, gentlemen—we don't indeed, at the other side of the channel; our notions regarding you are far, very far from just."

"I hope and trust," said old Burke, 'you 'll help them to a better understanding ere long.'

"Such, my dear sir, will be the proudest task of my life—the facts I have heard here this evening have made so profound an impression upon me, that I burn for the moment when I can make them known to the world at large; to think—just to think, that a portion of this beautiful island should be so steeped in poverty—that the people not only live upon the mere potatoes, but are absolutely obliged to wear the skins for raiment, as Mr. Doolan has just mentioned to me."

"Which accounts for our cultivation of lumpers," added Mr. Coolan, 'they being the largest species of the root, and best adapted for wearing apparel.'

"I should deem myself culpable, indeed I should, did I not inform my countrymen upon the real condition of this great country."

"Why, after your great opportunities for judging," said Phil, 'you ought to speak out—you've seen us in a way, I may fairly affirm, few Englishmen have, and heard more.'

"That's it, that's the very thing, Mr. Macnamara: I've looked at you more closely, I've watched you more narrowly, I've witnessed what the French call your *vie intime*."

"Begad you have," said old Burke, with a grin, 'and profited by it to the utmost.'

"I've been a spectator of your election contests—I've partaken of your hospitality—I've witnessed your popular and national sports—I've been present at your weddings, your fairs, your wakes—but no, I was forgetting, I never saw a wake."

"Never saw a wake!" repeated each of the company in turn, as though the gentleman was uttering a sentiment of very dubious veracity."

"Never," said Mr. Prettyman, rather abashed at this proof of his incapacity to instruct his English friends upon all matters of Irish interest."

"Well, then," said Macnamara, 'with a blessing, we 'll show you one. Lord forbid that we should 'nt do the honors of our poor country to an intelligent foreigner, when he's good enough to come amongst us.'

"Peter," said he, turning to the servant behind him, 'who 'se dead hereabouts?'

"Sorra one, yer honor. Since the scrimmage at Portumna the place is peaceable."

"Who died lately, in the neighborhood?'

"The widow Macbride, yer honor."

"Could n't they take her up again, Peter? My friend here never saw a wake."

"I'm afereed not; for it was the boys roasted her, and she would n't be a decent corpse for to show a stranger," said Peter in a whisper."

Mr. Prettyman shuddered at these peaceful indications of the neighborhood, and said nothing."

"Well, then, Peter, tell Jimmy Divine to take the old musket in my bed-room, and go over to the Clunagh bog: he can't go wrong: there's twelve families there that never pay a half-penny rent; and when it's done, let him give notice to the neighborhood, and we 'll have a rousing wake."

"You do n't mean, Mr. Macnamara—you do n't mean to say——," stammered out the cockney, with a face like a ghost."

"I only mean to say," said Phil, laughing, 'that you're keeping the decanter very long at your right hand.'

Burke contrived to interpose before the Englishman could ask any explanation of what he had just heard, and for some minutes he could only wait in impatient anxiety, when a loud report of a gun close beside the house attracted the attention of the guests: the next moment old Peter entered, his face radiant with smiles."

"Well, what's that?" said Macnamara."

"Twas Jimmy, yer honor: as the evening was rainy, he said he'd take one of the neighbors, and he had n't to go far; for Andy Moore was going home, and he brought him down at once."

"Did he shoot him?" said Mr. Prettyman, while cold perspiration broke over his forehead. 'Did he murder the man?'

"Sorra murder," said Peter disdainfully; 'but why would n't he shoot him when the master bid him?'

"I need n't tell you more, Charley; but in ten minutes after, feigning some excuse to leave the room, the terrified cockney took flight, and offering twenty guineas for a horse to convey him to Athlone, he left Galway, fully convinced 'that they do n't yet know us on the other side of the channel.'"

#### CHAPTER XIII.—The Journey.

The election concluded—the turmoil and excitement of the contest over—all was fast resuming its accustomed routine around us, when one morning my uncle informed me that I was at length to leave my native county, and enter upon the great world as a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Although long since in expectation of this eventful change, it was with no slight feeling of emotion I contemplated the step, which, removing me at once from all my



early friends and associations, was to surround me with new companions and new influences, and place before me very different objects of ambition from those I had hitherto been regarding.

My destiny had been long ago decided; the army had had its share of the family, who brought little more back with them from the wars, than a short allowance of members and shattered constitutions; the navy had proved on more than one occasion, that the fate of the O'Malleys did not incline to hanging; so that, in Irish estimation but one alternative remained, and that was the bar. Besides, as my uncle remarked with great truth and foresight, "Charley will be tolerably independent of the public, at all events; for, even if they never send him a brief, there's law enough the family to last his time"—a rather novel reason, by the bye, for making a man a lawyer, and which induced Sir Harry, with his usual clearness, to observe to me, "Upon my conscience, boy, you are in luck: if there had been a Bible in the house, I firmly believe he'd have made you a parson."

Considine alone, of all my uncle's advisers, did not concur in this determination respecting me. He set forth, with an eloquence that certainly converted me, that my head was better calculated for bearing hard knocks, than unravelling knotty points; that a shako would become it infinitely better than a wig; and declared roundly, that a boy who began so well, and had such very pretty notions about shooting, was positively thrown away in the Four Courts. My uncle, however, was firm; and as old Sir Harry supported him, the day was decided against us, Considine murmuring, as he left the room, something that did not seem quite a brilliant anticipation of the success awaiting me in my legal career. As for myself, though only a silent spectator of the debate, all my wishes were with the Count. From my earliest boyhood a military life had been my strongest desire: the roll of the drum, and the shrill fife that played through the little village, with its ragged troop of recruits following, had charms for me I cannot describe; and, had a choice been allowed me, I would infinitely rather have been a sergeant in the dragoons, than one of his Majesty's learned in the law. If, then, such had been the cherished feeling of many a year, how much more strongly were my aspirations heightened by the events of the last few days. The tone of superiority I had witnessed in Hammerly, whose conduct to me at parting had placed him high in esteem—the quiet contempt of civilians, implied in a thousand sly ways—the exalted estimation of his own profession, at once wounded my pride and stimulated my ambition; and, lastly, more than all, the avowed preference that Lucy Dashwood evinced for a military life, were stronger allies than my own conviction needed, to make me long for the army. So completely did the thought possess me, that I felt, if I were not a soldier, I cared not what became of me. Life had no other object for me than military renown, no other success for which I cared to struggle, or would value when obtained. *Aut Caesar aut nullus*, thought I; and when my uncle determined I should be a lawyer, I neither murmured nor objected, but hugged myself in the prophecy of Considine, that hinted pretty broadly, "the devil a stupider fellow ever opened a brief; but he'd have made a slashing light dragoon."

The preliminaries were not long in arranging. It was settled that I should be immediately despatched to Dublin, to the care of Doctor Mooney, then a junior Fellow in the University, who would take me into his especial charge; while Sir Harry was to furnish me with a letter to his old friend Dr. Barret, whose advice and assistance he estimated at a very high price. Provided with such documents, I was informed that the gates of knowledge were more than half ajar for me, without an effort upon my part. One only portion of all the arrangements I heard with any thing like pleasure; it was decided that my man Mickey was to accompany me to Dublin, and remain with me during my stay.

It was upon a clear sharp morning in January, of the year 18—, that I took my place upon the box-seat of the old Galway Mail, and set out on my journey. My heart was depressed, and my spirits were miserably low. I had all that feeling of sadness which leave-taking inspires, and no sustaining prospect to cheer me in the distance. For the first time in my life, I had seen a tear glisten in my poor uncle's eye, and heard his voice falter as he said "farewell!" Notwithstanding the difference of age, we had been perfectly companions together; and, as I thought now over all the thousand kindnesses and affectionate instances of his love I had received, my heart gave way, and the tears coursed slowly down my cheeks. I turned to give one last look at the tall chimneys and the old woods, my earliest friends; but a turn of the road had shut out the prospect, and thus I took my leave of Galway.

My friend Mickey, who sat behind with the guard, participated but little in my feelings of regret. The potatoes in the metropolis could scarcely be as wet as the lumpers in Scariff; he had heard that whisky was not dearer, and looked forward to the other delights of the capital with a longing heart. Meanwhile, resolved that no portion of his career should be lost, he was lightening the road by anecdote and song, and had an audience of four people, a very crusty-looking old guard included, in roars of laughter. Mike had contrived, with his usual *savoir faire*, to make himself very agreeable to an extremely pretty-looking country girl, around whose waist he had most lovingly passed his arm, under pretence of keeping her from falling, and to whom in the midst of all his attentions to the party at large, he devoted himself considerably, pressing his suit with all the aid of his native minstrelsy.

"Hould me tight, Miss Matilda, dear."

"My name's Mary Brady, av ye please."

"Ay, and I do please."

"Oh, Mary Brady, you are my darlin',  
You are my looking-glass from night till morning;  
I'd rather have ye without one farthen,  
Nor Shuey Gallagher and her house and garden."

"May I never av I wouldn't then, and ye need n't be laughing."

"Is his honor at home?"

This speech was addressed to a gaping country fellow, that leaned on his spade to see the coach pass.

"Is his honor at home? I've something for him from Mr. Davern."

Mickey well knew that few western gentlemen were

without constant intercourse with the Athlone attorney. The poor countryman accordingly hastened through the fence, and pursued the coach with all speed for above a mile, Mike pretending all the time to be in the greatest anxiety for his overtaking them; until at last, as he stopped in despair, a hearty roar of laughter told him that, in Mickey's parlance, he was "sould."

"Taste it, my dear: devil a harm it'll do ye; it never paid the king's sixpence."

Here he filled a little horn vessel from a black bottle he carried, accompanying the action with a song, the air to which, if any of my readers feel disposed to sing it, I may observe, bore a resemblance to the well known, "a fig for St. Denis of France."

"POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR."

"Av I was a monarch in state;

Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,

With the best of fine victuals to eat,

And drink, like great Nebuchadnezzar,

A rasher of bacon I'd have,

And potatoes the finest was seen, sir;

And for drink it's no claret I'd crave,

But a keg of ould Mullens' pottteen, sir,

With the smell of the smoke on it still.

"They talk of the Romans of ould,

Whom they say in their own times was frisky;

But, trust me, to keep out the cowl'd

The Romans at home here like whisky.

Sure it warms both the head and the heart,

It's the soul of all readin' and writin';

It teaches both science and art,

And disposes both for love or for fightin'.

Oh, pottteen, good luck to ye, dear."

This very classic production, and the black bottle which accompanied it, completely established the singer's pre-eminence in the company; and I heard sundry sounds resembling drinking, with frequent good wishes to the provider of the feast. "Long life to ye, Mr. Free," "Your health and inclinations, Mr. Free," &c.; to which Mr. Free responded, by drinking those of the company, "av they were virtuous." The amicable relations thus happily established, promised a very lasting reign, and would, doubtless, have enjoyed such, had not a slight incident occurred, which for a brief season interrupted them. At the village where we stopped to breakfast, three very venerable figures presented themselves for places in the inside of the coach: they were habited in black coats, breeches, and gaiters, wore hats of a very ecclesiastic breadth in their brim, and had altogether the peculiar air and bearing which distinguishes their calling, being no less than three Roman Catholic prelates on their way to Dublin to attend a convocation. While Mickey and his friends, with the ready tact which every low Irishman possesses, immediately perceived who and what these worshipful individuals were, another traveller, who had just assumed his place on the outside, participated but little in the feelings of reverence so manifestly displayed, but gave a saucer of a very ominous kind, as the skirt of the last black coat disappeared within the coach. This latter individual was a short, thick-set, bandy-legged man, of about fifty, with an enormous nose, which, whatever its habitual coloring, on the morning in question was of a brilliant purple. He wore a blue coat, with bright buttons, upon which some letters were inscribed, and around his neck was fastened a ribbon of the same color, to which a medal was attached. This he displayed with something of ostentation, whenever an opportunity occurred, and seemed altogether a person who possessed a most satisfactory impression of his own importance. In fact, had not this feeling been participated in by others, Mr. Billy Crow would never have been deputed by No. 13,476 to carry their warrant down to the west country, and establish the nucleus of an Orange Lodge in the town of Foxleigh; such being, in brief, the reason why he, a very well known manufacturer of "leather continuations" in Dublin, had ventured upon the perilous journey from which he was now returning. Billy was going on his way to town rejoicing, for he had had a most brilliant success; the brethren had feasted and feted him; he had made several splendid orations, with the usual number of prophecies about the speedy downfall of Romanism; the inevitable return of Protestant ascendancy; the pleasing prospect that, with increased effort and improved organization, they should soon be able to have every thing their own way, and clear the green isle of the horrible vermin St. Patrick forgot, when banishing the others; and that, if Daniel O'Connell, (whom might the Lord confound,) could only be hanged, and Sir Harcourt Lees made primate of all Ireland there were still some hopes of peace and prosperity to the country.

Mr. Crow had no sooner assumed his place upon the coach than he saw that he was in the camp of the enemy. Happily for all parties, indeed, in Ireland, political differences have so completely stamped the externals of each party, that he must be a man of small penetration, who cannot, in the first five minutes he is thrown among strangers, calculate with considerable certainty, whether it will be more conducive to his happiness to sing, "Croppies lie down," or "the battle of Ross." As for Billy Crow, long life to him, you might as well attempt to pass a turkey upon M. Audubon for a giraffe, as endeavor to impose a papist upon him for a true follower of King William. He could have given you more generic distinctions to guide you in the decisions, than ever did Cuvier to designate an antediluvian mammoth; so that no sooner had he seated himself upon the coach, than he buttoned up his great coat, stuck his hands firmly in his side pockets, pursed up his lips, and looked altogether like a man that, feeling himself out of his element, resolves to "bide his time" in patience, until chance may throw him among more congenial associates. Mickey Free, who was himself no mean proficient in reading a character, at one glance saw his man, and began hammering his brains to see if he could not overreach him. The small portmanteau which contained Billy's wardrobe, bore the conspicuous announcement of his name; and, as Mickey could read, this was one important step already gained.

He accordingly took the first opportunity of seating himself beside him, and opened the conversation by some very polite observation upon the other's wearing apparel, which is always, in the west, considered a piece of very courteous attention. By degrees the dialogue prospered, and Mickey

began to make some very important revelations about himself and his master, intimating that the "state of the country" was such that a man of his way of thinking had no peace or quiet in it.

"That's him there, forment ye," said Mickey, "and a better Protestant never hated mass. Ye understand."

"What!" said Billy, unbuttoning the collar of his coat, to get a fairer view of his companion; "why I thought you were—"

Here he made some resemblance of the usual manner of blessing oneself.

"Me, devil a more nor yourself, Mr. Crow."

"Why, do you know me too?"

"Troth, more knows you than you think."

Billy looked very much puzzled at all this; at last he said—

"And ye tell me that your master there 's the right sort?"

"Thru' blue," said Mike, with a wink, "and so is his uncles."

"And where are they, when they are at home?"

"In Galway, no less; but they're here now."

"Where?"

"Here."

At these words he gave a knock of his heel to the coach as if to intimate their "whereabouts."

"You do n't mean in the coach—do ye?"

"To be sure, I do; and troth you can't know much of the west, av ye do n't know the three Mr. Trenchers of Tallybush! them's they."

"You do n't say so?"

"Faix, but I do."

"May I never drink the 12th July, if I did n't think they were priests."

"Priests!" said Mickey, in a roar of laughter, "priests!"

"Just priests."

"Begorra, though, ye had better keep that to yourself; for they're not the men to have that same said to them."

"Of course, I would n't offend them," said Mr. Crow; "faith, it's not me would cast reflections upon such real out-and-outers as they are. And where are they going now?"

"To Dublin straight; there's to be a grand lodge next week; but sure Mr. Crow knows better than me."

Billy after this became silent. A moody reverie seemed to steal over him, and he was evidently displeased with himself for his want of tact in not discovering the three Mr. Trenchers of Tallybush, though he only caught sight of their backs.

Mickey Free interrupted not the frame of mind in which he saw conviction was slowly working its way, but by gently humming, in an under tone, the loyal melody of "Croppies lie down," fanned the flame he had so dexterously kindled. At length they reached the small town of Kinneagad. While the coach changed horses, Mr. Crow lost not a moment in descending from the top, and, rushing into the little inn, disappeared for a few moments. When he again issued forth, he carried a smoking tumbler of whisky punch, which he continued to stir with a spoon. As he approached the coach-door he tapped gently with his knuckles, upon which the reverend prelate of Matonia, or Mesopotamia, I forget which, inquired what he wanted.

"I ask your pardon, gentlemen," said Billy, "but I thought I'd make bold to ax you to taste something warm, this cold day."

"Many thanks, my good friend; but we never do," said a bland voice from within.

"I understand," said Billy, with a sly wink; "but there are circumstances now and then—and one might for the honor of the case, you know. Just put it to your lips, wont you?"

"Excuse me," said a very rosy-cheeked little prelate; "but nothing stronger than water."

"Botheration," thought Billy, as he regarded the speaker's nose. But I thought, said he aloud, "that you would not refuse this."

Here he made a peculiar manifestation in the air, which, whatever respect and reverence it might carry to the honest brethren of 13,476, seemed only to increase the wonder and astonishment of the bishops.

"What does he mean?" said one.

"Is he mad?" said another.

"Tear-and-ages," said Mr. Crow, getting quite impatient at the slowness of his friends' perception, "tear-and-ages, I'm one of yourselves."

"One of us," said the three in chorus, "one of us?"

"Ay, to be sure," here he took a long pull at the punch; "to be sure I am; here's 'no surrender,' your souls! whoop"—a loud yell accompanying the toast as he drank it.

"Do you mean to insult us?" said Father P—.

"Guard, take this fellow."

"Are we to be outraged in this manner?" chorused the priests.

"July the First, in Oldbridge town," sung Billy, "and here it is, 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, of the great, and good'—"

"Guard! where is the guard?"

"And good King William, that saved us from popery!"

"Coachman! guard!" screamed Father—.

"Brass money!"

"Policemen! policemen!" shouted the priests.

"Brass-money and wooden shoes," devil may care who hears me," said Billy, who, supposing that the three Mr. Trenchers were skulking the avowal of their principles, resolved to assert the pre-eminence of the great cause, single-handed and alone.

"Here's the Pope in the pillory, and the devil pelting him with priests."

At these words a kick from behind apprized the loyal champion that a very ragged auditory, who, for some time past, had not well understood the gist of his eloquence, had at length comprehended enough to be angry. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, certainly, in an Irish row. "The merest urchin may light the train; one handful of mud often ignites a shindy that ends in a most bloody battle;" and here, no sooner did the *vis a tergo* impel Billy forward, than a severe rap of a closed fist in the eye, drove him back; and in one instant he became the centre to a periphery of kicks, cuffs, pullings, and haulings, that left the poor deputy guard not only orange, but blue.

He fought manfully, but numbers carried the day; and, when the coach drove off, which it did at last without him, the last thing visible to the outsiders was the figure of Mr.

Crow, whose hat, minus the crown, had been driven over his head, down upon his neck, where it remained like a dress cravat, buffeting a mob of ragged vagabonds, who had so completely metamorphosed the unfortunate man with mud and bruises, that a committee of the grand lodge might actually have been unable to identify him.

As for Mickey and his friends behind, their mirth knew no bounds; and, except the respectable insides, there was not an individual about the coach who ceased to think of, and laugh at the incident, till we arrived in Dublin, and drew up at the Hibernian, in Dawson street.

#### CHAPTER XIV....Dublin.

No sooner had I arrived in Dublin, than my first care was to present myself to Dr. Mooney, by whom I was received in the most cordial manner. In fact, in my utter ignorance of such persons, I had imagined a College-fellow to be a character necessarily severe and unbending; and, as the only two very great people I had ever seen in my life were the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Chief Baron, when on circuit, I pictured to myself that a University-fellow was, in all probability, a cross between the two, and feared him accordingly.

The Doctor read over my uncle's letter attentively, invited me to partake of his breakfast, and then entered upon something like an account of the life before me, for which Sir Harry Boyle had, however, in some degree prepared me.

"Your uncle, I find, wishes you to live in college; perhaps it is better, too; so that I must look out for chambers for you. Let me see: it will be rather difficult, just now, to find them." Here he fell for some moments into a musing fit, and merely muttered a few broken sentences, as, "To be sure, if other chambers could be had—but then—and, after all, perhaps, as he is young—besides, Frank will certainly be expelled before long, and then he will have them all to himself. I say, O'Malley, I believe I must quarter you for the present with a rather wild companion; but, as your uncle says you're a prudent fellow"—here he smiled very much, as if my uncle had not said any such thing—"why, you must only take the better care of yourself, until we can make some better arrangement. My pupil, Frank Webber, is at this moment in want of a 'chum,' as the phrase is; his last three having only been domesticated with him for as many weeks; so that, until we find you a more quiet resting-place, you may take up your abode with him."

During breakfast, the Doctor proceeded to inform me that my destined companion was a young man of excellent family and good fortune, who, with very considerable talents and acquirements, preferred a life of rackets and careless dissipation to prospects of great success in public life, which his connexion and family might have secured for him; that he had been originally entered at Oxford, which he was obliged to leave; then tried Cambridge, from which he escaped expulsion by being rusticated, that is, having incurred a sentence of temporary banishment; and lastly, was endeavoring, with what he himself believed to be a total reformation, to stumble on to a degree in the "silent sister."

"This is his third year," said the Doctor, "and he is only a freshman, having lost every examination, with abilities enough to sweep the university of its prizes. But, come over, now, and I'll present you to him."

I followed him down stairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor, left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me, in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within. It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti, in a melo-drama do, with considerably more of confusion than requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the best, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigor that threatened its downfall, when, at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognising the Doctor, at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly cushioned sofas contrasted strangely with the meagre and comfortless chambers of the Doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing-gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most lady-like whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back of his neck, and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," said the servant.

"*Ton dapamey bominos, prosephe, crione Agamemnon.*" repeated the student in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," repeated the servant in a louder tone, while the Doctor looked around on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

"*Be dakivon para thina doloekosion enkos.*" said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

"Well, Webber, hard at work, I see," said the Doctor.

"Ah, Doctor, I beg pardon! Have you been long here?" said the most soft and insinuating voice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought and study.

While the Doctor presented me to my future companion, I could perceive in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained and vexatous question in his mind.

"May I offer you a cup of coffee, Mr. O'Malley?" said the youth with an air of almost timid bashfulness.

"The Doctor, I know, breakfasts at a very early hour."

"I say, Webber," said the Doctor, who could no longer restrain his curiosity, "what an awful row I heard here as

I came up to the door. I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?"

"Ah, you heard it, too, sir," said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

"Hear it; to be sure I did. O'Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar."

"Yes, indeed, it is very provoking; but, then, what's to be done? One can't complain, under the circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mooney, anxiously.

"Nothing, sir; nothing. I'd much rather you'd not ask me: for, after all, I'll change my chambers."

"But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it!"

"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the Doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn a secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing, except among your friends."

"I do," said the Doctor.

"Well, then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the Dean."

"The Dean?" said Mooney, with a start. "The Dean! Why, how can it be the Dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, Doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was anything heard like it. As for me, as I am now becoming a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy Dean, who, albeit, a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which, in color and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character, and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this, except to your most intimate friends," said Webber.

"Of course not," said the Doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the Doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist—" the rest was lost in his protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amid which the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a thorough and remarkable change in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for, scarcely had the oaken panel shut out the Doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentlemen of five minutes before; but dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion, and blew a tremendous blast.

"Come forth, ye demons of the lower world," said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men, coiled up beneath. "Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen, that ye are," said he, unlocking a pantry, and liberating two others. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. O'Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O'Malley, this is Harry Nesbit, who has been in the college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautious than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O'Malley; a dashing dragon, as you see; aid-de-camp to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and love-maker-general to Merriam-square, West."

"These," said he, pointing to the late denizens of the pantry, "are Jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police office; but, with due regard to their education and morals, we do not despair."

"By no means," said Power; "but come, let us resume our game." At the words he took a folio atlas of maps from a small table, and displayed beneath, a pack of cards, dealt as if for whist. The two gentlemen to whom I was introduced by name, retired to their places; the unknown two put on their boxing gloves, and all resumed the hilarity which Mr. Mooney's advent had so suddenly interrupted.

"Where's Moore?" said Webber, as he once more seated himself at his breakfast.

"Making a spatch-cock, sir," said the servant. At the same instant a little dapper, jovial looking personage appeared with the dish in question. "Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Moore, the gentleman who by repeated remonstrances to the board has succeeded in getting eatable food for the inhabitants of this penitentiary, and has the honored reputation of reforming the commons of college."

"Any thing to Godfrey O'Malley, may I ask, sir," said Moore.

"His nephew," I replied.

"Which of you winged the gentleman the other day for not passing the decanter, or something of that sort?"

"If you mean the affair with Mr. Bodkin, it was I."

"Glorious that, begad I thought you were one of us. I say, Power, it was he pinked Bodkin."

"Ah, indeed," said Power, not turning his head from his game, "a pretty shot I heard—two by honours—and hit him fairly—the odd trick. Hammerly mentioned the thing to me."

"Oh, is he in town?" said I.

"No, he sailed for Portsmouth yesterday; he is to join the 11th—game—I say, Webber, you've lost the rubber."

"Double or quit, and a dinner at Dunleary," said Webber; "we must show O'Malley—confound the Mister—something of the place."

"Agreed."

The whist was resumed; the boxers, now refreshed by a leg of the spatch-cock, returned to their gloves. Mr. Moore took up his violin, Mr. Webber his French horn, and I was left the only unemployed man in the company.

"I say, Power, you'd better bring the drag over here for us; we can all go down together."

"I must inform you," said Cavendish, "that, thanks to your philanthropic efforts of last night, the passage from Grafton-street to Stephen's Green is impracticable." A tremendous roar of laughter followed this announcement; and, though at the time the cause was unknown to me, I

may as well mention it here, as I subsequently learned it from my companions.

Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr. Francis Webber, was an extraordinary fancy for street-begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises, both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually, at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sung them with infinite pathos and humor; and the old woman at the corner of College-green was certain of an audience when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of *jonglerie* usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty.

Now it chanced that a few evenings before, Mr. Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper, from a musical reunion he had held at the corner of York-street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton-street, where a huge stone grating at the time exhibited, perhaps it exhibits still, the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city.

The light was shining brightly from a pastry-cook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone, between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plashing in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath.

To stop in the street of any crowded city is, under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but, when in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires.

Now, Webber, who had at first stood still, without any peculiar thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him.

"What is it, aggra?" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the hood of his cloak.

"And can't you see for yourself, darlin'?" replied he sharply, as he knelt down, and looked most intently at the sewer.

"Are ye long there, avick?" inquired he of an imaginary individual below, and then waiting as if for a reply, said, "Two hours!" "Blessed virgin! he's two hours in the drain!"

By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing to get near the important spot, was awful.

"Where did he come from! who is he! how did he get there?" were questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to-night out o' Newgate by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Liffey, and took the wrong turn."

To an Irish mob, what appeal could equal this? a culprit, at any time, has his claim upon their sympathy; but let him be caught in the very act of cheating the authorities and evading the law, and his popularity knows no bounds. Webber knew this well, and, as the mob thickened around him, sustained an imaginary conversation that Savage Lander might have envied, imparting now and then such hints concerning the runaway as raised their interest to the highest pitch, and fifty different versions were related on all sides—of the crime he was guilty—the sentence that was passed on him—and the day he was to suffer.

"Do ye see the light, dear," said Webber, as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string; "do you see the light; oh! he's fainted, the creature." A cry of horror from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by an universal shout of "break open the street."

Pick-axes, shovels, spades, and crow-bars, seemed absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhumation was begun with a vigor that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving stones; parties relieved each other at the task, and, ere half an hour, a hole, capable of containing a mail coach was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Dublin. Meanwhile, as no appearance of the culprit could be had, dreadful conjectures as to his fate began to gain ground. By this time the authorities had received intimation of what was going forward, and attempted to disperse the crowd; but Webber, who still continued to conduct the prosecution, called on them to resist the police, and save the poor creature; and now began a most terrific fray, the stones forming a ready weapon, were hurled at the unprepared constables, who, on their side, fought manfully, but against superior numbers; so that, at last, it was only by the aid of a military force the mob could be dispersed, and a riot, which had assumed a very serious character, got under. Meanwhile, Webber had reached his chambers and changed his costume, and was relating over a supper-table, the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of friends.

Such was my chum, Frank Webber, and as this was the first anecdote I had heard of him, I relate it here that my readers may be in possession of the grounds upon which my opinion of that celebrated character was founded, while yet our acquaintance was in its infancy.

#### CHAPTER XV....Captain Power.

Within a few weeks after my arrival in town, I had become a matriculated student of the university, and the possessor of chambers within its walls, in conjunction with the sage and prudent gentleman I have introduced to my readers in the last chapter. Had my intentions on entering college been of the most studious and regular kind, the companion into whose society I was then immediately thrown, would have quickly dissipated them. He voted morning chapels a bore, Greek lectures a humbug, examination a farce, and pronounced the statute book, with its attendant train of fines and punishment, an "unclean thing." With all my country habits and predilections fresh upon me, that I was an easily won disciple to his code need not be wondered at, and indeed, ere many days had passed over, my thorough indifference to all college rules and re-



ulations had given me a high place in the esteem of Webber and his friends. As for myself, I was most agreeably surprised to find that what I had looked forward to as a very melancholy banishment, was likely to prove a most agreeable sojourn. Under Webber's directions, there was no hour of the day that hung heavily upon our hands: we rose about eleven, and breakfasted; after which succeeded fencing, sparring, billiards, or tennis in the park; about three got on horseback, and either cantered in the Phoenix or about the squares till visiting time; after which made our calls, and then dressed for dinner, which we never thought of taking at commons, but had it from Morrison's—we both being reported sick in the Dean's list, and thereby exempt from the meagre fare of the fellow's table. In the evening our occupations became still more pressing; there were balls, suppers, whist parties, rows at the theatre, shindies in the street, devilled drumsticks at Hayes's, select oyster parties at the Carlingford; in fact, every known method of remaining up all night, and appearing both pale and penitent the following morning.

Webber had a large acquaintance in Dublin, and soon made me known to them all; among others, the officers of the—Light Dragoons, in which regiment Power was a captain, were his particular friends, and we had frequent invitations to dine at their mess. There it was that military life presented itself to me, in its most attractive possible form, and heightened the passion I had already so strongly conceived for the army. Power, above all others, took my fancy: he was a gay, dashing-looking, handsome fellow, of about eight-and-twenty, who had already seen some service, having joined while his regiment was in Portugal; was in heart and soul a soldier; and had that species of pride and enthusiasm in all that regarded a military career that form no small part of the charm in the character of a young officer.

I sat near him the second day we dined at the mess, and was much pleased at many slight attentions in his manner toward me. "I called on you to-day, Mr. O'Malley," said he, "in company with a friend, who is most anxious to see you."

"Indeed," said I, "I did not hear of it."

"We left no cards either of us, as we were determined to make you out on another day; my companion has most urgent reasons for seeing you—I see you are puzzled," said he; "and although I promised to keep his secret, I must blab: it was Sir George Dashwood was with me; he told us of your most romantic adventure in the west, and, faith, there is no doubt you saved the lady's life."

"Was she worth the trouble of it?" said the old Major, whose conjugal experience imparted a very crusty tone to the question.

"I think," said I, "I need only tell her name to convince you of it."

"Here's a bumper to her," said Power, filling his glass; "and every true man will follow my example."

When the hip, hiping which followed the toast was over, I found myself enjoying no small share of the attention of the party as the deliverer of Lucy Dashwood.

"Sir George is cudgelling his brain to show his gratitude to you," said Power.

"What a pity, for the sake of his peace of mind, that you're not in the army," said another; "it's so easy to show a man a delicate regard by a quick promotion."

"A devil of a pity for his own sake too," said Power, again; "they're going to make a lawyer of as strapping a fellow as ever carried a sabretash."

"A lawyer!" cried out half a dozen together, pretty much with the same tone and emphasis as though he had said a two-penny postman; "the devil they are."

"Cut the service at once: you'll get no promotion in it," said the Colonel, a fellow with a black eye like you would look much better at the head of a squadron than a string of witnesses. Trust me, you'd shine more in conducting a picquet than a prosecution."

"But if I can't?" said I.

"Then take my plan," said Power, "and make it cut you—"

"Yours," said two or three in a breath; "yours?"

"Ay, mine; did you never know that I was bred to the bar? Come, come, if it was only for O'Malley's use and benefit—as we say in the parchments—I must tell you the story."

The claret was pushed briskly round, chairs drawn up to fill any vacant spaces, and Power began his story.

"As I am not over long-winded, don't be scared at my beginning my history somewhat far back. I began life, that most unlucky of all earthly contrivances for supplying casualties in case any thing may befall the heir of the house—a species of domestic jury-mast, only lagged out in a gale of wind—a younger son. My brother Tom, a thick-skulled, pudding-headed dog, that had no taste for any thing, save his dinner, took it into his wise head one morning, that he would go into the army, and, although I had been originally destined for a soldier, no sooner was his choice made than all regard for my taste and inclinations was forgotten; and, as the family interest was only enough for one, it was decided that I should be put in what is called a 'learned profession,' and let push my fortune. 'Take your choice, Dick,' said my father, with a most benign smile, 'take your choice, boy: will you be a lawyer, a parson, or a doctor?'

"Had he said, 'Will you be put in the stocks, the pillory, or publicly whipped,' I could not have looked more blank than at the question."

"As a decent Protestant, he should have grudged me to the church; as a philanthropist, he might have scrupled at making me a physician; but, as he had lost deeply by law-suits, there looked something very like a lurking malice in sending me to the bar. Now so far I concurred with him, for having no gift for enduring either sermons or senna, I thought I'd make a bad administrator of either, and, as I was ever regarded in the family as rather of a shrewd and quick turn, with a very natural taste for roguery, I began to believe he was right, and that nature intended me for the circuit."

"From the hour my vocation was pronounced, it had been happy for the family that they could have got rid of me. A certain ambition to rise in my profession laid hold on me, and I meditated all day and night how I was to get on. Every trick, every subtle invention to cheat the enemy that I could read of, I treasured up carefully, being fully

impressed with the notion, that roguery meant law, and equity was only another name for odd and even."

"My days were spent haranguing special juries of house-maids and laundresses, cross-examining the cook, charging the under-butler, and passing sentence of death upon the pantry boy, who, I may add, was invariably hanged when the court rose."

"If the mutton were overdone, or the turkey burned, I drew up an indictment against old Margaret, and against the kitchen-maid as accomplice; and the family hungered while I harangued; and, in fact, into such disrepute did I bring the legal profession, by the score of annoyance of which I made it the vehicle, that my father got a kind of holy horror of law courts, judges, and crown solicitors, and absented himself from the assizes the same year, for which, being a high sheriff, he paid a penalty of £500."

"The next day I was sent off in disgrace to Dublin to begin my career in college, and eat the usual quartos and folios of beef and mutton which qualify a man for the Wool-sack."

"Years rolled over, in which, after an ineffectual effort to get through college, the only examination I ever got, being a jubilee for the king's birth-day, I was at length called to the Irish bar, and saluted by my friends as Counsellor Power. The whole thing was so like a joke to me, that it kept me in laughter for three terms, and in fact it was the best thing could happen me, for I had nothing else to do. The hall of the Four Courts was a very pleasant lounge, plenty of agreeable fellows that never earned sixpence, or were likely to do so. Then the circuits were so many country excursions, that supplied fun of one kind or other, but no profit. As for me, I was what is called a good junior: I knew how to look after the waiter, to inspect the decanting of the wine, and the airing of the claret, and was always attentive to the father of the circuit, the cross-st old villain that ever was a King's counsel. These eminent qualities, and my being able to sing a song in honor of our own bar, were recommendations enough to make me a favorite, and I was one."

"Now the reputation I obtained was pleasant enough at first, but somehow I wondered that I never got a brief. Somehow, if it rained civil bills or declarations, devil a one would fall upon my head, and it seemed as if the only object I had in life was to accompany the circuit, a kind of deputy-assistant-commissary-general, never expected to come into action. To be sure, I was not alone in misfortune: there were several promising youths who cut great figures in Trinity, in the same predicament, the only difference being, that they attributed to jealousy, what I suspected was forgetfulness, for I don't think a single attorney in Dublin knew one of us."

"Two years passed over, and then I walked the hall with a bag filled with newspapers, to look like briefs, and was regularly called by two or three criers from one court to the other. It never took: even when I used to seduce a country friend to visit the courts, and get him into an animated conversation, in a corner between two pillars, devil a one would believe him to be a client, and I was fairly nonplused."

"How is a man ever to distinguish himself in such a walk as this? was my eternal question to myself every morning as I put on my wig. My face is as well known here as Lord Manners': every one says, 'How are you, Dick?' 'How goes it, Power?' but except Holmes, that said one morning as he passed me, 'Eh, always busy,' no one alluded to the possibility of my having anything to do."

"If I only could get a footing, thought I, Lord how I'd astonish them, as the song says—

'Perhaps a recruit,  
Might chance to shoot  
Great General Bonaparté.'

So said I to myself, I'll make these halls ring for it some day or other, if the occasion ever presents itself. But, faith, it seemed as if some cunning solicitor overheard me, and told his associates, for they avoided me like a leprosy. The home circuit I had adopted for some time past, for the very palpable reason that, being near town, it was least expense, and it had all the advantage of any other for me, in getting me nothing to do. Well, one morning we were in Philipstown; I was lying awake in bed, thinking how long it would be before I'd sum up resolution to cut the bar, where certainly my prospects were not the most cheering, when some one tapped gently at the door."

"Come in," said I.

"The waiter opened gently, and held out his hand with a large roll of paper tied round with a piece of red tape."

"Counsellor," says he, "handsel."

"What do you mean?" said I, jumping out of bed, "what is it, you villain?"

"A brief."

"A brief; so I see, but it's for Counsellor Kinshella, below stairs." That was the first name written on it.

"Bothershin," said he, "Mr. McGrath bid me give it to you carefully."

By this time I had opened the envelope, and read my own name at full length as junior counsel in the important case of Monaghan v. McShane, to be tried in the record court, at Ballinasloe. "That will do," said I, flinging it on the bed with a careless air, as if it were a very every-day matter with me.

"But Counsellor, darlin', give us a thrille to drink your health, with your first cause, and the Lord send you plenty of them."

"My first," said I, with a smile of most ineffable compassion at his simplicity, "I'm worn out with them: do you know, Peter, I was thinking seriously of leaving the bar, when you came into the room? Upon my conscience, it's in earnest I am."

"Peter believed me, I think, for I saw him give a very peculiar look as he pocketed his half-crown and left the room."

"The door was scarcely closed when I gave way to the free transport of my ecstasy; there it lay at last, the long-looked-for, long-wished-for object of all my happiness, and though I well knew that a junior counsel has about as much to do in the conducting of a case as a rusty handspike has in a naval engagement, yet I suffered not such thoughts to mar the current of my happiness. There was my name in conjunction with the two mighty leaders on the circuit, and though they each pocketed a hundred, I doubt very much

if they received their briefs with one half the satisfaction. My joy at length a little subdued, I opened the roll of paper, and began carefully to peruse about fifty pages of narrative regarding a water-course that once had turned a mill; but, for some reasons doubtless known to itself or its friends, would do so no longer, and thus set two respectable neighbors at loggerheads, and involved them in a record that had now been heard three several times."

"Quite forgetting the subordinate part I was destined to fill, I opened the case in a most flowery oration, in which I descanted upon the benefits accruing to mankind from water-communication since the days of Noah; remarked upon the antiquity of mills, and especially of millers, and consumed half an hour in a preamble of generalities that I hoped would make a very considerable impression upon the court. Just at the critical moment when I was about to enter more particularly in the case, three or four of the great unbrieffed came rattling into my room, and broke in upon the oration."

"I say, Power," said one; "come and have an hour's skating on the canal, the courts are filled, and we shan't be missed."

"Skate, my dear friend," said I, in a most dolorous tone, "out of the question; see I am chained to a devilish knotty case with Kinshella and Mills."

"Confound your humbugging," said another, "that may do very well in Dublin for the attorneys, but not with us."

"I do n't well understand you," I replied; "there is the brief. Henesy expects me to report upon it this evening, and I am so hurried."

"Here a very chorus of laughing broke forth, in which, after several vain efforts to resist, I was forced to join, and kept it up with the others."

"When our mirth was over, my friends scrutinized the red-tape-tied packet and pronounced it a real brief, with a degree of surprise that certainly augured little for their familiarity with such objects of natural history."

"When they had left the room, I leisurely examined the all important document, spreading it out before me upon the table, and surveying it as a newly anointed sovereign might be supposed to contemplate a map of his dominions."

"At last," said I to myself, "at last, and here is the foot-step to the wool-sack." For more than an hour I sat motionless, my eyes fixed upon the outspread paper, lost in a maze of reverie. The ambition which disappointments had crushed and delay had chilled, came suddenly back, and all my day-dreams of legal success, my cherished aspirations after silk gowns, and patents of precedence, rushed once more upon me, and I resolved to do or die. Alas! a very little reflection showed me that the latter was perfectly practicable; but that, as a junior counsel, five minutes of very commonplace recitation was all my province, and with the main business of the day I had about as much to do as the call-boy of a play-house has with the success of a tragedy."

"My lord, this is an action brought by Timothy Higgins, &c. and down I go, no more to be remembered and thought of, than if I had never existed. How different it would be were I the leader! Zounds, how I would worry the witnesses, browbeat the evidence, cajole the jury, and soften the judges! If the Lord were, in his mercy, to remove old Mills and Kinshella, before Tuesday, who knows but my fortune might be made? This supposition once started, set me speculating upon all the possible chances that might cut off two king's counsel in the three days, and left me fairly convinced that my own elevation was certain, were they only removed from my path."

"For two whole days, the thought never left my mind; and, on the evening of the second day, I sat moodily over my pint of port, in the Clonbrock Arms, with my friend Timothy Casey, Captain in the North Cork militia, for my companion."

"Fred," said Tim, "take off your wine, man. When does this confounded trial come on?"

"To-morrow," said I, with a deep groan.

"Well, well, and if it does, what matter?" he said; "you'll do well enough, never be afraid."

"Alas!" said I, "you don't understand the cause of my depression." I here entered upon an account of my sorrows, which lasted for above an hour, and only concluded, just as a tremendous noise in the street without announced an arrival. For several minutes, such was the excitement in the house, such running hither and thither—such confusion, and such hubbub, that we could not make out who had arrived."

"At last a door opened quite near us, and we saw the waiter assisting a very portly-looking gentleman off with his great-coat, assuring him the while, that if he would walk into the coffee-room for ten minutes, the fire in his apartment should be got ready. The stranger accordingly entered and seated himself at the fire-place, having never noticed that Casey and myself—the only persons there—were in the room."

"I say, Phil, who is he?" inquired Casey of the waiter. "Counsellor Mills, Captain," said the waiter, and left the room."

"That's your friend," said Casey.

"I see," said I; "and I wish, with all my heart, he was at home with his pretty wife, in Leeson-street."

"Is she good-looking?" inquired Tim.

"Devil a better, said I, 'and he's as jealous as Old Nick.'"

"Hem," said Tim, "mind your cue, and I'll give him a start." Here he suddenly changed his whispering tone for one in a louder key, and resumed: "I say, Power, it will make some work for you lawyers. But who can she be? that's the question." Here he took a much crumpled letter from his pocket, and pretended to read.—"A great sensation was created in the neighbourhood of Merriem-square, yesterday, by the sudden disappearance from her house, of the handsome Mrs. —. Confound it—what's the name?—what a hand he writes! Hill or Miles, or something like that—the lady of an eminent barrister, now on circuit. The gay Lothario is, they say, the Hon. George —."

I was so thunderstruck at the rashness of the stroke, I could say nothing; while the old gentleman started as if he had sat down on a pin. Casey, meanwhile, went on—

"Hell and fury," said the king's counsel, rushing over, "what is it you are saying?"

"You appear warm, old gentleman," said Casey, putting up the letter and rising from the table."

"Show me that letter; show me that infernal letter, sir, this instant!"

"Show you my letter," said Casey; "cool that, any how; you are certainly a good one."

"Do you know me, sir? answer me that!"—said the lawyer, bursting with passion.

"Not at present," said Tim, quietly; "but I hope to do so in the morning, in explanation of your language and conduct. A tremendous ringing of the bell here summoned the waiter to the room."

"Who is that?" inquired the lawyer. The epithet he judged it safe to leave unsaid, as he pointed to Casey.

"Captain Casey, sir; the commanding officer here."

"Just so," said Casey, "and very much at your service, any hour after five in the morning."

"Then you refuse, sir, to explain the paragraph I have just heard you read?"

"Well done, old gentleman; so you have been listening to a private conversation I held with my friend here. In that case we had better retire to our room;" so saying he ordered the waiter to send a fresh bottle and glasses to No. 14, and taking my arm, very politely wished Mr. Mills a good night, and left the coffee-room.

"Before we had reached the top of the stairs, the house was once more in commotion. The new arrival had ordered out fresh horses, and was hurrying every one in his impatience to get away. In ten minutes the chaise rolled off from the door; and Casey, putting his head out of the window, wished him a pleasant journey: while turning to me, he said:

"There's one of them out of the way for you, if we are even obliged to fight the other."

"The port was soon despatched, and with it went all the scruples of conscience I had at first felt for the cruel *ruse* we had just practised. Scarcely was the other bottle called for, when we heard the landlord calling out, in a stentorian voice:

"Two horses, for Goron-bridge, to meet Counsellor Kinshella."

"That's the other fellow," said Casey.

"It is," said I.

"Then we must be stirring," said he. "Waiter, a chaise and pair, in five minutes—d'ye hear? Power, my boy, I do n't want you; stay here, and study you brief. It's little trouble Counsellor Kinshella will give you in the morning."

"All he would tell me of his plans was, that he did n't mean any serious bodily harm to the counsellor, but that certainly he was not likely to be heard of for twenty-four hours."

"Meanwhile, Power, go in and win, my boy," said he, "such another walk over you may never occur."

"I must not make my story longer. The next morning the great record of Monaghan v. McShane was called on, and, as the senior counsel were not present, the attorney wished a postponement. I, however, was firm; told the court I was quite prepared, and, with such an air of assurance, that I actually puzzled the attorney. The case was accordingly opened by me, in a very brilliant speech, and the witnesses called; but such was my unlucky ignorance of the whole matter, that I actually broke down the testimony of our own, and fought like a Trojan for the credit and character of the perjurers against us! The judge rubbed his eyes—the jury looked amazed—and the whole bar laughed outright. However, on I went, blundering, floundering, and foundering at every step, and, at half-past four, amid the greatest and most uproarious mirth of the whole court, heard the jury deliver a verdict against us, just as old Kinshella rushed into the court covered with mud and splattered with clay. He had been sent for twenty miles to make a will for Mr. Daly of Daly's-mount, who was supposed to be at the point of death, but who, on his arrival, threatened to shoot him for causing an alarm in his family by such an imputation.

"The rest is soon told. They moved for a new trial, and I moved out of the profession. I cut the bar, for it cut me: I joined the gallant 14th as a volunteer, and here I am without a single regret, I must confess, that I did n't succeed in the great record of Monaghan v. McShane."

Once more the claret went briskly round, and while we canvassed Power's story, many an anecdote of military life was told, which every instant extended the charm of that career I longed for.

"Another cooper, Major," said Power.

"With all my heart," said the rosy little officer, as he touched the bell behind him; "and now let's have a song."

"Yes, Power," said three or four together, "let us have 'The Irish Dragoon,' if it's only to convert your friend, O'Malley there."

"Here goes, then," said Dick, taking off a bumper as he began the following chant to the air of "Love is the soul of a gay Irishman":

#### "THE IRISH DRAGOON."

"Oh, love is the soul of an Irish dragoon  
In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—  
From the tip of his spur to his bright sabertache.

With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,  
His gay laughing look, and his light speaking eye,  
He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,  
He springs in his saddle and *chassés* the French—  
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

"His spirits are high, and he little knows care,  
Whether sipping his claret, or charging a square—  
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

As ready to sing, or to skirmish he's found,  
To take off his wine, or take up his ground;  
When the bugle may call him, how little he fears,  
To charge forth in column, and beat the Mounseers—  
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

"When the battle is over, he gaily rides back  
To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—  
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache.

Oh! there you may see him in full glory crown'd,  
As he sits with his friends on the hardly won ground,  
And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,  
As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live—  
With his jingling spur and his bright sabertache."

It was late when we broke up; but among all the recollections of that pleasant evening, none clung to me so forcibly,

none sunk so deeply in my heart, as the gay and careless tone of Power's manly voice; and as I fell asleep toward morning, the words of the Irish Dragoon were floating through my mind, and followed me in my dreams.

#### CHAPTER XVI....The Vice-Provost.

I had now been for some weeks a resident within the walls of the University, and yet had never presented my letter of introduction to Dr. Barret. Somehow my thoughts, and occupations had left me little leisure to reflect upon my college course, and I had felt the necessity suggested by my friend Sir Harry of having a supporter in the very learned and gifted individual to whom I was accredited. How long I might have continued in this state of indifference, it is hard to say, when chance brought about my acquaintance with the Doctor.

Were I not inditing a true history in this narrative of my life, to the events and characters of which so many are living witnesses, I should certainly fear to attempt anything like a description of this very remarkable man, so liable would any sketch, however faint and imperfect, be, to the accusation of caricature, when all was so singular and so eccentric.

Dr. Barret was, at the time I speak of, about sixty years of age, scarcely five feet in height, and even that diminutive stature lessened by a stoop. His face was thin, pointed, and russet colored; his nose so aquiline as nearly to meet his projecting chin, and his small gray eyes, red and bleary, peered beneath his well worn cap, with a glance of mingled fear and suspicion. His dress was a suit of the rustiest black, threadbare, and patched in several places, while a pair of large brown leather slippers, far too big for his feet, imparted a sliding motion to his walk, that added an air of indescribable meanness to his appearance; a gown that had been worn for twenty years, browned and coated with the learned dust of the *Fagel*, covered his rusty habiliments, and completed the equipments of a figure that it was somewhat difficult for the young student to recognise as the Vice-Provost of the University. Such was he in externals. Within, a greater or more profound scholar never graced the walls of the college; a distinguished Grecian, learned in all the refinements of a hundred dialects; a deep Orientalist, cunning in all the varieties of Eastern languages, and able to reason with a Moonshee, or chat with a Persian ambassador. With a mind that never ceased acquiring, he possessed a memory ridiculous for its retentiveness even of trifles; no character in history, no event in chronology, was unknown to him, and he was referred to by his contemporaries for information in doubtful and disputed cases, as men consult a lexicon or a dictionary. With an intellect thus stored with deep and far-sought knowledge, in the affairs of the world he was a child. Without the walls of the college, for above forty years, he had not ventured half as many times, and knew absolutely nothing of the busy active world that fussed and fumed so near him; his farthest excursion was to the Bank of Ireland, to which he made occasional visits to fund the ample income of his office, and add to the wealth which already had acquired for him a well merited repute of being the richest man in college.

His little intercourse with the world had left him, in all his habits and manners, in every respect exactly as when he entered college, nearly half a century before; and, as he had literally risen from the ranks in the university, all the peculiarities of voice, accent, and pronunciation which distinguished him as a youth, adhered to him in old age. This was singular enough, and formed a very ludicrous contrast with the learned and deep-red tone of his conversation; but another peculiarity still more striking belonged to him. When he became a fellow, he was obliged by the rules of the college, to take holy orders, as a *sine qua non* to his holding his fellowship; this he did, as he would have assumed a red hood or blue one, as bachelor of laws, or doctor of medicine, and thought no more of it; but, frequently, in his moments of passionate excitement, the venerable character with which he was invested was quite forgotten, and he would utter some sudden and terrific oath, more productive of mirth to his auditors than was seemly, and for which, once spoken, the Doctor felt the greatest shame and contrition. These oaths were no less singular than forcible, and many a trick was practised, and many a plan devised, that the learned Vice-Provost might be entrapped into his favorite exclamation of "May the devil admire me," which no place or presence could restrain.

My servant, Mickey, who had not been long in making himself acquainted with all the originals about him, was the cause of my first meeting the Doctor, before whom I received a summons to appear, on the very serious charge of treating with disrespect the heads of the college.

The circumstances were simply these:—Mike had, among the other gossip of the place, heard frequent tales of the immense wealth and great parsimony of the Doctor; of his anxiety to amass money on all occasions, and the avidity with which even the smallest trifle was added to his gains. He accordingly resolved to amuse himself at the expense of this trait, and proceeded thus:—boring a hole in a half-penny, he attached a long string to it, and, having dropped it on the Doctor's step, stationed himself at the opposite side of the court, concealed from view by the angle of the common wall. He waited patiently for the chapel bell, at the first toll of which the door opened, and the Doctor issued forth. Scarcely was his foot upon the step, when he saw the piece of money, and as quickly stooped to seize it; but just as his finger had nearly touched it, it evaded his grasp, and slowly retreated. He tried again, but with the like success. At last, thinking he miscalculated the distance, he knelt leisurely down, and put forth his hand; but, lo! it again escaped him; on which, slowly rising from his posture, he shambled on toward the chapel, where, meeting the senior lecturer at the door, he cried out, "H—to my soul, Wall, but I saw the halfpenny walk away."

For the sake of the grave character whom he addressed, I need not recount how such a speech was received; suffice it to say, that Mike had been seen by a college porter, who reported him as my servant.

I was in the very act of relating the anecdote to a large party at breakfast in my rooms, when a summons arrived, requiring my immediate attendance at the Board, then sitting in solemn conclave at the Examination-hall.

I accordingly assumed my academic costume as speedily

as possible, and, escorted by that most august functionary, Mr. M'Allister, presented myself before the seniors.

The members of the Board, with the Provost at their head, were seated at a long oak table, covered with books, papers, &c.; and from the silence they maintained, as I walked up the hall, I augured that a very solemn scene was before me.

"Mr. O'Malley," said the Dean, reading my name from a paper he held in his hand, "you have been summoned here at the desire of the Vice-Provost, whose questions you will reply to."

I bowed: a silence of a few minutes followed, when, at length, the learned Doctor, hitching up his nether garments with both hands, put his old and bleary eyes close to my face, while he croaked out with an accent that no hackney coachman could have exceeded in vulgarity,

"Eh, O'Malley; you're *quartus*, I believe; an't you?"

"I believe not. I think I am the only person of that name now on the books."

"That's true; but there was three O'Malleys before you. Godfrey O'Malley, that constered *calve Neroni* to Nero the Calvinist—ha! ha! ha!—was cautioned in 1788."

"My uncle, I believe, sir."

"More than likely, from what I hear of you—*ex uno, &c.* I see your name every day on the punishment roll. Late hours, never at chapel, seldom at morning lectures. Here ye are, sixteen shillings, wearing a red coat."

"Never knew any harm in that, Doctor."

"Ay, but d'ye see me now; 'grave raiment,' says the statute. And then, ye keep numerous beasts of prey, dangerous in their habits, and unseemly to behold."

"A bull terrier, sir, and two game-cocks, are, I assure you, the only animals in my household."

"Well, I'll fine you for it."

"I believe, Doctor," said the Dean, interrupting, in an under tone, "that you cannot impose a penalty in this matter."

"Ay, but I can. Singing birds, says the statute, are forbidden within the walls."

"And then, ye dazzled my eyes at commons with a bit of looking-glass, on Friday. I saw you. May the devil—ahem—as I was saying. That's casting reflections on the heads of the college; and your servant it was, *Michaelis Liber*, Mickey Free—may the flames of—ahem—an insolent varlet, called me a sweep."

"You, Doctor; impossible!" said I, with pretended horror.

"Ay, but d'ye see me now; it's true; for I looked about me at the time, and there was n't another sweep in the place but myself. Hell to—I mean—God forgive me for swearing; but I'll fine you a pound for this."

As I saw the Doctor was getting on at such a pace, I resolved, notwithstanding the august presence of the Board, to try the efficacy of Sir Harry's letter of introduction, which I had taken in my pocket, in the event of its being wanted.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if the time be an unsuitable one; but may I take the opportunity of presenting this letter to you?"

"Ha! I know the hand; Boyle's. *Boyle secundus*. Hem, ha, ay. 'My young friend; and assist him by your advice.' To be sure! O! of course. Eh! tell me, young man, did Boyle say nothing to you about the copy of Erasmus, bound in vellum, that I sold him in Trinity term, 1782?"

"I rather think not, sir," said I, doubtfully.

"Well, then, he might. He owes me two-and-fourpence of the balance."

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir; I now remember he desired me to repay you that sum; but he had just sealed the letter when he recollected it."

"Better late than never," said the Doctor, smiling graciously. "Where's the money? Ay; half-a-crown. I have n't twopence; never mind. Go away, young man; the case is dismissed. *Vehementer miror quare huc venisti*. You're more fit for anything than a college life. Keep good hours; mind the terms, and dismiss *Michaelis Liber*. Ha, ha, ha! May the devil—hem, that is, do—" so saying, the little Doctor's hand pushed me from the hall, his mind evidently relieved of all the griefs from which he had been suffering, by the recovery of his long-lost two-and-fourpence.

Such was my first and last interview with the Vice-Provost, and it made an impression upon me that all the intervening years have neither dimmed nor erased.

#### CHAPTER XVII....Trinity College—A Lecture.

I had not been many weeks a resident of Old Trinity, ere the flattering reputation my chum, Mr. Francis Webber, had acquired, extended also to myself; and, by universal consent, we were acknowledged the most riotous, ill-conducted, and disorderly men on the books of the University. Were the lamps of the squares extinguished and the College left in total darkness, we were summoned before the Dean; was the Vice-Provost serenaded with a chorus of trombones and French horns, to our taste in music was the attention ascribed; did a sudden alarm of fire disturb the congregation at morning chapel, Messrs. Webber and O'Malley were brought before the Board; and I must do them the justice to say, that the most trifling circumstantial evidence was ever sufficient to bring a conviction. Reading men avoided the building where we resided as they would have done the plague. Our doors, like those of a certain classic precinct commemorated by a Latin writer, lay open night and day; while moustached dragoons, knowingly dressed four-in-hand men, fox-hunters in pink issuing forth to the Dubber, or returning splashed from a run with the Kildare hounds, were everlastingly seen passing and repassing. Within, the noise and confusion resembled rather the mess-room of a regiment toward eleven at night, than the chambers of a College student; while, with the double object of affecting to be in ill-health, and to avoid the reflections that day, light occasionally inspires, the shutters were never opened, but lamps and candles kept always burning. Such was No. 2, Old Square, in the goodly days I write of. All the terrors of fines and punishments fell scatheless on the head of my worthy chum: in fact, like a well-known political character, whose pleasure and amusement it has been for some years past to drive through acts of parliament, and deride the powers of the law, so did Mr. Webber tread his way, serpentine through the statute book, ever grazing, but rarely trespassing upon some forbidden ground, which



might involve the great punishment of expulsion. So expert, too, had he become in his special pleadings, so dexterous in the law of the University, that it was no easy matter to bring crime home to him; and even when this was done, his pleas in mitigation rarely failed of success.

There was a sweetness of demeanour, a mild, subdued tone about him, that constantly puzzled the worthy heads of the College, how the accusations ever brought against him could be founded on truth; that the pale, delicate-looking student, whose harsh, hacking cough terrified the hearers, could be the boisterous performer on a key bugle, or the terrific assailant of watchmen, was something too absurd for belief; and when Mr. Webber, with his hand upon his heart, and in the most dulcet accents, assured them that the hours he was not engaged in reading for the medal, were passed in the soothing society of a few select and intimate friends of literary tastes and refined minds, who, knowing the delicacy of his health—here he would cough—were kind enough to sit with him for an hour or so in the evening, the delusion was perfect, and the story of the Dean's riotous habits having got abroad, the charge was usually suppressed.

Like most idle men, Webber never had a moment to spare. Except read, there was nothing he did not do—training a hack for a race in the Phoenix—arranging a rowing match—getting up a mock duel between two white-feather acquaintances—were his almost daily avocations; besides that, he was at the head of many organized societies, instituted for various benevolent purposes. One was called "The Association for discountenancing Watchmen," another, "The Board of Works," whose object was principally devoted to the embellishment of the University, in which, to do them justice, their labors were unceasing, and what with the assistance of some black paint, a ladder, a few pounds of gunpowder, they certainly contrived to effect many important changes. Upon an examination morning, some hundred luckless 'jibs' might be seen perambulating the courts, in the vain effort to discover their tutor's chambers, the names having undergone an alteration that left all trace of their original proprietors unattainable. Doctor Francis Mooney having become Doctor Full Moon—Doctor Hare being, by the change of two letters, Doctor Ape—Romney Robinson, Romulus and Remus, &c. While, upon occasions like these, there could be but little doubt of Master Frank's intentions, upon many others, so subtle were his inventions, so well-contrived his plots, it became a matter of considerable difficulty to say whether the mishap which befell some luckless acquaintance were the result of design or mere accident; and not unfrequently well-disposed individuals were found condoling with "poor Frank," upon his ignorance of some College rule or etiquette, his breach of which had been long and deliberately planned. Of this latter description was a circumstance which occurred about this time, and which some who may throw an eye over these pages will perhaps remember.

The Dean having heard (and indeed the preparations were not intended to secure secrecy) that Webber destined to entertain a party of his friends at dinner on a certain day, sent a most peremptory order for his appearance at commons, his name being erased from the sick list, and a pretty strong hint conveyed to him, that any evasion upon his part would be certainly followed by an inquiry into the real reasons for his absence. What was to be done? That was the very day he had destined for his dinner. To be sure the majority of his guests were College men, who would understand the difficulty at once; but still there were some others, officers, of the 14th, with whom he was constantly dining, and whom he could not so easily put off. The affair was difficult, but still, Webber was the man for a difficulty; in fact, he rather liked one. A very brief consideration accordingly sufficed, and he sat down and wrote to his friends at the Royal Barracks, thus:

"Dear Power—I have a better plan for Tuesday than that I had proposed. Lunch here at three—(we'll call it dinner)—in the hall with the great guns: I can't say much for the grub, but the company—glorious! After that we'll start for Lucan in the drag—take our coffee, strawberries, &c. and return to No. 2, for supper, at tea. Advise your fellows of this change, and believe me

"Most unchangeably yours,  
"Saturday." "FRANK WEBBER."

Accordingly, as three o'clock struck, six dashing-looking light dragoons were seen slowly sauntering up the middle of the dining-hall, escorted by Webber, who, in full academic costume, was leisurely ciceroning his friends, and expiating upon the excellencies of the very remarkable portraits which grace the walls.

The porters looked on with some surprise at the singular hour selected for sight-seeing, but what was their astonishment to find that the party having arrived at the end of the hall, instead of turning back again, very composedly unbuckled their belts, and having disposed of their sabres in a corner, took their places at the Fellow's table, and sat down amid the collective wisdom of Greek Lecturers and Regius Professors, as though they had been mere mortals like themselves.

Scarcely was the long Latin grace concluded, when Webber, leaning forward, enjoined his friends, in a very audible whisper, that if they intended to dine, no time was to be lost.

"We have but little ceremony here, gentlemen, and all we ask is a fair start," said he, as he drew over the soup, and proceeded to help himself.

The advice was not thrown away, for each man, with an alacrity a campaign usually teaches, made himself master of some neighboring dish—a very quick interchange of good things speedily following the appropriation. It was in vain that the Senior Lecturer looked aghast—that the Professor of Astronomy frowned; the whole table, indeed, were thunderstruck—even to the poor Vice-Provost himself, who, albeit given to the comforts of the table, could not lift a morsel to his mouth, but muttered between his teeth—"May the devil admire me, but they're dragoons."

The first shock of surprise over, the porters proceeded to inform them that except Fellows of the University or Fellow-commoners, none were admitted to the table. Webber, however, assured them that it was a mistake, there being nothing in the statute to exclude the 14th Light Dragoons, as he was prepared to prove. Meanwhile dinner proceeded; Power and his party performing with great self-satisfaction upon the sirloins and saddles about them,

regretting only from time to time that there was a most unaccountable absence of wine, and suggested the propriety of napkins whenever they should dine there again. Whatever chagrin these unexpected guests caused among their entertainers of the supper table, in the lower part of the hall the laughter was loud and unceasing, and long before the hour concluded, the Fellows took their departure, leaving to Master Frank Webber the task of doing the honors alone and unassisted. When summoned before the Board for the offence on the following morning, Webber excused himself by throwing the blame upon his friends, with whom, he said, nothing short of a personal quarrel—a thing for a reading man not to be thought of—could have prevented intruding in the manner related. Nothing less than his tact could have saved him on this occasion, and at last he carried the day; while, by an act of the board, the 14th Light Dragoons were pronounced the most insolent corps in the service.

An adventure of his, however, got wind about this time, and served to enlighten many persons as to his real character, who had hitherto been most lenient in their expressions about him. Our worthy tutor, with a zeal for our welfare far more praiseworthy than successful, was in the habit of summoning to his chambers, on certain mornings of the week, his various pupils, whom he lectured in the books for the approaching examinations. Now, as these sittings were held at six o'clock in the winter as well as summer, in a cold, fireless chamber—the lecturer lying snug amid his blankets, while we stood shivering around the walls—the ardor of learning must indeed have proved strong that prompted a regular attendance. As to Frank, he would have as soon thought of attending chapel as of presenting himself on such an occasion. Not so with me. I had not yet grown hackneyed enough to fly in the face of authority, and I frequently left the whistle table, or broke off in a song, to hurry over to the Doctor's chambers and spout Homer and Hesiod. I suffered on in patience, till at last the bore became so insupportable that I told my sorrows to my friend, who listened to me out, and promised me succor.

It so chanced that upon some evening in each week Dr. Mooney was in the habit of visiting some friends who resided a short distance from town, and spending the night at their house. He, of course, did not lecture the following morning—a paper placard, announcing no lecture, being affixed to the door on such occasions. Frank waited patiently till he perceived the Doctor affixing this announcement upon the door one evening; and no sooner had he left College, than he withdrew the paper and departed.

On the next morning he rose early, and, concealing himself on the staircase, waited the arrival of the venerable damsel who acted as servant to the Doctor. No sooner had she opened the door and groped her way into the sitting-room, than Frank crept forward, and, stealing into the bed-room, sprung into the bed, and wrapt himself up in the blankets. The great bell boomed forth at six o'clock, and soon after the sound of feet were heard upon the stairs—one by one they came along—and gradually the room was filled with cold and shivering wretches, more than half asleep, and trying to arouse themselves into an approach to attention.

"Who's there?" said Frank, mimicking the Doctor's voice, as he yawned three or four times in succession, and turned in the bed.

"Collisson, O'Malley, Nesbitt," &c. said a number of voices, anxious to have all the merit such a penance could confer.

"Where's Webber?"

"Absent, sir," chorused the whole party.

"Sorry for it," said the mock Doctor; "Webber is a man of first-rate capacity, and were he only to apply, I am not certain to what eminence his abilities might raise him. Come, Collisson—any three angles of a triangle are equal—are equal to—what are they equal to?" Here he yawned as though he would dislocate his jaw.

"Any three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles," said Collisson, in the usual sing-song tone of a freshman.

As he proceeded to prove the proposition, his monotonous tone seemed to have lulled the Doctor into a doze; for in a few minutes a deep, long-drawn snore announced from the closed curtains that he listened no longer. After a little time, however, a short snort from the sleeper awoke him suddenly, and he called out,

"Go on; I'm waiting.—Do you think I can arouse at this hour of the morning for nothing but to listen to your bungling? Can no one give me a free translation of the passage?"

This digression from mathematics to classics did not surprise the hearers, though it somewhat confused them, no one being precisely aware what the line in question might be.

"Try it, Nesbitt—you, O'Malley—silent all—really this is too bad," an indistinct muttering here from the crowd was followed by an announcement from the Doctor, that "the speaker was an ass, and his head a turnip!—Not one of you capable of translating a chorus from Euripides—'Ou, ou, papai, papai, &c.' which, after all, means no more than—'Oh, whillelu, murder, why did you die,' &c.—'What are you laughing at, gentlemen?—May I ask, does it become a set of ignorant ill-informed savages—yes, savages, I repeat the word—to behave in this manner. Webber is the only man I have with common intellect—the only man among you capable of distinguishing himself. But as for you—I'll bring you before the Board—I'll write to your friends—I'll stop your college indulgences—I'll confine you to the wall—I'll be damned, eh—"

This lapse confused him; he stammered, stuttered, endeavored to recover himself, but by this time we had approached the bed, just at the moment when Master Frank, well knowing what he might expect if detected, had belted from the blankets and rushed from the room. In an instant we were in hot pursuit; but he regained his chambers, and double-locked the door before we could overtake him, leaving us to ponder over the insolent tirade we had so patiently submitted to.

That morning, the affair got wind all over college. As for us, we were scarcely so much laughed at as the Doctor; the world wisely remembering, if such was the nature of our morning's orisons, we might nearly as profitably have remained snug in our quarters.

Such was our life in old Trinity; and strange enough it is that one should feel tempted to the confession; but I really must acknowledge these were, after all, happy times; and I look back upon them with mingled pleasure and sadness. The noble lord who so pathetically lamented that the devil was not so strong in him as he used to be forty years before, has an echo in my regrets, that the student is not as young in me as when those scenes were enacting of which I write.

Alas, and slack! those fingers that were wont to double up a watchman, are now doubled up in gout; the ankles that once astonished the fair, now only interest the faculty; the very jests that set the table in a roar, are become as threadbare as my dress "continuations;" and I, Charles O'Malley, having passed through every gradation of coming years, from long country dances to short whist—from nine times nine, and one cheer more, to weak negus, and a fit of coughing for choros—find myself at the wrong side of—, but stop, this is becoming personal; so I shall conclude my chapter; and with a bow as graceful as rheumatism permits, say to one and all my kind readers, for a brief season, adieu.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—The Invitation—The Wager.

I was sitting at breakfast with Webber, a few mornings after the mess dinner I have spoken of, when Power came in hastily.

"Ha, the very man!" said he. "I say, O'Malley, here's an invitation for you from Sir George, to dine on Friday. He desired me to say a thousand civil things about his not having made you out, regrets that he was not at home when you called yesterday, and all that. By Jove, I know nothing like the favour you stand in; and, as for Miss Dashwood, faith the fair Lucy blushed and tore her glove in most approved style when the old General began his laudation of you."

"Pooh, nonsense," said I; "that silly affair in the west." "Oh, very probably; there's reason the less for your looking so excessively conscious. But I must tell you, in all fairness, that you have no chance; nothing short of a dragoon will go down."

"Be assured," said I, somewhat nettled, "my pretensions do not aspire to the fair Miss Dashwood."

"*Tant mieux et tant pis, mon cher.* I wish to heaven mine did; and, by St. Patrick, if I only played the knight errant half as gallantly as yourself, I should not relinquish my claims to the secretary-at-war himself."

"What the devil brought the old General down to your wild regions?" inquired Webber.

"To contest the county."

"A bright thought, truly. When a man was looking for a seat, why not try a place where the law is occasionally heard of?"

"I'm sure I can give you no information on that head; nor have I ever heard how Sir George came to learn that such a place as Galway existed."

"I believe I can enlighten you," said Power. "Lady Dashwood—rest her soul—came west of the Shannon; she had a large property somewhere in Mayo, and owned some hundred acres of swamp, with some thousand starving tenantry thereupon, that people dignified as an estate in Connaught. This first suggested to him the notion of setting up for the county; probably supposing that the people who never paid in rent might like to do so in gratitude.—How he was undeceived, O'Malley there can inform us. Indeed, I believe the worthy General, who was confoundedly hard up when he married, expected to have got a great fortune, and had little anticipated the three Chancery suits he succeeded to, nor the fourteen rent-charges to his wife's relatives that made the bulk of the dower. It was an unlucky hit for him when he fell in with the old 'maid' at Bath; and, had she lived, he must have gone to the Colonies. But the Lord took her one day, and Major Dashwood was himself again. The Duke of York, the story goes, saw him at Hounslow during a review—was much struck with his air and appearance—made some inquiries—found him to be of excellent family and irreproachable conduct—made him aid-de-camp—and, in fact, made his fortune. I do not believe that, while doing so kind, he could by possibility have done a more popular thing. Every man in the army rejoiced at his good fortune; so that, after all, though he had some hard rubs, he has come well through, the only vestige of his unfortunate matrimonial connection being a correspondence kept up by a maiden sister of his late wife's with him. She insists upon claiming the ties of kindred upon about twenty family eras during the year, when she regularly writes a most loving and ill-spelled epistle, containing the latest information from Mayo, with all particulars of the Macan family, of which she is a worthy member. To her constant hints of the acceptable nature of certain small remittances, the poor General is never inattentive; but to the pleasing prospect of a visit in the flesh from Miss Judy Macan the good man is dead. In fact, not short of being broke by a general court-martial could at all complete his sensations of horror at such a stroke of fortune; and I am not certain, if choice were allowed him, that he would not prefer the latter."

"Then he has never yet seen her?" said Webber.

"Never," replied Power; "and he hopes to leave Ireland without that blessing, the prospect of which, however remote and unlikely, has, I know well, more than once terrified him since his arrival."

"I say, Power, has your worthy General sent me a card for his ball?"

"Not through me, Master Frank."

"Well, now, I call that devilish shabby, do you know.—He asks O'Malley there from my chambers, and never notices the other man, the superior partner in the firm. Eh, O'Malley, what say you?"

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted."

"And who said we were? It was his fault though entirely, that we were not. I am as I ever have been, the most easy fellow in the world on that score—never give myself airs to military people—endure any thing, every thing—and you see the result—hard aint it?"

"But, Webber, Sir George must really be excused in this matter. He has a daughter, a most attractive lovely daughter, just at that budding unsuspecting age when the heart is most susceptible of impressions; and where, let me ask, could she run such risk as in the chance of a casual meeting with the redoubted lady-killer, Master Frank Webber? If he has not sought you out, then here be his apology."

"A very strong case, certainly," said Frank; "but still, had he confided his critical position to my honor and secrecy, he might have depended on me; now, having taken the other line—"

"Well, what then?"

"Why he must abide the consequences. I'll make fierce love to Louisa: isn't that the name?"

"Lucy, so please you."

"Well, be it so—to Lucy—talk the little girl into a most deplorable attachment for me."

"But how, may I ask, and when?"

"I'll begin at the ball, man."

"Why, I thought you said you were not going."

"There you mistake seriously. I merely said that I had not been invited."

"Then, of course," said I "Webber, you cannot think of going, in any case, on my account."

"My dear friend, I go entirely upon my own. I not only shall go, but I intend to have most particular notice and attention paid me. I shall be prime favorite with Sir George—kiss Lucy—"

"Come, come; this is too strong."

"What do you bet I don't? There now; I'll give you a pony a piece I do. Do you say done?"

"That you kiss Miss Dashwood, and are not kicked down stairs for your pains; are those the terms of the wager?" inquired Power.

"With all my heart. That I kiss Miss Dashwood, and am not kicked down stairs for my pains."

"Then I say done."

"And with you too, O'Malley."

"I thank you," said I coldly, "I am not disposed to make such a return for Sir George Dashwood's hospitality as to make an insult to his family the subject of a bet."

"Why, man, what are you dreaming of? Miss Dashwood will not refuse my chaste salute. Come, Power, I'll give you the other fifty."

"Agreed," said he; "at the same time understand me distinctly—that I hold myself perfectly eligible to winning the wager by my own interference; for, if you do kiss her, by Jove, I'll perform the remainder of the compact."

"So I understand the agreement," said Webber, arranging his curls before the looking-glass. "Well, now, who's for Howth; the drag will be here in half an hour?"

"Not I," said Power; "I must return to the barracks."

"Nor I," said I, "for I shall take this opportunity of leaving my card with Sir George Dashwood."

"I have won my fifty, however," said Power, as we walked out into the courts.

"I am not quite certain—"

"Why, the devil, he would not risk a broken neck for that sum: besides, if he did, he loses the bet."

"He's a devilish keen fellow."

"Let him be. In any case I am determined to be on my guard here."

So chatting, we strolled along to the Royal Hospital, when, having dropped my pasteboard, I returned to the College.

#### CHAPTER XIX....The Ball.

I have often dreamed for a storming party with less of trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball. Since the eventful day of the election I had never seen Miss Dashwood; therefore, as to what precise position I might occupy in her favor, was a matter of great doubt in my mind and great import to my happiness. That I myself loved her was a matter of which all the badinage of my friends regarding her made me painfully conscious; but, that in our relative positions, such an attachment was all but hopeless I could not disguise from myself. Young as I was, I well knew to what a heritage of debt, law-suit, and difficulty I was born to succeed. In my resources and means of advancement I had no confidence whatever, had even the profession to which I was destined been more of my choice. I daily felt that it demanded greater exertions, if not far greater abilities, than I could command, to make success at all likely; and then, if such a result were in store, years, at least, must elapse before it could happen, and where would she then be, and where should I—where the ardent affection I now felt and gloried in—perhaps all the more for its desperate hopelessness; when the sanguine and buoyant spirit to combat with difficulties which youth suggests, and which later manhood refuses, should have passed away. And, even if all these survived the toil and labor of anxious days and painful nights, what of her? Alas! I now reflected that although only of my own age, her manner to me had taken all that tone of superiority and patronage which an elder assumes toward one younger, and which, in the spirit of protection it proceeds upon, essentially bars up every inlet to a dearer or warmer feeling—at least, when the lady plays the former part. What then is to be done, thought I; forget her? but how? how shall I renounce all my plans and unweave the web of life I have been spreading around me for many a day, without that one golden thread that lent it more than half its brilliancy and all its attraction? But, then, the alternative is even worse, if I encourage expectations and nurture hopes never to be realized. Well, we meet to-night, after a long and eventful absence: let my future fate be ruled by the results of this meeting. If Lucy Dashwood does care for me, if I can detect in her manner enough to show me that my affection may meet a return, the whole effort of my life shall be to make her mine; if not—if my feelings be all that I have to depend upon, to extort a reciprocal affection—then shall I take my last look of her, and with it the first and brightest dream of happiness my life has hitherto presented.

It need not be wondered at if the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the ballroom, as I entered, struck me with astonishment, accustomed as I had hitherto been to nothing more magnificent than an evening party of squires and their squires, or the annual garrison ball at the barracks. The glare of wax lights, the well-furnished saloons, and the glitter of uniforms, and the blaze of jewelled and satin dames, with the clang of military music, was a species of enchanted atmosphere, which breathing for the first time, rarely fails to intoxicate. Never before had I seen so much beauty: lovely faces dressed in all the seductive flattery of smiles, were on every side; and, as I walked from room to room, I felt how much more fatal to man's peace and heart's ease the whispered words and silent glances of those fair dam-

sels, than all the loud gayety and boisterous freedom of our country belles, who sought to take the heart by storm and escalade.

As yet I had seen neither Sir George nor his daughter, and while I looked on every side for Lucy Dashwood, it was with a beating and anxious heart I longed to see how she would compare with the blaze of beauty around.

Just at this moment a very gorgeously-dressed hussar stepped from a door-way beside me, as if to make a passage for some one, and the next moment she appeared, leaning upon the arm of another lady. One look was all that I had time for, when she recognised me.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley—how happy—has Sir George—has my father seen you?"

"I have only arrived this moment; I trust he is quite well?"

"Oh yes, thank you—"

"I beg your pardon with all humility, Miss Dashwood," said the hussar, in a tone of the most knightly courtesy, "but they are waiting for us."

"But, Captain Fortescue, you must excuse me one moment more. Mr. Lechmere, will you do me the kindness to find out Sir George? Mr. O'Malley—Mr. Lechmere." Here she said something in French to her companion, but so rapidly that I could not detect what it was, but merely heard the reply—"pas mal"—which as the lady continued to canvass me most deliberately through her eye-glass, I supposed referred to me. "And now, Captain Fortescue"—and with a look of the most courteous kindness to me, she disappeared in the crowd.

The gentleman to whose guidance I was intrusted was one of the aid-de-camps, and was not long in finding Sir George. No sooner had the good old General heard my name, than he held out both his hands, and shook mine most heartily.

"At last, O'Malley, at last I am able to thank you for the greatest service ever man rendered me. He saved Lucy, my Lord, rescued her under circumstances where any thing short of his courage and determination must have cost her her life."

"Ah! very pretty indeed," said a stiff old gentleman addressed, as he bowed a most superbly-powdered scalp before me; "most happy to make your acquaintance."

"Who is he?" added he, in nearly as loud a tone to Sir George.

"Mr. O'Malley, of O'Malley Castle."

"True, I forgot—why is he not in uniform?"

"Because unfortunately, my Lord, we don't own him; he's not in the army."

"Ha, ha! thought he was."

"You dance, O'Malley, I suppose? I'm sure you'd rather be over there than hearing all my protestations of gratitude, sincere and heartfelt as they really are."

"Lechmere, introduce my friend Mr. O'Malley: get him a partner."

I had not followed my new acquaintance many steps, when Power came up to me. "I say, Charley," cried he, "I have been tormented to death by half the ladies in the room, to present you to them, and have been in quest of you this half hour. Your brilliant exploit in savage land has made you a regular *preux chevalier*; and if you do not trade on that adventure to your most lasting profit, you deserve to be—a lawyer. Come along here; Lady Muckleman, the adjutant-general's lady and chef, has four Scotch daughters you are to dance with; then, I am to introduce you in all form to the Dean of something's niece: she is a good-looking girl, and has two livings in a safe county. Then there's the town-major's wife, and, in fact, I have several engagements from this to supper time."

"A thousand thanks for all your kindnesses in prospective, but I think, perhaps, it were right I should ask Miss Dashwood to dance, if only as matter of form: you understand?"

"And, if Miss Dashwood should say, 'with pleasure, sir,' only as a matter of form: you understand," said a silvery voice beside me. I turned, and saw Lucy Dashwood, who having overheard my very free and easy suggestion, replied to me in this manner.

I here blundered out my excuses. What I said, and what I did not say, I cannot now remember; but, certainly, it was her turn now to blush, and her arm trembled within mine as I led her to the top of the room. In the little opportunity which our quadrille presented for conversation, I could not help remarking that, after the surprise of her first meeting with me, Miss Dashwood's manner became gradually more and more reserved, and that there was an evident struggle between her wish to appear grateful for what had occurred with a sense of the necessity of not incurring a greater degree of intimacy. Such was my impression, at least, and such the conclusion I drew from a certain quiet tone in her manner, that went farther to wound my feelings, and mar my happiness, than any other line of conduct toward me could have effected.

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

"Dear papa, has any thing occurred; pray, what is it?" inquired she.

He smiled faintly and replied, "Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way; but, certainly, a more disagreeable *contre-temps* could scarcely occur."

"Do tell me: what can it be?"

"Read this," said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note, which bore the mark of a red wafer, most infernally plain upon its outside.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and, after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress, burst out a-laughing, while she said, "Why, really, papa, I do not see why this should put you out much, after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days—"

"Nonsense, child; there's nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman—and to come at such a time."

"When does she speak of paying her visit?"

"I knew you had not read the note," said Sir George, hastily; "she's coming here to-night, is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done? If she forces her way in here, I shall go deranged outright. O'Malley, my boy, read this note; and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humor you see me."

I took the billet from the hands of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows:—

"Dear brother,—When this reaches your hand, I'll not be far off—I'm on my way up to town, to be under Dr. Dease for the old complaint. Cowley mistakes my case entirely; he says it's nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise—but God knows who's right. Expect me to tea, and, with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste, JUDITH MACAN."

"Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and, if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too."

I scarcely could contain my laughter till I got to the end of this very free and easy epistle; when at last I burst forth in a hearty fit, in which I was joined by Miss Dashwood.

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, and for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles; and for whom, in any nearer intimacy, he was in nowise prepared.

"I say, Lucy," said he, "there's only one thing to be done; if this horrid woman does arrive, let her be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we'll neither see nor be seen by any one."

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary directions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced, in his loudest voice, "Miss Macan." Never shall I forget the poor general's look of horror as the words reached him; for as yet, he was too far to catch even a glimpse of its fair owner. As for me, I was already so much interested in seeing what she was like, that I made my way through the crowd toward the door. It is no common occurrence that can distract the various occupations of a crowded ball-room, where, amid the crash of music and the din of conversation, goes on the soft, low voice of insinuating flattery or the light flirtation of a first acquaintance: every clique, every coterie, every little groupe of three or four, has its own separate and private interests, forming a little world of its own, and caring and heeding nothing that goes on around; and even when some striking character or illustrious personage makes his *entrée*, the attention he attracts is so momentary that the buzz of conversation is scarcely, if at all, interrupted, and the business of pleasure continues to flow on. Not so, now, however. No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan, than all seemed to stand still. The spell thus exercised over the luckless general seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that any one could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed toward the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood door in hand, was a tall, elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers gaudily embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered, and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before; while her high pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short, skinny arms were bare, and partly covered by a falling flower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the lustre of a most peering pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while, at each repetition of her name by the servant, she courtesied deeply, returning the while upon the gay crowd before her a very curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith, save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as some one who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and, taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this, threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack, that was heard all over the room.

"Where's Lucy, brother? let me embrace my little darling," said the lady, in an accent that told more of Miss Macan, than a three volume biography could have done; "there she is, I'm sure; kiss me my money."

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable; while, taking her aunt's arm, she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor general's tact to get over the sensation of this most *malapropos* addition to his party; but, by degrees, the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa, betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way toward Miss Dashwood, and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

"I hope you will do me the favor to dance next set with me, Miss Macan?"

"Really, Captain, it's very polite of you; but you must excuse me; I was never any thing great in quadrilles; but if a reel, or a jig—"

"Oh, dear, aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you."

"Or even Sir Roger de Coverly," resumed Miss Macan.

"I assure you quite equally impossible."

"Then I'm certain you waltz," said Power.

"What do you take me for, young man? I hope I know better; I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your lace jacket!"

"Dearest aunt, Captain Power did n't mean to offend you; I'm certain he!"

"Well, why did he dare to—sob, sob—did he see any thing light about me? that he—sob, sob, sob—oh, dear, oh, dear! is it for this I came up from my little peaceful place in the west?—sob, sob, sob—general, George, dear; Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh, dear, dear—is there any whisky negus?"

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings might have excited in the crowd about her before, this last question to-



tally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the bystanders.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George setting her down to a whist-table. From this moment I lost sight of her for above two hours. Meanwhile, I had little opportunity of following up my intimacy with Miss Dashwood, and, as I rather suspected that, on more than one occasion, she seemed to avoid our meeting, I took especial care, on my part, to spare her the annoyance.

For one instant only, had I any opportunity of addressing her, and then there was such an evident embarrassment in her manner that I readily perceived how she felt circumstanced, and that the sense of gratitude to one whose farther advances she might have feared, rendered her constrained and awkward. Too true, said I, she avoids me; my being here is only a source of discomfort and pain to her: therefore, I'll take my leave, and, whatever it may cost me, never to return. With this intention, resolving to wish Sir George very good night, I sought him for some minutes. At length, I saw him in the corner conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

"True, upon my honor, Sir George," said he; "I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris."

"Why, you do n't mean to say that she cheated?"

"Yes, but I do though—turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me, 'Very extraordinary it is—four by honors again.' So I looked, and then I perceived it—a very old trick it is; but she did it beautifully. What's her name?"

"Some western name; I forget it," said the poor general, ready to die with shame.

"Clever old woman, very," said the old Lord, taking a pinch of snuff, "but revokes too often."

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had farther thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd toward the stair-case. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of good-will.

"I say, Charley," whispered Power, as I came along, "it is capital fun—never met anything equal to her; but the poor general will never live through it, and I'm certain of ten days' arrest for this night's proceeding."

"Any news of Webber?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, I fancy I can tell something of him; for I heard of some one presenting himself, and being refused the *entrée*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper: we must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake, eh?"

Not seeing the force of this reasoning, I soon separated myself from them, and secured a corner at a side-table. Every supper, on such an occasion as this, is the same scene of soiled white muslin, faded flowers, flushed faces, torn gloves, blanc-mange, cold chicken, jelly, sponge cakes, spooning young gentlemen doing the attentive, and watchful mammas calculating what precise degree of propinquity in the crush is safe or seasonable for their daughters, to the moustached and unmarrying lovers beside them. There are always the same set of gratified elders, like the benchers in King's Inn, marched up to the head of the table, to eat, drink, and be happy—removed from the more profane looks and soft speeches of the younger part of the creation. Then there are the *ex polloi* of outcasts, younger sons of younger brothers, tutors, governesses, portionless cousins, and curates, all formed in a phalanx round the side-table, whose primitive habits and simple tastes are evinced by their all eating off the same plate and drinking from nearly the same wine-glass. Too happy if some better off acquaintance at the long table invites them to "wine;" though the ceremony on their part is limited to the pantomime of drinking. To this miserable *état d'être* I belonged, and bore my fate with unconcern; for, alas! my spirits were depressed and my heart heavy. Lucy's treatment of me was every moment before me, contrasted with her gay and courteous demeanor to all, save myself; and I longed for the moment to get away.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful: her brilliant eyes were lit with pleasure, and her smile was enchantment itself. What would I not have given for one moment's explanation, as I took my leave for ever!—one brief avowal of my love, my unalterable, devoted love; for which I sought not or expected return, but merely that I might not be forgotten.

Such were my thoughts, when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my reverie. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon pie, a flask of champagne standing between them.

"Don't now! don't I tell ye, it's little ye know Galway, or you would n't think to make up to me, squeezing my foot."

"Upon my soul, you're an angel, a regular angel; I never saw a woman suit my fancy before."

"Oh, behave now, Father Magrath, says,"

"Who's he?"

"The priest no less."

"Oh! confound him."

"Confound Father Magrath, young man!"

"Well then, Judy, don't be angry: I only meant that a dragoon knows more in these matters than a priest."

"Well, then, I'm not sure of that. But any how, I'd have you to remember it aint a Widow Malone you have beside you."

"Never heard of the lady," said Power.

"Sure it's a song—poor creature—it's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our country."

"I wish to heaven you'd sing it."

"What will you give me then, if I do?"

"Any thing—every thing—my heart—my life."

"I would n't give a traunsee for all of them: give me that old green ring on your finger then."

"It's yours," said Power, placing it gracefully upon Miss Macan's finger, "and now for your promise."

"Maybe my brother might not like it."

"He'd be delighted," said Power, "he doats on music."

"Does he now?"

"On my honor he does."

"Well, mind, you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is."

"Miss Macan's song," said Power, tapping the table with his knife. "Miss Macan's song" was re-echoed on all sides, and before the luckless General could interfere, she had begun. How to explain the air I know not, for I never heard its name, but at the end of each verse, a species of echo followed the last word, that rendered it irresistibly ridiculous.

#### "THE WIDOW MALONE."

"Did ye hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone  
Alone!

Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts,  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

"Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;

From the minister down  
To the clerk of the crown,  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone.

"But so modest was Mrs. Malone,  
Twas known  
No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

"Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,  
How quare!  
It's little for blushin' they care  
Down there;

Put his arm round her waist  
Gave ten kisses, at last,  
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,  
My own!'

'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

"And the Widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye!  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,  
For why?

But 'Lucius,' says she,  
'Since you've made now so free,  
You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone!

You may marry your Mary Malone.'

"There's a moral contained in my song,  
Not wrong;  
And one comfort it's not very long,  
But strong:

If for widows you die,  
Larn to kiss, not to sigh;  
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
Ohone!

Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone."

Never did song create such a sensation as Miss Macan's, and certainly her desires as to the chorus were followed to the letter; for the "Widow Malone, ohone!" resounded from one end of the table to the other, amid one universal shout of laughter. None could resist the ludicrous effect of her melody, and even poor Sir George, sinking under the disgrace of his relationship, which she had contrived to make public by frequent allusions to her dear brother the "General," yielded at last, and joined in the mirth around him.

"I insist upon a copy of the 'Widow,' Miss Macan," said Power.

"To be sure; give me a call to-morrow; let me see, about two Father Magrath won't be at home," said she, with a coquetish look.

"Where, pray, may I pay my respects?"

"No. 22, South Anne-street, very respectable lodgings. I'll write the address in your pocket-book."

Power produced a card and pencil, while Miss Macan wrote a few lines saying, as she handed it—

"There, now, don't read it here before the people; they'll think it mighty indelicate in me to make an appointment."

Power pocketed the card, and the next minute Miss Macan's carriage was announced.

Sir George Dashwood, who little flattered himself that his fair guest had any intention of departure, became now most considerably attentive—reminded her of the necessity of muffling against the night air—hoped she should escape cold, and wished a most cordial good night, with a promise of seeing her early the following day.

Notwithstanding Power's ambition to engross the attention of the lady, Sir George himself saw her to her carriage, and only returned to the room as a group was collected around the gallant Captain, to whom he was relating some capital traits of his late conquest; for such he dreamed she was.

"Doubt it who will," said he, "she has invited me to call on her to-morrow—written her address on my card—told me the hour she is certain of being alone. See here—" at these words he pulled forth the card, and handed it to Lechmere.

Scarcely were the eyes of the other thrown upon the writing, when he said, "So, this is n't it Power."

"To be sure it is, man," said Power; "Anne-street is devilish seedy; but that's the quarter."

"Why, confound it, man," said the other there's not a word of that here."

"Read it out," said Power; "proclaim aloud my victory."

Thus urged Lechmere read:

"Dear P.—Please pay to my credit, and soon, mark ye,

the two ponies lost this evening. I have done myself the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady, quizzed papa, and walked into the cunning Fred Power.

"Yours,  
FRANK WEBBER.

"The Widow Malone, ohone, is at your service;"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, his astonishment could not have equalled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.

"Who is he? that is the question," said Sir George, who, with all the ridicule of the affair hanging over him, felt no common relief at the discovery of the imposition.

"A friend of O'Malley's," said Power, delighted, in his defeat, to involve another with himself.

"Indeed!" said the General, regarding me with a look of a very mingled cast.

"Quite true, sir," said I, replying to the accusation that his manner implied, "but equally so, that I neither knew of his plot, nor recognized him when here."

"I am perfectly sure of it, my boy," said the General; "and, after all, it was an excellent joke, carried a little too far, it's true; eh, Lucy?"

But Lucy either heard not, or affected not to hear; and, after some little further assurance that he felt not the least annoyed, the General turned to converse with some other friends; while I, burning with indignation against Webber, took a cold farewell of Miss Dashwood, and retired.

#### CHAPTER XX.—The Last night in Trinity.

How I might have met Master Webber after his impersonation of Miss Macan, I cannot possibly figure to myself. Fortunately, indeed, for all parties, he left town early the next morning; and it was some weeks ere he returned. In the meanwhile, I became a daily visitor at the General's, dined there usually three or four times a week, rode out with Lucy constantly, and accompanied her every evening either to the theatre or into society. Sir George, possibly from my youth, seemed to pay little attention to an intimacy which he perceived every hour growing closer, and frequently gave his daughter into my charge in our morning excursions on horseback. As for me, my happiness was all but perfect. I loved, and already began to hope that I was not regarded with indifference; for, although Lucy's manner never absolutely evinced any decided preference toward me, yet many slight and casual circumstances served to show me that my attentions to her were neither unnoticed nor uncared for. Among the many gay and dashing companions of our rides, I remarked that, however anxious for such a distinction, none ever seemed to make any way in her good graces; and I had already gone far in my self-deception that I was destined for good fortune, when a circumstance which occurred one morning at length served to open my eyes to the truth, and blast, by one fatal breath, the whole harvest of my hopes.

We were about to set out one morning on a long ride, when Sir George's presence was required by the arrival of an officer who had been sent from the Horse Guards on official business. After half-an-hour's delay, Col. Cameron, the officer in requisition, was introduced and entered into conversation with our party. He had only landed in England from the Peninsula a few days before, and had abundant information of the stirring events enacting there. At the conclusion of an anecdote—I forget what—he turned suddenly around to Miss Dashwood, who was standing beside me, and said, in a low voice:

"And, now, Miss Dashwood, I am reminded of a commission I promised a very old brother officer to perform. Can I have one moment's conversation with you in the window?"

As he spoke, I perceived that he crumpled beneath his glove something like a letter.

"To me!" said Lucy, with a look of surprise that sadly puzzled me whether to ascribe it to coquetry or innocence—"to me?"

"To you," said the Colonel, bowing; "and I am sadly deceived by my friend Hammersly—"

"Captain Hammersly," said she, blushing deeply as she spoke.

I heard no more. She turned toward the window with the Colonel, and all I saw was, that he handed her a letter, which, having hastily broken open, and thrown her eyes over, she grew first deadly pale—then red, and, while her eyes filled with tears, I heard her say, "How like him!—how truly generous this is!" I listened to no more—I turned and left the room—in another moment was on my horse, galloping from the spot, despair, in all its blackness, in my heart—and, in my broken-hearted misery, wishing for death.

I was miles away from Dublin ere I remembered well what had occurred, and even then not over clearly; the fact that Lucy Dashwood, whom I imagined to be my own in heart, loved another, was all that I really knew. That one thought was all my mind was capable of, and in it my misery, my wretchedness were centered.

Of all the grief my life has known, I have had no moments like the long hours of that dreary night. My sorrow, in turn, took every shape and assumed every guise: now I remember how the Dashwoods had courted my intimacy and encouraged my visits; how Lucy herself had evinced, in a thousand ways, that she felt a preference for me. I called to mind the many equivocal proofs I had given her that my feeling, at least, was no common one; and yet, how had they sported with my affections and jested with my happiness! That she loved Hammersly I now had a palpable proof; that this affection must have been mutual and prosecuted at the very moment I was not only professing my own love for her, but actually receiving—all but an avowal of its return—oh! it was too, too base; and, in my deepest heart, I cursed my folly, and vowed never to see her more.

It was late on the next day ere I retraced my steps toward town, my heart sad and heavy, careless what became of me for the future, and pondering whether I should not at once give up my College career, and return to my uncle. When I reached my chamber, all was silent and comfortable; Webber had not returned; my servant was from home; and I felt myself more than ever wretched in the solitude of what had been so oft the scene of noisy and festive gaiety. I sat some hours in a half-musing state, every sad depressing thought that blighted hopes can conjure up rising in turn

before me. A loud knocking at the door at length aroused me. I got up and opened it. No one was there: I looked around, as well as the coming gloom of evening would permit, but saw nothing. I listened, and heard, at some distance off, my friend Power's manly voice, as he sang,

"Oh! Love is the soul of an Irish dragon!"

I hallooed out, "Power."

"Eh, O'Malley, is that you?" inquired he. "Why, then, it seems it required some deliberation whether you opened your door or not. Why, man, you can have no great gift of prophecy, or you wouldn't have kept me so long there."

"And have you been so?"

"Only twenty minutes; for as I saw the key in the lock, I had determined to succeed if noise would do it."

"How strange! I never heard it."

"Glorious sleeper you must be; but come, my dear fellow, you do n't appear altogether awake yet."

"I have not been quite well these few days."

"Oh! indeed. The Dashwoods thought there must have been something of that kind the matter, by your briak retreat. They sent me after you yesterday; but wherever you went, heaven knows; I never could come up with you; so that your great news has been keeping these twenty-four hours longer than need be."

"I am not aware what you allude to."

"Well, you are not over likely to be the wiser, when you hear it, if you can assume no more intelligent look than that. Why, man, there's great luck in store for you."

"As how, pray. Come, Power, out with it, though I can't pledge myself to feel half as grateful for my good fortune as I should do. What is it?"

"You know Cameron?"

"I have seen him," said I, reddening.

"Well, old Camy, as we used to call him, has brought over among other news, your gazette."

"My gazette! What do you mean?"

"Confound your uncommon stupidity this evening: I mean, man, that you are one of us—gazetted to the 14th light—the best fellows for love, war, and whisky, that ever sported a sabertash. 'O, love is the soul of an Irish dragon.' By Jove, I am as delighted to have rescued you from the black harness of the King's Bench, as though you had been a prisoner there. Know, then, friend Charley, that on Wednesday we proceed to Fermoy, join some score of gallant fellows—all food for powder—and, with the aid of rotten transport, and the stormy winds that blow, will be bronzing our beautiful faces in Portugal before the month's out. But come, now let's see about supper; some of ours are coming over here at eleven, and I promised them a devilled bone; and, as it's your last night among these classic precincts, let us have a shindy of it."

While I despatched Mike to Morrison's to provide supper, I heard from Power that Sir George Dashwood had interested himself so strongly for me, that I had obtained my cornetcy in the 14th; that, fearful lest any disappointment might arise, he had never mentioned the matter to me, but that he had previously obtained my uncle's promise to concur in the arrangement, if his negotiation succeeded. It had so done; and now the long-sought-for object of many days was within my grasp; but, alas! the circumstance which lent it all its fascinations was a vanished dream; and what, but two days before, had rendered my happiness perfect, I listened to listlessly and almost without interest. Indeed, my first impulse on finding that I owed my promotion to Sir George, was to return a positive refusal of the cornetcy; but then I remembered how deeply such conduct would hurt my poor old uncle, to whom I never could give an adequate explanation. So I heard Power in silence to the end, thanked him sincerely for his own good-natured kindness in the matter, which already, by the interest he had taken in me, went far to heal the wounds that my own solitary musings were deepening in my heart. At eighteen, fortunately consolations are attainable that become more difficult at eight-and-twenty, and impossible at eight-and-thirty.

While Power continued to dilate upon the delights of a soldier's life—a theme which many a boyish dream had long since made hallowed to my thoughts—I gradually felt my enthusiasm rising, and a certain throbbing at my heart betrayed to me that, sad and dispirited as I felt, there was still within that buoyant spirit which youth possesses as its privilege, and which answers to the call of enterprise as the war-horse to the trumpet. That a career worthy of manhood, great, glorious, and inspiring, opened before me, coming so soon after the late downfall of all my hopes, was, in itself, a source of such true pleasure, that ere long I listened to my friend, and heard his narrative with breathless interest. A lingering sense of pique, too, had its share in all this. I longed to come forward in some manly and dashing part, where my youth might not be ever remembered against me, and when, having brought myself to the test, I might no longer be looked upon and treated as a boy.

We were joined at length by the other officers of the 14th, and, to the number of twelve, sat down to supper.

It was to be my last night in old Trinity, and we resolved that the farewell should be a solemn one. Mansfield, one of the wildest young fellows in the regiment, had vowed that the leave-taking should be commemorated by some very decisive and open expression of our feelings, and had already made some progress in arrangements for blowing up the great bell, which had more than once obtruded upon our morning convivialities; but he was overruled by his more discreet associates, and we at length assumed our places at table, in the midst of which stood a *hecatomb* of all my college equipments, cap, gown, &c. A funeral pile of classics was arrayed upon the hearth, surmounted by my "Book on the Cellar," and a punishment roll waved its length, like a banner, over the doomed heroes of Greece and Rome.

It is seldom that any very determined attempt to be gay *par excellence* has a perfect success; but certainly upon this evening ours had. Songs, good stories, speeches, toasts, bright visions of the campaign before us, the wild excitement which such a meeting cannot be free from, gradually, as the wine passed from hand to hand, seized upon all; and about four in the morning, such was the uproar we caused, and so terrific the noise of our proceedings, that the accumulated force of porters, sent one by one to demand admission, was now a formidable body at the door; and Mike, at

last, came in to assure us that the Bursar, the most dread official of all collegians, was without, and insisted, with a threat of his heaviest displeasure in case of refusal, that the door should be opened.

A committee of the whole house immediately sat upon the question, and it was at length resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the request should be complied with. A fresh bowl of punch, in honor of our expected guest, was immediately concocted, a new broil put on the gridiron, and, having seated ourselves with as great a semblance of decorum as four bottles a man admits of, Curtis, the junior captain, being most drunk, was deputed to receive the Bursar at the door, and introduce him to our august presence.

Mike's instructions were, that immediately on Dr. Stone, the Bursar's entering, the door was to be slammed to, and none of his followers admitted. This done, the Doctor was to be ushered in, and left to our own polite attentions.

A fresh thundering from without scarcely left time for further deliberation; and at last Curtis moved toward the door, in execution of his mission.

"Is there any one there?" said Mike, in a tone of most unsophisticated innocence, to a rapping, that, having lasted three quarters of an hour, threatened now to break in the panel. "Is there any one there?"

"Open the door this instant—the senior Bursar desires you—this instant."

"Sure it's night, and we're all in bed," said Mike.

"Mr. Webber—Mr. O'Malley," said the Bursar, now boiling with indignation. "I summon you, in the name of the Board, to admit me."

"Let the gemmen in," hiccupped Curtis; and, at the same instant, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door opened, but so sparingly as with difficulty to admit the passage of the burly figure of the Bursar.

Forcing his way through, and, regardless of what became of the rest, he pushed on vigorously through the ante-chamber, and, before Curtis could perform his functions of usher, stood in the midst of us. What were his feelings at the scene before him, heaven knows. The number of figures in uniform at once betrayed how little his jurisdiction extended to the great mass of the company, and he immediately turned towards me.

"Mr. Webber—"

"O'Malley, if you please, Mr. Bursar," said I, bowing with most ceremonious politeness.

"No matter, sir; *arcades ambo*, I believe."

"Both archdeacons," said Melville, translating, with a look of withering contempt upon the speaker.

The Doctor continued, addressing me:—

"May I ask, sir, if you believe yourself possessed of any privilege for converting this university into a common tavern?"

"I wished to heaven he did," said Curtis; "capital tap your old commons would make."

"Really, Mr. Bursar," replied I, modestly, "I had begun to flatter myself that our little innocent gaiety had inspired you with the idea of joining our party."

"I humbly move that the old cove in the gown do take the chair," sang out one. "All who are of this opinion say, 'Ay'—a perfect yell of eyes followed this. "All who are of the contrary say, 'No.' The eyes have it."

Before the luckless Doctor had a moment for thought, his legs were lifted from under him, and he was jerked rather than placed upon a chair, and put sitting upon the table.

"Mr. O'Malley, your expulsion within twenty-four hours—"

"Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!" drowned the rest, while Power, taking off the Doctor's cap, replaced it by a foraging cap, very much to the amusement of the party.

"There is no penalty the law permits of, that I shall not—"

"Help the Doctor," said Melville, placing a glass of punch in his unconscious hand.

"Now for a 'Viva la Compagnie,'" said Telford, seating himself at the piano, and playing the first bars of that well-known air, to which, in our meetings, we were accustomed to improvise a doggerel in turn:—

"I drink to the graces, Law, Physic, Divinity,  
Viva la Compagnie;  
And here's to the worthy old Bursar of Trinity,  
Viva la Compagnie."

"Viva, viva la va," &c. were chorused with a shout that shook the old walls, while Power took up the strain:—

"Though with lace caps and gowns they look so like asses,  
Viva la Compagnie,  
They'd rather have punch than the springs of Parnassus,  
Viva la Compagnie.  
What a nose the old gentleman has, by the way,  
Viva la Compagnie,  
Since he smelt out the devil from Botany Bay.\*  
Viva la Compagnie."

Words cannot give even the faintest idea of the poor Bursar's feelings while these demoniacal orgies were enacting around him. Held fast in his chair by Lechmere and another, he glowered on the riotous mob around like a maniac, and astonishment that such liberties could be taken with one in his situation seemed to have surpassed even his rage and resentment; and every now and then a stray thought would flash across his mind that we were mad, a sentiment which, unfortunately, our conduct was but too well calculated to inspire.

"So you're the morning lecturer, old gentleman, and have just dropped in here in the way of business: pleasant life you must have of it," said Casey, now by far the most tipsy man present.

"If you think, Mr. O'Malley, that the events of this evening are to end here?"

"Very far from it, Doctor," said Power; "I'll draw up a little account of the affair for 'Saunders.' They shall hear of it in every corner and nook of the kingdom."

"Bursar of Trinity shall be a proverb for a good fellow that loveth his lish," hiccupped out Fegan.

"And if you believe that such conduct is academical," said the Doctor, with a withering sneer—

"Perhaps not," lisped Melvill, tightening his belt; "but it's devilish convivial—eh, Doctor?"

\* Botany Bay is the slang name given by College men to a new square rather remotely situated from the remainder of the College.

"Is that like him?" said Moreton, producing a caricature, which he had just sketched.

"Capital—very good—perfect. McCleary shall have it in his window by noon to-day," said Power.

At this instant some of the combustibles disposed among the rejected habiliments of my late vocation caught fire, and squibs, crackers, and detonating shots went off on all sides. The Bursar, who had not been deaf to several hints and friendly suggestions, about setting fire to him, blowing him up, &c., with one vigorous spring burst from his antagonists, and, clearing the table at a bound, reached the floor. Before he could be seized he had gained the door—opened it, and was away. We gave chase, yelling like so many devils; but wine and punch, songs and speeches had done their work, and more than one among the pursuers measured his length upon the pavement: while the terrified Bursar, with the speed of terror, held on his way, and gained his chambers, by about twenty yards in advance of Power and Melville, whose pursuit only ended when the oaken panel of the door shut them out from their victim. One loud cheer beneath his window served for our farewell to our friend, and we returned to my rooms. By this time a regiment of those classic functionaries, yapped porters, had assembled around the door, and seemed bent upon giving battle in honor of their maltreated ruler; but Power explained to them, in a neat speech, replete with Latin quotations, that their cause was a weak one, that we were more than their match, and, finally, proposed to them to finish the punch-bowl, to which we were really incompetent, a motion that met immediate acceptance; and old Duncan, with his helmet in one hand, and a goblet in the other, wished me many happy days, and every luck in this life, as I stepped from the massive archway, and took my last farewell of old Trinity.

Should any kind reader feel interested as to the ulterior course assumed by the Bursar, I have only to say that the terrors of the "Board" were never fulminated against me, harmless and innocent as I should have esteemed them. The threat of giving publicity to the entire proceedings by the papers, and the dread of figuring in a sixpenny caricature in McCleary's window, were too much for the worthy Doctor, and he took the wiser course, under the circumstances, and held his peace about the matter. I too have done so for many a year, and only now recall the scene among the wild transactions of early days and boyish follies.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—The Phoenix Park.

WHAT a glorious thing it is, when our first waking thoughts not only dispel some dark depressing dream, but arouse us to the consciousness of a new and bright career suddenly opening before us, buoyant in hope, rich in promise for the future. Life has nothing better than this. The bold spring by which the mind clears the depth that separates misery from happiness, is ecstasy itself; and, then, what a world of bright visions come teeming before us; what plans we form; what promises we make to ourselves in our own hearts: how prolific is the dullest imagination; how exursive the tamest fancy, at such a moment! In a few short and fleeting seconds, the events of a whole life are planned and pictured before us. Dreams of happiness and visions of bliss, of which all our after years are insufficient to eradicate the *prestige*, come in myriads about us; and from that narrow aperture through which this new hope pierces into our heart, a flood of light is poured that illumines our path to the very verge of the grave. How many a success in after days is reckoned as but one step in that ladder of ambition some boyish review has framed, perhaps, after all, destined to be the first and only one! With what triumph we hail some goal attained, some object of our wishes gained, less for its present benefit, than as the accomplishment of some youthful prophecy, when picturing to our hearts all that we would have in life, we whispered within us the flattery of success.

Who is there who has not had some such moment, and who would exchange it, with all the delusive and deceptive influences by which it comes surrounded, for the greatest actual happiness he has partaken of? Alas, alas! it is only in the boundless expanse of such imaginings, unreal and fictitious as they are, that we are truly blessed. Our choicest blessings in life come ever so associated with some sources of care, that the cup of enjoyment is not pure, but dregged in bitterness.

To such a world of bright anticipation did I awake on the morning after the events I have detailed in my last chapter. The first thing my eyes fell upon was an official letter from the Horse Guards:

"The Commander of the Forces desires that Mr. O'Malley will repair immediately on the receipt of this letter to the head quarters of the regiment to which he is gazetted."

Few and simple as the lines were, how brimful of pleasure they sounded to my ears. The regiment to which I was gazetted! and so I was a soldier at last: the first wish of my boyhood was then really accomplished; and my uncle, what will he say? what will he think?

"A letter, sir, by the post," said Mike, at the moment.

I seized it eagerly; it came from home, but was in Conscience's handwriting; how my heart failed me as I turned to look at the seal! "Thank God," said I aloud, on perceiving that it was a red one. I now tore it open and read:—

"My dear Charley,—Godfrey, being laid up with the gout, has desired me to write to you by this day's post.—Your appointment to the 14th, notwithstanding all his prejudices about the army, has given him sincere pleasure. I believe, between ourselves, that your college career, of which he has heard something, convinced him that your forte did not lie in the classics; you know I said so always, but nobody minded me. Your new prospects are all that your best friends could wish for you; you begin early; your corps is a crack one; you are ordered for service.—What could you have more?"

"Your uncle hopes, if you can get a few days' leave, that you will come down here before you join, and I hope so too; for he is unusually low spirited, and talks about his never seeing you again, and all that sort of thing."

"I have written to Merivale, your colonel, on this subject, as well as generally on your behalf; we were cornets together forty years ago; a strict fellow you'll find him, but a trump on service. If you can't manage the leave,



write a long letter home at all events; and so God bless you, and all success.

"Yours sincerely,  
"W. CONSIDINE."

"I had thought of writing you a long letter of advice for your new career, and, indeed, half accomplished one. After all, however, I can tell you little that your own good sense will not teach you as you go on, and experience is ever better than precept. I know of but one rule in life which admits of scarcely any exception, and having followed it upward of sixty years, approve of it only the more: Never quarrel when you can help it; but meet any man—your tailor, your hair-dresser—if he wishes to have you out."

"W. C."

I had scarcely come to the end of this very characteristic epistle, when two more letters were placed upon my table. One was from Sir George Dashwood, inviting me to dinner, to meet some of my "brother officers." How my heart beat at the expression; the other was a short note, marked "private," from my late tutor, Dr. Mooney, saying, that "if I made a suitable apology to the Bursar, for the late affair at my room, he might probably be induced to abandon any further step;" otherwise—then followed innumerable threats about fine, penalties, expulsion, &c., that fell most harmlessly upon my ears. I accepted the invitation; declined the apology; and, having ordered my horse, cantered off to the barracks to consult my friend Power as to all the minor details of my career.

As the dinner hour drew near, my thoughts became again fixed upon Miss Dashwood, and a thousand misgivings crossed my mind, as to whether I should have nerve enough to meet her, without disclosing in my manner the altered state of my feelings, a possibility which I now dreaded fully as much as I had longed some days before to avow my affection for her, however slight its prospects of return. All my valiant resolves and well-contrived plans for appearing unmoved and indifferent in her presence, with which I stored my mind while dressing, and when on my way to dinner, were, however, needless, for it was a party exclusively of men; and, as the coffee was served in the dinner-room, no move was made to the drawing room by any of the company. Quite as well as it is, was my muttered opinion, as I got into my cab at the door. All at an end as regards me in her esteem, and I must not spend my days sighing for a young lady that cares for another. Very reasonable, very proper resolutions these; but alas! I went home, to bed, only to think half the night of the fair Lucy, and dream of her the remainder of it.

When morning dawned, my first thought was, Shall I see her once more? shall I leave her forever thus abruptly? or, rather, shall I not unburden my bosom of its secret, confess my love, and say farewell? I felt such a course to be more in unison with my wishes, than the day before; and, as Power had told me that before a week we should present ourselves at Fermoy, I knew that no time was to be lost.

My determination was taken. I ordered my horse, and early as it was, rode out to the Royal Hospital. My heart beat so strongly as I rode up to the door, that I half resolved to return. I rang the bell, Sir George was in town. Miss Dashwood had just gone five minutes before to spend some days at Carton. It is fate, thought I, as I turned from the spot, and walked slowly beside my horse towards Dublin.

In the few days that intervened before my leaving town, my time was occupied from morning till night: the various details of my uniform, outfit, &c., were undertaken for me by Power. My horses were sent for to Galway, and I myself, with innumerable persons to see, and a mass of business to transact, contrived, at least three times a day, to ride out to the Royal Hospital, always to make some trifling inquiry for Sir George, and always to hear repeated that Miss Dashwood had not returned.

Thus passed five of my last six days in Dublin, and, as the morning of the last opened, it was with a sorrowing spirit that I felt my hour of departure approach, without one only opportunity of seeing Lucy, even to say good-bye.

While Mike was packing in one corner, and I in another was concluding a long letter to my poor uncle, my door opened, and Webber entered.

"Eh, O'Malley, I'm only in time to say adieu! it seems. To my surprise this morning I found you had cut the "Silent Sister." I feared I should be too late to catch one glimpse of you ere you started for the wars."

"You are quite right, Master Frank, and I scarcely expected to have seen you. Your last brilliant achievement at Sir George's very nearly involved me in a serious scrape."

"A mere trifle. How confounded silly Power must have looked eh? Should like so much as to have seen his face. He looked up next day—very proper fellow. By the bye, O'Malley, I rather like the little girl; she is decidedly pretty: and her foot! did you remark her foot?—capital!"

"Yes, she's very good-looking," said I, carelessly.

"I'm thinking of cultivating her a little," said Webber, pulling up his cravat and adjusting his hair in the glass,—"She's spoiled by all the tinsel vaporing of her hussar and aid-de-camp acquaintances; but something may be done for her, eh?"

"With your most able assistance and kind intentions."

"That's what I mean exactly. Sorry you're going—devilish sorry. You served out Stone gloriously: perhaps it's as well, though; you know they'd have expelled you: but still something might turn up; soldiering is a bad style of a thing, eh? How the old General did take his sister-in-law's presence to heart! But he must forgive and forget, for I'm going to be very great friends with him and Lucy. Where are you going now?"

"I'm about to try a new horse before the troops," said I. "He's staunch enough with the cry of the fox-pack in his ears, but I don't know how he'll stand a peal of artillery."

"Well, come along," said Webber, "I'll ride with you." So saying, we mounted and set off to the Park, where two regiments of cavalry and some horse artillery were ordered for inspection.

The review was over when we reached the exercising ground, and we slowly walked our horses toward the end of the Park, intending to return to Dublin by the road. We had not proceeded far, when some hundred yards in advance, we perceived an officer riding with a lady, followed by an orderly dragoon.

"There he goes," said Webber; "I wonder if he'd ask me to dinner if I were to throw myself in his way?"

"Who do you mean?" said I.

"Sir George Dashwood, to be sure, and, *la voila*, Miss Lucy. The little darling rides well, too: how squarely she sits her horse. O'Malley, I have a weakness there; upon my soul, I have."

"Very possibly," said I; "I am aware of another friend of mine participating in the sentiment."

"One Charles O'Malley, of his Majesty's—"

"Nonsense, man—no, no. I mean a very different person, and, for all I can see, with some reason to hope for success."

"Oh, as to that, we flatter ourselves the thing does not present any very considerable difficulties."

"As how, pray?"

"Why, of course, like all such matters, a very decisive determination. To be, to do, and to suffer, as Lindley Murray says, carries the day. Tell her she's an angel every day for three weeks. She may laugh a little at first, but she'll believe it in the end. Tell her that you have not the slightest prospect of obtaining her affection, but still persist in loving her. That, finally, you must die from the effects of despair, &c., but rather like the notion of it than otherwise. That you know she has no fortune; that you have not a sixpence; and who should marry if people whose position in the world was similar did not?"

"But halt: pray how are you to get time and place for all such interesting conversations?"

"Time and place! Good heavens, what a question! Is not every hour of the twenty-four the fittest; is not every place the most suitable? A sudden pause in the organ in St. Patrick's did, it is true, catch me once in a declaration of love; but the choir came in to my aid, and drowned the lady's answer. My dear O'Malley, what could prevent you this instant, if you are so disposed, from doing the amiable to the darling Lucy, there?"

"With the father for an umpire, in case we disagreed," said I.

"Not at all. I should soon get rid of him."

"Impossible, my dear friend."

"Come now, just for the sake of convincing your obstinacy. If you like to say good-bye to the little girl without a witness, I'll take off the he-dragon."

"You do not mean—"

"I do, man—I do mean it." So saying, he drew a crimson silk handkerchief from his pocket, and fastened it round his waist like an officer's sash. This done, and telling me to keep in their wake, for some minutes, he turned from me, and was soon concealed by a copse of white-thorn near us.

I had not gone above a hundred yards farther, when I heard Sir George's voice calling for the orderly. I looked, and saw Webber at a considerable distance in front, curvetting and playing all species of antics. The distance between the General and myself was now so short, that I overheard the following dialogue with the sentry:

"He's not in uniform, then?"

"No, sir; he has a round hat."

"A round hat!"

"His sash—"

"A sword and sash. This is too bad. I'm determined to find him out. Follow, then."

"How d'ye do, General?" said Webber, as he rode toward the trees.

"Stop, sir," shouted Sir George.

"Good day, Sir George," replied Webber, retiring.

"Stay where you are, Lucy," said the General, as dashing spurs into his horse, he sprang forward at a gallop, incensed beyond endurance that his most strict orders should be so openly and insultingly transgressed.

Webber led on to a deep hollow, where the road passed between two smooth slopes, covered with furze trees, and from which it emerged afterward in the thickest and most intricate part of the Park. Sir George dashed boldly after, and, in less than half a minute, both were lost to my view, leaving me in breathless amazement at Master Frank's ingenuity, and some puzzle as to my own future movements.

"Now then, or never," said I, as I pushed boldly forward, and in an instant was alongside of Miss Dashwood.

Her astonishment at seeing me so suddenly increased the confusion from which I felt myself suffering, and, for some minutes, I could scarcely speak. At last, I plucked up courage a little, and said—

"Miss Dashwood, I have looked most anxiously, for the last four days, for the moment which chance has now given me. I wished, before I parted for ever with those to whom I owe already so much, that I should, at least, speak my gratitude ere I said good-bye."

"But when do you think of going?"

"To-morrow; Captain Power, under whose command I am, has received orders to embark immediately for Portugal."

I thought—perhaps it was but a thought—that her cheek grew somewhat paler as I spoke; but she remained silent; and I, scarcely knowing what I had said, or whether I had finished, spoke not either.

"Papa, I'm sure, is not aware," said she, after a long pause, "of your intention of leaving so soon; for, only last night, he spoke of some letters he meant to give you to some friends in the Peninsula; beside, I know"—here she smiled faintly—"that he destined some excellent advice for your ears, as to your new path in life, for he has an immense opinion of the value of such to a young officer."

"I am, indeed, most grateful to Sir George, and, truly never did any one stand more in need of counsel than I do." This was said half musingly, and not intended to be heard.

"Then, pray, consult Papa," said she, eagerly; "he is much attached to you, and will, I'm certain, do all in his power—"

"Alas! I fear not, Miss Dashwood."

"Why, what can you mean? has any thing serious occurred?"

"No, no; I'm but misleading you, and exciting your sympathy with false pretences. Should I tell you all the truth, you would not pardon, perhaps not hear me."

"You have, indeed, puzzled me; but, if there is any thing in which my father—"

"Less him than his daughter," said I, fixing my eyes upon her as I spoke. "Yes, Lucy, I feel I must confess it, cost what it may, I love you; stay, hear me out: I know the fruitlessness, the utter despair, that awaits such a sen-

timent. My own heart tells me that I am not, cannot be, loved in return; yet, would I rather cherish in its core my affection slighted and unblessed, such as it is, than own another heart. I ask for nothing; I hope for nothing; I merely entreat that, for my truth, I may meet belief, and, for my heart's worship of her whom alone I can love, compassion. I see that you at least pity me. Nay, one word more; I have one favor more to ask; it is my last, my only one. Do not, when time and distance may have separated us—perhaps, for ever, think that the expressions I now use are prompted by a mere sudden ebullition of boyish feeling: do not attribute to the circumstances of my youth alone the warmth of the attachment I profess; for I swear to you, by every hope I have, that, in my heart of hearts, my love to you is the source and spring of every aspiration in my heart; and, when I cease to love you, I shall cease to feel.

"And now, farewell: farewell for ever." I pressed her hand to my lips, gave one long last look, turned my horse rapidly away, and, ere a minute, was far out of sight of where I left her.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—The Road.

Power was detained in town by some orders from the adjutant-general, so that I started for Cork, the next morning, with no other companion than my servant Mike. For the first few stages upon the road, my own thoughts sufficiently occupied me, to render me insensible or indifferent to all else. My opening career—the prospects my new life as a soldier held out—my hopes of distinction—my love of Lucy, with all its train of doubts and fears—passed in review before me, and I took no note of time till far past noon. I now looked to the back part of the coach, where Mike's voice had been, as usual, in the ascendant for some time, and perceived that he was surrounded by an eager auditory of four raw recruits, who, under the care of a sergeant, were proceeding to Cork to be enrolled in their regiment. The sergeant, whose minutes of wakefulness were only these, when the coach stopped to change horses, and when he got down to mix a "summat hot," paid little attention to his followers, leaving them perfectly free in all their movements, to listen to Mike's eloquence, and profit by his suggestions, should they deem fit. Master Michael's services to his new acquaintances, I began to perceive, were not of the same nature as Dibdin is reported to have rendered to our navy in the late war. Far from it; his theme was no contemptuous disdain for danger—no patriotic enthusiasm to fight for home and country—no proud consciousness of British valor, mingled with the appropriate hatred of our mutual enemies; on the contrary, Mike's eloquence was enlisted for the defendant. He detailed, and in no unimpressive way either, the hardships of a soldier's life, its dangers, its vicissitudes, its chances, its possible penalties, its inevitably small rewards, and, in fact, so completely did he work on the feelings of his hearers, that I perceived more than one glance exchanged between the victims, that certainly betokened any thing save the resolve to fight for King George. It was at the close of a long and most powerful appeal upon the superiority of any other line of life, petty larceny and small felony inclusive, that he concluded with the following quotation:—

"Thru' for ye boys!"

"With your red scarlet coat,  
You're as proud as a goat,  
And your long cap and feather."

"But by the piper that played before Moses, it's more whipping nor gingerbread is going on amongst them; ay ye knew but all, and heered the misfortune that happened to my father."

"And was he a soger?" inquired one.

"Troth was he, more sorrow to him, and was n't he a most whipped, one day, for doing what he was bid."

"Musha, but that was hard."

"To be sure it was hard; but faix, when my father seen that they did n't know their own minds, he thought, anyhow, he knew his, so he ran away; and devil a bit of him they ever cotch afther. Maybe, ye might like to hear the story, and there's instruction in it for ye too."

A general request to this end being preferred by the company, Mike took a shrewd look at the sergeant, to be sure that he was still sleeping, settled his coat comfortably across his knees, and began:

"Well, it's a good many years ago my father listed in the North Cork, just to oblige Mr. Barry, the landlord there; 'for,' says he, 'Phil,' says he, 'it's not a soldier ye'll be at all, but my own man, to brush my clothes and go errands, and the like o' that, and the king, long life to him, will help to pay ye for your trouble—ye understand me.' Well, my father agreed, and Mr. Barry was as good as his word. Never a guard did my father mount, nor as much as a drill had he, nor a roll-call, nor any thing at all, save and except wait on the Captain, his master, just as pleasant as need be, and no inconvenience in life."

"Well, for three years, this went on as I'm telling, and the regiment was ordered down to Banthry, because of a report that the 'boys' was rising down there; and the second evening there was a night party patrolling, with Captain Barry, for six hours in the rain, and the Captain, God be merciful to him, tuk cowl and died; more betoken, they said it was drink, but my father says it wasn't; 'for,' says he, 'after he tuk eight tumblers comfortable,' my father mixed the ninth, and the Captain waved his hand this way, as much as to say he'd have no more. 'Is it that ye mean?' says my father, and the Captain nodded. 'Musha, but it's sorry I am,' says my father, 'to see yow this way, for ye must be bad entirely to leave off in the beginning of the evening.' And thru' for him, the Captain was dead in the morning."

"A sorrowful day it was for my father when he died; it was the finest place in the world: little to do; plenty of diversion; and a kind man he was—when he was drunk. Well, then, when the Captain was buried, and all was over; my father hoped they'd be for letting him away, as he said 'Sure, I'm no use in life to anybody, save the man that's gone, for his ways are all I know, and I never was a soger.' But, upon my conscience, they had other thoughts in their head; for they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before."

"Musha, isn't this hard?" said my father; 'here I am an old vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension, with two-and-sixpence a day, obliged to go capering about the

barrack yard practising the goose step, or some other nonsense not becoming my age nor my habits; but so it was. Well, this went on for some time, and, sure, if they were hard on my father, hadn't he his revenge, for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity; oh! nothing in life could equal him; devil a thing, no matter how easy, he could learn at all, and, so far from caring for being in confinement it was what he liked best. Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good, and he seemed striving so hard to learn all the while, that they were loath to punish him, the ould rogue!

"This was going on for some time, when, one day, news came in that a body of the rebels, as they called them, was coming down from the Gap of Mulnavick, to storm the town, and burn all before them. The whole regiment was of course under arms, and a great preparation was made for a battle; meanwhile patrols were ordered to scour the roads, and sentries posted at every turn of the way and every rising ground, to give notice when the boys came in sight, and my father was placed at the bridge of Drumanag, in the wildest and bleakest part of the whole country, with nothing but furze mountains on every side, and a straight road going over the top of them.

"This is pleasant," says my father, as soon as they left him there alone by himself, with no human creature to speak to, nor a whisky shop within ten miles of him; 'cowl comfort,' says he, 'on a winter's day, and faix but I've a mind to give ye the slip.'

"Well, he put his gun down on the bridge, and he lit his pipe, and he sat down under an ould tree, and began to ruminate upon his affairs.

"Oh, then, it's wishing it well I am," says he, 'for sogering; and, bad luck to the hammer that struck the shilling that listed me, that's all,' for he was mighty low in his heart.

"Just then a noise came rattling down near him; he listened; and before he could get on his legs, down comes the General, ould Cohoon, with an orderly after him.

"Who goes that?" says my father.

"The round," says the General, looking about all the time to see where was the sentry, for my father was snug under the tree.

"What round?" says my father.

"The grand round," says the General, more puzzled than afore.

"Pass on, grand round, and God save you kindly," says my father, putting his pipe in his mouth again, for he thought all was over.

"D—n your soul, where are you?" says the General; for sorrow bit of my father could he see yet.

"It's here I am," says he, 'and a cowl place I have of it; and av it was n't for the pipe I'd be lost entirely.'

"The words was n't well out of his mouth, when the General began laughing till ye'd think he'd fall off his horse: and the dragoon behind him—more by token, they say it was n't right for him—laughed as loud as himself.

"Yer a droll sentry," says the General, as soon as he could speak.

"Be gorra, it's little fun there's left in me," says my father, 'with this drilling, and parading, and blackguarding about the roads all night.'

"And is this the way you salute your officer?" says the General.

"Just so," says my father; 'devil a more politeness ever they taught me.'

"What regiment do you belong to?" says the General.

"The North Cork, bad luck to them," says my father, with a sigh.

"They ought to be proud of ye," says the General.

"I'm sorry for it," says my father, sorrowfully, 'for maybe they'll keep me the longer.'

"Well, my good fellow," says the General, 'I have n't more time to waste here; but let me teach you something before I go. Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to present arms to him.'

"Arrah, it's jokin' ye are," says my father.

"No, I'm in earnest," says he, 'as ye might learn to your cost, if I brought you to a court-martial.'

"Well, there's no knowing," says my father, 'what they'd be up to; but sure if that's all, I'll do it with all the veins,' whenever yer coming this way again.'

"The General began to laugh again here, but said:—

"I'm coming back in the evening," says he, 'and mind you don't forget your respect to your officer.'

"Never fear, sir," says my father; 'and many thanks to you for your kindness for the telling me.'

"Away went the General, and the orderly after him, and, in ten minutes, they were out of sight.

"The night was falling fast, and one half of the mountain was quite dark already, when my father began to think they were forgetting him entirely. He looked one way, and he looked another, but sorra bit of a sergeant's guard was coming to relieve him. There he was, fresh and fasting, and dare n't go for the bare life. 'I'll give you a quarter of an hour more,' says my father, 'till the light leaves that rock up there: after that,' says he, 'by the mass! I'll be off, av it cost me what it may.'

"Well, sure enough, his courage was not needed this time; for what did he see at the same moment but the shadow of something coming down the road, opposite the bridge; he looked again; and then he made out the General himself, that was walking his horse down the steep part of the mountain, followed by the orderly. My father immediately took up his musket off the wall, settled his belts, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and put it into his pocket, making himself as smart and neat looking as he could be, determining, when ould Cohoon come up, to ask him for leave to go home, at least for the night. Well, by this time, the General was turning a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look five miles round on every side. 'He sees me,' says my father; 'but I'll be just as quick as himself.' No sooner said than done; for, coming forward to the parapet of the bridge, he up with his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the General. It was n't well there, when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out, 'Sentry—sentry!'

"Anan!" says my father, still covering him.

"Down with your musket, you rascal: don't you see it's the grand round?"

"To be sure I do," says my father, 'never changing for a minute.'

"The ruffian will shoot me," says the General.

"Devil a fear," says my father, 'av it does n't go off itself.'

"What do you mean by that, you villain?" says the General scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed with the gun—'What do you mean?'

"Sure, ain't I presenting," says my father: 'blood and ages, do you want me to fire next?'

"With that the General drew a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father; and there they both stood for five minutes, looking at each other, the orderly, all the while, breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for, ye see, the General knew av he retreated that my father might fire on purpose, and av he came on that he might fire by chance; and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done.

"Are ye going to pass the evening up there, Grand Round?" says my father, 'for it's tired I'm getting houldin' this so long?'

"Port arms," shouted the General, as if on parade.

"Sure I can't, till yer passed," says my father, angrily, 'and my hand's trembling already.'

"By heavens! I shall be shot," says the General.

"Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid of," says my father; and the words was n't out of his mouth before off went the musket bang, and down fell the General smack on the ground senseless. Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it was n't a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father—God be kind to him—ye see, could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of the cartridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it. Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant the General dropped, he sprang over the bridge wall, and got away; and what, between living in a lime-kiln for two months, eating nothing but blackberries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but ever after took to a civil situation, and driv a hearse for many years.

How far Mike's narrative might have contributed to the support of his theory, I am unable to pronounce; for his auditory were, at some distance from Cork, made to descend from their lofty position, and join a larger body of recruits, all proceeding to the same destination, under a strong escort of infantry. For ourselves, we reached the "beautiful city" in due time, and took up our quarters at the Old George Hotel.

#### CHAPTER XXIII....Cork.

The undress rehearsal of a new piece, with its dusty-booted actors, its cloak and hooded actresses *en papalote*, bears about the same relation to the gala, wax-lit and enspangled ballet as the raw young gentleman of yesterday to the epauletted, belted, and sabertashed dragoon, whose transformation is due to a few hours of head quarters, and a few interviews with the adjutant.

So, at least, I felt it; and it was with a perfect concurrence in his Majesty's taste in a uniform, and a most entire approval of the regimental tailor, that I strutted down George's-street a few days after my arrival in Cork. The transports had not as yet come round; there was a great doubt of their doing so for a week or so longer; and I found myself, as the dashing cornet, the centre of a thousand polite attentions and most kind civilities.

The officer under whose orders I was placed for the time, was a great friend of Sir George Dashwood's, and paid me in consequence, much attention. Major Dalrymple had been on the staff from the commencement of his military career—and served in the commissariat for some time—was much in foreign stations, but never, by any of the many casualties of his life, never had seen what could be called service. His ideas of the soldier's profession were, therefore, what might almost be as readily picked up by a commission in the battle-axe guards, as one in his Majesty's fifteenth. He was now a species of district paymaster, employed in a thousand ways, either inspecting recruits, examining accounts, revising sick certificates, or receiving contracts for mess beef. Whether the nature of his manifold occupations had enlarged the sphere of his talents and ambition, or whether the abilities had suggested the variety of his duties, I know not; but truly, the Major was a man of all work. No sooner did a young ensign join his regiment at Cork, than Major Dalrymple's card was left at his quarters; the next day came the Major himself; the third brought an invitation to dinner; on the fourth he was told to drop in, in the evening; and from thenceforward, he was the *ami de la maison*, in company with numerous others as newly fledged and inexperienced as himself.

One singular feature of the society at the house was that, although the Major was as well known as the flag on Spike Island, yet, somehow, no officer above the rank of an ensign was ever to be met with there. It was not that he had not a large acquaintance; in fact, the "how are you, Major—how goes it, Dalrymple," that kept everlastingly going on at he walked the streets, proved the reverse; but, strange enough, his predilections leaned toward the newly-gazetted, far before the bronzed and seared campaigners who had seen the world, and knew more about it. The reasons for this line of conduct were twofold; in the first place, there was not an article of outfit, from a stock to a sword-belt, that he could not, and did not supply to the young officer; from the gergel of the infantry to the shako of the grenadier, all came within his province; not that he actually kept a *magasin* of these articles, but he had so completely interwoven his interests with those of numerous shopkeepers in Cork, that he rarely entered a shop over whose door Dalrymple and Co. might not have figured on the sign-board. His stables were filled with a perfect infirmiry of superannuated chargers, fattened and conditioned up to a miracle, and groomed to perfection: he could get you—only you—about three dozen of sherry, to take out with you as sea-store: he knew of such a servant; he chanced upon such a camp-furniture yesterday in his walks: in fact, why want for anything? his resources were inexhaustible—his kindness unbounded.

Then, money was no object—hang it, you could pay when you liked—what signified it? In other words, a bill at thirty-one days, cashed and discounted by a friend of the Major's, would always do. While such was the unlimited

advantage his acquaintance conferred, the sphere of his benefits took another range. The Major had two daughters: Matilda and Fanny were as well known in the army as Lord Fitzroy Somerset or Picton, from the Isle of Wight to Halifax, from Cape Coast to Chatham, from Belfast to the Bermudas. Where was the subaltern who had not knelt at the shrine of one or the other, if not of both, and avowed eternal love until a change of quarters. In plain words, the Major's solicitude for the service was such, that not content with providing the young officer with all the necessary outfit of his profession, he longed also to supply him with a comforter for his woes, a charmer for his solitary hours, in the person of one of his amiable daughters. Unluckily, however, the necessity for a wife is not enforced by "general orders," as is the cut of your coat, or the length of your sabre; consequently, the Major's success in the home department of his diplomacy was not destined for the same happy results that awaited it when engaged about drill trousers and camp kettles, and the Misses Dalrymple remained Misses through every clime and every campaign. And yet, why was it so? It is hard to say. What would men have? Matilda was dark-haired, dark-eyed, romantic-looking girl, with a tall figure and a slender waist, with more poetry in her head than would have turned an ordinary brain; always unhappy; in need of consolation; never meeting with the kindred spirit that understood her; destined to walk the world alone, her fair thoughts smothered in the recess of her own heart. Devilish hard to stand this, when you began in a kind of platonic friendship on both sides. More than one poor fellow nearly succumbed, particularly when she came to quote Cowley, and told, with tears in her eyes,

"There are hearts that live and love alone," &c.

I'm assured that this *coup de grace* rarely failed in being followed by a downright avowal of open love, which, somehow, what between the route coming, what with waiting for leave from home, &c., never got farther than a most tender scene, and exchange of love tokens; and, in fact, such became so often the termination, that Power swears Matilda had to make a firm resolve about cutting off any more hair, fearing a premature baldness during the recruiting season.

Now, Fanny had selected another arm of the service. Her hair was fair, her eyes blue, laughing, languishing, mischief-loving blue, with long lashes, and a look in them that was wont to leave its impression rather longer than you exactly knew of; then her figure was *petite* but perfect; her feet Canova might have copied; and her hand was a study for Titian; her voice, too, was soft and musical, but full of that *gaieté du cœur* that never fails to charm. While her sister's style was *il penseroso*, hers was *l'allegro*; every imaginable thing, place, or person supplied food for her mirth, and her sister's lovers all came in for their share. She hunted with Smith Barry's hounds; she yachted with the Cove Club; she coursed; practised at a mark with a pistol; and played chicken hazard with all the cavalry; for let it be remarked as a physiological fact, Matilda's admirers were almost invariably taken from the infantry, while Fanny's adorers were as regularly dragoons. Whether the former be the romantic arm of the service, and the latter be more adapted to dull realities, or whether the phenomenon had any other explanation, I leave to the curious. Now this arrangement proceeding upon that principle, which has wrought such wonders in Manchester and Sheffield—the division of labor—was a most wise and equitable one, each having her own separate and distinct field of action, interference was impossible; not but that when, as in the present instance, cavalry was in the ascendant, Fanny would willingly spare a dragoon or two to her sister, who likewise would repay the debt when occasion offered.

The mamma—for it is time I should say something of the head of the family—was an excessively fat, coarse-looking, dark-skinned personage, of some fifty years, with a voice like a boatswain in a quincey. Heaven can tell, perhaps, why the worthy Major allied his fortunes with hers, for she was evidently of a very inferior rank in society; could never have been caught than downright ugly; and I never heard that she brought him any money. Spoiled, five, the national amusement of her age and sex in Cork, scandal, the changes in the army list, the failures in speculation of her luckless husband, the forlorn fortunes of the girls, her daughters, kept her in occupation, and her days were passed in one perpetual unceasing current of dissatisfaction and ill temper with all around, that formed a heavy counterpoise to the fascinations of the young ladies. The repeated jiltings to which they had been subjected had blunted any delicacy upon the score of their marriage, and, if the newly introduced cornet or ensign was not coming forward, as became him, at the end of the requisite number of days, he was sure of receiving a very palpable admonition from Mrs. Dalrymple. Hints, at first, dimly shadowed that Matilda was not in spirits this morning; that Fanny, poor child, had a head-ache—directed especially to the culprit in question, grew gradually into those little motherly fondnesses in mamma, that, like the fascinations of the rattle-snake, only lure on to ruin. The doomed man was pressed to dinner when all others were permitted to take their leave; he was treated like one of the family, God help him! After dinner, the Major would keep him an hour over his wine, discussing the misery of an ill-assorted marriage, detailing his own happiness in marrying a woman like the Tonga Islander I have mentioned; hinting that girls should be brought up, not only to become companions to their husbands, but with ideas fitting their station; if his auditor were a military man, that none but an old officer (like him) could know how to educate girls (like his); and that, feeling he possessed two such treasures, his whole aim in life was to guard and keep them, a difficult task when proposals of the most flattering kind were coming constantly before him. Then followed a fresh bottle, during which the Major would consult his young friend upon a very delicate affair, no less than a proposition for the hand of Miss Matilda, or Fanny, whichever he was supposed to be soft upon. This was generally a *coup de maître*. Should he still resist, he was handed over to Mrs. Dalrymple, with a strong indictment against him, and rarely did he escape a heavy sentence. Now, is it not strange, that two really pretty girls, with fully enough of amiable and pleasing qualities to have excited the attention and won the affection of many a man, should have gone on for years—for, alas! they did so in every climate, under every sun—to



waste their sweetness in this miserable career of intrigue and mantrap, and yet nothing come of it? But so it was: the first question a newly-landed regiment was asked, if coming from where they resided, was, "Well, how are the girls?" "Oh, gloriously. Matty is there." "Ah, indeed! poor thing." "Has Fan sported a new habit?" "Is it the old grey with the hussar braiding? confound it, that was seedy when I saw them in Corfu. And mother Dal. as fat and vulgar as ever. Dawson of ours was the last, and was called up for sentence when we were ordered away: of course, he bolted," &c. Such was the invariable style of question and answer concerning them; and, although some few, either from good feeling or fastidiousness, relished but little the mode in which it had become habitual to treat them, I grieve to say that, generally, they were pronounced fair game for every species of flirtation and love-making without any "intentions" for the future. I should not have trespassed so far on my readers' patience, were it not, in recounting these traits of my friends above, narrating matters of history. How many are there who may cast their eyes upon these pages, that will say, "Poor Matilda, I knew her at Gibraltar. Little Fanny was the life and soul of us all in Quebec."

"Mr. O'Malley," said the Adjutant, as I presented myself in the afternoon of my arrival in Cork, to a short punchy little red-faced gentleman, in a short jacket and ducks, "you are, I perceive, appointed to the 14th; you will have the goodness to appear on parade to-morrow morning. The riding-school hours are ———. The morning drill is ———; evening drill ———."

Mr. Minchin, you are a 14th man, I believe; no, I beg pardon, a Carbineer, but no matter—Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Minchin, Captain Dounie, Mr. O'Malley: you'll dine with us to-day, and to-morrow you shall be entered at the mess."

"Yours are at Santarem, I believe," said an old weather-beaten looking officer with one arm.

"I'm ashamed to say, I know nothing whatever of them; I received my gazette unexpectedly enough."

"Ever in Cork before, Mr. O'Malley?"

"Never," said I.

"Glorious place," lisped a white eyelashed, knocker-kneed ensign; "splendid *gala*, eh?"

"Ah, Branton," said Minchin, "you may boast a little; but we poor devils."

"Know the Dals?" said the hero of the lisp, addressing me.

"I have n't that honor," I replied, scarcely able to guess whether what he alluded to were objects of the picturesque, or a private family.

"Introduce him, then, at once," said the Adjutant; "We'll all go in the evening. What will the old squaw think?"

"Not I," said Minchin; "she wrote to the Duke of York about my helping Matilda at supper, and not having any honorable intentions afterward."

"We dine at 'The George' to-day, Mr. O'Malley, sharp seven; until then ———." So saying, the little man bustled back to his accounts, and I took my leave with the rest, to stroll about the town till dinner time.

#### CHAPTER XXIV....The Adjutant's Dinner.

THE Adjutant's dinner was as professional an affair as need be. A circuit or a learned society could not have been more exclusively devoted to their own separate and immediate topics, than we; pipeclay in all its varieties came on the *topis*—the last regulation cap; the new button; the promotions; the general orders; the colonel, and the colonel's wife; stoppages, and the mess fund, were all well and ably discussed; and, strange enough, while the conversation took this wide range, not a chance allusion, not one stray hint ever wandered to the brave fellows who were covering the army with glory in the Peninsula, nor one souvenir of him that was even then enjoying a fame, as a leader, second to none in Europe. This surprised me not a little at the time: but I have, since that, learned how little interest the real services of an army possess for the ears of certain officials, who, stationed at home quarters, pass their inglorious lives in the details of drill, parade, mess-room gossip, and barrack scandal: such, in fact, were the dons of the present dinner. We had a commissary-general, an inspecting brigade-major of something, a physician to the forces, the adjutant himself, and Major Dalrymple; the *ot polloi* consisting of the raw ensign, a newly fledged cornet, Mr. Sparks, and myself.

The commissary told me very pointless stories about his own department; the doctor read a dissertation upon Walcheren fever; the adjutant got very stupidly tipsy, and Major Dalrymple succeeded in engaging the three juniors of the party to tea, having previously pledged us to purchase nothing whatever of outfit, without his advice; he well knowing (which he did) how young fellows like us were cheated, and resolving to be a father to us, (which he certainly tried to be.)

As we rose from the table about ten o'clock, I felt how soon a few such dinners would succeed in disenchanting me of all my military illusions; for, young as I was, I saw that the commissary was a vulgar bore; the doctor a humbug; the adjutant a sot, and the major himself, I greatly suspected to be an old rogue.

"You are coming with us, Sparks," said Major Dalrymple, as he took me by one arm and the ensign by the other; "we are going to have a little tea with the ladies—not five minutes' walk."

"Most happy, sir," said Mr. Sparks, with a very flattered expression of countenance.

"O'Malley, you know Sparks, and Burton too." This served for a species of triple introduction, at which we all bowed, simpered, and bowed again; we were very happy to have the pleasure, &c.

"How pleasant to get away from these fellows!" said the major; "they are so uncommonly prosy: that commissary with his mess-beef, and old Pritchard with black doses and rigors—nothing so insufferable. Besides, in reality, a young officer never needs all that nonsense: a little medicine chest—I'll get you one each to-morrow for five pounds—no, five pounds ten, the same thing—that will see you all through the Peninsula. Remind me of it in the morning." This we all promised to do, and the major resumed, "I say, Sparks, you've got a real prize in that gray horse, such a trooper as he is. O'Malley, you'll be wanting something of that kind, if we can find it out for you."

"Many thanks, Major, but my cattle are on the way here

already: I've only three horses, but I think they are tolerably good ones."

The major now turned to Burton, and said something in a low tone, to which the other replied, "Why, if you say so, I'll get it; but it's devilish dear."

"Dear, my young friend? cheap, dog cheap."

"Only think, O'Malley, a whole brass bed, camp-stool, basin-stand, all complete, for sixty pounds: if it was not that a widow was disposing of it in great distress, one hundred could not buy it. Here we are; come along; no ceremony—mind the two steps; that's it. Mrs. Dalrymple, Mr. O'Malley; Mr. Sparks, Mr. Burton, my daughters. Is tea over, girls?"

"Why, papa, it's near eleven o'clock," said Fanny, as she rose to ring the bell, displaying in so doing, the least possible portion of a very well-turned ankle.

Miss Matilda Dal. laid down her book; but, seemingly lost in abstraction, did not deign to look at us. Mrs. Dalrymple, however, did the honors with much politeness; and having, by a few adroit and well-put queries, ascertained every thing concerning our rank and position, seemed perfectly satisfied that our intrusion was justifiable.

While my *confrère*, Mr. Sparks, was undergoing his examination, I had time to look at the ladies, whom I was much surprised at finding so very well looking; and, as the ensign had opened a conversation with Fanny, I approached my chair toward the other, and, having carelessly turned over the leaves of the book she had been reading, drew her on to talk of it. As my acquaintance with young ladies hitherto had been limited to those who had "no soul," I felt some difficulty at first in keeping up with the exalted tone of my fair companion; but, by letting her take the lead for some time, I got to know more of the ground. We went on tolerably together, every moment increasing my stock of technicals, which were all that was needed to sustain the conversation. How often have I found the same plan succeed—whether discussing a question of law or medicine—with a learned professor of either; or, what is still more difficult, canvassing the merits of a preacher, or a doctrine, with a serious young lady, whose "blessed privileges" were at first a little puzzling to comprehend.

I so contrived it, too, that Miss Matilda should seem as much to be making a convert to her views as to have found a person capable of sympathizing with her, and thus long before the little supper, with which it was the Major's practice to regale his friends every evening, made its appearance, we had established a perfect understanding together, a circumstance that, a bystander might have remarked, was productive of a more widely-diffused satisfaction than I could have myself seen any just cause for. Mr. Burton was also progressing, as the Yankees say, with the sister. Sparks had booked himself as purchaser of military stores enough to make the campaign of the whole globe, and then we were all evidently fulfilling our various vocations, and affording perfect satisfaction to our entertainers.

Then came the spatch-cock, and the sandwiches, and the negus, which Fanny first mixed for papa, and, subsequently, with some little pressing, for Mr. Burton; Matilda the romantic assisted me. Sparks helped himself; then we laughed and told stories; pressed Sparks to sing, which, as he declined, we only pressed the more. How invariably, by the by, is it the custom to show one's appreciation of any thing like a butt, by pressing him for a song. The major was in great spirits, told us anecdotes of his early life in India, and how he once contracted to supply the troops with milk, and made a purchase in consequence of some score of cattle, which turned out to be bullocks. Matilda recited some lines from Pope in my ear, Fanny challenged Burton to a rowing match, Sparks listened to all around him, and Mrs. Dalrymple mixed a very little weak punch, which Dr. Lucas had recommended to her, to take the last thing at night. *Noctes cœnæque deorum*. Say what you will, these were very jovial little *rétunions*. The girls were decidedly very pretty; we were in high favor, and when we took leave at the door, with a very cordial shake hands, it was with no *arrière pensée* we promised to see them in the morning.

#### CHAPTER XXV....The Entanglement.

WHEN we think for a moment over all the toils, all the anxieties, all the fevered excitement of a *grande passion*, it is not a little singular that love should so frequently be elicited by a state of mere idleness; and yet nothing, after all, is so predisposing a cause as this. Where is the man between eighteen and eight-and-thirty—might I not say forty—who, without any very pressing duties, and having no taste for strong liquor and *rouge et noir*, can possibly lounge through the long hours of his day, without, at least, fancying himself in love. The thousand little occupations it suggests, become a necessity of existence; its very worries are like the wholesome opposition that purifies and strengthens the frame of a free state. Then, what is there half so sweet as the reflective flattery which results from our appreciation of an object who, in return, deems us the *ne plus ultra* of perfection? There it is, in fact: that confounded bump of self-esteem does it all, and has more imprudent matches to answer for than all the occipital protuberances that ever scared poor Harriet Martineau.

Now, to apply my moralizing. I very soon, to use the mess phrase, got devilish spoony about the "Dals." The morning drill, the riding school, and the parade were all most fervently consigned to a certain military character that shall be nameless, as detaining me from some appointment made the evening before; for, as I supped there each night, a party of one kind or another was always planned for the day following. Sometimes we had a boating excursion to Cove; sometimes a picnic at Foaty; now, a rowing party to Glanmire, or a ride, at which I furnished the cavalry. These doings were all under my especial direction, and I thus became speedily the organ of the Dalrymple family; and the simple phrase, "it was Mr. O'Malley's arrangement," "Mr. O'Malley wished it," was like the "*moi le roi*" of Louis XIV.

Though all this while we continued to carry on most pleasantly, Mrs. Dalrymple, I could perceive, did not entirely sympathize with our projects of amusement. As an experienced engineer might feel, when watching the course of some storming projectile—some brilliant congregate—flying over a besieged fortress, yet never touching the walls, nor harming the inhabitants, so she looked on at all these demonstrations of attack with no small impatience, and wondered when would the breach be reported practicable.

Another puzzle also contributed its share of anxiety—which of the girls was it? To be sure, he spent three hours every morning with Fanny; but then he never left Matilda the whole evening. He had given his miniature to one; a locket with his hair was a present to the sister. The Major thinks he saw his arm round Matilda's waist in the garden; the house-maid swears she saw him kiss Fanny in the pantry. Matilda smiles when we talk of his name with her sister's; Fanny laughs outright, and says, "Poor Matilda, the man never dreamed of her." This is becoming uncomfortable; the Major must ask his intentions: it is, certainly, one or the other; but, then, we have a right to know which. Such was a very condensed view of Mrs. Dalrymple's reflections on this important topic—a view taken with her usual tact and clear-sightedness.

Matters were in this state, when Power at length arrived in Cork, to take command of our detachment, and make the final preparations for our departure. I had been, as usual, spending the evening at the Major's and had just reached my quarters, when I found my friend sitting at my fire, smoking his cigar, and solacing himself with a little brandy and water.

"At last," said he, as I entered, "at last!—why, where the deuce have you been till this hour—past two o'clock? There is no ball, no assembly going on, eh?"

"No," said I, half blushing at the eagerness of the inquiry; "I've been spending the evening with a friend."

"Spending the evening! say rather the night. Why, confound you, man, what is there in Cork to keep you out of bed till near three?"

"Well, if you must know, I've been supping at a Major Dalrymple's—a devilish good fellow—with two such daughters!"

"Ahem!" said Power, shutting one eye knowingly, and giving a look like a Yorkshire horse-dealer; "go on."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Go on—continue."

"I've finished—I've nothing more to tell."

"So they're here, are they?" said he, reflectively.

"Who?" said I.

"Matilda and Fanny, to be sure."

"Why, you know them, then?"

"I should think I do."

"Where have you met them?"

"Where have I not? When I was in the rifles, they were quartered at Zante. Matilda was just then coming it rather strong with Villiers of ours, a regular green-horn. Fanny, also, nearly did for Harry Nesbit, by riding a hurdle-race. Then they left for Gibraltar in the year—what year was it?"

"Come, come," said I, "this is a humbug: the girls are quite young; you have just heard their names."

"Well, perhaps so; only tell me which is your peculiar weakness, as they say in the west, and maybe I'll convince you."

"Oh! as to that," said I, laughing, "I'm not very far gone on either side."

"Then Matilda, probably, has not tried you with Cowley, eh?—You look a little pink—There are hearts that live and love alone. Oh, poor fellow, you've got it. By Jove, how you've been coming it though in ten days. She ought not to have got that for a month at least; and how like a young one it was to be caught by the poetry. Oh! master Charley, I thought that the steeple-chaser might have done most with your Galway heart: the girl in the gray habit that sings Muddi-dero ought to have been the prize. Halt! by St. George, but that tickles you also! Why, zounds, if I go on, probably, at this rate, I'll find a tender spot occupied by the 'black lady herself.'"

It was no use concealing, or attempting to conceal, any thing from my inquisitive friend; so I mixed my grog, and opened my whole heart; told how I had been conducting myself for the entire preceding fortnight, and when I concluded, sat silently awaiting Power's verdict, as though a jury were about to pronounce upon my life.

"Have you ever written?"

"Never, perhaps, except a few lines, with tickets for the theatre, or something of that kind."

"Have you copies of your correspondence?"

"Of course not. Why, what do you mean?"

"Has Mrs. Dal. been ever present, or, as the French say, has she assisted at any of your tender interviews with the young ladies?"

"I'm not aware that one kisses a girl before mamma."

"I'm not speaking of that; I merely allude to flirtation."

"Oh! I suppose she has seen me attentive."

"Very awkward, indeed! There is only one point in your favor; for, as your attentions were not decided, and as the law does not, as yet, permit polygamy—"

"Come, come, you know I never thought of marrying."

"Ah! but they did."

"Not a bit of it."

"Ay, but they did. What do you wager but that the Major asks your intentions, as he calls it, the moment he hears the transport has arrived?"

"By Jove, now you remind me, he asked this evening when he could have a few minutes' private conversation with me to-morrow; and I thought it was about some confounded military chest, or sea-store, or one of his infernal contrivances that he every day assures me are indispensable; though, if every officer had only as much baggage as I have got, under his directions, it would take two armies, at least, to carry the effects of the fighting one."

"Poor fellow!" said he, starting upon his legs, "what a burst you've made of it!" So saying, he began in a nasal twang—

"I publish the banns of marriage between Charles O'Malley, of his late Majesty's fourteenth dragoons, and—Dalrymple, spinster, of this city—"

"I'll be hanged if you do, though," said I, seeing pretty clearly by this time something of the estimation my friends were held in. "Come, Power, pull me through, like a dear fellow, pull me through without doing anything to hurt the girl's feelings."

"Well, we'll see about it," said he: "we'll see about it in the morning; but, at the same time, let me assure you, the affair is not so easy as you may, at first blush, suppose. These worthy people have been so often 'done,' to use the cant phrase, before, that scarcely a *ruse* remains untried. It is of no use pleading that your family won't consent—that your prospects are null—that you are ordered for India

—that you are engaged elsewhere—that you have nothing but your pay—that you are too young, or too old: all such reasons, good and valid with any other family, will avail you little here. Neither will it serve your cause that you may be warranted by a doctor as subject to periodical fits of insanity; monomaniacal tendencies to cut somebody's throat, &c. Bless your heart, man, they have a soul above such littlenesses. They care nothing for consent of friends, means, age, health, climate, prospects, or temper. Firmly believing matrimony to be a lottery, they are not superstitious about the number pitched upon; provided only that they get a ticket, they are content."

"Then, it strikes me, if what you say is correct, that I have no earthly chance of escape, except some kind friend will undertake to shoot me."

"That has been also tried."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"A mock duel got up at a mess; we had one at Malta. Poor Vickers was the hero of that affair. It was right well planned too. One of the letters was suffered by mere accident to fall into Mrs. Dal's hands, and she was quite prepared for the event when he was reported shot the next morning. Then, the young lady, of course, whether she cared or not, was obliged to be perfectly unconcerned, lest the story of engaged affections might get wind, and spoil another market. The thing went on admirably, till one day, some few months later, they saw, in a confounded army list, that the late George Vickers was promoted to the eighteenth dragons, so that the trick was discovered, and is, of course, stale at present."

"Then could I not have a wife already, and a large family of interesting babes?"

"No go—only swell the damages when they come to prosecute; beside your age and looks forbid the assumption of such a fact. No, no, we must go deeper to work."

"But where shall we go?" said I, impatiently; "for it appears that these good people have been treated to every trick and subterfuge that ever ingenuity suggested."

"Come, I think I have it; but it will need a little more reflection. So, now, let us to bed. I'll give you the result of my lucubrations at breakfast; and, if I mistake not, we may get you through this without any ill consequences.—Good night, then, old boy; and now dream away of your lady love till our next meeting."

#### CHAPTER XXVI....The Preparation.

To prevent needless repetitions in my story, I shall not record here the conversation which passed between my friend Power and myself, on the morning following, at breakfast: suffice it to say, that the plan proposed by him for my rescue, was one I agreed to adopt, reserving to myself, in case of failure, a *pis aller* of which I knew not the meaning, but of whose efficacy Power assured me I need not doubt.

"If all fail," said he; "if every bridge breaks down beneath you, and if no road of escape be left, why, then, I believe you must have recourse to another alternative. Still, I would wish to avoid it, if possible; and I put it to you, in honor, not to employ it unless as a last expedient: you promise me this?"

"Of course," said I, with great anxiety for the final measure. "What is it?"

He paused, smiled dubiously, and resumed: "And, after all; but to be sure, there will be no need for it; the other plan will do—must do. Come, come, O'Malley, the Admiralty say, that nothing encourages drowning in the navy like a life buoy: the men have such a prospect of being picked up, that they don't mind falling overboard: so, if I give you this life preserver of mine, you'll not swim an inch; is it not so, eh?"

"Far from it," said I; "I shall feel in honour bound to exert myself the more, because I now see how much it costs you to part with it."

"Well then, hear it: when everything fails, when all your resources are exhausted; when you have totally lost your memory in fact, and your ingenuity in excuses, say—but mind, Charley, not till then—say, that you must consult your friend, Captain Power of the 14th; that's all."

"And is this it?" said I quite disappointed at the lame and impotent conclusion to all the high sounding exordium; "is this all?"

"Yes," said he, "that is all; but stop, Charley, is not the Major crossing the street there? yes, to be sure it is, and by Jove, he has got on the old braided frock this morning; had you not told me one word of your critical position, I should have guessed there was something in the wind from that: that same vestment has caused many a stout heart to tremble, that never quailed before a shot or shell."

"How can that be? I should like to hear."

"Why, my dear boy, that's his explanation coat, as we called it at Gibraltar; he was never known to wear it except when asking some poor fellow's 'intentions.' He would no more think of sporting it as an every-day affair, than the chief justice would go cock-shooting in his black cap and ermine. Come, he is bound for your quarters, and as it will not answer our plans to let him see you now, you had better hasten down stairs, and get round by the back way into George's street, and you'll be at his house before he can return."

Following Power's directions, I seized my foraging-cap, and got clear out of the premises before the Major had reached them. It was exactly noon as I sounded my well known summons at the Major's knocker: the door was quickly opened, but instead of dashing up stairs, four steps at a time, as was my wont, to the drawing-room, I turned short into a little parlor on the right, and desired Matthew, the venerable servitor of the house, to say that I wished particularly to see Mrs. Dalrymple for a few minutes, if the hour were not inconvenient.

There was something perhaps of excitement in my manner—some flurry in my look, or some trepidation in my voice—or perhaps it was the unusual hour—or the still more remarkable circumstance of my not going at once into the drawing-room, that raised some doubts in Matthew's mind as the object of my visit, and, instead of at once complying with my request to inform Mrs. Dalrymple that I was there, he cautiously closed the door, and taking a quick but satisfactory glance round the apartment, to assure himself that we were alone, he placed his back against it and heaved a deep sigh.

We were both perfectly silent; I in total amazement at

what the old man could possibly mean: he, following up the train of his own thoughts, comprehended little or nothing of my surprise, and evidently was so engrossed by his reflections, that he had neither ears nor eyes for aught around him. There was a most singular semi-comic expression in the old withered face, that nearly made me laugh at first; but, as I continued to look steadily at it, I perceived that, despite the long worn wrinkles that low Irish drollery and fun had furrowed around the angles of his mouth, the real character of his look was one of sorrowful compassion.

Doubtless, my readers have read many interesting narratives, wherein the unconscious traveler in some remote land has been warned of a plan to murder him, by some mere passing wink, a look, a sign, which some one, less hardened in iniquity than his fellow, has ventured for his rescue. Sometimes, according to the taste of the narrator, the interesting individual is an old woman, sometimes a young one; sometimes a black-bearded bandit, sometimes a child, and, not unfrequently, a dog is humane enough to do this service. One thing, however, never varies; be the agent biped or quadruped, dumb or speechful, young or old, the stranger invariably takes the hint, and gets off scot free, for his sharpness. This never varying trick on the doomed man, I had often been skeptical enough to suspect; however, I had not been many minutes a spectator of the old man's countenance when I most thoroughly recanted my errors, and acknowledged myself wrong. If ever the look of a man conveyed a warning, his did; but there was more in it than even that: there was a tone of sad and painful compassion, such as an old gray-bearded rat might be supposed to put on at seeing a young and inexperienced one opening the hinge of an iron trap, to try its efficacy upon his neck. Many a little occasion had presented itself, during my intimacy with the family, of doing Matthew some small services, of making him some trifling presents; so that, when he assumed before me the gesture and look I have mentioned, I was not long in deciphering his intentions.

"Matthew," screamed a sharp voice, which I recognized at once for that of Mrs. Dalrymple. "Matthew! where is the old fool?"

But Matthew heard not, or heeded not.

"Matthew, Matthew, I say."

"I'm comin', ma'am," said he, with a sigh, as opening the parlor door, he turned upon me one look of such import, that only the circumstances of my story can explain its force, or my reader's own ingenious imagination can supply.

"Never fear, my good old friend," said I, grasping his hand warmly, and leaving a guinea in the palm: "never fear."

"God grant it, sir," said he, settling on his wig in preparation for his appearance in the drawing-room.

"Matthew! the old wretch."

"Mr. O'Malley," said the often-called Matthew, as, opening the door, he announced me unexpectedly among the ladies there assembled, who, not hearing of my approach, were evidently not a little surprised and astonished.

Had I really been the enamored swain that the Dalrymple family were willing to believe, I half suspect that the prospect before me might have cured me of my passion. A round bullet head, *papillote* with the "Cork Observer," where still-born babes and maids of all work were de-canted upon in very legible type, was now the substitute for the classic front and Italian ringlets of *la belle* Matilda; while the chaste Fanny herself, whose feet had been a fortune for a statuary, was in the most slatternly and slipshod attire, pacing the room in a towering rage at some thing, place, or person, unknown (to me.) If the ballet master at the *académie* could only learn to get his imps, demons, angels, and goblins "off" half as rapidly as the two young ladies retreated on my being announced, I answer for the piece so brought out having a run for half the season. Before my eyes had regained their position parallel to the plane of the horizon, they were gone, and I found myself alone with Mrs. Dalrymple. Now, she stood her ground, partly to cover the retreat of the main body, partly, too, because—representing the baggage wagons, ammunition stores, hospital staff, &c.—her retirement from the field demanded more time and circumspection than the light brigade.

Let not my readers suppose that the *mère* Dalrymple was so perfectly faultless in costume that her remaining was a matter of actual indifference: far from it. She evidently had a struggle for it; but a sense of duty decided her; and, as Ney doggedly held back to cover the retreating forces on the march from Moscow, so did she resolutely lurk behind till the last flutter of the last petticoat assured her that the fugitives were safe. Then did she hesitate for a moment what course to take; but, as I assumed my chair beside her, she composedly sat down, and, crossing her hands before her, waited for an explanation of this ill-timed visit.

Had the Horse Guards, in the plenitude of their power and the perfection of their state, ordained that the 79th and 42d regiments should, in future, in lieu of their respective tartans, wear flannel kilts and black worsted hose, I could readily have fallen into the error of mistaking Mrs. Dalrymple for a Highlander in the new regulation dress; the philabeg finding no mean representation in a capacious pincushion that hung down from her girdle, while a pair of shears, not scissors, corresponded to the dirk. After several ineffectual efforts upon her part, to make her vestment (I knew not its fitting designation) cover more of her legs than its length could possibly effect, and, after some most bland smiles and half blushes, at dishabille, &c., were over, and that I had apologized most humbly for the unusually early hour of my call, I proceeded to open my negotiations, and unfurl my banner for the fray.

"The old Racehorse has arrived at last," said I, with a half sigh; "and I believe that we shall not obtain a very long time for our leave-taking; so that, trespassing upon your very great kindness, I have ventured upon an early call."

"The Racehorse surely can't sail to-morrow," said Mrs. Dalrymple, whose experience of such matters made her a very competent judge; "her stores—"

"Are taken in already," said I, "and an order from the Horse Guards commands us to embark in twenty-four hours; so that in fact, we scarcely have time to look about us."

"Have you seen the Major?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple, eagerly.

"Not to-day," I replied, carelessly; "but of course, during the morning we are sure to meet; I have many thanks yet to give him for all his most kind attentions."

"I knew he is most anxious to see you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with a very peculiar emphasis, and evidently desiring that I should inquire the reason of this anxiety. I, however, most heroically forbore indulging my curiosity, and added, that I should endeavor to find him on my way to the barracks; and then, hastily looking at my watch, I pronounced it a full hour later than it really was, and promising to spend the evening—my last evening with them—I took my leave, and hurried away, in no small flurry, to be once more out of reach of Mrs. Dalrymple's fire, which I every moment expected to open upon me.

#### CHAPTER XXVII....The Supper.

Power and I dined together *tête-à-tête* at the hotel, and sat chatting over my adventures with the Dalrymples, till nearly nine o'clock.

"Come, Charley," said he at length, "I see your eye wandering very often toward the time-piece, another bumper and I'll let you off. What shall it be?"

"What you like," said I, upon whom three bottles of strong claret had already made a very satisfactory impression.

"Then champagne for the *coup-de-grace*. Nothing like your *vin mousseux* for a critical moment: every bubble that rises sparkling to the surface prompts some bright thought, or elicits some brilliant idea, that would only have been drowned in your more sober fluids. Here's to the girl you love, whoever she be."

"To her bright eyes then be it," said I, clearing off a brimming goblet of nearly half the bottle, while my friend Power seemed multiplied into any given number of gentlemen standing amid something like a glass manufactory of decanters.

"I hope you feel steady enough for this business," said my friend, examining me closely with the candle.

"I'm an archdeacon," muttered I, with one eye involuntarily closing.

"You'll not let them double on you."

"Trust me, old boy," said I, endeavoring to look knowing.

"I think you'll do," said he: "so now march; I'll wait for you here, and we'll go on board together; for old Bloat, the skipper, says he'll certainly weigh by daybreak."

"Till then," said I, as opening the door, I proceeded very cautiously to descend the stairs, affecting all the time considerable nonchalance, and endeavoring as well as my thickened utterance would permit, to hum, "Oh! love is the soul of an Irish dragon."

If I was not in the most perfect possession of my faculties in the house, the change to the open air, certainly, but little contributed to their restoration, and I scarcely felt myself in the street when my brain became absolutely one whirl of maddened and confused excitement. Time and space are nothing to a man thus enlightened, and so they appeared to me; scarcely a second had elapsed when I found myself standing in the Dalrymples' drawing-room.

If a few hours had done much to metamorphose me, certes, they had done something for my fair friends also: any thing more unlike what they appeared in the morning can scarcely be imagined; Matilda in black, with her hair in heavy madonna bands upon her fair cheek, now paler even than usual, never seemed so handsome; while Fanny, in a light blue dress, with blue flowers in her hair, and a blue sash, looked the most lovely piece of coquetry ever man set his eyes upon. The old Major too was smartened up, and put into an old regimental coat that he had worn during the siege of Gibraltar; and lastly, Mrs. Dalrymple herself was attired in a very imposing costume, that made her, to my not over-accurate judgment, look very like an elderly bishop in a flame-colored cassock. Sparks was the only stranger, and wore upon his countenance, as I entered, a look of very considerable embarrassment, that even my thick-sightedness could not fail of detecting.

*Parlez moi de l'amitié*, my friends. Talk to me of the warm embrace of your earliest friends, after years of absence; the cordial and heartfelt shake-hands of your old school companion when, in after years, a chance meeting has brought you together, and you have had time and opportunity for becoming distinguished and in repute, and are rather a good hit to be known to, than otherwise; of the close grip you give your second when he comes up to say, that the gentleman with the loaded detonator opposite, won't fire—that he feels he's in the wrong. Any or all of these together, very effective and powerful though they be, are light in the balance, when compared with the two-handed compression you receive from the gentleman that expects you to marry one of his daughters.

"My dear O'Malley, how goes it? Thought you'd never come," said he, still holding me fast and looking me full in the face, to calculate the extent to which my potations rendered his flattery feasible.

"Hurried to death with preparations, I suppose," said Mrs. Dalrymple, smiling blandly: "Fanny, dear, some tea for him."

"Oh, mamma, he does not like all that sugar; surely not," said she, looking up with a most sweet expression, as though to say, "I at least know his tastes."

"I believed you were going without seeing us," whispered Matilda, with a very glassy look about the corner of her eyes.

Eloquence was not just then my forte, so that I contented myself with a very intelligible look at Fanny, and a tender squeeze of Matilda's hand, as I seated myself at the table.

Scarcely had I placed myself at the tea-table with Matilda beside, and Fanny opposite me, each vying with the other in their delicate and kind attentions, when I totally forgot all my poor friend Power's injunctions and directions for my management. It is true, I remembered that there was a scrape of some kind or other to be got out of, and one requiring some dexterity too, but what, or with whom, I could not for the life of me determine. What the wine had begun, the bright eyes completed, and amid the witchcraft of silky tresses and sweet looks, I lost all my reflection, till the impression of an impending difficulty remained fixed in my mind, and I tortured my poor, weak, and erring intellect to detect it. At last, and by a mere chance, my eyes fell upon Sparks, and, by what mechanism I contrived it I know not, but I immediately saddled him with the whole



of my annoyances, and attributed to him and to his fault any embarrassment I labored under.

The physiological reason of the fact I'm very ignorant of, but for the truth and frequency I can well vouch, that there are certain people, certain faces, certain whiskers, legs, waistcoats, and guard chains, that inevitably produce the most striking effects upon the brain of a gentleman already excited by wine, and not exactly cognisant of his own peculiar fallacies.

These effects are not produced merely among those who are quarrelsome in their cups, for I call the whole 14th to witness that I am not such; but to any person so distinguished, the inoffensiveness of the object is no security on the other hand, for I once knew an eight-day clock kicked down a barrack stairs by an old Scotch major, because he thought it was laughing at him. To this source alone, whatever it be, can I attribute the feeling of rising indignation with which I contemplated the luckless cornet, who, seated at the fire, unnoticed and uncared for, seemed a very unworthy object to vent anger or ill temper upon.

"Mr. Sparks, I fear," said I, endeavoring at the time to call up a look of very sovereign contempt, "Mr. Sparks, I fear, regards my visit here in the light of an intrusion."

Had poor Mr. Sparks been told to proceed incontinently up the chimney before him, he could not have looked more agast. Reply was quite out of his power; so sudden and unexpectedly was this charge of mine made, that he could only stare vacantly from one to the other, while I, warming with my subject, and perhaps—but I'll not swear it—stimulated by a gentle pressure from a soft hand near me, continued: "If he thinks, for one moment, that my attentions in this family are in any way to be questioned by him, I can only say—"

"My dear O'Malley, my dear boy," said the major, with the look of a father-in-law in his eye.

"The spirit of an officer and a gentleman spoke there," said Mrs. Dalrymple, now carried beyond all prudence, by the hope that my attack might arouse my dormant friend into a counter declaration: nothing, however, was farther from poor Sparks, who began to think he had been unconsciously drinking tea with five lunatics.

"If he supposes," said I, rising from my chair, "that his silence will pass with me as any palliation—"

"Oh dear, oh dear! there will be a duel, papa; dear, why do n't you speak to Mr. O'Malley?"

"There now, O'Malley, sit down; do n't you see you are quite in error?"

"Then let him say so," said I, fiercely.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," said Fanny, "do, say it, say anything he likes, Mr. Sparks."

"I must say," said Mr. Dalrymple, "however sorry I may feel in my own house, to condemn any one, that Mr. Sparks is very much in the wrong."

Poor Sparks looked like a man in a dream.

"If he will tell Charles, Mr. O'Malley, I mean," said Matilda, blushing scarlet, "that he meant nothing by what he said—"

"But I never spoke—never opened my lips," cried out the wretched man, at length, sufficiently recovered to defend himself.

"Oh, Mr. Sparks!"

"Oh, Mr. Sparks!"

"Oh, Mr. Sparks!" chorused the three ladies.

While the old Major brought up the rear with an "Oh! Sparks, I must say—"

"Then, by all the saints in the calendar, I must be mad," said he, "but if I have said any thing to offend you, O'Malley, I am sincerely sorry for it."

"That will do, sir," said I, with a look of royal condescension at the *amende* I considered as somewhat late in coming, and resumed my seat. This little intermezzo, it might be supposed, was rather calculated to interrupt the harmony of our evening: not so, however. I had apparently acquitted myself like a hero, and was evidently in a white heat, in which I could be fashioned into any shape. Sparks was humbled so far, that he would probably feel it a relief to make any proposition; so that, by our opposite courses, we had both arrived at a point at which all the dexterity and address of the family had been long since aiming without success. Conversation then resumed its flow, and, in a few minutes, every trace of our late fracas had disappeared.

By degrees, I felt myself more and more disposed to turn my attention toward Matilda, and, dropping my voice into a lower tone, opened a flirtation of a most determined kind. Fanny had, meanwhile, assumed a place beside Sparks, and, by the muttered tones that passed between them, I could plainly perceive they were similarly occupied. The Major took up the "Southern Reporter," of which he appeared deep in the contemplation, while Mrs. Dal. herself buried her head in her embroidery, and neither heard nor saw any thing around her.

I know, unfortunately, but very little what passed between myself and my fair companion; I can only say that, when supper was announced at twelve, (an hour later than usual,) I was sitting upon the sofa, with my arm round her waist, my cheek so close, that already her lovely tresses brushed my forehead, and her breath fanned my burning brow.

"Supper, at last," said the Major, with a loud voice, to arouse us from our trance of happiness, without taking any mean opportunity of looking unobserved. "Supper, Sparks: O'Malley, come now. It will be sometime before we all meet this way again."

"Perhaps not so long, after all," said I, knowingly.

"Very likely not," echoed Sparks in the same key.

"I've proposed for Fanny," said he, whispering in my ear.

"Matilda's mine," replied I, with the look of an emperor.

"A word with you, Major," said Sparks, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, and his cheek scarlet; "one word: I'll not detain you."

They withdrew into a corner for a few seconds, during which Mrs. Dalrymple amused herself by wondering what the secret could be; why Mr. Sparks could 'nt tell her; and Fanny, meanwhile, pretended to look for something at a side-table, and never turned round.

"Then give me your hand," said the Major, as he shook Sparks with a warmth of whose sincerity there could be no question. "Bess, my love," said he, addressing his wife: the remainder was lost in a whisper; but, whatever it was, it evidently redounded to Sparks' credit, for the next mo-

ment, a repetition of the hand-shaking took place, and Sparks looked the happiest of men.

"*A mon tour*," thought I, "new," as I touched the Major's arm, and led him toward the window. What I said may be one day matter of Major Dalrymple's memoirs, if he ever writes them; but, for my part, I have not the least idea. I only know that, while I was yet speaking, he called over Mrs. Dal., who in a phrensy of joy seized me in her arms, and embraced me; after which I kissed her, shook hands with the Major, kissed Matilda's hand, and laughed prodigiously, as though I had done something confoundingly droll, a sentiment evidently participated in by Sparks, who laughed too, as did the others, and a merrier, happier party never sat down to supper.

"Make your company pleased with themselves," says Mr. Walker, in his *Original* work upon dinner-giving, "and every thing goes on well." Now Major Dalrymple, without having read the authority in question, probably because it was not written at the time, understood the principle fully as well as the police-magistrate, and certainly was a proficient in the practice of it.

To be sure, he possessed one grand requisite for success, he seemed most perfectly happy himself. There was that air *déagé* about him which, when an old man puts it on among his juniors, is so very attractive. Then the ladies, too, were evidently well pleased; and the usually austere mamma had relaxed her "rigid front" into a smile, in which any *habitué* of the house could have read our fate.

We eat, we drank, we ogled, smiled, squeezed hands beneath the table, and, in fact, so pleasant a party had rarely assembled round the Major's mahogany. As for me, I made a full disclosure of the most burning love, backed by a resolve to marry my fair neighbor, and settle upon her a considerably larger part of my native country than I had ever even rode over. Sparks, on the other side, had opened his fire more cautiously; but, whether taking courage from my boldness, or perceiving with envy the greater estimation I was held in, was now going the pace fully as fast as myself, and had commenced explanations of his intentions with regard to Fanny that evidently satisfied her friends. Meanwhile the wine was passing very freely, and the hints half uttered an hour before, began now to be more openly spoken and canvassed.

Sparks and I bob-nobbed across the table, and looked unspeakable things at each other; the girls held down their heads; Mrs. Dal. wiped her eyes; and the Major pronounced himself the happiest father in Europe.

It was now wearing late, or rather early; some gray streaks of dubious light were faintly forcing their way through the half-closed curtains, and the dread thought of parting first presented itself. A cavalry trumpet, too, at this moment sounded a call that aroused us from our trance of pleasure, and warned us that our minutes were few. A dead silence crept over all, the solemn feeling which leave-taking ever inspires was uppermost, and none spoke. The Major was the first to break it. "O'Malley, my friend; and you, Mr. Sparks; I must have a word with you, boys, before we part."

"Here let it be then, Major," said I, holding his arm, as he turned to leave the room: "here, now; we are all so deeply interested, no place is so fit."

"Well, then," said the Major, "as you desire it, now that I'm to regard you both in the light of my sons-in-law—at least, as pledged to become so—it is only fair as respects—"

"I see, I understand perfectly," interrupted I, whose passion for conducting the whole affair myself was gradually gaining on me; "what you mean is, that we should make known our intentions before some mutual friends ere we part; eh, Sparks? eh, Major?"

"Right, my boy, right on every point."

"Well, then, I thought of all that; and, if you just send your servant over to my quarters for our captain; he's the fittest person, you know, at such a time."

"How considerate!" said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"How perfectly just his idea is!" said the Major.

"We'll, then, in his presence, avow our present and unalterable determination as regards your fair daughters, and as the time is short—"

Here I turned toward Matilda, who placed her arm within mine; Sparks possessed himself of Fanny's hand, while the Major and his wife consulted for a few seconds.

"Well, O'Malley, all you propose is perfect. Now then, for the captain; who shall he inquire for?"

"Oh, an old friend of yours," said I, jocularly; "you'll be glad to see him."

"Indeed!" said all together.

"Quite a surprise, I'll warrant it."

"Who can it be: who on earth is it?"

"You can't guess," added I, with a very knowing look; "knew you at Corfu: a very intimate friend, indeed, if he tell the truth."

A look of something like embarrassment passed around the circle, at these words, while I, wishing to end the mystery, resumed:

"Come, then, who can be so proper for all parties at a moment like this, as our mutual friend, Captain Power?"

Had a shell fallen into the cold grouse pie in the midst of us, scattering death and destruction on every side, the effect could scarcely have been more frightful than that my last words produced. Mrs. Dalrymple fell with a sigh upon the floor, motionless as a corpse; Fanny threw herself screaming upon a sofa; Matilda went off into strong hysterics upon the hearth-rug; while the Major, after giving me a look a maniac might have envied, rushed from the room in search of his pistols, with a most terrific oath to shoot somebody, whether Sparks or myself, or both of us, on his return, I cannot say. Fanny's sobs, and Matilda's cries, assisted by a dunning process by Mrs. Dal.'s heels upon the floor, made a most infernal concert, and effectually prevented anything like thought or reflection; and, in all probability, so overwhelmed was I at the sudden catastrophe I had so innocently caused, I should have waited in due patience for the Major's return, had not Sparks seized my arm, and cried out—

"Run for it, O'Malley, cut like fun, my boy, or we're done for."

"Run—why?—what for?—where?" said I, stupified by the scene before me.

"Here he is," called out Sparks, as, throwing up the window, he sprang out upon the stone sill, and leaped into

the street. I followed mechanically, and jumped after him, just as the Major had reached the window: a ball whizzed by me, that soon determined my further movements; so, putting on all speed, I flew down the street, turned the corner, and regained the hotel breathless and without a hat, while Sparks arrived a moment later, pale as a ghost, and trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Safe, by Jove!" said Sparks, throwing himself into a chair, and panting for breath.

"Safe, at last," said I, without well knowing why or for what.

"You've had a sharp run of it, apparently," said Power, coolly, and without any curiosity as to the cause; "and now, let us on board; there goes the trumpet again. The skipper is a surly old fellow, and we must not lose his tide for him." So saying, he proceeded to collect his cloak, cane, &c., and get ready for departure.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII....The Voyage.

When I awoke from the long sound sleep which succeeded my last adventure, I had some difficulty in remembering where I was, or how I had come there. From my narrow berth I looked out upon the new empty cabin, and, at length, some misty and confused sense of my situation crept slowly over me. I opened the little shutter beside me, and looked out. The bold headlands of the southern coast were frowning, in sullen and dark masses, about a couple of miles distant, and I perceived that we were going fast through the water, which was beautifully calm and still. I now looked at my watch; it was past eight o'clock; and, as it must evidently be evening from the appearance of the sky, I felt that I had slept soundly for above twelve hours.

In the hurry of departure, the cabin had not been set to rights, and there lay every species of lumber and luggage in all imaginable confusion. Trunks, gun-cases, baskets of eggs, umbrellas, hampers of sea-store, cloaks, foraging caps, maps, and sword-belts were scattered on every side—while the *débris* of a dinner, not over remarkable for its propriety in table equipage, added to the ludicrous effect. The heavy tramp of a foot overhead denoted the step of some one taking his short walk of exercise; while the rough voice of the skipper, as he gave the word to "Go about," all convinced me that we were at last under way, and off to "the wars."

The confusion our last evening on shore produced in my brain was such, that every effort I made to remember any thing about it only increased my difficulty, and I felt myself in a web so tangled and inextricable, that all endeavor to escape free was impossible. Sometimes I thought that I had really married Matilda Dalrymple; then, I supposed that the father had called me out and wounded me in a duel; and, finally, I had some confused notion about a quarrel with Sparks, but what for, when, and how it ended, I knew not. How tremendously tipsy I must have been, was the only conclusion I could draw from all these conflicting doubts; and, after all, it was the only thing like fact that beamed upon my mind. How I had come on board and reached my berth was a matter I reserved for future inquiry; resolving, that about the real history of my last night on shore I should ask no questions, if others were equally disposed to let it pass in silence.

I next began to wonder if Mike had looked after all my luggage, trunks, &c., and whether he himself had been forgotten in our hasty departure. About this latter point I was not destined for much doubt; for a well-known voice from the foot of the companion ladder, at once proclaimed my faithful follower, and evidenced his feelings at his departure from his home and country.

Mr. Free was, at the time I mention, gathered up like a ball opposite a small, low window that looked upon the bluff headlands, now fast becoming dim and misty as the night approached. He was apparently in low spirits; and hummed in a species of low, droning voice, the following ballad, at the end of each verse of which came an Irish chorus, which, to the erudite in such matters will suggest the air of Meddirederoo:—

#### "MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT."

"Then, fare ye well, ould Erin dear;  
To part—my heart does ache well,  
From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,  
I'll never see your equal.  
And, though to foreign parts we're bound,  
Where cannibals may eat us,  
We'll ne'er forget the holy ground  
Of poteen and potatoes.  
Meddirederoo aroo, aroo, &c."

"When geod St. Patrick banished frogs,  
And shook them from his garment,  
He never thought we'd go abroad,  
To live upon such varmint;  
Nor quit the land where whisky grew,  
To wear King George's button,  
Take vinegar for mountain dew,  
And toads for mountain mutton.  
Meddirederoo aroo, aroo."

"I say, Mike, stop that confounded keen, and tell me where are we."

"Off the ould head of Kinsale, sir."

"Where is Captain Power?"

"Smoking a cigar on deck with the Captain, sir."

"And Mr. Sparks?"

"Mighty sick in his own state room. Oh! but it's himself has enough of glory—bad luck to it—by this time; he'd make your heart break to look at him."

"Who have you got on board besides?"

"The Adjutant's here, sir, and an ould gentleman they call the Major."

"Not Major Dalrymple," said I, starting up with terror at the thought; "eh, Mike?"

"No, sir, another Major, his name Mulroon, or Mudoon, or something like that."

"Monsoon, you son of a lumper potatoe," cried out a surly gruff voice from a berth opposite, "Monsoon. Who's at the other side?"

"Mr. O'Malley—14th," said I, by way of introduction.

"My service to you, then," said the voice; "going to join your regiment?"

"Yes, and you; are you bound on a similar errand?"

"No, Heaven be praised! I'm attached to the commissariat, and only going to Lisbon. Have you had any dinner?"

"Not a morsel: have you?"

"No more than yourself; but I always lie by for three or four days this way, till I get used to the confounded rocking and pitching; and, with a little grog and some sleep, get over the time gayly enough. Steward, another tumbler like the last: there—very good—that will do. Your good health, Mr. —, what was it you said?"

"O'Malley."

"O'Malley—your good health—good night." And so ended our brief colloquy, and, in a few minutes more, a very decisive snore pronounced my friend to be fulfilling his precept for killing the hours.

I now made the effort to emancipate myself from my crib, and at last succeeded in getting on the floor, where, after one *chassez* at a small looking-glass opposite, followed by a very impetuous rush at a little brass stove, in which I was interrupted by a trunk, and laid prostrate, I finally got my clothes on, and made my way to the deck. Little attuned as was my mind at the moment to admire any thing like scenery, it was impossible to be unmoved by the magnificent prospect before me. It was a beautiful evening in summer; the sun had set above an hour before, leaving behind him in the west one vast arch of rich and burnished gold, stretching along the whole horizon, and tipping all the summits of the heavy rolling sea, as it rolled on, unbroken by foam or ripple, in vast moving mountains from the far coast of Labrador. We were already in blue water, though the bold cliffs that were to form our departing point were but a few miles to leeward. There lay the lofty bluff of old Kinsale, whose crest, overhanging, peered from a summit of some hundred feet into the deep water that swept its rocky base; many a tangled lichen and straggling bough trailing in the flood beneath. Here and there, upon the coast, a twinkling gleam proclaimed the hut of the fisherman, whose swift hookers had more than once shot by us, and disappeared in a moment. The wind, which began to fall at sunset, freshened as the moon rose, and the good ship, bending to the breeze, lay gently over, and rushed through the waters with a sound of gladness. I was alone upon the deck; Power and the Captain, whom I expected to have found, had disappeared somehow, and I was, after all, not sorry to be left to my own reflections uninterrupted.

My thoughts turned once more to my home—to my first, my best, earliest friend, whose hearth I had rendered lonely and desolate; and my heart sunk within me as I remembered it. How deeply I reproached myself for the selfish impetuosity with which I had ever followed any rising fancy—any new and sudden desire, and never thought of him whose every hope was in, whose every wish was for me. Alas! alas! my poor uncle! how gladly would I resign every prospect my soldier's life may hold out with all its glittering promise, and all the flattery of success, to be once more beside you; to feel your warm and manly grasp; to see your smile; to hear your voice; to be again where all our best feelings are born and nurtured, and our cares are assuaged, our joys more joyed in, and our griefs more wept—at home! These very words have more music to my ears than all the softest strains that ever syren sung. They bring us back to all we have loved, by the ties that are never felt but through such simple associations. And in the earlier memories called up, our childish feelings come back once more to visit us, like better spirits, as we walk amid the dreary desolation that years of care and uneasiness have spread around us.

Wretched must he be who never has felt such bliss; and thrice happy he, who, feeling it, knows that still there lives for him that same early home, with all its loved inmates, its every dear and devoted object waiting his coming, and longing for his approach.

Such were my thoughts as I stood gazing at the bold line of coast now gradually growing more and more dim while evening fell, and we continued to stand farther out to sea. So absorbed was I all this time in my reflections, that I never heard the voices which now suddenly burst upon my ears quite close beside me. I turned, and saw for the first time that, at the end of the quarter deck, stood what is called a round-house, a small cabin, from which the sounds in question proceeded. I walked gently forward, and peeped in, and certainly any thing more in contrast with my late reverie need not be conceived. There sat the skipper, a bluff, round-faced, jolly-looking, little tar, mixing a bowl of punch at a table, at which sat my friend Power, the Adjutant, and a tall meagre-looking Scotchman, whom I once met in Cork, and heard that he was the doctor of some infantry regiment. Two or three black bottles, a paper of cigars, and a tallow candle, were all the table equipage; but, certainly, the party seemed not to want for spirits and fun, to judge from the hearty bursts of laughing that every moment pealed forth, and shook the little building that held them. Power, as usual with him, seemed to be taking the lead, and was evidently amusing himself with the peculiarities of his companions.

"Come, Adjutant, fill up: here's to the campaign before us; we at least have nothing but pleasure in the anticipation; no lovely wife behind; no charming babes to fret, and be fretted for, eh?"

"Vara true," said the doctor, who was mated with a *tartar*; "ye maun have less regrets at leaving home; but a married man is no entirely denied his ain consolations."

"Good sense in that," said the skipper; "a wide berth and plenty of sea room are not bad things now and then."

"Is that your experience also," said Power, with a knowing look. "Come, come, Adjutant, we're not so ill off, you see; but, by Jove, I can't imagine how it is a man ever comes to thirty without having at least one wife, without counting his colonial possessions, of course."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, with a sigh, as he drained his glass to the bottom. "It is devilish strange—women, lovely women!" here he filled and drank again, as though he had been proposing a toast for his own peculiar drinking.

"I say, now," resumed Power, catching at once that there was something working in his mind; "I say, now, how happened it that you, a right good-looking, soldier-like fellow, that always made his way among the fair ones, with that confounded roguish eye and slippery tongue, how the deuce did it come to pass that you never married?"

"I've been more than once on the verge of it," said the Adjutant, smiling blandly at the flattery.

"And nae bad notion yours just to stay there," said the Doctor, with a very peculiar contortion of countenance.

"No pleasing you, no contenting a fellow like you," said Power, returning to the charge; "that's the thing: you get a certain ascendancy; you have a kind of success, that renders you, as the French say *l'ête montée*, and you think no woman rich enough, or good-looking enough, or high enough."

"No, by Jove, you're wrong," said the Adjutant, swallowing the bait, hook and all, "quite wrong there; for, somehow, all my life, I was decidedly susceptible, not that I cared much for your blushing sixteen or budding beauties in white muslin, fresh from a back board and a governess; no, my taste inclined rather to the more sober charms of two or three-and-thirty, the *embon-point*, a good foot and ankle, a sensible breadth about the shoulders—"

"Somewhat Dutch like, I take it," said the skipper, puffing out a volume of smoke, "a little bluff in the bows, and great stowage, eh?"

"You leaned then toward the widows," says Power.

"Exactly: I confess, a widow always was my weakness. There was something I ever liked in the notion of a woman who had got over all the awkward girlishness of early years, and had that self-possession which habit and knowledge of the world confer, and knew enough of herself to understand what she really wished, and where she would really go."

"Like the trade winds," puffed the skipper.

"Then, as regards fortune, they have a decided superiority over the spinster class. I defy any man breathing—let him be half police magistrate, half chancellor—to find out the figure of a young lady's dowry. On your first introduction to the house, some kind friend whisper's, 'go it, old boy, forty thousand; not a penny less; a few weeks later as the siege progresses, a maiden aunt, disposed to puffing, comes down to twenty; this diminishes again one half, but then 'the money is in bank stock, hard three-and-a-half.' You go a little farther, and as you sit one day over your wine with papa, he suddenly promulgates the fact that his daughter has five thousand pounds, two of which turn out to be in Mexican bonds, and three in an Irish mortgage."

"Happy for you," interrupted Power, "that it be not in Galway, where a proposal to foreclose would be the signal for your being called out, and shot without benefit of clergy."

"Bad luck to it, for Galway," said the Adjutant. "I was nearly taken in there once to marry a girl that her brother-in-law swore had eight hundred a year, and it came out afterward that so she had, but it was for one year only; and he challenged me for doubting his word too."

"There's an old formula for finding out an Irish fortune," says Power, "worth all the algebra they ever taught in Trinity. Take the half of the assumed sum, and divide it by three, the quotient will be a flattering representative of the figure sought for."

"Not in the north," said the Adjutant, firmly; "not in the north, Power; they are all well off there. There's a race of canny, thrifty, half Scotch niggers—your pardon, Doctor—they are all Irish—linen-weaving, Presbyterian, yarn-factoring, long-nosed, hard-drinking fellows, that lay by rather a snug thing now and then. Do you know I was very near it once in the north. I've half a mind to tell you the story; though, perhaps, you'll laugh at me."

The whole party at once protested that nothing could induce them to deviate so widely from the line of propriety, and the skipper having mixed a fresh bowl, and filled all the glasses round, the cigars were lighted and the Adjutant began:

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—The Adjutant's Story—Life in Derby.

"It is now about eight, maybe ten years, since, that we were ordered to march from Belfast and take up our quarters in Londonderry. We had not been more than a few weeks altogether, in Ulster, when the order came; and, as we had been, for the preceding two years, doing duty in the south and west, we concluded the island was tolerably the same in all parts. We opened our campaign in the maiden city, exactly as we had been doing with 'unparalleled success' in Cashel, Fermoy, Tuam, &c., that is to say, we announced garrison balls, and private theatricals; offered a cup to be run for in steeple chase; turned out a four-in-hand drag, with mottled grays; and brought over two Deal boats to Challenge the north."

"The 18th found the place stupid," said we.

"To be sure they did; slow fellows, like them, must find any place stupid. No dinners; but they gave none. No fun; but they had none in themselves. In fact, we knew better: we understood how the thing was to be done, and resolved that, as a mine of rich ore lay unworked, it was reserved for us to produce the shining metal that others, less discerning, had failed to discover. Little we knew of the matter; never was there a blunder like ours. Were you ever in Derry?"

"Never," said the listeners.

"Well, then, let me inform you, that the place has its own peculiar features. In the first place, all the large towns in the south and west have, beside the country neighbourhood that surrounds them, a certain sprinkling of gentlefolk, who, though with small fortunes and not much usage of the world, are still a great accession to society, and make up the blank which, even in the most thickly-peopled country, would be sadly felt without them. Now, in Derry, there is none of this. After the great guns and—per Baccho!—what great guns are they! you have nothing but the men engaged in commerce; sharp, clever, shrewd, well-informed fellows; they are deep in flax-seed, cunning in molasses, and not to be excelled in all that pertains to coffee, sassafras, cinnamon, gum, oakum, and elephants' teeth. The place is a rich one, and the spirit of commerce is felt throughout it. Nothing is cared for, nothing is talked of, nothing alluded to, that does not bear upon this; and, in fact, if you have a't a venture in Smyrna figs, Memel timber, Dutch dolls, or some such commodity, you are absolutely nothing, and might as well be at a ball with a cork leg, or go deaf to the opera."

"Now, when I've told thus much, I leave you to guess what impression our triumphal entry into the city produced. Instead of the admiring crowds that awaited us elsewhere, as we marched gayly into quarters, here we saw nothing but grave, sober-looking, and I confess it, intelligent-looking faces, that scrutinized our appearance closely enough,

but evidently with no great approval, and less enthusiasm. The men passed on hurriedly to their counting-houses and the wharfs; the women with almost as little interest, peeped at us from the windows, and walked away again. Oh! how we wished for Galway; glorious Galway, that paradise of the infantry, that lies west of the Shannon. Little we knew, as we ordered the band, in lively anticipation of the gayeties before us, to strike up 'Payne's first set,' that, to the ears of the fair listeners in Ship Quay Street, the rumble of a sugar hogshead, or the crank, crank, of a weighing crane were more delightful music."

"By Jove," interrupted Power, "you are quite right. Women are strongly imitative in their tastes. The lovely Italian, whose very costume is a natural following of a Raphael, is no more like the pretty Liverpool damsel, than Genoa is to Glasnevin; and yet, what the deuce have they, dear souls, with their feet upon a soft carpet, and their eyes upon the pages of Scott or Byron, to do with all the cotton or dimity that ever was printed. But let us not repine: that very plastic character is our greatest blessing."

"I'm not so sure that it always exists," said the Doctor dubiously, as though his own experience pointed otherwise.

"Well, go ahead," said the Skipper, who evidently disliked the digression, thus interrupting the Adjutant's story.

"Well, we marched along looking right and left at the pretty faces—and there was plenty of them too—that a momentary curiosity drew to the windows; but, although we smiled, and ogled, and leered, as only a newly arrived regiment can smile, oggle, or leer, by all that's provoking, we might as well have wasted our blandishments upon the Presbyterian meeting-house that frowned upon us, with its high pitched roof and round windows."

"Droll people these," said one: 'rather rum ones,' cried another; 'the black north, by Jove,' said a third; and so we went along to the barracks, somewhat displeased to think that, though the 18th were slow, they might have met their match."

"Disappointed, as we undoubtedly felt, at the little enthusiasm that marked our *entrée*, we still resolved to persist in our original plan, and accordingly, early the following morning announced our intention of giving amateur theatricals. The mayor, who called upon our colonel, was the first to learn this, and received the information with pretty much the same kind of look as the Archbishop of Canterbury might be supposed to assume, if requested by a friend to ride for the Derby. The incredulous expression of the poor man's face, as he turned from one of us to the other, evidently canvassing in his mind, whether we might not, by some special dispensation of Providence, be all insane, I shall never forget."

"His visit was a very short one; whether concluding that we were not quite safe company, or whether our notification was too much for his nerves, I know not."

"We were not to be balked, however; our plans for gayety, long planned and conned over, were soon announced in all form, and, though we made efforts almost superhuman in the cause, our plans were performed to empty benches, our balls were unattended, our picnic invitations politely declined, and, in a word, all our advances treated with a cold and chilling politeness that plainly said, 'We'll none of you.'"

"Each day brought some new discomfiture, and, as we met at mess, instead of having, as heretofore, some prospect of pleasure and amusement to chat over, it was only to talk gloomily over our miserable failures, and lament the dreary quarters that our fates had doomed us to."

"Some months wore on in this fashion, and at length—what will not time do?—we began, by degrees, to forget our woes. Some of us took to late hours and brandy and water; others got sentimental, and wrote journals, and novels, and poetry; some few made acquaintances among the townspeople, and cut in to a quiet rubber to pass the evening, while another detachment, among which I was, got up a little love affair to while away the tedious hours and cheat the lazy sun."

"I have already said something of my taste in beauty; now, Mrs. Boggs was exactly the style of woman I fancied. She was a widow; she had black eyes—not your jet black, sparkling, Dutch-doll eyes, that roll about and tremble, but mean nothing—no; hers had a soft, subdued, downcast, look about them, and were fully as melting a pair of orbs as any blue eyes you ever looked at."

"Then, she had a short upper lip, and sweet teeth; by Jove, they were pearls! and she showed them, too, pretty often. Her figure was well rounded, plump, and what the French call *nette*. To complete all, her instep and ankle were unexceptionable, and lastly, her jointure was seven hundred pounds per annum, with a trifle of eight thousand more, that the late lamented Boggs bequeathed, when after four months of interrupted bliss, he left Derry for another world."

"When chance first threw me in the way of the fair widow, some casual coincidence of opinion happened to raise me in her estimation, and I soon afterward received an invitation to a small evening party at her house, to which I alone of the regiment was asked."

"I shall not weary you with the details of my intimacy; it is enough that I tell you I fell desperately in love. I began by visiting twice or thrice a week, and, in less than two months, spent every morning at her house, and rarely left it till the 'roast beef' announced mess."

"I soon discovered the widow's cue; she was serious. Now, I had conducted all manner of flirtations in my previous life; timid young ladies, manly young ladies, musical, artistical, poetical and hysterical. Bless you, I knew them all by heart; but never before had I to deal with a serious one, and a widow to boot. The case was a trying one. For some weeks it was all very up hill work; all the red shot of warm affection I used to pour in on other occasions, was of no use here. The language of love, in which I was no mean proficient availed me not. Compliments and flattery, these rare skirmishers before the engagement, were denied me; and I verily think that a tender squeeze of the hand would have cost me my dismissal."

"How very slow all this," thought I, as, at the end of two months' siege, I still found myself seated in the trenches, and not a single breach in the fortress; "but, to be sure, it's the way they have in the north, and one must be patient."

"While thus I was in no very sanguine frame of mind as to my prospects, in reality my progress was very considerable, having become a member of Mr. McPhun's congre-



gation. I was gradually rising in the estimation of the widow and her friends, whom my constant attendance at meeting, and my serious demeanor, had so far impressed, that very grave deliberation was held whether I should not be made an elder at the next brevet.

"If the Widow Boggs had not been a very lovely and wealthy widow, had she not possessed the eyes, lips, hips, ankles, and jointure aforesaid, I honestly avow that not the charms of that sweet man Mr. McPhun's eloquence, nor even the flattering distinction in store for me, would have induced me to prolong my suit. However, I was not going to despair when in sight of land. The widow was evidently softened; a little time longer, and the most scrupulous moralist, the most rigid advocate for employing time wisely, could not have objected to my daily system of courtship. It was none of your sighing, dying, ogling, hand-squeezing, waist pressing, oath-swearing, everlasting-adoring affairs, with an interchange of rings and lockets; not a bit of it. It was confoundedly like a controversial meeting at the Rotundo, and I myself had a far greater resemblance to Father Tom Maguire than a gay Lothario.

"After all, when mess-time came, when the roast-beef played, and we assembled at dinner, and the soup and fish had gone round, with two glasses of sherry in, my spirits rallied, and a very jolly evening consoled me for all my fatigues and exertions, and supplied me with energy for the morrow; for, let me observe here, that I only made love before dinner. The evenings I reserved for myself, assuring Mrs. Boggs that my regimental duties required all my time after mess hour, in which I was perfectly correct; for at six we dined; at seven I opened the claret No. 1; at eight I had uncorked my second bottle; by half past eight I was returning to the sherry; and, at nine, punctual to the moment, I was returning to my quarters on the back of my servant, Tim Daly, who had carried me safely for eight years, without a single mistake, as the foxhunters say. This was a way we had in the —th; I was always an early riser, and went betimes.

"Now, although I had very abundant proof, from circumstantial evidence, that I was nightly removed from my mess room to my bed in the mode I mention, it would have puzzled me sorely to have proved the fact in any direct way; inasmuch as, by half-past nine, as the clock chimed, Tim entered to take me. I was very innocent of all that was going on, and except a certain vague sense of regret at leaving the decanter, felt nothing whatever.

"It so chanced—what mere trifles are we ruled by in our destiny—that just as my suit with the widow had assumed its most favorable footing, old General Hinks, that commanded the district, announced his coming over to inspect our regiment. Over he accordingly came, and to be sure we had a day of it. We were paraded for six mortal hours; then we were marching and countermarching; moving into line; back again into column; now forming open column, then again into square; till, at last, we began to think that the old General was like the Flying Dutchman, and was probably to keep on drilling us to the day of judgment. To be sure, he enlivened the proceeding to me, by pronouncing the regiment the worst drilled and appointed corps in the service, and the adjutant (me!) the stupidest dunderhead—these were his words—he had ever met with.

"Never mind," thought I; "a few months more, and it's little I'll care for the eighteen manoeuvres. It's small trouble your eyes right or your left shoulders forward will give me. I'll sell out, and with the Widow Boggs and seven hundred a year—but no matter."

"This confounded inspection lasted till half-past five in the afternoon; so that our mess was delayed a full hour in consequence, and it was past seven as we sat down to dinner. Our faces were grim enough as we met together at first; but what will not a good dinner and good wine do for the surliest party? By eight o'clock we began to feel somewhat more convivially disposed; and, before nine, the decanters were performing a quick step round the table, in a fashion very exhilarating, and very jovial to look at.

"No flinching to-night," said the senior major; "we've had a severe day; let us also have a merry evening."

"By Jove, Ormond," cried another, "we must not leave this to-night. Confound the old humbugs and their musty whisk party; throw them over."

"I say, Adjutant," said Forbes, addressing me, "you've nothing particular to say to the fair widow this evening; you'll not bolt, I hope?"

"That he shan't," said one near me; "he must make up for his absence to-morrow; for to-night we all stand fast."

"Beside," said another, "she's at meeting by this. Old what d'ye-call-him—is at fourteenthly before now."

"A note for you, sir," said the mess-waiter, presenting me with a rose-colored, three-cornered billet. It was from *la chère* Boggs herself, and ran thus:

"Dear Sir—Mr. McPhun and a few friends are coming to tea at my house after meeting; perhaps you will also favor us with your company.  
Yours truly,  
ELIZA BOGGS."

"What was to be done? Quit the mess—leave a jolly party just at the jolliest moment—exchange Lafite and red hermitage for a *soirée* of elders presided over by that sweet man Mr. McPhun. It was too bad; but then, how much I was in the scale? What would the widow say if I declined? What would she think? I well knew that the invitation meant nothing less than a full-dress parade of me before her friends, and that to decline was perhaps to forfeit all my hopes in that quarter for ever.

"Any answer, sir?" said the waiter.

"Yes," said I, in a half whisper, "I'll go; tell the servant, I'll go."

"At this moment my tender epistle was subtracted from before me, and, ere I turned round, had made the tour of half the table. I never perceived the circumstance, however, and filling my glass, professed my resolve to sit to the last, with a mental reserve to take my departure at the first opportunity. Ormond and the Paymaster quitted the room for a moment, as if to give orders for a broil at twelve, and now all seemed to promise a well-sustained party for the night.

"Is that all arranged?" inquired the Major, as Ormond entered.

"All right," said he; "and now let us have a bumper and a song, Adjutant, old boy, give us a chant."

"What shall it be, then," inquired I, anxious to cover my intended retreat by an appearance of joviality.

"Give us—  
"When I was in the Fusiliers  
Some fourteen years ago."

"No, no, confound it, I've heard nothing else since I joined the regiment. Let us have the 'Paymaster's Daughter.'"

"Ah! that's pathetic; I like that," lisped a young ensign.

"If I'm to have a vote," grunted out the senior major, "I pronounce for West India Quarters. Come, give him a glass of sherry, and let him begin."

"I had scarcely finished off my glass, and cleared my throat for my song, when the clock on the chimney-piece chimed half-past nine, and the same instant I felt a heavy hand fall upon my shoulder; I turned, and beheld my servant, Tim. This, as I have already mentioned, was at the hour at which Tim was in the habit of taking me home to my quarters, and, though we had dined an hour later, he took no notice of the circumstance, but, true to his custom, he was behind my chair. A very cursory glance at my 'familiar' was quite sufficient to show me that we had somehow changed sides, for Tim, who was habitually the most sober of mankind, was, on the present occasion, exceedingly drunk, while I, a full hour before that consummation, was perfectly sober.

"What d'ye want, sir?" inquired I, with something of severity in my manner.

"Come home," said Tim, with a hiccup that set the whole table in a roar.

"Leave the room this instant," said I, feeling wrathful at being thus made a butt of for his offences. "Leave the room, or I'll kick you out of it." Now this, let me add, in a parenthesis, was somewhat of a boast, for Tim was six feet three, and strong in proportion, and, when, in liquor, fearless as a tiger.

"You'll kick me out of the room, eh? will you? Try; only try it; that's all." Here a new roar of laughter burst forth, while Tim, again placing an enormous paw upon my shoulder, continued: "Do n't be sitting there, making a baste of yourself, when you've got enough. Do n't you see you're drunk?"

"I sprang to my legs on this, and made a rush to the fireplace, to secure the poker, but Tim was beforehand with me, and seizing me by the waist with both hands, flung me across his shoulder, as though I were a baby, saying, at the same time, 'I'll take you away at half-past eight to-morrow, as you're as rampagous again.' I kicked, I plunged, I swore, I threatened, I even begged and implored to be set down; but, whether my voice was lost in the uproar around me, or that Tim only regarded my denunciations in the light of cursing, I know not, but he carried me bodily down the stairs, steadying himself by one hand on the bannisters, while with the other he held me as in a vice. I had but one consolation all this while; it was this, that, as my quarters lay immediately behind the mess-room, Tim's excursion would soon come to an end, and I should be free once more; but guess my terror to find that the drunken scoundrel, instead of going, as usual, to the left, turned short to the right hand, and marched boldly into Ship Quay street. Every window in the mess-room was filled with our fellows, absolutely shouting with laughter. "Go it, Tim—that's the fellow—hold him tight—never let go," cried a dozen voices, while the wretch, with the tenacity of drunkenness, gripped me still harder, and took his way down the middle of the street.

"It was a beautiful evening in July, a soft summer night, as I made this most pleasing excursion down the most frequented thoroughfare in the maiden city; my struggles every moment exciting roars of laughter from an increasing crowd of spectators, who seemed scarcely less amused than puzzled at the exhibition. In the midst of a torrent of imprecations against my torturer, a loud noise attracted me. I turned my head and saw—horror of horrors!—the door of the meeting-house just flung open, and the congregation issuing forth en masse. Is it any wonder if I remembered no more? There I was—the chosen one of the Widow Boggs—the elder elect—the favored friend and admired associate of Mr. McPhun, taking an airing on a summer's evening on the back of a drunken Irishman. Oh! the thought was horrible; and, certainly, the short and pithy epithets by which I was characterized in the crowd neither improved my temper nor assuaged my wrath; and I feel bound to confess that my own language was neither serious nor becoming. Tim, however, cared little for all this, and pursued the even tenor of his way through the whole crowd, nor stopped till, having made half the circuit of the wall, he deposited me safe at my door, adding, as he set me down, "Oh! as you're as troublesome every evening, it's a wheelbarrow I'll be obliged to bring for you."

"The next day I obtained a short leave of absence, and ere a fortnight expired, exchanged into the —th, preferring Halifax itself to the ridicule that awaited me in Londonderry."

#### CHAPTER XXX... Fred Power's Adventure in Phillipstown.

The lazy hours of the long summer-day crept slowly over. The sea, unbroken by foam or ripple, shone like a broad blue mirror, reflecting here and there some fleecy patches of snow-white cloud as they stood unmoved in the sky. The good ship rocked to and fro with a heavy and lumbering motion; the cordage rattled; the bulkheads creaked; the sails flapped lazily against the masts; the very sea-gulls seemed to sleep as they rested on the long swell that bore them along; and everything in sea and sky bespoke a calm. No sailor trod the deck; no watch was stirring; the very tiller-ropes were deserted; and, as they traversed back and forward with every roll of the vessel, told that we had no steerage way, and lay a mere log upon the water.

I sat alone in the bow, and fell into a musing fit upon the past and the future. How happily for us it is ordained that, in the most stirring existences, there are every here and there such little resting-spots of reflection, from which, as from some eminence, we look back upon the road we have been treading in life, and cast a wistful glance at the dark vista before us. When first we set out upon our worldly pilgrimage, these are, indeed, precious moments, when, with buoyant heart and spirit high, believing all things, trusting all things, our very youth comes back to us, re-

flected from every object we meet; and, like Narcissus, we are but worshipping our own image in the water. As we go on in life, the cares, the anxieties, and the business of the world, engross us more and more; and such moments become fewer and shorter. Many a bright dream has been dissolved, and many a fairy vision replaced, by some dark reality; blighted hopes, false friendships, have gradually worn callous the heart once alive to every gentle feeling; and time begins to tell upon us: yet still, as the well-remembered melody to which we listened with delight in infancy brings to our mature age a touch of early years, so will the very association of these happy moments recur to us in our reverie, and make us young again in thought. Then it is, that, as we look back upon our worldly career, we become convinced how truly is the child the father of the man; how frequently are the projects of our manhood the fruit of some boyish predilection; and that, in the emulative ardor that stirs the schoolboy's heart, we may read the *prestige* of that high daring that makes a hero of its possessor.

These moments, too, are scarcely more pleasurable than they are salutary to us. Disengaged for the time of every wordly anxiety, we pass in review before our own selves; and, in the solitude of our own hearts are we judged. That still, small voice of conscience, unheard and unlistened to amid the din and bustle of life, speaks audibly to us now; and, while chastened on one side by regrets, we are sustained on the other by some approving thought, and, with many a sorrow for the past, and many a promise for the future, we begin to feel "how good it is for us to be here."

The evening wore later: the red sun sank down upon the sea, growing larger and larger; the long line of mellow gold that sheeted along the distant horizon, grew first of a dark ruddy tinge, then paler and paler, till it became almost gray; a single star shone faintly in the east, and darkness soon set in. With night came the wind; for almost imperceptibly the sails swelled slowly out, a slight rustle at the bow followed, the ship lay gently over, and we were once more in motion. It struck four bells; some casual resemblance in the sound to the old pendulum that marked the hour at my uncle's house, startled me so that I actually knew not where I was. With lightning speed, my once home rose up before me with its happy hearts: the old familiar faces were there; the gay laugh was in my ears; there sat my dear old uncle, as with bright eye and mellow voice he looked a very welcome to his guests; there Boyle; there Considine; there the grim-visaged portraits that graced the old walls, whose black oak wainscot stood in broad light and shadow, as the blazing turf fire shone upon it; there was my own place, now vacant; methought my uncle's eye was turned toward it, and that I heard him say, "My poor boy! I wonder where is he now!" My heart swelled; my chest heaved; the tears coursed slowly down my cheeks, as I asked myself, "Shall I ever see them more?" Oh! how little, how very little to us are the accustomed blessings of our life, till some change has robbed us of them; and how dear are they when lost to us! My uncle's dark foreboding that we should never meet again on earth, came, for the first time, forcibly to my mind, and my heart was full to bursting. What could repay me for the agony of that moment, as I thought of him—my first, my best, my only friend—whom I had deserted; and how gladly would I have resigned my bright day-dawn of ambition to be once more beside his chair; to hear his voice; to see his smile; to feel his love for me. A loud laugh from the cabin roused me from my sad, depressing reverie; and, at the same instant, Mike's well-known voice informed me that the Captain was looking for me everywhere, as supper was on the table. Little as I felt disposed to join the party at that moment, as I knew there was no escaping Power, I resolved to make the best of matters; so, after a few minutes, I followed Mickey down the companion, and entered the cabin.

The scene before me was certainly not calculated to perpetuate depressing thoughts. At the head of a rude old-fashioned table, upon which figured several black bottles, and various ill-looking drinking vessels of every shape and material, sat Fred Power; on his right was placed the skipper; on his left the Doctor; the bronzed, merry looking, weather-beaten features of the one, contrasting ludicrously with the pale, ascetic, acute-looking expression of the other. Sparks, more than half-drunk, with the mark of a red-hot cigar upon his nether lip, was lower down; while Major Monsoon, to preserve the symmetry of the party, had protruded his head, surmounted by a huge red night-cap, from the berth opposite, and held out his goblet to be replenished from the punch-bowl.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, thou man of Galway," cried out Power, as he pointed to a seat, and pushed a wine-glass toward me. "Just in time, too, to pronounce upon a new brewery; taste that; a little more of the lemon you would say perhaps; well, I agree with you; rum and brandy; gienlivet and guava jelly; limes, green tea, and a slight suspicion of preserved ginger—nothing else, upon honor—and the most simple mixture for the cure of blue devils and debt I know of; eh, Doctor? you advise it yourself, to be taken before bed-time; nothing inflammatory in it; nothing pugnacious: a mere circulation of the better juices and more congenial spirits of the marley clay, without arousing any of the baser passions; whiskey is the devil for that."

"I canna say that I dinna like whiskey toddy," said the Doctor, "in the cauld winter nights it's no bad."

"Ah! that's it," said Power; "there's the pull you Scotch have upon us, poor Patlanders; cool, calculating, long-headed fellows, you only come up to the mark after fifteen tumblers; whereas we hot-brained devils, with a blood at 212° of Fahrenheit, and a high pressure engine of good spirits always ready for an explosion, we go clean mad whea tipsy; not but I am fully convinced that a mad Irishman is worth two sane people of any other country under heaven."

"If you mean by that insinuation—insinuation to imply any disrespect to the English," stuttered out Sparks, "I am bound to say that I for one, and the Doctor, I am sure for another—"

"Na, na," interrupted the Doctor, "ye manna coont upon me; I'm no disposed to fecht over our liquor."

"Then, Major Monsoon, I'm certain—"

"Are ye, faith," said the Major, with a grin; "blessed

are they who expect nothing—of which number you are not—for most decidedly you shall be disappointed."

"Never mind, Sparks, take the whole fight to your own proper self, and do battle like a man; and here I stand, ready at all arms to prove my position—that we drink better, sing better, court better, fight better, and make better punch than every John Bull from Berwick to the Land's End."

Sparks, however, who seemed not exactly sure how far his antagonist was disposed to quiz, relapsed into a half-tipsy expression of contemptuous silence, and sipped his liquor without reply.

"Yes," said Power, after a pause, "bad luck to it for whiskey; it nearly got me broke once, and poor Tom O'Reilly of the 5th, too, the best-tempered fellow in the service; we were as near as touch and go; and all for some confounded Loughrea spirits, that we believed to be perfectly innocent, and used to swill away freely, without suspicion of any kind."

"Let's hear the story," said I, "by all means."

"It's not a long one," said Power; "so I don't care if I tell it; and beside, if I make a clean breast of my own sins, I'll insist upon Monsoon's telling you afterward how he stocked his cellar in Cadiz; eh, Major? there's worse tipple than the King of Spain's sherry?"

"You shall judge for yourself, old boy," said Monsoon, good humoredly; "and, as for the narrative, it is equally at your service. Of course, it goes no farther. The commander-in-chief, long life to him, is a glorious fellow; but he has no more idea of a joke than the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it might chance to reach him."

"Recount and fear not," cried Power; "we are discreet as the worshipful company of apothecaries."

"But you forget you are to lead the way,"

"Here goes then," said the jolly Captain; "not that the story has any merit in it, but the moral is beautiful."

"Ireland, to be sure, is a beautiful country, but somehow it would prove a very dull one to be quartered in, if it were not that the people seem to have a natural taste for the army. From the belle of Merriem-square down to the innkeeper's daughter in Tralee, the loveliest part of the creation seem to have a perfect appreciation of our high acquirements and advantages; and, in no other part of the globe, the Tongo Islands included, is a red coat more in favor. To be sure, they would be very ungrateful if it were not the case; for we, upon our sides, leave no stone unturned to make ourselves agreeable. We ride, drink, play, and make love to the ladies, from Fairhead to Killarney, in a way greatly calculated to render us popular; and, as far as making the time pass pleasantly, we are the boys for the 'greatest happiness' principle. I repeat it; we deserve our popularity. Which of us does not get head and ears in debt with garrison balls and steeple-chases, pic-nics, regattas, and the thousand and one inventions to get rid of one's spare cash, so called for being sparingly dealt out by our governors? Now and then too, when all else fails, we take a newly joined ensign, and make him marry some pretty but penniless lass, in a country town, just to show the rest that we are not joking, but have serious ideas of matrimony, in the midst of all our flirtation. If it were all like this, the green isle would be a paradise; but, unluckily, every now and then, one is condemned to some infernal place, where there is neither a pretty face nor a light ankle; where the priest himself is not a good fellow; and long, ill-paved, straggling streets, filled, on market days, with booths of striped calico and soapy cheese, is the only promenade; and a ruinous barrack, with mouldy walls and a tumbling chimney, the only quarters."

"In vain, on your return from your morning stroll or afternoon canter, you look on the chimney-piece for a shower of visiting cards, and pink notes of invitation; in vain you ask your servant has any one called. Alas! your only visitor has been the gauger, to demand a party to assist in still-hunting, amid that interesting class of the population, who, having nothing to eat, are engaged in devising drink, and care as much for the life of a red coat as you do for that of a crow or a curlew. This may seem overdrawn; but I would ask you, were you ever for you sins quartered in that capital city of the Bog of Allen they call Phillips-town? Oh, but it is a romantic spot! They tell us somewhere that much of the expression of the human face divine depends upon the objects which constantly surround us. That the inhabitants of mountain districts imbibe, as it were, a certain bold and daring character of expression from the scenery, very different from the placid and monotonous look of those who dwell in plains and valleys; and I can certainly credit the theory in this instance, for every man, woman, and child you meet has a brown, baked, scruffy, turf-like face, that fully satisfy you that, if Adam were formed of clay, the Phillipstown people were worse treated, and only made of bog mould."

"Well, one morning, poor Tom and myself were marched off from Birr, where one might 'live and love for ever,' to take up our quarters at this sweet spot. Little we knew of Phillipstown, and, like my friend, the adjutant there, when he laid siege to Derry, we made our entrée with all the pomp we could muster, and though we had no band, our drums and fife did duty for it; and we brushed along through turf creels and wicker baskets of new brogues that obstructed the street till we reached the barrack, the only testimony of admiration we met with being, I feel bound to admit, from a ragged urchin of ten years, who, with a wattle in his hand, imitated me as I marched along, and, when I cried halt, took his leave of us by dexterously affixing his thumb to the side of his nose, and outstretching his fingers, as if thus to convey a very strong hint that we were not half so fine fellows as we thought ourselves. Well, four mortal summer months of hot sun and cloudless sky went over, and still we lingered in that vile village, the everlasting monotony of our days being marked by the same brief morning drill, the same blue-legged chicken dinner, the same smoky Loughrea whiskey, and the same evening stroll along the canal bank, to watch for the Dublin packet-boat, with its never-varying cargo of cattle-dealers, priests, and peelers, on their way to the west country, as though the demand for such colonial productions in these parts was insatiable. This was pleasant, you will say; but, what was to be done? we had nothing else. Now nothing saps a man's temper like ennui. The cranky, peevish people one meets with, would be excellent folk if they had something to do. As for us, I'll venture to say,

two men more disposed to go pleasantly down the current of life, it were hard to meet with; and yet, such was the consequence of these confounded four months' sequestration from all other society, we became sour and cross-grained; everlastingly disputing about trifles, and continually arguing about matters which neither were interested in, nor indeed knew any thing about. There were, indeed, it is true, few topics to discuss; newspapers we never saw; sporting there was none; but, then, the drill, the return of duty, the probable chances of our being ordered for service, were all daily subjects to be talked over, and usually with considerable asperity and bitterness. One point, however, always served us, when hard pushed for a bone of contention, and which, begun by mere accident at first, gradually increased to a sore and techy subject, and finally led to the consequences which I have hinted at in the beginning—this was no less than the respective merits of our mutual servants; each everlastingly indulging in a tirade against the other, for awkwardness, incivility, unhandiness, charges, I am bound to confess, most amply proved on either side.

"Well, I am sure, O'Reilly, if you can stand that fellow. It's no affair of mine; but such an ungainly savage I never met; I would say."

"To which he would reply, 'Bad enough he is certainly; but, by Jove, when I only think of your Hottentot, I feel grateful for what I've got.'"

"Then ensued a discussion, with attack, rejoinder, charge and recrimination, till we retired for the night, wearied with our exertions, and not a little ashamed of ourselves at bottom for our absurd warmth and excitement. In the morning the matter would be rigidly avoided by each party, until some chance occasion had brought it on the tapis, when hostilities would be immediately renewed, and carried on with the same vigor, to end as before."

"In this agreeable state of matters we sat one warm summer evening before the mess-room, under the shade of a canvass awning, discussing, by way of refrigerant, our eighth tumbler of whisky punch: we had as usual been jarring away about every thing under heaven. A lately arrived post-chaise, with an old, stiff-looking gentleman in a queue, had formed a kind of 'God-send' for debate, as to who he was, whether he was going, whether he really had intended to spend the night there, or that he only had put up because the chaise was broken; each, as was customary, maintaining his own opinion with an obstinacy we have often since laughed at, though, at the time, we had few mirthful thoughts about the matter."

"As the debate waxed warm, O'Reilly asserting that he positively knew the individual in question to be a United Irishman, traveling with instructions from the French government, while I laughed him to scorn, by swearing he was the rector of Tyrrell's-pass; that I knew him well; and, moreover, that he was the worst preacher in Ireland. Singular enough it was, that all this while the disputed identity was himself standing coolly at the inn window, with his snuff-box in his hand, leisurely examining us as we sat, appearing, at least, to take a very lively interest in our debate."

"Come, now," said O'Reilly, "there's only one way to conclude this, and make you pay for your obstinacy. What will you bet that he's the rector of Tyrrell's-pass?"

"What odds will you take that he's Wolfe Tone?" inquired I, sneeringly.

"Five to one against the rector," said he, exultingly.

"An elephant's molar to a tooth-pick against Wolfe Tone," cried I.

"Ten pound even that I'm nearer the mark than you," said Tom, with a smash of his fist upon the table.

"Done," said I, "done; but how are we to decide the wager?"

"That's soon done," said he; at the same instant he sprang to his legs and called out, "Pat—I say Pat—I want you to present my respects to—"

"No, no, I bar that—no *ex-parte* statements. Here, Jem, do you simply tell that—"

"That fellow can't deliver a message. Do come here, Pat. Just beg of—"

"He'll blunder it, the confounded fool; so, Jem, do you go."

"The two individuals thus addressed were just in the act of conveying a tray of glasses and a spiced round of beef for supper into the mess-room; and, as I may remark that they fully entered into the feelings of jealousy their respective masters professed, each eyed the other with a look of very unequivocal dislike."

"Arrah, you need n't be pushin' me that way," said Pat, "an' the round o' beef in my hands."

"Devil's luck to ye, it's the glasses you'll be breaking, with your awkward elbow."

"Then why do n't ye leave the way: aint I your superior?"

"Aint I the Captain's own man?"

"Ay, and if you war. Do n't I belong to his betters? Is n't my master the two lieutenants?"

"This, strange as it may sound, was so far true, as I held a commission in an African corps, with my lieutenantancy in the 5th."

"Begorra, av he was six—there now, you don it."

"At the same moment a tremendous crash took place, and the large dish fell in a thousand pieces on the pavement, while the spiced round rolled passively down the yard."

"Scarcely was the noise heard, when, with one vigorous kick, the tray of glasses was sent spinning into the air, and the next moment the disputants were engaged in bloody battle. It was at this moment that our attention was first drawn toward them, and I need not say with what feelings of interest we looked on."

"Hit him, Pat—there, Jem, under the guard—that's it—go in—well done, left hand—by Jove, that was a facer—his eye's closed—he's done—not a bit of it—how do you like that?—unfair, unfair—no such thing—I say it was—not at all—I deny it."

"By this time we had approached the combatants, each man patting his own fellow on the back, and encouraging him by the most lavish promises. Now it was, but in what way I never could exactly tell, that I threw out my right hand to stop a blow that I saw coming rather too near me, when, by some unhappy mischance, my doubled fist lighted upon Tom O'Reilly's nose. Before I could express my sin-

cere regret for the accident, the blow was returned with double force, and the next moment we were at it harder than the others. After five minutes' sharp work, we both stopped for breath, and incontinently burst out a laughing. There was Tom with a nose as large as three; a huge cheek on one side, and the whole head swinging round like a harlequin's; while I, with one eye closed, and the other like a half-shut cockle-shell, looked scarcely less rueful. We had not much time for mirth, for at the same instant a sharp, full voice called out close beside us—

"To your quarters, sirs. I put you both under arrest, from which you are not to be released until the sentence of a court-martial decide if conduct such as this become officers' and gentlemen."

"I looked round and saw the old fellow in the queue."

"Wolfe Tone, by all that's unlucky," said I, with an attempt at a smile.

"The rector of Tyrrell's-pass," cried out Tom, with a snuffle; "the worst preacher in Ireland; eh, Fred?"

"We had not much time for further commentaries upon our friend, for he at once opened his frock coat, and displayed to our horrified gaze the uniform of a general officer."

"Yes, sir, General Johnston, if you will allow me to present him to your acquaintance: and now, guard, turn out."

"In a few minutes more the orders were issued, and poor Tom and myself found ourselves fast confined to our quarters, with a sentinel at the door, and the pleasant prospect that, in a space of about ten days, we should be broke and dismissed the service; which verdict, as the general order would say, the Commander of the Forces has been graciously pleased to approve."

"However, when morning came, the old General, who was really a trump, inquired a little further into the matter, saw it was partly accidental, and, after a severe reprimand, and a caution about Loughrea whiskey after the sixth tumbler, released us from arrest, and forgave the whole affair."

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—The Voyage.

Ugh! what a miserable thing is a voyage! Here we are now eight days at sea; the eternal sameness of all around growing every hour less supportable. Sea and sky are beautiful things when seen from the dark woods and waving meadows on shore; but their picturesque effect is sadly marred from want of contrast; beside that, the "tousjours pork," with crystals of salt as long as your wife's fingers; the potatoes, that seemed varnished in French polish; the tea, seasoned with geological specimens from the basin of London, cycloped maple sugar; and the butter—ye gods!—the butter! But why enumerate these smaller features of discomfort, and omit the more glaring ones? The utter selfishness which blue water suggests, is inevitably as the cold fit follows the ague; the good fellow that shares his knapsack or his last guinea on land, here forages out the best corner to hang his hammock; jockeys you into a comfortable crib, where the uncalked deck but filters every rain from heaven on your head; he votes you the corner at dinner, not only that he may place you with your back to the thorough draught of the gangway ladder, but that he may eat, drink, and lie down, before you have even begun to feel the qualms of the dinner of a troop ship is well calculated to suggest; cuts his pencil with your best razor; wears your shirts, as washing is scarce; and winds up all by having a good story of you every evening for the edification of the other "sharp gentlemen," who, being too wide awake to be humbugged themselves, enjoy his success prodigiously. This, gentle reader, is neither confession nor avowal of mine. The passage I have here presented to you I have taken from the journal of my brother officer Mr. Sparks, who, when not otherwise occupied, usually employed his time in committing to paper his thoughts upon men, manners, and things at sea in general; though, sooth to say, his was not an idle life: being voted by unanimous consent "a junior," he was condemned to offices that the veriest fog in Eton or Harrow had rebelled against. In the morning, under the pseudonym of *Mrs. Sparks*, he presided at breakfast, having previously made tea, coffee, and chocolate for the whole cabin, beside boiling about twenty eggs at various degrees of hardness: he was under heavy recognisances to provide a plate of buttered toast of very alarming magnitude, fried ham, kidneys, &c., to no end. Later on, when others sauntered about the deck, vainly endeavoring to fix their attention upon a novel or a review, the poor corset might be seen with a white apron tucked gracefully round his spare proportions, whipping eggs for pancakes, or with up-turned shirt-sleeves, fashioning dough for a pudding. As the day waned, the cook's galley became his haunt, where, exposed to a roasting fire, he inspected the details of a *cuisine*, for which, whatever his demerits, he was sure of an ample remuneration in abuse at dinner. Then came the dinner itself, that dread ordeal, where nothing was praised, and everything censured. This was followed by the punch-making, where the tastes of six different and differing individuals were to be exclusively consulted, in the self-same beverage: and lastly, the supper at night, when Sparkie, as he was familiarly called toward evening, grown quite exhausted, became the subject of unmitigated wrath, and most unmeasured reprobation.

"I say, Sparks, it's getting late; the spatch-cock, old boy; do n't be slumbering."

"By the by, Sparkie, what a mess you made of that pea-soup to-day! By Jove, I never felt so ill in all my life."

"Na, na, it was na the soup; it was something he pit in the punch, that's burning me ever since I tuk it. Ou, man, but ye're an awfu' creature wif' vittals."

"He'll improve. Major, he'll improve; do n't discourage him; the boy's young; be alive now there—where's the toast—confound you—there's the toast?"

"There, Sparks, you like a drumstick, I know—must n't muzzle the ox, eh? Scripture for you, old boy; eat away; hang the expense: hand him over the jug—empty—eh, Charley? Come, Sparkie, bear a hand, the liquor's out."

"But won't you let me eat?"

"Eat! Heavens, what a fellow for eating! By George, such an appetite is clean against the articles of war! Come, man, it's drink we're thinking of; there's the rum, sugar, limes; see to the hot water. Well, skipper, how are we getting on?"



"Lying our course; eight knots off the log; pass the call. Why, Mister Sparks?"

"Eh, Sparks, what's this?"

"Sparks, my man, confound it!" and then, omnes chorusing "Sparks!" in every key of the gamut, the luckless fellow would be obliged to jump up from his meager fare; and set to work at a fresh brewage of punch for the others. The bowl and the glasses filled, by some little management on Power's part, our friend, the cornet, would be drawn out, as the phrase is, into some confession of his early years, which seemed to have been exclusively spent in love-making, devotion to the fair being as integral a portion of his character as tippling was of the worthy Major's.

Like most men who pass their life in over-studious efforts to please—however ungallant the confession be—the amiable Sparks had had little success; his love if not, as it generally happened, totally unrequited, was invariably the source of some awkward catastrophe, there being no imaginable error he had not at some time or other fallen into, nor any conceivable mischance to which he had not been exposed. Inconsolable widows, attached wives, fond mothers, newly-married brides, engaged young ladies, were, by some *contretemps*, continually the subject of his attachments; and the least mishap which followed the avowal of his passion was to be heartily laughed at, and obliged to leave the neighborhood. Duels, apologies, actions at law, compensations, &c., were of every-day occurrence; and to such an extent too, that any man blessed with a smaller bump upon the occiput, would eventually have long since abandoned the pursuit, and taken to some less expensive pleasure; but poor Sparks, in the true spirit of a martyr, only gloried the more, the more he suffered: and, like the worthy man who continued to purchase tickets in the lottery for thirty years, with nothing but a succession of blanks, he ever imagined that Fortune was only trying his patience, and had some cool forty thousand pounds of happiness waiting his perseverance in the end. Whether this prize ever did turn up in the course of years, I am unable to say; but certainly up to the period of his history I now speak of, all had been as gloomy and unrequiting as need be. Power, who knew something of every man's adventures, was aware of so much of poor Sparks' career, and usually contrived to lay a trap for a confession that generally served to amuse us during an evening, as much, I acknowledge, from the manner of the recital, as any thing contained in the story. There was a species of serious matter-of-fact simplicity in his detail of the most ridiculous scenes that left you convinced that his bearing upon the affair in question must have greatly heightened the absurdity; nothing, however comic or droll in itself, ever exciting in him the least approach to a smile; he sat with his large light-blue eyes, light hair, long upper lip, and retreating chin, listening out an account of an adventure, with a look of Liston about him, that was inconceivably amusing.

"Come, Sparks," said Power, "I claim a promise you made me the other night, on condition we let you off making the oyster-patties at ten o'clock: you can't forget what I mean." Here the Captain knowingly touched the tip of his ear, at which signal the cornet colored slightly, and drank off his wine in a hurried, confused way. "He promised to tell us, Major, how he lost the tip of his left ear. I have myself heard hints of the circumstance, but would much rather hear Sparks' own version of it."

"Another love story," said the Doctor with a grin "I'll be bound."

"Shot off in a duel?" said I, inquiringly; "close work, too."

"No such thing," replied Power; "but Sparks will enlighten you. It is, without exception, the most touching and beautiful thing I ever heard; as a simple story, it beats the Vicar of Wakefield to sticks."

"You don't say so," said poor Sparks, blushing.

"Ay, that I do, and maintain it too. I'd rather be the hero of that little adventure, and be able to recount it as you do—for, mark me, that's no small part of the effect—than I'd be full colonel of the regiment. Well, I am sure I always thought it affecting; but somehow, my dear friend, you do n't know your powers; you have that within you would make the fortune of half the periodicals going. Ask Monsoon or O'Malley there, if I did not say so at breakfast, when you were grilling the old hen, which, by the way, let me remark, was not one of your *chef-d'œuvres*."

"A tougher beastie I never put a tooth in."

"But the story; the story," said I.

"Yes," said Power, with a tone of command, "the story, Sparks."

"Well, if you really think it worth telling, as I have always felt it a very remarkable incident, here goes."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—Mr. Sparks' Story.

"I sat at breakfast one beautiful morning in the Goat Inn at Barmouth, looking out by one window upon the lovely vale of Barmouth, with its tall trees and brown trout stream struggling through the woods, then turning to take a view of the calm sea, that, speckled over with white-sailed fishing-boats, stretched away in the distance. The eggs were fresh; the trout newly-caught; the cream delicious; before me lay the *Plwdwdlwn* Advertiser, which, among the fashionable arrivals at the sea, set forth Mr. Sparks, nephew of Sir Toby Sparks, of Manchester, a paragraph, by the way, I always inserted. The English are naturally an aristocratic people, and set a due value upon a title."

"A very just observation," remarked Power seriously, while Sparks continued.

"However, as far as any result from the announcement, I might as well have spared myself the trouble; for not a single person called; not one solitary invitation to dinner; not a picnic; not a breakfast; no, not even a tea-party was heard of. Barmouth, at the time I speak of, was just in that transition state at which the caterpillar may be imagined, when, having abandoned his reptile habits, he still has not succeeded in becoming a butterfly. In fact, it had ceased to be a fishing-village, but had not arrived at the dignity of a watering-place. Now, I know nothing as bad as this. You have not on one hand the quiet retirement of a little peaceful hamlet, with its humble dwellings and cheap pleasures; nor have you the gay and animated tableau of fashion in miniature on the other; but you have noise, din, bustle, confusion, beautiful scenery, and lovely points of view, marred and ruined by vulgar associations;

every bold rock and jutting promontory has its citizen occupants; every sandy cove or tide-washed bay has its myriads of squalling babes and red baise-clad bathing-women, those veritable descendants of the nymphs of old. Pink parasols, donkey-carts, baskets of bread and butter, reticules, guides to Barmouth, specimens of ore, fragments of gypsum, meet you at every step, and destroy every illusion of the picturesque.

"I shall leave this, thought I. My dreams, my long-cherished dreams of romantic walks upon the sea-shore, of evening strolls by moonlight, through dell and dingle, are reduced to a short promenade through an alley of bathing-boxes, amid a streaming population of nursery-maids and sick children, with a thorough-bass of 'fresh shrimps,' discordant enough to frighten the very fish from the shores. There is no peace, no quiet, no romance, no poetry, no love. Alas! that most of all was wanting; for after all, what is it which lights up the heart, save the flame of mutual attachment? what gilds the fair stream of life, save the bright ray of warm affection? what—"

"In a word," said Power, "it is the sugar in the punch-bowl of our existence. *Perge, Sparks, push on.*"

"I was not long in making up my mind. I called for my bill; I packed my clothes; I ordered post horses; I was ready to start; one item in the bill alone detained me. The frequent occurrence of the enigmatical word 'cur,' following my servant's name, demanded an explanation, which I was in the act of receiving, when a chaise and four drove rapidly to the house. In a moment the blinds were drawn up, and such a head appeared at the window! Let me pause for one moment to drink in the remembrance of that lovely being; eyes where heaven's own blue seemed concentrated, were shaded by long deep lashes of the darkest brown; a brow, fair noble, expansive, at each side of which masses of dark brown hair waved in ringlets, half in loose falling bands, shadowing her pale and downy cheek, where one faint rosebud tinge seemed lingering; lips slightly parted, as though to speak gave to the features all the play of animation which completed this intellectual character, and made up—"

"What I should say was a devilish pretty girl," interrupted Power.

"Back the widow against her at long odds any day," murmured the Adjutant.

"She was an angel, an angel," cried Sparks, with enthusiasm.

"So was the widow, if you go to that," said the Adjutant, hastily.

"And so is Matilda Dalrymple," said Power, with a sly look at me. "We are all honorable men; eh, Charley?"

"Go ahead with the story," said the skipper; "I am beginning to feel an interest in it."

"Isabella," said a man's voice, as a large well-dressed personage assisted her to alight. "Isabella, love, you must take a little rest here before we proceed further."

"I think she had better, sir," said a matronly-looking woman with a plaid cloak and a black bonnet.

"They disappeared within the house, and I was left alone. The bright dream was passed; she was there no longer; but in my heart her image lived, and I almost felt she was before me. I thought I heard her voice; I saw her move; my limbs trembled; my hands tingled; I rang the bell, ordered my trunks back again to No. 5, and, as I sank upon the sofa, murmured to myself, this is indeed love at first sight."

"How devilish sudden it was," said the skipper.

"Exactly like the camp fever," responded the Doctor: "one moment ye are vera well; the next ye are seized wi' a kind of shivering; then comes a kind of mandering, dandering, travelling a' overness."

"D— the camp fever," interrupted Sparks.

"Well, as I observed, I fell in love; and here let me take the opportunity of observing that all that we are in the habit of hearing about single or only attachments is mere nonsense. No man is so capable of feeling deeply as he who is in the daily practice of it. Love, like everything else in this world, demands a species of cultivation. The mere tyro in an affair of the heart thinks he has exhausted all its pleasures and pains; but only he who has made it his daily study for years, familiarized his mind with every phase of the passion, can properly or adequately appreciate it. Thus the more you love the better you love; the more frequently has your heart yielded."

"It's vera like the mucous membrane," said the Doctor.

"I'll break your neck with the decanter if you interrupt him again!" exclaimed Power.

"For days I scarcely ever left the house," Sparks resumed: "watching to catch one glance of the lovely Isabella. My farthest excursion was to the little garden of the inn, where I used to set every imaginable species of snare, in the event of her venturing to walk there. One day I would leave a volume of poetry; another a copy of Paul and Virginia with a marked page; sometimes my guitar with a broad blue ribbon, would hang pensively from a tree; but, alas! all in vain; she never appeared. At length, I took courage to ask the waiter, about her; for some minutes he could not understand what I meant; but, at last, discovering my object, he cried out, 'Oh! No. 8, sir, is it No. 8 you mean?'"

"It may be," said I, "what of her then?"

"Oh sir, she's gone these three days."

"Gone," said I with a groan.

"Yes, sir; she left this early on Tuesday with the same old gentleman and the old woman in a chaise and four: they ordered horses at Dollgelly to meet them; but I don't know which road they took afterward."

"I fell back in my chair, unable to speak. Here I was enacting Romeo for three mortal days to a mere company of Welch waiters and chambermaids, sighing, serenading, reciting, attitudinizing, rose-plucking, soliloquizing, half-suiciding; and all for the edification of a set of savages, with about as much civilization as their own goats."

"The bill," cried I, in a voice of thunder: "my bill this instant."

"I had been imposed upon shamefully; grossly imposed upon, and would not remain another hour in the house.—Such were my feelings and so thinking, I sent for my servant, abused him for not having my clothes ready packed; he replied; I reiterated and as my temper mounted, vented every imaginable epithet upon his head, and concluded by

paying him his wages, and sending him about his business, in one hour more I was upon the road.

"What road, sir?" said the postilion, as he mounted into the saddle.

"To the devil, if you please," said I, throwing myself back in the carriage.

"Very well, sir," replied the boy, putting spurs to his horse.

"That evening I arrived at Bedgellert.

"The little humble inn of Bedgellert, with its thatched roof and earthen floor, was a most welcome sight to me, after eleven hours' traveling on a broiling July day. Behind the very house itself rose the mighty Snowdon, towering high above the other mountains, whose lofty peaks were lost amid the clouds; before me was the narrow valley—"

"Wake me up when he's under way again," said the skipper, yawning fearfully.

"Go on, Sparks," said Power, encouragingly, "I was never more interested in my life; eh, O'Malley?"

"Quite thrilling," responded I, and Sparks resumed.

"Three weeks did I loiter about that sweet spot, my mind filled with images of the past and dreams of the future, my fishing rod my only companion; not, indeed, that I ever caught any thing; for somehow my tackle was always getting foul of some willow tree or water lily, and, at last, I gave up even the pretence of whipping the streams. Well, one day,—I remember it as well as though it were but yesterday: it was the fourth of August,—I had set off upon an excursion to Llanberis. I had crossed Snowdon early, and reached the little lake on the opposite side by breakfast time. There I sat down near the ruined tower of Dolbadern, and, opening my knapsack, made a hearty meal. I have ever been a daydreamer; and there are few things I like better than to lie, upon some hot and sunny day, in the tall grass beneath the shade of some deep boughs, with running water murmuring near, hearing the summer bee buzzing monotonously, and at the distance, the clear, sharp tinkle of the sheep bell. In such a place, at such a time, one's fancy strays playfully, like some happy child, and none but pleasant thoughts present themselves. Fatigued by my long walk, and overcome by heat, I fell asleep. How long I lay there, I cannot tell, but the deep shadows were halfway down the tall mountain when I awoke. A sound had startled me; I thought I heard a voice speaking close to me. I looked up, and for some seconds I could not believe that I was not dreaming. Beside me, within a few paces, stood Isabella, the beautiful vision that I had seen at Barmouth, but far, a thousand times, more beautiful. She was dressed in something like a peasant's dress, and wore the round hat which, in Wales at least, seems to suit the character of the female face so well; her long and waving ringlets fell carelessly upon her shoulders, and her cheek flushed from walking. Before I had a moment's notice to recover my roving thoughts, she spoke: her voice was full and round, but soft and thrilling, as she said—

"I beg pardon, sir, for having disturbed you unconsciously; but having done so, may I request you will assist me to fill this pitcher with water?"

"She pointed at the same time to a small stream which trickled down a fissure in the rock, and formed a little well of clear water beneath. I bowed deeply, and murmured something—I know not what—took the pitcher from her hand, and scaling the rocky cliff, mounted to the clear source above, where, having filled the vessel, I descended. When I reached the ground beneath, I discovered that she was joined by another person, whom, in an instant, I recognised to be the old gentleman I had seen with her at Barmouth, and who in the most courteous manner apologized for the trouble I had been caused, and informed me that a party of his friends were enjoying a little picnic near, and invited me to make one of them.

"I need not say that I accepted the invitation, nor that with delight I seized the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with Isabella, who, I must confess, upon her part, showed no disinclination to the prospect of my joining the party."

"After a few minutes' walking, we came to a small rocky point which projected for some distance into the lake, and offered a view for several miles of the vale of Llanberis. Upon this lovely spot we found the party assembled: they consisted of about fourteen or fifteen persons, all busily engaged in the arrangement of a very excellent cold dinner, each individual having some peculiar province allotted to him or her to be performed by their own hands. Thus, one elderly gentleman was whipping cream under a chestnut tree; while a very fashionably-dressed young man was washing radishes in the lake; an old lady with spectacles was frying salmon over a wood fire, opposite to a short puffy man with a bald head and drab shorts, deep in the mystery of a chicken salad, from which he never lifted his eyes, when I came up. It was thus I found how the fair Isabella's lot had been cast, as a drawer of water; she, with the others, contributing her share of exertion for the common good. The old gentleman who accompanied her seemed the only unoccupied person, and appeared to be regarded as the ruler of the feast; at least, they all called him General, and implicitly followed every suggestion he threw out. He was a man of a certain grave and quiet manner, blended with a degree of mild good-nature and courtesy, that struck me at first, and gained greatly on me, even in the few minutes I conversed with him as we came along. Just before he presented me to his friends, he gently touched my arm, and drawing me aside, whispered in my ear,

"Do n't be surprised at anything you may hear to-day here; for I must inform you, this is a kind of club, as I may call it, where every one assumes a certain character, and is bound to sustain it under a penalty. We have these little meetings every now and then; and, as strangers are never present, I feel some explanation necessary, that you may be able to enjoy the thing; you understand?"

"Oh, perfectly," said I, overjoyed at the novelty of the scene, and anticipating much pleasure from my chance meeting with such very original characters.

"Mr. Sparks, Mrs. Winterbottom. Allow me to present Mr. Sparks."

"Any news from Batavia, young gentleman?" said the sallow old lady addressed. "How is coffee?"

"The General passed on, introducing me rapidly as he went."

"Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Sparks."

"Ah, how do you do, old boy?" said Mr. Doolittle; "sit down beside me. We have forty thousand acres of pickle cabbage spoiling for want of a little vinegar."

"Fie, fie, Mr. Doolittle," said the General, and passed on to another.

"Mr. Sparks, Captain Crosstree."

"Ah, Sparks, Sparks, son of Old Blazes! ha, ha, ha," and the captain fell back into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"*Le Roi est servi*," said the thin meager figure in nan-keens, bowing cap in hand before the General; and, accordingly, we all assumed our places on the grass.

"Say it again; say it again! and I'll plunge this dagger in your heart!" said a hollow voice, tremulous with agitation and rage, close beside me. I turned my head, and saw an old gentleman with a wart on his nose, sitting opposite a meat pie, which he was contemplating with a look of fiery indignation. Before I could witness the sequel of the scene, I felt a soft hand pressed upon mine. I turned. It was Isabella herself, who looked at me with an expression I shall never forget, said,

"Do n't mind poor Faddy; he never hugs any one."

"Meanwhile the business of dinner went on rapidly: the servants, of whom enormous numbers were now present, ran hither and thither; and duck, ham, pigeon-pie, cold veal, apple tarts, cheese, pickled salmon, mellow and rice-pudding, flourished on every side. As for me, whatever I might have gleaned from the conversation around, under other circumstances, I was too much occupied with Isabella to think of any one else. My suit—for such it was—progressed rapidly. There was evidently something favorable in the circumstances we last met under; for her manner had all the warmth and cordiality of old friendship. It is true, that more than once I caught the General's eye fixed upon us, with anything but an expression of pleasure, and I thought that Isabella blushed and seemed confused also. What care I! however, was my reflection; my views are honorable, and the nephew and heir of Sir Toby Sparks—just in the very act of making this reflection, the old man in the shorts hit me in the eye with a roasted apple, calling out at the moment,

"When did you join, thou child of the pale faces?"

"Mr. Murdock's," cried the General in a voice of thunder, and the little man hung down his head, and spoke not.

"A word with you, young gentleman," said a fat old lady, pinching my arm above the elbow.

"Never mind her," said Isabella, smiling; "poor dear old Dorking, she thinks she's an hour glass; how droll, is n't it?"

"Young man, have you any feelings of humanity?" inquired the old lady, with tears in her eyes as she spoke, "will you, dare you assist a fellow-creature under my circumstances?"

"What can I do for you, madam?" said I, really feeling for her distress.

"Just, like a good dear soul, just turn me up, for I'm just run out."

Isabella burst out a laughing at this strange request, an excess which, I confess, I was unable myself to repress; upon which the old lady putting on a frown of enormous blackness, said,

"You may laugh, madam: but first, before you ridicule the misfortunes of others, ask yourself are you too free from infirmity? When did you see the ace of spades? Madam, answer me that."

Isabella became suddenly pale as death, her very lips blanched; and her voice, almost inaudible, muttered,

"Am I then deceived? Is not this he?" so saying, she placed her hand upon my shoulder.

"That the ace of spades!" exclaimed the old lady, with a sneer: "that the ace of spades!"

"Are you, or are you not, sir," said Isabella, fixing her deep and languid eyes upon me; "answer, as you are honest, are you the ace of spades?"

"He is the King of Tuscarrora; look at his war paint," cried an elderly gentleman, putting a streak of mustard across my nose and cheek.

"Then am I deceived," said Isabella; and, flying at me, she plucked a handful of hair out of my whiskers.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, shouted one; bow, wow, wow," roared another; "phiz," went a third; and, in an instant, such a scene of commotion and riot ensued; plates, dishes, knives, forks, and decanters flew right and left; every one pitched into his neighbor with the most fearful cries, and hell itself broke loose; the hour-glass and the Moulah of Oude had got me down, and were pummeling me to death, when a short thickset man came on all-fours slap down upon them, shouting out, "Way, make way for the royal Bengal tiger," at which they both fled like lightning, leaving me to the encounter single-handed. Fortunately, however, this was not of long duration, for some well-disposed Christians pulled him from off me; not, however, before he had seized me in his grasp, and bitten off a portion of my right ear, leaving me, as you see, thus mutilated for the rest of my days."

"What an extraordinary club!" broke in the Doctor.

"Club! sir, club! it was a lunatic asylum. The General was no other than the famous Doctor Andrew Moorville, that had the great madhouse at Bangor, and was in the habit of giving his patients every now and then a kind of country party; it being one remarkable feature of their malady that, when one takes to his peculiar flight, whatever it be, the others immediately take the hint, and go off at score: hence my agreeable adventure; the Bengal tiger being a Liverpool merchant, and the most vicious madman in England; while the hour-glass and the Moulah were both on an experimental tour to see whether they should not be pronounced totally incurable for life—"

"And Isabella!" inquired Power.

"Ah! poor Isabella had been driven mad by a card-playing aunt at Bath, and was in fact the most hopeless case there. The last words I heard her speak confirmed my mournful impression of her case."

"Yes," said she, as they removed her to her carriage, "I must, indeed, have but weak intellects, when I could have taken the nephew of a Manchester cotton-spinner, with a face like a printed calico, for a trump card, and the best in the pack!"

Poor Sparks uttered these last words with a faltering accent, and, finishing his glass at one draught, withdrew without wishing us good night.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII....The Skipper.

In such like gossipings passed our days away, for our voyage itself had nothing of adventure or incident to break its dull monotony; save some few hours of calm, we had been steadily following our seaward track with a fair breeze, and the long pennant pointed ever to the land, where our ardent expectations were hurrying before it.

The latest accounts which had reached us from the Peninsula, told that our regiment was almost daily engaged; and we burned with impatience to share with the others the glory they were reaping. Power, who had seen service, felt less on this score than we who had not "fleshed our maiden swords;" but even he sometimes gave way; and, when the wind fell, toward sunset, he would break out into some exclamation of discontent, half fearing we should be too late; "for," said he, "if they continue in this way, the regiment will be relieved, and ordered home before we reach it."

"Never fear, my boys; you'll have enough of it. Both sides like the work too well to give in; they've got a capital ground and plenty of spare time," said the Major.

"Only to think," cried Power, "that we should be lounging away our idle hours, when these gallant fellows are in the saddle, late and early. It is too bad; eh, O'Malley? you'll not be pleased to go back with the polish on your sabre. What will Lucy Dashwood say?"

This was the first allusion Power had ever made to her, and I became red to the very forehead.

"By the by," added he, "I have a letter for Hammersley, which should rather have been intrusted to your keeping."

At these words I felt cold as death, while he continued: "Poor fellow; certainly he is most desperately smitten; for, mark me, when a man at his age takes the malady, it is forty times as severe as with a young fellow, like you. But then, to be sure, he began at the wrong end in the matter: why commence with papa? When a man has his own consent for liking a girl, he must be a contemptible fellow if he can't get her; and, as to any thing else being wanting, I don't understand it. But the moment you begin by influencing the heads of the house, good-bye to your chances with the dear thing herself, if she have any spirit whatever. It is in fact calling on her to surrender without the honors of war; and what girl would stand that?"

"It's vava true," said the Doctor, "there's a strong speerit of opposition in the sex, from physiological causes."

"Curse your physiology, old Galen: what you call opposition, is that piquant resistance to oppression that makes half the charm of the sex. It is with them—with reverence be it spoken—as with horses: the dull, heavy-shouldered ones that bore away with the bit in their teeth, never caring whether you are pulling to the right or to the left, are worth nothing: the real luxury is in the management of your arching necked curveter, springing from side to side with every motion of your wrist, madly bounding at restraint; yet, to the practised hand, held in check with a silk thread; eh, Skipper: am I not right?"

"Well, I can't say I've had much to do with horse beasts, but I believe you're not far wrong. The lively craft that answers the helm quick, goes round well in stays; luffs up close within a point or two, when you want her; is always a good sea boat, even though she pitches and rolls a bit; but the heavy lugger that never knows whether your helm is up or down; whether she's off the wind or on it; is only fit for fire-wood: you can do nothing with a ship or woman, if she has n't got steerage way on her."

"Come, Skipper, we've all been telling our stories; let us hear one of yours!"

"My yarn won't come so well after your sky-scrapers of love and courting, and all that: but, if you like to hear what happened to me once, I have no objection to tell you."

"I often think how little we know of what's going to happen to us any minute of our lives. To-day we have the breeze fair in our favor; we are going seven knots, studding-sails set, smooth water, and plenty of sea-room; to-morrow the wind freshens to half a gale, the sea gets up, a rocky coast is seen from the lee bow, and maybe—to add to all—we spring a leak forward; but then, after all, bad as it looks, mayhap, we rub through even this, and, with the next day, the prospect is as bright and cheering as ever. You'll, perhaps, ask me what has all this moralizing to do with women and ships at sea? Nothing at all with them, except that I was going to say when matters look worst very often the best is in store for us, and we should never say strike when there is a timber together. Now for my story."

"It's about four years ago, I was strolling one evening down the side of the harbor at Cove, with my hands in my pocket, having nothing to do nor no prospect of it, for my last ship had been wrecked off the Bermudas and nearly all the crew lost; and, somehow, when a man is in misfortune, the underwriters won't have him at no price. Well, there I was looking about me at the craft that lay on every side waiting for a fair wind to run down channel. All was active and busy; every one getting his vessel ship-shape and tidy, tarring, painting, mending sails, stretching new bunting and getting in sea store; boats were plying on every side, signals flying, guns firing from the men-of-war, and every thing was as lively as might be; all but me. There I was, like an old water-logged timber-ship, never moving a spar, but looking for all the world as though I were settling fast to go down stern foremost; maybe as how I had no objection to that same; but that's neither here nor there. Well, I sat down on the fluke of an anchor, and began a thinking if it was n't better to go before the mast than to live on that way. Just before me, where I sat down, there was an old schooner that lay moored in the same place for as long as I could remember; she was there when I was a boy, and never looked a bit the fresher nor newer as long as I recollected; her old bluff bows, her high poop, her round stern, her flush deck, all Dutch alike, I knew them well, and many a time I delighted to think what queer kind of a chap he was that first put her on the stocks, and pondered in what trade she ever could have been. All the sailors about the port used to call her Noah's Ark, and swear she was the identical craft that he stowed away all the wild beasts in during the rainy season: be that as it may since I fell into misfortune I got to feel a liking for the old schooner: she was like an old friend; she never changed to me, fair weather or foul; there she was just the same as thirty years before, when all the world were forgetting and steering wide away from me. Every morning I used to go down

to the harbor and have a look at her, just to see that all was right, and nothing stirred: and, if it blew very hard at night, I'd get up and go down to look how she weathered it, just as if I was at sea in her. Now and then I got some of the watermen to row me aboard of her, and leave me there for a few hours, when I used to be quite happy walking the deck, holding the old worm-eaten wheel, looking out ahead, and going down below, just as though I were in command of her. Day after day this habit grew on me, and at last my whole life was spent in watching her and looking after her: there was something so much alike in our fortunes, that I always thought of her. Like myself, she had had her day of life and activity; we had both braved the storm and the breeze; her shattered bulwarks and worn cut-water attested that she had, like myself, not escaped her calamities. We both had survived our dangers, to be neglected and forgotten, and to lie rotting on the stream of life till the crumbling hand of time should break us up, timber by timber. Is it any wonder if I loved the old craft; nor if, by any chance, the idle boys would venture aboard of her to play and amuse themselves, that I hallooed them away; or, when a newly-arrived ship, not caring for the old boat, would run foul of her, and carry away some spar or piece of running rigging, I would suddenly call out to them to sheer off, and not damage us? By degrees they came all to notice this; and I found that they thought me out of my senses, and many a trick was played off upon old Noah, for that was the name the sailors gave me.

"Well, this evening, as I was saying, I sat upon the fluke of the anchor, waiting for a chance boat to put me aboard. It was past sun-set, the tide was ebbing, and the old craft was surging to the fast current that run by with a short impatient jerk, as though she were well weary, and wished to be at rest: her loose backstays creaked mournfully, and, as she yawed over, the sea ran from many a breach in her worn sides, like blood trickling from a wound. Ay, ay, thought I, the hour is not far off: another stiff gale, and all that remains of you will be found high and dry upon the shore. My heart was very heavy as I thought of this; for, in my loneliness, the Old Ark—though that was not her name, as I'll tell you presently—was all the companion I had. I've heard of a poor prisoner who, for many and many years, watched a spider that wove his web within his window, and never lost sight of him from morning till night; and, somehow, I can believe it well the heart will cling to something, and if it has no living object to press to, it will find a lifeless one: it can no more stand alone than the shrouds can with out the mast. The evening wore on, as I was thinking thus; the moon shone out, but no boat came, and I was just determining to go home again for the night, when I saw two men standing on the steps of the wharf below me, and looking straight at the Ark. Now, I must tell you, I always felt uneasy when any one came to look at her, for I began to fear that some ship-owner or other would buy her to break up, though, except the copper fastenings, there was little of any value about her. Now, the moment I saw the two figures stop short and point to her, I said to myself, 'Ah! my old girl, so they won't even let the blue water finish you, but they must set their carpenters and dock-yard people to work upon you. This thought grieved me more and more. Had a stiff sou-wester laid her over, I should have felt it was natural, for her sand was run out: but just as this passed through my mind, I heard a voice from one of the persons that I at once knew to be the Port Admiral's:

"Well, Dawkins," said he to the other, "if you think she'll hold together, I'm sure I've no objection: I don't like the job, I confess, but still the Admiralty must be obeyed."

"Oh, my Lord," said the other, "she's the very thing; she's a rakish-looking craft, and will do admirably; any repair we want, a few days will effect: secrecy is the great thing."

"Ho! ho! thought I, there's something in the wind here: so I laid myself out upon the anchor stock to listen better unobserved. 'We must find a crew for her, give her a few carronades, make her as ship-shape as we can, and, if the skipper—' Ay, but there is the real difficulty," said the Admiral, hastily, "where are we to find the fellow that will suit us? we can't every day find a man willing to jeopardize himself in such a cause as this, even though the reward be a great one."

"Very true, my Lord; but I don't think there is any necessity for our explaining to him the exact nature of the service."

"Come, come, Dawkins, you can't mean that you'll lead a poor fellow into such a scrape blind-folded?"

"Why, my Lord, you never think it requisite to give a plan of your cruise to your ship's crew before clearing out of harbor; they are no worse off than we shall be."

"This may be perfectly just, but I do n't like it," said the Admiral.

"In that case, my Lord, you are imparting the secrets of the Admiralty to a party who may betray the whole plot."

"I wish with all my soul they'd given the order to any one else," said the Admiral, with a sigh; and, for a few moments neither spoke a word.

"Well, then, Dawkins, I believe there is nothing for it but what you say; meanwhile, let the repairs be got in hand, and see after a crew."

"Oh, as to that," said the other, "there are plenty of secondhands in the fleet here fit for nothing else. Any fellow who has been thrice up for punishment in six months, we'll draft on board of her; the fellows who have only been once to the gangway, we'll make the officers."

"A pleasant ship's company, thought I, if the devil would only take the command."

"And with a skipper proportionate to her merit," said Dawkins.

"Begad, I'll wish the French joy of them," said the Admiral.

"Ho, ho! thought I, I've found you out at last; so this is a secret expedition; I see it all: they're fitting her out as a fire-ship, and going to send her slap in among the French fleet at Brest. Well, thought I, even that's better; that, at least, is a glorious end, though the poor fellows have no chance of escape."

"Now then," said the Admiral, "to-morrow you'll look out for the fellow to take the command: he must be a smart seaman, a bold fellow, too, otherwise the ruffianly crew



will be too much for him; he may bid high, we'll come to his price."

"So you may, thought I, when you are buying his life. "I hope sincerely," continued the Admiral, "that we may light upon some one without wife or child; I never could forgive myself—"

"Never fear, my Lord," said the other; "my care shall be to pitch upon one whose loss no one would feel; some one without friend or home, who, setting his life for naught, cares not less for the gain than the very recklessness of the adventure."

"That's me," said I springing up from the anchor-stock, and springing between them; "I'm that man."

"Had the very devil himself appeared at the moment, I doubt if they would have been more scared. The Admiral started a pace or two backward, while Dawkins, the first surprise over, seized me by the collar and held me fast."

"Who are you, scoundrel, and what brings you here?" said he, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"I'm Old Noah," said I; for, somehow, I had been called by no other name for so long, I never thought of my real one.

"Noah!" said the Admiral, "Noah! Well, but, Noah, what were you doing down here at this time of night?"

"I was watching the Ark, my Lord," said I, bowing, as I took off my hat.

"I've heard of this fellow before, my Lord," said Dawkins; "he's a poor lunatic that is always wandering about the harbor, and, I believe, has no harm in him."

"Yes, but he has been listening, doubtless, to our conversation," said the Admiral. "Eh, have you heard all we have been saying?"

"Every word of it, my Lord."

"At this the Admiral and Dawkins looked steadfastly at each other for some minutes, but neither spoke; at last Dawkins said, 'Well, Noah, I've been told you are a man to be depended on: may we rely upon your not repeating any thing you overheard this evening—at least for a year to come?'"

"You may," said I.

"But, Dawkins," said the Admiral, in half whisper, "if the poor fellow be mad?"

"My Lord," said I, boldly, "I am not mad. Misfortune and calamity I have had enough to make me so; but, thank God, my brain has been tougher than my poor heart. I was once the part owner and commander of a goodly craft that swept the sea, if not with a broad pennon at her mast head, with as light a spirit as ever lived beneath one. I was rich; I had a home and a child: I am now poor, houseless, childless, friendless, and outcast. If, in my solitary wretchedness, I have loved to look upon that old bark, it is because its fortune seemed like my own. It had outlived all that needed or cared for it; for this reason have they thought me mad, though there are those, and not few either, who can well bear testimony if stain or reproach lie at my door, and if I can be reproached with aught save bad luck. I have heard, by chance, what you have said this night; I know that you are fitting out a secret expedition; I know its dangers, its inevitable dangers; and I here offer myself to lead it; I ask no reward; I look for no price. Alas! who is left to me for whom I could labor now? Give me but the opportunity to end my days with honor on board the old craft where my heart still clings—give me but that. Well, if you will not do so much, let me serve among the crew; put me before the mast. My Lord, you'll not refuse this; it is an old man asks, one whose gray hairs have floated many a year ago before the breeze."

"My poor fellow, you know not what you ask: this is no common case of danger."

"I know it all, my Lord; I have heard it all."

"Dawkins, what is to be done here?" inquired the Admiral.

"I say, friend," inquired Dawkins, laying his hand upon my arm, "what is your real name? Are you he that commanded the Dwarf privateer in the Isle of France?"

"The same."

"Then you are known to Lord Collingwood?"

"He knows me well, and can speak to my character."

"What he says of himself is all true, my Lord."

"True," said I, "true! you did not doubt it, did you?"

"We," said the Admiral, "must speak together again; be here to-morrow night at this hour; keep your own counsel of what has passed, and, now, good night." So saying, the Admiral took Dawkins by the arm, and returned slowly toward the town, leaving me, where I stood, meditating on this singular meeting, and its possible consequences.

"The whole of the following day was passed by me in a state of feverish excitement which I cannot describe; this strange adventure breaking in so suddenly upon the dull monotony of my daily existence had so aroused and stimulated me, that I could neither rest nor eat. How I longed for night to come; for, sometimes, as the day wore later, I began to fear that the whole scene of my meeting with the Admiral had been merely some excited dream of a tortured and fretted mind; and, as I stood examining the ground where I believed the interview to have occurred, I endeavored to recall the position of different objects as they stood around, to corroborate my own failing remembrance."

"At last the evening closed in; but, unlike the preceding one, the sky was covered with masses of dark and watery cloud, that drifted hurriedly across; the air felt heavy and thick, and unnaturally still and calm; the water of the harbor looked of a dull leaden hue, and all the vessels seemed larger than they were, and stood out from the landscape more clearly than usual; now and then a low rumbling noise was heard, somewhat alike in sound, but far too faint for distant thunder; while, occasionally, the boats and smaller craft recked to and fro, as though some ground swell stirred them without breaking the languid surface of the sea above."

"A few drops of thick heavy rain fell just as the darkness came on, and then all felt still and calm as before. I sat upon the anchor stock, my eyes fixed upon the Old Ark, until gradually her outline grew fainter and fainter against the dark sky, and her black hull could scarcely be distinguished from the water beneath. I felt that I was looking toward her; for, long after, I had lost sight of the tall mast and high-pitched bowsprit, and feared to turn away my head, lest I should lose the place where she lay."

"The time went slowly on, and, although in reality I had not been long there, I felt as if years themselves had

passed over my head. Since I had come there, my mind brooded over all the misfortunes of my life; as I contrasted its outset, bright with hope and rich in promise, with the sad reality, my heart grew heavy, and my chest heaved painfully; so sunk was I in my reflection, so lost in thought, that I never knew that the storm had broken loose, and that the heavy rain was falling in torrents. The very ground, parched with long drought, smoked as it pattered upon it, while the low wailing cry of the sea-gull, mingled with the deep growl of far-off thunder, told that the night was a fearful one for those at sea. Wet through and shivering, I sat still, now listening, amid the noise of the hurricane and the creaking of the cordage, for any footstep to approach; and, now, relapsing back into a half-despairing dread that my heated brain alone had conjured up the scene of the day before. Such were my dreary reflections, when a loud crash aboard the schooner told me that some old spar had given way. I strained my eyes through the dark to see what had happened, but in vain; the black vapor, thick with falling rain, obscured every thing, and all was hid from view. I could hear that she worked violently, as the waves beat against her worn sides, and that her iron cable creaked as she pitched to the breaking sea. The wind was momentarily increasing, and I began to fear lest I should have taken my last look at the old craft, when my attention was called off by hearing a loud cry out, 'Halloo there! Where are you?'"

"Ay, ay, sir, I'm here." In a moment the Admiral and his friend were beside me.

"What a night!" exclaimed the Admiral, as he shook the rain from the heavy boat cloak, and covered in beneath some tall blocks of granite near. "I began half to hope that you might not have been my poor fellow," said the Admiral; "it's a dreadful time for one so poorly clad for a storm; I say, Dawkins, let him have a pull at your flask." The brandy rallied me a little, and I felt that it cheered my drooping courage.

"This is not a time nor is it a place, for much parley," said the Admiral; "so that we must even make short work of it. Since we met here last night, I have satisfied myself that you are to be trusted, that your character and reputation have nothing heavier against them than misfortune, which, certainly, if I have been rightly informed, has been largely dealt out to you. Now, then, I am willing to accept of your offer of service, if you are still of the same mind as when you made it, and if you are willing to undertake what we have to do, without any question and inquiry, as to points on which we must not and dare not inform you. Whatever you may have overheard last night, may or may not have put you in possession of our secret. If the former, your determination can be made at once; if the latter, you have only to decide whether you are ready to go blindfolded in the business."

"I am ready, my Lord," said I.

"You perhaps are then aware what is the nature of the service?"

"I know it not," said I. "All that I heard, sir, leads me to suppose it one of danger, but that's all."

"I think, my Lord," said Dawkins, "that no more need now be said. Cupples is ready to engage, we are equally so to accept; the thing is pressing. When can you sail?"

"To-night," said I, "if you will."

"Really, Dawkins," said the Admiral, "I don't see why—"

"My Lord, I beg of you," said the other interrupting, "let me now complete the arrangement. This is the plan," said he, turning toward me as he spoke—"as soon as that old craft can be got ready for sea, or some other, if she be not worth it, you will sail from this port with a strong crew, well armed and supplied with ammunition. Your destination is Malta, your object to deliver to the Admiral stationed there the despatches with which you will be intrusted; for certain reasons, cannot be sent through a ship of war, but must be forwarded by a vessel that may not attract peculiar notice. If you be attacked, your orders are to resist; if you be taken, on no account destroy the papers, for the French vessel can scarcely escape re-capture from our frigates, and it is of great consequence that these papers should remain. Such is a brief sketch of our plan; the details can be made known to you hereafter."

"I am quite ready, my Lord: I ask for no terms; I make no stipulations. If the result be favorable, it will be time enough to speak of that. When am I to sail?"

"As I spoke, the Admiral turned suddenly round, and said something in a whisper to Dawkins, who appeared to overrule it, whatever it might be, and finally brought him over to his own opinion."

"Come, Cupples," said Dawkins, "the affair is now settled; to-morrow a boat will be in waiting for you opposite Spike Island, to convey you on board the Semiramis, where every step in the whole business shall be explained to you; meanwhile, you have only to keep your own counsel, and trust the secret to no one."

"Yes, Cupples," said the Admiral, "we rely upon you for that, so good night." As he spoke he placed within my hands a crumpled note for ten pounds, and squeezing my fingers, departed.

"My yarn is spinning out to a far greater length than I intended, so I'll try and shorten it a bit. The next day I went on board the Semiramis, where, when I appeared upon the quarter-deck, I found myself an object of some interest. The report that I was the man about to command the 'Brian'—that was the real name of the old craft—had caused some curiosity among the officers, and they all spoke to me with great courtesy. After waiting a short time, I was ordered to go below, where the Admiral, his Flag-captain Dawkins, and the others were seated. They repeated at greater length the conversation of the night before, and finally decided that I was to sail in three weeks; for, although the old schooner was sadly damaged, they lost no time, but had her already high in deck, with two hundred ship carpenters at work upon her."

"I do not shorten sail here to tell you what reports were circulated about Cove, as to my extraordinary change in circumstances, nor how I bore my altered fortunes. It is enough that I say that, in less than three weeks, I weighed anchor, and stood out to sea one beautiful morning in autumn, and set out upon my expedition."

"I have already told you something of the craft. Let

me complete the picture by informing you that, before twenty-four hours passed over, I discovered that so ungainly, so awkward, so unmanageable a vessel never was put to sea: in light winds she scarcely stirred, or moved as if she were water-logged; if it came to blow upon the quarter, she fell off from her helm at a fearful rate; in wearing, she endangered every spar she had, and, when you put her in stays, when half round she would fall back, and nearly carry away every stitch of canvass with the shock. If the ship was bad, the crew was ten times worse. What Dawkins said turned out to be literally true: every ill-conducted, disorderly fellow who had been up the gangway once a week or so, every unreclaimed landsman of bad character and no seamanship, was sent on board of us; and, in fact, except that there was scarcely any discipline and no restraint, we appeared like a floating penitentiary of convicted felons."

"So long as we ran down channel with a slack sea and fair wind, so long all went on tolerably well; to be sure, they only kept watch when they tired below, and reeled about the deck, went down below, and all just as they pleased, and treated me with no manner of respect. After some vain efforts to repress their excesses—vain, for I had no one to second me—I appeared to take no notice of their misconduct, and contented myself with waiting for the time when, my dreary voyage over, I should quit the command, and part company with such associates for ever. At last, however, it came on to blow, and the night we passed the Lizard was indeed a fearful one. As morning broke, a sea running mountains high; a wind strong from the northwest, was hurrying the old craft along at a rate I believed impossible. I shall not stop to recount the frightful scene of anarchy, confusion, drunkenness, and insubordination which our crew exhibited; the recollection is too bad already, and I would spare you and myself the recital; but, on the fourth day from the setting in of the gale, as we entered the Bay of Biscay, come one aloft descried a strange sail to windward, bearing down as if in pursuit of us. Scarcely did the news reach the deck, when, bad as it was before, matters became now ten times worse, some resolved to give themselves up, if the chase happened to be French, and vowing that before surrendering, the spirit-room should be forced and every man let drink as he pleased. Others proposed if there was any thing like equality in the force, to attack, and convert the captured vessel, if they succeeded, into a slave, and sail at once for Africa. Some were for blowing up the old 'Brian' with all on board; and, in fact, every counsel that drunkenness, insanity, and crime combined could suggest was offered and descanted on. Meanwhile the chase gained rapidly upon us, and before noon we discovered her to be a French letter of marque, with four guns, and a long brass swivel upon the poop deck. As for us, every sheet of canvass we could crowd was crammed on, but in vain; and, as we labored through the heavy sea, our riotous crew grew every moment worse, and, sitting down sulkily in groups upon the deck, declared that, come what might, they would neither work the ship nor fight her; that they had been sent to sea in a rotten craft, merely to effect their destruction, and that they cared little for the disgrace of a flag they detested. Half furious with the taunting sarcasm I heard on every side, and nearly mad from passion, and bewildered, my first impulse was to rush in among them with my drawn cutlass, and, ere I fell their victim, take heavy vengeance upon the ringleaders, when suddenly a sharp booming noise came thundering along, and a round shot went flying over our heads."

"Down with the ensign; strike at once," cried eight or ten voices together, as the ball whizzed through the rigging. Anticipating this, and resolving, whatever might happen, to fight her to the last, I had made the mate, a staunch-hearted resolute fellow, to make fast the signal sailyard aloft, so that it was impossible for any one on deck to lower the bunting. Bang went another gun, and, before the smoke cleared away, a third; which, truer in its aim than the rest, went clean through the lower part of our mainsail."

"Steady then, boys, and clear for action," said the mate. "She's a French smuggling craft, that will sheer off when we show fight, so that we must not fire a shot till she comes alongside."

"And harkee, lads," said I, taking up the tone of encouragement he spoke with, "if we take her, I promise to claim nothing of the prize. Whatever we capture you shall divide among yourselves."

"It's very easy to divide what we never had," said one; "nearly as easy as to give it," cried another: "I'll never light match or draw cutlass in the cause," said a third."

"Surrender!" "Strike the flag!" "Down with the colors!" roared several voices together."

"By this time the Frenchman was close up, and ranging his long gun to sweep our decks: his crew were quite perceptible, about twenty bronzed stout-looking fellows, stripped to the waist, and carrying pistols in broad flat belts slung over the shoulder."

"Come, my lads," said I, raising my voice, as I drew a pistol from my side and cocked it, "our time is short now; I may as well tell you that the first shot that strikes us amidship blows up the whole craft and every man on board. We are nothing less than a fire ship, destined for Brest harbor to blow up the French fleet. If you are willing to make an effort for your lives, follow me."

"The men looked aghast. Whatever recklessness, crime and drunkenness had once given them, the awful feeling of death at once repelled. Short as was the time for reflection, they felt that there were many circumstances to encourage the assertion: the nature of the vessel, her riotous disorderly crew, the secret nature of the service, all confirmed it, and they answered with a shout of despairing vengeance, 'We'll board her, lead us on.' As the cry rose up, the long swivel from the chase rang sharply in our ears, and a tremendous discharge flew through our rigging; none of our men however, fell; and, animated now with the desire of battle, they sprang to the binnacle and seized their arms."

"In an instant the whole deck became a scene of excited bustle; and scarcely was the ammunition dealt out and the boarding party drawn up, when the Frenchman broached to and lashed his bowsprit to our own."

"One terrific yell rose from our fellows, as they sprang from the rigging and the poop upon the astonished Frenchmen, who thought that the victory was already their own."

with death and ruin behind, their only hope before, they dashed forward like mad men to the fray.

"The conflict was bloody and terrific, though not a long one; nearly equal in number, but far superior in personal strength, and stimulated by their sense of danger, our fellows rushed onward carrying all before them to the quarter-deck. Here the Frenchmen rallied, and, for some minutes had rather the advantage, until the mate, turning one of their guns against them, prepared to sweep them down in a mass. Then it was that they ceased their fire, and cried out for quarter. All save their captain, a short thickset fellow, with a grisley beard and moustache, who seeing his men fall back, turned on them one glance of scowling indignation, and rushing forward, clove our boatswain to the deck with one blow. Before the example could have been followed, he lay a bloody corpse upon the deck while our people stung to madness by the loss of a favorite among the men, dashed impetuously forward, and dealing death on every side, left not one man living among their unresisting enemies. My story is soon told now. We brought our prize safe into Malta, which we reached in five days. In less than a week our men were drafted into different men-of-war on the station. I was appointed a warrant officer in the *Sheerwater*, forty-four guns; and, as the Admiral opened the despatch, the only words he spoke puzzled me many a day after.

"You have accomplished your orders too well," said he, "that privateer is but a poor compensation for the whole French navy."

"Well," inquired Power, "and did you never hear the meaning of the words?"

"Yes," said he, "many years after I found out that our despatches were false ones, intended to have fallen into the hands of the French and misled them as to Lord Nelson's fleet, which at that time was cruising to the southward to catch them. This of course, explained what fate was destined for us; a French prison, if not death; and, after all, either was fully good enough for the crew that sailed in the old *Brian*."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV....The Land.

It was late when we separated for the night, and the morning was already far advanced ere I awoke; the monotonous tramp over-head showed me that the others were stirring, and I gently moved the shutter of the narrow window beside me to look out.

The sea, slightly rippled upon its surface, shone like a plate of fretted gold; not a wave, not a breaker appeared; but the rushing sound close by showed that we were moving fast through the water.

"Always calm hereabouts," said a gruff voice on deck, which I soon recognized as the skipper's: "no sea whatever."

"I can make nothing out of it," cried out Power, from the forepart of the vessel; "it appears to me all cloud."

"No, no, sir, believe me, it's no fog-bank; that large dark mass to leeward there; that's *Cintra*."

"Land!" cried I, springing up and rushing upon deck; "where, skipper; where is the land?"

"I say, Charley," said Power, "I hope you mean to adopt a little more clothing, on reaching Lisbon; for, though the climate is a warm one—"

"Never mind, O'Malley," said the Major, "the Portuguese will only be flattered by the attention, if you land as you are."

"Why, how so?"

"Surely, you remember what the niggers said when they saw the 79th Highlanders landing at St. Lucie. They had never seen a Scotch regiment before, and were consequently somewhat puzzled at the costume, till at last, one more cunning than the rest explained it, by saying, 'they are in such a hurry to kill the poor black men, they came away without their breeches.'"

"Now, what say you?" cried the skipper as he pointed with his telescope to a dark blue mass in the distance; "see there!"

"Then, we shall probably be in the Tagus before morning?"

"Before midnight, if the wind holds," said the skipper. We breakfasted on deck, beneath an awning; the vessel scarcely seemed to move, as she cut her way through the calm water.

The misty outline of the coast grew gradually more defined, and at length the blue mountains could be seen, at first but dimly; but, as the day wore on, their many-colored hues shone forth, and patches of green verdure dotted with sheep, or sheltered by dark foliage, met the eye. The bulwarks were crowded with anxious faces; each looked pointedly toward the shore, and many a stout heart beat high as the land drew near, fated to cover with its earth more than one among us.

"And that's Portingale, Mister Charles," said a voice behind me. I turned, and saw my man Mike as, with anxious joy, he fixed his eyes upon the shore.

"They tell me it's a beautiful place, with wine for nothing and spirits for less. Is n't it a pity they won't be reasonable and make peace with us?"

"Why, my good fellow, we are excellent friends: it's the French who want to beat us all."

"Upon my conscience, that's not right. There's an old saying in Connaught—it's not fair for one to fall upon twenty. Sergeant Haggarty says that I'll see none of the diversion at all."

"I do n't well understand."

"He does be telling me that, as I'm only your foot-boy, he'll send me away to the rear, where there's nothing but wounded, and wagons, and women."

"I believe the sergeant is right there; but, after all, Mike, it's a safe place."

"Ah! then, musha, for the safety; I do n't think much of it: sure, they might circumvent us. And, as it was n't displacing to you, I'd rather list."

"Well, I've no objection, Mickey: would you like to join my regiment?"

"By coorse, your honor. I'd like to be near yourself; because, too, if any thing happens to you—the Lord be betune us and harm," here he crossed himself piously—"I'd like to be able to tell the master how you died; and, sure, there's Mister Considine—God pardon him—he'll be beating my brains out as I could n't explain it all."

"Well, Mike, I'll speak to some of my friends here about you, and we'll settle it all properly: here's the Doctor."

"Arrah, Mister Charles, do n't mind him; he's a poor crayture entirely; devil a thing he knows."

"Why, what do you mean, man? he's physician to the forces."

"Oh, by gorra, and so he may be," said Mike, with a toss of his head; "those army doctors is n't worth their salt. It's thruth I'm telling you: sure, did n't he come to see me when I was sick below in the hold?"

"How do you feel?" says he.

"Terrible dhry in the mouth," says I.

"But your bones," says he, "how's them?"

"As if cripples was kicking me," says I.

"Well, with that he went away, and brought back two powders."

"Take them," says he, "and you'll be cured in no time."

"What's them?" says I.

"They're ematics," says he.

"Blood and ages," says I, "are they?"

"Devil a lie," says he; take them immediately."

"And I tuk them—and, would you believe me, Mister Charles?—it's thruth I'm telling you—devil a one o' them would stay on my stomach. So you see what a docther he is!"

I could not help smiling at Mike's ideas of a medicine, as I turned away to talk to the Major, who was busily engaged beside me. His occupation consisted in refurbishing up a very tarnished and faded uniform, whose white seams and threadbare lace betokened many years of service.

"Getting up our traps, you see, O'Malley," said he, as he looked with no small pride at the faded glories of his old vestment; "astonish them at Lisbon, we flatter ourselves. I say, Power, what a bad style of dress they've got into latterly, with their tight waists and strapped trousers—nothing free, nothing easy, nothing *dégagé* about it. When in a campaign, a man ought to be able to stow prog for twenty-four hours about his person, and no one the wiser. A very good rule, I assure you; though sometimes leads to awkward results. At Vimeira, I got into a sad scrape that way. Old Sir Harry, the commander there, sent for the sick return. I was at dinner when the orderly came; so I packed up the eatables about me, and rode off. Just, however, as I came up to the quarters, my horse stumbled and threw me slap on my head."

"Is he killed," said Sir Harry.

"Only stunned, your Excellency," said some one.

"Then, he'll come to, I suppose. Look for the papers in his pocket."

"So they turned me on my back, and plunged a hand into my side pocket, but, the devil take it, they pulled out a roast hen: Well, the laugh was scarcely over at this, when another fellow dived into my coat behind, and lugged out three sausages; and so they went on, till the ground was covered with ham, pigeon-pie, veal-kidney, and potatoes, and the only thing like a paper was a mess roll of the 4th, with a droll song about Sir Harry, written in pencil on the back of it. Devil of a bad affair for me; I was nearly broke for it; but they only reprimanded me a little; and I was afterward attached to the victualing department."

What an anxious thing is the last day of a voyage! how slowly creep the hours, teeming with memories of the past and expectations of the future.

Every plan, every well-devised expedient to cheat the long and weary days, is at once abandoned; the chess-board and the new novel are alike forgotten; and the very quarter-deck walk, with its merry gossip and careless chit-chat, becomes distasteful. One blue and misty mountain, one faint outline of the far off shore, has dispelled all thought of these, and, with straining eye and anxious heart, we watch for land.

As the day wears on apace, the excitement increases: the faint and shadowy forms of distant objects grow gradually clearer. Where before some tall and misty mountain peak was seen, we now descri patches of deepest blue and sombre olive; the mellow corn and the waving woods, the village spire and the lowly cot, come out of the landscape; and, like some well-remembered voice, they speak of home. The objects we have seen, the sounds we have heard a hundred times before without interest, become to us now things that stir the heart.

For a time, the bright glare of the noonday sun dazzles the view, and renders indistinct the prospect; but, as evening falls, once more all is fair, and bright, and rich before us. Rocked by the long and rolling swell, I lay beside the bowsprit, watching the shore bolls that came to rest upon the rigging, or following some long and tangled sea-weed as it floated by, my thoughts now wandering back to the brow hills and the broad river of my early home—now straying off in dreary fancies of the future.

How flat and unprofitable does all ambition seem at such moments as these; how valueless, how poor, in our estimation, those worldly distinctions we have so often longed and thirsted for, as with lowly heart and simple spirit we watch each humble cottage, weaving to ourselves some story of its inmates, as we pass.

The night at length closed in, but it was a bright and starry one—lending to the landscape a hue of sombre shadow, while the outline of the objects were still sharp as before. One solitary star twinkled near the horizon. I watched it as, at intervals disappearing, it would again shine out, marking the calm sea with a tall pillar of light.

"Come down, Mr. O'Malley," cried the skipper's well-known voice; "come down below, and join us in a parting glass—that's the Lisbon light to leeward, and before two hours we drop our anchor in the Tagus."

#### CHAPTER XXXV....Major Monsoon.

Of my traveling companions, I have already told my readers something. Power is now an old acquaintance; to Sparks I have already presented them; of the Adjutant they are not entirely ignorant; and it therefore only remains for me to introduce to their notice Major Monsoon. I should have some scruple for the digression which this occasion in my narrative, were it not that with the worthy Major I was destined to meet subsequently, and indeed served under his orders for some months in the Peninsula. When Major Monsoon had entered the army, or in what precise capacity, I never yet met with a man who could tell. There were traditionary accounts of his having served in the East Indies and in Canada, in times long past. His own peculiar reminiscences extended to nearly every regiment in the service, "horse, foot, and dragoons." There

was not a clime he had not basked in; not an engagement he had not witnessed. His memory, or, if you will, his invention, was never at fault; and from the siege of Seringapatam to the battle of Corunna he was perfect: beside this, he possessed a mind retentive of even the most trifling details of his profession; from the formation of a regiment to the introduction of a new button, from the laying down of a parallel to the price of a camp-kettle, he knew it all. To be sure, he had served in the commissary-general's department for a number of years, and nothing instils such habits as this.

"The commissaries are to the army what the special pleaders are to the bar," observed my friend Power—"dry dogs; not over creditable on the whole, but devilish useful."

The Major had begun life a two-bottle man, but by a studious cultivation of his natural gifts, and a steady determination to succeed, he had, at the time I knew him, attained to his fifth. It need not be wondered at, then, that his countenance bore some traces of his habits. It was of a deep, sun-set purple, which, becoming tropical at the tip of the nose, verged almost upon a plum color; his mouth was large, thick-lipped, and good humored; his voice rich, mellow and racy, and contributed, with the aid of a certain dry, chuckling laugh, greatly to increase the effect of the stories which he was ever ready to recount; and, as they most frequently bore in some degree against some of what he called his little failings, they were ever well received, no man being so popular with the world as he who flatters its vanity at his own expense. To do this, the Major was ever ready; but at no time more so than when the evening wore late, and the last bottle of his series seemed to imply that any caution regarding the nature of his communication was perfectly unnecessary. Indeed, from the commencement of his evening to the close he seemed to pass through a number of mental changes, all in a manner preparing him for his final consummation, when he confessed any thing, and every thing, and so well-regulated had these stages become, that a friend dropping in upon him suddenly could at once pronounce from the tone of his conversation on what precise bottle the Major was then engaged.

Thus, in the outset he was gastronomic; discussed the dinner from the soup to the stilton; criticised the cutlets; pronounced upon the merits of the mutton; and threw out certain vague hints that he would one day astonish the world by a little volume upon cookery.

With bottle No. 2 he took leave of the *cuisine*, and opened his battery upon the wine. Bordeaux, Burgundy, hock, and hermitage, all passed in review before him; their flavor discussed, their treatment descanted upon, their virtues extolled; from humble port to imperial tokay, he was thoroughly conversant with them all; and not a vintage escaped as to when the sun had suffered eclipse or when a comet had wagged his tail over it.

With No. 3 he became pipe-clay; talked army list and eighteen manœuvres; lamented the various changes in equipments which modern innovation had introduced; and feared the loss of pig-tails might sap the military spirit of the nation.

With No. 4 his anecdotic powers came into play; he recounted various incidents of the war, with his own individual adventures and experience, told with an honest *naïveté* that proved personal vanity; indeed, self-respect never marred the interest of the narrative; beside, as he had ever regarded a campaign something in the light of a foray, and esteemed war as little else than a pillage excursion, his sentiments were singularly amusing.

With his last bottle those feelings that seemed inevitably connected with whatever is last, appeared to steal over him: a tinge of sadness, for pleasures fast passing or nearly passed, a kind of retrospective glance at the fallacy of all our earthly enjoyments, insensibly suggesting moral and edifying reflections, led him by degrees to confess that he was not quite satisfied with himself, "though not very bad for a commissary;" and, finally, as the decanter waxed low, he would interlard his meditations by passages of Scripture, singularly perverted, by his misconception, from their true meaning, and alternately throwing out prospect of censure or approval. Such was Major Monsoon: and, to conclude in his own words this brief sketch, he "would have been an excellent officer if Providence had not made him such a confounded drunken old scoundrel."

"Now, then, for the King of Spain's story. Out with it, old boy; we are all good men and true here," cried Power, as we slowly came along upon the tide up the Tagus, "so you've nothing to fear."

"Upon my life," replied the Major, "I don't half like the tone of our conversation. There is a certain freedom young men affect now-a-days regarding morals that is not at all to my taste. When I was five or six and twenty—"

"You were the greatest scamp in the service," cried Power.

"Fie, fie, Fred. If I was a little wild or so,"—here the Major's eyes twinkled maliciously—"it was the ladies that spoiled me; I was always rather something of a favorite, like our friend Sparks there. Not that we fared very much alike in our little adventures; for, somehow I believe I was generally in fault in most of mine, as many a good man and many an excellent man has been before." Here his voice dropped into a moralizing key, as he added, "David, you know, did n't behave well to old Uriah. Upon my life, he did not, and he was a very respectable man."

"The king of Spain's sherry, the sherry," cried I, fearing that the Major's digression might lose us a good story.

"You shall not have a drop of it," replied the Major.

"But the story, Major, the story."

"Nor the story either."

"What," said Power, "will you break faith with us?"

"There's none to be kept with reprobates like you. Fill my glass."

"Hold there! stop!" cried Power. "Not a spoonful till he redeem his pledge."

"Well, then, if you must have a story—for most assuredly I must drink—I have no objection to giving you a leaf from my early reminiscences, and, in compliment to Sparks there, my tale shall be of love."

"I dinna like to loose the king's story. I hae my thoughts it was nae a bad ane."

"Nor I neither, doctor, but—"

"Come, come, you shall have that too, the first night we



meet in a bivouac; and as I fear the time may not be very far distant, don't be impatient; beside, a love story—"

"Quite true," said Power; "a love story claims precedence: *place aux dames*. There's a bumper for you, old Wickedness; so go along."

The Major cleared off his glass, refilled it, sipped twice, and ogled it as though he would have no peculiar objection to sip once more, took a long pinch of snuff from a box nearly as long as, and something of the shape of, a child's coffin; looked round to see that we were all attention, and thus began:

"When I have been in a moralizing mood, as I very frequently am about this hour in the morning, I have often felt surprised by what little, trivial, and insignificant circumstances our lot in life seems to be cast: I mean, especially, as regards the fair sex. You are prospering as it were, to-day; to-morrow a new cut of your whiskers—a novel tie of your cravat, mars your destiny, and spoil your *carum et mutabile*, as Horace has it. On the other hand, some equally slight circumstances will do what all your ingenuity may have failed to effect. I knew a fellow who married the greatest fortune in Bath, from the mere manner he had of squeezing one's hand. The lady in question thought it particular, looked conscious, and all that; he followed up the blow; and, in a word, they were married in a week. So a friend of mine, who could not help winking his left eye, once opened a flirtation with a lively widow, which cost him a special licence and a settlement. In fact, you are never safe. They are like the guerrillas, and they pick you off when you least expect it, and when you think there is nothing to fear. Therefore, as young fellows beginning life, I would caution you. On this head you can never be too circumspect. Do you know, I was once nearly caught by so slight a habit as sitting thus, with my legs across?"

Here the Major rested his right foot on his left knee, in illustration, and continued:

"We were quartered in Jamaica. I had not long joined, and was about as raw a young gentleman as you could see; the only very clear ideas in my head being, that we were monstrous fine fellows in the 50th, and that the planters' daughters were deplorably in love with us. Not that I was much wrong on either side. For brandy and water, sangaree, Manilla cigars, and the ladies of color, I'd have backed the corps against the service. Proof was, of eighteen, only two ever left the island; for what with the seductions of the coffee plantations, the sugar canes, the new rum, the brown skins, the rainy season, and the yellow fever, most of us settled there."

"It's very hard to leave the West Indies if once you have been quartered there."

"So I have heard," said Power.

"In fine, if you don't knock under to the climate, you become soon totally unfit for living anywhere else. Preserved ginger, yams, flannel jackets, and grog won't bear exportation; and the free and easy chuck under the chin, cherishing, waist-pressing kind of a way we get with the ladies, would be quite misunderstood in less favored regions, and lead to very unpleasant consequences."

"It is a curious fact how much climate has to do with love-making. In our cold country the progress is lamentably slow; fogs, east winds, sleet storms, and cutting March weather, nip many a budding flirtation; whereas, warm, sunny days and bright moonlight nights, with genial air and balmy zephyrs, open the heart, like the cup of a camellia, and let us drink in the soft dew of—"

"Devilish poetical that," said Power, evolving a long blue line of smoke from the corner of his mouth.

"Is it not, though," said the Major smiling graciously.

"Pon my life, I thought so myself. Where was I?"

"Out of my latitude altogether," said the poor skipper, who often found it hard to follow the thread of a story.

"Yes, I remember. I was remarking that sangaree, and calipash mangoes, and Guava jelly, dispose the heart to love, and so they do. I was not more than six weeks in Jamaica when I felt it myself. Now, it was a very dangerous symptom, if you had it strong in you, for this reason. Our Colonel, the most cross-grained old crabstick that ever breathed, happened himself to be taken in when young, and resolving, like the fox who lost his tail, and said it was not the fashion to wear one, to pretend he did the thing for fun, resolved to make every fellow marry upon the slightest provocation. Begad, you might as well enter a powder magazine with a branch of candles in your hand, as go into society in the island with a leaning toward the fair sex. Very hard this was for me particularly; for, like poor Sparks there, my weakness was ever for the petticoats. I had, beside, no petty, contemptible prejudices as to nation, habits, language, color, or complexion; black, brown, or fair, from the Muscovite to the Malabar, from the voluptuous *emboupant* of the Adjutant's widow—do n't be angry, old boy—to the fairy form of Isabella herself, I loved them all round. But, were I to give a preference anywhere, I should certainly do so to the West Indies, if it were only for the sake of the planters' daughters. I say it fearlessly, these colonies are the brightest jewels in the crown. Let's drink their health, for I'm as husky as a lime-kiln."

This ceremony being performed with suitable enthusiasm, the Major cried out, "Another cheer for Polly Hackett, the sweetest girl in Jamaica. By Jove, Power, if you only saw her, as I did, five-and-forty years ago, with eyes black as jet, twinkling, ogling, leering, teasing, and imploring, all at once, do you mind, and a mouthful of downright pearls pouting and smiling at you, why, man, you'd have proposed for her in the first half hour, and shot yourself the next, when she refused you. She was, indeed, a perfect little beauty—rather dark, to be sure—a little upon the rose-wood tinge, but beautifully polished, and a very nice piece of furniture for a cottage *orné*, as the French call it. Alas, alas! how these vanities do catch hold of us. My recollections have made me quite feverish and thirsty: is there any cold punch in the bowl? Thank you, O'Malley, that will do—merely to touch my lips. Well, well, it's all passed and gone now. But I was very fond of Polly Hackett, and she was of me. We used to take our little evening walks together through the coffee plantation; very romantic little strolls they were: she in white muslin, with a blue sash and blue shoes; I in a flannel jacket and trousers, straw hat and cravat; a Virginia cigar, as long as a walking-stick, in my mouth, puffing and courting between times: then we'd take a turn to the refining house, look in at the

big boilers, quiz the niggers, and come back to Twangberry Moss to supper, where old Hackett, the father, sported a glorious table at eleven o'clock. Great feeding it was. You were always sure of a preserved monkey, a baked land crab, or some such delicacy. And such Madeira! it makes me dry to think of it!

"Talk of West India slavery, indeed! It's the only land of liberty. There is nothing to compare with the perfect free-and-easy, devil-may-care kind-of-a-take-yourself way that every one has there. If it would be any peculiar comfort for you to sit in the saddle of mutton, and put your legs in a soup tureen at dinner, there would be found very few to object to it. There is no nonsense of any kind about etiquette. You eat, drink, and are merry, or, if you prefer, are sad; just as you please. You may wear uniform, or you may not: it's your own affair; and, consequently, it may be imagined how insensibly such privileges gain upon one, and how very reluctant we become ever to resign or abandon them."

"I was the man to appreciate it all. The whole course of proceeding seemed to have been invented for my peculiar convenience, and not a man in the island enjoyed a more luxurious existence than myself, not knowing all the while how dearly I was destined to pay for my little comforts. Among my plenary after-dinner indulgences I had contracted an inveterate habit of sitting cross-legged, as I showed you. Now, this was become a perfect necessity of existence to me. I could have dispensed with cheese, with my glass of port, my pickled mango, my olive, my anchovy toast, my nutshell of curacao, but not my favorite lounge. You may smile; but I've read of a man who could never dance except in the room with an old hair-brush. Now I'm certain my stomach would not digest if my legs were perpendicular. The attitude was not graceful; it was not imposing; but it suited me somehow, and I liked it."

"From what I have already mentioned, you may suppose that West India habits exercised but little control over my favorite practice, which I indulged in every evening of my life. Well, one day, Old Hackett gave us a great blow-out—a dinner of two-and-twenty souls; six days' notice; turtle from St. Lucie, guinea fowl, claret of the year forty, Madeira à discrétion, and all that. Very well done the whole thing: nothing wrong, nothing wanting. As for me, I was in great feather. I took Polly in to dinner, greatly to the discomfiture of old Belson, our Major, who was making up in that quarter; for, you must know, she was an only daughter, and had a very nice thing of it in molasses and niggers. The papa preferred the Major, but Polly looked sweetly upon me. Well, down we went, and really a most excellent feed we had. Now, I must mention here that Polly had a favorite Blenheim spaniel the old fellow detested: it was always tripping him up and snarling at him; for it was, except to herself, a beast of rather vicious inclinations. With a true Jamaica taste, it was her pleasure to bring the animal always into the dinner-room, where, if papa discovered him, there was sure to be a row. Servants sent in one direction to hunt him out; others endeavoring to hide him, and so on: in fact a tremendous hubbub always followed his introduction and accompanied his exit; upon which occasions I invariably exercised my gallantry by protecting the beast, although I hated him like the devil all the time."

"To return to our dinner. After two mortal hours of hard eating, the pace began to slacken; and, as evening closed in, a sense of peaceful repose seemed to descend upon our labors. Pastilles shed an aromatic vapor through the room. The well-iced decanters went with measured pace along; conversation, subdued to the meridian of after-dinner comfort, just murmured; the open *jealousies* displayed upon the broad verandah the orange-tree, in full blossom, slightly stirring with the cool sea-breeze."

"And the piece of white muslin beside you, what of her?"

"Looked twenty times more bewitching than ever. Well, it was just the hour when, opening the last two buttons of your white waistcoat, (remember we were in Jamaica,) you stretch your legs to the full extent, throw your arms carelessly over the back of your chair, look contemplatively toward the ceiling, and wonder, within yourself, why it is not all after dinner in this same world of ours. Such, at least, were my reflections as I assumed my attitude of supreme comfort, and inwardly ejaculated a health to Sneyd and Barton. Just at this moment I heard Polly's voice gently whisper, 'Isn't he a love?' 'Zounds,' thought I, as a pang of jealousy shot through my heart, 'is it the Major she means?' for old Belson, with his bag wig and rouged cheeks, was seated on the other side of her."

"What a dear old thing it is," said Polly.

"Worse and worse," said I, "it must be him."

"I do so love his mazy face."

"It is him," said I, throwing off a bumper, and almost boiling over with passion at the moment.

"I wish I could take one look at him," said she, laying down her head as she spoke.

"The Major whispered something in her ear, to which she replied—"

"Oh! I dare not; papa will see me at once."

"Do n't be afraid, madam," said I, fiercely; "your father perfectly approves of your taste."

"Are you sure of it," said she, giving me such a look.

"I know it," said I, struggling violently with my agitation.

"The Major leaned over, as if to touch her hand beneath the cloth. I almost sprang from my chair, when Polly, in her sweetest accents, said:

"You must be patient, dear thing, or you may be found out, and then there will be such a piece of work. Though I'm sure, Major, you will not betray me." The Major smiled till he cracked the paint upon his cheeks. "And I'm sure that Mr. Monsoon—"

"You may rely upon me," said I, half sneeringly.

"The Major and I exchanged glances of defiance, while Polly continued—"

"Now, come do n't be restless. You are very comfortable there. Isn't he, Major?" The Major smiled more graciously than before, as he added—

"May I take a look?"

"Just one peep, then, no more!" said she, coquettishly; poor dear Wowski is so timid."

"Scarcely had these words borne balm and comfort to my heart—for I now knew that to the dog, and not to my rival, were all the flattering expressions applied—when a

slight scream from Polly, and a tremendous oath from the Major raised me from my dream of happiness.

"Take your foot down, sir. Mr. Monsoon, how could you do so?" cried Polly.

"What the devil, sir, do you mean?" shouted the Major.

"Oh! I shall die of shame," sobbed she.

"I'll shoot him like a riddle," muttered old Belson.

"By this time the whole table had got at the story, and such peals of laughter, mingled with suggestion for my personal mal-treatment, I never heard. All my attempts at explanation were in vain. I was not listened to, much less believed, and the old colonel finished the scene by ordering me to my quarters in a voice I shall never forget. The whole room being, at the time I made my exit, one scene of tumultuous laughter from one end to the other. Jamaica after this became too hot for me. The story was repeated on every side; for, it seems, I had been sitting with my foot on Polly's lap; but, so occupied was I with my jealous vigilance of the Major, I was not aware of the fact until she herself discovered it."

"I need not say how the following morning brought with it every possible offer of *amende* upon my part; any thing, from a written apology to a proposition to marry the lady, I was ready for; and how the matter might have ended I know not; for, in the middle of the negotiations, we were ordered off to Halifax, where, be assured, I abandoned my attitude à la turque for many a long day after."

#### CHAPTER XXXVI....The Landing.

WHAT a contrast to the dull monotony of our life at sea did the scene present which awaited us on landing in Lisbon. The whole quay was crowded with hundreds of people eagerly watching the vessel which bore from her mast the broad ensign of Britain. Darkfeatured, swarthy, mustached faces, with red caps rakishly set on one side, mingled with the Saxon faces and fair-haired natives of our own country. Men-of-war boats plied unceasingly to and fro across the tranquil river, some slender reeler in the stern sheets; while behind him trailed the red pennon of some "tall admiral."

The din and clatter of a mighty city mingled with the far-off sounds of military music; and, in the vistas of the opening street, masses of troops might be seen, in marching order; and all betokened the near approach of war.

Our anchor had scarcely been dropped, when an eight-oar gig, with a midshipman steering, came along side.

"Ship ahoy, there! You've troops on board?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Before the answer could be spoken, he was on the deck. "May I ask," said he, touching his cap slightly, "who is the officer in command of the detachment?"

"Captain Power: very much at your service," said Fred, returning the salute.

"Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Douglas requests that you will do him the favor to come on board immediately; and bring your despatches with you."

"I'm quite ready," said Power, as he placed his papers in his sabretasch; but first tell us what's doing here? Any thing new lately?"

"I have heard nothing, except of some affair with the Portuguese: they've been drubbed again; but our people have not been engaged. I say, we had better get under way; there's our first lieutenant, with his telescope up; he's looking straight at us. So, come along. Good evening, gentlemen!" and in another moment the sharp craft was cutting the clear water, while Power gaily waved us a good-by.

"Who's for shore?" said the skipper, as half a dozen boats swarmed around the side or held on by their boat-hooks to the rigging.

"Who is not?" said Monsoon, who now appeared in his old blue frock covered with tarnished braiding, and a cocked hat that might have roofed a pagoda. "Who is not, my old boy? Is not every man among us delighted with the prospect of fresh prog, cool wine, and a bed somewhat longer than four feet six? I say, O'Malley! Sparks! Where's the Adjutant? Ah, there he is! We'll not mind the Doctor; he's a very jovial little fellow, but a damned bore, *entre nous*; and we'll have a cosy little supper at the Rua di Toledo. I know the place well. Whew, now! Get away, boy. Sit steady, Sparks, she's only a cockle-shell. There—that's the Plaza de la Regua; there to the left. There's the great cathedral—you can't see it now. Another seventy-four! why, there's the whole fleet here! I wish Power joy of his afternoon with old Douglas."

"Do you know him, then, Major?"

"Do I!—I should rather think I do. He was going to put me in irons here in this river once. A great shame it was: but I'll tell you the story another time. There—gently now; that's it. Thank God! once more upon land. How I do hate a ship! upon my life, a sauce-boat is the only boat endurable in this world."

We edged our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, and at last reached the Plaza. Here the numbers were still greater, but of a different class: several pretty and well-dressed women, with their dark eyes twinkling above their black mantillas, as they held them across their faces, watched with an intense curiosity one of the streets that opened upon the square.

In a few moments the band of a regiment was heard, and very shortly after the regular tramp of troops followed, as the eighty-seventh marched into the Plaza, and formed a line.

The music ceased; the drums rolled along the line; and the next moment all was still. It was really an inspiring sight to one whose heart was interested in the career, to see those gallant fellows, as, with their bronzed faces and stalwart frames, they stood motionless as a rock. As I continued to look, the band marched into the middle of the square, and struck up "Garryowen." Scarcely was the first part played, when a tremendous cheer burst from the troop-ship in the river. The welcome notes had reached the poor fellows there; the well-known sounds, that told of home and country, met their ears; and the loud cry of recognition bespoke their heart's fulness.

"There they go. Your wild countrymen have heard their *Ranz des vaches*, it seems. Lord! how they frightened the poor Portuguese! look, how they're running!"

Such was actually the case. The loud cheer uttered from the river was taken up by others straggling on shore, and one universal shout betokened that fully one-third of

the red-coats around came from the dear island, and, in their enthusiasm, had terrified the natives to no small extent.

"Is not that Ferguson there?" cried the Major, as an officer passed us with his arm in a sling. "Isay Joe—Ferguson: oh! knew it was."

"Monsoon, my hearty, how goes it?—only just arrived I see—delighted to meet you out here once more. Why, we've been dull as a veteran battalion without you. These your friends? pray present me." The ceremony of introduction over, the Major invited Ferguson to join our party at supper. "No, not to-night, Major," said he, "you must be my guests this evening. My quarters are not five minutes' walk from this—I shall not promise you very luxurious fare."

"A carbonade with olives, a roast duck, a bowl of bishop, and, if you will, a few bottles of burgundy," said the Major: "don't put yourselves out for us—soldier's fare, eh?"

I could not help smiling at the native notion of simplicity so cunningly suggested by old Monsoon. As I followed the party through the streets, my step was light, my heart not less so; for what sensations are more delightful than those of landing after a voyage; the escape from the durance vile of shipboard, with its monotonous days and dreary nights; its ill-regulated appointments; its cramped accommodation; its uncertain duration; its eternal round of unchanging amusements; for the freedom of the shore, with a land breeze, and a firm footing to tread upon; and, certainly not least of all, the sight of that brightest part of creation, whose soft eyes and tight ankles are, perhaps, the greatest of all imaginable pleasures to him who has been the dweller on blue water for several weeks long.

"Here we are," cried out Ferguson, as we stopped at the door of a large and handsome house. We followed up a spacious stair into an ample room, sparingly, but not uncomfortably furnished: plans of sieges, maps of the seat of war, pistols, sabres, and belts, decorated the white walls, and a few books, and a stray army-list, betokened the habits of the occupant.

While Ferguson disappeared to make some preparations for supper, Monsoon commenced a congratulation to the party upon the good fortune that had befallen them. "Capital fellow is Joe—never without something good, and a rare one to pass the bottle. Oh! here he comes: be alive there, Sparks; take a corner of the cloth: how deliciously juicy that ham looks; pass the madeira down there: what's under that cover—stewed kidneys?" While Monsoon went on thus, we took our places at the table, and set to with an appetite which only a newly-landed traveller ever knows.

"Another spoonful of the gravy? Thank you. And so they say we've not been faring over well latterly," said the Major; "not a word of truth in the report: our people have not been engaged. The only thing lately was a smart brush we had at the Tamega. Poor Patrick, a countryman of ours, and myself, were serving with a Portuguese brigade, when Laborde drove us back upon the town, and actually routed us. The Portuguese general, caring little for any thing save his own safety, was making at once for the mountains, when Patrick called upon his battalion to face about and charge; and nobly they did it, too. Down they came upon the advancing masses of the French, and literally hurled them back upon the main body. The other regiments, seeing this gallant stand, wheeled about and poured in a volley, and then, fixing bayonets, stormed a little mound beside the hedge, which commanded the whole suburb of Villa Real. The French, who soon recovered their order, now prepared for a second attack, and came in two dense columns, when Patrick, who had little confidence in the steadiness of his people, for any lengthened resistance, resolved upon once more charging with the bayonet. The order was scarcely given when the French were upon us; their flank, defended by some of La Houssaye's heavy dragoons. For an instant, the conflict was doubtful, until poor Patrick fell mortally wounded upon the parapet, when the men, no longer hearing his bold cheer, nor seeing his noble figure in the advance, turned and fled, pell-mell back upon the town. As for me, blocked up amid the mass, I was cut down from the shoulder to the elbow, by a young fellow of about sixteen, who galloped about like a schoolboy on a holiday. The wound was only dangerous from the loss of blood, and so I contrived to reach Amacante without much difficulty; from whence, with three or four others, I was ordered here until fit for service."

"But what news from our head-quarters?" inquired I. "All imaginable kind of rumors are afloat: some say that Graddock is retiring; others, that a part of the army is in motion upon Caldas."

"Then we are not going to have a very long sojourn here after all. Eh, Major? Donna Maria de Tormes will be inconsolable. By the by, their house is just opposite us: have you ever heard Monsoon mention his friends there?"

"Come, come, Joe, how can you be so foolish?" "But, Major, my dear friend, what signifies your modesty? there is not a man in the service does not know it, save those in the last Gazette."

"Indeed, Joe, I am very angry with you." "Well, then, by Jove, I must tell it myself; though faith, lads, you lose not a little for want of Monsoon's tact in the narrative."

"Any thing is better than trusting to a such a biographer," cried the Major, "so here goes:—"

"When I was Acting Commissary General to the Portuguese forces, some few years ago, I obtained great experience of the habits of the people; for, though naturally of an unsuspecting temperament myself, I generally contrive to pick out the little foibles of my associates, even upon a short acquaintance. Now, my appointment pleased me very much on this score; it gave me little opportunities of examining the world: 'the greatest study of mankind is man,'—Sparks would say woman—but no matter."

"Now, I soon discovered that our ancient and very excellent allies, the Portuguese, with a beautiful climate, delicious wines, and very delightful wives and daughters, were the most infernal rogues and scoundrels ever met with.—'Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the leading features of the natives,' said old Sir Harry to me, in a dispatch from head-quarters; and, faith, it was not difficult; such open, palpable, undisguised rascals never were heard of. I thought I knew a thing or two myself, when I landed; but, Lord love you, I was a babe; I was an infant in swaddling clothes, compared with them; and they humbugged me,

ay, me!—till I began to suspect that I was only walking in my sleep."

"Why, Monsoon," said the General, "they told me you were a sharp fellow, and yet the people here seem to work round you every day. This will never do. You must brighten up a little, or I shall be obliged to send you back."

"General," said I, "they used to call me no fool in England, but somehow, here—"

"I understand," said he, "you don't know the Portuguese; there's but one way with them: strike quickly, and strike home. Never give them time for roguery; for, if they have a moment's reflection, they'll cheat the devil himself; but, when you see the plot working, come slap down and decide the thing your own way."

"Well, now, there never was any thing so true as this advice, and, for the eighteen months I acted upon it, I never knew it to fail."

"I want a thousand measures of wheat." "Senhor Excellenza, the crops have been miserably deficient, and —"

"Sergeant-major, I would say, 'these poor people have no corn; it's a wine country; let them make up their rations that way.'"

"The wheat came in that evening." "One hundred and twenty bullocks wanted for the reserve."

"The cattle are up in the mountains." "Let the alcade catch them before night, or I'll catch him."

"Lord bless you! I had beef enough to feed the Peninsula. And in this way, while the forces were eating short allowance and half rations elsewhere, our brigade were as plump as aldermen."

"When we lay in Andalusia this was easy enough.—What a country to be sure! such vineyards, such gardens, such delicious valleys, waving with corn and fat with olives; actually, it seemed a kind of dispensation of Providence to make war in it. There was every thing you could desire; and, then, the people like all your wealthy ones, were so timid, and so easily frightened, you could get what you pleased out of them by a little terror. My scouts managed this very well."

"He is coming," they would say, "after to-morrow."

"Madre de Dios."

"I hope he won't burn the village."

"Questos infernaes Ingleses! how wicked they are."

"You had better try what a sack of moldores or doubloons might do with him; he may refuse them, but make the effort."

"Ha!" said the Major, with a long-drawn sigh, those were pleasant times; alas! that they should come to an end. Well, among the old hidalgos I met, there was one Don Emanuel Selvio de Tormes, an awful old miser, rich as Croesus, and suspicious as the arch fiend himself. Lord, how I melted him down! I quartered two squadrons of horse and a troop of flying artillery upon him. How the fellows did eat! such a consumption of wines was never heard of; and as they began to slacken a little, I took care to replace them by fresh arrivals—fellows from the mountains—*casadores* they call them. At last, my friend Don Emanuel could stand it no longer, and he sent me a diplomatic convoy to negotiate terms, which, upon the whole I must say, were fair enough, and in a few days the *casadores* were withdrawn, and I took up my quarters in the *château*. I have had various chances and changes in this wicked world, but I am free to confess that I never passed a more agreeable time than the seven weeks I spent there. Don Emanuel, when properly managed became a very pleasant little fellow: Donna Maria, his wife was a sweet creature. You need not be winking that way. Upon my life she was; rather fat, to be sure, and her age something verging upon the fifties; but she had such eyes, black as sloes, and luscious as ripe grapes; and she was always smiling, and ogling, and looking so sweet. Confound me if I think she wasn't the most enchanting being in this world, with about ten thousand pounds' worth of jewels upon her fingers and in her ears. I have her before me this instant, as she used to sit in the little arbor in the garden, with a Manillo cigar in her mouth, and a little brandy and water—quite weak you know—beside her."

"Ah! General," she used to say,—she always called me General,—"what a glorious career yours is! a soldier is indeed a man."

"Then she would look at poor Emanuel, who used to sit in a corner holding his hand to his face for hours, calculating interest and cent. per cent. till he fell asleep."

"Now he labored under a very singular malady,—not that I was conscious of it at the time,—a kind of luxation of the lower jaw, which, when it came on, happened somehow to press upon some vital nerve or other, and left him perfectly paralysed till it was restored to its proper place. In fact during the time the agony lasted, he was like one in a trance, for though he could see and hear he could neither speak nor move, and looked as if he had done with both for many a day to come."

"Well, as I was saying, I knew nothing of all this, till a slight circumstance made it known to me. I was seated one evening in the little arbor I mentioned, with Donna Maria; there was a little table before us, covered with wine and fruits, a dish of olives, some Castile oranges, and a fresh pine. I remember it well, my eye roamed over the little dessert, set out in old-fashioned rich silver dishes, then turned toward the lady herself, with rings and brooches, ear-rings and chains enough to reward one for sacking a town; and I said to myself, 'Monsoon, Monsoon, this is better than long marches in the Pyrenees, with a cork tree for a bed curtain and wet grass for a mattress. How pleasantly one might jog on in this world, with this little country-house for his abode, and Donna Maria for his companion!'

"I tasted the port, it was delicious. Now, I knew very little Portuguese, but I made some effort to ask if there was much of it in the cellar."

"She smiled and said, 'O! yes.'"

"What a luxurious life one might lead here!" thought I; "and after all, perhaps Providence might remove Don Emanuel."

"I finished the bottle as I thus meditated. The next was if possible more crusty."

"This is a delicious retreat," said I, soliloquizing.

"Donna Maria seemed to know what was passing in my mind, for she smiled too."

"Yes," said I, in broken Portuguese, "one ought to be very happy here, Donna Maria."

"She blushed, and I continued:

"What can one want for more in this life; all the charms that rendered Paradise what it was,—I took her hand here—and made Adam blessed."

"Ah, General," said she, with a sigh, "you are such a flatterer."

"Who could flatter," said I, with enthusiasm, "when there are not words enough to express what he feels: this was true, for my Portuguese was fast failing me—but if I ever was happy, it is now."

"I took another pull at the port."

"If I only thought," said I, "that my presence here was not thought unwelcome—"

"Fie, General," said she, "how could you say such a thing?"

"If I only thought I was not hated," said I, tremblingly.

"Oh!" said she again.

"Despised."

"Oh!"

"Loathed."

"She pressed my hand; I kissed hers; she hurriedly snatched it from me, and pointed toward a lime tree near, beneath which, in the cool enjoyment of his cigar sat the spare and detested figure of Don Emanuel."

"Yes," thought I, "there he is, the only bar to my good fortune: were it not for him, I should not be long before I became possessor of this excellent old *château*, with a most indiscretionary power over the cellar. Don Mauricius Monsoon would speedily assume his place among the *grandes* of Portugal."

"I know not how long my reverie lasted, nor, indeed, how the evening passed; but I remember well the moon was up, and the sky bright with a thousand stars was shining, as I sat beside the fair Donna Maria, endeavoring, with such Portuguese as it pleased fate to bestow on me, to instruct her touching my warlike services and deeds of arms. The fourth bottle of port was ebbing beneath my eloquence, as responsively her heart beat, when I heard a slight rustle in the branches near. I looked, and, heavens, what a sight did I behold! There was little Don Emanuel stretched upon the grass, with his mouth wide open, his face pale as death, his arms stretched out at either side, and his legs stiffened straight out. I ran over and asked if he were ill, but no answer came. I lifted up an arm, but it fell heavily upon the ground as I let it go; the leg did likewise. I touched his nose: it was cold."

"Hollo," thought I, "is it so: this comes of mixing water with your sherry. I saw where it would end."

"Now, upon my life, I felt sorry for the little fellow; but, somehow, one gets so familiarised with this sort of thing in a campaign, that one only half feels in a case like this."

"Yes," said I; "man is but grass; but I, for one, must make hay while the sun shines. Now for the Donna Maria, for the poor thing was asleep in the arbor all this while."

"Donna," said I, shaking her by the elbow, "Donna," said I, "do n't be shocked at what I'm going to say."

"Ah! General," said she, with a sigh, "say no more; I must not listen to you."

"You do n't know that," said I, with a knowing look; "you do n't know that."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"The little fellow is done for; for the port was working strong now, and destroyed all my fine sensibility. 'Yes, Donna,' said I, 'you are free,—here I threw myself on my knees; free to make me the happiest of commissaries and the jelliest *grandee* of Portugal that ever—'

"But Don Emanuel?"

"Run out—dry—empty," inverting a finished decanter, to typify my words as I spoke."

"He is not dead!" said she, with a scream."

"Even so," said I, with a hiccup; "ordered for service in a better world, where there are neither inspections nor arrears."

"Before the words were well out, she sprung from the bench, and rushed over to the spot where the little Don lay. What she said or did I know not, but the next moment he sat bolt upright in the grass, and, as he held his jaw with one hand and supported himself on the other, vented such a torrent of abuse and insult at me, that, for want of Portuguese enough to reply, I rejoined in English, in which I swore pretty roundly for five minutes. Meanwhile, the Donna had summoned the servants, who removed Don Emanuel to the house; where, on my return, I found my luggage displayed before the door, with a civil hint to deploy in orderly time, and take ground elsewhere."

"In a few days, however, his anger cooled down, and I received a polite note from Donna Maria, that the Don at length began to understand the joke, and begged that I would return to the *château*, and that he would expect me at dinner the same day."

"With which, of course you complied?"

"Which of course I did. Forgive your enemies, my dear boy; it is only Christian-like; and, really, we lived very happily ever after: the Donna was a mighty clever woman, and a dear good soul beside."

"It was late when the Major concluded his story; so, after wishing Ferguson a good night, we took our leave, and retired for the night to our quarters."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.....Lisbon.

The tramp of horses' feet and the sound of voices beneath my window, roused me from a deep sleep. I sprang up, and drew aside the curtain. What a strange confusion beset me as I looked forth! Before me lay a broad and tranquil river, whose opposite shore, deeply wooded, and studded with villas and cottages, rose abruptly from the water's edge: vessels of war lay tranquilly in the stream, their pennants trailing in the tide: the loud boom of a morning gun rolled along the surface, awaking a hundred echoes as it passed, and the lazy smoke rested for some minutes on the glassy water as it blended with the thin air of the morning."

"Where am I?" was my first question to myself, as I continued to look from side to side, unable to collect my scattered senses."



One word sufficed to recall me to myself, as I heard Power's voice, from without, call out,—

"Charley! O'Malley! I say, come down here!"

I hurriedly threw on my clothes, and went to the door. "Well, Charley! I've been put in the harness rather sooner than I expected. Here's old Douglas has been sitting up all night, writing despatches: and I must hasten on to head quarters, without a moment's delay. There's work before us, that's certain; but when, where, and how, of that I know nothing. You may expect the route every moment: the French are still advancing. Meanwhile, I have a couple of commissions for you to execute. First, here's a packet for Hammerly: you are sure to meet him, with the regiment, in a day or two. I have some scruples about asking you this—but, confound it!—you're too sensible a fellow to care—"

Here he hesitated; and, as I colored to the eyes, for some minutes he seemed uncertain how to proceed. At length, recovering himself, he went on:

"Now for the other. This is a most loving epistle from a poor devil of a midshipman, written last night, by a tall candle, in a cockpit, containing vows of eternal adoration and a lock of hair. I promised faithfully to deliver it myself; for the Thunderer sails for Gibraltar next tide, and he cannot go ashore for an instant. However, as Sir Arthur's billet may be of more importance than the reefer's, I must intrust its safe keeping to your hands. Now, then, do n't look so devilish sleepy: but rub your eyes, and seem to understand what I'm saying. This is the address:—'La Senhora Inez da Rebiera, Rua Nuova, opposite the barber's; you'll not neglect it. So, now, my dear boy, till our next meeting, *adieu*!'"

"Stop! for heaven's sake, not so fast, I pray. Where's the street?"

"The Rua Nuova. Remember Figaro, my boy. 'Cinque perruche.'"

"But, what am I to do?"

"To do! what a question! Any thing; every thing. Be a good diplomat; speak of the torturing agony of the lover, for which I can vouch (the boy is only fifteen); swear that he is to return in a month, first lieutenant of the Thunder Bomb, with intentions that even Madame Dalrymple would approve."

"What nonsense," said I, blushing to the eyes.

"And if that suffice not, I know of but one resource."

"Which is?"

"Make love to her yourself. Ay, even so. Do n't look so confoundedly vinegar: the girl I hear is a devilish pretty one; the house pleasant; and I sincerely wish I could exchange duties with you; leaving you to make your bows to his Excellency the C. O. F., and myself free to make mine to La Senhora. And now, push along, old red cap."

So saying, he made a significant cut of his whip at the Portuguese guide, and in another moment was out of sight.

My first thought was one of regret at Power's departure. For some time past we had been inseparable companions; and, notwithstanding the reckless and wild gaiety of his conduct, I had ever found him ready to assist me in every difficulty, and that with an address and dexterity a more calculating adviser might not have possessed. I was now utterly alone; for, though Monsoon and the Adjutant were still in Lisbon, as was also Sparks, I never could make intimates of them.

I ate my breakfast with a heavy heart; my solitary position again suggesting thoughts of home and kindred. Just at this moment my eyes fell upon the packet destined for Hammerly: I took it up and weighed it in my hand. Alas! thought I, how much of my destiny may lie within that envelope! how fatally may my after life be influenced by it! It felt heavy, as though there was something beside letters. True, too true; there was a picture; Lucy's portrait! The cold drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead, as my fingers traced the outline of a miniature case in the parcel. I became deadly weak, and sank, half-fainting, upon a chair. And such is the end of my first dream of happiness! How have I duped, how have I deceived myself! For, alas! though Lucy had never responded to my proffered vows of affection, yet had I ever nurtured in my heart a secret hope that I was not altogether uncared for. Every look she had given me, every word she had spoken, the tone of her voice, her step, her every gesture were before me; all confirming my delusion. And yet—I could bear no more, and burst into tears.

The loud call of a cavalry trumpet aroused me.

How long I had passed in this state of sad despondency I knew not; but it was long past noon when I rallied myself. My charger was already waiting me: and a second blast of the trumpet told that the inspection in the Plaza was about to commence.

As I continued to dress, I gradually rallied from my depressing thoughts; and, ere I belted my sabretache, the current of my ideas had turned from their train of sadness to one of hardihood and daring. Lucy Dashwood had treated me like a wilful schoolboy. Mayhap, I may prove myself as gallant a soldier as even him she has preferred before me.

A third sound of the trumpet cut short my reflections, and I sprang into the saddle, and hastened toward the Plaza. As I dashed along the streets, my horse, maddened with the impulse that stirred my own heart, curvetted and plunged unceasingly. As I reached the Plaza, the crowd became dense, and I was obliged to pull up. The sound of the music, the parade, the tramp of the infantry, and the neighing of the horses were, however, too much for my mettlesome steed, and he became nearly unmanageable; he plunged fearfully, and twice reared as though he would have fallen back. As I scattered the foot-passengers right and left with terror, my eye fell upon one lovely girl, who, tearing herself from her companion, rushed wildly toward an open doorway for shelter; suddenly, however, changing her intention, she came forward a few paces, and then, as if overcome by fear, stood stock-still, her hands clasped upon her bosom, her eyes upturned, her features deadly pale, while her knees seemed bending beneath her. Never did I behold a more beautiful object: her dark hair had fallen loose upon her shoulder, and she stood the very ideal of the "Madonna supplicating." My glance was short as a lightning flash; for, the same instant, my horse swerved, and dashed forward right at the place where she was standing. One terrific cry rose from the crowd, who saw her danger. Beside her stood a muleteer, who had drawn up

his mule and cart close beside the footway for safety: she made one effort to reach it, but her outstretched arms alone moved, and, paralyzed by terror, she sank motionless upon the pavement. There was but one course open to me, now; so, collecting myself for the effort, I threw my horse upon his haunches, and then, dashing the spurs into his flanks, breasted him at the mule cart. With one spring he rose, and cleared it at a bound, while the very air rang with the acclamations of the multitude, and a thousand bravos saluted me as I alighted upon the opposite side.

"Well done, O'Malley!" sang out the little Adjutant, as I flew past and pulled up in the middle of the Plaza.

"Something devilish like Galway in that leap," said a very musical voice beside me; and at the same instant a tall, soldier-like man, in an undress dragoon frock, touched his cap and said,

"A Fourteenth man, I perceive, sir. May I introduce myself—Major O'Shaughnessy."

I bowed, and shook the Major's proffered hand, while he continued:

"Old Monsoon mentioned your name to us this morning. You came out together, if I mistake not?"

"Yes; but somehow, I've missed the Major since my landing."

"Oh, you'll see him presently; he'll be on parade. By-the-by, he wishes particularly to meet you. We dine to-day at the 'Quai de Soderi,' and if you're not engaged—Yes, this is the person," said he turning at the moment toward a servant, who, with a card in his hand, seemed to search for some one in the crowd.

The man approached and handed it to me,

"What can this mean?" said I, "Don Emanuel de Blasas y Silveiro, Rua Nuova."

"Why that's the great Portuguese contractor; the intendant of half the army; the richest fellow in Lisbon.—Have you known him long?"

"Never heard of him till now."

"By Jove, you're in luck! No man gives such dinners; he has such a cellar. I'll wager a fifty it was his daughter you took in the flying leap a while ago. I hear she is a beautiful creature."

"Yes," thought I, "that must be it: and yet, strange enough I think the name and address are familiar to me."

"Ten to one, you've heard Monsoon speak of him; he's most intimate there. But here comes the Major."

And, as he spoke, the illustrious Commissary came forward, holding a vast number of papers in one hand, and his snuff-box in the other; and followed by a long string of clerks, contractors, assistant surgeons, paymasters, &c., all eagerly pressing forward to be heard.

"It's quite impossible; I can't do it to-day. Victualling and physicking are very good things, but must be done in season. I have been up all night at the accounts. Have n't I, O'Malley?"—here he winked at me most significantly;—"and then I have the forage and stoppage fund to look through,—we dine at six sharp," said he, *sotto voce*—"which will leave me without one minute unoccupied for the next twenty-four hours. Look to your togger this evening; I've something in my eye for you, O'Malley."

"Officers unattached to their several corps will fall into the middle of the Plaza," said a deep voice among the crowd; and, in obedience to the order, I rode forward and placed myself with a number of others, apparently newly joined, in the open square. A short gray-haired old colonel, with a dark eagle look, proceeded to inspect us, reading from a paper, as he came along:

"Mr. Hepton, 6th Foot; commission bearing date 11th January; proceed to Ovar, and join his regiment."

"Mr. Grown, Fusilier Guards; remains with depot."

"Captain Mortimer, 1st Dragoons; appointed aid-de-camp to the general commanding the cavalry brigade."

"Mr. Sparks: where is Mr. Sparks? Mr. Sparks absent from parade: make a note of it."

"Mr. O'Malley, 14th Light Dragoons. Mr. O'Malley: oh, I remember; I have received a letter from Sir George Dashwood concerning you. You will hold yourself in readiness to march. Your friends desire that, before you may obtain any staff appointment, you should have the opportunity of seeing some service. Am I to understand such is your wish?"

"Most certainly."

"May I have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day?"

"I regret that I have already accepted an invitation to dine with Major Monsoon."

"With Major Monsoon! ah, indeed! Perhaps it might be as well I should mention—but no matter. I wish you good morning."

So saying, the little colonel rode off, leaving me to suppose that my dinner engagement had not raised me in his estimation, though why I could not exactly determine.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII....The Strada Nuova.

Our dinner was a long and uninteresting one, and, as I found that the Major was likely to prefer his seat as chairman of the party, to the seductions of ladies' society, I took the first opportunity of escaping, and left the room.

It was a rich moonlight night, as I found myself in the street. My way, which led along the banks of the Tagus, was almost as light as in daytime, and crowded with walking parties, who sauntered carelessly along, in the enjoyment of the cool refreshing night air. On inquiring, I discovered that the Rua Nuova was at the extremity of the city; but as the road led along by the river I did not regret the distance, but walked on with increasing pleasure at the charms of so heavenly a climate and country.

After three quarters of an hour's walk, the streets became by degrees less and less crowded. A solitary party passed me now and then; the buzz of distant voices succeeded to the gay laughter and merry tones of the passing groups, and, at length, my own footsteps alone awoke the echoes along the deserted pathway. I stopped every now and then to gaze upon the tranquil river, whose eddies were circling in the pale silver of the moonlight. I listened with attentive ear, as the night breeze wafted to me the far-off sounds of a guitar, and the deep tones of some lover's rerenade; while again the tender warbling of the nightingale came borne across the stream, on a wind rich with the odor of the orange-tree.

As thus I lingered on my way, the time stole on; and it was near midnight ere I roused myself from the reverie

surrounding objects had thrown about me. I stopped suddenly, and for some minutes I struggled with myself to discover if I was really awake. As I walked along, lost in my reflections, I had entered a little garden beside the river; fragrant plants and lovely flowers bloomed on every side; the orange, the camelia, the cactus, and the rich laurel of Portugal were blending their green and golden hues around me, while the very air was filled with delicious music. "Was it a dream, could such ecstasy be real?" I asked myself, as the rich notes swelled upward, in their strength, and sunk in soft cadence to tones of melting harmony, now bursting forth in the full force of gladness, the voices blended together in one stream of mellow music, and, suddenly ceasing, the soft but thrilling shake of a female voice rose upon the air, and its plaintive beauty stirred the very heart. The proud tramp of martial music succeeded to the low wailing cry of agony; then came the crash of battle, the clang of steel; the thunder of the fight rolled on in all its majesty, increasing in its maddening excitement till it ended in one loud shout of victory.

All was still; not a breath moved, not a leaf stirred, and again was I relapsing into my dreamy skepticism, when again the notes swelled upward in concert. But now their accents were changed, and, in low, subdued tones, faintly and slowly uttered, the prayer of thanksgiving rose to heaven, and spoke their gratefulness. I almost fell upon my knees, and already the tears filled my eyes, as I drank in the sounds. My heart was filled to bursting, and, even now as I write it, my pulse throbs as I remember the hymn of the Abencerrages.

When I rallied from my trance of excited pleasure, my first thought was—where was I, and how came I there? Before I could resolve my doubts upon the question, my attention was turned in another direction, for close beside me the branches moved forward, and a pair of arms were thrown around my neck, while a delicious voice cried out, in an accent of childish delight, "*Trovado!*" At the same instant a lovely head sank upon my shoulder, covering it with tresses of long brown hair. The arms pressed me still more closely, till I felt her very heart beating against my side.

"*Mio fradre*," said a soft trembling voice, as her fingers played in my hair and patted my temples.

What a situation mine! I well knew that some mistaken identity had been the cause; but, still, I could not repress my inclination to return the embrace, as I pressed my lips upon the fair forehead that leaned upon my bosom: at the same moment she threw back her head, as if to look me more fully in the face. One glance sufficed: blushing deeply over her cheeks and neck, she sprang from my arms, and uttering a faint cry, staggered against a tree. In an instant I saw it was the lovely girl I had met in the morning, and, without losing a second, I poured out apologies for my intrusion, with all the eloquence I was master of, till she suddenly interrupted me by asking if I spoke French? Scarcely had I recommenced my excuses in that language, when a third party appeared upon the stage. This was a short elderly man, in a green uniform, with several decorations upon his breast, and a cocked hat, with a most flowing plume, in his right hand.

"May I beg to know whom I have the honor of receiving?" inquired he, in very excellent English, as he advanced with a look of very ceremonious but distant politeness.

I immediately explained that, presuming upon the card which his servant had presented me, I had resolved on paying my respects, when a mistake had led me accidentally into his garden.

My apologies had not come to an end, when he folded me in his arms and overwhelmed me with thanks; at the same time saying a few words in Portuguese to his daughter, she stooped down and taking my hand gently within her own, touched it with her lips.

This piece of touching courtesy—which I afterward found meant little or nothing—affected me deeply at the time, and I felt the blood rush to my face and forehead, half in pride, half in a sense of shame. My confusion was, however, of short duration; for, taking my arm, the old gentleman led me along a few paces, and turning round a small clump of olives, entered a little summer-house. Here a considerable party were assembled, which, for their picturesque effect, could scarcely have been better managed on the stage.

Beneath the mild lustre of a large lamp of stained glass, half hid in the overhanging boughs, was spread a table, covered with vessels of gold and silver plate, of gorgeous richness; drinking cups and goblets of antique pattern, shone among cups of Sevres china or Venetian glass; delicious fruit, looking a thousand times more tempting for being contained in baskets of silver foliage, peeped from amid a profusion of fresh flowers, whose odor was continually shed around by a slight *jet d'eau* that played among the leaves. Around, upon the grass, seated upon cushions, or reclining upon Genoa carpets, were several beautiful girls, in most becoming costumes; their dark locks and darker eyes speaking of "the soft south," while the expressive gestures and animated looks betokened a race whose temperament is glowing as their clime. There were several men also, the greater number of whom appeared in uniform—bronzed, soldier-like fellows, who had the jaunty air and easy carriage of their calling—among whom was one Englishman, or at least so I guessed from his wearing the uniform of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"This is my daughter's *fête*," said Don Emanuel, as he ushered me into the assembly; "her birthday; a sad day it might have been for us, had it not been for your courage and forethought." So saying, he commenced a recital of my adventures to the bystanders, who overwhelmed me with civil speeches and a shower of soft looks, that completed the fascination of the fairy scene. Meanwhile, the fair laez had made room for me beside her, and I found myself at once the lion of the party; each vying with her neighbor who should show me the most attention. La Senhora herself directed her attention exclusively to me; a circumstance which, considering the awkwardness of our first meeting, I felt no small surprise at, and which led me, somewhat maliciously I confess, to make half allusion to it, feeling some interest at ascertaining for whom the flattering reception was really intended.

"I thought you were Charles," said she, blushing, in answer to my question.

"And you were right," said I, "I am Charles."

"Nay, but I meant my Charles."

There was something of touching softness in the tones of these few words that made me half wish I were her Charles. Whether my look evinced as much or not, I cannot tell; but she speedily added:

"He is my brother: he is captain in the *cáçadores*, and I expected him here this evening. Some one saw a figure pass the gate and conceal himself in the trees, and I was sure it was he."

"What a disappointment," said I.

"Yes; was it not?" said she, hurriedly; and then, as if remembering how ungracious was the speech, she blushed more deeply, and hung down her head.

Just at this moment, as I looked up, I caught the eye of the English officer fixed steadfastly upon me. He was a tall fine-looking fellow, of about two or three and thirty, with marked and handsome features, which, however, conveyed an expression of something sneering and sinister, that struck me the moment I saw him. His glass was fixed in his eye, and I perceived that he regarded us both with a look of no common interest. My attention did not, however, dwell long upon the circumstance, for Don Emanuel, coming behind my shoulder, asked me if I would not take out his daughter in the bolero they were just forming.

To my shame I was obliged to confess that I had never even seen the dance; and, while I continued to express my resolve to correct the errors of my education, the Englishman came up and asked the Senhora to be his partner. This put the very key-stone upon my annoyance, and I had half turned angrily away from the spot, when I heard her decline his invitation, and avow her determination not to dance.

There was something which pleased me so much at this refusal, that I could not help turning upon her a look of most grateful acknowledgment; but, as I did so, I once more encountered the gaze of the Englishman, whose knitted brows and compressed lips were bent upon me in a manner there was no mistaking. This was neither the fitting time nor place to seek any explanation of the circumstance; so, wisely resolving to wait a better occasion, I turned away and resumed my attentions toward my fair companion.

"Then you do not care for the bolero?" said I, as she re-seated herself upon the grass.

"Oh! I delight in it," said she, enthusiastically.

"But you refused to dance?"

She hesitated blushed, tried to mutter something, and was silent.

"I had determined to learn it," said I, half jestingly; "but, if you will not dance with me—"

"Yes; that I will—indeed I will."

"But you declined my countryman. Is it because he is inexperienced?"

The Senhora hesitated; looked confused for some minutes; at length, coloring slightly, she said, "I have already made one rude speech to you this evening; I fear lest I shall make a second. Tell me, is Captain Trevyllian your friend?"

"If you mean that gentleman yonder, I never saw him before."

"Nor heard of him?"

"Nor that either. We are total strangers to each other."

"Well, then, I may confess it. I do not like him. My father prefers him to any one else, invites him daily here, and in fact, installs him as his first favorite. But, still, I cannot like him; and yet I have done my best to do so."

"Indeed!" said I, pointedly. "What are his chief demerits? Is he not agreeable? Is he not clever?"

"Oh! on the contrary, most agreeable; fascinating, I should say, in conversation; has traveled; seen a great deal of the world; is very accomplished, and has distinguished himself on several occasions: he wears as you see, a Portuguese order."

"And, with all that,——?"

"And with all that I cannot bear him. He is a duellist, a notorious duellist. My brother, too, knows more of him, and avoids him. But let us not speak further: I see his eyes are again fixed on us; and, somehow, I fear him, without well knowing wherefore."

A movement among the party; shawls and mantillas were sought for on all sides; and the preparations for leave-taking appeared general. Before, however, I had time to express my thanks for my hospitable reception, the guests had assembled in a circle around the Senhora, and, toast ing her with a parting bumper, they commenced in concert a little Portuguese song of farewell; each verse concluding with a good night, which, as they separated and held their way homeward, might now and then be heard, rising upon the breeze, and wafting their last thoughts back to her. The concluding verse, which struck me much, I have essayed to translate. It ran somehow thus:

The morning breezes chill  
Now close our joyous scene,  
And yet we linger still,  
Where we've so happy been.  
How blest were it to live  
With hearts like ours so light,  
And only part to give  
One long and last Good Night,  
Good Night!

With many an invitation to renew my visit, most kindly preferred by Don Emanuel, and warmly seconded by his daughter, I, too, wished my good night, and turned my steps homeward.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—The Villa.

The first object which presented itself to my eye, the next morning, was the midshipman's packet, intrusted to my care by Power. I turned it over to read the address more carefully, and what was my surprise to find that the name was that of my fair friend, Donna Inez!

"This certainly thickens the plot," thought I; "and so I have now fallen on the real Simon Pure, and the reefer has had the good fortune to distance the dragon. Well, this much, I cannot say that I regret it. Now, however, for the parade, and then for the villa."

"I say, O'Malley," cried out Monsoon, as I appeared on the Plaza, "I have accepted an invitation for you to-day. We dine across the river. Be at my quarters a little before six, and we'll go together."

I should rather have declined the invitation, but, not well knowing why, and having no ready excuse, acceded and promised to be punctual.

"You were at Don Emanuel's last night; I heard of you."

"Yes: I spent a most delightful evening."

"That's your ground, my boy; a million of moidores, and such a campaign in Valencia; a better thing than the Dalrymple affair. Don't blush. I know it all. But stay; here they come."

As he spoke, the general commanding, with a numerous staff, rode forward. As they passed, I recognized a face which I had certainly seen before, and in a moment remembered it was that of the dragon of the evening before. He passed quite close, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on me, evinced no sign of recognition.

The parade lasted above two hours, and it was with a feeling of impatience I mounted a fresh horse to canter out to the villa. When I arrived, the servant informed me that Don Emanuel was in the city, but that Senhora was in the garden; offering, at the same time, to escort me. Declining this honor, I intrusted my horse to his keeping, and took my way toward the arbor where last I had seen her.

I had not walked many paces when the sound of a guitar struck on my ear. I listened. It was the Senhora's voice. She was singing a Venetian canzonetta, in a low, soft, warbling tone, as one lost in a reverie, as though the music was a mere accompaniment to some pleasant thought. I peeped through the dense leaves, and there she sat upon a low garden seat; an open book on the rustic table before her; beside her, embroidery, which seemed only lately abandoned. As I looked, she placed her guitar upon the ground, and began to play with a small spangle, that seemed to have waited with impatience for some testimony of favor. A moment more, and she grew weary of this, then heaving a long but gentle sigh, leaned back upon her chair, and seemed lost in thought. I now had ample time to regard her, and, certainly, never beheld any thing more lovely. There was a character of classic beauty, and her brow, though fair and ample, was still strongly marked upon the temples; the eyes, being deep and squarely set, imparted a look of intensity to her features which their own softness alone subdued; while the short upper lip, which trembled with every passing thought, spoke of a nature tender and impressionable, and yet impassioned. Her foot and ankle peeped from beneath her dark robe, and, certainly, nothing could be more faultless; while her hand, fair as marble, blue veined and dimpled, played amid the long tresses of her hair that, as if in the wantonness of beauty, fell carelessly upon her shoulders.

It was some time before I could tear myself from the fascination of so much beauty, and it needed no common effort to leave the spot. As I made a short *détour* in the garden before approaching the arbor, she saw me as I came forward, and, kissing her hand gayly, made room for me beside her.

"I have been fortunate in finding you alone, Senhora," said I, as I seated myself by her side; "for I am the bearer of a letter to you. How far it may interest you I know not, but to the writer's feelings I am bound to testify."

"A letter to me? you jest, surely."

"That I am in earnest this will show," said I, producing the packet.

She took it from my hands, turned it about and about, examined the seal, while, half doubtfully, she said—

"The name is mine; but, still——"

"You fear to open it: is it not so? But, after all, you need not be surprised if it's from Howard: that's his name, I think."

"Howard! from little Edward!" exclaimed she enthusiastically, and, tearing open the letter, she pressed it to her lips, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her cheek glowing as she read. I watched her as she ran rapidly over the lines; and I confess that, more than once, a pang of discontent shot through my heart that the midshipman's letter could call up such interest; not that I was in love with her myself, but yet, I know not how it was, I had fancied her affections unengaged, and, without asking myself wherefore, I wished as much.

"Poor dear boy," said she, as she came to the end.

How these few and simple words sank into my heart as I remembered how they had once been uttered to myself, and in perhaps no very dissimilar circumstances.

"But where is the souvenir he speaks of?" said she.

"The souvenir. I'm not aware——"

"Oh, I hope you have not lost the lock of hair he sent me!"

I was quite dumbfounded at this, and could not remember whether I had received it from Power or not; so answered at random—

"Yes: I must have left it on my table."

"Promise me, then, to bring it to-morrow with you."

"Certainly," said I, with something of pique in my manner. "If I find such a means of making my visit an agreeable one, I shall certainly not omit it."

"You are quite right," said she, either not noticing or not caring for the tone of my reply. "You will, indeed, be a welcome messenger. Do you know, he was one of my lovers?"

"One of them! indeed! Then pray how many do you number at this moment?"

"What a question! as if I could possibly count them. Beside, there are so many absent; some on leave, some deserters, perhaps, that I might be reckoning among my troops, but who, possibly, form part of the forces of the enemy. Do you know little Howard?"

"I cannot say that we are personally acquainted, but I am enabled, through the medium of a friend, to say, that his sentiments are not strange to me. Beside, I have really pledged myself to support the prayer of his petition."

"How very good of you! for which reason, you've forgotten, if not lost, the lock of hair."

"That you shall have to-morrow," said I, pressing my hand solemnly to my heart.

"Well, then don't forget it: but hush; here comes Captain Trevyllian. So you say Lisbon really pleases you," said she, in a tone of voice totally changed, as the dragon of the preceding evening approached.

"Mr. O'Malley, Captain Trevyllian."

We bowed stiffly and haughtily to each other, as two men salute who are unavoidably obliged to bow, with

every wish on either side to avoid acquaintance. So, at least, I construed his bow; so I certainly intended my own.

It requires no common tact to give conversation the appearance of unconstraint and ease when it is evident that each person opposite is laboring under excited feelings; so that, notwithstanding the Senhora's efforts to engage our attention by the commonplaces of the day, we remained almost silent, and, after a few observations of no interest, took our several leaves. Here again a new source of awkwardness arose; for, as we walked together toward the house, where our horses stood, neither party seemed disposed to speak.

"You are probably returning to Lisbon?" said he coldly.

I assented by a bow. Upon which, drawing his bridle within his arm, he bowed once more, and turned away in an opposite direction; while I, glad to be relieved of an unsought for companionship, returned alone to the town.

#### CHAPTER XL.—The Dinner.

It was with no peculiar pleasure that I dressed for our dinner party. Major O'Shaughnessy, our host, was one of that class of my countrymen I cared least for,—a riotous, good-natured, noisy, loud-swearing, punch-drinking western; full of stories of impossible fox hunts, and unimaginable duels, which all were acted either by himself or some member of his family. The company consisted of the Adjutant, Monsoon, Ferguson, Trevyllian, and some eight or ten officers with whom I was unacquainted. As is usual on such occasions, the wine circulated freely, and, amid the din and clamor of excited conversation, the fumes of burgundy, and the vapor of cigar smoke, we most of us became speedily mystified. As for me, my evil destiny would have it that I was placed exactly opposite Trevyllian, with whom, upon more than one occasion, I happened to differ in opinion, and the question was in itself some trivial and unimportant one; yet the tone which he assumed, and of which I too could not divest myself in reply, boded anything rather than an amicable feeling between us. The noise and turmoil about prevented the others remarking the circumstance; but I could perceive in his manner what I deemed a studied determination to promote a quarrel, while I felt within myself a most unchristian-like desire to indulge his fancy.

"Worse fellows at passing the bottle than Trevyllian and O'Malley there, I have rarely sojourned with," cried the Major: "look if they have n't got eight decanters between them: and here we are in a state of African thirst."

"How can you expect him to think of the thirst when such perfumed billets as that come showering upon him?" said the adjutant, alluding to a rose-colored epistle a servant had placed within my hands.

"Eight miles of a stone wall country in fifteen minutes! devil a lie in it!" said O'Shaughnessy, striking the table with his clenched fists: "show me the man 'ld deny it!"

"Why, my dear fellow!"

"Do n't be dearing me. Is it no you'll be saying to me? Listen now: there's O'Reilly there."

"Where is he?"

"He's under the table! well, it's the same thing. His mother had a fox—: bad luck to you, do n't scald me with the jug! his mother had a fox-cover in Shirohan."

When O'Shaughnessy had got thus far in his narrative, I had the opportunity of opening my note, which merely contained the following words:—"Come to the ball at the Casino, and bring the cadeau you promised me."

I had scarcely read this over once, when a roar of laughter at something said, attracted my attention. I looked up and perceived Trevyllian's eyes bent upon me with the fierceness of a tiger: the veins of his forehead were swollen and distorted, and the whole expression of his face betokened rage and passion. Tensed no longer to submit to such evident determination to insult, I was rising from my place at table, when, as if anticipating my intention, he pushed back his chair, and left the room. Fearful of attracting attention by immediately following him, I affected to join in the conversation around me, while my temples throbbed, and my hands tingled with impatience to get away.

"Poor M'Manus," said O'Shaughnessy, "rest his soul, he'd have puzzled the bench of bishops for hard words: upon my conscience I believe he spent his mornings looking for them in the Old Testament: sure ye might have heard what happened to him; at Banagher, when he commanded the Kilkennys—ye never heard the story: well then, ye shall: push the sherry along first though—old Monsoon there always keeps it lingering beside his left arm!"

"Well, when Peter was lieutenant-colonel of the Kilkennys—who, I may remark, *en passant*, as the French say, were the seediest-looking devils in the whole service; he never let them alone from morning till night, drilling, and pipe-claying, and polishing them up! Nothing will make soldiers of you, said Peter; but, by the rock of Cashel, I'll keep you as clean as a new musket! Now, poor Peter himself was not a very warlike figure; he measured five feet one in his tallest boots; but certainly, if nature denied him length of stature, she compensated for it in another way, by giving him a taste for the longest words in the language! An extra syllable or so in a word, was always a strong recommendation; and, whenever he could not find one to his mind, he'd take some quaint, outlandish one, that more than once led to very awkward results. Well, the regiment was one day drawn up for parade in the town of Banagher, and, as M'Manus came down the lines, he stopped opposite one of the men, whose face, hands, and accoutrements exhibited a most woful contempt of his orders. The fellow looked more like a turf stack than a light-company man! 'Stand out, sir,' cried M'Manus, in a boiling passion. 'Sergeant O'Toole, inspect this individual.' Now the sergeant was rather a favorite with Mac; for he always pretended to understand his phraseology, and, in consequence, was pronounced by the colonel a very superior man for his station in life. 'Sergeant,' said he, 'we shall make an exemplary illustration of our system here!'

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, sorely puzzled at the meaning of what he spoke!

"Bear him to the Shannon, and lave him there: this he said in a kind of Coriolanus tone, with a toss up of his head, and a wave of his right arm; signs, whenever he made them, incontestably showing that further parley was out of the question, and that he had summed up, and charged the jury for good and all.

"Lave him in the river!" said O'Toole, his eyes starting from the sockets, and his whole face working in strong anxiety; "is it lave him in the river, yer honor means?"



"I have spoken," said the little man, bending an ominous frown upon the sergeant; which, whatever construction he might have put upon his words, there was no mistaking.

"Well, well as it's God's will he's drowned, it will not be on my head," says O'Toole, as he marched the fellow away between two rank and file.

"The parade was nearly over when Mac happened to see the Sergeant coming up, all splashed with water, and looking quite tired.

"Have you obeyed my orders?" said he.

"Yes, yer honor; and tough work we had of it, for he struggled hard."

"And where is he now?"

"Oh, troth, he's there safe! devil a fear he'll get out!"

"Where?" said Mac.

"In the river, yer honor."

"What have you done, you scoundrel?"

"Did n't I do as you bid me?" says he; "did n't I throw him in and *lare* [leave] him there?" And faith so they did, and if he was n't a good swimmer and got over to Moystown, there's little doubt but he'd have been drowned, and all because Peter M'Manus could not express himself like a Christian."

In the laughter which followed O'Shaughnessy's story, I took the opportunity of making my escape from the party, and gained the street unobserved. Though the note I had just read was not signed, I had no doubt from whence it came: so I hastened at once to my quarters, to make search for the lock of Joe Howard's hair, to which the Senhora alluded. What was my mortification, however, to discover, that no such thing could be found any where! I searched all my drawers; I tossed about my papers and letters; I hunted every likely, every unlikely spot, I could think of, but in vain; now cursing my carelessness for having lost it; now swearing most positively to myself that I never could have received it. What was to be done? it was already late: my only thought was how to replace it. If I only knew the color, any other lock would do as well. The chances were, as Howard was young and an Englishman, that his hair was light; light brown probably: something like my own. Of course it was! why did n't that thought occur to me before? how stupid I was! So saying, I seized a pair of scissors and cut a long lock beside my temple: this in a calm moment I might have hesitated about. Yes, thought I, she'll never discover the cheat; and beside, I do feel—I know not exactly why—rather gratified to think that I shall have left this *souvenir* behind me, even though it call up other recollections than of me. So thinking, I wrapped my cloak about me, and hastened toward the Casino.

## CHAPTER XLI....The Route.

I had scarcely gone a hundred yards from my quarters, when the great tramp of horses' feet attracted my attention. I stopped to listen, and soon heard the jingle of dragoon accoutrements, as the noise came nearer. The night was dark, but perfectly still; and before I stood many minutes, I heard the tones of a voice, which I well knew could belong to but one, and that, Fred Power.

"Fred Power," said I shouting at the same time at the top of my voice, "Power."

"Ah, Charley, that you? come along to the adjutant-general's quarters. I'm charged with some important despatches, and can't stop till I've delivered them. Come along, I've glorious news for you!" So saying he dashed spurs to his horse, and, followed by ten mounted dragoons, galloped past. Power's few and hurried words had so excited my curiosity, that I turned at once to follow him, questioning myself as I walked along, to what he could possibly allude. He knew of my attachment to Lucy Dashwood—could he mean anything of her? but what could I expect there? by what flattery could I picture to myself any chance of success in that quarter? and yet, what other news could I care for or value, than what bore upon her fate upon whom my own depended. Thus ruminating, I reached the door of the spacious building in which the adjutant-general had taken up his abode, and soon found myself among a crowd of persons whom the rumor of some important event had assembled there, though no one could tell what had occurred. Before many minutes the door opened, and Power came out, bowing hurriedly to a few, and whispering a word or two as he passed down the steps, he seized me by the arm and led me across the street. "Charley," said he, "the curtain's rising; the piece is about to begin: a new commander-in-chief is sent out, Sir Arthur Wellesley, my boy, the finest fellow in England, to head us on, and we march to-morrow. There's news for you!" A raw boy unread, uninformed as I was, I knew but little of his career whose name had even then shed such lustre upon our army; but the buoyant tone of Power as he spoke, the kindling energy of his voice aroused me, and I felt every inch of me a soldier. As I grasped his hand in delightful enthusiasm, I lost all memory of my disappointment, and, in the beating throb that shook my head, I felt how deeply slept the ardor of military glory that first led me from my home to see a battle-field.

"There goes the news!" said Frederick, pointing as he spoke to a rocket that shot up into the sky, and, as it broke into ten thousand stars, illuminated the broad stream where the ships of war lay darkly resting: in another moment, the whole air shone with similar fires, while the deep roll of the drum sounded along the silent streets, and the city, so lately sunk in sleep, became, as if by magic, thronged with crowds of people; and the sharp clang of the cavalry trumpet blended with the gay carol of the light infantry bugle, and the heavy tramp of the march was heard in the distance. All was excitement, all bustle; but in the joyous tone of every voice, was spoken the longing anxiety to meet the enemy: the gay reckless tone of an Irish song would occasionally reach us, as some Connaught ranger, or some seventy-eight man passed, his knapsack on his back: or the low monotonous pibroch of the highlander, swelling into a war-cry, as some kilted corps drew up their ranks together. We turned to regain our quarters, when, at the corner of a street, we came suddenly upon a merry party, seated around a table, before a little inn; a large street lamp, unhung for the occasion, had been placed in the midst of them, and showed us the figures of several soldiers in undress at the end, and, raised a little above his comrades, sat one, whom, by the unfair proportion he assumed

of the conversation, not less than by the musical intonation of his voice, I soon recognized as my man, Mickey Free.

"I'll be hanged, if that's not your fellow there, Charley," said Power, as he came to a dead stop a few yards off.

"What an impertinent varlet he is: only to think of him there, presiding among a set of fellows that have fought all the battles of the peninsular war. At this moment, I'll be hanged, if he is not going to sing."

Here a tremendous thumping upon the table announced the fact, and, after a few preliminary observations from Mike, illustrative of his respect to the service, in which he had so often distinguished himself, he began to the air of the "Young May Moon," a ditty, of which I only recollect the following verses:

## "THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

"The picquets are fast retreating, boys;

The last tattoo is beating, boys;

So let every man

Finish his can,

And drink to our next merry meeting, boys!

The colonel so gayly prancing, boys!

Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys!

When he sings out so large,

'Fix bayonets and charge.'

He sets all the Frenchmen a-dancing, boys!

Let Mounseer look ever so big, my boys,

Who cares for fighting a fig, boys:

When we play (Garryowen,

He'd rather go home:

For somehow, he's no taste for a jig, my boys!"

This admirable lyric seemed to have a perfect success, if one were only to judge from the thundering of voices, hands, and drinking vessels, which followed; while a venerable gray-haired sergeant rose to propose Mr. Free's health, and speedy promotion to him.

We stood for several minutes in admiration of the party; when the loud roll of the drums beating to arms awakened us to the thought that our moments were numbered.

"Good night, Charley!" said Power, as he shook my hand warmly; "good night! It will be your last night under a curtain for some months to come: make the most of it. Adieu!"

So saying, we parted: he to his quarters, and I to all the confusion of my baggage, which lay in most admired disorder about my room.

## CHAPTER XLII....The Farewell.

The preparations for the march occupied me till near morning; and, indeed, had I been disposed to sleep, the din and clamor of the world without would have totally prevented it. Before day-break the advance guard was already in motion, and some squadrons of heavy cavalry had begun their march.

I looked around my now dismantled room as one does usually for the last time ere leaving, and bethought me if I had not forgotten anything. Apparently all was remembered: but stay—what is this? To be sure, how forgetful I had become! It was the packet I had destined for Donna Inez, and which in the confusion of the night before, I had omitted to bring to the Casino.

I immediately despatched Mike to the commissary, with my luggage, and orders to ascertain when we were expected to march. He soon returned, with the intelligence that our corps was not to move before noon; so that I had yet some hours to spare and make my adieu to the Senhora.

I cannot explain the reason, but I certainly did bestow a more than common attention upon my toilette that morning. The Senhora was nothing to me. It is true, she had, as she most candidly informed me, a score of admirers, among whom I was not even reckoned: she was evidently a coquette, whose greatest pleasure was to sport and amuse herself with the passions she excited in others. And even if she were not,—if her heart were to be won to-morrow, what claim—what right had I to seek it? My affections were already pledged; promised, it is true, to one who gave nothing in return, and who perhaps even loved another. Ah, there was the rub: that one confounded suspicion, lurking in the rear, chilled my courage and piqued my spirit.

If there be any thing more disheartening to an Irishman, in his little *affaires du cœur*, than another, it is the sense of rivalry. The obstinacy of fathers, the ill-will of mothers, the indifference of the lovely object herself,—obstacles though they be—he has tact, spirit and perseverance to overcome them; but, when a more successful candidate for the fair presents himself; when the eye that remains downcast at *his* suit, lights up with animation at *another's* coming; when the features, whose cold and chilling apathy to him blended in one smile at another—it is all up with him: he sees the game is lost, and throws his cards upon the table. And yet, why is this? why is it that he, whose birth-right it would seem to be sanguine when others despond,—to be confident when all else are hopeless,—should find his courage fail him here? The reason is simply—but, in good sooth, I am ashamed to confess it!

Having jogged on so far with my reader, in all the sober seriousness which the matter-of-fact material of these memoirs demands, I fear lest a seeming paradox may cause me to lose my good name for veracity; and that, while merely maintaining a national trait of my country, I may appear to be asserting some unheeded and absurd proposition; so far have mere vulgar prejudices gone to sap our character as a people.

The reason then, is this—for I have gone too far to retreat—the Irishman is essentially bashful. Well, laugh if you wish; for I conclude that, by this time, you have given way to a most immoderate excess of risibility; but still, when you have perfectly recovered your composure, I beg to repeat—the Irishman is essentially a bashful man!

Do not, for a moment, fancy that I would by this imply that, in any new or unexpected situation,—that from any unforeseen conjuncture of events—the Irishman would feel confused or abashed, more than any other: far from it. The cold and habitual reserve of the Englishman, the studied caution of the North Tweeder himself, would exhibit far stronger evidences of awkwardness in such circumstances as these. But on the other hand when measuring his capacity, his means of success, his probability of being preferred, with those of the natives of any other country, I back the Irishman against the world for distrust of his own

powers, for an under estimate of his real merits: in one word for his bashfulness. Look at Daniel O'Connell! look at Spring Rice! look at Remmy Sheehan! But I promised faithfully never to meddle with living celebrities; beside that, I'm really forgetting myself in the digression. Let us return to Donna Inez.

As I rode up to the Villa, I found the family assembled at breakfast. Several officers were also present, among whom I was not sorry to recognize my friend Monsoon.

"Ah, Charley!" cried he, as I seated myself beside him, "what a pity all our fun is so soon to have an end! Here's this confounded Soult won't be quiet and peaceable; but he must march from Oporto, and heaven knows where beside, just as we were really beginning to enjoy life. I had got such a contract for blankets! and now they've ordered me to join Beresford's corps in the mountain: and you,"—here he dropped his voice—"and you were getting on so devilish well in this quarter: upon my life, I think you'd have carried the day: old Don Emanuel, you know he's a friend of mine, he likes you very much. And then, there's Sparks—"

"Ay, Major, what of him? I have not seen him for some days."

"Why they've been frightening the poor devil out of his life. O'Shaughnessy and a set of them—they tried him by court-martial yesterday, and sentenced him to mount guard with a wooden sword and a shooting jacket, which he did. Old Colbourne, it seems, saw him; and faith, there would have been the devil to pay if the route had not come.—Some of them would certainly have got a long leave to see their friends."

"Why is not the Senhora here, Major? I do n't see her at table."

"A cold; a sore throat; a wet feet affair of last night, I believe. Pass that cold pie down here. Sherry, if you please. You did n't see Power to-day?"

"No: we parted last night; I have not been to bed."

"Very bad preparation for a march: take some burnt brandy in your coffee."

"Then you do n't think the Senhora will appear?"

"Very unlikely; but, stay, you know her room; the small drawing-room that looks out upon the flower-garden; she usually passes the morning there. Leap the little wooden paling round the corner, and the chances are ten to one you find her."

I saw from the occupied air of Don Antonio that there was little fear of interruption on his part; so, taking an early moment to escape unobserved, I rose and left the room. When I sprang over the oak fence, I found myself in a delicious little garden, where roses, grown to a height never seen in our colder climate, formed a deep bower of rich blossom.

The Major was right: the Senhora was in the room, and in one moment I was beside her.

"Nothing but my fears of not bidding you farewell, could palliate my thus intruding, Donna Inez; but as we are ordered away—"

"When? not so soon, surely!"

"Even so; to-day, this very hour; but you see that, even in the hurry of departure, I have not forgotten my trust; this is the packet I promised you."

So saying, I placed the paper with the lock of hair within her hand, and, bending downward, pressed my lips upon her taper fingers. She hurriedly snatched her hand away, and, tearing open the enclosure, took out the lock. She looked steadily for a moment at it, then at me, and again at it, and at length, bursting into a fit of laughing, threw herself upon a chair in a very ecstasy of mirth.

"Why, you do n't mean to impose this auburn ringlet upon me for one of poor Howard's jetty curls. What downright folly to think of it! and then, with how little taste the deception was practiced: upon your very temples, too. One comfort is, you are utterly spoiled by it."

Here she again relapsed into a fit of laughter leaving me perfectly puzzled what to think of her, as she resumed:—

"Well, tell me now, am I to reckon this as a pledge of your own allegiance, or am I still to believe it to be Edward Howard's? Speak, and truly."

"Of my own, most certainly," said I, "if it will be accepted."

"Why, after such treachery, perhaps it ought not; but, still, as you have already done yourself such injury, and look so very silly withal—"

"That you are resolved to give me cause to look more so," added I.

"Exactly," said she; "for here, now, I reinstate you among my true and faithful admirers. Kneel down, sir knight, in token of which you will wear this scarf—"

A sudden start which the donna gave at these words, brought me to my feet. She was pale as death and trembling.

"What means this?" said I. "What has happened?"

She pointed with her finger towards the garden; but, though her lips moved, no voice came forth. I sprang through the open window. I rushed into the copse, the only one which might afford concealment for a figure, but no one was there. After a few minutes' vain endeavor to discover any trace of an intruder, I returned to the chamber. The donna was there still; but how changed! her gayety and animation were gone, her pale cheek and trembling lip bespoke fear and suffering, and her cold hand lay heavily beside her.

"I thought—perhaps it was merely fancy—but I thought I saw Trevyllian beside the window."

"Impossible," said I. "I have searched every walk and alley. It was nothing but imagination—believe me, no more. There, be assured; think no more of it."

While I endeavored thus to reassure her, I was very far from feeling perfectly at ease myself; the whole bearing and conduct of this man had inspired me with a growing dislike of him, and I felt already half-convinced that he had established himself as a spy upon my actions.

"Then you really believe I was mistaken," said the donna, as she placed her hand within mine.

"Of course I do; but speak no more of it. You must go! forget how few my moments are here. Already I have heard the tramp of horses without; ah! there they are; in a moment more I shall be missed; so, once more, farewell! Nay, I beg pardon if I have dared to call you thus; but think, if it be the first it may also be the last time I shall ever speak it."

Her head gently drooped as I said these words, till it sunk upon my shoulder, her long and heavy hair falling upon my neck and across my bosom. I felt her heart almost beat against my side; I muttered some words, I know not what; I felt them like a prayer; I pressed her cold forehead to my lips; rushed from the room; cleared the fence at a spring, and was far upon the road to Lisbon ere I could sufficiently collect my senses to know whither I was going. Of little else was I conscious: my mind was full of bursting, and, in the confusion of my excited brain, fiction and reality were so inextricably mingled as to defy every endeavor at discrimination. But little time had I for reflection: as I reached the city, the brigade to which I was attached was already under arms, and Mike impatiently waiting my arrival with the horses.

#### CHAPTER XLIII....The March.

What a strange spectacle did the road to Oliviera present upon the morning of the 7th of May. A hurried or incautious observer might, at first sight, have pronounced the long line of troops which wended their way through the valley, as the remains of a broken and routed army, had not the ardent expression and bright eye that beamed on every side, assured him that men who looked thus could not be beaten ones. Horse, foot, baggage, artillery, dismounted dragoons, even the pale and scarcely recovered inhabitant of the hospital, might have been seen hurrying on; for the order—forward—had been given at Lisbon, and those whose wounds did not permit their joining were more pitied for their loss than its cause. More than one officer was seen at the head of his troop with an arm in a sling, or a bandaged forehead; while among the men, similar evidences of devotion were not unfrequent. As for me, long years and many reverses have not obliterated—scarcely blunted—the impression that sight made on me. The splendid spectacle of a review had often excited and delighted me; but here, there was the glorious reality of war; the bronzed faces, the worn uniforms, the well tattered flags, the roll of the heavy guns mingling with the wild pibroch of the highlander or scarcely less wild recklessness of the Irish quick step; while the long line of cavalry, their helmets and accoutrements shining in the morning sun, brought back one's boyish dreams of joust and tournament, and made the heart beat high with chivalrous enthusiasm.

"Yes," said I, half aloud, "this is indeed a realization of what I longed and thirsted for," the clang of the music and the tramp of the cavalry responding to my throbbing pulses as we moved along.

"Close up there. Trot," cried out a deep manly voice, and immediately a general officer rode by, followed by an aid-de-camp.

"There goes Cotton," said Power. "You may feel easy in your mind now, Charley; there's some work before us."

"You have not heard our destination?" said I.

"Nothing is known for certain, yet. The report goes that Soult is advancing upon Oporto; and the chances are, Sir Arthur intends to hasten us to its relief. Our fellows are at Ovar, with General Murray."

"I say, Charley, old Monsoon is in a devil of a flurry; he expected to have been peaceably settled down in Lisbon for the next six months, and he has received orders to set out for Beresford's headquarters immediately; and, from what I hear, they have no idle time."

"Well, Sparks, how goes it, man? Better fun this than the cook's galley, eh?"

"Why, do you know, these hurried movements put me out confoundedly. I found Lisbon very interesting, the little I could see of it last night."

"Ah! my dear fellow, think of the lovely Andalusian lasses, with their brown transparent skins and liquid eyes; why, you'd have been over head and ears in love in twenty-four hours more, had we stayed."

"Are they really so pretty?"

"Pretty!—downright lovely, man. Why they have a way of looking at you, over their fans—just one glance, short and fleeting, but so melting, by Jove!—Then their walk—if it be not profane to call that springing elastic gesture by such a name—why, it's regular witchcraft. Sparks, my man, I tremble for you. Do you know, by-the-bye, that same pace of theirs is a devilish hard thing to learn. I never could come it; and yet, somehow, I was formerly rather a crack fellow at a ballet. Old Alberto used to select me for a *pas de zephyr* among a host; but there's a kind of a hop and a slide, and a spring: in fact, you must have been wearing petticoats for eighteen years, and have an Andalusian instep, and an India-rubber soul to your foot, or it's no use trying it. How I used to make them laugh at the old San Josef convent, formerly, by my efforts in the cause."

"Why, how did it ever occur to you to practice it?"

"Many a man's legs have saved his head, Charley, and I put it to mine to do a similar service for me."

"True; but I never heard of a man that performed a *pasuel* before the enemy."

"Not exactly; but still you're not very wide of the mark. If you'll only wait till we reach Pontalegue, I'll tell you the story; not that it is worth the delay, but talking at this brisk pace I do n't admire."

"You have a detachment here, Captain Power," said an aid-de-camp, riding hastily up, "and General Cotton requests you will send a subaltern and two sergeants forward toward Berar, to reconnoitre the pass. Franchessa's cavalry are reported in that quarter;" so speaking he dashed spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

Power, at the same moment, wheeled to the rear, from which he returned in an instant, accompanied by three well-mounted light dragoons. "Sparks," said he, "now for an occasion of distinguishing yourself. You heard the order, lose no time, and, as your horse is an able one and fresh, lose not a second, but forward."

No sooner was Sparks despatched on what, it was evident, he felt to be anything but a pleasant duty, than I turned toward Power and said, with some tinge of disappointment in the tone, "Well, if you really felt there was anything worth doing there—I flattered myself that—that"

"Speak out, man—that I should have sent you; eh, is it not so?"

"Yes, you've hit it."

"Well, Charley, my peace is easily made on this head: why, I selected Sparks, simply, to spare you one of the most unpleasant duties that can be imposed upon a man: a

duty which, let him discharge it to the uttermost, will never be acknowledged, and the slightest failure in which will be remembered for many a day against him; beside, the pleasant and very probable prospect of being selected as a bull's eye for a French rifle, or carried off a prisoner; eh, Charley? there's no glory, devil a ray of it. Come, come, old fellow, Fred Power's not the man to keep his friend out of the *mêlée*—if anything can be made by being in it. Poor Sparks, I'll swear, is as little satisfied with the arrangement as yourself, if one knew but all."

"I say, Power," said a tall, dashing-looking man of about five-and-forty, with a Portuguese order in his breast; "I say, Power, dine with us at the halt."

"With pleasure, if I may bring my young friend here."

"Of course, pray introduce us."

"Major Hixley, Mr. O'Malley—a 14th man, Hixley."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. O'Malley. Knew a famous fellow in Ireland of your name, a certain Godfrey O'Malley, member for some county or other."

"My uncle," said I, blushing deeply with a pleasurable feeling, at even this slight praise of my old friend.

"Your uncle! give me your hand. By Jove, his nephew has a right to good treatment at my hands; he saved my life in the year '98; and how is old Godfrey?"

"Quite well when I left him some months ago; a little gout now and then."

"To be sure he has; no man deserves it better; but it's a gentlemanly gout, that merely jogs his memory in the morning of the good wine he has drunk over night; by-the-by, what became of a friend of his, a devilish eccentric fellow, who held a command in the Austrian service?"

"Oh, Considine—the Count."

"The same."

"As eccentric as ever; I left him on a visit with my uncle. And Boyle, did you know Sir Harry Boyle?"

"To be sure I did: shall I ever forget him and his capital blunders, that kept me laughing the whole time I spent in Ireland? I was in the house when he concluded a panegyric upon a friend, by calling him 'the father to the poor, and uncle to Lord Donoughmore.'"

"He was the only man who could render by a bull what it was impossible to convey more correctly," said Power; "you've heard of his duel with Harry Toler?"

"Never; let's hear it."

"It was a bull from beginning to end. Boyle took it into his head that Harry was a person with whom he had a serious row in Cork. Harry, on the other hand, mistook Boyle for old Caples, whom he had been pursuing with horse-whipping intentions for some months; they met in Kildare street Club, and very little colloquy satisfied them that they were right in their conjectures; each party being so eagerly ready to meet the views of the other. It never was a difficult matter to find a friend in Dublin; and to do them justice, Irish seconds, generally speaking, are perfectly free from any imputation upon the score of good-breeding. No men have less curiosity as to the cause of the quarrel: wisely supposing that the principals know their own affairs best, they cautiously abstain from indulging any prying spirit, but proceed to discharge their functions as best they may. Accordingly, Sir Harry and Dick were set, as the phrase is, at twelve paces, and to use Boyle's own words, for I have heard him relate the story—

"We blazed away, sir, for three rounds. I put two in his hat, and one in his neckcloth; his shots went all through the skirt of my coat."

"We'll spend the day here," says Considine, 'at this rate: could n't you put them closer?'

"And give us a little more time in the word," says I.

"Exactly," said Dick.

"Well, they moved us forward two paces, and sat to loading the pistols again."

"By this time we were so near that we had full opportunity to scan each other's faces; well, sir, I stared at him, and he at me."

"What!" said I.

"Eh!" said he.

"How's this?" said I.

"You're not Billy Caples," said he.

"Devil a bit," said I, 'nor I don't think you're Archy Devine, and, faith, sir, so it appeared, we were fighting away all the morning for nothing; for somehow it turned out it was neither of us.'"

What amused me most in this anecdote was the hearing it at such a time and place; that poor Sir Harry's eccentricities should turn up for discussion on a march in Portugal, was singular enough; but, after all, life is full of such incongruous accidents. I remember once supping with King Calzoo on the Blue Mountains in Jamaica. By way of entertaining his guests, some English officers, he ordered one of his suite to sing. We were of course pleased at the opportunity of hearing an Indian war-chant, with a skull and thigh bone accompaniment; but what was our astonishment to hear the Indian, a ferocious looking dog, with an awful scalp lock, and two streaks of red paint across his chest—clear his voice well for a few seconds, and then begin, without discomposing a muscle of his gravity, 'The Laird of Cockpen,' I need not say, that the 'Great Raccoon' was a Dumfries man, who had quitted Scotland forty years before, and, with characteristic prosperity, had attained his present rank in a foreign service.

"Halt, halt!" cried a deep-toned manly voice in the leading column, and the word was repeated from mouth to mouth to the rear.

We dismounted, and picketing our horses beneath the broad-leaved foliage of the cork trees, stretched out at full length upon the grass, while our mess men prepared the dinner. Our party at first consisted of Hixley, Power, the Adjutant, and myself; but our number was soon increased by three officers of the 6th foot, about to join the regiment.

"Barring the ladies, God bless them," said Power, "there's no such pic-nics as campaigning presents; the charms of scenery are greatly enhanced by their coming unexpectedly on you. Your chance good fortune in the prog has an interest that no ham and cold chicken affair, prepared by your servants beforehand, and got ready with a degree of fuss and worry that converts the whole party into an assembly of cooks, can ever afford; and, lastly, the excitement that this same life of ours is never without, gives a zest—"

"There you've hit it," cried Hixley: "it's that same feeling of uncertainty, that those who meet now, may never

do so again, full as it is of sorrowful reflection, that still teaches us, as we become inured to war, to economise our pleasures and be happy when we may. Your health, O'Malley, and your uncle Godfrey's too."

"A little more of the pastry."

"What a capital guinea-fowl this is!"

"That's some of old Monsoon's particular port."

"Pass it round here; really this is pleasant."

"My blessing on the man who left that vista yonder; see what a glorious valley stretches out there, undulating in its richness; and look at those dark trees, where just one streak of soft sunlight is kissing their tops, giving them one chaste good-night—"

"Well done, Power."

"Confound you, you've pulled me short, and I was about becoming downright pastoral: *à propos* of kissing, I understand Sir Arthur won't allow the convents to be occupied by troops."

"And, *à propos*, of convents," said I, "let's hear your story; you promised it, a while ago."

"My dear Charley, it's far too early in the evening for a story. I should rather indulge my poetic fancies here, under the shade of melancholy boughs; and, beside, I'm not half screwed up yet!"

"Come, Adjutant, let's have a song."

"I'll sing you a Portuguese serenade when the next bottle comes in. What capital port! have you much of it?"

"Only three dozen. We got it late last night; forged an order from the commanding officer, and sent it up to old Monsoon,—'for hospital use.' He gave it, with a tear in his eye; saying, as the sergeant marched away, 'Only think of such wine for fellows that may be in the next world before morning! It's downright sin.'"

"I say, Power, there's something going on there."

At this instant the trumpet sounded "boot and saddle," and, like one man, the whole mass rose up; when the scene, late so tranquil, became one of excited bustle and confusion. An aid-de-camp galloped past toward the river, followed by two orderly sergeants; and the next moment Sparks galloped up; his whole equipment giving evidence of a hurried ride, while his cheek was deadly pale and haggard.

Power presented to him a goblet of sherry, which, having emptied at a draught, he drew a long breath, and said: "They are coming—coming in force."

"Who are coming?" said Power; "take time, man, collect yourself."

"The French! I saw them a devilish deal closer than I liked; they wounded one of the orderlies, and took the other prisoner."

"Forward!" cried out a hoarse voice in the front; "March—trot."

And before we could obtain any further information from Sparks, whose faculties seemed to have received a terrific shock, we were once more in the saddle, and moving at a brisk pace onward.

Sparks had barely time to tell us that a large body of French cavalry occupied the pass of Berar, when he was sent for by General Cotton to finish his report.

"How frightened the fellow is!" said Hixley.

"I don't think the worse of poor Sparks for all that," said Power; "he saw those fellows for the first time, and no bird's-eye view of them, either."

"Then we are in for a skirmish, at least," said I.

"It would appear not from that," said Hixley, pointing to the head of the column, which, leaving the high road upon the left, entered the forest by a deep cleft, that opened upon a valley traversed by a broad river.

"That looks very like taking up a position, though," said Power.

"Look! look down yonder!" cried Hixley, pointing to a dip in the plain beside the river; "is not a cavalry picket there?"

"Right, by Jove! I say, Fitzroy," said Power to an aid-de-camp as he passed, "What's going on?"

"Soult has carried Oporto," cried he; "and Franchessa's cavalry have escaped."

"And who are these fellows in the valley?"

"Our own people coming up."

In less than half an hour's brisk trotting we reached the stream, the banks of which were occupied by two cavalry regiments advancing to the main army; and what was my delight to find that one of them was our own corps, the 14th Light Dragoons.

"Hurra!" cried Power, waving his cap as he came up.

"How are you, Sedgewick? Baker, my hearty, how goes it? How is Hampton, and the Colonel?"

In an instant we were surrounded by our brother officers, who all shook me cordially by the hand, and welcomed me to the regiment with most gratifying warmth.

"One of us," said Power, with a knowing look, as he introduced me; and the free-masonry of these few words secured me a hearty greeting.

"Halt, halt! Dismount!" sounded again from front to rear; and, in a few minutes, we were once more stretched upon the grass, beneath the deep and mellow moonlight; while the bright stream ran placidly beside us, reflecting, on its calm surface, the varied groups as they lounged or sat around the blazing fires of the bivouac.

#### CHAPTER XLIV....The Bivouac.

When I contrasted the gay and lively tone of the conversation which ran on around our bivouac fire, with the dry monotony and prosaic tediousness of my first military dinner at Cork, I felt how much the spirit and adventure of a soldier's life can impart of chivalrous enthusiasm to even the dulllest and least susceptible. I saw even many who, under common circumstances, would have possessed no interest, nor excited any curiosity, but now, connected as they were with the great events occurring around them, absolutely became heroes. And it was with a strange, wild throbbing of excitement I listened to the details of movements and marches, whose objects I knew not, but in which the magical words Corunna, Vimiera, were mixed up, and gave to the circumstance an interest of the highest character; how proud, too, I felt, to be the companion in arms of such fellows; here they sat, the tried and proved soldiers of a hundred fights, treating me as their brother and their equal. Who need wonder if I felt a sense of excited pleasure: had I needed such a stimulant, that night beneath the cork trees had been enough to arouse a passion for the ar-



my in my heart, and an irrepressible determination to seek for a soldier's glory.

"Fourteenth!" called out a voice from the wood behind; and, in a moment after, the aid-de-camp appeared with a mounted orderly.

"Colonel Merivale," said he, touching his cap to the stalwart soldier-like figure before him.

The Colonel bowed.

"Sir Stapleton Cotton desires me to request that at an early hour to-morrow you will occupy the pass, and cover the march of the troops. It is his wish that all the reinforcements should arrive at Oporto by noon. I need scarcely add, that we expect to be engaged with the enemy."

These few words were spoken hurriedly, and again saluting our party, he turned his horse's head and continued his way toward the rear.

"There's news for you, Charley," said Power, Slapping me on the shoulder. "Lucy Dashwood or Westminster Abbey!"

"The regiment was never in finer condition, that's certain," said the Colonel, "and most eager for a brush with the enemy."

"How your old friend the Count would have liked this work," said Hixley; "gallant fellow he was."

"Come," cried Power, "here's a fresh bowl coming. Let's drink to the ladies wherever they be: we, most of us have some soft spot on that score."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, singing:

"Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,  
Here's to the damsel that's merry,  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen—"

"And," sang Power, interrupting,

"Here's to the 'Widow of Derry.'"

"Come, come, Fred, no more quizzing on that score. It's the only thing ever gives me a distaste to the service, is the souvenir of that adventure. When I reflect what I might have been, and think what I am; when I contrast a Brussels carpet with wet grass, silk hangings with a canvass tent, Sneyd claret with ration brandy, and Sir Arthur for a commander-in-chief vice Boggs a widow."

"Stop there," cried Hixley, "without disparaging the fair widow, there's nothing beats campaigning after all: eh, Fred?"

"And to prove it," said the Colonel, "Power will sing a song."

Power took his pencil from his pocket, and placing the back of a letter across his shako, commenced inditing his lyric; saying, as he did so—

"I'm your man in five minutes: just fill my glass in the mean time."

"That fellow beats Dibdin hollow," whispered the Adjutant. "I'll be hanged if he'll not knock you off a song like lightning."

"I understand," said Hixley, "they have some intention at the Horse Guard of having all the general orders set to popular tunes, and sung at every mess in the service. You've heard that, I suppose, Sparks?"

"I confess I had not before."

"It will certainly come very hard on the subalterns," continued Hixley, with much gravity; "they'll have to brush up their sol mi fas; all the solos are to be their part."

"What rhymes with slaughter?" said Power.

"Brandy and water," said the Adjutant.

"Now, then," said Power, "are you all ready?"

"Ready."

"You must chorus, mind; and, mark me, take care you give the hip, hip, hurra, well; as that's the whole force of the chant. Take the time from me. Now for it. Air, 'Garryowen,' with spirit, but not too quick.

"Now that we've pledged each eye of blue,  
And every maiden fair and true,  
And our green island home—to you  
The ocean's wave adoring,  
Let's give one hip, hip, hurra,  
And drink e'en to the coming day,  
When, squadron square,  
We'll all be there,  
To meet the French in the morning.

"May his bright laurels never fade,  
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,  
Those lads so true in heart and blade,  
And famed for danger scorning;  
So join me in one hip, hurra,  
And drink e'en to the coming day,  
When, squadron square,  
We'll all be there,  
To meet the French in the morning.

"And when with years and honors crowned  
You sit some homeward hearth around,  
And hear no more the stirring sound,  
That spoke the trumpet's warning,  
You'll fill, and drink, one hip, hurra,  
And pledge the memory of the day,  
When, squadron square,  
They all were there,  
To meet the French in the morning."

"Gloriously done, Fred!" cried Hixley. "If I ever get my deserts in this world, I'll make you Laureate to the Forces, with a hogshead of your own native whiskey for every victory of the army."

"A devilish good chant," said Merivale; "but the air surpasses any thing I ever heard: thoroughly Irish, I take it." "Irish! upon my conscience, I believe you!" shouted O'Shaughnessy, with an energy of voice and manner that created a hearty laugh on all sides. "It's a few people ever mistook it for a Venetian melody. Hand over the punch—the sherry, I mean. When I was in the Clare militia, we always went in to dinner to 'Tatter Jack Walsh,' a sweet air, and had 'Garryowen' for a quick step. Ould MacManus, when he got the regiment, wanted to change; he said they were damned vulgar tunes, and wanted to have 'Rule Britannia,' or the 'Hundredth Psalm'; but we would not stand it: there would have been a mutiny in the corps."

"The same fellow, was n't he, that you told the story of, the other evening, in Lisbon?" said I.

"The same. Well, what a character he was! As pompous and conceited a little fellow as ever you met with: and, then, he was so bullied by his wife; he always came

down to revenge it on the regiment. She was a fine, showy, vulgar woman, with a most cherishing affection for all the good things in this life, except her husband, whom she certainly held in due contempt. 'Ye little crayture,' she'd say to him with a sneer, 'it'll become you to drink and sing, and be making a man of yourself. If you were like O'Shaughnessy there, six feet three in his stockings.' Well, well: it looks like boasting; but no matter: here's her health any way."

"I knew you were tender in that quarter," said Power. "I heard it when quartered in Limerick."

"Maybe you heard, too, how I paid off Mac, when he came down on a visit in this county?"

"Never: let's hear it now."

"Ay, O'Shaughnessy, now's your time; the fire's a good one, the night fine, and liquor plenty."

"I'm convenient," said O'Shaughnessy, as, depositing his enormous legs on each side of the burning fagots, and placing a bottle between his knees, he began his story:—

"It was a cold rainy night in January, in the year '98, I took my place in the Limerick mail, to go down for a few days to the west country. As the waiter of the Hibernian came to the door with a lantern, I just caught a glimpse of the other insides; none of whom were known to me, except Colonel MacManus, that I met once in a boarding-house in Molesworth-street. I did not, at the time, think him a very agreeable companion; but, when morning broke, and we began to pay our respects to each other in the coach, I leaned over, and said, 'I hope you're well, Colonel MacManus,' just by way of civility like. He did n't hear me at first; so that I said it again, a little louder.

"I wish you saw the look he gave me: he drew himself up to the height of his cotton umbrella, put his chin inside his cravat, pursed up his dry shrivelled lips, and with a voice he meant to be awful, replied:—

"You appear to have the advantage of me."

"Upon my conscience, you're right," said I, looking down at myself, and then over at him, at which the other travelers burst out a-laughing; 'I think there's few who will dispute that point.' When the laugh was over I resumed, for I was determined not to let him off so easily: 'Sure I met you at Mrs. Cayle's,' said I; 'and, by the same token—it was a Friday, I remember it well—maybe you did n't pitch into the salt cod! I hope it did n't disagree with you.'

"I beg to repeat, sir, that you are under a mistake," said he.

"Maybe so, indeed," said I. 'Maybe you're not Colonel MacManus at all; maybe you was n't in a passion for losing seven and sixpence at loo, with Mrs. Moriarty; maybe you did n't break the lamp in the hall with your umbrella, pretending you touched it with your head, and wasn't within three foot of it; maybe Counsellor Brady was n't going to put you in the box of the Foundling Hospital, if you would n't behave quietly in the streets—'

"Well, with this the others laughed so heartily, that I could not go on; and the next stage the bold Colonel got outside with the guard, and came in till we reached Limerick. I'll never forget his face, as he got down at Swinburne's Hotel. 'Good-bye, Colonel,' said I; but he would n't take the least notice of my politeness; but, with a frown of utter defiance, he turned on his heel and walked away.

"I have n't done with you yet," said I; and, faith, I kept my word.

"I had n't gone ten yards down the street, when I met my old friend Darby O'Grady."

"Shaugh, my boy," says he—he called me that way for shortness—"dine with me to-day, at Mosey's: a green goose and gooseberries; six to a minute."

"Who have you?"

"Tom Keane and the Wallers, a counsellor or two, and one MacManus from Dublin."

"The Colonel?"

"The same," said he.

"I'm there, Darby!" said I: 'but mind, you never saw me before.'

"What!" said he.

"You never set eyes on me before; mind that."

"I understand," said Darby with a wink, and we parted.

"I certainly was never very particular about dressing for dinner, but on this day I spent a considerable time at my toilet; and, when I looked in my glass at its completion, was well satisfied that I had done myself justice. A waistcoat of brown rabbit-skin with flaps, a red worsted comforter round my neck, an old grey shooting-jacket, with a brown patch on the arm, corduroys and leather gaiters, with a tremendous oak cudgel in my hand, made a most presentable figure for a dinner party.

"Shall I do, Darby?" says I, as he came into my room before dinner.

"If it's for robbing the mail you are," says he, "nothing could be better. Your father would n't know you."

"Would I be the better of a wig?"

"Leave your hair alone," said he. 'It's painting the lily to alter it.'

"Well, God's will be done," says I, 'so come, now.'

"Well, just as the clock struck six I saw the Colonel come out of his room, in a suit of most accurate sable, stockings and pumps. Down stairs he went, and I heard the waiter announce him.

"Now's my time," thought I, as I followed slowly after.

"When I reached the door I heard several voices within, among which I recognized some ladies. Darby had not told me about them: 'but no matter,' said I; 'it's all as well; so I gave a gentle tap at the door with my knuckles.

"Come in," said Darby.

"I opened the door, slowly, and putting in only my head and shoulders, took a cautious look round the room.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," said I, 'but I was only looking for one Colonel MacManus, and, as he is not here—'

"Pray walk in, sir," said O'Grady with a polite bow. 'Colonel MacManus is here. There's no intrusion whatever. I say, Colonel,' said he, turning round, 'a gentleman here desires to—'

"Never mind it now," said I, as I stepped cautiously into the room; 'he's going to dinner, another time will do just as well.'

"Pray come in."

"I could not think of intruding—"

"I must protest," said MacManus, coloring up, 'that I cannot understand this gentleman's visit.'

"It is a little affair I have to settle with him," said I, with a fierce look, that I saw produced its effect.

"Then perhaps you would do me the very great favor to join him at dinner," said O'Grady. 'Any friend of Colonel MacManus—'

"You are really too good," said I; but, as an utter stranger—"

"Never think of that for a moment. My friend's friend, as the adage says."

"Upon my conscience, a good saying," said I, 'but you see there's another difficulty. I've ordered a chop and potatoes up in No. 5.'

"Let that be no obstacle," said O'Grady. 'The waiter shall put it in my bill; if you will only do me the pleasure.'

"You're a trump," said I. 'What's your name?'

"O'Grady, at your service."

"Any relation of the counsellor," said I. 'They're all one family, the O'Gradies. I'm Mr. O'Shaughnessy, from Ennis; won't you introduce me to the ladies?'

"While the ceremony of presentation was going on, I caught one glance at MacManus, and had hard work not to roar out laughing. Such an expression of surprise, amazement, indignation, rage, and misery, never was mixed up in one face before. Speak he could not; and I saw that, except for myself, he had neither eyes, ears, nor senses for any thing around him. Just at this moment dinner was announced, and in we went. I never was in such spirits in my life: the trick upon MacManus had succeeded perfectly: he believed in his heart that I had never met O'Grady in my life before, and that, upon the faith of our friendship, I had received my invitation. As for me, I spared him but little. I kept up a running fire of droll stories; had the ladies in fits of laughter; made everlasting allusions to the Colonel; and, in a word, ere the soup had disappeared, except himself, the company were entirely with me.

"O'Grady," said I, 'forgive the freedom, but I feel as if we were old acquaintances.'

"As Colonel MacManus's friend," said he, 'you can take no liberty here which is not perfectly welcome.'

"Just what I expected," said I. 'Mac and I,—I wish you saw his face when I called him Mac—Mac and I were school-fellows five-and-thirty years ago; though he forgets me, I don't forget him: to be sure it would be hard for me. I'm just thinking of the day Bishop Oulahan came over to visit the college. Mac was coming in at the door of the refectory as the bishop was going out. "Take off your caubeen, you young scoundrel, and kneel down for his reverence to bless you," said one of the masters, giving him a blow at the same moment that sent it flying to the other end of the room, and, with it, about twenty ripe pears that Mac had just stolen in the orchard, and had in his hat. I wish you only saw the bishop; and Mac himself, he was a picture. Well, well, you forget it all now, but I remember it as if it was only yesterday. Any champagne, Mr. O'Grady, I'm mighty dry?'

"Of course," said Darby. 'Waiter, some champagne here.'

"Ah, it's himself was the boy for every kind of fun and devilment, quiet and demure as he looks over there. Mac, your health. It's not every day of the week we get champagne."

"He laid down his knife and fork as I said this: his face and temples grew deep purple, his eyes started as if they would spring from his head, and he put both his hands to his forehead, as if trying to assure himself that it was not some horrid dream.

"A little slice more of the turkey," said I, 'and then, O'Grady, I'll try your heck. It's wine I'm mighty fond of, and so is Mac there. Oh! it's seldom, to tell the truth, it troubles us. There, fill up the glass; that's it. Here now, Darby—that's your name, I think—you'll not think I'm taking a liberty in giving a toast; here, then, I'll give MacManus's health, with all the honors; though it's early yet, to be sure, but we'll do it again, by-and-by, when the whiskey comes. Here's MacManus's good health; and, though his wife, they say, does not treat him well, and keeps him down—"

"The roar of laughter that interrupted me here, was produced by the expression of poor Mac's face. He had started up from table, and, leaning with both his hands upon it, stared round upon the company like a maniac—his mouth and eyes wide open, and his hair actually bristling with amazement. Thus he remained for a full minute, gasping like a fish in a landing-net. It seemed a hard struggle for him to believe he was not deranged. At last his eyes fell upon me; he uttered a deep groan, and, with a voice tremulous with rage, thundered out—

"The scoundrel! I never saw him before."

"He rushed from the room, and gained the street. Before our roar of laughter was over, he had secured post-horses, and was galloping toward Ennis at the top speed of his cattle.

"He exchanged once into the line; but they say that he caught a glimpse of my name in the army list, and sold out the next morning; be that as it may, we never met since."

I have related O'Shaughnessy's story here, rather from the memory I have of how we all laughed at it at the time, than from any feeling as to its real desert; but, when I think of the voice, look, accent, and gesture of the narrator, I can scarcely keep myself from again giving way to laughter.

#### CHAPTER XLV.—The Douro.

Never did the morning break more beautifully than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapor had succeeded to the starry cloudless night, but, one by one, they moved onward toward the sea, disclosing, as they passed, long traces of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright-colored ribbon, meandering through the deep garment of fairest green; the darkly shadowed mountains, which closed the background, loomed even larger than they were; while their summits were tipped with the yellow glew of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot, labored as it ascended through the perfumed air, and, save the ripples of the stream, all was silent as the grave.

The squadrons of the 14th, with which I was, had di-

verged from the road beside the river, and to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood; our pace was a sharp one; an orderly had been already despatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood, and, as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes! Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a narrow ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking at once, that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream, and upon the opposite side, rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France; while, far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling in the sunbeams. The bivouac fires were smouldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night; for, early as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and, even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Valonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

"Dismount. Steady: quietly, my lads," said the Colonel, as he alighted upon the grass. "Let the men have their breakfast."

The little amphitheatre we occupied, hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movements. It may readily be supposed, then, with what impatience we waited here, while the din and clangor of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible. The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river, and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing despatches from head-quarters: but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me my excitement was at its height, and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon Amarante, and that, with the broad stream of the Douro between us, he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time; they are already in march, and, even if we dared force a passage, in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersly."

"Indeed! Where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Ville de Conde: he asked after you most particularly; do n't blush, man: I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letters that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow! he has been badly wounded, but, it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly, touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here. I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the General, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good-bye."

I buckled on my sword, and looking at my girths, stood watching the groups around me; when, suddenly, a dragon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man near me if Mr. O'Malley was there?

"Yes; I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened and saw that the despatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words "with haste," on the envelope.

Now which way to turn I knew not; so springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this despatch?"

"By the river, sir," said the heavy; a large dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops: you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not very likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs to my horse, and turned toward the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute, when the loud ringing of a rifle struck upon my ear: bang went another, and another. I hurried on, however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight, and scarcely had my eye rested upon them when my horse staggered forward, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then rearing madly up, fell backward upon the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion; for, as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my shako and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and, creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downward into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at head-quarters, I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my despatches, I hastened toward the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the Commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I should proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Malley, what brings you here?"

"Despatches from General Murray."

"Indeed! O, follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair, introduced me into a room, where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "despatches requiring immediate perusal have just been brought by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short, slight man, in a gray undress coat, with a white cravat and a cocked hat, entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me he was one in authority; the look of command his bold, stern features presented; the sharp piercing eye; the compressed lip; the impressive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

"Send General Sherbrooke here," said he to an aid-de-camp. "Let the light brigade march into position," and then, turning suddenly to me, "whose despatches are these?"

"General Murray's, sir."

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted attention.

"How's this? are you wounded?"

"No, sir; my horse was killed—"

"Very well, sir; join your brigade. But, stay, I shall have orders for you. Well, Waters, what news?"

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform, who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

"I say, who have we here?"

"The Prior of Amarante, sir," replied Waters, "who has just come over. We have already, by his aid, secured three large barges—"

"Let the artillery take up position in the convent at once," said Sir Arthur, interrupting. "The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir," turning to me, "will convey to General Murray—but you appear weak— You, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the 11th. Sherbrooke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can the seminary take?"

"From three to four hundred, sir, the padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town."

"I perceive it," was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as, placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked toward the window and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the council: not a lip murmured; the feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing, checked every thought of utterance, while the stupendous gravity of the events before us, engrossed every mind and occupied every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him upon whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility: the cold determined expression was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless, and, whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, certainly no external sign betrayed them; and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering legions of France, led on by one second alone to him, whose very name had been the *prestige* of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! what must have been his reliance upon his own genius! As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened and an officer entered hastily, and whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken as, turning from the window, he closed his telescope, and, followed by all the others, descended to the court-yard.

This simple order was enough; an officer, with a company of the Buffs, embarked, and thus began the passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader, that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river; but as yet no boats had been discovered, and, such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four small skiffs had been found, half sunk in mud, among the rushes, and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me; "Was I not a true prophet when I told you, 'We'd meet the French in the morning!'"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us, and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small arms, gradually swelling into a hotly sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the river-side, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landed from the boats; and here, although nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment. The cannonade from the Sierra convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amid which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs was mingled. It was evident to us, from the continual fire kept up, that the landing had been effected, while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed, and

we now only waited for two light four-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out:

"The French are in retreat," and, pointing at the same moment to the Vallonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which, as we gazed, the colors of the enemy might be seen, as they defiled, while the unbroken line of the wagons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

"Fourteenth, threes about, close up, trot," called out the loud and manly voice of our leader, and the heavy tramp of our squadron shook the very ground, as we advanced toward the road to Vallonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly, and, amid all the crash of gun carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and, wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning, prepared by a flanking fire to cover the retreating column. The gunners sprang from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out: "Forward; close up; charge!"

The word was scarcely spoken, when the loud cheer answered the welcome sound, and the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind; the pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and, like the dread force of some mighty engine, we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of the fox-hunt, when the loud cry of the hound, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within, but never till now did I know how far higher the excitement reaches, when man to man, sabre to sabre, arm to arm, we ride forward to the battle field. On we went, the loud shout of "forward" still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more: the din, the smoke, the crash—the cry for quarter, mingled with the shout of victory—the flying enemy—the agonizing shrieks of the wounded—are all co-mingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to re-form, behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position, and cut off the guns of the enemy.

"Well done, fourteenth!" said an old gray-headed colonel, as he rode along our line; "gallantly done, lads!" The blood trickled from a sabre cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not, or heeded it not.

"There go the Germans!" said Power, pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry, and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating flanks of the enemy; the carnage must have been terrific, for the long breaches in their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive tide of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying column grew momentarily more; the road became blocked up, too, by broken carriages and wounded; and, to add to their discomfort, a damaging fire now opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the 29th pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond any thing maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit: while the whole river was covered with boats, as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra, to protect the landing, for it was even still contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks, and bore down upon their squares.

It was now, when the full tide of victory ran highest in our favor, that we were ordered to retire from the road. Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed; and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement; and, while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retreating columns, we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as, with burning cheek and compressed lip, we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still farther back, and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken, when a young officer, in the uniform of a general, dashed impetuously up; he held his plumed cap high above his head, as he called out, "fourteenth, follow me! Left face—wheel—charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear-guard was at this moment at the narrowest part of the road, which opened by a bridge upon a large open space; so that, forming with a narrow front, and favored by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile the carnage was dreadful on both sides; our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest—the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons, that we stopped not till, piercing the dense column of the retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled, and prepared once more to meet them; when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and, supported by a field-piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid; but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost; already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as, waving his sabre, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge, that we were upon them be



fore they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for, as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers!

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder; scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep sabre cut in the cheek, from an aid-de-camp of Gen. Foe, in return for a wound he gave the General; while I, in my endeavor to save General Laborde, when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned that I remembered no more around me: I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness; my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank, and felt my faithful follower Mike bathing my temples with water, as he kept up a running fire of lamentations for my being murdered so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me, alannah! say that you're not kilt, darling; do now. Oh, wirra; what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Would n't he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you to-day? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beatin' them; they're only gone now. That's right; now you're coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, my poor fellow, you've got sore bones too," cried Power, as his face swathed in bandages, and covered with blood, he lay upon the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley—"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow! he has seen his last battle-field. He fell across me as we came out upon the road: I lifted him up in my arms, and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead: not a sigh, not a word escaped him; shot through the forehead." As he spoke, his lips trembled, and his voice sunk to a mere whisper at the last words,—"You remember what he said last night—'Poor fellow! he was every inch a soldier.'"

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head toward the scene of our late encounter: some dismounted guns and broken wagons alone marked the spot; while, far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy, as they hurried toward the frontiers of Spain.

#### CHAPTER XLVI....The Morning.

There are few sadder things in life than the day after a battle. The high-beating hope, the bounding spirits, have passed away; and in their stead comes the depressing reaction by which every overwrought excitement is followed. With far different eyes do we look upon the compact ranks and glistening files,

With helm arrayed,  
And lance and blade,  
And plume in the gay wind dance:

and upon the cold and barren heath, whose only memory of the past is the blood-stained turf, a mangled corpse, the broken gun, the shattered wall, the well-trodden earth where columns stood, the cut-up ground where cavalry had charged: these are the sad relics of all the chivalry of yesterday.

The morning which followed the battle of the Douro was one of the most beautiful I remember. There was that kind of freshness and elasticity in the air which certain days possess, and communicate by some magic their properties to ourselves. The thrush was singing gayly out from every grove and wooded dell; the very river had a sound of gladness as it rippled on against its sedgy banks; the foliage, too, sparkled in the fresh dew, as if in its robes of holiday, and all looked bright and happy.

We were picketed near the river, upon a gently rising ground, from which the view extended for miles in every direction. Above us, the stream came winding down amid broad and fertile fields of tall grass and waving corn, backed by deep and mellow woods, which were lost to the view upon the distant hills: below, the river, widening as it went, pursued a straighter course, or turned with bolder curves, till, passing beneath the town, it spread into a large sheet of glassy water, as it opened to the sea. The sun was just rising as I looked upon this glorious scene, and already the tall spires of Oporto were tipped with a bright rosy hue, while the massive towers and dark walls threw their lengthened shadows across the plain.

The fires of the bivouac still burned; but all slept around them; not a sound was heard, save the tramp of a patrol, or the short quick cry of the sentry. I sat lost in meditation, or rather in that state of dreamy thoughtfulness in which the past and the present are combined, and the absent are alike before us as the things we look upon.

One moment I felt as though I were describing to my uncle the battle of the day before, pointing out where we stood, and how we charged: then again I was at home beside the broad bleak Shannon, and the brown hills of Scariff. I watched with beating heart the tall Sierra, where our path lay for the future, and then turned my thoughts to him whose name was so soon to be received in England with a nation's pride and gratitude; and panted for a soldier's glory.

As thus I followed every rising fancy, I heard a step approach: it was a figure muffled in a cavalry cloak, which I soon perceived to be Power.

"Charley!" said he, in a half-whisper, "get up and come with me. You are aware of the general order, that, while in pursuit of an enemy, all military honors to the dead are forbidden; but we wish to place our poor comrade in the earth before we leave."

I followed down a little path, through a grove of tall beech trees that opened upon a little grassy terrace beside the river. A stunted olive tree stood by itself in the midst, and there I found five of our brother officers standing, wrapped in their wide cloaks. As we pressed each other's hands, not a word was spoken: each heart was full; and hard features that never quailed before the foe were now shaken with the convulsive spasm of agony, or compressed with stern determination to seem calm.

A cavalry helmet and a large blue cloak lay upon the

grass. The narrow grave was already dug beside it; and, in the deathlike stillness around, the service for the dead was read: the last words were over; we stooped and placed the corpse, wrapped up in the broad mantle, in the earth; we replaced the mould, and stood silently around the spot. The trumpet of our regiment at this moment sounded the call; its clear notes ran sharply through the thin air: it was the soldier's requiem! and we turned away without speaking, and returned to our quarters.

I had never known poor Hixley till a day or two before, but somehow my grief for him was deep and heartfelt. It was not that his frank and manly bearing, his bold and military air, had gained upon me. No, these were indeed qualities to attract and delight me; but he had obtained a stronger and faster hold upon my affections: he spoke to me of home!

Of all the ties that bind us to the chance acquaintances we meet with in life, what can equal this one? What a claim upon your love has he who can, by some passing word, some fast-fitting thought, bring back the days of your youth? What interest can he not excite by some anecdote of your boyish days, some well-remembered trait of youthful daring, or early enterprise? Many a year of sunshine and of storm has passed above my head; I have not been without my moments of gratified pride, and rewarded ambition; but my heart has never responded so fully, so thankfully, so proudly to these—as they were—as to the simple, touching words of one who knew my early home and loved its inmates.

"Well, Fitzroy, what news?" inquired I, roused from my musing, as an aid-de-camp galloped up at full speed.

"Tell Merivale to get the regiment under arms at once. Sir Arthur Wellesley will be here in less than half an hour. You may look for the route immediately. Where are the Germans quartered?"

"Lower down; beside the grove of beech trees, next the river."

Scarcely was my reply spoken when he dashed spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight. Meanwhile, the plain beneath me presented an animated and splendid spectacle. The different corps were falling into position to the calving sounds of their quick-step, the trumpets of the cavalry rang loudly through the valley, and the clatter of sabres and sabretaches, joined with the hollow tramp of horses, as the squadrons came up.

I had not a moment to lose; so, hastening back to my quarters, I found Mike waiting with my horse.

"Captain Power's before you, sir," said he, "and you'll have to make haste: the regiments are under arms already."

From the little mound where I stood, I could see the long line of cavalry as they deployed into the plain, followed by the horse artillery, which brought up the rear.

"This looks like a march," thought I, as I pressed forward to join my companions.

I had not advanced above a hundred yards through a narrow ravine when the measured tread of infantry fell upon my ears. I pulled up to slacken my pace, just as the head of a column turned round the angle of the road and came in view. The tall caps of a grenadier company were the first thing I beheld, as they came on without roll of drum and sound of file. I watched with a soldier's pride the manly bearing and gallant step of the dense mass as they defined before me. I was struck no less by them than by a certain look of steady and sombre cast which each man wore.

"What can this mean?" thought I.

My first impression was, that a military execution was about to take place: the next moment solved my doubt; for, as the last files of the grenadiers wheeled round, a dense mass behind came in sight, whose unarmed hands, and downcast air, at once bespoke them prisoners of war.

What a sad sight it was! There was the old and weather-beaten grenadier, erect in frame and firm in step, his gray moustache scarcely concealing the scowl that curled his lip, handcuffed with the young and daring conscript, even yet a mere boy: their march was regular, their gaze steadfast; no look of flinching courage there. On they came, a long unbroken line. They looked not less proudly than their captors around them. As I looked with heavy heart upon them, my attention was attracted to one who marched alone behind the rest. He was a middle-sized but handsome youth of some eighteen years at most: his light helmet and waving plume bespoke him a *chasseur à cheval*, and I could scarcely perceive, in his careless, half-saucy air, how indignantly he felt the position to which the fate of war had reduced him. He caught my eyes fixed upon him, and, for an instant, turned upon me a gaze of open and palpable defiance, drawing himself up to his full height and crossing his arms upon his breast; but, probably, perceiving in my look more of interest than triumph, his countenance suddenly changed, a deep blush suffused his cheek, his eye beamed with a softened and kindly expression, and carrying his hand to his helmet, he saluted me, saying, in a voice of singular sweetness, "*Je vous souhaite un meilleur sort, camarade.*"

I bowed, and muttering something in return, was about to make some inquiry concerning him, when the loud call of the trumpet rang through the valley, and apprized me that, in my interest for the prisoners, I had forgotten all else, and was probably incurring censure for my absence.

#### CHAPTER XLVII....The Review.

When I joined the group of my brother officers, who stood gayly chattering and laughing together before our lines, I was much surprised—nay, almost shocked—to find how little seeming impression had been made upon them by the sad duty we had performed that morning.

When last we met, each eye was downcast, each heart was full: sorrow for him we had lost from among us for ever, mingling with the awful sense of our own uncertain tenure here, had laid its impress on each brow; but now, scarcely an hour elapsed, and all were cheerful and elated. The last shovelful of earth upon the grave seemed to have buried both the dead and the mourning. And such is war! and such the temperament it forms! Events so strikingly opposite in their character and influences succeed so rapidly one upon another, that the mind is kept in one whirl of excitement and at length accustoms itself to change with every phase of circumstances; and between joy and grief, hope and despondency, enthusiasm and depression, there is neither breadth nor interval: they follow each other as naturally as morning succeeds to night.

I had not much time for such reflections: scarcely had I saluted the officers about me, when the loud prolonged roll of the drums along the line of infantry in the valley, followed by the sharp clatter of muskets as they were raised to the shoulder, announced the troops were under arms and the review begun.

"Have you seen the general order this morning, Power?" inquired an old officer beside me.

"No; they say, however, that our sars mentioned."

"Harvey is going on favorably," cried a young cornet, as he galloped up to our party.

"Take ground to the left!" sung out the clear voice of the Colonel, as he rode along in front. "Fourteenth! I am happy to inform you that your conduct has met approval in the highest quarter. I have just received the general orders, in which this occurs:

"The timely passage of the Douro, and subsequent movements upon the enemy's flank, by Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, with the Guards and 29th Regiment, and the bravery of the two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, under the command of Major Harvey, and led by the Honorable Brigadier General Charles Stewart, obtained the victory."—Mark that, my lads!—obtained the victory—"which has contributed so much to the honor of the troops on this day."

The words were hardly spoken, when a tremendous cheer burst from the whole line at once.

"Steady, Fourteenth! steady, lads!" said the gallant old Colonel, as he raised his hand gently; "the staff is approaching."

At the same moment, the white plumes appeared rising above the brow of the hill. On they came, glittering in all the splendor of aiguillettes and orders; all, save one. He rode foremost, upon a small, compact, black horse; his dress, a plain gray frock, fastened at the waist by a red sash; his cocked hat alone bespoke, in its plume, the general officer. He galloped rapidly on till he came to the centre of the line: then, turning short around, he scanned the ranks from end to end with an eagle glance.

"Colonel Merivale, you have made known to your regiment my opinion of them, as expressed in general orders!"

The Colonel bowed low in acquiescence.

"Fitzroy, you have got the memorandum, I hope?"

The aid-de-camp here presented to Sir Arthur a slip of paper, which he continued to regard attentively for some minutes.

"Captain Powell—Power, I mean. Captain Power!"

Power rode out from the line.

"Your very distinguished conduct yesterday has been reported to me. I shall have sincere pleasure in forwarding your name for the vacant majority."

"You have forgotten, Colonel Merivale, to send in the name of the officer who saved General Laborde's life."

"I believe I have mentioned it, Sir Arthur. Mr. O'Malley."

"True, I beg pardon; so you have—Mr. O'Malley: a very young officer indeed—ha, an Irishman! the south of Ireland, eh?"

"No, sir, the west."

"Oh! yes. Well, Mr. O'Malley, you are promoted. You have the lieutenantancy in your own regiment. By-the-by, Merivale,"—here his voice changed into a half laugh and tone, "ere I forget it, pray let me beg of you to look in this honest fellow's claim; he has given me no peace the entire morning."

As he spoke I turned my eyes in the direction he pointed, and, to my utter consternation beheld my man Mickey Free standing among the staff; the position he occupied, and the presence he stood in, having no more perceptible effect upon his nerves than if he were assisting at an Irish wake: but so completely was I overwhelmed with shame at the moment, that the staff were already far down the lines, ere I recovered my self-possession, to which, certainly, I was in some degree recalled by Master Mike's addressing me in a somewhat imploring voice:

"Arrah, spake for me, Master Charles, alannah; sure they might do something for me now, av it was only to make me a gauger."

Mickey's ideas of promotion, thus insinuatingly put forward, threw the whole party around into one burst of laughter.

"I have him down there," said he, pointing as he spoke to a thick grove of cork trees at a little distance.

"Who have you got there, Mike?" inquired Power.

"Devil a one o' me knows his name," replied he; "maybe it's Bony himself."

"And how do you know he's there still?"

"How do I know, is it? Did n't I tie him last night?"

Curiosity to find out what Mickey could possibly allude to, induced Power and myself to follow him down the slope to the clump of trees I have mentioned. As we came near, the very distinct denunciations that issued from the thicket, proved pretty plainly the nature of the affair. It was nothing less than a French officer of cavalry, that Mike had unhorsed in the *mêlée*, and wishing, probably, to preserve some testimony of his prowess, had made prisoner, and tied fast to a cork tree, the preceding evening.

"*Sacrebleu!*" said the poor Frenchman, as we approached, "*que ce sont des sauvages!*"

"Av it's making your sowl, ye are," said Mike, "you're right; for, maybe, they won't let me keep you alive."

Mike's idea of a tame prisoner threw me into a fit of laughing, while Power asked,

"And what do you want to do with him?"

"The sorra one o' me knows, for he spakes no decent tongue. Theginn thou," said he, addressing the prisoner, with a poke in the ribs at the same moment: "but sure, Master Charles, he might tache me French."

There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in his tone and look as he said these words, that both Power and myself absolutely roared with laughter. We began, however, to feel not a little ashamed of our position in the business, and explained to the Frenchman, that our worthy countryman had but little experience of the usages of war, while we proceeded to unbind him, and liberate him from his miserable bondage.

"It's letting him loose, you are, Captain? Master Charles, take care: begorra, av you had as much trouble in catching him as I had, you'd think twice about letting him out. Listen to me, now,"—here he placed his closed fist within an inch of the poor prisoner's nose;—"listen to

me: as you say pleas, by the mortel, I'll not lave a whole bone in your skin."

With some difficulty we persuaded Mike that his conduct, so far from leading to his promotion, might, if known in another quarter, procure him an acquaintance with the provost marshal, a fact which, it was plain to perceive, gave him but a very poor impression of military gratitude.

"Oh, then, if they were in swarms forment me, devil receive the prisoner I'll take again."

So saying, he slowly returned to the regiment, while Power and I, having conducted the Frenchman to the rear, cantered toward the town to learn the news of the day.

The city on that day presented a most singular aspect—the streets, filled with the town's-people and the soldiery, were decorated with flags and garlands—the cafés were crowded with merry groups, and the sounds of music and laughter resounded on all sides. The houses seemed to be inadequate to afford accommodation to the numerous guests, and, in consequence, bullock cars and forage wagons were converted into temporary hotels, and many a jovial party were collected in both. Military music, church bells, drinking chorusses, were all commingled in the din and turmoil; processions in honor of our "Lady of Succor," were jammed up among bacchanalian orgies, and their very chaunt half-drowned in the cries of the wounded, as they passed on to the hospitals. With difficulty we pushed our way through the dense mob, as we turned our steps toward the seminary. We both felt naturally curious to see the place where our first detachment landed, and to examine the opportunities of defence it presented. The building itself was a large and irregular one, of an oblong form, surrounded by a high wall of solid masonry, the only entrance being by a heavy iron gate.

At this spot the battle appeared to have raged with violence; one side of the massive gate was torn from its hinges, and lay flat upon the ground; the walls were breached in many places: and pieces of torn uniforms, broken bayonets, and bruised shakos, attested that the conflict was a close one. The seminary itself was in a falling state; the roof, from which Paget had given his orders, and where he was wounded, had fallen in. The French cannon had fissured the building from top to bottom, and it seemed only awaiting the slightest impulse to crumble it to ruin. When we regarded the spot, and examined the narrow doorway which, opening upon a flight of a few steps to the river, admitted our first party, we could not help feeling struck anew with the gallantry of that mere handful of brave fellows, who thus threw themselves amid the overwhelming legions of the enemy, and at once, without waiting for a single reinforcement, opened a fire upon their ranks. Bold as the enterprise unquestionably was, we still felt with what consummate judgment it had been planned; a bend of the river concealed, entirely, the passage of the troops, the guns of the Sierra covered their landing, and completely swept one approach to the seminary. The French, being thus obliged to attack by the gate, were compelled to make a considerable *detour* before they reached it, all of which gave time for our division to cross, while the brigade of Guards, under General Sherbrooke, profiting by the confusion, passed the river below the town, and took the enemy unexpectedly in the rear.

Brief as was the struggle within the town, it must have been a terrific one; the artillery were firing at musket range; cavalry and infantry were fighting hand to hand in narrow streets, a destructive musketry pouring all the while from windows and house tops.

At the Amaranthe gate, where the French defiled, the carnage was also great: their light artillery unlimbered some guns here, to cover the columns as they deployed; but Murray's cavalry having carried these, the flank of the infantry became entirely exposed to the galling fire of small arms from the seminary, and the far more destructive shower of grape that poured unceasingly from the Sierra.

Our brigade did the rest; and in less than one hour from the landing of the first man, the French were in full retreat upon Vallonga.

"A glorious thing, Charley," said Power, after a pause, "and a proud souvenir for hereafter."

A truth I felt deeply at the time, and one my heart responds to not less fully as I am writing.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII....The Quarrel.

On the evening of the 12th, orders were received for the German brigade and three squadrons of our regiment to pursue the French upon the Terracina road, by day-break on the following morning.

I was busily occupied in my preparations for a hurried march, when Mike came up to say that an officer desired to speak with me; and the moment after, Captain Hammersly appeared. A sudden flash colored his pale and sickly features, as he held out his hand, and said:

"I've come to wish you joy, O'Malley; I just this instant heard of your promotion. I am sincerely glad of it; pray tell me the whole affair."

"This is the very thing I am unable to do. I have some very vague, indistinct remembrance of warding off a sabre cut from the head of a wounded and unhorsed officer, in the *mêlée* of yesterday; but more I know not. In fact, it was my first day under fire: I've a tolerably clear recollection of all the events of the morning; but the word 'charge' once given, I remember very little more. But you, where have you been? How have we not met before?"

"I've exchanged into a heavy dragoon regiment, and am now employed upon the staff."

"You are aware that I have letters for you?"

"Power hinted, I think, something of the kind; I saw him very hurriedly."

"These words were spoken with an effort at nonchalance that evidently cost him much."

As for me, my agitation was scarcely less, as fumbling for some seconds in my portmanteau, I drew forth the long destined packet. As I placed it in his hands, he grew deadly pale, and a slight spasmodic twitch in his upper lip bespoke some unusual struggle. He broke the seal suddenly, and, as he did so, the morocco case of a miniature fell upon the ground. His eyes ran rapidly across the letter; the livid color of his lips, as the blood forced itself to them, added to the corpse-like hue of his countenance.

"You, probably are aware of the contents of this letter, Mr. O'Malley?" said he, in an altered voice, whose tones,

half in anger, half in suppressed irony, cut to my very heart.

"I am in complete ignorance of them," said I calmly.

"Indeed, sir!" replied he, with a sarcastic curl of his mouth as he spoke. "Then, perhaps, you will tell me, too, that your success is a secret to you."

"I'm really not aware—"

"You think, probably, sir, that the pastime is an amusing one, to interfere where the affections of others are concerned. I've heard of you, sir; your conduct at Lisbon is known to me; and though Captain Trevyllian may bear—"

"Stop, Captain Hammersly!" said I, with a tremendous effort to be calm: "Stop! you have said enough, quite enough to convince me of what your object was in seeking me here to-day. You shall not be disappointed. I trust that assurance will save you from any further display of temper."

"I thank you: most humbly I thank you for the quickness of your apprehension; and I shall now take my leave. Good evening, Mr. O'Malley. I wish you much joy: you have my very fullest congratulations upon *all* your good fortune."

The sneering emphasis the last words were spoken with remained fixed in my mind long after his departure; and, indeed, so completely did the whole seem like a dream to me, that, were it not for the fragments of the miniature that lay upon the ground, where he crushed them with his heel, I could scarcely credit myself that I was awake.

My first impulse was to seek Power, upon whose judgment and discretion I could with confidence rely.

I had not long to wait: for scarcely had I thrown my cloak around me, when he rode up. He had just seen Hammersly, and learned something of our interview.

"Why Charley my dear fellow! what is this? How have you treated poor Hammersly?"

"Treated him! say rather how has he treated me?"

I here entered into a short, but accurate detail of our meeting; during which, Power listened with great composure while I could perceive, from the questions he asked, that some very different impression had been previously made on his mind.

"And this was all that passed?"

"All."

"But what of the business at Lisbon?"

"I do not understand."

"Why he speaks—he has heard some foolish account of your having made some ridiculous speech there, about your successful rivalry of him in Ireland—Lucy Dashwood, I suppose, is referred to. Some one was good-natured enough to repeat the thing to him."

"But it never occurred: I never did."

"Are you sure, Charley?"

"I am sure: I know I never did."

"The poor fellow, he has been duped! Come, Charley, you must not take it ill. Poor Hammersly has never recovered from a sabre wound he received some months since upon the head: his intellects are really affected by it. Leave it all to me: promise not to leave your quarters till I return; and I'll put everything right again."

I gave the required pledge, while Power, springing into the saddle, left me to my own reflections.

My frame of mind, as Power left me, was by no means an enviable one. A quarrel is rarely a happy incident in one's life, still less is it so when the difference arises with one we are disposed to like and respect. Such was Hammersly: his manly, straightforward character had won my esteem and regard, and it was with no common scrutiny I tasked my memory to think what could have given rise to the impression he labored under, of my having injured him. His chance mention of Trevyllian suggested to me some suspicion that his dislike of me, wherefore arising I knew not, might have a share in the matter; and in this state of doubt and uncertainty, I paced impatiently up and down, anxiously watching for Power's return, in the hope of at length getting some real insight into the difficulty.

My patience was fast ebbing, Power had been absent above an hour, and no appearance of him could I detect, when suddenly the tramp of a horse came rapidly up the hill. I looked out, and saw a rider coming forward at a very fast pace. Before I had time for even a guess as to who it was, he drew up, and I recognised Captain Trevyllian. There was a certain look of easy impertinence and half-smiling satisfaction about his features I had never seen before, as he touched his cap in salute and said—

"May I have the honor of a few words' conversation with you?"

I bowed slightly, while he dismounted, and passing his bridle beneath his arm, walked on beside me.

"My friend, Captain Hammersly, has commissioned me to wait upon you about this unpleasant affair."

"I beg pardon for the interruption, Captain Trevyllian, but as I have yet to learn to what you or your friend alludes, perhaps it may facilitate matters if you will explicitly state your meaning."

He grew crimson on the cheek as I said this, while, with a voice perfectly unmoved, he continued:

"I am not sufficiently in my friend's confidence to know the whole of the affair in question, nor have I his permission to enter into any of it, he probably presuming, as I certainly did myself, that your own sense of honor would have deemed further parley and discussion both unnecessary and unseasonable."

"In fact, then, if I understand, it is expected that I should meet Captain Hammersly for some reason unknown?"

"He certainly desires a meeting with you," was the dry reply.

"And as certainly I shall not give it, before understanding upon what grounds."

"And such I am to report as your answer," said he, looking at me at the moment with an expression of ill-repressed triumph as he spoke.

There was something in these few words, as well as in the tone in which they were spoken, that sunk deeply in my heart. Was it that by some trick of diplomacy he was endeavoring to compromise my honor and character? was it possible that my refusal might be construed in any other than the real cause? I was too young, too inexperienced in the world to decide the question for myself, and no time was allowed me to seek another's counsel. What a trying

moment was that for me: my temples throbbed, my heart beat almost audibly, and I stood almost afraid to speak; dreading, on the one hand, lest my compliance might involve me in an act to inhibit my life for ever, and fearful, on the other, that my refusal might be reported as a trait of cowardice.

He saw, he read my difficulty at a glance, and, with a smile of most supercilious expression, repeated coolly his former question. In an instant all thought of Hammersly was forgotten. I remembered no more. I saw him before me; he who had, since my first meeting, continually contrived to pass some inappreciable slight upon me. My eyes flashed, my hands tingled with ill-repressed rage, as I said—

"With Captain Hammersly I am conscious of no quarrel, nor have I ever shown by any act or look an intention to provoke one. Indeed, such demonstrations are not always successful; there are persons most rigidly scrupulous of a friend's honor, little disposed to guard their own."

"You mistake," said he, interrupting me, as I spoke these words with a look as insulting as I could make it; "you mistake. I have sworn a solemn oath never to send a challenge."

The emphasis upon the word "send," explained fully his meaning, when I said—

"But you will not decline?"

"Most certainly not," said he, again interrupting, while with sparkling eye and elated look he drew himself up to his full height. "Your friend is—"

"Captain Power: and yours?"

"Sir Harry Beaumont. I may observe that as the troops are in marching order, the matter had better not be delayed."

"There shall be none on my part."

"Nor mine," said he, as with a low bow, and a look of most ineffable triumph, he sprang into his saddle; "then *au revoir*, Mr. O'Malley," said he, gathering up his reins; "Beaufort is on the staff, and quartered at Oporto," so saying, he cantered easily down the slope, and once more I was alone.

#### CHAPTER XLIX....The Route.

I was leisurely examining my pistols—poor Considine's last present to me on leaving home—when an orderly sergeant rode rapidly up, and delivered into my hands the following order:

"Lieutenant O'Malley will hold himself in immediate readiness to proceed on a particular service. By order of his Excellency the Commander of the forces."

[Signed,] S. GORDON, Military Secretary.

"What can this mean?" I thought I. "It is not possible that any rumor of my intended meeting could have got abroad, and that my present destination could be intended as a punishment?"

I walked hurriedly to the door of the little hut which formed my quarters; below me, in the plain, all was activity and preparation; the infantry were drawn up in marching order; baggage wagons, ordnance stores, and artillery seemed all in active preparation, and some cavalry squadrons might be already seen, with forage allowances behind the saddle, as if only waiting the order to set out. I strained my eyes to see if Power was coming, but no horseman approached in the direction. I stood, and I hesitated whether I should not rather seek him at once, than to wait on in my present uncertainty; but, then, what if I should miss him? and I pledged myself to remain till he returned.

While I deliberated thus with myself, weighing the various chances for and against each plan, I saw two mounted officers coming toward me at a brisk trot. As they came nearer, I recognised one as my colonel: the other was an officer of the staff.

Supposing that their mission had some relation to the order I had so lately received, and which, until now, I had forgotten, I hastily returned, and ordered Mike to my presence.

"How are the horses, Mike?" said I.

"Never better, sir. Budger was wounded slightly by a spent shot in the counter, but he's never the worse this morning, and the black horse is capering like a filly."

"Get ready my pack, feed the cattle, and be prepared to set out at a moment's warning."

"Good advice, O'Malley," said the colonel, as he overheard the last direction to my servant. "I hope the nags are in condition."

"Why, yes, sir; I believe they are."

"All the better; you've a sharp ride before you. Meanwhile, let me introduce my friend; Captain Beaumont, Mr. O'Malley. I think we had better be seated."

"These are your instructions, Mr. O'Malley," said Captain Beaumont, unfolding a map as he spoke. "You will proceed from this, with half a troop of your regiment, by forced marches, toward the frontier, passing through the town of Calenoco, and Guarda, and the Estrella pass. On arriving at the head-quarters of the Lusitanian Legion, which you will find there, you are to put yourself under the orders of Major Monsoon, commanding that force. Any Portuguese cavalry he may have with him, will be attached to yours, and under your command; your rank, for the time, being that of captain. You will, as far as possible, acquaint yourself with the habits and capabilities of the native cavalry, and make such report as you judge necessary thereupon to his Excellency the Commander of the Forces. I think it only fair to add, that you are indebted to my friend Colonel Merivale for the very flattering position thus opened to your skill and enterprise."

"My dear Colonel, let me assure you—"

"Not a word, my boy. I knew the thing would suit you, and I am sure I can count upon your not disappointing my expectations of you. Sir Arthur perfectly remembers your name: he only asked two questions:

"Is he well mounted?"

"Admirably," was my answer.

"Can you depend upon his promptitude?"

"He'll leave in half an hour."

"So you see, O'Malley, I have already pledged myself for you; and now I must say adieu: the regiments are about to take up a more advanced position; so good-bye. I hope you'll have a pleasant time of it till we meet again."

"It is now twelve o'clock, Mr. O'Malley," said Beaumont: "we may rely upon your immediate departure. Your written instructions and despatches will be here within a quarter of an hour."



I muttered something—what, I cannot remember; I bowed my thanks to my worthy colonel, shook his hand warmly, and saw him ride down the hill, and disappear in the crowd of soldiery before I could recall my faculties, and think over my situation.

Then, all at once, did the full difficulty of my position break suddenly upon me. If I accepted my present employment, I must certainly fail in my engagement to Trevisan; but I had already pledged myself to its acceptance. What was to be done? No time was left for deliberation. The very minutes I should have spent in preparation were fast passing. Would that Power might appear. Alas! he came not. My state of doubt and uncertainty increased every moment. I saw nothing but ruin before me, even at a moment when fortune promised most fairly for the future, and opened a field of enterprise my heart had so often and so ardently desired. Nothing was left me but to hasten to Colonel Merivale and decline my appointment: to do so, was to prejudice my character in his estimation for ever; for I dared not allege my reasons, and, in all probability, my conduct might require my leaving the army.

"Be it so, then," said I, in an accent of despair; "the die is cast."

I ordered my horse round. I wrote a few words to Power, to explain my absence, should he come while I was away, and leaped into the saddle. As I reached the plain my pace became a gallop, and I pressed my horse with all the impatience my heart was burning with. I dashed along the lines toward Oporto, neither hearing nor seeing aught around me, when suddenly the clank of cavalry accoutrements behind induced me to turn my head, and I perceived an orderly dragoon at full gallop, in pursuit. I pulled up till he came alongside.

"Lieutenant O'Malley, sir," said the man saluting, "these despatches are for you."

I took them hurriedly, and was about to continue my route, when the attitude of the dragoon arrested my attention. He had reined in his horse to the side of the narrow causeway, and, holding him still and steadily, sat motionless as a statue. I looked behind, and saw the whole staff approaching at a brisk trot. Before I had a moment for thought they were beside me.

"Ah! O'Malley," cried Merivale, "you have your orders; do not wait; his Excellency is coming up."

"Get along, I advise you," said another, "or you'll catch it, as some of us have done this morning."

"All is right, Charley; you can go in safety," said a whispering voice, as Power passed in a sharp canter.

That one sentence was enough; my heart bounded like a deer, my cheek beamed with the glow of delighted pleasure, I closed my spur upon my gallant gray, and dashed across the plain.

When I arrived at my quarters the men were drawn up in waiting, and provided with rations for three days' march; Mike was also prepared for the road, and nothing more remained to delay me.

"Captain Power has been here, sir, and left a note."

I took it and thrust it hastily into my sabretasch. I knew from the few words he had spoken, that my present step involved me in no ill consequences; so, giving the word to wheel into column, I rode to the front, and set out upon my march to Alcantara.

#### CHAPTER L. The Watch-Fire.

There are few things so inspiring to a young soldier, as the being employed with a separate command: the picket and out-post duty have a charm for him no other portion of his career possesses. The field seems open for individual boldness and heroism: success, if obtained, must redound to his own credit; and what can equal, in spirit-stirring enthusiasm, that first moment when we become in any way the arbiters of our fortunes?

Such were my happy thoughts, as, with a proud and elated heart, I set forth upon my march. The notice the commander-in-chief had bestowed upon me had already done much: it had raised me in my own estimation, and implanted within me a longing desire for further distinction. I thought, too, of those far, far away, who were yet to hear of my successes.

I fancied to myself how they would severally receive the news. My poor uncle, with tearful eye and quivering lip, was before me, as I saw him read the despatch, then wipe his glasses, and read on, till at last, with one long-drawn breath his manly voice, tremulous with emotion, would break forth—"My boy! my own Charley!" Then I pictured Considine, with port erect, and stern features, listening silently; not a syllable, not a motion, betraying that he felt interested in my fate, till, as if impatient, at length, he would break in—"I knew it—I said so; and yet you thought to make him a lawyer!" And then old Sir Harry: his warm heart glowing with pleasure, and his good-humored face beaming with happiness. How many a blunder he would make in retelling the news, and how many a hearty laugh his version of it would give rise to.

I passed in review before me the old servants, as they lingered in the room to hear the story. Poor old Matthew, the butler, fumbling with his corkscrew to gain a little time; then looking in my uncle's face, half entreatingly, as he asked—"Any news of Master Charles, sir, from the wars?"

While thus my mind wandered back to the scenes and faces of my early home, I feared to ask myself how she would feel to whom my heart was now turning? Too deeply did I know how poor my chances were in that quarter to nourish hope, and yet I could not bring myself to abandon it altogether. Hammersley's strange conduct suggested to me that he, at least, could not be my rival, while I plainly perceived that he regarded me as his. There was a mystery in all this I could not fathom, and I ardently longed for my next meeting with Power, to learn the nature of his interview, and also in what manner the affair had been arranged.

Such were my passing thoughts as I pressed forward. My men, picked no less for themselves than their horses, came rapidly along; and ere evening, we had accomplished twelve leagues of our journey.

The country through which we journeyed, though wild and romantic in its character, was singularly rich and fertile—cultivation reaching to the very summits of the rugged mountains, and patches of wheat and Indian corn peeping amid masses of granite rock and tangled brushwood: the vine and the olive grew wild on every side; while the or-

ange and the arbutus, loading the air with perfume, were mingled with prickly-pear trees and variegated hollies. We followed no regular track, but cantered along over hill and valley, through forest and prairie: now in long file through some tall field of waving corn, now in open order upon some level plain; our Portuguese guide riding a little in advance of us, upon a jet black mule, carolling merrily some wild Gallician melody as he went.

As the sun was setting, we arrived beside a little stream, that, flowing along a rocky bed, skirted a vast forest of tall cork trees. Here we called a halt; and, picketing our horses, proceeded to make our arrangements for a bivouac.

Never do I remember a more lovely night: the watch-fires sent up a delicious odor from the perfumed shrubs; while the glassy water reflected on its still surface the starry sky that, unshadowed and unclouded, stretched above us. I wrapped myself in my trooper's mantle, and lay down beneath a tree—but not to sleep: there was a something so exciting, and withal so tranquillizing, that I had no thought of slumber, but fell into a musing reverie. There was a character of adventure in my position that charmed me much. My men were gathered in little groups beside the fires; some sunk in slumber, others sat smoking silently, or chatting, in a low and undertone, of some bygone scene of battle or bivouac; here and there were picketed the horses; the heavy panoply and piled carbines flickering in the red glare of the watch-fires, which ever and anon threw a flitting glow upon the stern and swarthy faces of my bold troopers. Upon the trees around, sabres and helmets, holsters and cross-belts, were hung like armorial bearings in some antique hall, the dark foliage spreading its heavy shadow around us. Farther off, upon a little rocky ledge, the erect figure of the sentry, with his short carbine resting in the hollow of his arm, was seen slowly pacing in measured tread, or standing for a moment silently, as he looked upon the fair and tranquil sky—his thoughts doubtless far, far away, beyond the sea, some humble home, where—

"The hum of the spreading sycamore,

That grew beside his cottage door,"

was again in his ears, while the merry laugh of his children stirred his bold heart. It was a Salvator Rosa scene, and brought me back in fancy to the bandit legends I had read in boyhood. By the uncertain light of the wood-embers I endeavored to sketch the group that lay before me.

The night wore on. One by one the soldiers stretched themselves to sleep, and all was still. As the hours rolled by, a drowsy feeling crept gradually over me: I placed my pistols by my side, and, having replenished the fire by some fresh logs, disposed myself comfortably before it.

It was during that half-dreamy state that intervenes between waking and sleep, that a rustling sound of the branches behind attracted my attention. The air was too calm to attribute this to the wind, so I listened for some minutes; but sleep, too long deferred, was over-powerful and my head sunk upon my grassy pillow, and I was soon sound asleep. How long I remained so I know not; but I awoke suddenly. I fancied some one had shaken me rudely by the shoulder; but yet all was tranquil; my men were sleeping soundly as I saw them last; the fires were becoming low, and a gray streak in the sky, as well as a sharp, cold feeling in the air, betokened the approach of day. Once more I heaped some dry branches together, and was about again to stretch myself to rest, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned quickly round, and, by the imperfect light of the fire, saw the figure of a man standing motionless beside me; his head was bare, and his hair fell in long curls upon his shoulders; one hand was pressed upon his bosom, and with the other he motioned me to silence. My first impression was that our party were surprised by some French patrol; but, as I looked again, I recognized, to my amazement, that the individual before me was the young French officer I had seen that morning a prisoner beside the Douro.

"How came you here?" said I, in a low voice, to him in French.

"Escaped: one of my own men threw himself between me and the sentry; I swam the Douro, received a musket-ball through my arm, lost my shako—and here I am."

"You are aware you are again a prisoner?"

"If you desire it, of course I am," said he, in a voice full of feeling, that made my very heart creep. "I thought you were a party of Lorge's Dragoons, scouring the country for forage; tracked you the entire day, and have only now come up with you."

The poor fellow, who had neither eaten nor drunk since daybreak, wounded and foot-sore, had accomplished twelve leagues of a march, only once more to fall into the hands of his enemies. His years could scarcely have numbered nineteen; his countenance was singularly prepossessing; and, though bleeding and torn, with tattered uniform and without a covering to his head, there was no mistaking for a moment that he was of gentle blood. Noiselessly and cautiously I made him sit down beside the fire, while I spread before him the sparing remnant of my last night's supper, and shared my solitary bottle of sherry with him.

From the moment he spoke, I never entertained a thought of making him a prisoner; but, as I knew not how far I was culpable in permitting, if not actually facilitating, his escape, I resolved to keep the circumstance a secret from my party, and, if possible, get him away before daybreak.

No sooner did he learn my intentions regarding him, than in an instant all memory of his past misfortune, all thoughts of his present destitute condition, seemed to have fled; and, while I dressed his wound and bound up his shattered arm, he chatted away as unconcerned about the past and the future as though seated beside the fire of his own bivouac, and surrounded by his own brother officers.

"You took us by surprise the other day," said he. "Our marshal looked for the attack from the mouth of the river: we received information that your ships were expected there. In any case, our retreat was an orderly one, and must have been effected with slight loss."

I smiled at the self-complacency of this reasoning, but did not contradict him.

"Your loss must indeed have been great: your men crossed under the fire of a whole battery."

"Not exactly," said I; "our first party were quietly stationed in Oporto before you knew anything about it."

"Ah! *sacre Dieu!* Treachery!" cried he, striking his forehead with his clenched fist.

"Not so: mere daring—nothing more. But come, tell

me something of your own adventures. How were you taken?"

"Simply thus: I was sent to the rear, with orders to the artillery to cut their traces, and leave their guns; and when coming back my horse grew tired in the heavy ground, and I was spurring him to the utmost, when one of your heavy dragoons, an officer too, dashed at me, and actually rode me down, horse and all. I lay for some time bruised by the fall, when an infantry soldier, passing by, seized me by the collar, and brought me to the rear. No matter, however, here I am now. You will not give me up; and, perhaps, I may one day live to repay the kindness."

"You have not long joined."

"It was my first battle; my epaulettes were very smart things yesterday, though they do look a little *passées* to-day. You are advancing, I suppose?"

I smiled, without answering this question.

"Ah, I see, you don't wish to speak; never mind, your discretion is thrown away upon me; for, if I rejoined my regiment to-morrow, I should have forgotten all you told me,—all but your great kindness." These last words he spoke, bowing slightly his head, and coloring as he said them.

"You are a dragoon, I think?" said I, endeavoring to change the topic.

"I was, two days ago, *chasseur à cheval*, a sous-lieutenant in the regiment of my father, the General St. Croix."

"The name is familiar to me," I replied; "and I am sincerely happy to be in a position to serve the son of so distinguished an officer."

"The son of so distinguished an officer is most deeply obliged; but wishes with all his heart and soul he had never sought glory under such very excellent auspices."

"You look surprised, *mon cher*; but, let me tell you, my military ardor is considerably abated in the last three days; hunger, thirst, imprisonment, and this," lifting his wounded limb as he spoke, "are sharp lessons in so short a campaign, and for one, too, whose life hitherto had much more of ease than adventure to boast of. Shall I tell you how I became a soldier?"

"By all means; give me your glass first; and now for a fresh log to the fire; I'm your man."

"But stay, before I begin, look to this."

The blood was flowing rapidly from his wound, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in staunching. He drank off his wine hastily, held out his glass to be refilled, and then began his story.

"You have never seen the Emperor?"

"Never."

"*Sacre bleu!* What a man he is! I'd rather stand under the fire of your grenadiers than meet his eye. When in a passion, he does not say much, it is true; but what he does, comes with a kind of hissing, rushing sound, while the very fire seems to kindle in his look. I have him before me this instant, and, though you will confess that my present condition has nothing very pleasing in it, I should be sorry, indeed, to change it for the last time I stood in his presence."

"Two months ago, I sported the gay light blue and silver of a page to the Emperor, and certainly, what with balls, *boudoirs*, flirtation, gossip, and champagne suppers, led a very gay, reckless, and indolent life of it. Somehow—I may tell you more accurately at another period, if we ever meet—I got myself into disgrace, and, as a punishment, was ordered to absent myself from the Tuileries, and retire, for some weeks, to St. Cloud. Siberia, to a Russian, would scarcely be a heavier infliction than was this banishment to me. There was no court, no levee, no military parade, no ball, no opera. A small household of the Emperor's chosen servants quietly kept house there. The gloomy walls re-echoed to no music; the dark alleys of the dreary garden seemed the very impersonation of solitude and decay. Nothing broke the dull monotony of the tiresome day, except when, occasionally, near sunset, the clash of the guard would be heard tumbling out, and the clank of presenting arms, followed by the roll of a heavy carriage into the gloomy court-yard. One lamp, shining like a star, in a small chamber on the second floor, would remain till near four, some times five o'clock in the morning. The same sounds of the guard and the same dull roll of the carriage would break the stillness of the early morning; and the Emperor—for it was he—would be on his way back to Paris."

"We never saw him: I say we; for, like myself, some half-dozen others were also there, expiating their follies by a life of cheerless *ennui*."

"It was upon a calm evening in April, we sat together chatting over the various misdeeds which had consigned us to exile, when some one proposed, by way of passing the time, that we should visit the small flower-garden that was parted off from the rest, and reserved for the Emperor alone. It was already beyond the hour he usually came: beside that, even should he arrive, there was abundant time to get back before he could possibly reach it. The garden we had often seen, but there was something in the fact that our going there was a transgression that so pleased us all, that we agreed at once, and set forth. For above an hour we loitered about the lonely and deserted walks, where already the Emperor's foot-tracks had worn a marked pathway, when we grew weary, and were about to return, just as one of the party suggested, half in ridicule of the sanctity of the spot, that we should have a game of leap-frog ere we left it. The idea pleased us, and was at once adopted. Our plan was this: each person stationed himself in some by-walk or alley, and waited till the other, whose turn it was, came and leaped over him; so that, beside the activity displayed, there was a knowledge of the local necessary; for, to any one passed over, a forfeit was to be paid. Our game began at once, and certainly I doubt if ever those green alleys and shady groves rang to such hearty laughter. Here would be seen a couple rolling together over the grass; there some luckless wight counting out his pocket money, to pay his penalty. The hours passed quietly over, and the moon rose, and at last it came to my turn to make the tour of the garden. As I was supposed to know all its intricacies better than the rest, a longer time was given for them to conceal themselves; at length the word was given, and I started."

"Anxious to acquit myself well, I hurried along at top speed, but guess my surprise to discover that nowhere could I find one of my companions; down one walk I

csampered, up another, across a third, but all was still and silent; not a sound, not a breath, could I detect; there was still one part of the garden unexplored. It was a small open space before a little pond, which usually contained the gold fish the Emperor was so fond of: thither I bent my steps, and had not gone far when, in the pale moonlight, I saw, at length, one of my companions waiting patiently for my coming; his head bent forward, and his shoulders rounded. Anxious to repay him for my own disappointment, I crept silently forward at tiptoe, till quite near, when, rushing madly on, I sprang upon his back; just, however, as I rose to leap over, he raised his head, and staggered by the impulse of my spring, he was thrown forward, and, after an ineffectual effort to keep his legs, fell flat upon his face in the grass. Bursting with laughter, I fell over him on the ground, and was turning to assist him, when suddenly he sprang upon his feet, and—horror of horrors—it was Napoleon himself; his usually pale features were purple with rage; but not a word, not a syllable escaped him.

"Qui êtes vous?" said he at length.

"St. Croix, sire," said I, still kneeling before him, while my very heart leaped into my mouth.

"St. Croix! toujours St. Croix. Come here; approach me," cried he, in a voice of stifled passion.

"I rose, but before I could take a step forward, he sprang at me, and, tearing off my epaulettes, trampled them beneath his feet, and then he shouted out, rather than spoke, the one word '*allez*.'"

"I did not wait for a second intimation, but clearing the paling at a spring, was many a mile from Fontainebleau before daybreak."

#### CHAPTER LI....The March.

Twice the *réveillée* sounded; the horses champed impatiently their heavy bits; my men stood waiting for the order to mount, ere I could arouse myself from the deep sleep I had fallen into. The young Frenchman and his story were in my dreams, and, when I awoke, his figure, as he lay sleeping beside the wood-embers, was the first object I perceived. There he lay, to all seeming, as forgetful of his fate as though he still inhabited the gorgeous halls and gilded saloons of the Tuileries; his pale and handsome features were even a placid smile as, doubtless, some dream of other days flitted across him; his long hair waved in luxurious curls upon his neck, and his light brown moustache, slightly curled at the top, gave to his mild and youthful features an air of saucy *fierté* that heightened their effect. A narrow blue riband which he wore round his throat, gently peeped from his open bosom. I could not resist the curiosity I felt to see what it meant, and, drawing it softly forth, I perceived that a small miniature was attached to it. It was beautifully painted, and surrounded with brilliant of some value. One glance showed me—for I had seen more than one engraving before of her—that it was the portrait of the Empress Josephine. Poor boy! he doubtless was a favorite at court; indeed, every thing in his air and manner bespoke him such. I gently replaced the precious locket, and turned from the spot, to think over what was best to be done for him. Knowing the vindictive feeling of the Portuguese toward their invaders, I feared to take Pietro, our guide, into my confidence. I accordingly summoned my man Mike to my aid, who, with all his country's readiness, soon found out an expedient. It was to pretend to Pietro that the prisoner was merely an English officer, who had made his escape from the French army, in which, against his will, he had been serving for some time.

This plan succeeded perfectly; and when St. Croix, mounted upon one of my led horses, set out upon his march beside me, none was more profuse of his attentions than the dark-browed guide, whose hatred of a Frenchman was beyond belief.

By thus giving him safe conduct through Portugal, I knew that when we reached the frontier, he could easily manage to come up with some part of Marshal Victor's force, the advanced guard of which lay on the left bank of the Tagus.

To me the companionship was the greatest boon; the gay and buoyant spirit that no reverse of fortune, no untoward event, could subdue, lightened many an hour of the journey; and though, at times, the gasconade tone of the Frenchman would peep through, there was still such a fund of good-tempered raillery in all he said, that it was impossible to feel angry with him. His implicit faith in the Emperor's invincibility also amused me. Of the unbounded confidence of the nation in general, and the army in particular, in Napoleon, I had till then no conception. It was not that in the profound skill and immense resources of the general they trusted; but they actually regarded him as one placed above all the common accidents of fortune, and revered him as something more than human.

"*Il viendra et puis—*" was the continued exclamation of the young Frenchman. Any notion of our successfully resisting the overwhelming might of the Emperor, he would have laughed to scorn; and so I let him go on prophesying our future misfortunes till the time, when, driven back upon Lisbon, we should be compelled to evacuate the Peninsula, and, under favor of a convention, be permitted to return to England. All this was sufficiently ridiculous, coming from a youth of nineteen, wounded, in misery, a prisoner; but further experience of his nation has shown me, that St. Croix was not the exception, but the rule. The conviction in the ultimate success of their army, whatever be the merely momentary mishap, is the one present thought of a Frenchman; a victory with them is a conquest; a defeat—if they are by any chance driven to acknowledge one—a *fatalité*.

I was too young a man, and still more, too young a soldier, to bear with this absurd affectation of superiority as I ought, and consequently glad to wander, whenever I could, from the contested point of our national superiority to other topics. St. Croix, although young, had seen much of the world, as a page in the splendid court of the Tuileries; the scenes passing before his eyes were calculated to make a strong impression; and, by many an anecdote of his former life, he lightened the road as we passed along.

"You promised, by-the-by, to tell me of your banishment. How did that occur, St. Croix?"

"Ah! *par Dieu*, that was an unfortunate affair for me: then began all my mishaps; but for that, I should never have been sent to St. Cloud; never have played leap-frog with the Emperor; never have been sent a soldier into Spain. True," said he, laughing, "I should never have

had the happiness of your acquaintance. But still, I'd much rather have met you first in the Place des Victoires than in the Estrella Mountains."

"Who knows?" said I; "perhaps your good genius prevailed in all this?"

"Perhaps," said he, interrupting me, "that's exactly what the Empress said—she was my god-mother—'Jules will be a *Maréchal de France* yet.' But, certainly, it must be confessed, I have made a bad beginning. However, you wish to hear of my disgrace at court. *Allons donc*. But had we not better wait for a halt?"

"Agreed," said I; "and so let us now press forward."

#### CHAPTER LII....The Page.

UNDER the deep shade of some tall trees, sheltered from the noonday sun, we lay down to rest ourselves, and enjoy a most patriarchal dinner—some dry biscuits, a few bunches of grapes, and a little weak wine, savoring more of the borscht-skin than the vine-juice, were all we boasted; yet they were not ungrateful at such a time and place.

"Whose health did you pledge, then?" inquired St. Croix, with a half malicious smile, as I raised the glass silently to my lips.

I blushed deeply, and looked confused.

"*A ses beaux yeux*, whoever she be," said he, gayly tossing off his wine: "and now, if you feel disposed, I'll tell you my story. In good truth, it is not worth relating, but it may serve to set you asleep, at all events."

"I have already told you I was a page. Alas, the impressions you may feel of that functionary, from having seen Cherubino, give but a faint notion of him when pertaining to the household of the Emperor Napoleon.

"The *farfallone amoroso* basked in the soft smiles and sunny looks of the Countess Almaviva: we met but the cold impassive look of Talleyrand, the piercing and penetrating stare of Savary, or the ambiguous smile, half-menace, half-mockery, of Monsieur Fouché. While on service, our days were passed in the ante-chamber, beside the *salle d'audience* of the Emperor—reclining against the closed door, watching attentively for the gentle tinkle of the little bell which summoned us to open for the exit of some haughty diplomat, or the *entrée* of some redoubted general. Thus passed we the weary hours; the illustrious visitors by whom we were surrounded had no novelty, consequently no attraction for us, and the names already historical were but household words with us.

"We often remarked, too, the proud and distant bearing the Emperor assumed toward those of his generals who had been his former companions in arms. Whatever familiarity or freedom may have existed in the campaign or in the battle field, the air of the Tuileries certainly chilled it. I have often heard that the ceremonious observances and rigid etiquette of the old Bourbon court were far preferable to the stern reserve and unbending stiffness of the imperial one.

"The ante-chamber is but the reflection of the reception room, and whatever be the whims, the caprices, the littleness of the Great Man, they are speedily assumed by his inferiors, and the dark temper of one casts a lowering shadow on every menial by whom he is surrounded.

"As for us, we were certainly not long in catching somewhat of the spirit of the Emperor; and I doubt much if the impertinence of the waiting-room was not more dreaded and detested than the abrupt speech and searching look of Napoleon himself.

"What a malicious pleasure have I not felt in arresting the step of M. de Talleyrand, as he approached the Emperor's closet! with what easy insolence have I lisped out, 'Pardon Monsieur, but his Majesty cannot receive you'—or, 'Monsieur le Duc, his majesty has given no orders for your admission.'—How amusing it was to watch the baffled look of each, as he retired once more to his place among the crowd; the wily diplomat covering his chagrin with a practised smile, while the stern marshal would blush to his very eyes with indignation. This was the great pleasure our position afforded us; and, with a boyish spirit of mischief, we cultivated it to perfection, and became at last the very horror and detestation of all who frequented the levees; and the ambassador, whose fearless voice was heard among the councils of kings, became soft and conciliating in his approaches to us: and the hardy general, who would have charged upon a brigade of artillery, was timid as a girl in addressing us a mere question.

"Among the amiable class thus characterized, I was most conspicuous, preserving cautiously a tone of civility that left nothing openly to complain of. I assumed an indifference and impartiality of manner that no exigency of affairs, no pressing haste, could discompose or disturb, and my bow of recognition to Soult or Massena was as coolly measured, as my monosyllabic answer was accurately coned over.

"Upon ordinary occasions, the Emperor, at the close of each person's audience, rang his little bell for the admission of the next in order as they arrived in the waiting-room; yet, when any thing important was under consideration, a list was given us in the morning of the names to be presented in rotation, which no casual circumstance was ever suffered to interfere with.

"It is now about four months since, one fine morning, such a list was placed within my hands. His Majesty was just then occupied with an inquiry into the naval force of the kingdom; and, as I cast my eyes carelessly over the names, I read little else than Vice-admiral so and so, Commander such a one, and Chief d'Escadron such another, and the levee presented accordingly, instead of its usual brilliant array of gorgeous uniform and aiguilletted marshals, the simple blue-and-gold of the naval service.

"The marine was not in high favor with the Emperor, and, truly, my reception of these unfrequent visitors was any thing but flattering. The early part of the morning was, as usual, occupied by the audience of the Minister of Police and the Duc de Bassano, who, evidently, from the length of time they remained, had matters of importance to communicate. Meanwhile, the ante-chamber filled rapidly, and, before noon, was actually crowded. It was just at this moment that the folding-door slowly opened, and a figure entered, such as I had never before seen in our brilliant saloon: he was a man of five or six-and-fifty, short, thickset, and strongly built, with a bronzed and weather-beaten face, and a broad open forehead, deeply scarred with a sabre-cut; a shaggy gray moustache curled

over, and concealed his mouth, while eyebrows of the same color shaded his dark and piercing eyes. His dress was a coarse coat of blue cloth, such as the fishermen wear in Brittany, fastened at the waist by a broad belt of black leather, from which hung a short broad-bladed cutlass: his loose trousers, of the same material, were turned up at the ankles, to show a pair of strong legs coarsely cased in blue stockings and thin-soled shoes—a broad-leaved oil-skin hat was held in one hand, and the other stuck carelessly in his pocket, as he entered; he came in with a careless air, and, familiarly saluting one or two officers in the room, he sat himself down near the door, appearing lost in his own reflections.

"Who can you be, my worthy friend?" was my question to myself, as I surveyed this singular apparition, at the time casting my eyes down the list, I perceived that several pilots of the coast of Havre, Calais, and Boulogne, had been summoned to Paris to give some information upon the soundings and depth of water along the shore.

"Ha," thought I, "I have it—the good-man has mistaken his place, and instead of remaining without, has walked boldly forward to the ante-chamber." There was something so strange and so original in the grim look of the old fellow, as he sat there alone, that I suffered him to remain quietly in his delusion, rather than order him back to the waiting-room without; beside, I perceived that a kind of sensation was created among the others by his appearance there, which amused me greatly.

"As the day wore on, the officers formed into little groups of three or four, chatting together in an undertone of voice; all, save the old pilot: he had taken a huge tobacco-box from his capacious breast pocket, and inserting an immense piece of the bitter weed in his mouth, began to chew it as leisurely as though he were walking the quarter-deck. The cool insouciance of such a proceeding amused me much, and I resolved to draw him out a little.

"His strong, broad Breton features, his deep voice, his dry, blunt manner, were all in admirable keeping with his exterior, and amused me highly.

"*Par Dieu*, my lad," said he, after chatting some time, "had you not better tell the Emperor that I am waiting?—It's now past noon, and I must eat something.

"Have a little patience," said I; "his Majesty is going to invite you to dinner."

"Be it so," said he, gravely, "provided the hour be an early one. I'm his man."

"With difficulty did I keep down my laughter, as he said this, and continued—

"So you know the Emperor already, it seems?"

"Yes, that I do! I remember him when he was no higher than yourself."

"How delighted he'll be to find you here: I hope you have brought up some of your family with you, as the Emperor would be so flattered by it?"

"No, I've left them at home; this place do n't suit us over well. We have plenty to do beside spending our time and money among all you fine folks here—"

"And not a bad life of it, either," added I, "fishing for cod and herrings—stripping a wreck now and then."

"He stared at me, as I said this, like a tiger on the spring, but spoke not a word.

"And how many young sea-wolves may you have in your den at home?"

"Six; and all of them able to carry you with one hand, at arm's length!"

"I have no doubt; I shall certainly not test their ability. But you, yourself, how do you like the Capital?"

"Not over well, and I'll tell you why—"

"As he said this, the door of the audience-chamber opened, and the Emperor appeared: his eyes flashed fire, as he looked hurriedly around the room.

"Who is in waiting here?"

"I am, please your Majesty," said I, bowing deeply, as I started from my seat.

"And where is the Admiral Truguet? Why was he not admitted?"

"Not present, your Majesty," said I, trembling with fear.

"Hold there, young fellow: not so fast; here he is."

"Ah, Truguet, *mon ami*!" cried the Emperor, placing both hands on the fellow's shoulders; how long have you been in waiting?"

"Two hours and a half," said he; producing in evidence a watch like a saucer.

"What! two hours and a half, and I not know it!"

"No matter: I am always happy to serve your Majesty. But if that fine fellow had not told me that you were going to ask me to dinner—"

"He! he said so; did he?" said Napoleon, turning on me a glance like a wild beast. "Yes, Truguet, so I am: you shall dine with me to-day. And you, sir," said he, dropping his voice to a whisper, as he came closer toward me, "and you have dared to speak thus? Call in a guard there; Capitaine, put this person under arrest; he is disgraced: he is no longer page of the palace. Out of my presence! away, air!"

"The room wheeled round; my legs tottered, my senses reeled; and I saw no more.

"Three weeks' bread and water in St. Pélagie, however, brought me to my recollection; and at last my kind—my more than kind friend, the Empress, obtained my pardon, and sent me to St. Cloud, till the Emperor should forget all about it. How I contrived again to refresh my memory I have already told you; and certainly you will acknowledge that I have not been fortunate in my interviews with Napoleon."

I am conscious how much St. Croix's story loses in my telling. The naïveté expressions, the grace of the narrative, were its charm; and these, alas! I can neither translate nor imitate, no more than I can convey the strange mixture of deep feeling and levity, shrewdness and simplicity, that constituted the manner of the narrator.

With many a story of his courtly career he amused me as we trotted along: when, toward nightfall of the third day, a peasant informed us that a body of French cavalry occupied the convent of San Cristoval, about three leagues off. The opportunity of his return to his own army pleased him far less than I expected; he heard without any show of satisfaction that the time of his liberation had arrived, and when the moment of leave-taking drew near, he became deeply affected.

"*Eh bien*, Charles," said he, smiling sadly through h



dimmed and tearful eyes. "You've been a kind friend to me. Is the time never to come when I can repay you?"

"Yes, yes: we'll meet again, be assured of it. Meanwhile, there is one way you can more than repay anything I have done for you."

"Oh! name it at once."

"Many a brave fellow of ours is now, and doubtless many more will be, prisoners with your army in this war. Whenever, therefore, your lot brings you in contact with such—"

"They shall be my brothers," said he, springing toward me, and throwing his arms round my neck. "Adieu, adieu!" With that he rushed from the spot, and, before I could speak again, was mounted upon the peasant's horse, and waving his hand to me in farewell.

I looked after him as he rode at a fast gallop down the slope of the green mountain, the noise of the horse's feet echoing along the silent plain. I turned at length to leave the spot, and then perceived, for the first time, that he had hung around my neck his miniature of the Empress. Poor boy! how sorrowful I felt thus to rob him of what he held so dear! how gladly would I have overtaken him to restore it! It was the only keepsake he possessed, and knowing that I would not accept it, if offered, he took this way of compelling me to keep it.

Through the long hours of the summer's night I thought of him; and when, at last, I slept, toward morning, my first thought on waking was of the solitary day before me. The miles no longer slipped imperceptibly along; no longer did the moon and night seem fast to follow. Alas! that one should grow old! the very sorrows of our early years have something soft and touching in them. Arising less from deep wrong than slight mischances; the grief they cause comes ever with an alloy of pleasant thoughts, telling of the tender past; and, mid the tears called up, forming some bright rainbow of future hope.

Poor St. Croix had already won greatly upon me; and I felt lonely and desolate when he departed.

#### CHAPTER LIII... Alvas.

Nothing of incident marked our further progress toward the frontiers of Spain, and at length we reached the small town of Alvas. It was past sunset as we arrived; and, instead of the usual quiet and repose of a little village, we found the streets crowded with people on horseback and on foot: mules, bullocks, carts, and wagons, blocked up the way, and the oaths of the drivers, and the screaming of women and children resounded on all sides.

With what little Spanish I possessed, I questioned some of those near me, and learned, in reply, that a dreadful engagement had taken place that day between the advanced guard of the French, under Victor, and the Lusitanian legion; that the Portuguese troops had been beaten and completely routed, losing all their artillery and baggage; that the French were rapidly advancing, and expected hourly to arrive at Alvas; in consequence of which, the terror-stricken inhabitants were packing up their possessions, and hurrying away.

Here, then, was a point of considerable difficulty for me at once. My instructions had never provided for such a conjuncture, and I was totally unable to determine what was best to be done. Both my men and their horses were completely tired by a march of fourteen leagues, and had a pressing need of some rest. On every side of me, the preparations for flight were proceeding with all the speed that fear inspires; and, to my urgent request for some information as to food and shelter, I could obtain no other reply than muttered menaces of the fate before me if I remained, and exaggerated accounts of French cruelty.

Amid all this bustle and confusion, a tremendous fall of heavy rain set in, which at once determined me, come what might, to house my party, and provide forage for our horses.

As we pushed our way slowly through the encumbered streets, looking on every side for some appearance of a village inn, a tremendous shout rose in our rear, and a rush of the people toward us induced us to suppose that the French were upon us. For some minutes, the din and uproar were terrific—the clatter of horses' feet, the braying of trumpets, the yelling of the mob, all mingling in one frightful concert.

I formed my men in close column, and waited steadily for the attack, resolving, if possible, to charge through the advancing files; any retreat through the crowded and blocked-up thoroughfares being totally out of the question. The rain was falling in such torrents, that nothing could be seen a few yards off; when suddenly a pause of a few seconds occurred, and from the clash of accoutrements, and the hoarse tones of a loud voice, I judged that the body of men before us were forming for attack.

Resolving, therefore, to take them by surprise, I gave the word to charge; and, spurring our jaded cattle, onward we dashed. The mob fled right and left from us as we came on; and through the dense mist, we could just perceive a body of cavalry before us.

In an instant we were among them; down they went on every side, men and horses rolling pell-mell over each other—not a blow, not a shot striking us as we passed on. Never did I witness such total consternation: some threw themselves from their horses, and fled toward the house; others turned, and tried to fall back; but the increasing pressure from behind held them, and finally succeeded in blocking us up among them.

It was just at this critical moment that a sudden gleam of light from a window fell upon the disordered mass, and to my astonishment—I need not say to my delight—I perceived that they were Portuguese troops. Before I had well time to halt my party, my convictions were pretty well strengthened by hearing a well known voice in the rear of the mass call out—

"Charge, ye devils! charge, will ye? illustrious hidalgos; cut them down; los infidels, sacrificados los: scatter them like chaff!"

One roar of laughter was my only answer to this energetic appeal for my destruction; and the moment after, the dry features and pleasant face of old Monsoon beamed on me by the light of a pine torch he carried in his right hand.

"Are they prisoners? have they surrendered?" inquired he, riding up.

"It was well for them; we'd have made mince meat of them otherwise: now they shall be well treated, and ransomed if they prefer."

"Gracias excellenze," said I, in a feigned voice.

"Give up your sword," said the major, in an under tone. "You behaved gallantly, but you fought against invincibles. Lord love them, but they are the most terrified invincibles."

I nearly burst aloud at this.

"It was a close thing which of us ran first," muttered the major, as he turned to give some directions to an aide-de-camp. "Ask them who they are," said he, in Spanish.

By this time, I came closely alongside of him; and placing my mouth close to his ear, hallooed out

"Monsoon, old fellow, how goes the King of Spain's sherry?"

"Eh, what—why—upon my life, and so it is—Charley, my boy, so it's you is it; egad, how good, and we were so near being the death of you.—My poor fellow, how came you here?"

A few words of explanation sufficed to inform the major why we were there, and still more, to comfort him with the assurance that he had not been charging the general's staff, and the commander-in-chief himself.

"Upon my life, you gave me a great start; though, as long as I thought you were French, it was very well."

"True, Major; but certainly the invincibles were merciful as they were strong."

"They were tired, Charley, nothing more; why, lad, we've been fighting since daybreak; beat Victor at six o'clock; drove him back behind the Tagus; took a cold dinner, and had at him again in the afternoon. Lord love you, we've immortalized ourselves; but you must never speak of this little business here; it tells devilish ill for the discipline of your fellows, upon my life it does."

This was rather an original turn to give the transaction, but I did not oppose, and, thus chatting, we entered the little inn, where, confidence once restored, some semblance of comfort already appeared.

"And so you're come to re-enforce us," said Monsoon; "there was never any thing more opportune; though we surprised ourselves to-day with valor, I don't think we could persevere."

"Yes, Major, the appointment gave me sincere pleasure; to see a little service under your orders, I greatly desired. Shall I present you with my despatches?"

"Not now, Charley—not now, my lad. Supper is the first thing at this moment; beside, now that you remind me, I must send off a despatch myself. Upon my life, it's a great piece of fortune that you're here; you shall be Secretary at War, and write it for me; here, now—how lucky that I thought of it, to be sure! and it was just a mere chance; one has so many things—" Muttering such broken, disjointed sentences, the major opened a large portfolio with writing materials, which he displayed before me; as he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and said, "Write away, lad."

"But, my dear Major, you forget; I was not in the action. You must describe; I can only follow you."

"Begin then thus:

"Head Quarters, Alvas, June 26.

"Your Excellency, "Having learned from Don Alphonzo Xaviero da Minto, an officer upon my personal staff—"

"Luckily sober at that moment—"

"That the advanced guard of the eighth corps of the French Army—"

"Stay though, was it the eighth?—Upon my life, I'm not clear as to that; blot the word a little, and go on—"

"That the corps, under Marshal Victor, had commenced a forward movement toward Alcantara. I immediately ordered a flank movement of the light infantry regiment to cover the bridge over the Tagus. After breakfast—"

"I'm afraid, Major, this is not decisive enough."

"Well about eleven o'clock, the French skirmishers attacked and drove in our pickets that were posted in front of our position, and following rapidly up with cavalry, they took a few prisoners, and killed old Alphonzo; he ran like a man, they say, but they caught him in the rear—"

"You need n't put that in, if you do n't like."

"I now directed a charge of the cavalry brigade under Don Asturias Y'Hajos, that cut them up in fine style. Our artillery, posted on the heights, mowing away at their columns like fun."

"Victor did n't like this, and got into a wood, when we all went to dinner: it was about two o'clock then."

"After dinner the Portuguese light corps under Silva da Onorha, having made an attack upon the enemy's left, without my orders, got devilishly well trounced, and served them right; but, coming up to their assistance, with the heavy brigade of guns, and the cavalry, we drove back the French and took several prisoners, none of whom we put to death—"

"Dash that—Sir Arthur likes respect for the usages of war. Lord how dry I'm getting."

"The French were soon seen to retire to their heavy guns, and speedily afterward retreated. Your Excellency will perceive, by the enclosed return, that our loss has been considerable."

"I send this despatch by Don Emanuel Forgaes, whose services—"

"I back him for mutton hash with onions against the whole regiment—"

"Have been of a most distinguished nature, and beg to recommend him to your Excellency's favor."

"I have the honor, &c."

"Is it finished, Charley?—Egad, I'm glad of it, for here comes supper."

The door opened as he spoke, and displayed a tempting tray of smoking vianda, flanked by several bottles—an officer of the major's staff accompanied it, and showed, by his attentions to the etiquette of the table, and the proper arrangement of the meal, that his functions in his superior's household were more than military.

We were speedily joined by two others in uniform, whose names I now forget, but to whom the major presented me in all form; introducing me, as well as I could interpret his Spanish, as his most illustrious ally and friend Don Carlos O'Malley.

#### CHAPTER LIV... The Supper.

I have often partaken of more luxurious cookery and rarer wines; but never do I remember enjoying a more welcome supper than on this occasion.

Our Portuguese guests left us soon, and the major and myself were once more *tête à tête* beside a cheerful fire; a well-chosen array of bottles guaranteeing that, for some time at least, no necessity of leave-taking should arise from any deficiency of wine.

"That sherry is very near the thing, Charley; a little, a very little sharp; but the after-taste perfect: and now, my boy, how have you been faring since we parted?"

"Not so badly, Major. I have already got a step in promotion. The affair at the Douro gave me a lieutenancy."

"I wish you joy, with all my heart. I'll call you captain always while you're with me. Upon my life, I will. Why, man, they style me Your Excellency, here. Bless your heart! we are great folks among the Portuguese; and no bad service after all."

"I should think not, Major. You seem to have always made a good thing of it."

"No, Charley; no, my boy. They overlook us greatly in general orders—and despatches. Had the brilliant action of to-day been fought by the British—but no matter; they may behave well in England, after all; and, when I'm called to the Upper House as Baron Monsoon of the Tagus—is that better than Lord Alcantara?"

"I prefer the latter."

"Well, then, I'll have it. Lord! what a treaty I'll move for with Portugal, to let us have wine cheap. Wine, you know, as David says, gives us a pleasant countenance; and oil—I forget what oil does,—pass over the decanter. And how is Sir Arthur, Charley? A fine fellow, but sadly deficient in knowledge of the supplies. Never would have made any character in the commissariat. Bless your heart, he pays for every thing here, as if he were in Cheapside."

"How absurd, to be sure!"

"Isn't it, though; that was not my way, when I was commissary-general about a year or two ago. To be sure, how I did puzzle them! They tried to audit my accounts; and what do you think I did? I brought them in three thousand pounds in my debt. They never tried on that game any more. 'No! no!' said the Junta, 'Beresford and Monsoon are great men, and must be treated with respect; do you think we'd let them search our pockets? But the rogues doubled on us after all: they sent us to the northward—a poor country—'"

"So that, except a little common-place pillage of the convents and nunneries, you had little or nothing?"

"Exactly so; and then I got a great shock, about that time, that affected my spirits for a considerable while."

"Indeed, Major! some illness?"

"No, I was quite well; but—Lord! how thirsty it makes me to think of it; my throat is absolutely parched—I was near being hanged!"

"Hanged?"

"Yes. Upon my life it's true—very horrible, aint it? It had a great effect upon my nervous system; and they never thought of any little pension to me, as a recompense for my sufferings."

"And who was barbarous enough to think of such a thing, Major?"

"Sir Arthur Wellesley himself; none other, Charley."

"Oh, it was a mistake, Major, or a joke."

"It was devilish near being a practical one, though. I'll tell you how it occurred. After the battle of Vimeira, the brigade to which I was attached had their head-quarters at San Pietro, a large convent, where all the church plate for miles around was stored up for safety. A sergeant's guard was accordingly stationed over the refectory, and every precaution taken to prevent pillage, Sir Arthur having given particular orders on the subject. Well, somehow—I never could find out how—but in leaving the place, all the wagons of our brigade had got some trifling articles of small value scattered, as it might be, among their stores—gold cups, silver candlesticks, Virgin Marys, ivory crucifixes, saints' eyes set in topazes, and martyrs' toes in silver filagree, and a hundred other similar things."

"One of these confounded bullock-carts broke down just at the angle of the road where the commander-in-chief was standing with his staff to watch the troops file, and out rolled among bread rations and salt beef, a whole avalanche of precious relics and church ornaments. Every one stood aghast! Never was there such a misfortune. No one endeavored to repair the mishap; but every one looked on in terrified amazement as to what was to follow."

"Who has command of this detachment?" shouted out Sir Arthur, in a voice that made more than one of us tremble.

"Monsoon, your excellency—Major Monsoon, of the Portuguese brigade."

"The d—d old rogue!—I know him." Upon my life, that's what he said. "Hang him up on the spot," pointing with his finger as he spoke—"we shall see if this practice cannot be put stop to." And with these words he rode leisurely away, as if he had been merely ordering dinner for a small party.

"When I came up to the place, the halberds were fixed, and Gronow, with a company of the fusiliers, under arms beside them."

"Devilish sorry for it, Major," said he. "It's confoundedly unpleasant; but can't be helped. We've got orders to see you hanged!"

"Faith, it was just so he said it, tapping his snuff-box as he spoke, and looking carelessly about him. Now, had it not been for the fixed halberds and the provost-marshal, I'd not have believed him; but one glance at them, and another at the bullock-cart with all the holy images, told me at once what had happened."

"He only means to frighten me a little? Isn't that all, Gronow?" cried I, in a supplicating voice.

"Very possibly, Major," said he; "but I must execute my orders."

"You'll surely not—" Before I could finish, up came Dan Mackinnon, cantering smartly. "Going to hang old Monsoon; eh, Gronow? What fun?"

"Ain't it, though!" said I, half blubbering.

"Well, if you're a good Catholic, you may have your choice of a saint, for, by Jupiter, there's a strong muster of them here." This cruel allusion was made in reference to the gold and silver effigies that lay scattered about the highway.

"Dan," said I, in a whisper, "intercede for me—do, like a good, kind fellow. You have influence with Sir Arthur."

"'You old sinner,' said he; 'it's useless.'  
 "'Dan, I'll forgive you the fifteen pounds.'  
 "'That you owe me,' said Dan, laughing.  
 "'Who'll ever be the father to you I've been? Who'll mix your punch with burnt Madeira, when I'm gone?' said I.

"Well, really, I am sorry for you, Monsoon—I say, Gronow, do n't tuck him up for a few minutes; I'll speak for the old villaia, and if I succeed, I'll wave my handkerchief."  
 "Well, away went Dan at a full gallop. Gronow sat down on a bank, and fidgeted about in no very enviable frame of mind, the confounded provost-marshal eyeing me all the while."

"I can only give you five minutes more, Major," said Gronow, placing his watch beside him on the grass: I tried to pray a little, and said three or four of Solomon's proverbs, when he again called out—"There, you see it won't do! Sir Arthur is shaking his head."

"What's that waving yonder?"  
 "'The colors of the 6th foot.—Come, Major, off with your stock!"

"Where is Dan now—what is he doing?—for I could see nothing myself."

"He's riding beside Sir Arthur; they all seem laughing."  
 "'God forgive them! what an awful retrospect this will prove for some of them.'"

"Time's up," said Gronow jumping up and replacing his watch in his pocket.

"Provost-marshal, be quick now!"  
 "'Eh! what's that?—there, I see it waving!—there's a shout, too!'"

"Ay, by Jove, so it is; well, you're saved this time, Major—that's the signal."

"So saying, Gronow formed his fellows in line and resumed his march quite coolly, leaving me alone on the roadside to meditate over martial law and my pernicious taste for relics."

"Well, Charley, this gave me a great shock, and I think, too, it must have had a great effect upon Sir Arthur himself; but, upon my life, he has wonderful nerves; I met him one day afterward at dinner in Lisbon; he looked at me very hard for a few seconds—'Eh! Monsoon! Major Monsoon, I think!'"

"Yes, your excellency," said I briefly, thinking how painful it must be for him to meet me.

"Thought I hanged you—know I intended it—no matter—a glass of wine with you."

"Upon my life, that was all; how easily some people can forgive themselves! But, Charley, my hearty, we are getting on slowly with the tittle, are they all empty? so they are! let us make a sortie on the cellar; bring a candle with you, and come along."

We had scarcely proceeded a few steps from the door, when a most vociferous sound of mirth arising from a neighboring apartment, arrested our progress.

"Are the Dons so convivial, Major?" said I, as a hearty burst of laughter broke forth at the moment.

"Upon my life, they surprise me; I begin to fear they have taken some of our wine."

We now perceived that the sounds of merriment came from the kitchen, which opened upon a little court-yard. Into this we crept stealthily, and approaching noiselessly to the window, obtained a peep at the scene within.

Around a blazing fire, over which hung by a chain, a massive iron pot, sat a goodly party of some half-dozen people. One group lay in dark shadow, but the others were brilliantly lighted up by the cheerful blaze, and showed us a portly Dominican friar, with a beard down to his waist; a buxom, dark-eyed girl of some eighteen years; and between the two, most comfortably leaning back with an arm around each, no less a person than my trusty man, Mickey Free.

It was evident, from the alternate motion of his head, that his attentions were evenly divided between the church and the fair sex. Although, to confess the truth, they seemed much more favorably received by the latter than the former—a brown earthen flagon appearing to absorb all the worthy monk's thoughts that he could spare from the contemplation of heavenly objects.

"Mary, my darlin', don't be looking at me that way, through the corner of your eyes;—I know you're fond of me—but the girls always was—you think I'm joking, but, troth, I would n't say a lie before the holy man beside me; sure I would n't, father?"

The friar granted out something in reply, not very unlike in sound, at least, a hearty anathema.

"Ah, then, is n't it yourself has the illegant time of it, father dear," said he, tapping him familiarly upon his ample paunch, "and nothing to trouble you; the best of diversion wherever you go, and whether its Badajos or Ballykilruddery, it's all one; the women is fond of ye. Father Murphy, the coadjutor in Scariff, was just such another as yourself, and he'd coax the birds off the trees with the tongue of him. Give us a pull at the pipkin before its all gone, and I'll give you a chant."

With this he seized the jar, and drained it to the bottom; the smack of his lips as he concluded, and the disappointed look of the friar, as he peered into the vessel, throwing the others, once more, into a loud burst of laughter.

"And now, your reverence, a good chorus is all I'll ask, and you'll not refuse it for the honor of the church."

So saying, he turned a look of most droll expression upon the monk, and began the following ditty, to the air of

"St Patrick was a gentleman."

"What an illegant life a friar leads,  
 With a fat round paunch before him;  
 He mutters a prayer and counts his beads,  
 And all the women adore him.  
 Its little he's troubled to work or think,  
 Wherever devotion leads him:  
 A 'pater' pays for his dinner and drink,  
 For the church—good luck to her!—feeds him."

"From the cow in the field to the pig in the sty,  
 From the maid to the lady in satin,  
 They tremble, wherever he turns an eye;  
 He can talk to the devil in Latin!  
 He's mighty severe to the ugly and ould,  
 And curses like mad when he's near 'em;  
 But one beautiful trait of him I've been told,  
 The innocent craytures don't fear him."

"Its little for spirits or ghosts he cares:

For 'tis true, as the world supposes,  
 With an awe he'd make them march down stairs,

Av they dared to show their noses.

"The devil himself's afraid," 'tis said,  
 And dares not to deride him:

For 'angels make each night his bed,  
 And then—lie down beside him."

A perfect burst of laughter from Monsoon prevented my hearing how Mike's minstrelsy succeeded within doors—but, when I looked again, I found that the friar had decamped, leaving the field open to his rival—a circumstance, I could plainly perceive, not disliked by either party.

"Come back, Charley—that villain of yours has given me the cramp, standing here on the cold pavement. We'll have a little warm posset—very small—thin, as they say in Tom Jones, and then to bed."

Notwithstanding the abstemious intentions of the major, it was day-break ere we separated, and neither party in a condition for performing upon the tight-rope.

#### CHAPTER LV....The Legion.

My services, while with the legion, were of no very distinguished character, and require no lengthened chronicle. Their great feat of arms, the repulse of an advanced guard of Victor's corps, had taken place the very morning I had joined them, and the ensuing month was passed in soft repose upon their laurels.

For the first few days, indeed, a multiplicity of cares beset the worthy major. There was a despatch to be written to Beresford—an order to the supreme Junta—a letter to Wilson, at that time with a corps of observation to the eastward. There were some wounded to be looked after—a speech to be made to the conquering heroes themselves—and, lastly, a few prisoners were taken, whose fate seemed certainly to partake of the most uncertain of war's proverbial chances.

The despatches gave little trouble: with some very slight alterations, the great original, already sent forward to Sir Arthur, served as a basis for the rest. The wounded were forwarded to Alcantara, with a medical staff, to whom Monsoon, at parting, pleasantly hinted that he expected to see all the sick at their duty by an early day, or he would be compelled to report the doctors. The speech, which was intended as a kind of general order, he deferred for some favorable afternoon, when he could get up his Portuguese; and lastly came the prisoners, by far the most difficult of all his cares. As for the few common soldiers taken, they gave him little uneasiness; as Sir John has it, they "were mortal men, and food for powder;" but there was a staff-officer among them, aiguilleted and epauletted. Now, the major deliberated a long time with himself, whether the usages of modern war might not admit of the ancient time-honored practice of ransom. The battle, save in glory, had been singularly unproductive—plunder there was none—the few ammunition-wagons and gun-carriages were worth little or nothing; so that, save the prisoners, nothing remained. It was late in the evening—the mellow hour of the major's meditations—when he ventured to open his heart to me upon the matter.

"I was just thinking, Charley, how very superior they were in olden time, to us moderns, in many matters, and nothing more than in their treatment of prisoners. They never took them away from their friends and country; they always ransomed them—if they had wherewithal to pay their way. So good-natured—upon my life, it was a most excellent custom. They took any little valuables they found about them, and put them up at auction. Moses and Eleazer, a priest, we are told, took every piece of gold, and their wrought jewels—meaning their watches and ear-rings. You need n't laugh, they all wore ear-rings, those fellows did. Now, why should n't I profit by their good example? I have taken Agag the king of the Amalekites—no, but, upon my life, I have got a French major, and I'd let him go for fifty doubloons."

It was not without much laughing and some eloquence that I could persuade Monsoon that Sir Arthur's military notions might not accept of even the authority of Moses; and, as our head-quarters were at no great distance, the danger of such a step as he meditated was too considerable at such a moment.

As for ourselves, no fatiguing drills, no harassing field-days, and no provoking inspections interfered with the easy current of our lives. Foraging parties there were, it is true, and some occasional outpost duty was performed; but the officers for both were selected with a tact that proved the major's appreciation of character; for while the gay, joyous fellow that sung a jovial song and loved his liquor was certain of being entertained at head-quarters, the less gifted and less congenial spirit had the happiness of scouring the country for forage, and presenting himself as a target to a French rifle.

My own endeavors to fulfil my instructions met with but little encouragement or support; and, although I labored hard at my task, I must confess that the soil was a most ungrateful one. The cavalry were, it is true, composed mostly of young fellows well appointed, and in most cases well mounted; but a more disorderly, careless, undisciplined, set of good-humored fellows never formed a corps in the world.

Monsoon's opinions were felt in every branch of the service, from the adjutant to the drum-boy—the same reckless, indolent, plunder-loving spirit prevailed everywhere. And although, under fire, they showed no lack of gallantry, or courage, the moment of danger passed, discipline departed with it, and their only conception of benefiting by a victory consisted in the amount of pillage that resulted from it.

From time to time the rumors of great events reached us. We heard that Soult, having succeeded in reorganizing his beaten army, was, in conjunction with Ney's corps, returning from the north; that the marshals were consolidating their forces in the neighborhood of Talavera, and that King Joseph himself, at the head of a large army, had marched for Madrid.

Menacing as such an aspect of affairs was, it had little disturbed the major's equanimity: and when our advanced post reported daily the intelligence, that the French were in retreat, he cared little with what object of concentrating their retired, provided the interval between us grew gradually wider. His speculations upon the future were singularly prophetic. You'll see, Charley, what will happen;

old Cuesta will pursue them, and get thrashed. The English will come up, and, perhaps, get thrashed too; but we—God bless us—are only a small force, partially organized and ill to depend on; we'll go up the mountains till all is over." Thus did the major's discretion not only extend to the avoidance of danger, but he actually disqualified himself from even making its acquaintance.

Meanwhile, our operations consisted in making easy marches to Almaraz, halting wherever the commissaries reported a well-stocked cellar or well-furnished hen-room; taking the primrose path in life, and being, in the words of the major, "contented and grateful, even amid great perils!"

#### CHAPTER LVI....The Departure.

On the morning of the 10th July, a despatch reached us announcing that Sir Arthur Wellesley had taken up his head-quarters at Placentia, for the purpose of communicating with Cuesta, then at Case del Puerto, and ordering me immediately to repair to the Spanish head-quarters, and await Sir Arthur's arrival, to make my report upon the effective state of our corps. As for me, I was heartily tired of the inaction of my present life, and, much as I relished the eccentricities of my friend the major, longed ardently for a different sphere of action.

Not so Monsoon: the prospect of active employment, and the thoughts of being left once more alone—for his Portuguese staff afforded him little society—depressed him greatly, and, as the hour of my departure drew near, he appeared lower in spirits than I had ever seen him.

"I shall be very lonely without you, Charley," said he, with a sigh, as we sat the last evening together beside our cheerful wood-fire. "I have little intercourse with the Dons; for my Portuguese is none of the best, and only comes when the evening is far advanced, and, beside, the villans, I fear, may remember the sherry affair. Two of my present staff were with me then."

"Is that the story Power so often alluded to, Major, the King of Spain's?"

"There, Charley, hush: be cautious, my boy; I'd rather not speak about that till we get among our own fellows."

"Just as you like, Major; but, do you know, I have a strong curiosity to hear the narrative."

"If I'm not mistaken there is some one listening at the door: gently; that's it, eh?"

"No; we are perfectly alone; the night's early; who knows when we shall have as quiet an hour again together? Let me hear it, by all means."

"Well, I don't care: the thing, Heaven knows, is tolerably well known; so, if you'll amuse yourself making a devil of the turkey's legs there, I'll tell you the story; it's very short, Charley, and there's no moral: so you're not likely to repeat it."

So saying, the major filled up his glass, drew a little closer to the fire, and began:

"When the French troops under Laborde were marching upon Alcobaca, in concert with the Loison's corps, I was ordered to convey a very valuable present of sherry the Duc d'Albuquerque was making to the Supreme Junta—no less than ten hogheads of the best sherry the royal cellars of Madrid had formerly contained."

"It was stored in the San Vincente convent; and the junta, knowing a little about monkish tastes and the wants of the church, prudently thought it would be quite as well at Lisbon. I was accordingly ordered, with a sufficient force to provide for its safe conduct and secure arrival, and set out upon my march one lovely morning in April, with my precious convoy."

"I do n't know, I never could understand why temptations are thrown in our way in this life, except for the pleasure of yielding to them. As for me, I'm a stoic when there's nothing to be had; but, let me get a scent of a well-kept haunch, the odor of a wine-bin once in my nose, I forget every thing but appropriation. That bone smells deliciously, Charley; a little garlic would improve it vastly."

"Our road lay through cross paths and mountain tracts—for the French were scouring the country on every side—and my fellows, only twenty altogether, trembled at the very name of them; so that our only chance was to avoid falling in with any forage parties. We journeyed along for several days, rarely making more than a few leagues between sunrise and sunset, a scout always in advance to assure us that all was safe. The road was a lonesome one, and the way weary—for I had no one to speak to or converse with—so I fell into a kind of musing fit about the old wine in the great brown casks: I thought on its luscious flavor, its rich straw tint, its oily look as it flowed into the glass, the mellow after-taste, warming the heart as it went down, and I absolutely thought I could smell it through the cask."

"How I longed to broach one of them, if it were only to see if my dreams about it were correct; maybe it's brown sherry, thought I, and I am all wrong. This was a very distressing reflection: I mentioned it to the Portuguese intendant, who travelled with us as a kind of supercargo; but the villain only grinned, and said something about the junta and the galleys for life: so I did not recur to it afterward. Well, it was upon the third evening of our march that the scout reported that at Merida, about a league distant, he had fallen in with an English cavalry regiment, who were on their march to the northern provinces, and remaining that night in the village. As soon, therefore, as I had made all my arrangements for the night, I took a fresh horse, and cantered over to have a look at my countrymen, and hear the news. When I arrived it was dark night; but I was not long in finding out our fellows: they were the 11th Light Dragoons, commanded by my old friend, Bowes, and with as jolly a mess as any in the service."

"Before half an hour's time I was in the midst of them, hearing all about the campaign, and telling them in return about my convoy—dilating upon the qualities of the wine as if I had been drinking it every day at dinner."

"We had a very mellow night of it, and before four o'clock the senior major, and four captains, were under the table, and all the subs in a state unprovided for by the articles of war. So I thought I'd be going, and, wishing the sober ones a good-bye, set out on my road to join my own party."

"I had not gone above a hundred yards when I heard some one running after, and calling out my name."



"I say, Monsoon! Major! confound you, pull up."  
 "Well, what's the matter? has any more lush turned up?" inquired I; for we had drunk the tap dry when I left.  
 "Not a drop, old fellow—" said he; "but I was thinking of what you've been saying about that sherry."  
 "Well! What then?"  
 "Why, I want to know how we could get a taste of it?"  
 "You'd better get elected one of the Cortes," said I, laughing; "for it does not seem likely you'll do so in any other way."  
 "I'm not so sure of that," said he, smiling. "What road do you travel to-morrow?"  
 "By Cavalhos and Reina."  
 "Whereabouts may you happen to be toward sunset?"  
 "I fear we shall be in the mountains," said I, with a knowing look, "where ambushes and surprise parties would be highly dangerous."  
 "And your party consists of—?"  
 "About twenty Portuguese, all ready to run at the first shot."  
 "I'll do it, Monsoon! I'll be hanged if I don't."  
 "But, Tom," said I, "don't make any blunder; only blank cartridge, my boy."  
 "Honor bright!" cried he; "your fellows are armed, of course?"  
 "Never think of that; they may shoot each other in the confusion; but, if you only make plenty of noise coming on, they'll never wait for you."  
 "What capital fellows they must be!"  
 "Crack troops, Tom; so don't hurt them; and now good-night."  
 "As I cantered off, I began to think over O'Flaherty's idea, and, upon my life, I did n't half like it: he was a reckless devil-may-care fellow, and it was just as likely he would really put his scheme into practice."  
 "When morning broke, however, we got under way again, and I amused myself all the forenoon detailing stories of French cruelty; so that, before we had marched ten miles, there was not a man among us not ready to run at the slightest sound of attack on any side. As evening was falling we reached Morento, a little mountain pass which follows the course of a small river, and where in many places, the mule carts had barely space enough to pass between the cliffs and the stream. What a place for Tom O'Flaherty and his foragers! thought I, as we entered the little mountain gorge; but all was silent as the grave: except the tramp of our party, not a sound was heard. There was something solemn and still in the great brown mountain, rising like vast walls on either side, with a narrow streak of gray sky at top, and in the dark, sluggish stream, that seemed to awe us, and no one spoke; the muleteer ceased his merry song, and did not crack or flourish his long whip as before, but chid his beasts in a half-muttered voice, and urged them faster, to reach the village before night-fall."  
 "Egad, somehow I felt uncommonly uncomfortable; I could not divest my mind of the impression that some disaster was impending, and I wished O'Flaherty and his project in a very warm climate. He'll attack us, thought I, where we can't run: fair play for ever; but, if they are not able to get away, even the militia will fight. However, the evening crept on, and no sign of his coming appeared on any side, and, to my sincere satisfaction, I could see, about half a league distant, the twinkling light of the little village where we were to halt for the night. It was just at this time that a scout I had sent out some few hundred yards in advance came galloping up, almost breathless."  
 "The French, captain; the French are upon us!" said he, with a face like a ghost.  
 "Whew! Which way? how many?" said I, not at all sure that he might not be telling the truth.  
 "Coming in force!" said the fellow; "dragoons! by this road."  
 "Dragoons? By this road?" repeated every man of the party, looking at each other like men sentenced to be hanged.  
 "Scarcely had they spoken, when we heard the distant noise of cavalry advancing at a brisk trot. Lord, what a scene ensued! The soldiers ran hither and thither like frightened sheep; some pulled out crucifixes and began to say their prayers; others fired off their muskets in a panic; the mule drivers cut their traces, and endeavored to get away by riding; and the intendant took to his heels, screaming out to us, as he went, to fight manfully to the last, and that he'd report us favorably to the junta."  
 "Just at this moment the dragoons came in sight: they came galloping up, shouting like madmen. One look was enough for my fellows; they sprang from their legs from their devotions, fired a volley straight at the new moon, and ran like men."  
 "I was knocked down in the rush. As I regained my legs, Tom O'Flaherty was standing beside me, laughing like mad."  
 "Eh, Monsoon! I've kept my word, old fellow! What legs they have! we shall make no prisoners, that's certain. Now, lads, here it is! put the horses to—here. We shall take but one, Monsoon, so that your gallant defence of the take will please the junta. Good night; good night! I will drink your health every night these two months."  
 "So saying, Tom sprang to his saddle, and in less time than I've been telling it the whole was over, and I sitting by myself in the gray moonlight, meditating on all I saw, and now and then shouting for my Portuguese friends to come back again. They came in time, by twos and threes, and at last the whole party re-assembled, and we set forth again—every man, from the intendant to the drummer, lauding my valor, and saying that Don Monsoon was a match for the Cid."  
 "And how did the junta behave?"  
 "Like trumps, Charley. Made me a Knight of Battalha, and kissed me on both cheeks, having sent twelve dozen of the rescued wine to my quarters, as a small testimony of their esteem. I have laughed very often at it since. But, hush! Charley: what's that I hear without there?"  
 "Oh, it's my fellow, Mike. He asked my leave to entertain his friends before parting, and I perceive he is delighting them with a song."  
 "But what a confounded air it is! are the words He brew?"  
 "Irish, Major; most classical Irish, too, I'll be bound."  
 "Irish! I've heard most tongues; but that certainly sur-

prises me. Call him in, Charley, and let us have the article."

In a few minutes more, Mr. Free appeared in a state of very satisfactory elevation, his eyebrows alternately rising and falling, his mouth a little drawn to one side, and a side motion in his knee joints that might puzzle a physiologist to account for.

"A very sweet little song of yours, Mike," said the major; "a very sweet thing, indeed. Wet your lips, Mickey."

"Long life to your honor and Master Charles there, too, and them that belongs to both of yer. May a gooseberry skin make a nightcap for the man that would harm either of yer."

"Thank you, Mike. And now about that song?"

"It's the oldest tune ever was sung," said Mike, with a hiccup, "barring Adam had a taste for music; but the words—the poetry is not so old."

"And how comes that?"

"The poetry, ye see, was put to it by one of my ancestors; he was a great inventor in times past, and made beautiful songs; and ye'd never guess what it's all about."

"Love, mayhap?" quoth Monsoon.

"Sorry taste of kissing from beginning to end."

"A drinking song?" said I.

"Whisky is never mentioned."

"Fighting is the only other national pastime. It must be in praise of sudden death?"

"You're out again: but, sure, you'd niver guess it," said Mike. "Well, ye see, here's what it is. It's the praise and glory of ould Ireland in the great days that's gone, when we were all Phenayceans and Armenians, and when we worked all manner of beautiful contrivances in gold and silver; bracelets, and collars, and tea-pots, elegant to look at; and red roosin and Latin, and played the harp and the barrel-organ; and eat and drank of the best, for nothing but asking."

"Blessed times, upon my life," quoth the Major. "I wish we had them back again."

"There's more of your mind," said Mike, steadying himself. "My ancestors was great people in them days; and, sure, it is n't in my present situation I'd be, as we had them back again: sorra bit, faith! It is n't come here, Mickey—bad luck to you, Mike—or that blackguard, Mickey Free—people'd be calling me. But, no matter. Here's your health again, Major Monsoon—"

"Never mind vain regrets, Mike. Let us hear your song: the major has taken a great fancy to it."

"Ah, then, it's joking you are, Mister Charles," said Mike, affecting an air of most bashful coyness.

"By no means. We want to hear you sing it."

"To be sure we do. Sing it, by all means. Never be ashamed. King David was very fond of singing: upon my life he was."

"But you'd never understand a word of it, sir."

"No matter: we know what it's about. That's the way with the Legion: they don't know much English, but they generally guess what I'm at."

This argument seemed to satisfy all Mike's remaining scruples; so, placing himself in an attitude of considerable pretensions as to grace, he began, with a voice of no very measured compass, an air of which, neither by name or otherwise, can I give any conception—my principal amusement being derived from a *tol de rol* chorus of the major, which concluded each verse, and, indeed, in a lower key, accompanied the singer throughout.

Since that, I have succeeded in obtaining a free-and-easy translation of the lyric; but, in my anxiety to preserve the metre and something of the spirit of the original, I have made several blunders and many anachronisms: Mr. Free, however, pronounces my version a good one, and the world must take his word till some more worthy translator shall have consigned it to immortal verse.

With this apology, therefore, I present Mr. Free's song.

Air—"No Guilloch y' Goulen."

"Oh! once we were illigant people,  
 Though we now live in cabins of mud;  
 And the land that ye see from the steeple  
 Belonged to us all from the flood,  
 My father was then king of Connaught,  
 My grandam't viceroi of Tralee;  
 But the Sassanach came, and, signs on it!  
 The devil an acre have we."

"The least of us then were all earls,  
 And jewels we wore without name;  
 We drank punch out of rubies and pearls—  
 Mr. Petrie can tell you the same.—  
 But, except some turf mould and potatoes,  
 There's nothing our own we can call:  
 And the English—bad luck to them!—hate us,  
 Because we've more fun than them all!"

"My grandam't was niece to St. Kevin,  
 That's the reason my name's Mickey Free!  
 Priests' nieces—but sure he's in heaven,  
 And his failins is nothin to me.  
 And we still might get on without doctors,  
 If they'd let the ould island alone,  
 And if purple men, priests, and tithe-proctors,  
 Were crammed down the great gun of Athlone."

As Mike's melody proceeded, the Major's thorough bass waxed beautifully less: now and then, it's true, roused by some momentary strain, it swelled upward in full chorus; but gradually these passing flights grew rarer, and finally all ceased, save a long, low, droning sound, like the expiring sigh of a wearied bagpipe. His fingers still continued mechanically to beat time upon the table, and still his head nodded sympathetically to the music; his eye-lids closed in sleep, and, as the last verse concluded, a full-drawn snore announced that Monsoon, if not in the land of dreams, was, at least, in a happy oblivion of all terrestrial concerns, and caring as little for the woes of green Erin and the altered fortunes of the Free family as any Saxon that ever oppressed them.

There he sat, the finished decanter and empty goblet testifying that his labors had only ceased from the pressure of necessity; but the broken half-uttered words that fell from his lips evinced that he reposed on the last bottle of the series.

"Oh, thin! he's a fine ould gentleman," said Mike, after a pause of some minutes, during which he had been contemplating the major with all the critical acumen Chantrey or Canova would have bestowed upon an antique statue: "A fine ould gentleman, every inch of him; and it's the master would like to have him up at the castle."

"Quite true, Mike: but let us not forget the road. Look to the cattle, and be ready to start within an hour."

When he left the room for this purpose, I endeavored to shake the major into momentary consciousness ere we parted.

"Major, Major," said I, "time is up. I must start."

"Yes, it's all true, your Excellency: they pillaged a little; and, if they did change their facings, there was a great temptation. All the red velvet they found in the churches—"

"Good-bye, old fellow, good bye!"

"Stand at ease!"

"Can't, unfortunately, yet a while: so farewell. I'll make a capital report of the legion to Sir Arthur; shall I add anything particularly from yourself?"

This, and the shake that accompanied it, aroused him: he started up, and looked about him for a few seconds.

"Eh, Charley! You did n't say Sir Arthur was here, did you?"

"No, Major, do n't be frightened; he's many a league off. I asked if you had anything to say when I met him?"

"Oh, yes, Charley. Tell him we're capital troops in our own little way in the mountains; would never do in pitched battles; skirmishing's our forte; and, for cutting off stragglers or sacking a town, back them at any odds."

"Yes, yes, I know all that: you've nothing more?"

"Nothing," said he, once more closing his eyes and crossing his hands before him, while his lips continued to mutter on, "nothing more, except you may say from me—he knows me, Sir Arthur does. Tell him to guard himself from intemperance: a fine fellow if he would n't drink."

"You horrid old humbug, what nonsense are you muttering there?"

"Yes, yes; Solomon says, who hath red eyes and caruncles—they that mix their lash. Pure *mejd* never injured any one. Tell him so from me: it's an old man's advice, and I have drunk some hogheads of it."

With these words he ceased to speak, while his head, falling gently forward upon his chest, proclaimed him sound asleep.

"Adieu! then, for the last time," said I, slapping him gently on the shoulder: "and now for the road."

#### CHAPTER LVII....Cuesta.

The second day of our journey was drawing to a close as we came in view of the Spanish army.

The position they occupied was an undulating plain beside the Teitar river: the country presented no striking feature of picturesque beauty; but the scene before us needed no such aid to make it one of the most interesting kind. From the little mountain path we travelled, we beheld beneath a force of thirty thousand men drawn up in battle array; dense columns of infantry, alternating with squadrons of horse or dark masses of artillery, dotted the wide plain, the bright steel glittering in the rich sunset of a July evening, when not a breath of air was stirring: the very banners hung down listlessly; and not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the hour. All was silent: so impressive and so strange was the spectacle of a vast army thus resting mutely under arms, that I reigned in my horse, and almost doubted the reality of the scene as I gazed upon it. The dark shadows of the tall mountain were falling across the valley, and a starry sky was already replacing the ruddy glow of sunset as we reached the plain; but still no change took place in the position of the Spanish army.

"Who goes there?" cried a hoarse voice, as we issued from the mountain gorge, and in a moment we found ourselves surrounded by an outpost party. Having explained as well as I was able who I was, and for what purpose I was there, I proceeded to accompany the officer toward the camp.

On my way thither I learned the reason of the singular display of troops which had been so puzzling to me. From an early hour of that day Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival had been expected, and old Cuesta had drawn up his men for inspection, and remained thus for several hours patiently awaiting his coming; he himself, overwhelmed with years and infirmity, sitting upon his horse the entire time.

As it was not necessary that I should be presented to the General, my report being for the ear of Sir Arthur himself, I willingly availed myself of the hospitality proffered by a Spanish officer of cavalry; and, having provided for the comforts of my tired cattle, and taken a hasty supper, issued forth to look at the troops, which, although it was now growing late, were still in the same attitude.

Scarcely had I been half an hour thus occupied, when the stillness of the scene was suddenly interrupted by the loud report of a large gun, immediately followed by a long roll of musketry, while, at the same moment, the bands of the different regiments struck up; and, as if by magic, a blaze of red light streamed across the dark ranks: this was effected by pine torches, held aloft at intervals, throwing a lurid glow upon the grim and swarthy features of the Spaniards, whose brown uniforms and slouching hats presented a most picturesque effect as the red light fell upon them.

The swell of the thundering cannon grew louder and nearer; the shouldering of muskets, the clash of sabres, and the hoarse roll of the drum, mingling in one common din. I at once guessed that Sir Arthur had arrived, and as I turned the flank of a battalion, I saw the staff approaching.

Nothing can be conceived more striking than their advance. In the front rode old Cuesta himself, clad in the costume of a past century; his slashed doublet and trunk hose reminding one of a more chivalrous period; his heavy unwieldy figure looming from side to side, and threatening at each moment to fall from his saddle. On each side of him walked two figures gorgeously dressed, whose duty appeared to be to sustain the chief in his seat. At his side rode a far different figure: mounted upon a slight made, active thoroughbred, whose drawn flanks bespoke a long and weary journey, sat Sir Arthur Wellesley; a plain blue frock and gray trousers being his unpretending costume; but the eagle glance which he threw around on every side, the quick motion of his hand as he pointed hither and thither among the dense battalions, bespoke him every inch a soldier. Behind them came a brilliant staff, glittering in aiguillettes and golden trappings, among whom I recognized

some well remembered faces; our gallant leader at the Douro, Sir Charles Stewart, among the number.

As they passed the spot where I was standing, the torch of a foot soldier behind me flared suddenly out, and threw a strong flash upon the party. Cuesta's horse grew frightened and plunged so fearfully for a minute, that the poor old man could scarcely keep his seat. A smile shot across Sir Arthur's features at the moment; but the next instant he was grave and steadfast as before.

A wretched hovel, thatched and in ruins, formed the head quarters of the Spanish army, and thither the staff now bent their steps; a supper being provided there for our commander-in-chief and the officers of his suite. Although not of the privileged party, I lingered round the spot for some time, anxiously expecting to find some friend or acquaintance, who might tell me the news of our people, and what events had occurred in my absence.

## CHAPTER LVIII....The Letter.

The hours passed slowly over, and I at length grew weary of waiting. For some time I had amused myself with observing the slouching gait and unsoldier-like air of the Spaniards as they lounged carelessly about; looking in dress, gesture and appointment, far more like a guerilla than a regular force; then, again, the strange contrast of the miserable hut with falling chimney and ruined walls, to the glitter of the mounted guard of honor who sat motionless beside it, served to pass the time; but, as the night was already far advanced, I turned toward my quarters, hoping that the next morning might gratify my curiosity about my friends.

Beside the tent where I was billeted I found Mike in waiting, who, the moment he saw me, came hastily forward with a letter in his hand. An officer of Sir Arthur's staff had left it while I was absent, desiring Mike on no account to omit its delivery the first instant he met me. The hand—not a very legible one—was perfectly unknown to me, and the appearance of the billet such as betrayed no over-scrupulous care in the writer.

I trimmed my lamp leisurely; threw a fresh log upon the fire; disposed myself completely at full length beside it; and then proceeded to form acquaintance with my unknown correspondent. I will not attempt any description of the feelings which gradually filled me as I read on. The letter itself will suggest them to those who know my story. It ran thus:

"Placentia, July 8th, 1809.

"Dear O'Malley,

"Although I'd rather march to Lisbon barefoot than write three lines, Fred Power insists upon my turning scribe, as he has a notion you'll be up at Cuesta's head quarters about this time. You're in a nice scrape, devil a lie in it: here has Fred been fighting that fellow Trevillian for you; all because you would not have patience and fighting him yourself, the morning you left the Douro. So much for haste: let it be a lesson to you all your life.

"Poor Fred got the ball in his hip, and the devil a one of the doctors can find it: but he's getting better, any way, and going to Lisbon for change of air. Meanwhile, since Power's been wounded, Trevillian's speaking very hardly of you, and they all say here you must come back—no matter how—and put matters to rights. Fred has placed the thing in my hands, and I'm thinking we'd better call out the 'heavies' by turns for most of them stand by Trevillian. Maurice Quill and myself sat up considering it last night; but, somehow, we do not clearly remember to-day a beautiful plan we hit upon: however, we'll have at it again this evening. Meanwhile, come over here, and let us be doing something. We hear that old Monsoon has blown up a town, a bridge, and a big convent: they must have been hiding the plunder very closely, or he'd never have been reduced to such extremities. We'll have a brush with the French soon. Yours, most eagerly,

"S. O'SHAUGHNESSY."

My first thought, as I ran my eyes over these lines, was to seek for Power's note, written on the morning we parted. I opened it, and to my horror found that it only related to my quarrel with Hammerly. My meeting with Trevillian had been during Fred's absence, and—when he assured me that all was satisfactorily arranged and a full explanation tendered; that nothing interfered with my departure—I utterly forgot that he was only aware of one-half my troubles; and, in the haste and bustle of my departure, had not a moment left me to collect myself and think calmly on the matter. The two letters lay before me, and, as I thought over the stain upon my character thus unwittingly incurred—the blast I have thrown upon my reputation, the wound of my poor friend, who exposed himself for my sake—I grew sick at heart, and the bitter tears of agony burst from my eyes.

That weary night passed slowly over; the blight of all my prospects when they seemed fairest and brightest, presented itself to me in a hundred shapes; and when, overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, I closed my eyes to sleep, it was only to follow up in my dreams my waking thoughts. Morning came at length; but its bright sunshine and balmy air brought no comfort to me: I absolutely dreaded to meet my brother officers; I felt that, in such a position as I stood, no half or partial explanation could suffice to set me right in their estimation: and yet, what opportunity had I for aught else? Irresolute how to act, I sat leaning my head upon my hands, when I heard a footstep approach: I looked up and saw before me no other than my poor friend Sparks, from whom I had been separated so long. Any other adviser at such a moment would, I acknowledge, have been as welcome; for the poor fellow knew but little of the world and still less of the service. However, one glance convinced me that his heart at least was true, and I shook his outstretched hand with delight. In a few words, he informed me that Merivale had secretly commissioned him to come over, in the hope of meeting me; that, although all the 14th men were persuaded that I was not to blame in what had occurred; yet, that reports so injurious had gone abroad, so many partial and imperfect statements were circulated, that nothing but my return to head-quarters would avail, and that I must not lose a moment in having Trevillian out, with whom all the misrepresentation had originated.

"This, of course," said Sparks, "is to be a secret; Merivale being our colonel."

"Of course," said I: "he can not countenance, much less counsel such a proceeding. Now, then, for the road."

"Yes; but you cannot leave before making your report. Gordon expects to see you at eleven: he told me so last night."

"I cannot help it: I shall not wait; my mind is made up. My career here matters but little in comparison with this horrid charge. I shall be broke, but I shall be avenged."

"Come, come, O'Malley; you are in our hands now, and you must be guided. You shall wait; you shall see Gordon: half an hour will make your report, and I have relays of horses along the road, and we shall reach Placentia by nightfall."

There was a tone of firmness in this, so unlike anything I ever looked for in the speaker, and withal so much of foresight and precaution, that I could scarcely credit my senses as he spoke. Having, at length, agreed to his proposal, Sparks left me to think over my return to the legion, promising that, immediately after my interview with the military secretary, we should start together for head-quarters.

## CHAPTER LIX....Major O'Shaughnessy.

"This is Major O'Shaughnessy's quarters, sir," said a sergeant, as he stopped short at the door of a small low house in the midst of an olive plantation; an Irish wolf dog—the well-known companion of the major—lay stretched across the entrance, watching with eager and bloodshot eyes the process of cutting up a bullock, which two soldiers in undress jackets were performing within a few yards of the spot.

Stepping cautiously across the savage-looking sentinel, I entered the little hall, and, finding no one near, passed into a small room, the door of which lay half open.

A very palpable odor of cigars and brandy proclaimed, even without his presence, that this was O'Shaughnessy's sitting-room; so I sat myself down upon an old-fashioned sofa to wait patiently for his return, which I heard would be immediately after the evening parade. Sparks had become knocked out during our ride; so that for the last three leagues I was alone, and, like most men in such circumstances, pressed on only the harder. Completely worn-out for want of rest, I had scarcely placed myself on the sofa when I fell sound asleep. When I awoke, all was dark around me, save the faint flickering of the wood-embers on the hearth, and, for some moments, I could not remember where I was; but, by degrees, recollection came, and, as I thought over my position and its possible consequences, I was again nearly dropping to sleep, when the door suddenly opened, and a heavy step sounded on the floor.

I lay still and spoke not as a large figure in a cloak approached the fire-place, and, stooping down, endeavored to light a candle at the fast-expiring fire.

I had little difficulty in detecting the major, even by the half light: a muttered execration upon the candle, given with an energy that only an Irishman ever bestows upon slight matters, soon satisfied me on this head.

"May the devil fly away with the commissary and the chandler to the forces! Ah! you've lit at last."

With these words he stood up, and, his eyes falling on me at the moment, he sprang a yard or two backward, exclaiming, as he did so, "The blessed Virgin be near us, what's this!"—a most energetic crossing of himself accompanying his words: my pale and haggard face, when suddenly presented to his, having suggested to the worthy major the impression of a supernatural visitor: a hearty burst of laughter, which I could not resist, was my only answer; and the next moment O'Shaughnessy was wrenching my hand in a grasp like a steel vice.

"Upon my conscience, I thought it was your ghost; and, if you kept quiet a minute longer, I was going to promise you Christian burial, and as many masses for your soul as my uncle the bishop could say between this and Easter. How are you, my boy?—a little thin and something paler, I think, than when you left us."

Having assured him that fatigue and hunger were in a great measure the cause of my sickly looks, the major proceeded to place before me the *débris* of his day's dinner, with a sufficiency of bottles to satisfy a mess table, keeping up as he went a running fire of conversation.

"I'm as glad as if the Lord took the senior major, to see you here this night. With the blessing of Providence, we'll shoot Trevillian in the morning, and any more of the heavies that like it. You are an ill-treated man, that's what it is; and Dan O'Shaughnessy says it. Help yourself, my boy: crusty old port in that bottle as ever you touched your lips to. Power's getting all right. It was contract powder, warranted not to kill. Bad luck to the commissaries once more! With such ammunition, Sir Arthur does right to trust most to the bayonet. And how is Monsoon, the old rogue?"

"Gloriously: living in the midst of wine and olives."

"No fear of him, the old sinner: but he is a fine fellow, after all: Charley, you are eating nothing, boy."

"To tell you the truth, I'm far more anxious to talk with you at this moment than aught else."

"So you shall: the night's young. Meanwhile, I had better not delay matters: you want to have Trevillian out; is not that so?"

"Of course, you are aware how it happened?"

"I know every thing. Go on with your supper, and don't mind me; I'll be back in twenty minutes or less."

Without waiting for any reply, he once more threw his cloak around him, and strode out of the room. Once more I was alone: but already my frame of mind was altered: the cheering tone of my reckless, gallant countryman had raised my spirits, and I felt animated by his very manner.

An hour elapsed before the major returned, and, when he did come, his appearance and gestures bespoke anger and disappointment. He threw himself hurriedly into a seat, and for some minutes never spoke.

"The world's beautifully changed, any how, since I began it, O'Malley—when you thanked a man civilly that asked you to fight him: the devil take the cowards, say I."

"What has happened? tell me, I beseech you?"

"He won't fight," said the major, blurring out the words as if they would choke him.

"He'll not fight! and why?"

The major was silent: he seemed confused and embarrassed; he turned from the fire to the table, from the table to the fire, filled out a glass of wine, drank it hastily off, and, springing from his chair, paced the room with long, impatient strides.

"My dear O'Shaughnessy, explain, I beg of you. Does he refuse to meet me for any reason?"

"He does," said the major, turning on me a look of deep feeling as he spoke; "and he does it to ruin you, my boy; but, as sure as my name is Dan, he'll fail this time. He was sitting with his friend Beaufort when I reached his quarters, and received me with all the ceremonious politeness he well knows how to assume. I told him in a few words the object of my visit; upon which Trevillian, standing up, referred me to his friend for a reply, and left the room. I thought that all was right, and sat down to discuss, as I believed, preliminaries, when the cool puppy, with his back to the fire, carelessly lisped out, 'It can't be, major: your friend is too late.'"

"Too late! too late!" said I.

"Yes, precisely so: not up to time; the affair should have come off some six weeks since. We won't meet him now."

"This is really your answer?"

"This is really my answer; and not only so, but the decision of our mess."

"What I said after this, he may remember. Devil take me if I can; but I have a vague recollection of saying something, the aforesaid mess will never petition the Horse Guards to put on their regimental colors: and here I am—"

With these words the major gulped down a full goblet of wine, and once more resumed his walk through the room. I shall not attempt to record the feelings which agitated me during the major's recital. In one rapid glance I saw the aim of my vindictive enemy. My honor, not my life, was the object he sought for; and ten thousand times more than ever did I pant for the opportunity to confront him in a deadly combat.

## CHAPTER LX....Preliminaries.

I awoke refreshed on the following morning, and came down to breakfast with a lighter heart than I had even hoped for; a secret feeling that all would go well had somehow taken possession of me, and I longed for O'Shaughnessy's coming, trusting that he might be able to confirm my hopes. His servant informed me that the major had been absent since daybreak, and left orders that he was not to be waited for at breakfast.

I was not destined, however, to pass a solitary time in his absence; for every moment brought some new arrival to visit me, and during the morning the colonel and every officer of the regiment not on actual duty came over. I soon learned that the feeling respecting Trevillian's conduct was one of unmixed condemnation among my own corps; but that a kind of party spirit which had subsisted for some months between the regiment he belonged to and the fourteenth, had given a graver character to the affair, and induced many men to take up his views of the transaction; and, although I heard of none who attributed my absence to any dislike to a meeting, yet there were several who conceived that, by not going at the time, I had forfeited all claim to satisfaction at his hands.

"Now that Merivale is gone," said an officer to me, as the colonel left the room, "I may confess to you that he sees nothing to blame in your conduct throughout, and, even had you been aware of how matters were circumstanced, your duty was too imperative to have preferred your personal considerations to it."

"Does any one know where Conyers is?" said Baker. "The story goes that Conyers can assist us here. Conyers is at Zarza la Mayor with the 28th: but what can he do?"

"That I'm not able to tell you: but I know O'Shaughnessy heard something at parade this morning, and has set off in search of him on every side."

"Was Conyers ever out with Trevillian?"

"Not as a principal, I believe. The report is, however, that he knows more about him than other people, as Tom certainly does of everybody."

"It is rather a new thing for Trevillian to refuse a meeting. They say, O'Malley, he has heard of your shooting!"

"No, no," said another, "he cares very little for any man's pistol. If the story be true, he fires a second or two before his adversary; at least, it was in that way he killed Caryfort!"

Here comes the great O'Shaughnessy! cried some one at the window; and the next moment the heavy gallop of a horse was heard along the causeway.

In an instant we all rushed to the door to receive him.

"It's all right, lads," cried he as he came up, "we have him this time."

"How? when? why? In what way have you managed?" fell from a dozen voices, as the major elbowed his way through the crowd to the sitting-room.

"In the first place," said O'Shaughnessy, drawing a long breath, "I have promised secrecy as to the steps of this transaction: secondly, if I had n't it would puzzle me to break it for I'll be hanged if I know more than yourselves. Tom Conyers wrote me a few lines for Trevillian; and Trevillian pledges himself to meet our friend; and that's all we need know or care for."

"Then you have seen Trevillian this morning?"

"No, Beaufort met me at the village: but even now it seems this affair is never to come off. Trevillian has been sent with a forage party toward Lesca: however, that can't be a long absence. But, for Heaven's sake! let me have some breakfast."

While O'Shaughnessy proceeded to the attack of the viands before him, the others chatted about in little groups, but all wore the pleased and happy looks of men who had rescued their friend from a menaced danger. As for myself, my heart swelled with gratitude to the kind fellows around me.

"How has Conyers assisted us at this juncture?" was my first question to O'Shaughnessy, when we were once more alone.

"I am not at liberty to speak on that subject, Charley. But, be satisfied, the reasons for which Trevillian meets you are fair and honorable."

"I am content."

"The only thing now to be done is, to have the meeting as soon as possible."

"We are all agreed upon that point," said I; "and the more so, as the matter had better be decided before Sir Arthur's return."

"Quite true; and now, O'Malley, you had better join



your people as soon as may be, and it will put a stop to all talking about the matter."

The advice was good, and I lost no time in complying with it, and, when I joined the regiment that day at mess, it was with a light heart and a cheerful spirit; for, come what might of the affair, of one thing I was certain—my character was now put above any reach of aspersion, and my reputation beyond attack.

#### CHAPTER LXI....All Right.

Some days after coming back to head-quarters, I was returning from a visit I had been making to a friend at one of the outposts, when an officer whom I knew slightly, overtook me and informed me that Major O'Shaughnessy had been to my quarters in search of me, and had sent persons in different directions to find me.

Suspecting the object of the major's haste, I hurried on at once, and, as I rode up to the spot, found him in the midst of a group of officers, engaged, to all appearance, in most eager conversation. "O, here he comes," cried he as I cantered up. "Come, my boy, doff the blue frock, as soon as you can, and turn out in your best fitting black. Every thing has been settled for this evening at seven o'clock, and we have no time to lose."

"I understand you," said I, "and shall not keep you waiting." So saying, I sprang from the saddle and hastened to my quarters; as I entered the room I was followed by O'Shaughnessy, who closed the door after him as he came in; and, having turned the key in it, sat down beside the table, and, folding his arms, seemed buried in reflection. As I proceeded with my toilet, he returned no answers to the numerous questions I put to him, either as to the time of Trevillian's return, the place of the meeting or any other part of the transaction.

His attention seemed to wander far from all around and about him: and, as he muttered indistinctly to himself, the few words I could catch bore not in the remotest degree upon the matter before us.

"I have written a letter or two here, Major," said I, opening my writing-desk; in case any thing happens, you will look to the few things I have mentioned here. Somehow, I could not write to poor Fred Power; but you must tell him from me that his noble conduct toward me was the last thing I spoke of."

"What confounded nonsense you are talking!" said O'Shaughnessy, springing from his seat and crossing the room with tremendous strides, "croaking away there as if the bullet was in your thorax. Hang it, man, bear up!"

"But, Major, my dear friend, what the deuce are you thinking of! The few things I mentioned—"

"The devil! you are not going over it all again, are you?" said he, in a voice of no measured tone.

I now began to feel irritated in turn, and really looked at him for some seconds in considerable amazement. That he should have mistaken the directions I was giving him, and attributed them to any cowardice, was too insulting a thought to bear; and yet how otherwise was I to understand the very coarse style of his interruption?

At length, my temper got the victory, and, with a voice of most measured calmness, I said, "Major O'Shaughnessy, I am grateful, most deeply grateful, for the part you have acted toward me in this difficult business: at the same time, as you now appear to disapprove of my conduct and bearing, when I am most firmly determined to alter nothing, I shall beg to relieve you of the unpleasant office of my friend."

"Heaven grant that you could do so!" said he, interrupting me, while his clasped hands and eager look attested the vehemence of his wish. He paused for a moment; then, springing from his chair, rushed toward me, and threw his arms around me. "No, my boy, I can't do it; I can't do it. I have tried to bully myself into insensibility for this evening's work—I have endeavored to be rude to you, that you might insult me, and steel my heart against what might happen: but it won't do, Charley; it won't do."

With these words the big tears rolled down his stern cheeks, and his voice became thick with emotion.

"But for me, and all this need not have happened. I know it; I feel it; I hurried on this meeting: your character stood fair and unblemished without that; at least they tell me so now; and I still have to assure you—"

"Come, my dear, kind friend, don't give way in this fashion. You have stood manfully by me through every step of the road; don't desert me on the threshold of—"

"The grave, O'Malley?"

"I don't think so, Major; but see, half-past six. Look to these pistols for me. Are they likely to object to hair triggers?"

A knocking at the door turned off our attention, and the next moment Baker's voice was heard.

"O'Malley, you'll be close run for time: the meeting-place is all three miles from this!"

I seized the key and opened the door; at the same instant O'Shaughnessy rose and turned toward the window, holding one of the pistols in his hand.

"Look at that Baker; what a sweet tool it is," said he, in a voice that actually made me start: not a trace of his late excitement remained. His usually dry, half-humorous manner had returned, and his droll features were as full of their own easy, devil-may-care fun as ever.

"Here comes the drag," said Baker. "We can drive nearly all the way, unless you prefer riding."

"Of course not. Keep your hand steady, Charley, and, if you don't bring him down with that saw-handle, you're not your uncle's nephew."

With these words we mounted into the tax-cart, and set off for the meeting-place.

#### CHAPTER LXII....The Duel.

A small and narrow ravine between two furze-covered dells led to the open space where the meeting had been arranged for. As we reached this, therefore, we were obliged to descend from the drag, and proceed the remainder of the way afoot. We had not gone many yards when a step was heard approaching, and the next moment Beaufort appeared. His usually easy and *déagé* air was certainly tinged with somewhat of constraint; and, though his taily tinged and half smile was as perfect as ever, a slightly soft voice and about the lip, and a quick and nervous flurried expression about the eye, bespoke a heart not completely at motion of his eyebrow, bespoke a heart not completely at ease. He lifted his foraging cap most ceremoniously to sa-

lute us as we came up, and casting an anxious look to see if any others were following, stood quite still.

"I think it right to mention, Major O'Shaughnessy," said he, in a voice of most dulcet sweetness, "that I am the only friend of Captain Trevillian on the ground; and, though I have not the slightest objection to Captain Baker being present, I hope you will see the propriety of limiting the witnesses to the three persons now here."

"Upon my conscience, as far as I am concerned, or my friend either, we are perfectly indifferent if we fight before three or three thousand. In Ireland, we rather like a crowd."

"Of course, then, as you see no objection to my proposition, I may count upon your co-operation in the event of any intrusion; I mean, that while we, upon our side, will not permit any of our friends to come forward, you will equally exert yourself with yours."

"Here we are, Baker and myself; neither more nor less: we expect no one, and want no one; so that I humbly conceive all the preliminaries you are talking of will never be required."

Beaufort tried to smile, and bit his lips, while a small red spot upon his cheek told that some deeper feeling of irritation than the mere careless manner of the major could account for, still rankled in his bosom. We now walked on without speaking, except occasionally some passing observation of Beaufort upon the fineness of the evening, or the rugged nature of the road, broke the silence. As we emerged from the little mountain pass into the open meadow land, the tall and soldier-like figure of Trevillian was the first object that presented itself; he was standing beside a little stone cross, that stood above a holy well, and seemed occupied in deciphering the inscription. He turned at the noise of our approach, and calmly waited our coming. His eye glanced quickly from the features of O'Shaughnessy to those of Baker; but seeming rapidly reassured as he walked forward, his face at once recovered its usual severity and its cold impressive look of sternness.

"All right," said Beaufort, in a whisper, the tones of which I overheard, as he drew near to his friend. Trevillian smiled in return, but did not speak. During the few moments which passed in conversation between the seconds, I turned from the spot with Baker, and had scarcely time to address a question to him, when O'Shaughnessy called out, "Hollo, Baker!—come here a moment!" The three seemed now in eager discussion for some minutes, when Baker walked toward Trevillian, and saying something, appeared to wait for his reply. This being obtained, he joined the others, and the moment afterward came to where I was standing. "You are to toss for the first shot, O'Malley. O'Shaughnessy has made that proposition, and the others agree that, with two crack marksmen, it is perhaps the fairest way. I suppose you have no objection?"

"Of course, I shall make none. Whatever O'Shaughnessy decides for me I am ready to abide by."

"Well, then, as to the distance?" said Beaufort, loud enough to be heard by me where I was standing. O'Shaughnessy's reply I could not catch, but it was evident from the tone of both parties, that some difference existed on the point.

"Captain Baker shall decide between us," said Beaufort, at length, and they all walked away to some distance. During all the while I could perceive that Trevillian's uneasiness and impatience seemed extreme—he looked from the speakers to the little mountain pass, and strained his eyes in every direction. It was clear that he dreaded some interruption. At last, unable any longer to control his feelings, he called out, "Beaufort, I say, what the devil are we waiting for now?"

"Nothing, at present," said Beaufort, as he came forward with a dollar in his hand. "Come, Major O'Shaughnessy, you shall call for your friend."

He pitched the piece of money as he spoke, high into the air, and watched it as it fell on the soft grass beneath.

"Head! for a thousand," cried O'Shaughnessy, running over and stooping down; "and head it is!"

"You've won the first shot," whispered Baker; "for Heaven's sake, be cool!"

Beaufort grew deadly pale as he bent over the crown piece, and seemed scarcely to have courage to look his friend in the face. Not so Trevillian; he pulled off his gloves without the slightest semblance of emotion, buttoned up his well-fitting black frock to the throat, and, throwing a rapid glance around, seemed only eager to begin the combat.

"Fifteen paces, and the words 'one—two.'"

"Exactly. My cane shall mark that spot—"

"Devilish long paces you make them," said O'Shaughnessy, who did not seem to approve of the distance. "They have some confounded advantage in this, depend upon it," said the major, in a whisper, to Baker.

"Are you ready?" inquired Beaufort.

"Ready, quite ready!"

"Take your ground, then!"

As Trevillian moved forward to his place, he muttered something to his friend. I did not hear the first part, but the latter words which met me were ominous enough—"for as I intend to shoot him, 'tis just as well as it is."

Whether this was meant to be overheard, and intimidate me, I knew not; but its effect proved directly opposite. My firm resolution to hit my antagonist was now confirmed, and no compunctious visitings unnerved my arm. As we took our places, some little delay again took place, the flint of my pistol having fallen; and thus we remained full ten or twelve seconds, steadily regarding each other. At length, O'Shaughnessy came forward, and, putting my weapon in my hand, whispered low, "Remember you have but one chance."

"You are both ready?" cried Beaufort.

"Ready!"

"Then, one—two—"

The last word was lost in the report of my pistol, which went off at the instant. For a second, the flash and smoke obstructed my view; but the moment after, I saw Trevillian stretched upon the ground, with his friend kneeling beside him. My first impulse was to rush over, for now all feeling of enmity was buried in most heartfelt anxiety for his fate; but, as I was stepping forward, O'Shaughnessy called out, "Stand fast, boy, he's only wounded!" and the same moment he rose slowly from the ground, with the assistance of his friend, and looked with the same wild gaze

around him. Such a look! I shall never forget it; there was that intense expression of searching anxiety, as if he sought to trace the outlines of some visionary spirit as it receded before him: quickly re-assured, as it seemed, by the glance he threw on all sides, his countenance lighted up, not with pleasure, but with a fiendish expression of revengeful triumph, which even his voice evinced as he called out,—"It's my turn now."

I felt the words in their full force, as I stood silently awaiting my death-wound; the pause was a long one; twice did he interrupt his friend, as he was about to give the word, by an expression of suffering, pressing his hand upon his side, and seeming to writhe with torture; yet this was mere counterfeit.

O'Shaughnessy was now coming forward to interfere and prevent these interruptions, when Trevillian called out, in a firm tone, "I'm ready!" The words "one—two," the pistol slowly rose, his dark eye measured me coolly, steadily; his lip curled, and just as I felt that my last moment of life had arrived, a heavy sound of a horse galloping along the rocky causeway seemed to take off his attention. His frame trembled, his hand shook, and, jerking up his weapon, the ball passed high above my head.

"You bear me witness, I fired in the air," said Trevillian, while large drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead, and his features worked, as if in a fit.

"You saw it, sir, and you, Beaufort, my friend—you also—speak! Why will ye not speak?"

"Be calm, Trevillian; be calm, for Heaven's sake. What's the matter with you?"

"The affair is then ended," said Baker, "and most happily so. You are, I hope, not dangerously wounded."

As he spoke, Trevillian's features grew deadly livid: his half-open mouth quivered slightly; his eyes became fixed, and his arm dropped heavily beside him, and, with one low, faint moan, he fell fainting to the ground.

As we bent over him, I now perceived that another person had joined our party: he was a short, determined-looking man, of about forty, with black eyes and aquiline features. Before I had time to guess who it might be, I heard O'Shaughnessy address him as Colonel Conyers.

"He is dying!" said Beaufort, still stooping over his friend, whose cold hand he grasped within his own: "poor, poor fellow!"

"He fired in the air," said Baker, as he spoke in reply to a question from Conyers: what he answered I heard not; but Baker rejoined,

"Yes, I am certain of it. We all saw it."

"Had you not better examine his wounds?" said Conyers, in a tone of sarcastic irony, I could almost have struck him for.

"Is your friend not hit? perhaps, he is bleeding?"

"Yes," said O'Shaughnessy, "let us look to the poor fellow now." So saying, with Beaufort's aid, he unbuttoned his frock, and succeeded in opening the waistcoat: there was no trace of blood anywhere, and the idea of internal hemorrhage at once occurred to us; when Conyers, stooping down, pushed me aside, saying, at the same time, "Your fears for his safety need not distress you much: look here." As he spoke, he tore open his shirt, and disclosed to our almost doubting senses a vest of chain mail armor, fitting close next the skin, and completely pistol proof.

I cannot describe the effect this sight produced upon us. Beaufort sprang to his feet with a bound, as he screamed out, rather than spoke, "No man believes me to have been aware—"

"No, no, Beaufort; your reputation is very far removed from such a stain," said Conyers.

O'Shaughnessy was perfectly speechless; he looked from one to the other, as though some unexplained mystery still remained, and only seemed restored to any sense of consciousness as Baker said, "I can feel no pulse at his wrist: his heart, too, does not beat." Conyers placed his hand upon his bosom, then felt along his throat, lifted up an arm, and, letting it fall heavily upon the ground, he muttered, "He is dead."

It was true. No wound had pierced him: the pistol bullet was found within his clothes. Some tremendous conflict of the spirit within, had snapped the cords of life, and the strong man had perished in his agony.

#### CHAPTER LXIII....News from Galway.

I have but a vague and most imperfect recollection of the events which followed this dreadful scene; for some days my faculties seemed stunned and paralyzed, and my thoughts clung to the minute detail of the ground—the persons about—the mountain path—and most of all, the half-stifled cry that spoke the broken heart, with a tenacity that verged upon madness.

A court martial was appointed to inquire into the affair; and although I have been since told that my department was calm, and my answers were firm and collected, yet I remember nothing of the proceedings.

The inquiry, through a feeling of delicacy for the friends of him who was no more, was made as brief and as private as possible. Beaufort proved the facts, which exonerated me from any imputation in the matter; and upon the same day, the court delivered the decision, "that Lieutenant O'Malley was not guilty of the charges preferred against him, and that he should be released from arrest, and join his regiment."

Nothing could be more kind and considerate than the conduct of my brother officers; a hundred little plans and devices for making me forget the late unhappy event were suggested and practised: and I look back to that melancholy period, marked, as it was, by the saddest circumstance of my life, as one in which I received more of truly friendly companionship, than even my palmiest days of prosperity boasted.

While, therefore, I deeply felt the good part my friends were performing toward me, I was still totally unsuited to join in the happy current of their daily pleasures and amusements: the gay and unreflecting character of O'Shaughnessy—the careless merriment of my brother officers, jarred upon my nerves, and rendered me irritable and excited; and I sought in lonely rides and unfrequented walks, the peace of spirit that calm reflection and a firm purpose for the future rarely fail to lead to.

There is, in deep sorrow, a touch of the prophetic. It is at seasons when the heart is bowed down with grief, and the spirit wasted with suffering, that the veil which conceals

the future seems to be removed, and a glance, short and fleeting as the lightning flash, is permitted us, into the gloomy valley before us.

Misfortunes, too, come not singly—the scared heart is not suffered to heal from one affliction ere another succeeds it; and this anticipation of the coming evil, is, perhaps, one of the most poignant features of grief—the ever watchful apprehension—the ever rising question, "What next?" is a torture that never sleeps.

This was the frame of my mind for several days after I returned to my duty—a morbid sense of some threatened danger being my last thought at night, and my first on awakening. I had not heard from home since my arrival in the Peninsula: a thousand vague fancies haunted me now, that some brooding misfortune awaited me. My poor uncle never left my thoughts. Was he well—was he happy? Was he, as he ever wished to be, surrounded by the friends he loved—the old familiar faces, around the hospitable hearth, his kindness had hallowed in my memory as something sacred? O! could I but see his manly smile, or hear his voice! Could I but feel his hand upon my head, as he was wont to press it, while words of comfort fell from his lips, and sunk into my heart!

Such were my thoughts one morning, as I sauntered from my quarters alone and unaccompanied. I had not gone far, when my attention was aroused by the noise of a mule cart, whose jingling bells and clattering timbers announced its approach by the road I was walking. Another turn of the way brought it into view; and I saw from the gay costume of the driver, as well as a small orange flag which decorated the conveyance, that it was the mail cart, with letters from Lisbon.

Full as my mind was with thoughts of home, I turned hastily back, and retraced my steps toward the camp. When I reached the adjutant-general's quarters, I found a considerable number of officers assembled; the report that the post had come was a rumor of interest to all, and accordingly every moment brought fresh arrivals, pouring in from all sides, and eagerly inquiring "if the bags had been opened?" The scene of riot, confusion, and excitement when that event did take place, exceeded all belief, each man reading his letter half aloud, as if his private affairs and domestic concerns must interest his neighbors, amid a volley of exclamations of surprise, pleasure, or occasionally anger, as the intelligence severally suggested—the disappointed expectants, cursing their idle correspondents, bemoaning their fate about remittances that never arrived, or drafts never honored, while here and there some public benefactor, with an outspread "Times," or "Chronicle," was retelling the narrative of our own exploits in the Peninsula, or the more novel changes in the world of politics, since we left England. A cross-fire of news and London gossip ringing on every side, made up a perfect Babel, most difficult to form an idea of. The jargon partook of every accent and intonation the empire boasts of; and from the sharp precision of the North Tweeder to the broad doric of Kerry, every portion, almost every county of Great Britain had its representative. Here was a Scotch paymaster, in a lugubrious tone detailing to his friend the apparently not over-welcome news, that Mistress M'Elwain had just been safely delivered of twins, which, with their mother, were doing as well as possible. Here an eager Irishman, turning over the pages rather than reading his letter, while he exclaimed to a friend—

"O, the devil a rap she's sent me. The old story about runaway tenants and distress notices—sorrow else tenants seem to do in Ireland than run every half-year."

A little apart, some sentimental-looking cockney was devouring a very crossed epistle, which he pressed to his lips whenever any one looked at him, while a host of others satisfied themselves by reading in a kind of buzzing undertone, every now and then interrupting themselves with some broken exclamation as commentary—such as, "of course she will!"—"never knew him better!"—"that's the girl for my money!"—"fifty per cent.—the devil!"—and so on. At last I was beginning to weary of the scene, and, finding that there appeared to be nothing for me, was turning to leave the place, when I saw a group of two or three endeavoring to spell the address of a letter.

"That's an Irish post-mark, I'll swear," said one, "but who can make anything of the name? It's devilish like Otaheite—is n't it?"

"I wish my tailor wrote as illegibly," said another; "I'd keep up a most animated correspondence with him."

"Here, O'Shaughnessy, you know something of savage life—spell us this word here."

"Show it here—what nonsense—it's as plain as the nose on my face!—Master Charles O'Malley, in foreign parts!"

A roar of laughter followed the announcement, which, at any other time, perhaps, I should have joined in, but which now grated sadly upon my ruffled feelings.

"Here, Charley, this is for you," said the major; and added in a whisper—"and, upon my conscience, between ourselves, your friend, whoever he is, has a strong action against his writing-master—devil such a flat ever I looked at!"

One glance satisfied me as to my correspondent. It was from Father Rush, my old tutor. I hurried eagerly from the spot—and, regaining my quarters, locked the door, and with a beating heart broke the seal, and began as well as I was able to decipher his letter. The hand was cramped and stiffened with age, and the bold upright letters were gnarled and twisted like a rustic fence, and demanded great patience and much time in unravelling. It ran thus:

"The Priory, Lady-day, 1809.

"MY DEAR MASTER CHARLES: Your uncle's feet are so big and so uneasy that he can't write, and I am obliged to take up the pen myself, to tell you how we are doing here since you left us. And, first of all, the master lost the law-suit in Dublin, all for want of a Galway jury; but they don't go up to town for strong reasons they had; and the Curranolick property is gone to Ned M'Manus, and may the devil do him good with it! Peggy Maher left this on Tuesday; she was complaining of a weakness; she's gone to consult the doctors. I'm sorry for poor Peggy.

"Owen M'Neil beat the Slattery's out of Portumna on Saturday, and Jem, they say, is fractured. I trust it's true, for he never was good, root nor branch, and we've strong reasons to suspect him for drawing the river with a net at night. Sir Harry Boyle sprained his wrist, breaking open his bed-room, that he locked when he was inside. The

count and the master were laughing all the evening at him. Matters are going very hard in the county; the people paying their rents regularly, and not caring half as much as they used to about the real gentry, and the old families.

"We kept your birth-day at the Castle in great style—had the militia band from the town, and all the tenants. Mr. James Daly danced with our old friend Mary Green, and sang a beautiful song; and was going to raise the devil, but I interfered; he burnt down half the blue drawing-room the last night with his tricks; not that your uncle cares, God preserve him to us—it's little any thing like that would fret him. The count quarrelled with a young gentleman in the course of the evening, but found out he was only an attorney from Dublin, so he did n't shoot him, but he was ducked in the pond by the people, and your uncle says he hopes they have a true copy of him at home, as they'll never know the original.

"Peter died soon after you went away, but Tim hunts the dogs just as well; they had a beautiful run last Wednesday, and the Lord\* sent for him, and gave him a five pound note, but, he says, he'd rather see yourself back again than twice as much: they killed near the big turnip field, and all went down to see where you leaped Badger over the sunk fence; they call it 'Hammerly's Nose' ever since. Bodkin was at Ballinasloe the last fair, limping about with a stick; he's twice as quiet as he used to be, and never beat any one since that morning.

"Nelly Guire, at the cross-roads, wants to send you four pair of stockings she knitted for you; and I have a keg of poteen of Barney's own making this two months, not knowing how to send it; may be Sir Arthur himself would like a taste; he's an Irishman himself, and one we're proud of, too! The Maynooth chaps are flying all about the country, and making us all uncomfortable,—God's will be done, but we used to think ourselves good enough! Your foster sister, Kitty Doolan, had a fine boy: it's to be called after you; and your uncle's to give a christening. He bids me tell you to draw on him when you want money, and that there's £400 ready for you now somewhere in Dublin: I forget the name, and as he's asleep I do n't like asking him. There was a droll devil down here in the summer that knew you well—a Mr. Webber. The master treated him like the lord lieutenant; had dinner parties for him, and gave him Oliver Cromwell to ride over to Meelish. He is expected again for the cock-shooting; for the master likes him greatly. I'm done at last; for my paper is finished and the candle just out: so, with every good wish and every good thought, remember your own old friend, PETER RUSH."

"P. S.—It's Smart and Sykes, Fleet Street, has the money. Father O'Shaughnessy of Ennis bids me ask if you ever met his nephew. If you do, make him jimp! Larry McHale: I hear it's a treat.

"How is Mickey Free going on? There are three decent young women in the parish he promised to marry; and I suppose he's pursuing the same game with the Portuguese. But he was never remarkable for minding his duties. Tell him I am keeping my eye on him. "P. R."

Here concluded this long epistle, and, though there were many parts I could not help smiling at, yet, upon the whole, I felt sad and dispirited. What I had long foreseen and anticipated was gradually accomplishing; the wreck of an old and honored house; the fall of a name once the watchword for all that was benevolent and hospitable in the land.

The termination of the law-suit I knew must have been a heavy blow to my poor uncle, who, every consideration of money apart, felt in a legal combat all the enthusiasm and excitement of a personal conflict: with him there was less a question of to whom the broad acres reverted, so much as whether that "scoundrel, Tom Bassett, the attorney at Athlone, should triumph over us;" or "M'Manus live in the house as master, where his father had officiated as butler." It was at this his Irish pride took offence, and straitened circumstances and narrowed fortunes bore little upon him in comparison with this feeling.

I could see, too, that, with breaking fortunes, bad health was making heavy inroads upon him: and while, with the reckless desperation of ruin, he still kept open house, I could picture to myself his cheerful eye and handsome smile but ill concealing the slow but certain march of a broken heart.

My position was doubly painful; for any advice, had I been calculated to give it, would have seemed an act of delicate interference from one who was to benefit by his own counsel; and, although I had been reared and educated as my uncle's heir, I had no title nor pretension to succeed him other than his kind feelings respecting me. I could, therefore, only look on in silence, and watch the painful progress of our downfall without a power to arrest it.

These were sad thoughts, and came when my heart was already bowed down with its affliction. That my poor uncle might be spared the misery which sooner or later seemed inevitable, was now my only wish; that he might go down to the grave without the imbittering feelings which a ruined fortune and a fallen house bring home to the heart, was all my prayer. Let him but close his eyes in the old wainscoted bedroom, beneath the old roof where his fathers and grandfathers have done so for centuries. Let the faithful followers he has known since his childhood, stand round his bed: while his fast-failing sight recognises each old and well remembered object, and the same bell which rung its farewell to the spirit of its ancestors, toll for him—the last of his race; and as for me, there was the wide world before me, and a narrow resting-place would suffice for a soldier's sepulchre.

As the mail cart was returning the next day to Lisbon, I immediately sat down and replied to the worthy father's letter: speaking as encouragingly as I could of my own prospects. I dwelt much upon what was nearest my heart, and begged of the good priest to watch over my uncle's health, to cheer his spirits, and support his courage; and that I trusted the day was not far distant when I should be once more among them, with many a story of fray and battle field to enliven their fire-sides; pressing him to write frequently to me, I closed my hurried letter, and, having despatched it, sat sorrowfully down to muse over my fortunes.

\* To excuse Father Rush for any impiety, I must add, that, by the "Lord," he means "Lord Clanricarde."

#### CHAPTER LXIV....An Adventure with Sir Arthur.

The events of the last few days impressed me with the weight of years. The awful circumstances of that evening lay heavily at my heart, and, though guiltless of Trevillian's blood, the reproach that conscience ever carries, when one has been involved in a death-scene, never left my thoughts.

For some time previously I had been depressed and dispirited, and the awful shock I had sustained, broke my nerve and unmanned me greatly.

There are times when our sorrows tinge all the colorings of our thoughts, and one pervading hue of melancholy spreads like a pall upon what we have of fairest and brightest on earth. So was it now: I had lost hope and ambition—a sad feeling that my career was destined to misfortune and mishap, gained hourly upon me; and all the bright aspirations of a soldier's glory—all my enthusiasm for the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, fell coldly upon my heart; and I looked upon the chivalry of a soldier's life as the empty pageant of a dream.

In this sad frame of mind I avoided all intercourse with my brother officers—their gay and joyous spirits only jarred upon my brooding thoughts, and, feigning illness, I kept almost entirely to my quarters.

The inactivity of our present life weighed also heavily upon me. The stirring events of a campaign—the march, the bivouac, the piquet, calls forth a certain physical exertion that never fails to react upon the torpid mind.

Forgetting all around me, I thought of home; I thought of those whose hearts I felt were now turning toward me, and considered within myself how I could have exchanged the home—the days of peaceful happiness there, for the life of misery and disappointment I now endured.

A brooding melancholy gained daily more and more upon me. A wish to return to Ireland—a vague and indistinct feeling that my career was not destined for aught of great and good, crept upon me, and I longed to sink into oblivion, forgotten and forgot.

I record this painful feeling here, while it is still a painful memory, as one of the dark shadows that cross the bright sky of our happiest days.

Happy, indeed, are they, as we look back to them, and remember the times we have pronounced ourselves "the most miserable of mankind." This, somehow, is a confession we never make later on in life, when real troubles and true afflictions assail us. Whether we call in more philosophy to our aid, or that our senses become less acute and discerning, I'm sure I know not.

As for me, I confess by far the greater portion of my sorrows seemed to come in that budding period of existence when life is ever fairest and most captivating. Not, perhaps, that the fact was really so, but the spoiled and humored child, whose caprices were law, felt heavily the threatening difficulties of his first voyage. While, as he continued to sail over the ocean of life, he braved the storm and the squall, and felt only gratitude for the favoring breeze that wafted him upon his course.

What an admirable remedy for misanthropy is the being placed in a subordinate condition in life. Had I, at the period I write, been Sir Arthur Wellesley—had I even been Marshal Beresford, to all certainty I'd have played the very devil with his majesty's forces. I'd have brought my rescals to where they'd have been well peppered. That's certain.

But as, luckily for the sake of humanity in general, and the well being of the service in particular, I was merely Lieutenant O'Malley, 14th Light Dragoons—the case was very different. With what heavy censure did I condemn the commander of the forces in my own mind for his want of daring and enterprise. Whole nights did I pass endeavoring to account for his inactivity and lethargy. Why he did not *seriatim* fall upon Soult, Ney and Victor, and annihilate the French forces, and sack Madrid, I looked upon as little less than a riddle; and yet there he waited, drilling, exercising, and foraging, as if we were at Hounslow. Now, most fortunately here again, I was not Sir Arthur.

Something in this frame of mind I was taking one evening a solitary ride some miles from the camp. Without noticing the circumstance, I had entered a little mountain tract, when, the ground being broken and uneven, I dismounted and proceeded afoot, with the bridle within my arm. I had not gone far when the clatter of a horse's hoofs came rapidly toward me, and, though there was something startling in the pace over such a piece of road, I never lifted my eyes as the horseman came up, but continued my slow progress onward, my head sunk upon my bosom.

"Holloa, sir," cried a sharp voice, whose tones seemed somehow not heard for the first time. I looked up, saw a slight figure, closely buttoned up in a blue horseman's cloak, the collar of which almost entirely hid his features; he wore a plain cocked hat without a feather, and was mounted upon a sharp, wiry-looking hack.

"Holloa, sir! What regiment do you belong to?"

As I had nothing of the soldier about me, save a blue foraging cap, to denote my corps, the tone of the demand was little calculated to elicit a very polished reply; but, preferring as most impertinent to make no answer, I passed on without speaking.

"Did you hear, sir?" cried the same voice in a still louder key. "What's your regiment?"

I now turned round, resolved to question the other in turn, when, to my inexpressible shame and confusion, he had lowered the collar of his cloak, and I saw the features of Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"Fourteenth Light Dragoons, sir," said I, blushing as I spoke.

"Have you not read the general order, sir? Why have you left the camp?"

Now I had not read a general order, nor even heard one for above a fortnight. So I stammered out some bungling answer.

"To your quarters, sir, and report yourself under arrest. What's your name?"

"Lieutenant O'Malley, sir."

"Well, sir, your passion for rambling shall be indulged. You shall be sent to the rear with despatches; and, as the army is in advance, probably the lesson may be serviceable." So saying, he pressed spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

#### CHAPTER LXV....Talavera.

Having been despatched to the rear with orders for Gen-



eral Crawford, I did not reach Talavera till the morning of the 25th. Two days' hard fighting had left the contending armies still face to face, and without any decided advantage on either side.

When I arrived upon the battle-field the combat of the morning was over. It was then ten o'clock, and the troops were at breakfast, if the few ounces of wheat, sparingly dealt out among them, could be dignified by that name. All was, however, life and animation on every side: the merry laugh, the passing jest, the careless look, bespoke the free and daring character of the soldiery, as they sat in groups upon the grass; and, except when a fatigue party passed by, bearing some wounded comrade to the rear, no touch of seriousness rested upon their hardy features. The morning was indeed a glorious one; a sky of unclouded blue stretched above a landscape unsurpassed in loveliness. Far to the right rolled on in placid stream the broad Tagus, bathing in its eddies the very walls of Talavera, the ground from which, to our position, gently undulated across a plain of most fertile richness, and terminated on our extreme left in a bold height, protected in front by a ravine, and flanked by a deep and rugged valley.

The Spaniards occupied the right of the line, connecting with our troops at a rising ground, upon which a strong redoubt had been hastily thrown up. The fourth division and the guards were stationed here, next to whom came Cameron's brigade and the Germans; Mackenzie and Hill holding the extreme left of all, which might be called the key of our position. In the valley beneath the latter were picketed three cavalry regiments, among which I was not long in detecting my gallant friends of the twenty-third.

As I rode rapidly past, saluting some old familiar face at each moment, I could not help feeling struck at the evidence of the desperate battle that had so lately raged there. The whole surface of the hill was one mass of dead and dying, the bear skin of the French grenadier lying side by side with the tartan of the Highlander. Deep furrows in the soil showed the track of the furious cannonade, and the terrible evidences of a bayonet charge were written in the mangled corpses around.

The fight had been maintained without any intermission from daybreak till near nine o'clock that morning, and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful; the mounds of fresh earth on every side told of the soldier's sepulchre, and the unceasing tramp of the pioneers struck sadly upon the ear, as the groans of the wounded blended with the funeral sounds around them.

In front were drawn up the dark legions of France; massive columns of infantry, with dense bodies of artillery alternating along the line. They, too, occupied a gently rising ground; the valley between the two armies being crossed halfway by a little rivulet, and here, during the sultry heat of the morning, the troops on both sides met and mingled to quench their thirst ere the trumpet again called them to the slaughter.

In a small ravine, near the centre of our line, were drawn up Cotton's brigade, of whom the fusiliers formed a part. Directly in front of this were Campbell's brigade, to the left of which, upon a gentle slope, the staff were now assembled. Thither, accordingly, I bent my steps, and, as I came up the little scarp, found myself among the generals of division, hastily summoned by Sir Arthur to deliberate upon a forward movement. The council lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour, and when I presented myself to deliver my report, all the dispositions for the battle had been decided upon, and the commander of the forces, seated upon the grass at his breakfast, looked by far the most unconcerned and uninterested man I had seen that morning.

He turned his head rapidly as I came up, and, before the aid-de-camp could announce me, called out:

"Well, sir, what news of the re-enforcements?"

"They cannot reach Talavera before to-morrow, sir."

"Then, before that we shall not want them. That will do, sir."

So saying, he resumed his breakfast, and I retired, more than ever struck with the surprising coolness of the man upon whom no disappointment seemed to have the slightest influence.

I had scarcely rejoined my regiment, and was giving an account to my brother officers of my journey, when an aide-de-camp came galloping at full speed down the line, and communicating with the several commanding officers as he passed.

What might be the nature of the orders we could not guess at; for no word to fall in followed, and yet it was evident something of importance was at hand. Upon the hill where the staff were assembled, no unusual bustle appeared, and we could see the grey cob of Sir Arthur still being led up and down by the groom, with a dragoon's mantle thrown over him. The soldiers, overcome by the heat and fatigue of the morning, lay stretched around upon the grass, and every thing bespoke a period of rest and refreshment.

"We are going to advance, depend upon it," said a young officer beside me; "the repulse of this morning has been a smart lesson to the French, and Sir Arthur won't leave them without impressing it upon them."

"Hark, what's that?" cried Baker; "listen."

As he spoke, a strain of most delicious music came wafted across the plain. It was from the band of a French regiment, and, mellowed by the distance, it seemed in the calm stillness of the morning air, like something less of earth than heaven. As we listened, the notes swelled upward yet fell; and one by one the different bands seemed to join, till at last the whole air seemed full of the rich flood of melody.

We could now perceive the dragoons were rapidly falling back, while, high above all other sounds, the clanging notes of the trumpet were heard along the line. The hoarse drum now beat to arms, and, soon after, a brilliant staff rode slowly from between two dense bodies of infantry, and, advancing some distance into the plain, seemed to reconnoitre us. A cloud of Polish cavalry, distinguished by their long lances and floating banners, loitered in the rear.

We had not time for further observation, when the drums on our side beat to arms, and the hoarse cry, "Fall in, fall in there, lads!" resounded along the line.

It was one o'clock, and before half an hour the troops had resumed the position of the morning, and stood silent and anxious spectators of the scene before them.

Upon the table land, near the centre of the French position, we could descry the gorgeous tent of King Joseph, around which a large and splendidly accoutred staff were seen standing. Here, too, the bustle and excitement seemed considerable, for to this point the dark masses of the infantry seemed converging from the extreme right, and here we could perceive the royal guards and the reserve now forming in column of attack.

From the crest of the hill down to the valley, the dark, dense ranks extended, the flanks protected by a powerful artillery and deep masses of heavy cavalry. It was evident that the attack was not to commence on our side, and the greatest and most intense anxiety pervaded us as to what part of our line was first to be assailed.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, from the height, had been patiently observing the field of battle, despatched an aid-de-camp at full gallop toward Campbell's brigade, posted directly in advance of us. As he passed swiftly along, he called out, "You're in for it, fourteenth. You'll have to open the ball to-day."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a signal gun from the French boomed heavily through the still air. The last echo was growing fainter, and the heavy smoke breaking into mist, when the most deafening thunder ever my ears heard, came pealing around us: eighty pieces of artillery had opened upon us, sending a very tempest of bullets upon our line, while midst the smoke and dust we could see the light troops advancing at a run, followed by the broad and massive column in all the terror and majesty of war.

"What a splendid attack. How gallantly they come on!" cried an old veteran officer beside me, forgetting all rivalry in his noble admiration of our enemy.

The intervening space was soon passed, and the tirailleurs falling back as the column came on, the towering masses bore down upon Campbell's division with a loud cry of defiance. Silently and steadily the English infantry awaited the attack, and, returning the fire with one withering volley, were ordered to charge. Scarcely were the bayonets lowered, when the head of the advancing column broke and fled, while Mackenzie's brigade, overlapping the flank, pushed boldly forward, and a scene of frightful carnage followed: for a moment a hand to hand combat was sustained, but the unbroken files and impregnable bayonets of the English conquered, and the French fled back, leaving six guns behind them.

The gallant enemy were troops of tried and proved courage, and scarcely had they retreated when they again formed; but just as they prepared to come forward, a tremendous shower of grape opened upon them from our batteries, while a cloud of Spanish horse assailed them in flank, and nearly cut them in pieces.

While this was passing on the right, a tremendous attack menaced the hill upon which our left was posted. Two powerful columns of French infantry, supported by some regiments of light cavalry, came steadily forward to the attack. Anson's brigade were ordered to charge.

Away they went at top speed; but had not gone above a few hundred yards, when they were suddenly arrested by a deep chasm: here the German hussars pulled short up; but the twenty-third dashing impetuously forward, a scene of terrific carnage ensued—men and horses rolling indiscriminately together under a withering fire from the French squares. Even here, however, British valor quailed not; for Major Francis Ponsonby, forming all who came up, rode boldly upon a brigade of French chasseurs in the rear. Victor, who from the first had watched the movement, at once despatched a lancer regiment against them, and then these brave fellows were absolutely cut to atoms; the few who escaped having passed through the French columns, and reached Bassecour's Spanish division on the far right.

During this time, the hill was again assailed, and even more desperately than before, while Victor himself led on the fourth corps to an attack upon our right and centre.

The guards waited, without flinching, the impetuous rush of the advancing columns; and when, at length, within a short distance, dashed forward with the bayonet, driving every thing before them. The French fell back upon their sustaining masses, and, rallying in an instant, again came forward, supported by a tremendous fire from their batteries. The guards drew back, and the German legion, suddenly thrown into confusion, began to retire in disorder—This was the most critical moment of the day; for, although successful upon the extreme right and left of our line, our centre was absolutely broken. Just at this moment Gordon rode up to our brigade: his face was pale, and his look hurried and excited.

"The forty-eighth are coming: here they are; support them, fourteenth."

These few words were all he spoke; and the next moment the measured tread of a column was heard behind us. On they came like one man, their compact and dense formation looking like some massive wall. Wheeling by companies, they suffered the guards and Germans to retire behind them, and then re-forming into line, they rushed forward with the bayonet. Our artillery opened with a deafening thunder behind them, and then we were ordered to charge.

We came on at a trot: the guards, who had now recovered their formation, cheering us as we proceeded; the smoke of the cannonade obscured everything until we had advanced some distance; but just as we emerged from the line of the gallant forty-eighth, the splendid panorama of the battle-field broke suddenly upon us.

"Charge! forward!" cried the hoarse voice of our colonel, and we were upon them. The French infantry, already broken by the withering musketry of our people, gave way before us, and, unable to form a square, retired fighting, but in confusion, and with tremendous loss, to their position. One glorious cheer from left to right of our line proclaimed the victory, while a deafening discharge of artillery from the French replied to this defiance, and the battle was over. Had the Spanish army been capable of a forward movement, our success at this moment would have been much more considerable; but they did not dare to change their position, and the repulse of our enemy was destined to be all our glory. The French, however, suffered much more severely than we did; and, retiring during the night, fell back behind the Alberche, leaving us the victory and the battle-field.

CHAPTER LXVI.—Night after Talavera.

The night which followed the battle was a sad one.

Through the darkness, and under a fast-falling rain, the hours were spent in searching for our wounded comrades amid the heap of slain upon the field: and the glimmering of the lanterns, as they flickered far and near across the wide plain, bespoke the track of the fatigue parties in their mournful round; while the groans of the wounded rose amid the silence with an accent of heart-rending anguish: so true was it, as our great commander said, "there is nothing more sad than a victory, except a defeat."

Around our bivouac fires, the feeling of sorrowful depression was also evident. We had gained a great victory, it was true: we had beaten the far-famed legions of France upon a ground of their own choosing, led by the most celebrated of their marshals, and under the eyes of the Emperor's own brother; but still we felt all the hazardous daring of our position, and had no confidence whatever in the courage or discipline of our allies; and we saw that in the very *mêlée* of the battle the efforts of the enemy were directed almost exclusively against our line, so confidently did they undervalue the efforts of the Spanish troops. Morning broke at length, and scarcely was the heavy mist clearing before the red sunlight, when the sounds of file and drum were heard from a distant part of the field. The notes swelled or sunk as the breeze rose or fell, and many a conjecture was hazarded as to their meaning, for no object was well visible for more than a few hundred yards off: gradually, however, they grew nearer and nearer, and at length, as the air cleared, and the hazy vapor evaporated, the bright scarlet uniform of a British regiment was seen advancing at a quick step.

As they came nearer, the well known march of the gallant forty-third was recognized by some of our people, and immediately the rumor fled like lightning—it "is Crawford's brigade;" and so it was: the noble fellow had marched his division the unparalleled distance of sixty English miles in twenty-seven hours. Over a burning sandy soil, exposed to a raging sun, without rations, almost without water, these gallant troops pressed on in the unwearied hope of sharing the glory of the battle-field. One tremendous cheer welcomed the head of the column as they marched past, and continued till the last file had deployed before us.

As these splendid regiments moved by, we could not help feeling what signal service they might have rendered us but a few hours before; their soldierlike bearing, their high and effective state of discipline, their well-known reputation, were in every mouth; and I scarcely think that any corps who stood in the brunt of the mighty battle were the subject of more encomium than the brave fellows who had just joined us.

The mournful duties of the night were soon forgotten in the gay and buoyant sounds on every side. Congratulations, shaking of hands, kind inquiries went round; and, as we looked to the hilly ground where so lately were drawn up in battle array the dark columns of our enemy, and where not one sentinel now remained, the proud feeling of our victory came home to our hearts with the ever thrilling thought, "What will they say at home?"

I was standing amid a group of my brother officers, when I received an order from the colonel to ride down to Talavera for the return of our wounded, as the arrival of the commander-in-chief was momentarily looked for. I threw myself upon my horse, and, setting out at a brisk pace, soon reached the gates.

On entering the town, I was obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. The streets were completely filled with people, treading their way among wagons, forage-carts, and tick-litters: here was a booth filled with all imaginable wares for sale; there, a temporary gin shop established beneath a broken baggage wagon; here, might be seen a merry party throwing dice for a turkey or a kid—there a wounded man with bloodless cheek and tottering step, inquiring the road to the hospital; the accents of agony mingled with the drunken chorus, and the sharp crack of the provost-marshal's whip was heard above the boisterous revelling of the debauchee. All was confusion, bustle, and excitement. The staff-officer, with his flowing plume and glittering epaulettes, wended his way on foot amid the din and bustle unnoticed and uncared for; while the little drummer amused an admiring audience of simple country folk by some wondrous tale of the great victory.

My passage through this dense mass was necessarily a slow one. No one made way for another; discipline for the time was at an end, and with it all respect for rank or position. It was what nothing of mere vicissitude in the fortune of war can equal—the wild orgies of an army the day after a battle.

On turning the corner of a narrow street, my attention was attracted by a crowd which, gathered round a small fountain, seemed, as well as I could perceive, to witness some proceeding with a more than ordinary interest. Exclamations in Portuguese expressive of surprise and admiration were mingled with English oaths and Irish ejaculations, while high above all rose other sounds—the cries of some one in pain and suffering; forcing my way through the dense group, I at length reached the interior of the crowd, when, to my astonishment, I perceived a short, fat, punchy looking man, stripped of his coat and waistcoat, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, busily employed in operating upon a wounded soldier. Amputation knives, tourniquets, bandages, and all other imaginable instruments for giving and alleviating torture were strewn about him, and from the arrangement and preparation, it was clear that he had pitched upon this spot as an hospital for his patients. While he continued to perform his function with a singular speed and dexterity, he never for a moment ceased a running fire of small talk, now addressed to the patient in particular, now to the crowd at large—sometimes as soliloquy to himself, and, not unfrequently, abstractedly, upon things in general. These little specimens of oratory, delivered in such a place at such a time, and, not least of all in the richest imaginable Cork accent, were sufficient to arrest my steps, and I stopped for some time to observe him.

The patient, who was a large, powerfully-built fellow, had been wounded in both legs by the explosion of a shell, but yet not so severely as to require amputation.

"Does that please you, then?" said the doctor, as he applied some powerful caustic to a wounded vessel, "there's no satisfying the like of you. Quite warm and comfortable ye'll be this morning after that. I saw that same shell

coming, and I called out to Maurice Blake, 'by your leave, Maurice, let that fellow pass, he's in a hurry;' and, fai h, I said to myself, there's more where you came from: you're not an only child, and I never liked the family—what are ye grinning for, ye brown thieves?—this was addressed to the Portuguese—"There, now, keep the limb quiet and easy. Upon my conscience, if that shell fell into old Lundy Foot's shop this morning, there'd be plenty of sneezing in Sackville street. Who's next?" said he, looking round with an expression that if no wounded man was ready, that he was quite prepared to carve out a patient for himself. Not exactly relishing the invitation, in the searching that accompanied it, I backed my way through the crowd, and continued my path toward the hospital.

Here the scene which presented itself was shocking beyond belief—frightful and ghastly wounds from shells and cannon shot were seen on all sides; every imaginable species of suffering that man is capable of, was presented to view; while, amid the dead and dying, operations the most painful were proceeding with a haste and bustle that plainly showed how many more waited their turn for similar offices. The stairs were blocked up with fresh arrivals of wounded men, and even upon the corridors and landing-places, the sick were strewn on all sides.

I hurried to that part of the building where my own people were, and soon learned that our loss was confined to about fourteen wounded; five of them were officers: but, fortunately, we lost not a man of our gallant fellows, and Talavera brought us no mourning for a comrade to dampen the exultation we felt in our victory.

#### CHAPTER LXVII.—The Outpost.

During the three days which succeeded the battle, all things remained as they were before: the enemy had gradually withdrawn all his forces, and our most advanced pickets never came in sight of a French detachment. Still, although we had gained a great victory, our situation was anything but flattering. The most strenuous exertions of the commissariat were barely sufficient to provision the troops; and we had even already but too much experience of how little trust or reliance could be reposed in the most lavish promises of our allies. It was true, our spirits failed us not, but it was rather from an implicit and never-failing confidence in the resources of our great leader, than that any among us could see his way through the dense cloud of difficulty and danger that seemed to envelope us on every side.

To add to the pressing emergency of our position, we learned on the evening of the 31st that Soult was advancing from the north, and, at the head of fourteen thousand chosen troops was in full march upon Placentia; thus threatening our rear, at the very moment too when any further advance was evidently impossible.

On the morning of the first of August, I was ordered with a small party to push forward in the direction of the Alberche, upon the left bank of which it was reported that the French were again concentrating their forces, and, if possible, to obtain information as to their future movements. Meanwhile the army was about to fall back upon Oropesa, there to await Soult's advance, and, if necessary, to give him battle—Cuesta engaging with his Spaniards to secure Talavera, with its stores and hospitals, against any present movement from Victor.

After a hearty breakfast, and a kind "Good-bye!" from my brother officers, I set out. My road along the Tagus, for several miles of the way, was a narrow path scraped from the rocky ledge of the river, shaded by rich olive plantations, that threw a friendly shade over us during the noon-day heat.

We travelled along silently, sparing our cattle from time to time, but endeavoring ere nightfall to reach Torrijos, in which village we had heard several French soldiers were in hospital. Our information leading us to believe them very inadequately guarded, we hoped to make some prisoners, from whom the information we sought could in all likelihood be obtained. More than once during the day our road was crossed by parties similar to our own, sent forward to reconnoitre, and, toward evening, a party of the twenty-third light dragoons returning toward Talavera, informed us that the French had retired from Torrijos, which was now occupied by an English detachment, under my old friend O'Shaughnessy.

I need not say with what pleasure I heard this piece of news, and eagerly pressed forward, preferring the warm shelter and hospitable board the major was certain of possessing, to the cold blast and dripping grass of a bivouac. Night, however, fell fast; darkness, without an intervening twilight, set in, and we lost our way. A black table land, with here and there a stunted, leafless tree, was all that we could discern by the pale light of a new moon. An apparently interminable heath, uncrossed by path or foot-track, was before us, and our jaded cattle seemed to feel the dreary uncertainty of the prospect as sensitively as ourselves—stumbling and overreaching at every step.

Cursing my ill-luck for such a misadventure, and once more picturing to my mind the bright blazing hearth and smoking supper I had hoped to partake of, I called a halt, and prepared to pass the night. My decision was hastened by finding myself suddenly in a little grove of pine trees, whose shelter was not to be despised; beside that, our bivouac fires were now sure of being supplied.

It was fortunate the night was fine, though dark. In a calm, still atmosphere, when not a leaf moved, nor a branch stirred, we picked out our tired horses, and, shaking out their forage, heaped up in the midst a blazing fire of the fir tree. Our humble supper was procured, and even with the still lingering revelry of the major and his happier destiny, I began to feel comfortable.

My troopers, who probably had not been flattering their imaginations with such gourmand reflections and views, sat happily around their cheerful blaze, chatting over the great battle they had so lately witnessed, and mingling their stories of some comrade's prowess with sorrows for the dead, and proud hopes for the future. In the midst, upon his knees beside the flame, was Mike, disputing, detailing, guessing, and occasionally inventing—all his arguments only tending to one view of the late victory—"that it was the Lord's mercy the most of the forty-eighth was Irish, or we would n't be sitting there now!"

Despite Mr. Free's conversational gifts, however, his audience one by one dropped off in sleep, leaving him sole monarch of the watch-fire, and—what he thought more of

—a small brass kettle nearly full of brandy and water. The latter, I perceived, he produced when all was tranquil, and seemed, as he cast a furtive glance around, to assure himself that he was the only company present.

Lying some yards off, I watched him for about an hour, as he sat rubbing his hands before the blaze, or lifting the little vessel to his lips; his droll features ever and anon seeming acted upon by some passing dream of former devils, as he smiled and muttered some sentences in an under-voice. Sleep at length overpowered me; but my last waking thoughts were haunted with a singular ditty, by which Mike accompanied himself as he kept burning the buttons of my jacket before the fire, now and then interrupting the melody by a recourse to the copper.

"Well, well; you're clean enough now, and sure it's little good brightening you up, when you'll be as bad to-morrow. Like him; like his father's son, devil a lie in it. Nothing would serve him but his best blue jacket to fight in, as if the French were particular what they killed us in. Pleasant trade, upon my conscience! Well, never mind. That's beautiful *sperrets*, any how. Your health Mickey Free; it's yourself that stands to me?"

"It's little for glory I care;

Sure ambition is only a fable:

I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,

With lashings of drink on the table.

I like to lay down in the sun

And drame when my *faytures* is scorchin'.

That when I'm too *ould* for more fun;

Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.

"And in winter, with bacon and eggs,

And a place by the turf-fire basking,

Sip my punch, as I roasted my legs,

Oh! the devil a more I'd be asking.

For I have n't a *janias* for work—

It was never the gift of the Bradies—

But I'd make a most *illigant* Turk,

For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies."

This confounded refrain kept ringing through my dream, and "tobacco and ladies" kept mingled with my thoughts of storm and battle-field, long after their very gifted author had composed himself to slumber.

Sleep, and sound sleep, came at length, and many hours elapsed ere I awoke. When I did so, my fire was reduced to its last embers. Mike, like the others, had sunk in slumber, and mid the gray dawn that precedes the morning, I could just perceive the dark shadows of my troopers as they lay in groups around.

The fatigues of the previous day had so completely overcome me, that it was with difficulty I could arouse myself so far as to heap logs upon the fire. This I did with my eyes half closed, in that listless dreamy state, which seems the twilight of sleep.

I managed so much, however, and was returning to my couch beneath a tree, when suddenly an object presented itself to my eyes that absolutely rooted me to the spot. At about twenty or thirty yards distant, where but the moment before the long line of horizon terminated the view, there now stood a huge figure of some ten or twelve feet in height—two heads—which surmounted this colossal personage, moved alternately from side to side; while several arms waved loosely to and fro in the most strange and uncouth manner. My first impression was, that a dream had conjured up this distorted image; but when I had assured myself by repeated pinchings and shakings that I was really awake, still it remained there. I was never much given to believe in ghosts: but even had I been so, this strange apparition must have puzzled me as much as ever, for it could not have been the representative of anything I ever heard of before.

A vague suspicion that some French trickery was concerned, induced me to challenge it in French, so without advancing a step I halloed out, "*Qui va la?*"

My voice aroused a sleeping soldier, who, springing up beside me, had his carbine at the cock; while, equally thunderstruck with myself, he gazed at the monster.

"*Qui va la?*" shouted I again, and no answer was returned, when suddenly the huge object wheeled rapidly around, and without waiting for any further parley, made for the thicket.

The tramp of a horse's feet now assured me as to the nature of at least part of the spectacle, when click went the trigger behind me, and the trooper's ball rushed whistling through the brushwood. In a moment the whole party were up and stirring.

"This way, lads!" cried I, as, drawing my sabre, I dashed into the pine wood.

For a few moments all was dark as midnight; but as we proceeded further we came out upon a little open space, which commanded the plain beneath for a great extent.

"There it goes," said one of the men, pointing to a narrow beaten path in which the tall figure moved, at a slow and stately pace, while still the same wild gestures of heads and limbs continued.

"Do n't fire, men; do n't fire!" I cried; "but follow me," as I set forward as hard as I could.

As we neared it, the frantic gesticulations grew more and more remarkable, while some stray words which we half caught sounded like English in our ears. We were now within pistol shot distance, when suddenly the horse, for that much at least we were assured of, stumbled and fell forward, precipitating the remainder of the object headlong into the road.

In a second we were upon the spot, when the first sounds which greeted me were the following, uttered in an accent by no means new to me.

"Oh! blessed Virgin; was n't it yourself that threw me in the mud, or my nose was done for? Shaugh, Shaugh, my boy, since we are taken, tip them the blarney, and say we're generals of division."

I need not say with what a burst of laughter I received this very original declaration.

"I ought to know that laugh," cried a voice I at once knew to be my friend O'Shaughnessy. "Are you Charles O'Malley by any chance in life?"

"The same, major; and delighted to meet you; though, faith, we were near giving you a rather warm reception. What in the devil's name did you represent just now?"

"Ask Maurice, there, bad luck to him. I wish the devil had him when he persuaded me into it."

"Introduce me to your friend," replied the other rubbing his shins as he spoke. "Mr. O'Malley"—so he called me—"I think; happy to meet you: my mother was a Ryan of Killdooley, married to a first cousin of your father's before she took Mr. Quill, my respected progenitor. I'm Dr. Quill of the forty-eighth, more commonly called Maurice Quill. Tear and ages! how sore my back is. It was all the fault of the bastie, Mr. O'Malley; we set out in search of you this morning, to bring you back with us to Torrijos, but we fell in with a very pleasant funeral at Barcaventer, and joined them; they invited us, I may say, to spend the day, and a very jovial day it was. I was a chief mourner, and carried a very big candle through the village, in consideration of as fine a meat pie, and as much lush as my grief permitted me to indulge in afterward: but, my dear sir, when it was all finished, we found ourselves nine miles from our quarters, and as neither of us were in a very befitting condition for pedestrian exercise, we stole one of the leaders out of the hearse,—velvet, plumes, and all, and set off for home."

"When we came upon your party, we were not over clear whether you were English or Portuguese, or French; and that was the reason I called out to you, 'God save all here,' in Irish; your polite answer was a shot, which struck the old horse in the knee, and although he wheeled about in double quick, we never could get him out of his professional habits on the road. He had a strong notion he was engaged in another funeral,—as he was very likely to be; and the devil a bit faster than a dead march could we get him to, with all our thrashing. Orderly time, for men in a hurry, with a whole platoon blazing away behind them! but long life to the cavalry, they merit any thing."

While he continued to run on in this manner, we reached our watch-fire, when what was my surprise to discover in my newly made acquaintance the worthy doctor I had seen a day or two before, operating at the fountain at Talavera.

"Well, Mr. O'Malley," said he, as he seated himself before the blaze: "What is the state of the larder? Any thing savory—anything drink-inspiring to be had?"

"I fear, doctor, my fare is of the very humblest; but still—"

"What are the fluids, Charley?" cried the major; "the cruel performance I have been enacting on that cursed beast has left me in a fever."

"This was a pigeon pie, formerly," said Dr. Quill, investigating the ruined walls of a pasty; "and—but come, here's a duck; and if my nose deceive me not, a very tolerable ham. Peter—Lary—Patsy—What's the name of your familiars there?"

"Mickey—Mickey Free."

"Mickey Free, then: come here, avick! Devise a little drink, my son—not of the weakest—no lemon—hot! You understand, hot! That chap has an eye for punch; there's no mistaking an Irish fellow, nature has endowed them richly—fine features, and a beautiful absorbent system! that's the gift; just look at him, blowing up the fire,—is n't he a picture? Well, O'Malley, I was fretting that we had n't; you up at Torrijos; we were enjoying life very respectably we established a little system of small tithes upon fowl—sheep—pig's heads and wine skins, that throve remarkably for the time. Here's the lush! Put it down there, Mickey, in the middle; that's right. Your health, Shaugh. O'Malley, here's a troop to you; and in the meantime I'll give you a chaunt."

"Come, ye jovial souls, do n't over the bowl be sleeping, Nor let the grog go round like a cripple creeping; If your care comes up—in the liquor sink it, Pass along the lush—I'm the boy can drink it."

Is n't that so, Mrs. Mary Callaghan?

Is n't that so, Mrs. Mary Callaghan?

Shaugh, my hearty, this begins to feel comfortable. Your man, O'Malley, has a most judicious notion of punch for a small party; and though one has prejudices about a table, chairs, and that sort of thing, take my word for it, it's better than fighting the French, any day."

"Well, Charley, it certainly did look quite awkward enough the other day toward three o'clock, when the legion fell back before that French column, and broke the guards behind them."

"Yes, you're quite right; but I think every one felt that the confusion was but momentary; the gallant forty-eighth was up in an instant."

"Faith! I can answer for their alacrity," said the Doctor, "I was making my way to the rear with all convenient despatch, when an aid-de-camp called out—"

"Cavalry coming! take care forty-eighth."

"Left face, wheel! Fall in there, fall in there! I heard on every side, and soon found myself standing in a square, with Sir Arthur himself, and Hill, and the rest of them all around me."

"Steady, men! Steady, now!" said Hill, as he rode around the ranks, while we saw an awful column of cuirassiers forming on the rising ground to our left.

"Here they come!" said Sir Arthur, as the French came powdering along, making the very earth tremble beneath them.

"My first thought was, 'The devils are mad! and, they'll ride down into us, before they know they're kilt!' and, sure enough, smash into our first rank they pitched, sabring and cutting all before them; when at last the word 'Fire,' was given, and the whole head of the column broke like a shell, and rolled horse over man on the earth."

"Very well done! very well, indeed!" said Sir Arthur, turning as coolly round to me, as if he was asking for more gravy.

"Mighty well done," said I, in reply, and resolving not to be outdone in coolness, I pulled out my snuff-box and offered him a pinch, saying "The real thing, Sir Arthur; our own countryman—blackguard."

"He gave a little grim kind of a smile, took a pinch, and then called out—"

"Let Sherbrooke advance!" while, turning again toward me, he said, "Where are your people, colonel?"

"Colonel!" thought I; "Is it possible he's going to promote me?" but before I could answer, he was talking to another. Meanwhile, Hill came up, and looking at me steadily, burst out with—

"Why the devil are you here, sir? Why ain't you at the rear?"



"Upon my conscience," said I, "that's the very thing I'm puzzling myself about this minute! but if you think it's pride in me, you're greatly mistaken, for I'd rather the greatest scoundrel in Dublin was kicking me down Sackville-street, than be here now!"

"You'd think it was fun I was making, if you heard how they all laughed, Hill and Cameron and the others, louder than any."

"Who is he?" said Sir Arthur, quickly.

"Dr. Quill, surgeon of the thirty-third, where I exchanged, to be near my brother, sir, in the thirty-fourth."

"A doctor—a surgeon! That fellow a surgeon! Damn him, I took him for Colonel Grosvenor! Isay, Gordon, these medical officers must be docked of their fine feathers, there's no knowing them from the staff; look to that in the next general order."

"And sure enough, they left us bare and naked the next morning; and if the French sharpshooters pick us down now, devil mend them for wasting powder, for if they look in the orderly books, they'll find their mistake."

"Ah, Maurice, Maurice," said Shaugh, with a sigh; "You'll never improve—you'll never improve!"

"Why the devil would I?" said he; "Ain't I at the top of my profession—full surgeon—with nothing to expect—nothing to hope for? Oh, if I only remained in the light company, what would n't I be now!"

"Then you were not always a doctor?" said I.

"Upon my conscience I was n't," said he. "When Shaugh knew me first, I was the Adonis of the Roscommon militia, with more heiresses in my list than any man in the regiment, but Shaugh and myself were always un-ucky."

"Poor Mrs. Rogers!" said the major, pathetically, drinking off his glass and heaving a profound sigh.

"Ah, the darling," said the doctor; "if it was n't for a jug of punch that lay on the hall table, our fortune in life would be very different."

"True for you, Maurice!" quoth O'Shaughnessy.

"I should like much to hear that story," said I, pushing the jug briskly round.

"He'll tell it you," said O'Shaughnessy, lighting his cigar, and leaning pensively back against a tree, "he'll tell it you."

"I will, with pleasure," said Maurice. "Let Mr. Free, meantime, amuse himself with the punch-bowl, and I'll relate it."

But the relation itself, for reasons mentioned in the following page, must be left to our next volume.

### L'Envoy.

MOST KIND PUBLIC,

It is now nearly two years since we opened an acquaintance with you. With what pleasure to ourselves the intimacy has been cultivated, we need not repeat here. Your indulgence, your good nature, your untiring kindness, have been present with us through every page we wrote; and, whether our heart was heavy or our spirits light, toward you we had but one feeling—the deepest gratitude for all your favors, with an ardent wish to preserve them to the last.

A hundred times have we asked ourselves, Why were you pleased with us, and for what?—which among the characters of our voracious history had taken your fancy, and wherefore?

Have you sympathized in the Irish waywardness and reckless good-nature of Fred Power? Have you felt for the unmerited sorrows of the fair Dalrymples? Have you warmed with generous enthusiasm for the moral sentiments and pious effusions of Monsoon? Or have you smiled at the vagrant fancies and cunning conceits of Mickey Free? Alas, we know not. We are merely aware, upon the whole, that you are not altogether weary of us: but which is the attraction of the piece, which the star of our company, we are totally ignorant.

Such were our wandering thoughts as we sat beside our Christmas fire, and in a bumper of our oldest and raciest, pledged you—ay, your own excellent self—as the best of patrons and most kind of masters. Many a passing thought of friendly import suggested itself, as we puzzled our brains how we best might testify our gratitude at this season of mutual good wishes. Many a plan presented itself in turn, and in turn was rejected, as far too weak for the expression of our feelings; when, suddenly, the current of our thoughts received a sad and fatal shock, which, while it rendered our present desire unattainable, only promised to lay us under deeper obligations for the future.

The misfortune we allude to was briefly this:

In a fire which took place in Dublin on the morning of the 2d of January, the whole of the premises in which the printing of our book was carried on, were burned to the ground. The violence of the flames even melted the very type in the flames; and where a tall and goodly building had stood but yesterday, a mouldering and smoking ruin now marks the spot. In this sad conjuncture, our first thought was for the proprietor, an upright and industrious man, whose calamity is a most heavy one. His property was, we believe, uninsured, and the loss involves a great part of that competence which years of toil and labor had accumulated.

Our next regret—believe us, it came after a long interval—was for ourselves. Our own misfortunes—nothing in comparison with his—consisted in the loss of our MSS. The record of our campaigns—our days of battle and nights of bivouac met the fate of many worthier pages, and were utterly consumed.

It is needless to express our regrets for the mishap; and, indeed, we should not have obtruded our sorrows upon you, were it not that an apology is requisite to account for our maimed and imperfect appearance. The melting pathos that was destined to stir your bosom, the merry tale we calculated on for a laugh, the song we hoped you'd sing, are lost to us for ever; and the heavy plash of the "Sun" and the "Phoenix" have done more to extinguish our fire, than, unhappily, they have effected for that of our printer.

It is but poor sport to tell you what deeds of prowess we effected, what battles we braved, what skirmishes we fought, how Monsoon preached and Mike chanted, how Peter laughed and O'Shaughnessy blundered. Alas, and alas, the record was not fated to elicit laughter; and the only tears it called forth, came from the fire-engines.

That we were about to become most interesting, most

witty, most moving, and most melancholy, we are ready to swear before any justice in the commission; that any thing we had hitherto done was as nothing compared to what we had in store, we solemnly adjure; and we entreat you to believe, what we ourselves are convinced of, that what we held in reserve was the whole force of our history.

Lend us, then, most amiable reader, all your spare sympathy; the compliments of the season, despite the temperature we write in, have been far too warm for us, and we must be excused desiring "many returns of them for the future."

Meanwhile our worthy publisher, who has as much compassion for a burnt MS. as the steward of a steamer has for the sufferings of a passenger, bids us be of "good cheer."

"Never mind it," quoth he. "It's provoking, to be sure; but come out with a capital number in February, and they'll think nothing of it."

They—meaning you, my Public—you'll think nothing of what? Of what took us months to indite—of Mike's songs, of which no copies are in existence—of the various sayings and doings, thoughts, acts, and opinions of Messrs. Monsoon, Power, Webber, Quill, O'Shaughnessy and Co., who are at this moment scattered here and there about the globe, and, except Monsoon, not a man of them to be bribed by hock or hermitage to recount a single incident of their lives.

Some of our characters have grown serious, and do n't like this mention of them at all. Others are married, and have vixenish wives, highly indignant at the early pranks of their venerable partners. Many want to write their own adventures, and do n't fancy our poaching over their manor; and not a few are diners-out, depending for their turtle and claret upon the very stories we have been giving you this year past.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, we are told "not to mind it." A capital No.—plenty of drollery—none of your long yarns about the Douro, but fun—Irish fun—Mickey Free and Monsoon—that's what we want." Confound the man! does he think we're inventing our life? does he suppose we are detailing a fictitious and not a real history? No, no; there is no one better than himself aware that our characters are real people, who, however little pleased they may be at being painted at all, will never condescend to be caricatured. Never did a man stand more stoutly upon his prerogative, and resolutely reject all advances, till he gently hinted that our very amiable friend, Frank Webber, had offered himself to complete the volume—this threat was really too much for us, and we knocked under.

The next question was as to time. It was impossible for us at a moment to rewrite our lost pages; and, in our distress, we sought the aid and assistance of our literary friends; among others, the talented author of "Darnley" and "The Gipsy." He came to our succor with a readiness no less a proof of his friendship than his genius; and in a story of intense interest and great beauty, has done much to console us. It is now before us; we intend also that it should be before you.

Though little apology is necessary, that having invited you to partake of tough mutton, we have presented you with racy venison, and though well knowing that when enjoying "James," you have no regrets for "Harry," we deem it only respectful toward you, or fitting in us to explain what has occurred, and to add that, before the next period of appearance before you, we shall have done every thing in our power to recover the true web of our narrative. Here, then, you have our story and our apology—while we earnestly entreat you to believe none genuine except signed by Charles O'Malley. There is no reliance to be placed in the many versions abroad. It is not true that our book is pronounced "doubly hazardous," by the Insurance Companies, and not acceptable under a "parson premium;" there is no truth in the story that the fire was a malicious act, originating among the junior bar; there is no truth in the statement that a gigantic and powerful individual interposed his strong arm to prevent the engines playing upon the manuscript-room, declaring at the time, that he "should see us burned to ashes."

We cannot conclude without publicly testifying our gratitude to O'Shaughnessy. He arrived here post from Strassburg, the moment he heard of our mishap, and has been administering every comfort and consolation in his power.

"It's maybe the best thing ever happened you, Charley. It's truth I'm telling you—hear me out. My father—God rest him—had two pounds ten in French's notes, when the bank broke, and to the hour of his death, he never paid a creditor, always alleging if it had n't been for that d—d bank, he'd not owe sixpence! Take the hint, my boy. If they complain that you're dull—that you are growing prosy and tiresome—that Monsoon is a bore, and yourself not much better, tell them it's all the fault of the fire; and if you manage it well, the excuse will last your lifetime."

Let me now conclude with this assurance, while I forestall the moral of my friend James's beautiful story, and assure you that I feel a fire can be a happy incident; for, had not my pages been burnt, I should never have been able to present you with this.

I am most respectfully and faithfully yours,

CHARLES O'MALLEY.

Brussels, Jan. 18 1841.

TO G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Hotel de Regence.

With a scrap of note paper, just saved from the flames, I sit down to write you a line, my dear James, And explain, if I'm able my spirits to rally. The misfortune that's happened to poor Charles O'Malley. In Ireland, where once they were proud of their learning, They've taken, of late years, to roasting and burning; And, not satisfied now with destroying a parson, They've given a poor author a touch of their arson. About these good people I rarely was critical, Seldom religious, and never political; I neither subscribed to the "Post" nor the "Mail," Nor cried, "No Surrender," nor "Up with Repale." Though I've listened to arguments over and over, I've confounded M'Hale with the King of Hanover; And never by chance could find out what they mean, When asked, if I did n't like blue before green; In a word, my dear friend—I confess, as a man—

I relished Young Butt, admired too old Dan.

They were Irishmen both—not a touch of the Norman, No more than great Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman.

From Kinsale to the Causeway—Athlone or Armagh— They are Paddies all over, from Erin go brag;

I loved the gay fellows, and cared not a crown, Did they sing "Bloody Billy," or "Croppies lie down;"

As ready with one as the other to tope, [Pope.] To cry "Down with the Church"—"Bloody end to the

They might wear in their neckcloth pea-green or sky-blue, Provided their hearts were but honest and true;

And, however whigs, Tories, and radicals talk, Like the leaves of the shamrock, they spring from one stalk;

They've their root in the soil, and they wish not to sever, But adorn the hills of their country for ever.

But, at last, to come back, for I'm sure you suppose

I've lost, in digressing, all sight of my woes, And forget how the devil—the printer's, I say—

Set fire to my book on the last New Year's Day; And, just as the ribbonmen treated old Kinsela,

They roasted the heroes that fought the Peninsula. They left not a character living for me,

Frank Webber, and Power, and poor Mickey Free, And even the "Dals," and the Major Monsoon,

They sent up in fragments, as high as the moon— On my conscience, they finished the Irish Dragoon!

Not a man could escape, nor lie hid in a nook, The wretches, they even laid hands on the "Duke;"

And from what I have heard—this between me and you— He shone full as bright as at great Waterloo;

And though firemen played, like some journals we'd name, They could not extinguish one spark of his fame,

As when rising on high, and upon earth no more he Illumined the land of his birth with his glory.

But to come back once more—these eternal digressions

Are like record appeals from the last quarter sessions, Where the judges wish both sides were fast in the stocks,

And the jury are all sound asleep in the box— They've burnt my book—not a story nor sally,

Not a love-scene, nor fight, now remains of O'Malley; Not a battle or bivouac, ever you'll see,

Nor even a chaunt from our friend Mickey Free.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, with laboring brain, and with faculties turning, I sit trying to find out a cause for this burning—

Was it some scheme of a clique, or a closet? or Was it the fault of a drowsy compositor?

Was it some story with which I've been rash in? Or was it some foe to my good friend M'Glashan?

Was it Otway or Carleton, or was it Sam Lover? Alas I'm afraid I shall never discover.

I don't think it true, but it's whispered to me, That Moore had grown jealous of poor Mickey Free,

For he sings his own songs—when he's asked out to tea, But come over, dear friend, and partake of my prog,

And suggest what to do for an unlucky dog; Who never gives way long to grief and to sorry care,

For somehow they but ill suit your friend, HARRY LORREQUER.

### JAMES'S ANSWER.

#### VOLUME THE FIRST.

MY DEAR LORREQUER,

When I received your note, the sun was shining as brightly as if it had been summer, and on the golden background of the evening sky the thin tracery of the leafless twigs was finely marked, offering many a beautiful form and graceful line, though the foliage of a brighter season had departed. They were like the memories of hopes long passed away; and I could not help thinking, as I read the account of what had befallen you, that you, like those bare branches—though you had lost one crop of leaves in this untimely manner, might very soon produce another as fertile of hopes as those which were gone. The news of the burning of the printing-house, and the loss it occasioned you, grieved me deeply, but did not surprise me in the least. I have always expected it; for who would doubt that, after you had gone on eating fire so long, fire would some time or another turn round and eat you. Beside, my dear Lorrequer, there is something so very inflammatory in your nature, that I wonder any printer would let your sheets within his door. No one ever speaks of you without finding ideas of combustion naturally suggest themselves: and the wife of a great general, in describing to me, the other day, a visit you had paid her with a worthy gentleman from Scotland, said, that it was the strongest contrast she had ever seen, for he burned like a port-fire, while you went off like a skyrocket. Why, your good and your bad qualities all tend to the same effect, and your very books are enough to make a man call a fire-engine. Warm-hearted though you be, you cannot deny that you are as fiery as a box of lucifers, and have been in a flame of one kind or another all your life; and when we take into consideration your flashy wit, and your blazing style, I cannot but think that the printer who takes in your MS. without warning his neighbors, might be indicted for a nuisance. I have a strong notion that you are *Swing*, in disguise, so lay the fault upon nobody but yourself.

However, let me see if I can give you some consolation; and, first, in the true style of all comforters, let me try to persuade you, that a great misfortune is the best possible thing that could happen to you. After all is done and over, my good friend, a fire is not so bad a thing. You may say, "granted; a small quantity of the element; but that one may have too much of a good thing. That a fire in a grate is a good thing in its way, but a house on fire is to be avoided, when possible." Still, however, I hold to my text and reply, that a house on fire is not always so bad a thing as people think. I recollect a very sweet girl being saved from drowning in the middle of the Atlantic by a house on fire. Come, I will tell you the story, and that shall be—

#### VOLUME THE SECOND.

"There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes

plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Ude's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visitor to the tune of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding-doors at once with a grace that could only be acquired by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women-servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the 'Morning Post.' The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect—denied nothing that was virtuous and right—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value—she had nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine; she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least. Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron: nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know well why—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility. There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, nor fool—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house, but father, mother, and daughter, all thought him quite out of the question: the father, because he was not a duke; the mother, because he was a soldier; the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up, and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give him a hint, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, 'I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada, to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed.'

"Mr. Herbert economized his hint, and wished his young friend all success. 'By the way,' he added, 'Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting, and farming, and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you.'

"Good fortune did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy, but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing will leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and she turned pale, and she sat still, and she said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. 'It is all in vain,' he said to himself. 'It is all in vain. I know her father too well; and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.'

"Alice answered, in a faint voice, 'in the little room beyond the back drawing-room.'

"Henry paused a moment longer: the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips, and said, 'Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again! but, at least, it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther; farewell! farewell!'

"Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think, when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, 'Alice Herbert will hear of this!' but often, too, he would ask himself, 'I wonder if she be married yet?' and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper; the births, deaths, and marriages.

"His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although, about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of——. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add

his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it, shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours. What took place Alice did not know; but Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though, he urged his daughter no more; and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly, that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place wished the banker and his family, where Alice herself wished to be—in Canada. In the mean time, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing-room. There was no answer, and, unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the dim sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair was vacant; but beside it lay, upon the floor, something like the figure of a man asleep. Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him: it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber, at the side of the dressing-room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother, and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, she had found a vial, and was gazing on it intently.

"'I had better put this away, Miss Herbert,' he said at length, in a low voice; 'I had better put this away before some one else comes.'

"Alice gazed at the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked 'Prussic acid! poison!'

"This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died utterly insolvent. That all his last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother; the funeral; the examination of the papers; the sale of the house and furniture; the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations; the commiseration of friends; the taunts and scoffs of those who had envied and hated in silence. Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death of a mother; sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert, and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, thinking of the sad 'What next?' when a letter was given to her, and she saw the handwriting of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life are not worth a blade of rye-grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only balm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received, and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquilized its aching.

"Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been, indeed, a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced with feelings that you will understand. Economy, however, was now a necessity, and after taking a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the St. Lawrence—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th day of May, 183—. I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton, and that shall be

#### VOLUME THE THIRD.

"It was just after the business in Canada was settled that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of the regiment were assembled in various occupations—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths; and, as he did so, he saw, 'Suddenly, at his house, in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq.' The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed; and although, be it said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, 'Is it possible that she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her!'

"Here 's a bad business!' cried the man who was reading the other newspaper. 'The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it too, Ashton. Look there! They talk of three shillings on the pound.'

"Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and he then took his hat and walked to head-quarters. What he said or did there is no body's business but his own; but certain it is that by the beginning of the very next week he was in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Fair winds wafted him soon to England; but in St. George's channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much

way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert and all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time that make or mar men's destinies. A coasting-boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant, and himself into the little skimmer of the seas, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering place of Wiston super mare. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a postchaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant, and his portmanteau toward Bristol, on their way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet some of many things that fill inns, had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that as he had just come from the St. Lawrence, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

"Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke feeling heated and feverish; and to cool himself he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feeling came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bed-room was one of those unfortunate inn bed-rooms that are placed under the immediate care and protection of a sitting-room, which, like a Spanish duenna, will let nobody in who does not pass by their door. He put on his dressing gown, therefore, and issued out into the sitting-room, and there the smell was stronger: there was a considerable crackling and roaring too, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened the outer door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare from the direction of the staircase; but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken, and in a minute after, loud knocking at doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of 'Fire! fire!' showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women which generally follows such a catastrophe, and the opening all the doors of the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were hallooings and shoutings, there were screamings and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

"Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands and exclaiming, 'Oh, my poor young mistress! my poor young lady!'

"'Where is she, my good girl?' demanded the young soldier.

"'In number eleven,' cried the girl, 'in number eleven! Her bed-room is within the sitting-room, and she will never hear the noise.'

"'There she is, cried one of the bystanders who overheard; 'there she is, I dare say.'

"Ashton looked up toward the house, through the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth; and, across the casement which seemed next to the very room he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman, in her night dress, pass rapidly.

"'A ladder,' he cried, 'a ladder, for God's sake! There is some one there, whoever it be!'

"No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

"'The back staircase is of stone,' he cried; 'she may be saved that way!'

"'Ay, but the corridor is on fire,' said one of the waiters; 'you'd better not try, sir: it cannot be done.'

"Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn; up the staircase; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the rooms he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting-room; He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

"'I will open it,' cried a voice from within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

"The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

"'God of Heaven,' he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her toward the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

"'You will be lost! you will be lost!' he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.

"'And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!' said Alice.

"'I will die with you, at least!' replied Henry Ashton; 'that is some consolation. But no! thank God, they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl, you are saved!'

"He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom, and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.

"'It is as well,' he said; 'it is as well!' and, as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out, holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet; the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed; but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give thought to fear.

"When his last footstep touched the ground, a universal shout burst from the crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself; but, ere she could recover completely, she



was in the comfortable drawing-room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the same street.

"The St Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her, to the depths of ocean, every living thing that she had carried out from England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing-room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and, ere many months were over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops, as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE."

Such, my dear Lorrequer, is the story; and now let us consider what can be done to remedy the burning of your new number. On my honor, I see nothing for it but to publish the "O'Malley Correspondence" on the subject, with a portrait of the fire-engine, and a wood-cut of Fire.

Think of it, my dear fellow, and, whether you take my advice or not, believe me ever yours, G. P. R. JAMES.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

## Recent Literature.

### GHOST GOSSIPS AT BLAKESLEY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DUGARD."

"Well," said Simon Barnardiston, looking boldly round the room, but wishing he could see the further end of it, "I do like good ghost stories, because I do not believe them."

"And I," rejoined Hugh Buckner, "like them, because I do believe them; for nobody shall persuade me that there are no such things as ghosts."

"With respect to there actually being such things as ghosts," remarked Ebenezer Carliel, gravely, "I do not know exactly what to say, after what happened to my own uncle."

"What was that?" inquired Mary Falconer (a pretty laughter-loving lass of eighteen,) as she drew her chair nearer to the fire, and asked Mr. Carliel to stir it up and make a blaze.

"Why," replied Ebenezer, taking out his watch as he spoke, "it is almost too late to tell you."

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Dagleish, snuffing the candles, as if she liked to have plenty of light for a ghost story.

"Yes, do," echoed Mary Falconer.

"Do you know it is just twelve?" observed Mr. Carliel.

"Capital!" exclaimed Simon Barnardiston. "When it strikes, who knows but we may have the ghost himself."

"Do not be foolish," said Mrs. Dagleish; "there's many a true word spoken in jest."

"Ay," replied Hugh Buckner, "and many a jest that's spoken in bravado. I warrant Simon would be the first to walk out of the window, if he saw a ghost walking in at the door."

"Try me," said Barnardiston.

"Try me," repeated a hollow sepulchral voice, which seemed to come down the chimney close to Simon's elbow, but which in reality came from a half-opened door by the side of the fire-place, that led into the best parlor.

Simon sprang from his chair as if he had been shot out of it by a bomb underneath—Mary Falconer gave a scream—Mrs. Dagleish cried, "Lord! what is it?"—Hugh Buckner felt a curious sensation run down his back, and at his toes—while Mr. Carliel ejaculated "Humph!" and deliberately finished the pinch of snuff he had just taken from his box; an act of calm self-possession for which he was solely indebted to the accidental circumstance of being seated opposite the door, where he saw at that instant the twinkling eye and good-humored roguish face of Stephen Falconer, Mary's brother, who now burst into the room with an uproarious laugh at poor Simon.

"How can you make such a fool of yourself?" said Simon, nettled at having been frightened out of his valor before he had well put it on.

"Why, I never heard you come in," said his sister.

"Who opened the door?"

"Jesse," replied Stephen, still laughing at his friend Simon, in which he was now joined by the whole party, each having by this time discovered that nobody was afraid but Simon, because he happened to be the only one who had given proof of the agility which fear sometimes produces.

Presently they were once more seated round the fire, with the addition of Stephen Falconer, when the church bell began to toll the midnight hour.

"Now for your story, Mr. Carliel," said Hugh Buckner, "and then we will go to bed. Tell us what happened to your uncle."

"Well," replied Mr. Carliel, "if Mrs. Dagleish will suffer such late hours in her house—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Dagleish, "it's Christmas time, so we may stretch a point;" and the cups were forthwith replenished with elder wine from a spacious jug which stood upon the hob. Mr. Carliel then began:

"My uncle, Dr. De Burgh, was a great reader, you must know, and very fond of poring over his books when all the rest of the family were in bed. One December night, as he was thus sitting alone in his study, the door of which was carefully locked, for he was terribly afraid of thieves, and always had a pair of loaded pistols on the table at such times, he laid down his book to snuff the candles, when he saw sitting in an elbow-chair on the other side of the fire-place an elderly gentleman in a black velvet gown. His face was exceedingly thin and pale, shaded by long grey hair, which descended to his shoulders, and in his hand he held a small branch of rosemary. His eyes were fixed upon my uncle with a mild, benignant expression; and a smile of the same character gently spread itself over his countenance, when he perceived the alarm which his presence created."

"Who are you?" said the Doctor, looking toward the door to see whether by any chance he had that night forgotten to fasten it; but it was closed, and the key turned in it as usual.

"I am come," said the mysterious visitor, "to do an act of charity and justice through your means; and I have selected you for the office, because I know your integrity."

"The voice of the speaker was low and solemn, but nothing ghost-like. The Doctor repeated his question, however, as to who he was, with the additional inquiry of whence he came, and how he got into the room; for he did not then suppose it to be a spectre. The old gentleman remained silent, but looked displeased; and my uncle, resolving to clear up the mystery, thought he would ring for the servants, who had not long gone to bed. He found, however, that he had no power to move from his chair."

"Rather unpleasant," observed Simon Barnardiston.

"Particularly to persons who like to spring out of their chairs," remarked Hugh Buckner, significantly.

"There, hold your tongue," said Mary Falconer, impatiently, "and let Mr. Carliel go on."

"When the apparition perceived the Doctor's agitation, it addressed him in a tone of great gentleness, and begged he would not be alarmed, as it had no intention to do him the least injury."

"In the name of God, who are you?" said the Doctor.

"Were I to tell you," replied the apparition, "it would be of no use, for you do not know me. Listen to my errand. When I was of this world, I lived in the county of —, where I died possessed of large estates. These now belong to my grandson; but a suit has been commenced by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother, to wrest them from him. You must prevent it."

"I!" exclaimed my uncle.

"You. It is for that purpose I am here. My words surprise you, and you are incredulous. Attend to what I am now going to say. The grand deed of settlement, the conveyance of the inheritance, is lost, and, for want of this deed, my grandson cannot maintain his right."

"Well," said my uncle, "and what can I do?"

"This," rejoined the spectre: "go down to my grandson's house, and I will give you such instructions as shall enable you to find it for him."

"Why not give those instructions to your grandson himself?" said the Doctor, becoming a little more at his ease with his unknown guest.

"Ask me not about that; there are divers reasons (some of which you may know hereafter) why I have preferred to do it through you. Your answer, therefore—will you undertake the office?"

"After some further discourse, my uncle consented, and then the spectre disclosed his name, the residence of his grandson, and such other particulars as were necessary to enable him to fulfil his mission."

"When you arrive," continued the old gentleman, "you can say you have seen me, but without mentioning where, or under what circumstances. I will prepare him for your visit. Ask to see the house, and in going over it you will come to an upper room or loft, filled with lumber. In one corner of the room there is an old chest with a broken lock, and a key in it, which can neither be turned in the lock nor pulled out of it. In that chest lies the grand deed which conveys the inheritance, and without the production of which my grandson and his family will be ruined. One thing more I would mention, which I wish you to take down in writing."

"My uncle drew to the table, and spreading a sheet of paper before him, sat with his pen ready to write whatever the spectre might dictate. Several minutes elapsed, during which not a word was spoken, when raising his eyes, he perceived the chair empty! The vision had disappeared. He looked around the room, examined the door and windows, but could discover nothing which indicated how it had made its exit."

"I suppose the candles burned tolerably blue," remarked Simon Barnardiston.

"Of course," responded Hugh Buckner.

"And what did your uncle do?" inquired Mary Falconer.

"Why, he went down to the old gentleman's grandson, by whom he was received with unexpected civility, though a perfect stranger to him. In the course of conversation, he mentioned that he knew his grandfather, and that he was aware of the circumstances under which it was likely he would be troubled in his possession of the estates."

"Ay," observed the gentleman, shaking his head; "my father died so young, and my grandfather left his affairs so confused, that, for want of one principal writing, I am in danger of being dispossessed of this fine property by my cousins."

"It is to be hoped you will be able to find it," said my uncle.

"I think I shall," replied the gentleman, looking significantly at the doctor, "now you are come."

"I!" exclaimed my uncle, in great astonishment.

"Yes, you. I had a dream last night, in which I saw a stranger resembling yourself, who said he had come to assist me in the search."

"Very odd," said the doctor, "that you should have had such a dream. But I suppose you have already examined every place where it was at all likely the writing could have been deposited?"

"Every drawer, every box, every cupboard, every chest, every nook and corner in the house, from top to bottom," replied the gentleman.

"And what did you do with the boxes and chests after you had thus ransacked them?"

"I piled them up in an old loft full of rubbish, which leads out upon the clock turret."

"I should like to see that old loft," said the Doctor.

"That you may; but it is not there you'll find the deed of settlement, I promise you."

"Perhaps not," rejoined my uncle, musing.

"Certainly not," answered the gentleman. "However, if you'll follow me, I'll show you the place."

"So away they went, and when they entered the room, my uncle found everything just as the old gentleman had described, including the old chest with the rusty lock upon it, and the key—which would neither turn round nor come out."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish.

"Yes," continued Mr. Carliel; "and, what was yet more wonderful, my uncle saw the old gentleman himself seated near the window, smiling at him, and silently encouraging him by his gestures to proceed with his task; but he had sufficient self-command to suppress any expression of astonishment. He glanced at his companion to observe whether he was aware of his grandfather's presence,

and perceiving him quite unmoved, he was satisfied the spectre was visible only to himself."

"And you say you have ransacked every trunk and chest in this room?" said the Doctor.

"Every one."

"That's a queer looking old box, with the key sticking out," he continued.

"Ah!" replied the gentleman, "that disappointed me the most of all. It was full of dusty parchments, and I made sure I should find the one I wanted; but it was not there."

"I have a strange fancy come into my head," said the Doctor, "and I wish you would gratify it."

"What is it?"

"I should like to examine that box myself."

"There's nothing to examine; it's empty."

"Never mind; just indulge me," rejoined my uncle.

"Certainly," said the gentleman; and calling a servant, he bade him drag it out from the heap of chests beneath which it lay. While thus employed, his master addressed him, "Do not you remember that box, Will?"

"Yes, sir," says Will, "that I do. I remember you were so weary with taking out all the old parchments and examining them, that when you had done you were ready to faint."

"By this time Will had lugged the box out, and it now stood before the Doctor on the middle of the floor, with the lid up, and perfectly empty."

"I told you there was nothing in it," said the gentleman.

"You were right," replied my uncle, chopping his cane to the bottom of the box, and then leaning upon it, as if to support himself. "Have you got a hammer and chisel handy?" he asked.

"Go and fetch one, Will," said the gentleman.

"In a few minutes Will returned with a hammer and chisel, which he gave to the Doctor, who immediately began to knock upon the flat of the bottom."

"Do you hear that?" said he, addressing the gentleman eagerly.

"Hear what? I do not understand you."

"Why, the chest has a double bottom, sir—a false bottom. Do not you hear how hollow it sounds?"

"They immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the long-sought and much-desired parchment spread flat along the whole breadth of the chest."

"Well, only think!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish, lifting up her hands with astonishment. "No wonder, Mr. Carliel, you did not know what to say about there being such things as ghosts, after this wonderful appearance of one to your own uncle."

"It does not appear, though," said Simon Barnardiston, "that the ghost told him anything about the double bottom. He found that out himself, and that was the principal thing, after all."

"Not exactly so," replied Mr. Carliel; "for whenever my uncle told the story—and he was frequently asked to do so—he always added, 'I should never have thought of the double bottom; but the fact is, while I stood looking into the empty box, and thinking I had been made a fool of by the old gentleman, I saw him rise from his seat near the window, and advance toward me. I had much ado to prevent myself from showing a little uneasiness; for I was convinced I had to do with a being of another world, whatever might be the reason of it; and there is a sort of shrinking from such visitors, in spite of ourselves. He stood on the opposite side of the box, close to his grandson, upon whom he looked with an expression of countenance that was quite heavenly in its benevolent and affectionate character, as if rejoicing in the approaching disclosure, that was to relieve him from all further anxiety and danger. My own eyes were fixed steadily upon him, which he perceiving, his countenance immediately changed to an expression of intense satisfaction with me; and motioning me to look into the box he gently waved his rosemary branch to and fro, when the bottom of it seemed to grow transparent: for I saw, as plainly as it appeared after the false bottom was removed, the parchment lying in the way I have described. The whole of this passed in less than a minute; and when I again directed my look toward him he had vanished, the same as on his first visit.'"

"Well, I suppose it's all true," remarked Simon Barnardiston, "because your uncle said so; but it was a deuced roundabout way of doing the thing. Had I been the ghost, I would just have gone into the loft myself, took out the parchment, and placed it on my grandson's breakfast table some fine morning, instead of troubling the Doctor. I dare say he never gave any of the reasons he promised for sending him on the errand."

"I believe not," replied Mr. Carliel. "But my uncle had some very good reasons, nevertheless, for being satisfied; for the gentleman insisted upon his accepting a thousand-pound bank-note, as a slight acknowledgment of the great and signal service he had rendered him."

"And depend upon it that was the reason why the old gentleman sent him; that was what he meant when he said there were divers reasons why he preferred doing it through him," observed Stephen Falconer.

"How that may be, I cannot tell," said Mr. Carliel; "but the fact of the thousand pounds I do know, for I was with the Doctor when he received the letter containing it."

"You'll think what I'm going to say very foolish," said Mrs. Dagleish, "but if that note had come to me I wouldn't have touched it for all the world. Anything I bought with it I should have expected would do me no good."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Simon Barnardiston, laughing; "it was not the ghost of a bank-note, I dare say."

"Very likely not," replied Mrs. Dagleish, with increased gravity; "but I could never have looked upon it like other money."

"And, strange to say," added Mr. Carliel, "it never did my uncle any good; though, for my part, I see no reason why it should have happened so."

"There now!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish, casting a look of triumph at Simon.

"He bought a field with it," continued Mr. Carliel, "and built a house there; but before the house was finished, the field was the scene of an awful murder; and after it was finished, it was struck by lightning, and burned down. He re-built it, and planted the field with trees, which all withered away, and nobody would live in the house, because it

was said to be haunted; and there it stands to this day, empty and falling to pieces."

"And was the house haunted?" inquired Mary Falconer. "Don't ask me," replied Mr. Carliel, shuddering as he spoke. "I was one of those who used to ridicule the idea of haunted houses; but I lived to change my opinion."

"In what way?" asked Hugh Buckner.

"A terrible way: too terrible to tell."

If Mr. Carliel really did not want to tell how he became a convert to the belief that houses may be haunted, he adopted the worst possible method of seeking his end: for his mysterious words and disturbed manner excited the most lively curiosity in his auditors, one and all of whom beset him with entreaties to go on. These he resisted as long as he could; but a taunt from Simon Barnardiston, insinuating that he had nothing to tell, made him resolve to relate his adventure with the SCREAMING WOMAN: and so eager was the little circle to have it, that nobody thought this time of asking about the hour; the only preparation for the story being a little closer drawing together of chairs, a glance or two at the door by Mary Falconer, her brother, and Hugh Buckner, and an adroit turning over of the log on the fire, edge-ways, by Mrs. Dagleish, so as to make it blaze up bonny.

"The field which my uncle bought," said Mr. Carliel, commencing his story with evident reluctance, and in a tone of voice which betrayed strong emotion, "was about seven miles from —, the county town of —shire. In this town, or rather in the outskirts of it, was a private mad-house, kept by the celebrated Dr. —, who was reputed eminently skilful in the treatment of insanity, but without the reputation of using great severity, not to say cruelty, and was moreover accused of receiving patients whom friends or relations might wish to put out of the way; and who, it was said, once committed to his care, never troubled them afterwards. The noises issuing from this place, especially during the night, were so frightful and appalling that few persons liked to pass it after dark, and those who were compelled to do so, hurried along, as if they expected to see at their heels some of the poor wretches who were howling, cursing, and blaspheming within."

"Among the stories current in the neighborhood was one relating to a female lunatic, whom they called MARTHA. It was said that about twenty years before, a stranger, who stated himself to be her husband, arrived with her in a carriage one night. He informed Dr. —, apparently with the greatest affliction, that she was laboring under frenzy of so violent and outrageous a character, that nothing but the severe discipline which was understood to be part of his system of treatment, could have any effect upon her. He advanced a large sum of money; saw her lodged in one of the strongest cells of the establishment; and renewing his assurances that the unsparing application of the scourge was absolutely necessary, departed. His meaning was not misunderstood. So, at least, ran the story—for the shrieks of poor Martha were heard day and night, as if the lash were indeed not spared."

"This at length attracted so much notice, and there were so many strange rumors circulating, that it was determined by the magistrates to make some inquiry into the business, which, reaching the ears of Dr. —, he himself voluntarily fixed a day for receiving them. In the interim, however, Martha was found dead in the very field I have mentioned."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish, "how shocking!"

"Poor creature!" said Mary Falconer, with a sigh, "how did she get there, and who killed her?"

"I cannot answer either of your questions," replied Mr. Carliel, "and those who can, hold their tongues. It was given out that she had made her escape from the asylum, and destroyed herself; but though nobody could say she did not do so, nobody believed she did. Suppose the first improbability, that she could break out of her cell, and snap the heavy iron chain by which she was fastened to the wall, and elude the vigilance of all the keepers stationed in different parts of the asylum, was it likely she could have traversed the frequented road leading to the spot where she was found, without meeting some person whose notice she would have excited by her wild appearance, and half-clad form? Besides, what were her means of self-destruction? Nothing was found near the body, or in any part of the field. In her clenched hand, indeed, she grasped a piece of ragged iron, and with that, it was pretended, she had so mangled her throat as to cause death. No—no; depend upon it the wretched woman never left the asylum alive. Marks of the chain and the whip were conspicuous on every part of her emaciated body, and long tufts of her thin gray hair were matted together with the blood which had issued from a deep gash on the back of her head. A lone cottager, too, whose hut stood in a lane adjoining the field, was awake in the middle of the night by the sound of men's voices, and when they were heard no more, such terrific screams rang through the air every five minutes that the affrighted woman buried her face beneath the bedclothes in an agony of terror."

"How does that agree with what you have just said, that she did not leave the asylum alive?" said Simon Barnardiston.

"How did it happen," replied Mr. Carliel, "that the same screams were heard night after night, and every night on the same spot? How did it happen that scores of persons testified to this fact, until at last no one would come within a mile of the field after dark? How did it happen that those same persons who heard the screaming, saw also the dim shadowy form of a female flying round and round the field, as if pursued, and then suddenly disappearing in the very place where the body was found? How did it happen that a pale, bloodless face was seen pressing against the bedroom windows of the house which stood in that field, and this so constantly just after midnight, that the family were forced to quit it, and no one since has ever ventured to live in it? How did all these things happen?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Simon Barnardiston; "besides, I don't know that they did happen."

"Well, then, listen to what I know," said Mr. Carliel, somewhat nettled at Simon's incredulity, which in this case implied a sort of reproach upon what would seem to be his own credulity.

There was something rather startling in his solemn invitation to listen, after the glimpse he had given of what might be expected; especially as the candles had been

neglected, till their snuffs were become dimly long, and the log of wood had been suffered gradually to flicker down to a red heat, without any blaze.

"Snuff the candles, Stephen," said Mary Falconer to her brother in a whisper.

"And give that wood a poke," said Hugh Buckner, addressing Simon, who sat next the fire.

The candles were certainly all the better for being snuffed: but the log was poked in vain. It merely splintered into red-hot ashes, without emitting as much flame as lights up a glow-worm's tail.

"My uncle," resumed Mr. Carliel when the little group had again settled down into silence, "told me all these circumstances with much chagrin, observing that the foolish notions which had thus got abroad would have the effect, he feared, of ruining his property in that quarter. I joined with him in ridiculing the whole thing, and proposed that he should go down, and by sleeping in the house himself put an end to the delusion. I found, however, that, much as he laughed at the idea of the 'SCREAMING WOMAN,' and the pale bloodless face that was seen pressing against the windows, he had no fancy for undertaking the task I had assigned him; but he jumped at my proposal to undertake it myself. I accordingly went down, and was most cordially received by the family, who seemed half to believe, and quite to wish, that my presence might dissolve the spell. I inquired, as you may be sure, very minutely into all the particulars, and asked whether there was any one room in the house which the lady fancied more than another, because if there was, I should prefer that one for my bed-chamber. I was promised the room at the window of which she had appeared three several times the preceding night; an occurrence, it seemed, which had never happened before. With this I declared myself satisfied; and supper being announced, we were just about to go into the apartment where it was laid, when I saw the gentleman's eldest daughter, a young lady about twenty, turn suddenly pale."

"Now it's coming!" said she. "I know by that low moaning sound which the wind seems to make. O God! what shall I do while it lasts!" and covering her ears with her hands, she crouched down upon a chair in one corner of the room.

"She had scarcely done so before the very apartment in which we were all standing appeared to vibrate with a prolonged piercing scream, which made my blood run cold. It died away, and again it came, still louder, and still more piercing; so as to give one the notion of some poor wretch upon whom the most exquisite torments were being inflicted. A third time it came; but now it was faint, and tremulous, and broken by languid sobs, as if life were ebbing fast under the torture. Never while I live shall I forget the terrible sound of those screams, or of that agonising one which seemed to denote exhausted suffering yielding up its worn-out spirit!"

"Let us go to the door," said I, wishing to ascertain whether the other part of the story was true, that the dim shadowy form of a female might be seen flying round and round the field. I did so. The master of the house accompanied me. The night was very dark, and not an object of any kind was visible. I strained my sight into the darkness in every direction, but could see nothing. This was a sort of relief to me; the screaming had a little staggered my resolution; but I now began to think that possibly it was either delusion, or some trick, being unaccompanied by that which it would have been more difficult to contrive, if there were any artifice at the bottom. But the relief, such it was, soon vanished. "There!" said my companion, suddenly grasping my arm, and whispering in my ear, "there! there! do you see? there she goes! round and round, like lightning!"

"I looked in the direction he pointed, and as plainly as I now see you," said Mr. Carliel, addressing himself to Mary Falconer.

"Lord! don't look at me," exclaimed the affrighted girl, who had been listening with breathless attention, and whom this appeal startled. "I shall fancy you see the SCREAMING WOMAN here."

"As plainly as I now see you," repeated Mr. Carliel, "I saw, whirling round the field, but not touching the ground, the form of a tall, thin woman, with outstretched arms, and her long white dress streaming behind her. Nay, as the spectral shadow seemed to pass within a few feet of where we were standing in its rapid flight, I could distinctly hear the rushing sound of a body passing through the air with great velocity. This continued for three or four minutes, when the phantom suddenly darted towards the middle of the field, sunk down, and disappeared."

"That's the exact spot where the body was found," observed my companion. "Now are you satisfied? We may go in; she will appear no more till after midnight."

"I was indeed satisfied: more than satisfied—I was convinced. I had had ocular demonstration of a thing which could not be the effect either of imagination or contrivance; and to tell you the plain truth, if shame would have let me, I should have dispensed with the remaining part of my task. However, I kept my fears to myself, put a bold face upon the matter, admitted it was very strange; but like our friend Simon there in the corner, affected to believe that, whatever it might be, it could be nothing supernatural; and thus trying to 'screw my courage to the sticking-place,' I took possession of my bedchamber, gayly promising to give a good account of the ghost next morning at breakfast."

"That was very venturesome, I think," observed Mrs. Dagleish. "I hope you said your prayers as soon as you were alone."

"I said them before I went to bed, as I always do," replied Mr. Carliel, "but I do not remember that I put up any special one for the occasion."

"What did you go to bed?" inquired Mary Falconer, "and put out the candle?"

"I went to bed; but, to confess the truth, I did not put out the candle."

"I would have had half-a-dozen candles had I been you," observed Hugh Buckner. "I always think one doesn't feel so afraid of anything when there's plenty of light. It wasn't a rushlight, I hope? Rushlights are nasty things—they burn so dim, and are so apt to gutter and go out."

"Did you go to sleep?" asked Mrs. Dagleish.

"Oh yes; for I did not want to lie awake: but may the

next slumber (if ever I am doomed to have such slumbers,) that is to end in so horrible a way, never—never be broken! A dream was upon me full of blood and death. The shrieking maniac flitted through my brain in a thousand shapes. At one moment she seemed to be standing over me, brandishing a sword of fire. The next, she advanced from a dark corner of the room, bearing in her right hand a skull filled with some loathsome fluid. Lord! how she glared upon me as she presented this draught to my lips, and with her long bony fingers thrust into my mouth, forced me to swallow it. I felt it trickle down to my very heart in slow, cold drops,—and when there, methought it burned like a raging fire. The torment maddened me; I attempted to spring upon the hag by whom it was inflicted; but a long, sallow arm held me down. I struggled with her; and in the struggle I awoke. The first sound that struck my ears was that unearthly scream, which I had heard a few hours before. It was repeated: it came from the window: the casement flapped as if shaken by a strong wind: and though my very sinews seemed shrunk and withered by the sound, I threw myself out of bed, and staggered towards the window. I tore the curtains asunder, and there, pressed close against the glass, I saw a pale, bloodless visage, the glare of whose red eyes seemed to sear my own. I well remember what followed—the impulse, which I could not resist, to dash my hand through the panes. As I did so, the lips of the phantom quivered, the scream rang again through the apartment, and I fell senseless on the floor. The noise of the broken glass awakened the master of house, who hastened into my room, and found me in a swoon, with my hand dreadfully cut and bleeding. Here are the scars still remaining," continued Mr. Carliel, showing the back and wrist of his right hand, "and I never look at them without a shuddering recollection of how they came there."

"And was it never known," said Mrs. Dagleish, "how that poor creature came by her death?"

"Never. The matter was hushed up; no inquiries were made by any of her family, and strangers, whatever they might think, did not care to come forward. I believe, indeed, not even Dr. — himself was acquainted with her name or history."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated Mary Falconer, yawning as she spoke.

This set them all a yawning, which produced a general declaration that it was very late, and time to go to bed. But nobody moved.

"And you saw the face quite plain through the glass, did you?" asked Hugh Buckner, addressing Mr. Carliel, at the same time directing his looks toward the window of the room in which they were sitting.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Carliel; "there was no mistake about the matter; and I have seen it many a time since."

"Good gracious! where?" said Mrs. Dagleish.

"I see it now," he continued calmly, turning his eyes upward to the ceiling. Immediately all their eyes were hurried upward to the ceiling. "And I can bring the hideous image before me at any time, so strong was the impression it produced. In like manner I often hear the scream ringing in my ears."

He had scarcely uttered the words when a terrific screaming was heard, which appeared to come from below stairs. Mrs. Dagleish and Mary Falconer screamed in chorus; Mr. Carliel grew pale; Stephen Falconer caught up the poker; Hugh Buckner held fast by his chair; and Simon Barnardiston made for an old-fashioned cupboard in one corner of the room, into which he vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

The screaming continued,—footsteps were heard hurrying along the passage,—the door flew open,—and Jesse, the servant wench, rushed in.

"Oh, ma'am!" said she, addressing her mistress, "I have been so frightened!"

"Frightened!" cried Simon, issuing from his hiding-place the moment he heard her voice, "what the devil was there to frighten you, you foolish girl?"

"Oh, so frightened!" continued Jesse, dropping into a chair, and beginning to cry most lustily, holding her apron to her eyes with both hands.

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," quoth Hugh Buckner, his teeth chattering as he spoke.

Stephen Falconer gently restored the poker to its place, advanced towards his sister, who seemed very much inclined to go into hysterics, called it "a capital joke," and tried to laugh.

"I don't know what it all means," said Mrs. Dagleish, recovering from her alarm, "but it is very trying to one's nerves to have such a scream in the house, just as we were all thinking about the poor screaming woman."

"The coincidence is certainly curious," remarked Mr. Carliel; "but, though startled at first, hang me if I can help laughing at it now;" and forthwith they all began laughing at each other, which put a stop to Jesse's crying: she thought they were laughing at her, but wondered why. At last she laughed too, partly from the infectious nature of that "inarticulate expression of sudden merriment," (as Johnson defines it,) and partly from the recollection of what had caused her own fright.

"It was certainly very ridiculous!" exclaimed Mary Falconer, the tears running down her cheek.

"Very," added Mrs. Dagleish.

"Plenty of screaming, down stairs and up," said Stephen.

"I sha'n't forget how you looked when you laid hold of the poker," quoth Simon Barnardiston.

"Nor I how you looked when you bolted into the cupboard in double-quick time," retorted Stephen.

"Nor, how we all looked," observed Mr. Carliel; at which the laugh began again, and continued till their very sides ached, and their temples throbbed.

Jesse, meanwhile, who knew nothing of how the family had been amusing themselves since supper, could not for the soul of her understand why her screaming should be the cause of such excessive merriment.

At last they ceased laughing, and then she was called upon to explain what had happened to her, which she did in few words. Waiting to go to bed, she had fallen asleep by the kitchen fire; but was awakened by something tickling her left ear. "Putting up my hand," she continued, "to scratch my ear, I laid hold of I did not know what; it was soft and warm, like a mouse; but how a mouse could get behind my ear I could not think. However, it jumped out of my hand, and came with such a bounce upon the floor that I thought it would run up my petticoats perhaps;



so I set up a skreek, (I could n't help it,) and ran out o the kitchen.

The mystery thus solved, the Christmas gossipers soon after separated for the night, but not before it was settled that Mrs. Dagleish should tell her story of "THE BLACK RIBAND" next morning at breakfast.

## TROUBLE.

Often, when there is an appearance of an epidemic in the city, proper caution is necessary in the papers about announcing its existence, before its character and extent are understood, lest fears should be excited abroad, unwarranted by any danger, and the business of the city should thereby suffer. Sporadic cases of particular diseases are, therefore, more referred to as evidences of the prevalence of the disorder, because every season has some of the cases of a disease, which, in times of calamity, distinguishes that season by its extent and mortality. But when once a contagious disorder becomes prevalent, or when any disease is epidemic, then it behoves the conductors of papers to sound the alarm, lest additions should be made to the sufferers, by new accessions of citizens, or to the sufferings, perhaps, from the same cause.

Such a case occurred in 1832, when the cholera raged, and the press promptly announced the appearance of the disease, and the extent of its ravages. And a case has again occurred, and with becoming promptness, we give notice of its existence and danger.—"Cassett Monitor."

The disease may be considered annual in our city. If we mistake not, it is endemic, and also epidemic; and in its operations, at the present moment, it is making sad havoc in family comforts. We have noticed that, like the "malaria" of Italy, it commences in the upper portions of a dwelling, but soon works downward through all the premises. We saw, last week, its operation, and noticed the progress of the disorder in a house. The female portions of the family appear to be seized with a certain giddiness. All ordinary pursuits suddenly ceased. Several persons, who seemed to partake of the same infirmity, had found their way into the house; and all who were thus affected were, in the upper rooms of the dwelling, in a most distressed and distressing situation. They had torn up the carpets, disturbed the beds, thrust the chairs out of the room, and upset buckets of water upon the floor, while one of the unfortunates, a colored woman, with a long handled brush, was daubing the ceiling with a compound of water and lime, parts of which had descended upon her person, presenting an appearance of leprosy spots most alarming.

Meantime the disease descended from the head to the heart of the house, and chambers, parlors, dining rooms, boudoirs, and even the culinary apartments, shared in the general derangement. Nor was this all. Passengers in the street, if not infected, were, at least, invaded; for so high did the excitement rage, that water was thrown from the upper windows of the house, and made to descend in torrents upon the hats, coats, shawls, and dresses of honest, unsuspecting passengers.

We saw, too, business friends, only Friday, sneaking out of their own houses at an early hour, steering with great circumspection through defiles of blue pots, white wash buckets, wash tubs, brushes, scrubbing brooms, mops, and servants, with the mistress in the rear; and having gained the step of the door, they sprang to the centre of the street, to avoid any outpouring from above. At noon, these gentlemen took dinner at some of the hotels, omitted tea, and at a late hour got home, and found little or no hope, that the disorder in the family was abated.

Connected with the violence of this disease, we ought to mention another type of the disorder; and that is a peculiar acerbity of temper manifested by a wild swinging of the hands, not unfrequently with the broom and mop handle held fast.

So general is the operation of the disease, that we should not have made mention of it, excepting to warn those at a distance, that it is now at its height; and if they are coming to the city, they may calculate the time of visitation accordingly.

We ought to mention, that the complaints are most frequent among the literary men. Libraries are daubed, and papers mislaid. But we have seen no one unwise enough to attempt to stem the torrent in his own family, and venture to oppose any obstacle to "CLEANING HOUSE."—[U. S. Gazette.

**COMMERCIAL COURTSHIP**—A merchant, originally from Liverpool, having acquired a large fortune in one of the West India Islands, concluded that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it unless he shared it with a woman of merit, and knowing of none to his fancy he wrote to a worthy correspondent of his in Liverpool, to procure a "help-mate for him."

He was not acquainted with any style except in business; therefore treating of affairs of love as matters of merchandize, after giving his friend several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus: "Item—Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send by the next ship bound hither, a young woman of form and qualifications following:—As to portion I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of a middle stature, and well-proportioned; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the changes of climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through loss of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as may be considering the danger of the sea. If she arrive here conditioned as above said, with the present letter endorsed by you, or at least a true copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby engage and bind myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at 15 days sight. In witness whereof, I subscribe, &c."

The correspondent read over and over this odd article which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bale of goods he was to send to his friend, and after admiring the prudent exactness of the West Indian, (whose ingenuousness he well knew,) and his laconic style in enumerating qualifications he insisted on, he endeavored to serve him to his mind, and after making many enquiries, he judged he had found a lady fit for his purpose—of repu-

table family but slender fortune; of good temper and polite education, well shaped and more than commonly beautiful. He made the proposal to her, and the young woman, whose dependence was chiefly upon a cross old aunt, with whom she lived in a state of perpetual uneasiness, accepted it.

A ship bound for the West Indies, was that week fitting up at Liverpool; the young woman, together with the bale of goods, put on board; being well provided with necessities, and particularly with a certificate in due form and endorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus:—"Item—A young lady of 24 years of age, quality, shape, condition, as per order, as appears from the certificate and affidavits she has produced." The writings which were thought necessary for so exact a man as her future husband, were, an extract from the parish register, a certificate of her character attested by the clergyman; an attestation of her neighbors setting forth that she had patiently lived three years with an old aunt, who was intolerably peevish, and had not during all that time given the said aunt, the least occasion for complaint; and lastly, goodness of constitution, was attested by four physicians. Before the gentle woman's departure, the correspondent sent letters of advice by other ships to his friend, informing him that by such a ship he should send a woman of such an age, character, condition, &c.—in a word, such as he himself had requested to be sent.

The letter of advice, the bales, and the young woman, got safe into port, and the West Indian, who was one of the foremost on the pier at the lady's landing, was charmed to see so handsome and interesting a female, more especially when she, approached him in the most graceful and modest manner, said, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, I beg you will be pleased to honor it." At the same time she delivered his correspondent's letter, on reading which he exclaimed, "Ah! madam, I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I assure you that this shall not be the first."

This interview was in a few days followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent, and the new married couple were well satisfied with the happy union, negotiated by a bill of exchange."

**BUSTS OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS.**—*Singular recovery of Splendid Works of Art.*—About the year 1518, twelve busts of the Roman Emperors, executed in terra cotta, beautifully enamelled and nearly the size of life, were forwarded to Cardinal Wolsey, to decorate the palace of Hampton Court, by Pope Leo the Tenth. Eight of these splendid works of art have always existed in the first and second courts of the palace; but not one of the remaining four, to complete the valuable series, could be found, until within the last few months, although many years ago a strict search had been made for them by the various authorities connected with Hampton Court. In the reign of George the Fourth the search and inquiries were again renewed, but without any discovery of their hiding places resulting from the labors of those to whom the task was confided of endeavoring to trace them. A few months ago one of the missing four was, by mere chance, discovered in one of the back rooms of Hampton Court Palace, attached to one of the private apartments, in a fine state of preservation.

Since then another of the series has been recovered, and by the merest chance also, in a small cottage, close to the Stag Paddock, in Windsor Great Park. It appears that this cottage has just undergone some repairs, preparatory to its being occupied by one of Prince Albert's gamekeepers. The workmen, in the course of their labors, found a bust fixed in the wall, about ten feet from the ground; and upon the discovery reaching the ears of a gentleman connected with the court, he found it was one of the four long lost works, perfectly free from injury, and in a most excellent state of preservation. It was immediately taken down, and soon afterward forwarded to Hampton Court.

Within the last few days another of these valuable works of art was discovered by Mr. Jesse, the surveyor of woods and work at one of the royal lodges in the Great Park, known as the World's-end Lodge, inhabited by one of the barkeepers. It was found let into the external wall, about ten or twelve feet from the ground, where it must have been for considerably more than a century. It was almost considered by the persons living at the lodge to be a bust of Queen Anne! Of so little value was it supposed to be, that the boys of the neighborhood, as they have passed by the house, have frequently been known to amuse themselves by pelting it with stones and clay. Notwithstanding the rough and Gothic-like usage it has been subjected to for years past, it is but very slightly injured—portions of the enamel being chipped off but here and there. In all other respects it is perfect. It has just been carefully removed from the building, and will be forwarded to Hampton Court Palace in the course of a few days, where, with the other two alluded to, it will be placed in appropriate niches in the first and second courts. There is only one now wanting of the complete set.—[London paper.

## A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The night had already settled down gloomily and forbidding, on the evening of the 15th of July, 1789, when the advancing column of a little army, whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole dim and shadowy prospect, disclosed to them along the bank of the river, opened to the sight. Far away lay Verplank's Point, now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the other side of the river, dark, gloomy and frowning, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except along a narrow road by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable on the river, and its capture regarded as almost impossible. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose this little army was on its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river, and after a silent march of some minutes duration they arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's lines, and, halting at the command of their officer, formed into columns for the attack. Beginning again their march, they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.

"Halt!" said the low voice of the general, from the front "we are nigh enough now—HALT!"

The order passed in a whisper down the line, and the column paused on the edge of the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt that in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, and that they would either be cold in death, or the American flag waving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivered nor a cheek blanched in that crisis. About twenty paces in front of the column had halted the forlorn-hope of 150 men, with unloaded pieces and bayonets fixed, while farther on, a similar group of shadowy forms could be seen through the obscurity, accoutred with axes to cut through the abattis. Each man had a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching *melee*. The pause, however, which afforded this prospect was but momentary. The general had already reconnoitered the approaches to the still silent promontory; and, waving his sword on high, he gave the order. In another instant the dark massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band had crossed rapidly over the marsh. As yet, the enemy had not discovered them. Even the hearts of the oldest veterans trembled with the eagerness of that moment of suspense. Already had the foremost of the pioneers reached the abattis, and the quick, rapid blows of their axes rung upon the night, when suddenly a shout of alarm burst from the fort, the gun of a sentry flashed through the gloom, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the astonished fortification. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Advance! advance!" shouted Wayne, as he pressed rapidly on towards the abattis, followed in death-like silence by the indomitable troops.

"To arms!" came borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms! to arms!" and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and as the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire, such as only desperation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of artillery, the crashing of the grape-shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and the streams of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet, amid it all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, though not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the commands of their general, though trembling in every limb with eagerness, they kept up their silent march, amid that fiery tempest, as if impelled by some god-like power. On—they passed. The whirlwind of fire from the fort ceased not; yet still they dashed along, charged at the point of the bayonet, over abattis and bulwark, until the enemy, borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death-like silence broken. A sound rang out from the victorious troops over all the thunder of the battle. It was heard by the head of the column behind, it passed down their line, was caught up by the rear, and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rang out as they dashed on to the attack.

The contest was short, but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foes the gallant continentals, headed by Wayne, pressed on, and driving all before them, met the column of their little army, with an enthusiastic cheer, in the very centre of the enemy's works. In another moment, the starry flag of America waved triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of the victors cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell, after resistance ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them, and sentries posted on all the commanding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet in the river that Stony Point was won.

**MILTON'S HOUSE.**—Milton's house at Horton was pulled down about fifty years since, and another—apparently of similar dimensions—built in its stead. The garden and grounds are the same; and an old pigeon-house belonging to the former mansion has been preserved. In the garden is a decayed apple-tree, under which the poet is said—with no great probability—to have composed the *Arcades*. The situation of the house is low and marshy. Though near the public road, it is concealed by the shrubbery and a cluster of 'hedge-row-elm.' We had some difficulty in finding the house, as the villagers considered our inquiries to be directed towards a more aristocratic mansion, the manor-house, which has recently been destroyed, to the great regret of the people, who described it as a noble old residence, that had stood for hundreds of years. The Milton house was the second in importance in the village. Having traced out the spot, we found the proprietor, Mr. Cooke, a hale, cheerful old gentleman, engaged in the fields superintending his hay-makers. He came with great alacrity to shew us the house, pointed out the pigeon-house and apple-tree, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the appearance of two tall poplars on the lawn, about a hundred feet in height, which were visible, he said, all the way to Slough, near Windsor, and on the London road. There is not a hill betwixt Horton and London. In this secluded spot, 'shrouded in cheerful shade,' the poet had nothing to withdraw him from the studies in which he delighted. Mr. Cooke called one of his laborers to accompany us to Horton Church, in which, he said, no doubt the Miltons often sat, and where the poet's mother lay buried. The honest peasant was as civil and cheerful as his master, of whom he spoke with the affection of the 'olden time,' that still lingers in these remote nooks and corners, where society is much the same as it was two hundred years since. His master, he said, had suffered much affliction; all his family had died before him, and their tombs were in the church. There is, fortunately, in some minds an elasticity and ever-springing cheerfulness—the result of a happy nature and calm reliance on the goodness of Providence—that enables them to surmount the heaviest calamities that befall humanity. Horton Church is like the village, low and antique; it has its yew-trees and ivy-mantled walls, the characteristic and interesting accompaniments of such spots. An ancient font is in the interior. The chancel is paved with red bricks, among which the blue flagstone over the grave of the poet's mother is conspicuous. The stone is inscribed, 'Here lyeth the body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3d of April, 1637.' *Fraser's Mag. for May.*

**MILTON'S MANUSCRIPTS AT CAMBRIDGE.**—Among Milton's manuscripts are outlines of various subjects, intended by the poet for tragedies. Sixty-two are scriptural subjects, thirty-two from English history, and five from Scottish history. A 'century of inventions!' Such stupendous labor had the young poet marked out for himself! The Old Testament, as abounding in picturesque and striking incidents, furnished most of the scriptural plans; seven only are from the New Testament. One of these he entitles *Christus Patiens*, founded on the scene in the garden. 'His agony may receive noble expressions,' are the concluding words of this sketch; and noble they would have been if Milton, in the full maturity of his powers, had tasked himself to his high theme. One of the poet's historical plans was wisely abandoned—the subject of Macbeth preoccupied by Shakespeare. Milton proposed beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff, and he adds, 'The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost.' The splendid success of Shakespeare in the early and preternatural scenes of the play—heightened by the character of Lady Macbeth, a character superior in tragic power and terror to the grandest creations of the Grecian drama—must have deterred Milton independently of his respect for the unities of the drama, from the thought of commencing before the murder, or probably his severe classical taste would lead him to shun the representation of a murder on the stage. He did right, however, in not measuring swords with Shakespeare. 'Within that circle none durst walk but he.' Milton's panoply of learning would have impeded his motions and contracted his power. Shakespeare, swift and unencumbered, like Ithuriel, with 'touch of celestial temper,' reached the heart at once. By a happy institution he achieved what even Aristotle admits to be the great end of tragedy—to excite admiration, compassion, and sympathy. His moral is as just and complete as it is terrible. He trusted, not to classical taste and the unities, but to his command over the strong, ever-living passions of human nature, shaping our actions and destiny, beating in every breast and agitating every frame. Milton would have found 'fit audience but few.' Shakespeare has civilized man in every country to melt at his tenderness and pity, kindle at his ardor, and shudder at his sublimity.

Fraser's Magazine for May.

The following lines from the London Times, are the only ones among many we have seen, that touch with power, or in the right vein, upon what must now be deemed the lost ship.

#### THE PRESIDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ECCLESIA'

Speak! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea!  
Lift up thy surges, with some signal word,  
Show where the pilgrims of the water be,  
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is surr'd.  
Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,  
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;  
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide  
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?  
Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,  
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive,  
And proud thy rival element to tame,  
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?  
Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie  
Their stately ship, a carcass on the foam?  
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,  
And fondly dream that they have yet a home!  
Dost hope still soothe their souls or gladness thrill?  
Is peace amid those wanderers of the foam?  
Say, is the old affection yearning still  
With all the blessed memories of home?  
Or is it over? Life and breath, and thought,  
The living feature and the breathing form?  
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,  
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?  
Thou answer'st not, thou stern and haughty sea,  
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.  
Roll on, ye tears! Oh what can comfort be  
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?  
Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,  
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;  
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep  
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!  
What, tho' they woke the whirlwinds of the West,  
Or rous'd the tempest from the Eastern lair,  
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast—  
Lord of the awful waters, Thou wert there!  
All merciful! The fate—the day—were thine;  
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;  
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,  
To quench them in an hour unworthy Thee.  
If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!  
If their feet fail'd them, in Thy paths they trod:  
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,  
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!

**ERGOT, OR SPURRED RYE.**—At a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a lecture was delivered by Professor Henslow on the diseases of corn, which, from the summary which we have seen, must have been of a highly valuable character. The following abstract of the remarks relating to *ergot*, or *Spurred Rye*—to the character and properties of which, public attention has been considerably directed within a few years, is highly interesting:—  
"Ergot was regarded as a monstrous state of the grain of Rye, produced by the external action of a minute fungus causing the grain to lengthen into a horn something like cocks spur. It is so exceedingly oily, that it will burn like an almond in the flame of a candle. The action of ergotized corn has been ascertained to be highly deleterious, both to man and animals; the latter, indeed, preferred starvation to feeding upon it, even when mixed with good flour. A duck, which had been fed with ergot mixed with flour, in the proportion (say) of 1 in 17, died in ten days, after having had the end of its tongue rotted off, and drops of blackish blood oozing from its nostrils. A pig was poisoned in like manner in twenty-three days; the ears and flesh of the tail having rotted away, and the legs having mortified. Fortunately we know little of this pest in England; for it is equally fatal in its horrible effects upon man, as has been amply proved in France. A case, however, was mentioned as being recorded in the parish register of Wattisham, a place in Suffolk, which occurred in 1762, when as it was thought, in consequence of witchcraft, a poor family were lamentably poisoned, their legs and feet rotting off. A girl of sixteen lost both her legs, and died; of the mother, both the feet came off at the ankles, and the flesh decayed from the leg-

bones; a girl of fourteen lost one foot at the ankle, and the other leg at the knee; a child of ten years old lost a foot; of two boys, one lost his feet, and the other his legs.

This dreadful calamity was referred by the Professor, with great probability, to the action of ergot, which he finds attacks the Rye-wheat of the neighborhood of Wattisham, a kind of grain on which this ill-fated family was fed. Draining was mentioned as the only known preventive of ergot."

English paper.

From Herald's (London) Monthly Magazine for May.

#### A MAY-MORNING CAROL.

My soul is glad. I would essay  
A soul-born, sweet, spontaneous lay—  
A song of joy to thee, thou ever charming May!  
From grove and glade, through bower and bush,  
O Heaven! what melody doth gush;  
To hear herself so praised, the Morning well may blush.  
The lark yon crimson'd clouds among,  
Pours an exuberance of song;  
An age that song to list would not seem lost or long.  
The blackbird by the woodland stream,  
The spirit of some Bard ye'd deem—  
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream.  
Thrice welcome Minstrel!—hark! at hand  
The cuckoo joins the vocal band,  
With notes that might be sung in bowers of Fairy-land.  
O May! thou art a wizard crown'd,  
That with enchanted wand the ground  
Dost touch;—and lo! the bright, the beautiful abound.  
The wonted torrent from the hill,  
Thou changest to a gentle rill—  
A thread of liquid pearl that gently murmurs still.  
Thou comest, and the clouds are not;  
The North-wind has his wrath forgot;  
The gossamer alone is on the air aloft.  
Thine is the blossom bursting tree,  
The leafy bower to deck for me—  
Thine first to show the heaven in each blue lake that be.  
Cheer'd by thy smile, the herd-boy gay  
Oft sings the rock repeated lay,  
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way.  
The lambskins sport, or lie at ease  
Like little snow-wreaths on the leas;  
The butterfly doth glide, like blossom on the breeze.  
Flowers of Elysian form and hue  
Around me drink the freshening dew;  
Some gaze on the young Sun—his worshippers, I trow.  
Some here and there with bashful grace  
Shrink from the wild bee's rude embrace;  
Some, as with filial love, do earthward turn their face.  
Above, below, all; all doth seem  
So wondrous that I almost deem  
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream.

**FEMALE DUELISTS.**—The most celebrated female duelist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the Opera. Serane, the famous fencing-master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day by an actor by the name of Dumény, she called him out; but as he refused to give her satisfaction, she carried away his watch and his snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, was obliged to kneel down before her and implore forgiveness. One evening at a ball, having behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed; when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon, and she withdrew to Brussels, where she became the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. However, she soon after returned to the Parisian Opera, and died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven. Under the regency, a pistol meeting took place between the Marquise de Nesle and the Countess Polignac for the possession of the Due de Richelieu; and in more modern time, so late, indeed, as 1827, a Madame A—at St. Rambert received a challenge to fight with pistols; and about the same period, a lady of Chateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, severely wounded him.

Milligen's History of Dueling.

**LIFE IN A CAMP.**—After having seen the provisions distributed, I set about looking out for some accommodation for my wife; for we had not as yet been accustomed to lie on the open field, as in bivouac, nor ever seen the like, and the tent was far from comfortable for a poor wearied young woman: I shall not mention delicacy, for that would be out of place—we must submit to circumstances. The names of the seventeen men were on the tent beside myself; so it may be easily guessed how crowded it must have been, had the whole been off duty, but this was seldom the case. However, as no other shelter was to be had, we took a berth under it. Eleven soldiers lay in it that night along with us, all stretched with their feet to the centre, and their heads to the curtain of the tent, every man's knapsack below his head, and his clothes and accoutrements on his body; the one-half of the blankets under and the other spread over the whole, so that we lay in one bed. Often did my poor wife look up to the thin canvass that screened her face from the night dew, and wish for the approaching morn. It was announced, at last, before daybreak, by an exclamation of 'Rouse!' which passed from tent to tent along the lines, when every man started up, folded his blanket, and strapped it on the back of his knapsack, ready for a march.

**CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM AMONG THE COSSACKS.**—There are said to be no old maids among the Cossacks of Ukraine, since the custom allows the young women to choose their husbands. When a young woman in the Ukraine feels a tender passion for a young man, she goes to his parent's house and says to him, 'be blessed of God.' She then sits down, and addresses herself to the object of her affections in the following terms: 'Iran, Theodore, (or whatever else may be his name) the goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of loving and ruling a wife; and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is the belief, that I have taken the resolution to come and beg of you with all due humility to accept me for your

spouse.' She afterwards addresses the father and mother in words to the same effect, and solicits them earnestly to consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal, she answers, 'that she will not quit the house till she has married the object of her love.' If she be sufficiently persevering, and have patience to stay a few days or weeks in their house, the parents are not only forced to give their consent, but frequently persuade their son to marry her. The young man, likewise, is generally moved by her perseverance and affection, and gradually accustoms himself to the idea of making her his wife, and at length consents. It is said that the parents never employ any force to compel her to leave their house, because they believe that by so doing they should draw down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads; and the girl's family would not fail to resent such an action as a grievous affront.

**DURATION OF LITERARY COPYRIGHT IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.**—In Prussia, the exclusive right of publication is guaranteed to authors during their lives, and to their heirs for thirty years afterward. This refers only to literary works. In works of art, plays, or music, the duration of copyright extends only to ten years after the author's death. In the Germanic Confederation, literary productions of all kinds, even works of art, are protected for ten years; but this period may be extended to twenty in favor of large works, requiring much labor and expense. The Germanic Confederation intend, however, to take the subject into deliberation next year, with a view to extend the minimum duration of copyright in literary works. In Russia, any author or translator of a book has the exclusive property in the work during his life, and his heirs or assigns for twenty years subsequent to his decease. In Belgium, the right is conceded to the author during his life, and to his widow and his heirs during their lives; but all right terminates after the death of the first generation of the author's heirs. In the Pontifical States, by an edict dated in 1826, authors and artists have the exclusive right to publish their works during their lives, and their heirs for twelve years after their death. In the United States, by an act of Congress, dated in 1831, the copyright, which previously only lasted for fourteen years, was extended to twenty-eight years, with the right to further extension for fourteen years if the author should survive the first term.

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